

# FROM DAY LABORER TO MULTI-MILLIONAIRE AND UNITED STATES SENATOR

From the depths of a silver mine in which he yielded the pick as a day laborer, obscure and unknown, to a seat in the United States Senate, the possessor of millions in ready cash and mines—and all that within ten short years—has come to Thomas Kearns, a native of New York. The "Silver King" of stage fiction has been applied in favor of the "Silver King" in real life, for the lurid drama which Wilson Barrett roused us years ago has been outdone by the tale of "Tom" Kearns' life achievements.

The man who has been received into the highest legislative body as a representative of the State of Utah, has had a most extraordinary career. Brain, brawn and "backbone" brought him from the level of the "hired man," the plodding, dragging "Man with the Hoe" of Markham to the plane of the man of affairs, the employer of many men and a maker of the nation's laws.

The rise of Thomas Kearns was sudden, and his career has been meteoric. He was born in New York in 1862, and consequently is but 39 years of age. From the Empire State early in his youth he journeyed out to the wilds of the Nebraska prairies, where he toiled as a farm laborer. Tiring of digging for potatoes and the like on the plains, he determined to dig for more valuable "crops" in the Black Hills, where he remained for some time, and then went to Utah.

He had pluck and perseverance, and, though less than ten years ago he was



SENATOR THOMAS KEARNS.

working as a laborer for something like \$3 a day, those qualities, coupled with that elusive thing known as good luck, finally brought him to the position of the foremost mine owner in the State, a leading railroad director and Senator with a fortune of from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000.

In his earlier years, according to a candidate for the place which went to Kearns, the new Senator was a master of the fist art, and the manner in which he applied ring knock-out tactics in the defeat of his late senatorial adversaries, skilled and determined as they were, would indicate exceptional fighting qualities.

Mr. Kearns bowled over Mr. Salisbury, a newspaper editor; Mr. McCormick, a banker; Mr. Brown, a lawyer, the leading candidate, and several lesser lights. The Democratic members gave their honorary support to A. W. McCune, the leading candidate when there was a deadlock in the Legislature two years previous.

The advancement of Thomas Kearns began with his connection with the Ontario mine and with David Keith, who is now his partner in the ownership of the Silver King group of mines at Park City. This property is worth more than \$10,000,000, it is estimated, and last year alone paid more than \$1,000,000 in dividends.

After working for seven years as a laborer in the Ontario mine, Mr. Kearns, with Mr. Keith and others, took a lease on the Mayflower, in the same camp. It was a good venture, and Mr. Kearns there laid the foundation for his future great success as a mine owner. Later on other claims were acquired and the Mayflower group was extended and rechristened the Silver King, and Mr. Kearns is now known as the "Silver King" through this association.

## DOGS OUT OF A JOB. ARE NO LONGER NEEDED IN ALASKAN TRAVEL.

The Locomotive Has Superseded the Dog Team, Though Many Old-Timers Still Refuse to Patronize the More Modern Means of Transportation.

A big, strapping, broad-shouldered man strolled in the lobby of the Butler hotel yesterday afternoon leading a thoroughbred Malamoot dog by the chain. The man was a picturesque figure. His type was frequently seen on the streets of Seattle at this season of the year in 1898 and 1899 and even as late as last winter. The man and the dog, however, belong to an era which is practically a part of the history of Alaska.

Few people in the lobby looked at the man, who was a Klondike miner of the conventional type. The dog, however, attracted all eyes. He was a beauty. Of more than ordinary size, broad-chested and broad-backed, the Malamoot tugged restlessly at his chain, panting the while as if in pain from the warmth of the steam-heated room.

"He's worth \$100 of any man's money," said the miner, answering an interrogatory. "Of course, I can't get that for him outside, but it's his true value. I would take \$50 for him and no less."

"Three years ago a dog like this would have sold for from \$250 to \$500 in Skagway," continued the miner. "That was before the day of the railroad and when roadhouses on the Upper Yukon were mighty few and far between. In those days a winter's trip over the river from Skagway to Dawson earned many a fortune of from \$50,000 to \$100,000. Then claims were sold on the outside in the form of options, while the miners on the inside were digging the gold out of the crevices of the bedrock by the tablespoonful and dumping it in coal oil cans.

