

St. Biderino, Who Made \$100,000,000 in Wall Street.

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON

Being the Letters Written by John Graham, Head of the House of Graham & Company, Pork Packers in Chicago, Familiarly Known as 'Change as 'Old Gorgon Graham,' to His Son Pierreport, Face-tiously Known to His Intimates as 'Figgy.'

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From John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago, to his son, Pierreport, at Harvard University.

Dear Pierreport: No, I can't say that I think anything of your post-graduate course idea. You're not going to be a poet or a professor, but a packer, and the place to take a post-graduate course for that calling is in the packing-house.

There's a chance for everything you have learned, from Latin to poetry. In the packing business, tho we don't use much poetry here, except in our ads, and about the only time our products are given Latin names is when the state board of health con-demns them.

The main thing is to get a start along right lines, and that is what I sent you to college for. I didn't expect you to carry off all the edu-cation in sight. I knew you'd leave a little for the next fellow. But I wanted you to form good mental habits, just as I want you to have clean, straight physical ones.

We started in a mighty different world, and we were all ignorant to-gether. The Lord let us in on the ground floor, gave us corner lots, and then started in to improve ad-jacent property. We didn't have to know fractions to figure out our profits. Now a merchant needs as-tronomy to see them, and when he locates them they are out some-where near the fifth decimal place.

That was the first college man I ever hired was old John Durham's son, Jim. That was a good many years ago when the house was a much smaller af-fair. Jim's father had a lot of money till he started out to buck the uni-versity and corner wheat.

That day made young Jim a candidate for a job. It didn't take him long to decide that the Lord would attend to keeping up the visible supply of poetry, and that he had better turn his attention to the stocks of mess-pork.

Finally, after about a month of this, he wore me down so that I stopped him one day as he was passing me on the street. I thought I'd find out if he really was so red hot to work as he pretended to be; besides, I felt that perhaps I hadn't treated the boy just right, as I had delivered quite a jag of that wheat to his father myself.

"Hello, Jim," I called; "do you still want that job?" "Yes, sir," he answered, quick as lightning. "Well, I tell you how it is, Jim," I said, "I don't see any chance in the office, but I understand they can use another good, strong man in one of the loading gangs."

I thought the world would settle Jim and let me out, for it's no joke lugging beef, or rolling barrels and terces a hundred yards or so to the cars. But Jim came right back at me with, "Done. Who'll I report to?"

That sporty way of answering, as if he was closing a bet, made me surer than ever that he was not cut out for a butcher. But I told him, and

honor, arrayed all in snowy garb, and against the garish brilliancy of the general background, a pompous pageantry of colors, the decoration of silver, gilded and jeweled, in every contrast. A gar-land of flowers was the only crown the lady wore; no other adornment had her fair shoulders save their own argent beauty, of which the fashion of the day permitted a dis-creet suggestion. One arm hung languorously across the railing, and the other was extended forward with seeming carelessness, but intently directed her glance to the scene below, where the attendant were arranging the

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off he started hot-foot to find the foreman. I sent word by another route to see that he got plenty to do.

I forgot all about Jim until about three months later, when his name was handed up to me for a new place and a raise in pay. It seemed that he had sort of abolished his job. After he had been rolling barrels a while he got to scheming around for a way to make the work easier, and he hit on an idea for a sort of overhead railroad system, by which the barrels could be swung out of the storeroom and run down into the cars, and two or three men do the work of a gang. It was just as I thought. Jim was lazy, but he had put the house in the way of saving so much money that I couldn't fire him. So I raised his salary, and made him an assistant timekeeper and checker. Jim kept at this for three or four months, until his feet began to hurt him. I guess, and then he was out of a job again. It seems he had heard something of a new machine for registering the men, that did away with most of the timekeepers except the fellows who watched the machines, and he kept after the superintendent until he got him to put them in. Of course he claimed a raise again for effecting such a saving, and we just had to allow it.

I was beginning to take an interest in Jim, so I brought him up into the office and set him to copying circular letters. We used to send out a raft of them to the trade. That was just before the general adoption of typewriters. But Jim hadn't been in the office plugging away at the letters for a month before he had the writers' cramp, and began nosing around again. The first thing I knew he was "sticking" the agents for the new type-writing machines on to me, and he kept coming pock-pock-pock until I made me give them a trial. Then it was all up with Mister Jim's job again. I raised his salary without his asking for it this time, and put him out on the road to introduce a new product that we were making—beef extract.

