

Among Men who Work with Hand or Brain



Men Toil in Roasting Heat; Steel Trades Pay Well.

By Edward M. Woolley.

A TEMPERATURE of 120 degrees is a hot one in which to work. Take your thermometer and hold the bulb under the hot water tap in your kitchen and the chances are that you will find the temperature of the water under 120 degrees. If it is over that notch you won't want to keep your hand in the water more than a moment. You couldn't take a bath in such hot water without a sensation of severe pain. It would seem to you when you got into the tub that you were being fatally scalded. However, the "heater" in a rolling mill works in such temperature for eight consecutive hours.

The trade of a heater is a highly skilled one, and pays higher wages than almost any other trade, although there are many branches of the steel industry in which high wages prevail.

"Best of All Trades," Says Heater.
"The steel trades are the best of all callings for a young man who wants to learn a trade," one worker said. "Steel is in demand in these days. Almost everything we use is connected in some way with steel, either in its composition or in its making. We live in a steel age, and therefore the manufacture of steel is sure to become a greater and greater industry, calling for more and more skilled workers."

A heater in a rolling mill works in the highest temperature of all the men in the plant. It is his duty to heat the ingots of steel to the proper condition for rolling into rails, or plates, or other steel products, and his work requires the most exact knowledge. It takes an ingot from an hour and a half to two hours to reach the proper temperature, and during this time the heater must keep his eyes almost continually on the masses of metal as they lie in the "soaking pits." The moment for removing the ingots is judged altogether by their appearance. The novice would see no change whatever in the glowing mass of metal, but the heater reads the story accurately in the fire. His responsibility is a heavy one, too, for if he errs in judgment the whole batch of ingots is spoiled. If the steel is heated too much it will crack.

"How long does it take a heater to learn his trade?" I inquired.
"There is no special time prescribed," he answered. "It depends altogether on his aptitude for the business and the opportunity he has to acquire his skill. Many men advance rapidly in the steel trades. It is a specialized industry, and no man can acquire a general knowledge of it. Each branch must be entrusted to the men in that particular branch. Even the superintendent must trust the men under him, for he cannot become skilled himself in all the ramifications. For example, he never undertakes to tell the heaters when the moment has come to remove the ingots. All he says is: 'Are you ready?' If not, he waits."

Fails as Farmer; Succeeds in Mill.
As an example of the opportunity presented for advancement in the steel trades, each pointed out a man who had been a farmer out west and who had not been successful there. He had gone into the rolling mills a few years ago as a laborer. Now he is a roller, drawing a salary of \$2,500 a year. Rollers are paid by the year. They work twelve hours a day, however.

I observed that Each was a big, powerful man, apparently in the prime of health, in spite of the twenty-five years he had spent in the steel mills, and I asked him how he managed to stand the work in such a high temperature.
"A man grows accustomed to it," he said, "and does not mind it. When I am out in the heat of the sun on a hot summer day I find that I grow dizzy, but at my work I never experience any special inconvenience. As long as I am perspiring freely I get along without any trouble."
"And your eyes?" I asked. "Isn't it almost blinding to be looking steadily at red hot steel for eight hours at a stretch?"

Opportunities for Practical Men.
"It has never bothered me any," he said, "but I am just beginning to feel the need of glasses for reading at home. I am 45 years old, so I suppose I might need the glasses if I was not a heater."
"Would you advise a young man to take up a technical training first?" I asked, "or to go into a steel mill to learn the practical part of it?"

"An easier way, and soon it came to him. After that it was easy, and before long he had the books down on an almanac, no extra entries, everything simplified to a degree."

"I have him ample time to be lazy, and his employers said nothing, for the work was done as well as before and it cost less for supplies and books than before."

Quietly they had the methods copyrighted for themselves. About that time Wilson conceived the idea that he was indispensable to the concern, and that was his undoing. When he puffed up he was dropped. The firm knew the books were so simple it would be easy to get some one else to keep them, and so it proved, the successor having no trouble from the start with the detail of the system.

