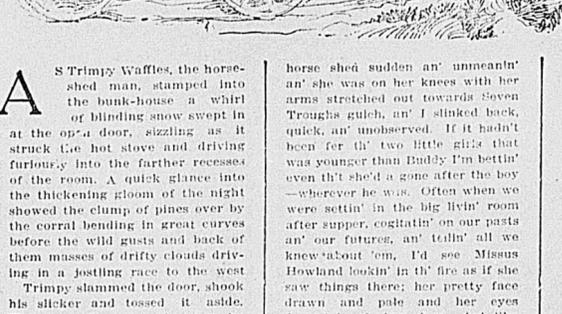


# When Santa Claus Was Stolen



Prize Christmas Story  
By Geo. F. Stratton

Mr. George F. Stratton, author of "When Santa Claus Was Stolen," the winning Christmas prize story, is 60 years of age and was born in London, England. Coming to America, he worked for the General Electric company in the east for a number of years, until he decided to retire and come west. He selected Utah as his home and brought his family to Mill Creek eighteen months ago where he started a fruit and chicken ranch. A couple of months ago he sustained a broken leg while handling a restive horse. While lying in bed he wrote the story that captured the \$50 prize.

A S Trimp, Waffles, the horse-shed man, stamped into the bunk-house a whirl of blinding snow swept in at the open door, sizzling as it struck the hot stove and driving furiously into the farther recesses of the room. A quick glance into the thickening gloom of the night showed the clump of pines over the corral bending in great curves before the wild gusts and back of them masses of drift clouds driving in a jostling race to the west. Trimp slammed the door, shook his slicker and tossed it aside. Then, snuggling up to the stove, he gazed a little dubiously at the man as he observed.

"Plenty of weather, eh?—just the kind of night that Cal Wesner stole the Santa Claus!"

"There was a light shuffling of feet; then Bud Fanning laughed derisively.

"You're ropin' the wrong steer, Trimp. You can't run off any real, nice, little of made-up yarn to bribe an' corrupt us, into puttin' up the boss's team when he drives in. It's your trick an' you'll take it."

Trimp deftly rolled a cigarette and touched it to a coal in the ash-tray. Then he continued:

"Likewise an' also 't was Santa Claus that brought little Buddy Howland to the Tumbling H ranch."

"Starts off with a mix-up," sneered Greaser Pete. "Santa don't bring no kids; it's a stork ye'r meanderin' about!"

"Which the same may be true," agreed Trimp, "—but it wore th' same gorgeous apparel that's correct an' fashionable for Santa Claus; sheepskin chaps hangin' from th' neck an' cowhide boots an' a coyote skin cap—an' a big heard like Shylock's." The only book Trimp ever read was Shakespeare.

"Shylock!" exclaimed Greaser. "There was a Shylock on the Triple G ranch a while back—a pin-headed Dutchman with eyes that looked north and south at the same time. But he didn't have no beard."

"This Shylock wasn't no Triple G man," reproved Trimp. "He was a money lender an' his brand was th' Triangle Three Balls—which the same you'll get some familiar with if you continue bettin' on a little pair of queens an' a two spot."

Greaser subsided with a gully grin and Trimp smoked on. Bud Fanning shuffled round uneasily for several minutes. Then he muttered:

"The boss won't get back far over an hour yet, you'll have plenty of time to prove to Greaser that it was Santa Claus an' not a stork—of your plum wishful fer to."

"Not so you'd notice it," drawled Trimp.

"An' I'm not sayin' but what I'll help with th' bronchos of th' yarn has barb-wire conviction in it," persisted Fanning.

Trimp rolled another cigarette from Fanning's proffered tobacco bag and commenced:

"'Twas eight years ago this winter that the trouble happened that took the laugh out of Missus Howland's voice—an' out of th' boss's, too. Not but what it came into their eyes some after awhile, but it was always a sure mournful look if it was a smile. Buddy was then six-years-old and the prize blue-ribbon kid from the Big Muddy to the Salmon river. He sure was! He'd rope his dog—a knee-sprung brindle—as cute as Fanning's rope a two-year-old; an' ride his pony similar.

