

Among Men who Work with Hand or Brain

Worker Must Be Patient; Many Lose by Changing Jobs.

By George Brett.

"He got over and over." This remark was applied to a youth who had just quit a big wholesale house where he had been employed for three years and gone to work for a big packing concern as stenographer. By the young man went to the wholesale firm he had been employed by a big railroad company for four years. Why did he quit his first two places? He didn't rise fast enough. Had he stayed with the railroad another three months he would surely have been private secretary to a big official, and likely he will shortly find it would have paid him to have stayed with the wholesale house. But he allowed himself to get disappointed with both concerns because his pay wasn't raised with regularity, and he has climbed half way up three different flights of stairs, while success was at the top of the first two flights if he had only been willing to wait.

Patience Valuable Asset.

A few days ago the writer was sitting on one of the chairs for visitors of a big wholesale house, waiting to see the manager. It was 6:45 p. m. and the employees were being paid. "Where do they pay you?" was the question of one youth. Getting no answer, the boy volunteered the information that he was quitting the firm and waiting for his pay envelope. "Treat you like dogs," he observed. "Work for me for 10 or 12 half days off on Saturday, and only give you 50 cents super money for three hours overtime. Only been here ten days, but that's long enough for me."

Many Climb Too Fast.

"It's strange how little patience some commercial workers possess," observed the credit man of a big jobbing house. "I remember getting a country youth a job with one of the biggest wholesale houses in this city a few months ago at a fair salary. A few months later he came around to me and said he was sick of working for that firm. There was absolutely no sign of advancement. 'Why,' I said to him in surprise, 'how much do you know of the work which goes through your department?' You can't even have mastered half of that, let alone knowing all the business of the house. Frankly, I couldn't recommend you to this firm. You'll get the advancement fast enough as soon as you are worthy of it. Go back and dig. He went back with a little more wisdom. 'I don't think college men are as good sticklers as those who start in young with the house. I see a lot of them here every year—bright young fellows, with faces which indisputably show the possession of good brains, and yet few of them stay long enough with us to enable the heads of the firm to get confidence in them.' The truth is that many young men who start in here at 22 or 23. They leave after staying six months or a year. We can't advance them fast enough to suit them. It's generally different with the boy who starts in at the bottom. Usually he's wise to the fact that as soon as the house gets acquainted with his merits he is advanced accordingly. He knows it depends on himself how fast he climbs. Now, I started here young indeed—came in at the 'back door,' you might say, at a few dollars per week. Each year, however, I've climbed further up the ladder, with few setbacks."

Discipline Must Be Expected.

There are few soft snags, and men in general have to well earn their money, but what does the employed gain by needless kicking? One man is anxious to leave because he doesn't like the rules, another finds the hours a little too long; others object to working Saturday afternoons. A great many workers don't get advanced fast enough and often enough to suit their fancy, and many find the work monotonous and would like to get "on the road." The truth is that there are many opportunities of "soakheads" in the city, and they succeed in getting the most disagreeable jobs through continually changing around. Instead of falling in line with modern conditions.

Time Must Be Kept.

Perhaps not less than one-half of the workers in big cities are employed by gigantic firms who find it absolutely essential to put in a rigid system to keep tab on the work which the vast human machines, week in, week out, grind out. It is often impossible for the man to state in with a big concern to understand why the number of letters he dictates and invoices he makes out are carefully entered up in a book. Likewise their wealth into the streets, where an honest populace let it lie untouched. Armies and navies which have been built up to fighting strength at the cost of millions of lives and billions of money distinguished.

Small Firms Offer Chances.

If a man honestly feels that he cannot endure the burden of a system which obtains in many big houses, it will be well for him to avoid them and turn his attention to the smaller concerns, where the boss has a bright eye fixed on all the promising youths in sight, and won't allow any tyranny, because he is going to attend to the "boosing" end of it himself, and generally he is too wise to hurt a good man's feelings just because he has a poor liver or indigestion, or wants to show his authority, though this sometimes occurs. Even with the small firm the worker had better look out for breakers ahead.

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wise he often thinks that punching a clock so that track may be kept of his time is humiliating. He forgets that the company can only judge him by direct results. Obviously it cannot be entered on the record that some days he is feeling sick, has a headache, or experienced a setback, etc. It is the average amount of work he does that the concern wants to know, and the employer should remember that fact. A good thing for the employee to do is to put himself in his employer's place occasionally. If he were in his master's place, would he not want a check on the work of his clerks? It is manifestly impossible for the head of a large house to know every man or woman individually.