"There was only one way of quick communication between Seattle and Dawson possible in the winter three years ago. This was by means of dog teams and the Malamoot, of all animals in the frozen north, was most valuable. Shepherds, Newfoundlanders and St. Bernards, fullbloods and scrubs, brought good prices, but the thoroughbred Malamoot carried the banner for money value. I have seen them sold readily for \$500 each in Dawson when a party was made up to come out over the ice in the early days of the camp.

"It is easy now for a man to travel by dog team from Skagway to Dawson with light sled, a fly and 200 pounds of food for himself and his animals. This is because the roadhouses are frequent and new supplies can be obtained at any point. In the old days the miner had no roadhouse to depend on—he started with a full outfit of from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds. One Malamoot to 250 pounds of freight was the ordinary reckoning. As the necessity for the dogs has grown less and less every year their value has decreased."

The Malamoot lay panting and whining while his master talked, as if bewailing the fate of his kind. The dog was a fine specimen of his breed, with a thick undercoating of soft downy wool and a rough outer coat of gray hair, almost spiky, with the ends tipped with black.

The Malamoot was bred in the Mackenzie river country originally and was started from the mating of Scotch collies with native wolves.

"The Malamoot pups take as kindly to the collar and traces on a dog sled as a duck does to water," concluded the miner. "Some breeders of Malamoots know of one of those who has a native Siberian she-wolf which is the mother of a tribe of Malamoots that have netted the owner a fortune of \$10,000."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

## LEARNING TO BE A TELEPHONE GIRL.



TELEPHONE GIRLS AT WORK.

Each year finds the new recruits who step into the ranks of the telephone brigade representative of a higher training. With every large telephone exchange there is now a regular school for employees. The school rooms are fitted with dummy switchboards and imitation apparatus corresponding to all the other paraphernalia of a regular exchange; and so the beginner in the field is given an opportunity to try her hand at the practical work of the vocation as well as being afforded an insight into the technical terms and theory. Following the plan now in force in many of the best schools of all kinds, a girl, if she does not learn readily under one teacher, is transferred to that of another instructor, so that an aspirant is never dismissed as unqualified for the work until she has had a very fair trial.

After her period of probation in the school room proper the newcomer is detailed day after day to sit beside an expert, watch her work, and hear her explanations under all circumstances, until she gets a good idea of the system. It is distinguished the moment the subscriber has finished talking and hung up the receiver, the telephone girl need not continually bother to inquire: "Are you through?" and inasmuch as she is required to make few motions and ask fewer questions, she naturally accomplishes more in any given space of time.—Ledger Monthly.

## MONEY TO FEED THE BIRDS.

Gov. Flower Gave a Stable Boy a Tip and He Is Now Wealthy.

L. Schreiber & Sons have filed suit in the United States Circuit Court at Richmond, Va., against Lela Moore Newman and her husband, Walter G. Newman, to collect \$4,000, alleged to be due them by the Newmans.

The story back of the suit concerns the desire of a man who left a town in Virginia a penniless, friendless boy and returned having money with which to feed the robins.

The Newmans live near Somerset, Orange County, and are now building a magnificent country estate. Mr. Newman was the poor boy, and he is now spending money in a way that has surprised all Orange County out of three years' growth.

The story of Mr. Newman's success reads like a romance. It was told by one of the lawyers representing the complainants in the suit. It is said that when he left Orange County Walter Newman was a humble stable boy. He made his way to New York and found a friend in the late Governor Flower, and it is a well-known fact that when Flower was a potent factor in the business of making great fortunes in Wall street he would take any friend of his who desired it along with him on a great money-making venture and turn him from a poor man into a rich one. This was Newman's luck, and the story told by the lawyer. He was "put onto a sure thing" in the market by Mr. Flower and gathered in \$18,000. With this as a starter he was soon very wealthy. A good part of his money was invested in copper mines in North Carolina, and it has paid well. Then the stable boy went back to Orange County and bought up a 1,500-acre piece of land, had lakes constructed in it, streams gurgling music to him, trees and flowers and hills and little daisies to delight him.