"It was two days before Christmas, same as this, but good, clear weather through th' day, an' Buddy had ridden his pony—a flea-bitten sorrel that Howland brought back from Omaha where he'd been with two cars of steers—over to the Hinsman ranch at the mouth of Lariat canyon. Towards night the clouds banked up as they did this afternoon and when it got dark Howland saddled his horse and went to look for the boy. Presently I felt some uneasy and I followed him;—but we never found the boy. He'd left Hinsman's, all right, an' headed for home—but he never got there. We followed his tracks up to the Seven Troughs Gulch, a couple of miles east of Lariat, then the snow came, a driving blizzard that covered everything. We found the pony—a little way up the gulch headed back for home and surmised that he'd been over some ravine or gulch for the night was choked with gravel and snow. But a three days' search up the gulch and the connectin' canyon didn't show any Buddy. Howland an' one of the Hinsman boys kept it up for three days longer, but they never found the boy.

"I sure didn't think that Howland would keep his wife. She didn't rave and act frantic but she went around like a woman in a dream. She'd go out to the pump for water an' forget it an' look across at the mountains 's if she was countin' the scrub pines an' oaks up there. Once I came round the back of th'

horse shed sudden an' unmeanin' an' she was on her knees with her arms stretched out towards Seven Troughs gulch, an' I slinked back, quick, an' unobserved. If it hadn't been fer th' two little girls that was younger than Buddy I'm bettin' even th' shed'd a gone after the boy—wherever he was. Often when we were settin' in the big livin' room after supper, cogitatin' on our pasts an' our future, an' tellin' all we knew about 'em, I'd see Missus Howland lookin' in th' fire as if she saw things there; her pretty face drawn and pale and her eyes dreamin' of her boy. An' like enough Howland would give a glance at her, steady, an' then there'd come a twinge over him as if somethin' was eatin' him. They weren't forgettin' very hard, either of 'em.

"But she was just as good an' sweet to the ranch boys as she'd always been—an' some more so—otherwise it would have been sure peevish livin' and workin' here, then. Howland never showed his trouble as much as she did, but he rustled as we'd never seen him rustle before, an' that's goin' some!"

"When spring came an' the snow went off, Howland took me an' Wildcat Pete, the half-breed, up into Seven Troughs and made another search. But though we went down into every ravine along th' trail, clear across to th' divide, we found no remnants. Th' coyotes had been pretty plenty that winter. Then the summer came an' plenty of cow-punchin' an' things seemed to get along smoother."

"Trimp paused to roll another cigarette and Greaser Pete said discontentedly:

"'Tears as if this is some like your usual brand of stories; start on one trail an' fore ye git anywhere stamped an' distribute yerself all over th' landscape!"

"You've got to round up fore you can brand!" retorted Trimp. "Likewise and also, there's various an' several sets of harness used in th' horse shed that'd nowise object to olin' if you ain't interested in this yarn. Furthermore, there ain't no one 'ud raise any peevish objections to yer doin' th' olin'."

Greaser snorted furiously and Trimp went on:

"It was two years after that when Cal Wesner an' I got a few days' holiday before Christmas an' went over to Salt Lake City to indulge in th' dissipations an' frivolousness of that village. 'Twasn't so easy then as it is now, fer th' railroad didn't come no nearer than Boise; so we had a 30-mile drive to start with. Didn't use saddles 'cause there was some supplies to freight in from Boise, so we took a wagon. We reached Salt Lake early one morning an' proceeded immediate an' conscientious to paint th' town—not th' good of Cheyenne color, but a mild little spatterin' th' didn't nowise attract any attention—not so you'd notice it. Didn't pull a gun once in the whole two days. We saw it all; from the big tabernacle down to the little chile con carne outfit on First South, where the yellow-eyed spavin-eyed henchmen tried to charge us as much for a coyote's lunch as we paid at th' Keyway for a meal th' would have lasted a two-man sheep outfit fer a week—an' then some.

