

Among Men who Work with Hand or Brain

How a Dub Won Success.

By Allen Wilson

THE clerks in the invoice department promptly concluded that Hasen was a dub when he came to work for Going & Co. They probably were justified in this, if justification is to be found in external appearances. For to look at Hasen as he stood before you the first thought that came to you was that he was a "dub." But probably you would not speak your thoughts until Hasen was some distance away, for he was a big fellow and determined even if he was a dub.

Hasen was raw and honky. His nose was heavy and his mouth big. His eyes showed no shrewdness and not too much intelligence, but he had a square jaw that kept his face from being mediocre. He came into the invoice department dressed just as he had dressed in his last job, that of a packer in the shipping room of a biscuit factory, with the exception of the stiff collar. And the manner in which he suffered from the collar was in itself a confession that the occasions on which he had ever been so appeared had been few and far between. Hasen's clothes didn't give him the look of a clerk. It was evident that they were purchased more with an eye to their durability than for dressy effect. His trousers were not dressed as particularly as those of the other clerks, but his heavy shoes showed that he had applied the brush to them with vigor and effect. His hands were built on the plan of hams, and the writing and figures that they produced provoked merriment in the department, where most of the clerks turned out writing that was like copperplate. But Hasen had made a good impression on the manager, to whom he had applied for a position, so he came to the invoice department.

Dub Fights Along in Work.

For the first month his work in the department was a joke. Clerks of work of any kind he never had done. School was a long time back in his career. So his footings, his extending, and his checking were just as liable to be wrong as they were to be right. The brain that has been unused for several years does not begin to work readily even in a young man.

The other clerks caught Hasen's mistakes and decided that he was a worse dub than he looked to be. Hasen paid no attention to the other clerks. He plodded along by himself. He was trying to learn to do the work before him, and it did not matter to him whether the other men called him a dub or a crackerjack. He had his work to do. If he could do it he would hold his job. If he couldn't he would be fired. That was the way Hasen looked at it.

The head of the department, who was looking for good men, irrespective of the cut of

their clothes or the fit of their collars, noted his dogged plodding and gave him as much opportunity to learn as was possible. But Hasen was slow in catching on. He went up against a long column of figures with his jaw set and did his best, but the column wriggled away from him and when he turned it in to be checked it seldom was right. He took the extensions given him, remembered his school arithmetic, and wrestled with the extension valiantly. But the extension generally got a good hold and fung him ingloriously. His work was too poor to hold him the job.

The head called him to his desk one day. "Why, you're not fit to be a clerk," he said, angrily. "You're fit to be trucking barrels around down in the stock rooms, that's where you belong. Why, you can't do this work any better than the office boys could do it. I can't keep you any longer." "Well, give me a job there, then," said the dub. "A job where?" asked the head. "Down there in the stock room, trucking barrels, where I belong." The head looked at the dub's big arms. "You ought to make a peach of a trucker," he said, softly, as he wrote an order changing Clerk Hasen into Trucker Hasen. "And then when I'm able to do this kind of work here I want you to give me my job back," he said, as he took the order. The head laughed. "O, very well," he said.

Gets Job as Clerk Back.

At the end of six months Hasen was back at the head's desk, a stiff collar again torturing his neck, his hat turning around and around in his big, red hands. "Can I have my job back now?" he asked. He bore a letter from the superintendent of the stock room. The letter told the head that this man was too slow a man to waste at shoving a truck. "Can you figure better now?" asked the head. "I guess so," said the dub. The chief clerk turned his work in to the head at the end of the week. It compared favorably with that of any of the clerks in the department. The head called Hasen to him. "Where did you learn to figure since you were here last?" he queried. "Nights," said the dub. "I practiced nights and noons." The head watched Hasen's broad back as he went back to his desk. "What a rotten shame it is that he's such a dub," he said, sorrowfully.

Hasen stood still for a long time. He was a bill clerk for a year. At the end of that time a checker left suddenly. Not a man in the department with the exception of the head clerk was familiar with his work. The head clerk was unable to devote his time to

it. The head was in a quandary over how to get the work done. Then the Dub came clumsily up to his desk. "I can do it," he said. The head clerk and the head gazed. "You?" said the head. "Surely," said the Dub. "How the — did you learn it?" "Nights," said the Dub. "I practiced nights." The head looked him over. "Give him the job," he said. So Hasen got his first advance.

