

chant prince to the thousands of employees who must have helped him get all those millions into his own hands.

Very likely Altman was honorable in his business dealings. No doubt he paid his debts and kept his credit good at the banks. It is easy to believe that he was good to his family, if he had one. Doubtless he contributed to charity.

If he owned one of the most important private art collections in New York he has probably paid out thousands of dollars for one valuable daub of paint on canvass—possibly the picture of a herd of sheep, a horse fair, a bit of landscape, white-capped ocean waves rolling in on the shore, perhaps a Gainsborough, a portrait of a lady.

But I can see pictures that didn't hang on the walls of his art gallery. They are pictures of human beings. Thousands of them are girls—girls who started out in life virtuous, happy and hopeful, possessed of the glorious instinct of womanhood and motherhood. Girls who wanted to love and to be loved. Girls who wanted to be wives and mothers.

I can see them standing all day long behind the counters, waiting on customers, putting up with humiliations, trying to be pleasant to people who were disagreeable, working, working, working to make Benjamin Altman a merchant prince.

We might follow them home at night on crowded street cars, tired, weary, almost worn out—sometimes too tired to enjoy eating food that the body craved and had to have—

But what's the use? One need not tell the story. All of us know it. Not all of those thousands of girls became wives and mothers. There were tragedies. Vice and Crime demanded their toll. Low wages, insufficient clothing, poor food, attic rooms, bad ventilation, mental and physical starvation, temptation, prostitution, death—for some of them who couldn't win in such a fight.

The wonder of it all is that the great majority do win out and escape from this department store bondage to become wives and mothers.

I know nothing of Altman or his store. I refer to him as a type. We are making other merchant princes right here in Chicago now; and hundreds of lives are being sacrificed that a few may become merchant princes.

The story of Marshall Field's life has never been written in black and white. It never will be written. For his life can not stand apart from the lives of all of the thousands of men, women and children who worked as his employees.

The lives of his employees were as much a part of his life as were the lives of his children; and no matter how successful he was as a merchant prince and a piler-up of dollars, he was a miserable failure as a father, and hence as a man.

Marshall Field was also a patron of art. He aided art. How much did he aid humanity? How many human beings did he make better and happier through his association with them and his control over their destiny?

How many God-given human souls did he convert into cold cash, bonds, stocks and loop real estate?

No city is great because of its skyscrapers of stone, concrete and steel, or because of its beautiful boulevards, its monstrous factories or its palatial homes.

Only that city is great whose men, women and children are great. The great city is the city with a great soul and a great love and a great humanity.

Andrew Carnegie can't make a city great by giving it a great library. John D. Rockefeller can't make a city great by giving it a great university.