So the laziness not only was no harm to Wilson's employers, but it really made them gain, in that they could hire a head bookkeeper of less ability and more energy for less money and use Wilson's short cuts.

Wilson was head bookkeeper for a manufacturer of metal working machines, and the plant was extensive, the bookkeeping being equally so. When Wilson started out it kept his nose close to the grindstone to keep up with the detail, but it made him tired. He lay awake nights trying to figure out

Where Death Takes Its Toll.

Making Tunnels, Bridges, and Skyscrapers; Modern Industries Dangerous as War.

By Frank J. Sullivan.

NOT millions of dollars alone nor the skill of designers nor the cunning of craftsmen enter into the making of a great city. Skyscrapers, bridges, and caissons work must be purchased at a heavy loss of human life.

Contracting engineers and builders say that the human sacrifice is inevitable and reports show that every floor of a modern building of skyscraper magnitude has cost a life, either in the forests where the timber is cut or in the caisson wells or in the steel and iron work, which causes more deaths than any other occupation followed by workmen.

However, the spirit of adventure walks hand in hand with death, and while many lives are lost that large buildings and bridges may be built there are escapes by workmen engaged in these hazardous callings that would enhance the fame of some of our best novelists.

Dangerous Work in Caissons.

Large bridges cause the death of many workmen. The centers of interest in the Brooklyn bridges were the caissons—huge wooden boxes sunk forty feet below the water line to hold the foundations—and in these caissons disease or "the bends" caused the most deaths. The disease is all the more dangerous for as yet, although thirty-seven years have passed since the big structure was completed, physicians have not been able to discover precisely what it is.

Men who work in caissons or tunnels under compressed air are seized with violent cramps, severe pain in the joints, and dizziness, and double up like jackknives, and frequently paralysis and death follow. The reports of the building of the Brooklyn bridge show that there were twenty-eight cases of "the bends." There were between thirty and forty fatal accidents while the towers and superstructures were building.

Some of the escapes, miraculous as they seemed to be, were not without their suggestions of humor. One workman fell from the Manhattan anchorage eighty feet to the ground and lived to tell the tale. Another workman plunged into one of the well holes in the Brooklyn tower. At the bottom, 104 feet below, was a pool of water with an empty cement barrel floating around in it. The falling workman landed on the barrel, rolled off into the water, and was injured only slightly.

Greatest Care Proves Useless.

Despite every precaution and the advance in medical science, more than one-half of the deaths in the tunnels last year were due to caisson disease. Elaborate precautions

are taken to guard against the disease. When a prospective "sand hog" applies for work he goes through a rigid physical examination, especially of the heart, lungs, kidneys, and bronchial tubes. Then he is sent several times into the compressed air chamber for an hour at a time, and the effect of the pressure is noted. If there are no ill effects he may go to work.

The caisson workers are warned against using too much liquor and tobacco. Coffee is one of the mainstays, and every tunnel has its coffee machine, with plenty of the beverage always on tap. Rigid rules are enforced to prevent the men coming out of the air locks into the open air too quickly. In each working compartment there is a medical air lock, a boiler like chamber fitted out with coats, where men suffering from the "bends" are treated while under the pressure of compressed air. With all these precautions, it is impossible to prevent the "bends" claiming its victims.

Iron Workers Injured Daily.

The structural iron workers' profession almost is as full of danger as is the caisson workers'. Working at dizzy heights above the noisy city streets, treading on trestles only a foot wide in high winds, it takes a man with an extraordinary amount of courage to do the work. Hardly a skyscraper is built but some structural iron worker meets his death from falling. It is said that the mortality in the ranks of the workers of structural building is two a day and the injuries five a day.