Strike Brings New Chance.

A year later Hasen was still checker. Then, one Saturday afternoon, the loading gang at one of the train platforms decided that Going & Co. were grinding them into the ground with the iron heel of capitalist oppression. Some labor leader had told them this, so they knew it was so. They stopped work with the last car in the train half loaded. There were forty barrels to be trucked in and checked. But the loading gang decided to work outsidely—when it would count, as their leader told them—and what could be of more account than trying up a trainload shipment suddenly?

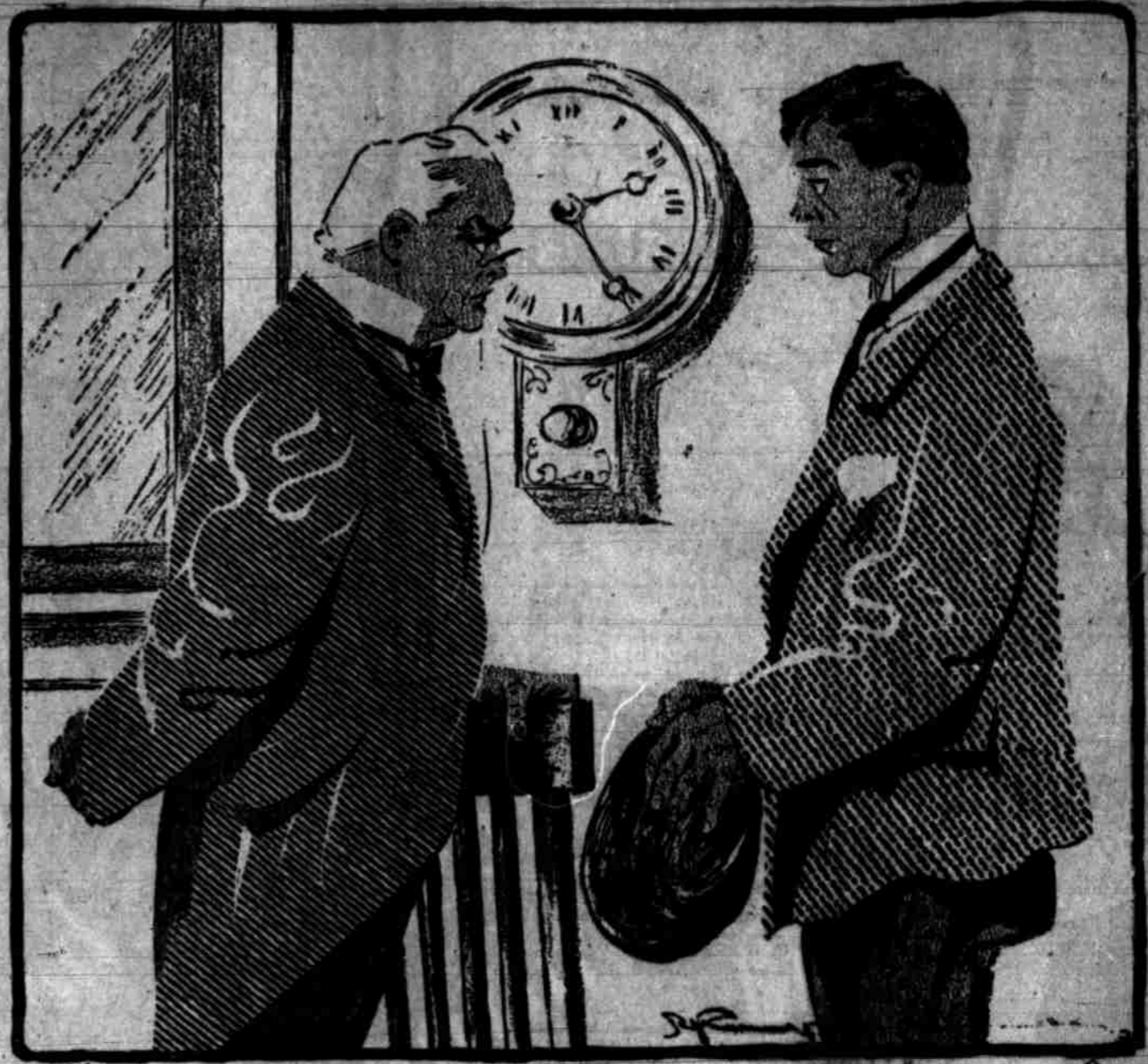
These things happen every once in awhile at the yards. Usually they mean only a call for the police and the converting of office clerks into laborers for the time being. But this was Saturday afternoon and the heads all had gone home. Hasen was checking the barrels into the car. He was the sole representative of Going & Co.'s general offices on the platform. It was for him to do something. It was up to him to say whether the trainload went out on time.