Jim made two trips without selling enough to keep them working over-time at the factory, and then he came into my office with a long story about how we were doing it all wrong. Said we ought to go for the consumer by advertising, and make the trade come to us, instead of chasing it up.

That was so like Jim that I just laughed at first; besides, that sort of advertising was a pretty new thing then, and I was one of the old-timers who didn't take any stock in it. But Jim just kept plugging away at me between trips, until finally I took him off the road and told him to go ahead and try it in a small way.

Jim pretty nearly scared me to death that first year. At last he had got into something that he took an interest in—spending money—and he just fairly wallowed in it. Used to lay awake nights, thinking up new ways of getting rid of the old man's profits. And he found them. Sent me a check for a week's worth of money that wasn't coming back; but every time I started to draw in my horns Jim talked to me, and showed me where there was a fortune waiting for me just around the corner.

Graham's Extract started out by being something that you could make beef-tee out of—that was all. But before Jim had been fooling with it a month he had got his girl to think up a hundred different ways in which it could be used, and had advertised them all. It seemed there was nothing you could cook that didn't need a dash of it. He kept between the cows and a sweat all the time. Sometimes, but not often, I just had to grin at his foolishness. I remember one picture he got out showing sixteen cows standing between something that looked like a letter-press, and telling how every pound or so of Graham's Extract contained the juice squeezed from a herd of steers. If an explorer started for the north pole, Jim would send him a case of Extract, and then advertise that it was the great heat maker for cold climates; and if some other fellow started across Africa he sent him a case, too, and advertised what a bully drink it was served up with a little ice.

He broke out in a new place every day, and every time he broke out it cost the house money. Finally, I made up my mind to swallow the loss, and Mister Jim was just about to lose his job sure enough, when the orders for Extract began to look up, and he got a reprieve; then he began to make expenses, and he got a pardon; and finally a rush came that left him high and dry in a permanent place. Jim was all right in his way, but it was a new way, and I hadn't been broad-gaged enough to see that it was a better way.

That was where I caught the connection between a college education and business. I've always made it a rule to buy brains, and I've learned now that the better trained they are the faster they find reasons for getting their salaries raised. The fellow who hasn't had the training may be just as smart, but he's apt to paw the air when he's reaching for ideas.

I suppose you're asking why, if I'm so hot for education, I'm against this post-graduate course. But habits of thought ain't the only thing a fel-low picks up at college.

I see you've been elected president of your class. I'm glad the boys aren't down on you, but while the most popular man in his class isn't al-ways a failure in business, being as popular as that takes up a heap of time. I noticed, too, when you were home Easter, that you were running to sporty clothes and cigarettes. There's nothing criminal about either, but I don't hire sporty clerks at all, and the only part of the premises on which cigarette smoking is allowed is the fertilizer factory.

I simply mention this in passing. I have every confidence in your ulti-mate good sense, and I guess you'll see the point without my elaborating with a meat ax my reasons for not having enough college for you to be present.

"Bon Vouloir!" they cried. "Bon Vouloir!" It was the name assumed by the free baron for the day, while other warriors, in the great hall, called by such euphonious and chivalrous appellations as Valiant Desyr, Bon Espoir or Coeur Loyal. Bon Vouloir, upon this particular demon-stration, reined his steed, and, remov-ing his head-covering, bowed rever-ently to the king and his suite, deeply and affectionately to the potent gen-eral, set apart for his convenience and pleasure.

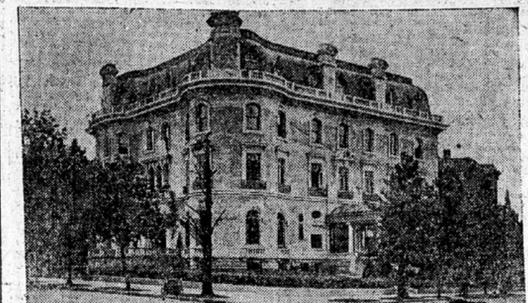
From the purple box the monarch had nodded graciously and from the red velvet cushion he smiled softly, so that the duke had no reason for dissatisfaction; the attitude of the crowd was of small moment, an un-musical, but a lance that was but a novel and not unappreciated ex-perience to look forward to, in no wise served to assuage his heart-sinking.