Some of the men have miraculous escapes, but those that do escape with their lives seldom are able to go back to their work, the awful nervous strain leaving them in a condition from which they never recover. Like the caisson workers they must be in the best of physical condition, for, although the first named workers deep below the surface, the iron worker piles his trade near the clouds, and a moment of dizziness would mean destruction.

Many of the men who follow this line of labor are former soldiers, and nearly as sure footed as mountain burros, but a slight hesitancy while walking on a beam sometimes may hurt the worker to his death, and seldom a week goes by that the death fund of the labor organization is not called upon to help the widow and children of some unfortunate worker.

But the work must be done, and some one must do it, and until safer methods are thought of death's harvest will not decrease among the caisson men, bridge builders, and structural iron workers.

Everybody Has Time to Read; Use Time You Ride on Cars.

By S. H. Hughes.

"I'M TOO BUSY TO READ." Ask almost any man or woman whether he or she has read something, and the reply comes as if stereotyped.

And yet, even in the busiest life in the busiest city in the world, there is time and to spare for reading. Every person has time to read and study. Every person has plenty of time to read everything that is worth reading that is written if only he will discover the time. City workers, even those who declare themselves "too busy to read," have almost as much time for reading as their fellows in the country.

The truth is that the person who lives on a farm or in a small town is better posted on current events, reads more and better literature, and devours more books, magazines, and newspapers than his fellows in the city. The idea of "being too busy to read" is a fallacy. The difference in reading is due largely to imagination. The city man imagines himself busy. The truth is that he wastes his time.

Country People Read More.

The average farmer, who starts work at 5:30 a. m. and ends his day's labors at 6:45, manages to read for an hour in the evening before retiring. Perhaps he scans the weekly paper during the noon hour, and in the evening, when the chores are done, the stock fed, the supper eaten, he sits down and reads for an hour. The average resident of a small town or city puts in an hour or two over his paper, his magazine, or his book before retiring. He has no time to read during the morning hours, he has no time at noon, and his evenings are curtailed through the necessity of early rising.

The average city man rises at 7 o'clock and reaches his work at 7:45. He is an hour, at

Thinks While Many Work; Saves Money for the Firm.

By Allan Wilson.

THERE once was a man who did not do things. He was running a certain section of a certain large firm's business, and people began to talk of him.

"What's the matter with that fellow?" said they. "Do you notice how he does nothing? All he does all day is—nothing, or, not much, at all events. How do we manage to hang on?"

The other fellow made reply to the effect that "He does not hang on. He's anchored here. If he wasn't, he'd be let out. But he'll never get any further up. Watch him!" And everybody watched.

Many Eager to Fight in Court.

One day this certain firm happened to have a certain something on its hands that stirred everybody up. It was a big contract and there was something wrong with the wording, so the firm had to win a big lawsuit or lose a lot of money. And all the people in the firm, everybody who did things, began to run around and say: "What are we going to do? What are we going to do?"

And the man who did not do things sat at his desk and smoked.

Finally everybody had turned in their suggestions and the firm was going to begin to fight the case, for none of the suggestions



High Finance for Vacation; Plan to Reduce Expenses.

By Hollis W. Field.

HOW to go on a fishing or outing excursion of any kind and make your friend pay most of the expenses of the trip with all the willingness in the world!

Doesn't this strike you as a delightful little plan for combining pleasure and some really high finance in a small way? If it does, the whole scheme is simplicity in itself. The only possible drawback to the plan is that at the start you must arrange to be a good deal more "flush" than your friend is, making sure, naturally, that he still has enough cash to pay his own expenses and most of yours. You must get your "roll" together, then, as the first precaution, and make sure that it overlaps your friend's at least two lengths.

Eager to Spend Cash Part of Plan.
It is human nature that, starting on such an outing, a man is right hearted and liberal and enthusiastic. But it is also human nature that the man with the biggest roll should be all the more eager to part with it readily.

"O, that's all right, Artie; we'll square up evenly when we get back. You keep track of what you spend and I'll keep track of my expenses, and we'll split it up later. I'd just like to get rid of some of this stuff."