Hasen asked the men to wheel in the last forty barrels before they struck. They laughed at him. Hasen slowly laid down his checking book.

"Well, I guess I'll have to do it myself," he said, foolishly. Hasen was no strategist. He was essentially simple. The trainmen watched him take a truck and go into the cooler after a barrel and said: "The dub's a dub." Out along the tracks the loading gang scurried about and selected choice pieces of coal and stones for the reception of Hasen when he appeared with a barrel. Then they poised themselves ready for the throw and watched the door of the cooler as terrified watch a rat hole. A kind hearted brakeman shouted: "Stay in there or you'll get killed." The rest of the trainmen watched with short breaths.

Here Keeps at His Work.

Hasen came out of the cooler calmly with a barrel on his truck and went into the car. The volley of missiles did not kill him. They did not even knock him out. He held his head down low behind the barrel, and his arms were the only parts exposed. When he went back from the car into the cooler



he ran. One stone struck him in the back, but he kept on as if nothing had happened. The loading gang growled and picked larger missiles. Three times they volleyed him and three times he went back and forth. Then the kindhearted brakeman ran to the nearest telephone and summoned the police. Under guard Hasen wheeled out the rest of the barrels, checked them up, and sealed the car. Then the police took him to a drug

store where he had his head wounds dressed. "You dub, you might have been killed and no good done by it," said the head the next Monday. But he offered to take the Dub out of the invoice department and give him an assistant superintendency in one part of the plant. "But I haven't had no chance to learn that work yet," said the Dub. "I'd sooner stay here till I can practice some more kinds of work."

The head no longer deemed it wise to order the Dub around. "Come to me when you're ready for the big job," he said. And the Dub eventually got ready, and if you happen to visit Going & Co.'s nowadays you will find him walking around the plant, dressed as roughly as ever, and still looking much like a dub. But if you wish to get a position in the plant nowadays you must go and ask the Dub for it.

Keep Within Your Income and Your Fortune Is Made.

W hen a great deal about men living within their income and keeping their stocks, many have tried the keeping of books and have stopped. As one said to me, "I find I have to spend all I earn anyhow. I simply count the money in my pocket and that is my cash on hand. The difference between that and my salary is what it costs me to live. I got tired of keeping accounts."

I know many excellent people who have tried time after time to keep the elaborately ruled "household expense" books, but after awhile gave it up.

My father served many years as chairman of the financial committee in the city council of a small town. I was a great chum with my father and he took me to many meetings of the committee and many unofficial meetings were held in our home. The word "appropriation" was a common one and I early learned its meaning. When I left home to seek my living in the big city my father said, laughingly, "Keep strictly within the appropriation, John."

Divides Income into Funds. For three weeks I sought work. Then I got a position at \$3 a week. I went on the plan of the finance committee and apportioned my income as follows:

Room	\$1.50
Meals	1.00
Reading15
Church and charity25
General fund	1.10
Total	\$3.00

When I got home I had two suits of clothes, two pairs of shoes, two hats, and a good outfit of underclothing and linen. I was earning \$10 a week before I had to get new clothes.

I had four small tin boxes in my trunk, each with a paper label on indicating the fund. The room rent, of course, needed no box, as it went out the moment I got to the rooming house. Each morning I put in my pocket one-seventh of the appropriation for each item and went through the day on it.

If there was anything left at night it went into the general fund box. I kept no books except a small cash book for the general fund alone. In this book I entered each week the amount paid into the general fund and each night entered the amount contributed to it from the other funds, mentioning each. If by any mischance some fund ran short, I borrowed from the general fund, and that of all alone. These loans I put down also.

On the first of each month I put one-half of the amount in the general fund into the bank. It was a savings bank, and in those

days I received 5% per cent interest. It is interesting today to take up the little book and see how each year the rate of interest kept diminishing until now it is only 3 per cent. I learned a lesson from this also before I studied political economy. As the amount of loanable funds increases the rate of interest tends to decrease, and as the interest rate gets lower the safety of the investment becomes greater.

