

## THE BRUTE AND THE MAN

### *There Is a Great Lesson for Every One of Us in the Case of John H. Patterson, Pitiless Captain of Industry, Who Rose Into the Human Man at Dayton.*

Like most of us, John H. Patterson of Dayton was two personalities.

As the official head of the National Cash Register Co. he was the strong, capable, remorseless captain of industry—a Napoleon of Big Business, rushing pitilessly over all obstacles, destroying everything that crossed his path.

And Uncle Sam prosecuted and convicted him, and sentenced him to a year in the jail at Troy, Ohio.

Whereat the world was satisfied and said: "Serves him right!"

Then came catastrophe—the awful flood in Ohio, leaving death, destruction and human suffering in their wake.

Throwing off the habit of the captain of industry, John H. Patterson, the MAN, stepped forth—and all that tremendous energy, that forceful executive ability and wonderful capacity for doing things, were exerted for the welfare of others.

And now there goes up a prayer to the president that John H. Patterson be pardoned and saved the ignomy of a term in jail.

For those who saw nothing to admire in the keen, selfish, remorseless captain of industry, who scrambled to industrial and financial success on the prostrate forms of his competitors, now see much to admire, and even to love, in John H. Paterson, the MAN.

So it is with most of us. There is much good in everybody—and its enemy is Selfishness. There is much happiness for all of us—in living and doing for others.

And man rises to his noblest estate when he forgets self and serves humanity for the love of his kind and the joy of service.

If man only knew, he can easily have the love of his fellows, or their hatred. What we give the world, the world gives back to us—and with interest.

And whatever may be the fate of John H. Patterson now, we imagine the joy in his heart that has come from service to humanity, has overcome the fear of that prison sentence—for he feels the good he has done as a MAN.

He'll be happy yet if the awful flood of the Miami valley washed away the selfishness of the mere striver for individual success and rescued from that wreckage John H. Patterson, the man and brother.

There is a lesson here for other money-mad captains of industry.

There is a story told of a dispute in which a bolsterous, ill-bred fellow called his adversary no gentleman. "I suppose you think yourself one?" was the reply. "Certainly I do," answered the bully. "Then," said the other, "I am not offended that you don't think me one."

Miss Daisy Irving, writing in "Theaterland," says one of the funniest letters ever sent to her was from a little girl, and began: "Dear Miss Irving—I do love you so. Will you send me a picture postcard? I think you so like my mother. She is in a lunatic asylum."