The old-timers gazed and stretched their necks and declared him a wonder and gathered around his wonderful place and watched the mansion and the handsome stables and servants' quarters grow under the workman's hammer. It is also said of Newman that he always kept a special train waiting for him and that he never bothered to write letters in the usual way; he telegraphed them. Schreiber & Sons were contracted with to build an iron fence with ornamental gates around the property. They now claim that after preparing the material their contract was broken. There had been some delay, which the complainants claim was not on their part, and the Newmans declined to have the work completed. The claim against them is for \$4,000, and a lien against the property near Somerset is asked.

rollment in institutions for liberal education in a region that was a wilderness eleven years ago.

At 11:50 a. m. on April 22, 1889, there was not an inhabitant in Oklahoma, all the squatters having been expelled by the United States troops. At sunset that memorable day Oklahoma contained 50,000 inhabitants. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the opening day a bank with \$50,000 capital was established in a tent at Guthrie, a town born a few minutes earlier. The sowing of 100,000 acres of wheat began that day and towns by the score were staked out before sunset. The next day schools were established and churches were in process of erection—all very stately structures, but magnificent attestations of the spirit of the pioneers. On May 22, 1889, just a month after the opening day, a convention assembled in Guthrie to form a provisional government. One year after the opening President Harrison signed the bill which created the territory of Oklahoma. The census of 1890 showed a population of 61,000. In ten years those figures have expanded to 400,000.

Who will venture to fix a limit to the progress and prosperity of Oklahoma when, with the superb lands of the Indian territory annexed, she takes her place in the family of states?—Washington Post.

## PERSIA'S FUTURE SHAH.

Prince Mohammed Ali Mirza Said to Be Under Russian Influence.

England will hardly be pleased at the news that the future Shah of Persia, Prince Mohammed Ali Mirza, has applied to the Czar of Russia for a tutor, and that a Russian scholar, S. M. Shapsal, has been sent from St. Petersburg to Teheran, the Persian capital, to undertake the instruction of the Prince for the next three years.

The placing of the future Shah under Russian influence is especially significant in view of the fact that the present Shah is not expected to live many years, even if he does not abdicate his throne within the next few months. Several times it has been reported that the Shah had become insane, but he has so far been able to hold his power without serious difficulty. The Crown Prince has sixteen brothers of royal descent, besides others whose mothers are not of the royal clan, and as the law of primogeniture does not necessarily hold in Persia, it is possible that he may need some strong outside influence to aid him in securing possession of the throne at the death or abdication of his father. In addition to holding the key to British India, on which Russia is supposed to have designs, the Shah is the possessor of a private fortune of more than \$200,000,000, most of it in the shape of precious stones, which are kept in glass jars so that he may keep close track of it and cut off a few heads if the jars lose too much of their contents at any time.

## LAW AS INTERPRETED.

An ordinance providing for the licensing of all persons selling or offering to sell on the streets, or soliciting orders from house to house, when it makes no discrimination on any ground, is held, in *Brownback vs. North Wales* (Pa.), 49 L. R. A. 446, not to be invalid as to residents of the State on the ground that it works a discrimination against them and in favor of non-residents, as to whom it may be invalid.

Statements in letters written by a landlord to his tenant after the latter has abandoned the premises, to the effect that the premises will be leased at the tenant's risk, when they are not replied to are held in *Gray vs. Kaufman Dairy and Ice Cream Company* (N. Y.), 45 L. R. A. 580, insufficient to avoid the rule that a surrender is effected by the retelling, with the consent of the former tenant, on the ground that by his silence the tenant acquiesced in the landlord's proposition.

Accidental death of a sick passenger, who was supported by the railway employees to be intoxicated, and who was helped from the car at the terminus of the route and led to the front of the station, at or near to the public street, and left there by way was open in which he wished to go, but who, after the train had started again on its trip, turned and went toward the back of the station and slipped between the wheels of a car moving on a track, is held, in *Bageard vs. Consolidated Traction Company* (N. J.), 49 L. R. A. 424, to create no right of action against the carrier.