Prospects Begin to Brighten. At the end of the year I collected all the accounts into a ledger and was thus enabled to see how well I had succeeded in keeping within the appropriation. My clothes were beginning to show signs of wear and it was necessary to get new ones. My pay had been increased to \$9, but I had not varied my method of apportioning the funds preferring to let the increased amount go into the general fund.

On the first of the new year I put all the money in the general fund into the bank, and was delighted on the same day to receive notice that an application made to another house had succeeded and my new salary was to be \$10 a week.

By John McBlain.

I bought a pair of good working shoes for \$3. A pair of ornamental leather shoes for \$5. A soft dark hat and a stiff black hat for \$2 each. A suit of dark gray to wear every day for \$16. My old clothes I determined to wear around the store as long as possible. A black suit for \$18. Two fancy vests for \$2 each. A total of \$48, and I was better dressed than ever before in my life.

After canvassing the situation carefully I determined that it was on clothes my increased salary should go, rather than on any other luxuries. So I took up my appropriation list as before, but added to it \$1.50 per week for a clothing account. Of this I put 50 cents each week into the box and \$1 into the bank to repay the loan from the savings account that was made to the clothing account. It was handy to have a place to borrow, slightly exceeded some apportionments and it was hard. There were weeks when I weeks when life looked dark.

What Was Paid for Clothing.

My clothing apportionment that year repaid the loan and kept me in shirts, underclothing, etc. The stiff black hat lasted two years. The black suit and fancy vests did good service for five years. The gray suit lasted one year—a good suit and the year as a second best. The following year I bought one suit. The next year I bought a medium weight and a light weight. My overcoat from home did not need replacing for two years.
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When I was getting \$12 a week my budget was as follows:		
Room	\$ 2.00
Meals	1.50
Car fare50
Clothes	1.00
Reading15

Church and charity50
Luxuries	1.00
Lighting	1.00
General fund	1.50
Total	\$3.00

You will notice I cut down my clothing allowance, as I found this amply sufficient. I was able to increase my contributions to good work. I was able to indulge in a few luxuries, for I was human. My general fund had not increased much. I was spending a larger share of my income. By this time, from several years of experience, I knew pretty accurately how to apportion the income.

Hard times had struck the country and I served for \$12 per week for three years. My employer finally got back into the tide again, and my rise was comparatively rapid. In two years I was getting \$100 a month, and got married.

Appropriation After Marriage.

This is how it looked:		
Rent	\$ 4.50
Table expenses	1.00
Car fare	1.00
Clothing	1.00
Reading15
Total	\$ 8.15

There was nothing for a servant and it all meant the plainest kind of living. We did it easily without starving ourselves and we always looked well. It did call for economy, but we learned to say "no," and to go without. On the first of January and on the first of July each year we solemnly took the general fund from its box and divided it evenly. If it did not divide evenly by a few cents we threw the odd cents back in the box. My wife deposited her half in her own name in a savings bank and I deposited my half in my name in the same bank. It was agreed between us that when sickness visited the house or any other thing called for large expenditures that our schedule made no provision for I was to pay the bills, leaving her account untouched. The general fund paid for life insurance and such things. We had no foolish sundry fund.

What I Did Others Can Do.

The keeping of accounts alone is of no value. The idea is to find out how much one ordinarily spends on certain items and then divide the income proportionately. Instead of trying in a general way to keep within the income try to keep each item within certain limits.

Church and charity50
Furniture	1.00
Lighting	1.00
Luxuries	1.00
General fund	1.50
Total	\$3.00

Total \$100. There was nothing for a servant and it all meant the plainest kind of living. We did it easily without starving ourselves and we always looked well. It did call for economy, but we learned to say "no," and to go without. On the first of January and on the first of July each year we solemnly took the general fund from its box and divided it evenly. If it did not divide evenly by a few cents we threw the odd cents back in the box. My wife deposited her half in her own name in a savings bank and I deposited my half in my name in the same bank. It was agreed between us that when sickness visited the house or any other thing called for large expenditures that our schedule made no provision for I was to pay the bills, leaving her account untouched. The general fund paid for life insurance and such things. We had no foolish sundry fund.

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Need for Broomcorn Harvester

By J. L. Graff.

THE man who will invent a broom corn harvesting machine that will do the work satisfactorily, will have a fine chance to make a fortune.