"At the entrance of the pavilion stood Callette, who had watched the pass-ing of Bon Vouloir and now was gaz-ing upward into a sea of faces from whence some one of the king's like the buzzing of unnumbered bees.

"Certes," he commented, "the king makes much of this unnumbered, lumpy, beef-drinking noble who is going to wed the princess."

"Callette," said the low voice of the duke's jester at his elbow, "would you see a woman undone?"

T. F. WALSH'S MILLION-DOLLAR HOUSE



Washington—The man who can boast of living in the finest home in the nation's capital must be the owner of an abode that is truly a palace in its appointments, for, as is well known, Washington is the center of some of the stately mansions of America. When Thomas F. Walsh decided to build a new dwelling in this city he was aware of the others which must be spent to excel all others, but it is con- sidered that the Walsh mansion, by far, the finest residence in the District of Columbia. Already it is called the "palace," and with a good reason, for it was but partly completed when a monarch, the owner expected that King Leopold of Belgium would be the guest of honor at the house warming, which is to take place be-tween now and the holidays, but Leopold's visit has been deferred until next year, when he will probably be entertained by his American partner in business for several months.

More Than a Million. The house itself, unfurnished, cost more than a million dollars, and the furniture and hangings represent several hundred thousand dollars, yet the man who once handled pick and shovel in a Colorado cop-per mine does not think he is spending too much for the enjoyment of himself and his family. It is said that the entire cost of the house and its appointments is con-siderably less than his income from the Ouray mines alone. His partnership with King Leopold in Africa is another great source of wealth. Incidentally, it may be said that he is probably the only Ameri-can who has a king as a side partner.

Mr. Walsh's family is not large, com-prising his wife and three children, and his daughter, but Mr. and Mrs. Walsh are fond of company, and usually have a large party consisting of a half dozen or more guests.

The home, however, will be properly decorated by entertainments, which may surpass any ever given even in the his-tory of this social center. In fact, the structure is planned especially for hos-pitality, and the apartments are so care-fully accommodated under its roof without crowding. It contains no less than sixty-four rooms, not including a score of bath-rooms. From the main entrance a mag-nificent staircase of art metal extends to the third-story in the hall, which, in itself, is a large apartment. There is nothing in Washington which approaches in rich-ness the decorations of the mansion. All most every known species of hard wood has been utilized for the interior finish, each of the larger apartments having a

distinct decoration. Some of the single floors cost \$5,000 apiece, while, in what might be called the ballroom, the gold used in decorating the ceiling and walls amounted in value to \$10,000. The building is lighted through out by electricity, is cooled by a patent system of ventilation, while electric elevators, which the occupants from floor to floor, take themselves without a conductor, take the occupants from floor to floor.

One of the principal features of the decoration is a set of tapestries which are said to be equal in richness to any ever brought to the United States. They were secured by connoisseurs who made a tour of the principal art centers of Europe, especially for this purpose.

Surrounding the house is an Italian gar-den, ornamented with vases, statuary and other work, every piece of which was se-cured from Greece or Italy.

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STUPID BOY.



"No, I didn't. I saw you break a driver and a brassie, but I don't re-member your breakin' anything else."

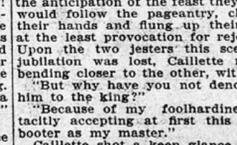
A FAIR TRADE.



"Now remember, boy, I broke the record to-day, and you saw me do it. Understand?"

"No, I didn't. I saw you break a driver and a brassie, but I don't re-member your breakin' anything else."

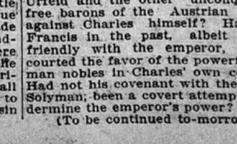
OLD GENTLEMAN—And who is winning?



"Now remember, boy, I broke the record to-day, and you saw me do it. Understand?"

"No, I didn't. I saw you break a driver and a brassie, but I don't re-member your breakin' anything else."

WORTH TRYING.



"How do you like Scribblers' latest novel, Miss Mabel?"

"I don't really know. The critics don't seem to be able to agree about it."

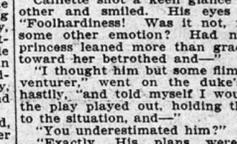
PUZZLED.



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UNDECIDED.



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