

Among Men who Work with Hand or Brain

How Harris Won His Point; Success Story of the Mines. By Chall Pancoast.

HARRIS was standing alone at the pit's mouth. The picture before him was not attractive, even in full glare of the sun, and now the darkness made it all the more desolate and gloomy. He had come to take a last look at the old Charles mine.

Harris had been the brain, the will, the soul of this black hole in the ground. Now, after he had spent the best part of his life in this dark vein of the earth, now, when destruction was impending, he was to be held back; his ambition and energy were to be crushed, destroyed by a man who could not see or understand the strange new forces that had shouldered their way into the coal industry.

The Charles mine was owned by John Wells, a man of the old school of mines and mining, and not to be counted on to hold his own in the competitive methods of modern mining. For years Harris had aspired to the position of superintendent, and now that he had attained the dream of his ambition by hard work, he was to be replaced by Douglas Wells, the erratic son of the owner.

As Harris stood before the old mine the one great desire of his life came to him—power and authority. With these two weapons he knew he could fight a good battle for the old mine.

But without the power to do, to make his energy count, it would be like breaker boy to breaker boy. The thought of this fate burned his brain like fire. There came to him the true meaning of the life's work of many a good coal miner.

When I do go down," thought Harris, his whole soul ablaze at the injustice being heaped on him. "It will be by the gravity of human life, and not by a push from the foot of a detestable, drunken dreamer's heel."

Harris left the mine and found Wells sitting on the veranda at his palatial residence. "Mr. Wells," said Harris, "I've come to tell you that I must leave you. I believe you understand why it is impossible for me to remain longer."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Harris, for I need you here; but I can't afford to spend money trying to keep up with your modern ideas and ambitions as a superintendent. And besides," exclaimed the old man, "I believe my son has struck his gait. He never lacks anything except steady application; he always had a good head, and now I'm going to give him a chance."

Works Again as Miner. The next morning found Harris seeking work as a common miner at the Sherburn mines. He had heard of the wonderful operations of this mine, but he never understood what it meant until he saw it with his own eyes.

Orders of Boss Not Always Sacred. Know the Rules and Why They Make 'Em; Know the Rules and When to Break 'Em. By Edwin M. Woolley.

YOUNG man, if you always obey orders you are apt to remain at the foot of the ladder. Probably you have heard a lot of talk about the cardinal virtue of obedience, but it is a fact that the men who have disobeyed orders the most frequently are the ones who got to be junior partners—provided they discriminated property in their disobedience.

Once there was a night fire alarm from the Deering harvester works upon the north branch of the Chicago river. When the fire engines arrived they found the night watchman on guard at a twelve foot gate.

Common Sense Is the Key. The freemen smashed in the gate with their axes, and the next morning the watchman was discharged—because he obeyed orders literally.

Rules are for people with little brain power. The quick astute, self-thinking man—the man who gets ahead in the world—is the man who makes his own rules. Within certain limits, of course, he refuses to be bound by the petty restrictions which prevent him from exercising common sense.

Rules Should Not Be Deemed Inflexible. Marshall Field, in talking of the young men in his employ, once said to me: "How seldom do we find a young man who will go ahead and do a thing—do it right! If he is given orders, he will follow them as blindly as a mule follows a towpath, or else he will neglect them altogether and be indifferent. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will stick to a rule when they know the best interests of their employers require them to suspend it for the once, or modify it to fit conditions. They will offend customers and drive away trade. What we need most in the commercial world is young men of perception—who are not governed by rote. We want men to do things right, and when a man sees that a law of his establishment



Words Will Not Sell Goods; How College Man Fell Down By H. Zollars.

Words will not sell goods; how college man fell down. I was born and raised in Chicago. Country to general opinion, there are just as many 'bays' in Chicago as in the rural districts. By this I mean that if a fresh young Chicago boy is placed in surroundings that are new and strange to him he will be just as much lost as 'Reuben Glue' on his first visit to town.

Trying Fine Words on Farmers. I dropped off the train one May morning with my samples carefully packed. I expected, of course, to meet with the farmer as I have described. I was surprised to see that Mr. Jones, the first man on my list, was dressed much as the people I had known in Chicago were. After recovering from my surprise I cheerfully tackled him. Of course I have forgotten most of my oration, but I can remember with what gusto I let loose this peroration on the poor, unsuspecting Jones.

City Boy's Idea of Farmers. The feminine members were different. I would have described 'mother' as an old, white haired, bespectacled lady, either fat or thin, who said 'Naow, Hiram' and kept desperate hold of her husband's coat tails. The daughter of the family was of a quite unlike species. How so wonderful a creature occurred in such a family was a mystery that I not only never tried to solve but which never occurred to me. She always was 'buxom.' I never have found any class or race of people so invariably buxom as this shrewish farmer's daughter. She was red checked, wore a short skirt, and spent her days in milking cows and boxing the ears of the hired hands. All people outside of the cities were to be found in one of these classes.

Learns Oratory in College. As my oratory seemed to be the only thing of value to me acquired in college, the only thing that I really know much about, I decided to try to make use of this gift. It occurred to me that as I knew the various steps of argument and could convince the judges in a debating contest, why, then, could I not convince a buyer of the value of any certain line of goods? I thought that I would get a job as traveling salesman and bring into play my well known ability as an orator. I had read of the large amounts of money made by traveling salesmen. With the advantage over them of knowing each step of a convincing argument, I thought a golden future was awaiting me.