It is under some petty tyrant who takes a delight in showing his authority. Here again there is occasion for laying up a grudge, but the wise employe remembers that what can't be cured must be endured, and useless "sore-headedness" and "back talk" only make matters worse.

Outlook Often Dark.

There is no doubt that many privates in the ranks of big concerns have much to bear, and it would seem to the policy of his house to remove all needless restrictions, making things as easy as possible for men and women at the bottom of the ladder. One worker for a big concern was expected to turn out a large number of letters every day, and yet the girls to whom he dictated the letters were so ignorant of shorthand that he had to dictate 40 per cent of his mail to make sense out of his correspondence. That was not all. The force of girl stenographers were under the charge of a woman to whom it was necessary to apply to secure the services of a girl. One day the man had to get a letter out in a hurry and called to one of the stenographers. This was against the rules; he should have applied to the head woman. However, she got even and asserted her dignity and authority by beneficently giving him the poorest stenographer in the whole "bunch." This was kept up for a week, until headquarters demanded an explanation from the man as to his decreasing output of work. Perhaps foolishly, he told the truth, and the "boss" of the stenographers again got sore on him for complaining as to her methods. Trouble ensued, and he is now looking for another job. This seems to be driving system a little too far.

Wait for Your Turn.

However, there are generally few obstacles which a man of grit and determination cannot overcome. Generally he will only have to remain at the bottom of the ladder under a small tyrant until his ability is proven, and he is given more important work to do. But the employe often loses his temper and patience. He doesn't recognize the fact, but nevertheless he is refusing to pay the price of success. One part of the payment is an infinite amount of patience—patience to swallow many things one naturally doesn't like. It's no use grumbling. That's futile. Hard words said about the concern generally find their way to the heads of the firm. The worker should remember the adage in the British navy. "You can think what you like, but you mustn't speak it out loud."

Patience Is the Virtue Which Modern Conditions Demand.

Patience is the virtue which modern conditions demand that the future successful man add to his list of virtues. There is little account of it in the latest books on the quickest way to succeed; but in 1906 it is highly important that a man be willing to bide his time, and learn how to take his great like a matter, neither being a whiner nor a quitter. To the man of grim determination and a set inspiration to overcome all hindrances the mean practices and petty villainies of the swelled upstart present but a paltry obstacle. Only he must not forget that these things lie in his path, and in laying out plans to force ahead it will be well for the young man to carefully study the ground that lies before him.

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When the Tunnel Caved In; Forty Men Fought for Life.

By H. F. Cable.

McMURTRY is brawny. McMurry is rough of tongue when the gods of seeping sand and water defy him. McMurry has a right shoulder the measure of which is the space of three hairs.

McMurry and thirty-nine other tunnel miners were driving eastward from Lawrence avenue to the new crib, the waters from which eventually are to purge that section of the north shore of sewage. Twenty feet below the bed of the lake, and with no compressed air behind them, these forty men toiled—day shift and night shift. It was the night shift on duty this time, and McMurry bang up against a pipe clay face, and treacherous sand and gravel over his head.

Forty men there were, 600 feet out on a 1,700 foot drive, and most of them Irish. Here and there was an Italian, or some other breed, but when it comes to mining a tunnel on a long shot, and death, like a rat, always nibbling at your heels, the contractors take the Irish.

Your Italian wants twenty pounds of compressed air above the natural about him holding up leaks, cracks, unexpected fissures, and he'll run at the unexpected screeching of a match. The German would rather be an inspector, or have his truck farm, at less income.

McMurry Looking for Trouble.

"But as for us," says McMurry, speaking of his race, "we're where the red blood flows the thickest. We must have trouble or feel it comin' to be at our best."

Which he should know, for he's been digging tunnels in treacherous paths for thirty years.

Agnew, the contractor, had gone the limit in making preliminary tests for the bore that would insure safety of the men and economy in the work.

"She's holding up beautifully," said McMurry, day after day, as he and his gang came out of the hole to sunlight. "She's wet and she's slippery, but the most dangerous holding up and the lake don't seem to be pressing down."

It was midnight of a day after making this remark to McCreeley, the city's engineer, that McMurry, going into the "face," alms dripping over him, mud oozing to his ankles as he passed the timber setters, looked overhead and was hit squarely on the end of his nose by a large drop of water.