"It was th' stores hit us most; some of 'em with all th' goods they had right in th' window. We stayed outside one of 'em fer nearly an hour an' didn't see a thing taken out; so we surmised that trade was pretty dull. At one window we saw a doll th' was dressed as plentiful an' gorgeous as the girls we'd seen on th' stage the night before an' it was nearly as big. We were sure disappointed when we could see but one of it, fer we wanted two fer th' little girls at home. I said to Cal th' maybe they had another inside, but he grimed incredulous. But I went in and found a pair and bought 'em, along with some other frivolous an' obtrusive articles which th' store-keeper said would make good presents.

"But it was on the afternoon of the second day th' we got our real excitin' an' absorbin' experience. It was on Main street, corner of Second South, I guess, when Cal jabbed a fist into my ribs an' gasped:

"'Look there, Trimp!—on th' cross trail. What d'yer call that?'"

"I looked an' saw Santa Claus—the real genuine, thorough-bred article! I'd seen him where I was a kid in of Indiana, but I'd never seen him running loose before. We went across to get a closer observation, an' I said: He was wearin' sheepskin chaps an' rawhide boots, same as I told yer, an' he had a bright red coat with trimmin' an' a fur cap. He was sure th' most enticin' lookin' creature I'd seen since that bunch of Shoshone braves started out of Cheyenne to go to Washington ter tell th' president how happy an' contented they were.

"He stood alongside a small, red chimney th' came up through th' sidewalk; up which we surmised that he'd climbed from some un-

derground dugout. But when we got nearer we couldn't see, nowise, how he could do that fer he was as big 'round as a two-year-old, an' th' chimney wasn't more'n half as big.

"We stood an' gazed in rapture fer half an hour or so. Every now an' then some one 'ud hold a hand over the chimney an' drop somethin' an' Santa would smile an' wave his hand, friendly.

"'He's got the Diamond S. A. brand,' whispered Cal. 'Look on his cap! D'ye know where that ranch is?'"

"I don't," says I. There's a Diamond S. A. south of Boise, but there ain't no children there, an' in consequence no Santa Claus."

"'We edged up some closer an' he got his eye on us an' came over with a smile on his face that 'ud have been enough to cover th' whole hide of most men.

"'A Merry Christmas, gentlemen!' says he. '—a Merry Christmas! Fine bracing weather; splendid for those that have homes and plenty and joyful families. But it'll be hard on those who haven't!'"

"'It sure will,' agreed Cal. 'An' where's th' Diamond S. A. Ranch? That's your brand, I surmise.'"

"Santa looked some troubled fer a minute, then he broke into a hearty laugh, th' might have been heard as far as th' depot. He sure could laugh some!

"'That 'S. A.' means Salvation Army,' says he. 'I am a member of that you know; you're gentlemen, I take it.'"

"'We are,' I said, feeling some bothered about th' army.

"'Our army,' he said, 'is an army of the Lord. We're striving to do his work. We do what we can for the unfortunate. Look at this, for instance!'"

"He pointed to a card hanging on th' chimney with a printed yarn on it. 'Trimpin' off th' trinkets' it said that chimbley would be spent in givin' Christmas dinners to folks too poor to buy any. That struck Cal an' I as a pious idea, an' we contributed a few.

"Santa clapped us on th' shoulders an' said: 'You've got big hearts an' good ones, too, I'm sure! Why not go up to our quarters this evening and see what we're doing?'"

"'We take th' back trail, tonight,' said Cal. '—got to reach th' ranch before Christmas, sure!'"

"'Good for you!' laughed Santa. 'Home's th' place for Christmas, no matter where or what it is as long as it's home!'"

"We talked with him for pretty much half an hour. Then we went into Tony Barbick's fer supper an' th' usual et ceteras. We got down to th' depot in plenty o' time fer our train, an' as we were discussin' our experiences a man carryin' a big suit case come up an' says:

"'Well—but it's good to see you boys again. I'm going to leave pleasant company on my trip!'"