One of the most productive broomcorn districts in Illinois, one that has the name of producing the finest brush in this country, has suffered a reduction of nearly 75 per cent, because the work of cutting must be done by hand. Failure to control the necessary labor to take care of the crop when it is ready to be cut has caused hundreds of Illinois growers either to reduce their acreage or abandon the production of this crop.

There is but one section of the state in which broomcorn is raised to any extent, and that is in Douglas, Coles, and Monticue counties. It is said that during the last year approximately 50,000 acres in these counties were given up to broomcorn raising, and that the output for this year will be close to 10,000 tons. The market price is now ranging between \$65 and \$100 per ton. One ton is gleaned from about three acres of land, and it costs about \$45 to put one ton on the market. One man in Douglas county marketed sixty tons this fall.

Broomcorn is judged as to its quality by its color, length, and fiber. The brush must be long, soft, and flexible to make brooms that will wear well. A good judge of brush will estimate the value of brush on its color. Being of an off shade will make a difference of from \$10 to \$15 a ton. When the growing crop shows the desired color, it must be cut as quickly as possible, and here is where the trouble is of depending on the labor of men who cut the corn by hand.

Army of Harvest Hands Required.

An army of men is depended upon to reach the broomcorn district at the beginning of the cutting season. They are the crowds that start from southern points picking berries as the crops in the various sections ripen, and keeping on their way until they pass the broomcorn field and wind up in the cranberry marshes of the far north. Another contingent hails from southern Indiana, who are accounted the best rush cutters in this country.

Sometimes these people are an hand when the corn is ready to cut, and sometimes they are not. When a grower has a large crop and it is approaching the desired color, there is a great scurrying around to secure the necessary help. It requires a good cutter to cut one acre in a day.

There is another feature of the labor question that has caused the men who have gone into broomcorn more extensively to make sweeping cuts in the acreage or abandon it altogether. The cutters know exactly when corn must be cut quick to save it, and this is the opportunity they take to demand high wages. The gang will pull together and demand an increase of 50 cents, when it is granted it will be followed by another and still another, the grower realizing that he must surrender or lose heavily on his crop. It is asserted that this has caused more growers to quit the business than anything else, and they are now raising Indian corn and oats instead.

For some time there has been an effort to make a machine that will reap broomcorn, but up to this time there has been only partial success. One of these machines is manufactured in Paris, another in Ohio. The chief trouble is that the machines that have been tried do not bunch the brush evenly. Experiments are still being made. If a machine is perfected it will be of incalculable value to growers of one of the most profitable crops that our soil now produces.

Great Reduction in Acreage.

Back in the '90s it was scarcely possible to drive in any direction out of Tuscola or Argola without encountering great fields of growing broomcorn. It was a common thing to find a single man growing 200 acres. Today it is almost may drive for ten miles without finding a patch. One broker says that not one-quarter of the broomcorn that was produced five or eight years ago is now grown. Another broker estimates the slump in acreage to be one-third. They all agree that the labor question is mainly responsible for the big reduction.

To show how the great state of Illinois has lost from this state of affairs, it is only necessary to state that the central Illinois district once produced more broomcorn than any three states of the union. In 1800 Kansas, Illinois and Missouri produced three-fourths of the broomcorn raised in this country. Oklahoma is now ahead of any other section in the production of this crop. Last year the territory produced 40,000 tons. For miles and miles the right way of the Rock Island lay through seas of waving broomcorn. Much of it was freighted to the central Illinois district, where it was rebaled and dis-

tributed to every market in this and some foreign countries. For Illinois brokers have the best system of buying, baling, and distributing to manufacturers of brooms in the United States.

Two or three years ago the brokers formed a syndicate to buy all of the brush that could be bought. The pool lasted about three years. Then it went to pieces, and since has not been re-formed.

Lives of Great Men Should Be Studied.

By T. P. O'Connor.

THERE are plenty of people who still insist that the intimate relations of men and women should be kept sacred and unseen; that they themselves are the only persons who know all the truth about these things, and that they never tell. Others even go the length of arguing that even if people did speak of these sacred things their confidences should be shut out from the world; that these things are one of the world's business, and that it is impertinence, morbidity, and a host of other wrong tendencies which demand or permit the study of such relations.