One Drop of Water Fell.

A mite of a boy shoved into his hand a lantern. Before he examined the sand roof above him McMurry gave a quick look. "That's not dampness," said McMurry, fighting for life.

How Flour Salesman Sold, Lands Difficult Customer.

By Will H. McQuigg.

It was an ordinary grocery store and meat market. Cars were clanging by out front. Clerks were busy with customers inside. The thin-faced proprietor was bustling everywhere in the spice scented air, giving perfunctory smiles to buyers and sharp glances and muttered words to the clerks.

In a lull in trade a neatly dressed young man entered and steeled his way to the proprietor. "Flour is my line, Mr. Bers," he said, handing a card to the grocer. The instant he found the caller was not a customer Bers's answering smile changed swiftly to a look of irritation.

"You fellows bother the life out of us," he exclaimed peevishly. "You seem—"

"How is your stock on hand? Do you want to order some more?" the salesman asked quickly, respectfully insistent.

"How do you get turndowns?"

"I have all I want," Bers answered, scrupulously, then, noticing a clerk standing and staring at him, he went on bullyingly: "You fellows come in here bothering me for orders as if you thought I didn't have anything else to do."

But, without waiting for any reply he rudely turned his back on the flour salesman and hurried off to a customer who then entered. "Good morning, Mr. Bers," the salesman called to the retreating form in an even voice. "Such a turndown for a man looking for orders is a favor that is not uncommon. All there is to do is to take it with a smile and go on plugging for other business. But for a young man this is hard to do. Bers's head stands on his dignity and hands back the squabbles away his chances of doing business or he meets the rudeness with courtesy and swallowing resentment at such shabby treatment he loses heart and tackles the next man but half heartedly."

"Hard to Take Setbacks."

It is almost impossible for a young salesman to do otherwise. All during childhood his training has been such as to develop in him directness of method and confidence in the gift of what he asks for. As a child he has played his game with his cards face up. But in business this direct method of approaching people does not always strike true. Playing for profit is different from playing for sympathetic response.

While a man can usually count on recipro-

with an oath. "That's not the accumulation of ages in a pocket. That's running water! How the — on water run here? Ho, there!" to the thirty-nine men on the face. There was ten feet between him and them. If anything was about to happen they might have a show to cover that ten feet before run came.

Then McMurry glanced upward. Where the drop of water had come from two were now gathered, and they were shoved away by three, and the three by a trickling stream and the dropping of some pebbles.

"Out of here for your lives!" shouted McMurry, and he tried to shove a shoulder against the rapidly opening hole through which was coming in ever increasing volume all the force of Lake Michigan.

The miners dropped shovels and picks and ran for the hoist that was their sole means of escape to the surface of Lawrence avenue. Faster than they could run came the water and silt. McMurry was in it to his waist. He swam, fought, and choked with the others, managing though, as they told afterwards, to yell curses at the food and encouragement to his men. Six inch timbers were torn from their positions by the rush of water and made into kindling wood. Masses of concrete were torn out of place and mixed with the silt.

"Fighting for Dear Life."

Tossed from side to side, buffeted up and down, the forty men had a battle royal until they beat the waters to the hoist and were taken to the surface. Mud covered, dripping, they sank down on timbers and piles of crushed rock, breathless. McMurry called the roll. He was going back if there was one missing, but all were safe.

"Now," said he, biting at the end of his pipe as he filled the bowl, "since there's no widows made today, who punctured the top of that tunnel, who let the whole lake in?"

No one could answer that question until the "sand sucker" and a city diver came out, and in the offices of the public works department an old and forgotten record was dug up. Eight years ago Farley & Green, contractors, were working on Lawrence avenue. In preparation for a possible tunnel to be built then to a new crib they sunk three four inch test pipes in the bottom of the lake.

Carelessly, foolishly, no caps were put on the bottom of these pipes nor were the pipes ever withdrawn. Agnew, finally coming to build the tunnel, is not informed that the pipes are there. McMurry and his gang blissfully bore their way toward the crib until they lap one of these pipes—then "swish" and the lake is upon them and they fighting for life.

Men Lose Much by Moving; "Do It Here" Is Good Motto.

By Hollis W. Field.

A legacy from his long line of pioneer nation holders the American has inherited a characteristic disposition to "move."