## REWARD.

Young Lady—Give me one yard of why, haven't I seen you before? Shop Assistant—Oh, Madam, can you have forgotten me? I saved your life at the seaside last summer.

Young Lady (warmly). Why, of course you did! You may give me two yards of the ribbon, please.—Tit-Bits.

## A Timely Hint.

At Cape Town, prior to the outbreak of the present war, a lion tamer

## WORLDLY BEAUTY.

Don't grieve over friends departed, If lost or living or dead; Be jolly and bright and happy And you'll find many more instead.

And the world is full of beauty For those who can suffer and smile, While the sweetest task is duty, Though adrift on a barren isle.

If you're worthy of love, you'll get it, And there never was yet a day That I couldn't see some beauty As I traveled my worldly way.

—John A. Joyce, Washington Post.

## TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

A MOCKINGBIRD, drunk with sunshine and the scent of apple blossoms, was flying from tree to tree and crooning ecstatically an animated spring song made.

From the door of the little brown house at the head of the orchard emerged a wee, rosy maiden, herself as dainty and sweet as an apple blossom. Her hair was primly brushed back and tightly plaited, and her gingham dress was a miracle of crisp starchiness.

She ran down the steps, across the yard, and peered through the lilac hedge. A lanky, slovenly boy of 14 was stretched upon the grass, deep in a book.

"Bob," she said in a stage whisper, "come here."

"What do you want?" drawled the boy, without moving.

"Come here! I've something to tell you."

He arose slowly, shaking back his unkempt hair, shuffling his unlaced shoes into place, and slouched across the yard.

"Mr. Ames proposed to Aunt Lucy last night; I heard him."

"Oh, go away!"

"He truly did. You see, I was in the hammock in the grape arbor, and they didn't know I was there."

"Listening?" said the boy, scornfully.

"I was not! I was listening to the mockingbird. It was spinning among the apple blossoms and singing like a crazy thing just as it is doing now. I think it sang all night, for I heard it whenever I woke. What do you suppose it does that for?"

"I dunno. Bee stung it maybe. Get on with your rat killing."

"Well, I didn't notice a word they said until I heard a chair scrape across the porch, and he cleared his throat tremendously. Then I peeped through the leaves. He was sitting very close to her, and he said:

"Miss Phillips, I—I—you must have seen—I—that is, you must know—I—and then he kissed her."

Her eyes were exclamation points!

"Well," said the boy, breathlessly.

"That's all!"

"What!"

"Ssh! Don't talk so loud. That's all I can tell you. Then they were engaged."

"Gementally! Why, how'd she know what he meant?"

"Why, she knew?"

"Must be a mind reader, then."

"Pshaw! She knew from the way he acted. She's known a long time," said the miniature woman, with a wise look.

"Well, of all the fools. And he took a prize for oratory last year, too. He isn't much like a feller I was reading about yesterday. He went down on his knees, so—"

And the youngster slumped down on the grass with the grace of a jumping kangaroo, and rolled his eyes like a cow. "And he said: 'Qu-ween of my heart' and a lot more stuff that I can't remember. It was silly," he added, falling back into a lounging attitude.

"Lend me the book."

"It's got it," he said, indignantly. "I hid it behind a row of books in the bookcase, and he got a hunkin' some'n and found it and bunched it into the fire. I don't care. I can write a piece just as good, an' get it by heart. Catch me aakin' such a fool if myself as that college dude."

"When you have written it may I read it?"

"Yes," he replied, condescendingly. "I'll let you see it. It'll be a cracker-jack, you bet."

"Maybe I could help you write it," she suggested, humbly.

"I shan't need any help," he said complacently. "I know just how it ought to go."

## "Grown people are so commonplace," she sighed.

"Do you suppose we'll ever be like that?"

"Land, no!" said he, as he slouched back to his book. "If I thought I'd ever be such a fool as that feller, I'd trade myself off for a dog and then shoot the dog."

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A mockingbird, drunk with moonlight and dew, was cawing from tree to tree, singing madly, and sending showers of pink petals down on a couple who were wandering through the orchard.