Wid Whim Seizes Patient. One day when every one in the house except my patient and myself was at the county fair I noticed that she had the premonitory symptoms of a spell, and I prepared to give her the regular quinine powder prescribed by the physician. This was about five grains of sulphate of morphia. She was accustomed to the drug and could take this amount with safety.

Insanity Nurses Face Perils; Made to Struggle with Death. By Mary Watson. Few people appreciate the difficulty trained nurses sometimes have with delicious or insane patients. In the days of my apprenticeship, when I was glad to take anything that came along, I was offered \$10 a week to go to Wisconsin and take charge of a woman who was afflicted with a nervous disease. She was somewhat flighty, but never had been regarded as dangerous. I had a pleasant home and the daily drives were such a treat to me that I settled down with gratitude to enjoy the peaceful life in a small place.

Insanity Nurses Face Perils; Made to Struggle with Death. I tried to soothe her and to reason with her, but all in vain. My persuasions only caused her to grow more excited. She advanced upon me with the knife, and as she was large and strong and now thoroughly angry I was too frightened to move.

Insanity Nurses Face Perils; Made to Struggle with Death. I knew that for me the five grains of morphia was a dangerous, perhaps a deadly, dose, but menaced by the knife I took it, and even humbly licked the paper in which it had been folded. Then she was satisfied and her good nature returned.

Insanity Nurses Face Perils; Made to Struggle with Death. You have made me drink this—now get me the mustard and water if you can," I begged faintly.

Insanity Nurses Face Perils; Made to Struggle with Death. Her fancy was struck. She was perfectly willing to play the nurse for me and hurried about the house as if she understood that my life depended upon her speed and judgment. She gave me the mustard and water and such other remedies as I could suggest or she could think of, and before the drug had a chance to take effect the ecstatic had worked thoroughly. I suffered only slight inconvenience. But after that I was careful never to turn my back upon her when we were alone.

Wealth Brings Its Own Woes; Hard to Give Money Wisely. By a Rich Man.

I AM unfortunate enough to be wealthy. I did not make the money. It was left to me, therefore this is not a success story. My wealth is great enough to make my name well known. Few persons know me, and in that I rejoice, for it gives me the chance to enjoy myself among my friends who do not worry me.

Charity is Dangerous Business. He acted for me in investigating cases and we discovered that at least 95 per cent of all cases we investigated were unworthy of help and that at least 10 per cent of those we did try to help were damaged by the pecuniary assistance. I came to the conclusion that charity is dangerous business, and that those who most need and deserve assistance scarcely can be found.

Plans Mountain a Mile High. Last summer a man came with a scheme to build a mountain a mile high within ten miles of Chicago, with real snow on the summit, real Alpine chalets, abysmal glaciers, and all. He had it figured out that the trolley and roadhouse privileges would pay 8 per cent on the cost, and that much more could be made by using the summit as a cold storage plant and for harvesting ice. He had plans all drawn for ice slides from the summit, ski and toboggan courses, and all. He expected it would take ten years to build the mountain, but he was willing to wait—and still is waiting.

Traction Problem Is Easy. Solutions of traction problems can be found every day by any one who has the reputation of being rich if he only will listen to the ideas of callers. My secretary has tabulated about forty different solutions of Chicago's traction problem. Endless chains of rolling chairs propelled by central power stations caught my fancy because the originator of the idea added details which made the prospect of that kind of traction delightful. He put in foot warmers and adjustable shades and awnings, and had a scheme whereby the rider, by merely extending a board, would receive any paper or magazine desired from the way-side station. It took two days to get rid of that man.

Men Have Million Schemes. Having pointed out the few difficulties that beset a rich man who ardently desires to assist his fellow men I will sketch briefly some of the propositions to which I have listened. The most important person that besets and dogs the footsteps of a rich man is the man who has an idea that, with a little financial backing, he can get extremely wealthy. For the reason that he seeks selfishly after millions and is money mad I generally decline to assist him, being certain that wealth in his hands would do more harm than good.

Gets His Dates Mixed. This friend also was rich. Most of the people who invited Bosford to help them out on their entertainments were rich. "Fifty dollars?" said the friend. "If you say, Bosford, just as a piece of friendship, if I stand your loss—give you the fifty—will you throw those other people over and come and help me out? Wouldn't ask you, only we're friends."

Picks Up \$60 Easy Money. Bosford then and there told the truth. Said he: "I'm awfully sorry, but I can't come. I've got a lecture date for that night at the Forsyth Century club. Got to go up and amuse the important people of the city. Can't possibly go to your place—cost me \$50 if I did."

Gets His Dates Mixed. "The Forsyth Century club" he spluttered. "Why, hang it, man, what do you mean? It's the Cahogey Country club that I'm giving the dinner to, they're coming to my place. They're my guests. What—?"

Gets His Dates Mixed. "But Bosford said, 'he is still a poor, old man' and Bosford is the best fellow even for a good talker.

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Bosford Almost Got Rich; Rode Good Horse to Death. By Robert Winter.

BOSFORD is the young man who talks. There are several young men of whom this may be said, but not the way it may be said of Bosford. Bosford is not a young man who talks, but a large one. Which is a fine distinction, but a large one. Wherever Bosford goes he is known as The Talker. He goes everywhere and meets everybody, and it is his talking that takes him around, for, save for the facile tongue which is given him, Bosford is as poor as a church rat. He was born poor. He has remained poor. A few weeks ago he started to remedy this condition. He was well on the way to do so, when, in common English, "people got next." And so Bosford still is poor.

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