"The signs were all there. It was Santa Claus. His voice an' th' jolly grin an' twinklin' eyes were as plain as a new brand on a broncho's flank. But there weren't no sheepskins nor red coat. He was dressed pretty much as we were. Likewise, it wouldn't have taken so big a noose fer rope him as it would in th' afternoon; although he'd need a Percheron freight horse to carry him after cattle—he was plumb fat!

"'Where are you goin'?' asked Cal.

"'To Boise,' he laughed. 'When I get back to headquarters our captain told me that the lieutenant at Boise had written for more help, and I was ordered to go over there tonight.'"

"Cal kicked the suit case and asked, 'Is that Santa Claus?'"

"'It is,' he said. 'Couldn't go anywhere at Christmas without it.'"

"We got on the train an' swapped yarns till th' o'clock. Then Santa said he'd go to bed, an' Cal an' I went forward to the smoker and joined in a little game of seven-up with Has Terryberry, who used to

be on the Tumbling H outfit, but had gone to Boise an' took to handling grain.

"'We dropped asleep about 2 or thereabouts an' the next thing I knew Cal was kicking me in the ribs. I'd been dreamin' th' I was ridin' th' tall-eyed brown broncho—the meanest animal on the ranch—and 'ud got bucked off, an' I was howlin' 'Rope him again, Cal! Rope him again, I'll bust him or—' and then Cal kicked me an' I found myself rollin' on the floor sid of over the prairie. It was sure embarrassin' with a carload of people grinnin' free an' plentiful. So I meandered over to the wash room ter cool off.

"Just before we pulled into Boise, Cal edged up close to me and said:

"'Trimp! I'm goin' to steal that Santa Claus an' run him out to the Tumbling H!'"

"I thought it over fer a minute, an' then said:

"'That's a pious idea! How you goin' ter work it?'"

"'You'll see it,' he says. 'Leave that to me!'"

"So I left it to him, an' when we met Santa on the platform, Cal asks him if he knew where his outfit was—meanin' the headquarters.

"'I do not,' said Santa. 'But Boise isn't a very large town, I believe. I'll have no trouble in getting up there.'"

"Your place is a mile and a half or two miles from the depot,' lied Cal. 'We're goin' ter hitch up soon as we've fed, an' we'll drive you right to the door. I know just where it is.'"

"'You're kindness itself,' said Santa. 'This case would be pretty heavy to carry two miles.'"

"We took him into Belden's fer breakfast, and Cal got a chance to say to me without Santa hearin':

"'You take him 'round to the stable to hitch up, Trimp. I'm goin' up the street to get a few more presents. If we're goin' ter have such a bulky Santa Claus out to the Tumbling H we sure want his gift sack to be likewise an' impressive.'"

"So it all went as easy as ropin' a yearlin'. Cal got back soon after the team was hitched, carryin' a meal sack th' looked promising, an' we started. I held the bronchos down slow at first, an' spread all over the old town with all its dips, spurs, right angles, an' variations, so th' Santa would nebuly see the truth of Cal's two-mile proposition, but we had ter strike th' home trail at last, an' th' houses got pretty casual an' lonesome lookin'. Santa asked serious, 'Haven't we missed the headquarters? It can't be out as far as this!'"

"Just ahead, lied Cal, pointin' to Hy Sternitt's new barn a half mile ahead. 'They built it out there so as to have ball grounds an' gymnasiums an' such.'"

"'I never heard of that,' said Santa, some anxious, but I suppose you know.'"

"'What we don't know,' said Cal, 'wouldn't be enough to outfit a country lawyer.' Then he kicked my shin, an' knowin' the signal, I put those bronchos into a real nice little ole gallop. We went past Sternitt's as if we were followin' a cow stamped, an' Santa thought they'd got away from me. He was sure excited, an' some scared. Then I pulled 'em down, an' he asked if we weren't goin' back at once. But Cal had pulled his gun, and was playin' with it on his knee.