Her hair was a golden tangle and the soft folds of her gown fell with studied carelessness from her ivory throat. His manner was the manner of a young man deeply, devotedly in love with the dearest girl in the world. From his high shining collar to his polished shoes, all was immaculate.

They were silent. He, because his tongue refused to speak the words that were clamoring for utterance. She, because she was sorry for him. It was not maiden shyness that lurked behind her demure face and ducked lids, but pure perplexity. No master of diplomacy ever faced a more delicate issue than that which confronted her.

"It's exactly eight years since Uncle John asked Aunt Lucy to marry him," she said at length. "It was in apple blossom time, and the mockingbird was singing in the moonlight. The odor and the song always bring it back to me."

"By Jove! Eight years!" He was struck speechless by the contemplation of so much bliss.

"Do you remember how we laughed over the proposal? By the way, you never showed me the one that you talked of writing."

"I never wrote it," he said, with a grin that was almost a grimace. Then with a tremendous effort, "I—do—don't you think I—er, that is, we—could dispense with anything of that sort, Lucy?"

The situation for the next several moments did not admit of connected conversation, but as they strolled toward the house a little later, she said, with an arch look: "We've grown up to the commonplace as the rest of the world, haven't we?"

"Commonplace!" he ejaculated, fervently. "Well, if this is commonplace, I—"

Another pause, a lengthy one.

"Do you remember wondering why the mockingbird rioted among the apple blossoms and sang like a mad thing?" he asked, solemnly, after a lull.

"I know now. If I could do the same it wouldn't begin to express my feelings."

When, after several pauses, they finally reached the lilac hedge, the young man started the nestling robin with a sudden guffaw of laughter. With his mind's eye he saw a lanky boy on his knees in the grass beyond the hedge.

"A half-grown cub of a boy is several kinds of an idiot," he said.—Atlanta Constitution.

## CHILDREN OF THE SOIL.

The Cape of Good Hope was discovered by Diaz, the Portuguese navigator, six years before Columbus saw San Salvador. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Dutch East India Company formed a permanent settlement at the foot of Table Mountain. The first settlers were French Huguenots, Dutch Protestants and German Lutherans. As immigration increased the hardy pioneers moved north from Table bay on the great prairies called veldts. Here as pastoral shepherds they began that lonely life which has developed in its fullness courage, self-reliance, love of independence and of solitude, the leading traits of the boer to-day. They were called "boer," which is the Dutch word for farmer.

## ROMANCE OF A NEW STATE.

Oklahoma's History Is One of the Marvels of This Great Nation.

The story of the young State of Oklahoma promises to afford an example of rapidity of growth unmatched in the history of any other commonwealth in any age or country. Hitherto, when an instance of unparalleled progress has been wanted by way of illustration, the city of Chicago has been cited with full confidence that it could not be matched. That confidence and the stupendous facts on which it rests will still remain, but Oklahoma will occupy in the list of states the position held by the western metropolis. In the list of municipalities, both are giants in infancy, with unlimited facilities of growth and an assured prospect of increasing greatness. Just as Chicago has grown in area by annexation of the adjacent towns, villages and farming lands, Oklahoma is destined to expand by taking in the Indian territory. Governor Barnes' annual report upon the condition of Oklahoma reads more like a tale from "The Arabian Nights" to be. On June 1, 1900, the census enumerators found 398,000 inhabitants in the territory and the 400,000 mark has been passed since that count was made. That is about equal to ten Nevada and more than 33 per cent ahead of the District of Columbia. The Governor states that the assessed valuation of her property in 1900 is, in round figures, \$49,000,000, an increase of \$9,000,000 over 1899, and within her limits there are still almost 8,000,000 acres of public lands subject to entry. The \$49,000,000 of taxable valuation represents \$132,000,000 of actual value of property. The products of her farms, mines and factories in the fiscal year aggregated \$75,000,000. She has 100,000 children enrolled in her public schools, with 2,000 in the higher educational institutions. Her public school enrollment is double that of this district. And there is something marvelous in a 2,000-en-

## FROM THE EPOCH WHEN THE SPANIARDS, AT THE ZENITH OF THEIR GLORY, MADE THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA.

