

Har-rd Wor-rk the Road To Success for Young Men, Says Steel King Stevenson

HERE ARE THE VIEWS OF A CANNY SCOT.

- He Wouldn't Live in New York
He Eats Two Meals a Day.
He Was Brought Up on Work, Oatmeal and the Catechism.
He Believes in Early Marriages, but Not to Chorus Girls.
He Likes Lots of Open Air.
He Believes the American Revolution Was a Mistake.
He Thinks Taft Will Win.
He Hears Every Week From 89-Year-Old Father in Scotland.

John Stevenson Jr., who has been known as the "Steel King of Sharon," who has built more steel and wire and tin plate plants than he can remember...



JOHN STEVENSON.

STEVENSON STILL HAS A SCOTCH BURN.

This democratic industrial king, who glozed up the scepter twice after the Steel Trust thought it had dethroned him, still has the soft dour of the Glaswegian in his voice...

"I know of one who sold out his holdings. He had been an able and active man. The wife wanted to break into society. He paid the bills freely—though he was a canny Scotchman. They subscribed to everything that was going on."

"My friend may have enjoyed himself in the social way, but I have no doubts. For my own part I like the open air. I play a little golf and I have a summer place on Lake Muskogee in Ontario where the black bass fishing is fine. I am not much for automobiling, although I build parts of the machines. I never bought an automobile, but I have three. An automobile firm that owed me money went bankrupt and unloaded eleven machines on me. I got rid of all but three."

"My best recreation is reading. I have a fine library at home—about 2,000 volumes of it historical. They call me a faddist on the American Revolution and I have 500 volumes on that. Do you know that revolution never should have happened? I firmly believe that if I had not taken place the English speaking people at home and abroad would have been under a republican form of government by the time Queen Victoria began to reign. And I believe, too, that by this time the seat of government would have been in America. Without the Revolution this country would have developed more quickly. It was bound in the end to overshadow the mother country. The tail can't wag the dog."

CORPORATIONS LOOKING FOR BRAINS FIRST.

Reverting again to the chances of the young man, Mr. Stevenson said that the whole thing might be the general belief the big corporations were looking for money all the time; they were making a harder search for brains.

"Of course money as a rule follows the brains," he said. "It's great when you have them both."

Of the big steel men with whom he has been associated Mr. Stevenson was not inclined to say much.

"Andrew Carnegie," he said, "was one of my first employers. There never was a better one. Any one who made any money for Andy always got a share of it. They say I once refused to go into partnership with him. Well, that is pretty nearly so. When I left I was his head engineer in the Thompson Steel Company and designed his machinery. I was then going into business for myself. After that, when I was married, he sent me a box of silver. He never forgets."

President Farrell, of the Steel Corporation, once worked for me as a salesman. It is no disparagement of him to say that he was not as big a success as a salesman as he has been as a steel man."

Mention of Carnegie again reminded Mr. Stevenson of his conversion to universal peace.

"I had gone into the making of ordnance and he dropped a few hundred thousand dollars," he said. "It was about the time of the Peace Congress here and I was in New York. I stopped making ordnance and became a peace convert. I once refused to go into partnership with him. Well, that is pretty nearly so. When I left I was his head engineer in the Thompson Steel Company and designed his machinery. I was then going into business for myself. After that, when I was married, he sent me a box of silver. He never forgets."

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Mr. Stevenson was asked, as an employer of men and as one who has seen many of his friends grow from manual labor to affluence, what he thought of the chances for the young men of to-day.

"Just as good as at any other time," he replied, promptly. "Of course, there is a little more competition now, but a young man with brains will find himself. What he has to do is to work hard. For my part, I was brought up on work, oatmeal and the short catechism of the Presbyterian Church."

"There is one thing that a young man going into an industrial business must have at the start—that is, a technical knowledge of the business. With such a groundwork the young man may find his specialty. But he must find it for himself. An employer who is observant and sympathetic may help him a lot, but his making it is in his own hands."

"Of course it is needless for me to say that he must be regular in his habits. A man to succeed steadily must establish for himself a standard of living. I'm not putting myself up as an example, but I have found it a pretty good rule to get up early and go to bed early. I eat two meals a day—morning and evening. Sometimes when I have friends at my home I make a bluff at taking a bit of lunch."

HE BELIEVES IN EARLY MARRIAGES.

Mr. Stevenson is a believer in early marriage, but he thinks that a man before marriage should lay his plans for an independent business.

"Let him borrow money, if he can and has to," he said. "A good wife will help him pay off the debt. Then he will have something of his own to work for. For myself, I wasn't thirty when I married. I don't say that I had to go into debt to start in business, but I have been hard up."

"When I first came out here I had the idea that I would make some money and go back to Scotland to live out the rest of my days at ease. But the dreams of youth vanish. Here I am, 39 years nearly, and just as eager for work as ever. I don't see where it will end."

Mr. Stevenson was reminded of a portion of his testimony in the Steel suit, in which he said he started the Sharon Steel Company because he was setting on in years and needed something to keep him out of mischief. It was then that he remarked: "Some of my friends came to New York and got into all kinds of trouble. One of them married a chorus girl."

"All, well, that is a slip I should not have made," returned the Steel man. "But somehow the public has an idea that steel and chorus girls go together. Many of my friends became conspicuous in one way or another after they made their money. Some came to New York and lost it all. The younger set went to New York for a while, you remember. Broadway seemed full of young Pittsburgh millionaires. What-over fun they may have had that way I don't begrudge them. It's all transitory and has a bad effect. Some of the older men came out of their element when they made so much money they did not know what to do with it."