"'It's gun to heart talk now, Santa,' he grinned, 'although we ain't lookin' fer nutthin' but the pleasantest sort of argument. You ain't goin' back right yet, Santa; you're goin' out to the Tumbling H ranch. They're sure needin' you out there quite wifful!'"

"'What does this mean?' yelled Santa. 'You dare not carry me off. I insist on being taken back to the headquarters at once. I'm late now.'"

"'Not so late as you will be before you get back,' laughed Cal, 'an' words like 'dare' and 'insist' ain't got the meanin' out at Tumbling H th' they have down to Salt

Lake—not excessive.'"

"He was real peevish for the next 10 miles an' told us some things about ourselves which we knew before and some things which we didn't. But by an' by he cooled down. Buck Turner's was half way, same as 'tis now, an' we mostly stopped there to eat when we went over to Boise, but we cut it out this trip, an' run the team past fer two miles till we struck the pines at Muleshoe creek. There we unhitched an' fed the horses an' ourselves, an' when we got started again, Santa was as happy an' cheerful as when we'd seen him alongside the chimney on Main street.

"It was just dark as we came within sight of the ranch house an' it sure looked welcome with every window lighted an' a bunch of smoke an' sparks comin' from the big chimney that told of good fires an' a good cookin'. We'd run into a northeast wind bitin' an' cuttin' an' bringin' snow with it, too, just the same as it's doin' now.

"Where our road cuts off from the regular trail there used to be a hay shed, an' we'd agreed with Santa friendly an' cordial ter drop him off there so he could put on his red coat an' sheepskins, et cetera, an' come up to the house a half hour after us. He was as plumb willin' an' eager to do what we wanted as if he had protected the whole thing himself.

"We reached the house an' found 'em at supper, but the boys turned out and took care of the team, while Mis Howland fed us 's if we hadn't been fed since we went to Salt Lake, an' the little girls asked so many questions about our adventures they called 'em—that the half hour was gone before we thought of it, an' there was a poundin' at the door. Howland opened it an' Santa stamped in.

"The snow was fallin' thick, and he had a crust on him that made him look as if he'd come clear over the Washlake range. But the jolly twinkle was in his eyes, an' the merry twirl in his mouth, an' the bulgin' meal sack was over his shoulder an' he stamped in laughin' an' sayin':

"'Merry Christmas to all. May happiness and good will abound under this roof!'"

"There was some surprise in the ranch house. It s' read over so thick that even Pipestem Peters, so called because he talked so much th' he couldn't get time to eat, sat with his mouth wide open but not in doin'. Howland got over it first, an' pulled out th' big arm chair, invitin' Santa to git comfortable.

"'Says he, 'I s'pose your rideover are outside, Mr. Santa. Claus hadn't th' boys better stable 'em?'"

"'Those deer are all right, my good sir,' laughed Santa. 'They live on the snow ridges and on the house-tops. No stable has ever sheltered them!'"

"Then Mrs. Howland took a hand in—the girls were holding on to her dress, with eyes as big as steers' an' pretty much as wild.

"'We've just finished supper,' she said, 'but there's plenty more hot, and you must be hungry, after your long, cold journey. How far have you come?'"

"'Not very far,' said Santa; 'five or six hundred miles, only.'"

"'He looked lovingly at th' table but turned away and said, smilin', 'I'll not eat supper, now, thank you, murr. It's pleasure before business always, with Santa Claus, contrary to the maxims of men.'"

"He pulled th' meal sack in front of him. 'Besides,' he says, 'I'm seein' two pairs of th' brightest, prettiest eyes I ever saw, an' they are looking some hungry an' expectant at this sack, an' so—pleasure before business, you know!'"