Then, as a starter, you buy the railroad tickets for two and reserve the sleeper berth, and in case you eat in the diner that night be sure to pay for the meals for the two.

Just to let Artie feel comfortable and unsuspecting you might let him pay the car fare to the station, or possibly buy the drinks for the two as you leave the office.

But you register at the hotel for the two and in every way possible show Artie that you are the capitalist of the trip. In a few hours he will be smiling indulgently on you.

"Love!" he says to himself. "It's wonderful how Bill wakes up to a little outing. I'll just humor him if he likes!"

Content to Show Good Fellowship.
When Artie has said this, settling back comfortably to enjoy himself to the full, you have YOUR outing charges about as good as paid. You have given Artie to understand that a little money is a sort of burden anyhow as between friends; he has warmed to you immensely more than he ever had thought of doing before. When the time comes he's going to show you that while you have more cash than he has you can't beat him out on liberality and good fellowship.

This feeling will have grown upon him until at the end of a day or a week, as the case may be, he's anxious to get done with the final settlement and have all mere MONEY differences over with just as soon as possible.

The length of the trip and the distance you travel there and back is something which must be considered in any reducing of the plan to fit the financial schema. For the purpose of this article, however, we will consider a trip of two days to the lakes, 150 miles away, with the ordinary "trimmings" for such a trip.

Expenditures Itemized for Settlement.
On this basis, when you are on your way back home in the train, your accounts should stand about in this proportion:

BILL'S ITEMIZED EXPENDITURES.
Railroad fare for two, round trip.....\$14.00

ARTIE'S ITEMIZED EXPENDITURES.
Cab to station and drinks.....\$ 1.00
Diner for two..... 1.00
Pay of port porter, two days..... .50
Hotel, two days..... 6.00
Incidentals..... 1.50
Total.....\$10.00

As against this you will have allowed Artie to spend enough not to excite his unbelief in the possibilities of the figures when he insists that he is going to settle with you at once, the moment you are seated in the train on the way home. Let him have an account about like this:

ARTIE'S ITEMIZED EXPENDITURES.
Cab to station and drinks.....\$ 1.00
Diner for two..... 1.00
Pay of port porter, two days..... .50
Hotel, two days..... 6.00
Incidentals..... 1.50
Total.....\$10.00

Out of your mutual congratulations on what a bully time you both have had these two days, Artie is going to break in suddenly with his determination to square everything up right then and there. He will even anticipate the meal next morning and the cab fare from the station to the office in the city.

"Now," he says after the two of you have settled back in the smoking compartment of the sleeper, "let's get this money business off our hands."

If you think there's any doubt about his sincerity in the matter of pushing it to a finish, just say, "O, what are you in such a hurry for; let it go—let it go; any old time will do me."

Artie will be footing figures to beat the band in ten seconds. As we see, you will have spent \$30 on the partnership trip and he will have spent just \$16.

Bringing Plan to Climax.
"Say, you've been doing the whole thing—I'm no pauper. I want to close this thing right up. Let's see—you've spent \$30 and I've spent \$16—sixteen from thirty is—six from ten is four—one from two is one—\$14. Fourteen dollars—have you got change for a twenty? O, mine \$6 and we're even."

We are anticipating, of course, that Artie isn't an expert accountant, bookkeeper, or anything like that. You'd be foolish to attempt it with such a man. Just so Artie is "good at arithmetic" is enough—he'll do the rest. You give him his \$6 change, take his \$20 bill, and you have had a mighty cheap \$20, all considered.

For, as a matter of fact, Artie owes you only \$71. Thousands of fellows on such a partnership trip have been settling for years on the \$14 basis, but they have been dead easy.

It looks to Artie as if he owes you the difference between what you have spent and what he has spent. But when he hands you the \$14 difference he has spent the \$20 while you, getting \$14 back, are out only the \$16 that Artie has spent!