He hardly could escape the condition. In the settlement of America the "new country" whatever it might be—always was the attraction to the pioneer spirit. To certain of the adventurous types the fact that another settler had a cabin five miles away from the pioneer meant congestion—and the pioneer moved on. Today the descendants of the pioneer American are "globe trotters" to the conservatism of continental Europe. At home in the great cities we are a nation of flat dwelling "movers." And until within a decade the "rushes" for the newly opened Indian countries and to the gold fields of the continent were expressions of the national instability of the people with respect to present geographical environment.

But it has been overlooked by thousands that this temperamental spirit is affecting the business of the American people in many ways to its detriment.

Here is the Accepted Place.

"Do it now!" as a bit of cardboard philosophy for the desk has served its purpose. As a substitute for it, carrying a new adverb of even more significance, I would suggest the motto:

DO IT HERE!

NOW may be the accepted time, but of even more importance to the American temperament, it may be that HERE is the accepted place.

It is in the rural life of the country that its types are found. On the farms, in the villages and towns and smaller cities of the United States the typical American of typical temperament is found. And, striking the country from boundary line to boundary line, the restiveness of the American is most marked in rural life than it is expressed in the great flat dwelling existence of the cities. No type in America "moves" with such slight incentive and with more abandon than the rural type in the United States.

"I will sell anything but my wife," is one of the trite expressions of the spirit in rural America. It may be that the home in which he was born and from which his children have gone out into the world is the subject of a business offer of purchase. It may be the business which the owner's grandfather established before him. But there is no sentiment to be weighed. Sell! "Yes—anything but my wife."

Has Instinctive Desire to Move.

Perhaps the sharpest desire of this spirit upon the prospects of the American in business lies in his idea that somewhere else than he is finding home is the place in which he has greatest hopes of a new success in life. Not only is this question of place other than his own attractive, but not infrequently the farther away this place may be the more ready his fancy is of opportunities.

"I would like to go out there and try it," he says, regarding the railway map with longing eyes. He may be a man who is doing well where he is. He may have scores of warm friends at every turn every day in the week. But he has heard of a newer and better place. To get there may require his selling out of a comfortable, established business and the expenditure of the greater part of his life's savings merely that he may land with his family at his destination—an adventurer in a new country with only a few hundred dollars in his pocket. But the idea becomes father to the thought and the mother to the move. Moving, he hopes to escape some of the routine of his condition. But more than this, he may count upon escaping the pressure of competition. In a new field he hopes to find new incentives and new opportunities and new ambitions. And to the extent that he realizes upon these aspirations in the move he leaves a trail of discontent, pervading his old environment to the horizons.

Distant Places Seem Inviting.

"If I were only out there where Smith is, what couldn't I do?" says Jones, and Brown and Black and White and Wood echo the thought in discontent.

But there is another side to all of this. A few years ago I was in a western state which had sprung out of a wilderness into important statehood almost in a day. There I met a man who was one of the state's first pioneers, who was conducting one of the fairly successful ranches of the country. He had just returned from a visit to his old home in western New York and back again in his golden west he had some after thoughts that were not all glided.

"Do you know," he said to me, "I never was more surprised in my life than I was in going back home. Those old, clay hills were there, the streams and valleys and the towns where I had grown up from a boy. But the towns were changed and the people in them and around them. The towns had been rebuilt solidly of brick and stone in the business districts and the residence streets showed comfort and ease and wealth. Farms which I had known as having poor barns that were far better than the dwelling houses of the farmers, showed their great barns and dwellings miles across the hills. Trolley lines were everywhere and the telephone was in every house. Dutch farmers who once had hand to mouth existence only, had grown rich digging potatoes from those clay hills."

Men Get Rich in the East.

"I don't know, I don't believe I'd be satisfied to live there again. But I tell you, it has paid a lot of those old families to stay there and dig it out on those lines. Here, looking back at the opportunities which I had when I first came out here, I can see where I made a hundred mistakes of judgment in business investments. I could have been a millionaire if I could have seen half of them at the right time. After all, things seem to even up in the long run."

This was the after point of view of a typical American participant. It is the experience of one intelligent man, which might be duplicated in thousands, to lead emphasis to the philosophy of

DO IT HERE!