"'With that he pulled out th' two dolls an' tossed 'em over to the girls, who gasped and gasped—an' then gasped some more. Next, he pulled out a roll of what appeared to me to be red flannel, an' said it was fer Mrs. Howland. I felt myself blushin' some to think th' Cal

hadn't more sense than to pick that fer a present to a woman—but I know better two weeks later when I saw th' little girls in red cloth dresses, as slick an' scrumptious as the finest we'd seen in Salt Lake city. Santa dug out the other gifts—somethin' fer each, includin' ourselves, fer we didn't want him to be questioned as we bein' left out. At last he shook th' sack upside down an' smiled.

"'That's empty,' he said, 'but there's somethin' more.'"

"I glared at Cal an' Cal glared at me; both wonderin' what was comin' next.

"'Santa Claus is only a messenger,' he went on; 'he carries gifts from friends to friends, an' these gifts he's brought to you are from loyal and staunch men who love and honor you. But there's another gift, yet. One that will be shared by all in this house and will, I know, give more joy, more delight, and more happiness than all else I've been entrusted to bring.'"

"He'd got every one guessin', now, includin' me an' Cal. He went on:

"'Sometimes distress an' affliction, almost too hard to bear, come into families, but the great Father of us all looks down with pity and compassion and, often in our deepest sorrows—our greatest troubles—he sends comfort; changes tears to smiles; despair to joy unspeakable. Wait!'"

"He flung th' door wide open an', puttin' two fingers to his mouth, whistled. He sure was some whistler!

"Boys! you've been out after moose, an' you've seen the time when, after followin' a trail fer miles, you've heard th' light crackle of a twig in a thick clump of brush ahead, an' you've stopped as petrified as one of them rocks on the Washlake range. Your finger hovers on the trigger of your gun as light as a butterfly on a gentian blossom, an' your eyes are fastened on that dark clump with hope, an' doubt, an' fear, an' expectation fer the bulgin' head an' bright eyes to break through the brush. That was the way every man was staring out into th' drivin' storm. I heard a gasp—a sob—an' lookin' round saw Mrs. Howland drop on her knees an' stretch her arms out towards the black night just as I'd seen her that day back of th' horse shed.

"Then a little figger in Indian clothes darted through th' door. There was a cry of 'Mama! Mama!' and the next instant he was snuggled close to her heart. Howland dropped on his knees, too, an' crushed 'em both in his arms.

"There's times when every man—even a cow-man—knows that he's better out of sight. We boys stole out quietly an' went over to th' horse shed. There wasn't anythin' said, because there didn't seem to be nothin' to say. We squatted around, pullin' straws to pieces, an' after a few minutes Pipestem Peters went out to th' corral an' came back with th' sorrel pony. It hadn't been harnessed since Buddy was last. It acted some peevish, but we tied him up an' two of th' boys got to work at him with brushes, chairin' off th' prairie so's to get a view of th' sorrel beneath. Cal an' I took down th' little saddle an' bridle an' worked old into them. It was a sure comfort to be doin' somethin'; Buddy was home—an' would be lookin' fer his sorrel, tomorrow—that was all."

There were a few moments of silence as Trimp concluded. Then Greaser Pete howled: "That's all! you kinky-haired of boss wranglers!—D'ye mean ter say as yer finishin' th' yarn with scrapin' off a flea-bitten, sorrel pony, an' olin' saddles? Where'd that boy come from?'"

Trimp helped himself again to the makings of a cigarette from Bud Fanning's bag. Then he grinned and said:

"'Seems 's if you'd got some appetite fer stories, tonight, Greaser. Well—seem' that you're goin' to help me with th' team I'll sure accommodate you."

"After a while Howland shouted to us to come up to th' house. When we got there we found Santa an' th' boy at th' table—'s with dishes enough around them to have fed th' whole outfit. Kansas Gossel, th' sheriff of Boise, was there, likewise, a doin' his share fair an' impartial. He'd slipped in without our seein' him, Howland and his wife were rushin' th' trail from th' kitchen to th' table—rustlin' more chuck, an' still more. It would take a whole book full of pictures to show th' various brands of joy and happiness she was wearin'. Now and then she'd dab away a big tear th' was tricklin' down her cheek—an' then laugh as though it was joy even to do that! And in th' whole previous two years I'd never seen a tear;—women are sure clumsy an' puzzlin'!"