If finally you decide to play square with Artie—or if Artie should catch on, which isn't likely—you find what Artie really does owe by subtracting his expenditures from yours, dividing the difference by two, and collecting the quotient, only.

It's easy, when Artie sees how it's done.

Lags in Trade Race, Fails; Wins Success in Politics.

By A. S. Hamilton.

ONCE upon a time I worked for a fine fellow who owned a shoe store. He always referred to himself as a shoeman, but the facts of the case were that he simply owned a shoe store—he was not a shoeman.

One day a young fellow came into the store in answer to an ad asking for a shoe salesman. The boss liked his looks. He asked him, finally, how much pay he wanted. He said \$15 would do to start. "To start," said the boss, "why, I don't make over \$20 a week myself!"

"Is that so," said the young man, "and you own the store?"

"Yes," said the boss, "that is so, and I do own the store."

"Well," said the young man, "in that case, why don't you sell out the business and give some good man a show?" But the young man didn't wait for an answer.

Time for Everything Except Business.
However, the question he asked the boss was the question the boss should have been asking himself. You remember that old ad about the cigarette? "If smokin' Kneebob cigarettes interferes with your biznis, quit the biznis." I want to amend that to read: "If your business does not agree with your abilities, get into a business that does."

This Mr. Not-a-shoeman was a brilliant man in many ways, but he didn't have as much trade as an easy going competitor of his. He couldn't see what the reason was, and neither could I till that smart aleck told him he ought to sell out and give a good man a chance. The trouble was he was not a shoeman, but he thought he was.

He was a nice dresser, went to church with his wife, could make a good talk almost any time on almost anything, knew the dates of history from the time Adam chomped on the apple. But he never knew that a certain style of shoe was in style till just as it was

going out. Then he found out about it suddenly, and would order a year's supply. Just about the time he got them in, his competitor across the street would be putting in something six months to a year later in style, and having a big closing out sale on all he had left like my boss, Mr. Not-a-shoeman, was just getting in.

Competitor Always in Lead.
Next week he would fill his window with the new things, and about the only customers we would see would be men hurrying to catch a train who would stop long enough to buy a pair of shoestrings or a box of polish. When razor toes came into style he didn't put them in—said they wouldn't sell. A year went by and they kept getting more pointed, and still he didn't put them in. Finally he stocked them heavily, in all kinds and all prices, just the reason when the public got tired of them, and that was Mr. Competitor across the street brought the new coin toes instead and had a big reduction sale on what he had left of the "razzers."

Quits Business; Success in Politics.
Mr. Not-a-shoeman held on to his a little longer, but sales were slow, and in the spring following he sold out all he could of those razor toes at \$2, then at \$1.50, and finally at 99 cents. He lost a lot of money and I could see that he was sore at the shoe business. His competitor was a little worried about his being in the business, too, as he was always making some mistakes in buying that meant a lot of good shoes on the market at less than cost. So he started a movement to nominate Mr. Not-a-shoeman for state senator. The idea found plenty of friends and he was nominated and elected and sold his shoe store. Now he refers to the days when he was in the shoe business and doesn't realize what failure he was as a shoeman. But he makes a good state senator.

Lazy Man Helps the Boss.

By George H. Manlove.

WILSON was lazy. Also he was an expert bookkeeper.

Usually laziness is a detriment, and the first loser is the employer of the lazy man.

In this instance the employer was the gainer, for, with all his laziness, Wilson did not neglect his work, but simplified it in every detail to save himself toil. His mind was active in proportion to the indolence of his body.

His employers noted the trend of his work with every change in method, and, being wise, they said nothing, satisfied if the result was achieved, no matter what the means.

Wilson was head bookkeeper for a manufacturer of metal working machines, and the plant was extensive, the bookkeeping being equally so. When Wilson started out it kept his nose close to the grindstone to keep up with the detail, but it made him tired. He lay awake nights trying to figure out