It is not that the opportunities of immu-

gration and emigration are to be feared. Without the spirit the United States of America might be confined to a 10,000,000 population along the shores of the Atlantic ocean. On the other side of the proposition, it is doubtful if the American type appreciates how extravagantly he has used his inherited impulse to "move on" for the mere hopes that he has cherished in moving.

It is history that in the gold rushes of the country dozens only have got rich, where papers by thousands have tramped back to civilization. This history of gold is the history of many another rush to many another promised land of business opportunity.

Wife Refuses to Move.

I have acquaintance in the eastern town which has more than a state wide reputation for thoroughbred towns of all kinds. Several persons and firms are in the business in the place, and I am familiar with the competition of those fanciers in general. In particular I am familiar with the business of two of the firms. One of these is a place which was noted everywhere as the best of its kind. But for years the proprietor of the business has wanted to move west, perhaps to embark in another business. His wife and family will not go, and under this disappointment he has gone on, however, year after year, disatisfied with his surroundings, but compelled to stay by his business. As a result, most of his business is done on the strength of his old reputation. His buildings, yards, and all about him have retrograded into insignificance. The surrounding business is unimpaired and he has lost his old pride and ambition in his business. He is settled in the belief that there's "nothing in the business any more."

All Ambition is Gone.

But long after he had gained the recognition which was capital to him, others had come to the place as struggling competitors, and in the years that have gone they have struggled ahead of him, have passed him, and today are taking even the remnants of his tattered trade from him! Yet this man feels that in a new environment he may find his golden opportunity!

When the average man of a life experience begins to count up his columns of profits and losses, he discovers always that the fixed, definite opportunities which he has overlooked have been the opportunities close to his elbow. He finds that he had needed only to turn around and look in order to have seen them. He discovers by sober experience that an opportunity in the hand is worth several opportunities in a distant bush. The one lesson which the man who has moved often will have learned by this time is that it is quite as easy to move away from opportunity as it is to move successfully in search of it. His one line of definite mistakes of opportunity must carry him back always to his personal present and to the environment of that present; the thing he should have done, he will find, was the thing he ought to have "done here!"

Well to Count Cost of Moving.

Of practical, practicable application is the general acceptance of the truth, "Do it here!" When the average person is assailed with the doubt of his environment he should take a sane view of his distant possibilities. If he has a friend who is doing especially well in the Pacific northwest, for example, why should he count out all his other friends who may be doing especially well in a dozen other sections of the country, north, south, and east? Why should he overlook what scores of his friends have been doing in his own home county or city?

It seldom falls to the lot of a man to discover a particular field where beyond all question his moving into it will assure him a monopoly of his line of effort. If he should find that monopoly in the beginning there is small hope of his holding it to himself. Competition is a certainty in one form or another. When in some of the adventurous moves of the past some man has found himself alone in a particular field, also he is likely to have discovered that in the sacrifice of reaching it, and in the several costs of maintaining the position the reckoning high returns largely have been counterbalanced. Somewhere he will find that the law of compensation has forced its recognition.

Opportunity Is at Your Door.

When the California gold fever was over it was discovered that the California wheat crop was an asset or greater source of revenue. And when California wheat no longer was a sensation, California wines and California fruits followed as stimulating "crashes" to prompt the eastern American to emigrate. Yet long after the gold crash of 1849 had expended itself the Pennsylvania coal oil fields were a promised land, calling the prospector back across the plains.

They tell you over in the "peach belt" of Michigan that fruit growing is overdone, hopelessly. But here and there one may find the individual who never has been able to raise enough of his grade of fruit able to supply a demand that pays him year after year the top of the fruit market wherever he chooses to ship.

Be careful how you take up the idea of "moving away" in order to find your opportunity. The carpenter in a town of 2,000 population making \$10 a week is rich beside the journeyman of New York and Chicago who makes twice as much, while his family spends perhaps \$2 a week for street railway fares.

Do something where you are. "Do It Here!"

Among the Workers.

It is estimated that 50,000 more men than can be supplied will be needed to push along the railroad construction work and harvest the crops between Minneapolis, Minn., and the Pacific coast.

Building Trades council of America has revoked the charter granted to the International Laborers' union and the latter will no longer be recognized by the council. The headquarters of the organization are at Dayton, O.

The bill to reduce the hours of labor in coal mines to eight a day by the year 1909 recently passed its second reading in the British house of commons on the understanding that the government will appoint a commission to be charged into the economic value of the proposal.