"She insisted on us boys settin' down and eatin' another supper—an' we had to oblige her. When we'd reached a point where we

couldn't even eat ple th' sheer told us his story. Four days before he'd gone over to th' Shoshone reservation to get an Indian who'd been raisin' ructions an' actin' some careless with his gun. While he was lookin' fer him he came across a little white boy, an' soon found th' it was Buddy Howland. So he brought him out, with his man to Boise.

"'It seems th' when Buddy left Hinsman's he'd sighted a deer an'—kid-like—headed after it into the Seven Troughs Gulch. A little ways in his pony slipped into a gully. They weren't hurt any but Buddy got dazed a bit an' the pony got away from him. Then th' snow storm came, blindin' an' stingin', an' he got under a big rock. A little bunch of Shoshones who'd been on a hunt an' were makin' back over th' trail found th' boy an', although he told who he was an' begged to be taken back, they carried him along over to their reservation.

"The sheriff had hitched up to drive out to th' Tumbling H an hour after we started an', consequently, got to th' hay shed before as Santa was startin' fer th' house, all gorgeous in his red and sheepskin, an' of course Gossel was plum curious to know what he was doin' out there. Santa told him, an' Gossel concluded that the way to restore Buddy to th' bosom of his family was to let Santa do it. Which he done, effective.

"Come on, boys!—there's th' boss drivin' in, now."

## Industry Calls For Man Who Knows

By Martin Owen.

Every one is familiar with the ancient worker's truism to the effect that there is no labor so crude, coarse, unskilled or mechanical that it can not be done better by a man of trained intelligence than by one who is a mere muscular machine. The fathers of the old school who reared their children to earn an "honest living" with their hands couldn't not see what algebra and Latin had to do with the handling of a pick and shovel.

Every branch of industry in this country has been developed under the pressure of competition until the meanest and lowest jobs available are the better handled by men with some sort of special preparation. A theoretical knowledge of the principles underlying a craft make a day laborer surer of holding his job than the man who boasts of the strength of his hand and no more.

The farm hand who knows a clay soil from a loam, who knows seed that will germinate from seed that will not, who knows what contains phosphate and the kind of fertilizer that will bring crops out of a given soil, can outbid any three lads of the old type who could pull a plow with their own strength or lift a load of hay into position on the barn floor.

The blacksmith who knows how steel is made and what its properties are, who know in what Norway iron differs from cast, and the reason that borax makes a weld possible, will do better work than the fellow whose only claim to admiration is his traditional blacksmith's biceps.

There was a feeling once among those to whom was allotted the task of training our workers that anything more than the apprentice's course unfitted the youngster for his work by instilling foolish ambitions into him. Fortunately, manual work no longer is regarded as a degradation, and a hand worker with a trained mind no longer is the anomaly he was in the eyes of the general population. We do not believe that a man's mind, deprives us, as a practical usefulness; we simply think that it makes him a better workman.

Technical departments in colleges, trade schools of the higher order, and the contact of the prepared worker with the unprepared have done a missionary work in giving work, practical work, a dignity in the eyes of the worker and the scholastic man as well. The number of men with college degrees who are working in shops, plowing fields, cutting timber, doing practical work in electrical lines, and the like is a good indication that the practical departments of big universities do not make men snobbish.

Germany, recognizing that all men cannot be superintendents, master workmen, contractors, and engineers, has established a series of public training schools, like our trade schools, which fit men to do the common day labor of their crafts more intelligently and efficiently than if they were simply turned loose as untutored boys and given cumbersome tools with which to train themselves. Even the merchants of Germany subscribe to maintain schools for the training of their employes.

If a man never is to do more than shovel out ditches he will do it better and more satisfactorily if he has a developed intelligence and a mind that is taught to act.