THE CANNY SCOT IN SOCIETY.

OFFICER 666

A Fast Moving New York Story By Barton W. Currie Based on the Successful Farce of the Same Title



Travers Gladwin, an eccentric young New York millionaire, burst home secretly from Paris, bringing home a copy of the "Blue Boy" painting which he was charged to bring to his father, the late Mr. Gladwin...

CHAPTER XVII. Travers Gladwin is Considerably Jaded.

THE information to Jar Jove, a high Olympus Traveller, Gladwin came stark awake with a new and vital interest. There was glowing life in his voice as he said:

"So you are going to take the pictures with you on your honeymoon?"

"Yes, indeed, we are," was the best Gladwin could do, for he was trying to think along a dozen different lines at the same time.

"We will be gone for ever so long, you know," volunteered Helen.

"Are you going to take his collection of miniatures?" the young man asked in unconcealed admiration of the colossal nerve of the gentleman who had so nonchalantly appropriated his name.

"Miniatures?" asked Helen, wondering. "Yes, of course," ran on Gladwin, "I play a little golf and I have a summer place on Lake Muskogee in Ontario where the black bass fishing is fine. I am not much for automobiling, although I build parts of the machines. I never bought an automobile, but I have three. An automobile firm that owed me money went bankrupt and unloaded eleven machines on me. I got rid of all but three."

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blinks and innocences fell on deaf ears. She accepted no fund of information as a second-hand version, exclaiming once:

CHAPTER XVIII. Sadie Becomes a Conspirator.

"A" He careful! Don't go out there!" was the warning that had stopped Sadie Burton in full flight for the treasure room into which her cousin and Travers Gladwin had vanished.

She was more than half way to the door in obedience to Helen's command when Whitney Barnes spoke. He was sitting on the arm of one of the great upholstered chairs in a gracefully negligent attitude twirling his gold key chain about his finger. He spoke softly but with a mysterious emphasis that took hold and held the retreating miss fast in its tracks. She turned with a frightened gasp.

"What a splendid memory you have!" Then he gave it up as a hopeless case and led the way back into the other room.

"Why?" "Because I would be all alone," he said solemnly. Then as Sadie took another hurried step forward, "Oh, no, you wouldn't desert me—you wouldn't be so cruel! How would you like to turn around and take a step toward him. She said timidly:

"I don't understand." "Then I'll tell you," he said, getting on his feet and going toward her. "No, no!" objected Sadie, and began to back away.

The young man stopped and said in most reassuring tones: "Fear not—I am quite harmless, I assure you. Now, I can see that you are in trouble—is that not so?" "Oh, yes!" Sadie admitted, delighted at this new turn in his attitude. Her first disturbing suspicion had been that he wanted to flirt.

"You see, I'm right," he pursued. "I would like to help you." "Would you?" she breathed, with increasing confidence.

"Of course I would," he said, earnestly, whereas Sadie lost all fear. "Then we must hurry if we are to stop it," she said in a dramatic whisper.

"Stop it—stop what?" The heir of Old Grim Barnes had launched the belief that he was about to start something. There wasn't any stop in the vocabulary of his thoughts at that minute.

"Why, the elopement," ejaculated Sadie, exploding a little bomb that brought Whitney Barnes down out of the clouds.

"Yes, of course—to be sure—the elopement—I'd forgotten," he raced on.

He had taken possession of the whole hand now and pointed with a long ominous forefinger to the centre of the palm.

"Which line?" inquired Sadie, eagerly, getting her head very close to his as she pried into the plump, practically useless palm.

"That one," said Barnes, impressively. "No." "Don't you see that it starts almost at your wrist?"

"Now I see. Yes. What of it?" "Why it runs 'way round the bump, or, that is—the bump of Venus."

"What does that mean?" asked Sadie innocently. "Oh, a lot. You are very affectionate—and extremely shy."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Sadie, amazed at the young man's stupendous skill. "Now here's a cunning little line," he pursued. "That shows something too."

"Does it show how to stop the elopement?" asked Sadie, ingenuously, but making no effort to withdraw her hand.

"Yes, and it shows that you and your friend are—"

"Cousins—and we live with Auntie—and we've been in New York a month."

"Does your cousin mean known Gladwin long?" "Only two weeks." Sadie was really awed.

"That's right—two weeks; and she met him at the—"

He said to himself that there was a little game that beat any other known sport to flinders.

"It's a sale of old pictures and art objects," he whispered so low that it was a copy—a fraud, and not to say it. That was the way they got acquainted. He would let her tell auntie anything about him."

"Just a moment," cried Barnes. "Here's a bit of good luck. I'd almost overlooked that line."

Sadie was on fire with curiosity and looked eagerly into his eyes.

"You meet a dark man—and he prevents the elopement."

"Perhaps that's you!" exclaimed the delighted girl, withdrawing her hand and jumping to her feet.

"I'm sure it is," said Barnes, nodding his head.

"Oh, I'm so glad."

"But wait," said Barnes, going very close to her. "Please pay attention to every word I say. Do all you can to get your cousin to change her mind; then, if she won't, tell your aunt. But don't tell her until the last minute, and—here's your cousin."

(To Be Continued.)

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