These Panama pearls rival the most beautiful pearls of the orient. Quite recently, in the spring of 1899, a lad of 15 years found an oyster containing a pearl which was sold at Paris for 50,000 francs. For his portion he received 20,000 francs.

A considerable quantity of pearls procured at Panama are sent to New York, where they do not lack purchasers, says the Jeweler's Weekly. One consignment exceeded in value 750,000 francs. The island pearls are thus denominated on account of the archipelago in which the oyster fisheries are carried on. It is opposite the Bay of Panama. The archipelago is composed of sixteen islands, in which are thirty or forty small villages of negroes and Indians. The soil is fertile, but the principal occupation is that of the fisheries. The largest isle, called Rey, alone embraces half the population. San Miguel is the chief place of the fisheries, and there is a fine fish culture. The inhabitants are nearly all blacks. They are descended from the negro population, from whom the Spaniards learned the advantage they could derive from the island riches. In certain of the islands there must have been diamond beds. Some fine rough diamonds were formerly procured.

There are two systems for carrying on pearl fishing in the Bay of Panama. In certain spots, where the yield is the most abundant, it is necessary to pay the government a very high tax. At other points the tax is small, but a percentage on the pearls discovered is added to it. Generally these pearls are rather small. They usually bring from 150 to 200 francs each. Those which reach 5 to 200 francs are already much less in number.

## ODD WAY OF DIVIDING WEALTH.

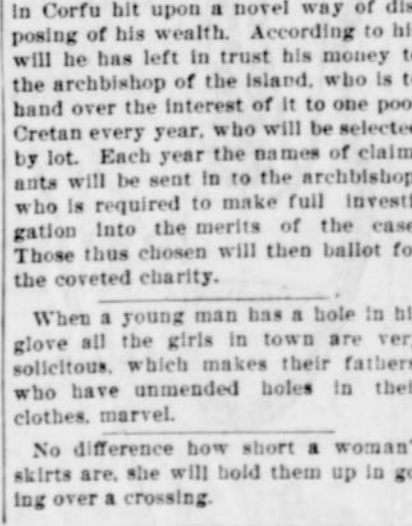
A wealthy Greek who recently died in Corfu hit upon a novel way of disposing of his wealth. According to the will he has left in trust his money to the archbishop of the island, who is to hand over the interest of it to one poor Cretan every year, who will be selected by lot. Each year the names of claimants will be sent in to the archbishop, who is required to make full investigation into the merits of the case. Those thus chosen will then ballot for the coveted charity.

When a young man has a hole in his glove all the girls in town are very solicitous, which makes their fathers, who have unmade holes in their clothes, marvel.

No difference how short a woman's skirts are, she will hold them up in going over a crossing.

## FACTORY BEGINS DAILY TOIL WITH RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

L. H. Creager, who operates a stove and heading factory in Washington, Ind., and the Rev. Mr. Gorby, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, to deliver fifteen-minute sermons to the factory hands every morning. The idea proved such a success and had such a wonderful influence upon the workmen that Mr. Creager placed the choir of the First Baptist Church upon the payroll. The choir now assists the Rev. Mr. Gorby in the daily religious services at the factory. Before the fifty days' toll about the place began the day's short religious service. This novel idea originated with L. H. Creager. The Rev. Mr. Gorby, who is a local Presbyterian minister, says that the plan has been a great success, and he expects to see it spread to other factories and to other cities. Mr. Gorby's name appears on



NOVEL FACTORY INNOVATION.

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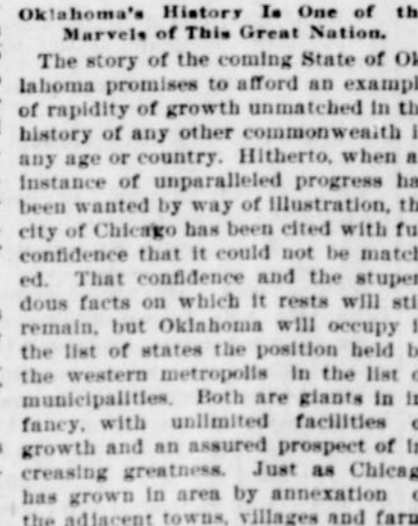
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