I entirely dissent from these doctrines. The proper study of mankind is man, and especially in this case when the man studied is one who stands out from his fellows by some great gift. What is all literature but the study, the revelation of the heart of man and woman, and of the infinite varieties of their relations to each other.

Right to Lay Nature Bare.

No one finds fault with Shakespeare because he has studied man and woman, and often studied them in all the nudities of their souls and bodies. He would not have been Shakespeare if he had not had this daring courage and his absolute regard only for truth in his analysis of human character and human relations. The coarseness of his language sometimes is necessary to make one understand those depths of human character which his genius penetrated and was able to present. Indeed, of all great masters of litera-

ture it may with truth be said that their power to survive mainly depends on their fidelity to nature; their power to describe life as it really is without fear or favor of affection.

If it be answered that Shakespeare deals with imaginary characters and biography with real, my answer is that instead of there being less there ought to be more fidelity when you deal with real than when you are dissecting imaginary characters. What lessons life may have to give it will give with a hundredfold force if it be given by the stories of men and women who have actually lived. To make biography on any other principle than that it should have the freedom, honesty, fearless analysis of fiction, is to reduce it to a court chronicle or to the region of the lying epitaph. I look on biography as I look on literature, not merely as an end, but as a means, and the end and the means ought to be the relief of man's estate.

Wrong to Obscure Truth.

No one gets up in the world of science and demands that unpleasant truth shall be obscured or denied. It is the first necessity of scientific advance that truth, and truth alone, should be the test and the goal. The same canon, to my mind, should be applied to literature, and especially to that form of literature called biography. I would as soon conceal from the world the realities of a great man's or great woman's life as hide, if I had found, the nature and the size and the other peculiarities of the bacillus that creates cancer.

No Graft in One Trade; Rank and File Honest.

By Frank G. Landis.

ALTHOUGH graft in its various forms seems to be flourishing in many parts of the United States, there is one class of business men which insists that the standard of individual honesty among Americans is remarkably high.

This class is made up of the hundreds of men who are engaged in the mail order business. Many of them send out valuable goods to cities, towns, and farms throughout the country and rely upon the honesty of the applicants for the goods for their protection. The man to whom the goods is sent either accepts them and sends back the money or he finds that he does not care for the goods he has ordered and sends them back. So thoroughly have the mail order merchants become convinced of the honesty of their trade that they have to a large extent ceased to send out their products collect on delivery. That method of mailing was a sure check against dishonesty. The customer could not take the goods from his postoffice until he had paid for them.

Rely on Honor of Buyers.

But as the mail order houses found that most men are thoroughly honest they placed more reliance upon the honor of their customers. They began simply to send the goods and to ask that if they were accepted the customer forward the price to the house. One of the mail order merchants said the other day that less than 1 per cent of his product was lost or appropriated by men who did not pay for it. He also threw light upon the method by means of which he and other mail order people get a line on the honesty of their patrons.

Of course, many of the men and women who write to mail order houses and ask for goods are not rated in either Dun or Bradstreet. These smaller customers' credit is known by local mercantile agencies. Many agencies of this class rate men in other cities and other states, but even with their help

and with the help of Dun and Bradstreet it is not always possible to get accurate information about the financial standing and honesty of customers who applied for goods.

So the mail order houses began to buy selected lists of names. These names are classified by regular agencies into the different businesses and pursuits followed by the men and women whose names appear upon the lists. From these agencies it is possible to secure the names of all the lawyers or doctors or hardware merchants in any town. No business is neglected by the collectors of names and these names are sold to merchants who sell goods in which the owners of the names are interested. Lists of names that are more than two years old are not regarded as highly as newer ones, and names which have already yielded inquiries or orders are quoted higher than those which have already been canvassed, but from which no satisfactory results have been obtained.

Rank and File Not Crafters.

Mail order men say that men and women who are important enough in their own localities to get their names into the telephone book, the social register, the list of persons present at a society function, and even in many cases into the city directory or the state gazetteer seldom take advantage of a mail order man's confidence in them. Manufacturers who send out agents' samples and outfits on request have the same story to tell. "It seems," said one of these manufacturers the other day, "that what graft there is is not to be found among the rank and file of the people. Certainly our experience shows us that the vast majority of the people are honest. They are honest, too, in the face of temptation. They know that if I would put us to a great deal of expense and one which we might not undertake to proceed against them if they committed our goods will besides, but they either pay the price or send back the goods just the same."