

THE MAN WHO WORKS FOR YOU

Shoody, both Manufacturer Declares One "Must keep a Whip in His Hand All the Time" for Workmen—Hat Manufacturer Disputes This and Relates Incident Which Led Him to Take a Personal Interest in His Employees' Welfare—Old Man Heartlessly Turned Away After Thirty-Five Years' Service.

By CHARLES N. CREWSDON, Author of "Tales of the Road," Etc

The party of business men continued to sit in the roof garden of the Hotel Astor, where they had already sat for an hour. Joannis Carollanus, the college boy son of a well-to-do father, took little part in the conversation. Business, the subject talked about, was new to him; he was to listen and learn, rather than to talk and teach.

"It's a wonder that we manufacturers," began the maker of shoddy cloth, "are able to turn out anything at all. Our workmen are getting so that we can't get a good day's work out of them. They take no interest in what they are doing. At the strike of the clock on the quitting hour they drop their tools, to a man, even if they could work a minute longer and finish something they were doing. I tell you, a manufacturer must keep a whip in his hands all the time to keep these duffers in line."

"Well, it may be that way in your factory," said the hat manufacturer, "but it isn't that way in mine. I used to have ideas like you myself but several years ago, just as I was going down to my factory over here in Orange, I heard the door bell ring. I opened the door myself. There stood a bent, old man.

"Good morning, sir," said he with a tremble in his voice that made me feel sorry for him. I knew he wanted something. As a rule I turn off these fellows who come prowling around, but I listened to what this old man had to say. "Maybe you have some furniture that you would like polished," said he. "I'll do a good job for you if you have something of that kind, sir. I don't like to go around this way bothering people, but I'm not able to do a full day's work in the factory like I used to. My daughter, who is a widow with five young children, has been sick for several years, and I have to help her along. Medicine and doctor bills come high, too, I tell you, when a man has to work by the day for a living."

"Had job for him." "Yes, come right in," said I. "You're just the very man we've been looking for. My small boy here the other day took a toy train and made a railroad track out of the top of our davenport. He scratched some of the varnish and finish off, and we're very glad to have you come and do it over. Here is the davenport right here," said I to him. "How much will it be worth for you to fix it up?"

"O, I can do that for 50 cents," said the old man. "It will take me only a couple of hours or so."

"Well, now, let me tell you, friends, my father before me was at one time a workman at the bench and I kind of thought that I wouldn't like for my sister to have to be supported in this way, so I said to the old man, 'You make a real good job of it and I'll give you a dollar. Every once in a while we need a little something of this kind done and you be sure to come around occasionally and we will save the work for you.' I don't believe exactly in giving money to people outright, but if you can manage to throw a little work in the way of the needy, I don't think it's a bad thing to do."

"Another time when the old gentleman was polishing a table for me, he said, 'I worked for 35 years for one firm. I was in the polishing department of a large furniture establishment. You see, I know how to do this work even if I am 75 years old. But the rheumatism got a grip on me and I had to lay off once for about three months. They put in another man to take my place and when I went back, and told them I was ready to work again, the foreman said to me—and it almost broke my heart—'Well, Mr. Travis, I guess we won't have a place for you here any more. You are getting so old that you can't do much, and then you are ailing with rheumatism and we can't count on you. Business is business, you know. Your children ought to begin to take care of you now, anyway.' 'But, I haven't but one child and she's a widowed daughter with five little children,' said I. 'Can't you give me something to do?' 'No, I was talking to the manager about that,' said the foreman—he was a hard hearted kind of a fellow anyway, just the sort that the company wanted in that place—and the old man said that he didn't want any one just putting around, that he wanted people to work for him who could work. There's no use arguing the case. That's the end of it, and away he turned. There I had worked, continued the German, warming up, for that firm for 35 years and when I was turned away that way, I had a dime in my pocket that morning and that was every cent there was between me and starvation. But I'm doing pretty well now. I'm getting lots of good customers all around. You shall always have a good customer here, answered I. 'Well, save the work for you.'

Made Prosperous Man Think.

"Well, I got to thinking about that old man as I went down toward my factory, and I made up my mind that if any one had worked for me for 35 years and if he were in trouble, I would help him out. And then I began to think that there was perhaps a sort of a duty resting upon me to look after the welfare of my employees."

"You know the place where I take my meals and sleep is not my home, altogether, anyway. In my factory I spend most of my hours when I am awake. My workmen whom I meet are my real friends and club men. It is in my factory that my interest centers. Of course I love my family and all that, but my real home is not the place where the law is—my factory is my home."

"Well, don't you profit by close association with your men?" asked the shoe merchant.

"Why, to be sure." "Well, I know one man out in Chicago," continued the shoe merchant, "who not only believes that his workmen are his best friends but actually makes his dwelling place right among them. His own wife and daughter do the housework and he keeps down the living expenses to a level with that of his own workmen. And no man in America is making any better shoes than he. Wherever he sells his goods once he sells them again, and he has placed them with the biggest dealers in this country."

"No high salaries to dummies, eh? All same insurance companies?" broke in the hat manufacturer.

"No, not even one for himself."

"We have a striking example in our country," began with foreign accent a German representing a Berlin chemistry establishment, "of what one gains by treating his men right."

"You mean the Krupp plant at Essen, do you not?" asked the hat manufacturer.

"Exactly," replied the German. "And that, I believe, is the greatest little city in the world. Essen contains over sixty thousand of the happiest people on earth."

"Why do you say that?" asked the manufacturer of shoddy cloth.

"Because I have been there," retorted the German, "and it wouldn't hurt you to make the trip yourself. About half a century ago now, the elder Krupp was a workman in a cannon factory. Along with his fellow workmen he ate his black bread, without butter on it and drank his little bucket of beer at the noon hour. While he was earning perhaps less than four marks a day—which would be about a dollar in your American money—he made a discovery which has revolutionized the manufacture of cannon. He was wise enough, too, not to get cheated out of his invention. By and by he started a little plant of his own and to-day his establishment is perhaps the greatest manufacturing institution in the world."

"When he began his factory, having known that it was to suffer at the hands of a hard task master, he took an oath that he would always treat his workmen as his fellow men. He argued that it was not only his duty to treat his men right, but that if he did so, he would get out of them better work."

"And so he has. To-day this Krupp establishment makes armorplate so strong that nothing but a Krupp gun can shoot through it."

"Well, in what way did he treat his workmen so as to get the best out of them?" asked the young man from college.

"Well, in the first place," replied the German, "he paid his men good wages; and then, besides that, he looked after the welfare of all his people almost as if they had been members of his own family. And so he considered them. He built cheerful little homes for the men who had families. To-day as you walk through the streets of that town you will find gardens in front of all the houses and flowers blooming in them."

"Krupp is dead now, and so is his son, but his granddaughter is continuing the good work. She is looked upon in our country with the same regard that a favorite princess receives."

Men Cared For in Sickness.

"And the elder Krupp did not stop with making homes for his people. He also built hospitals and employed physicians and attendants to look after them. When anyone in the town would become sick, they were free to go to the hospital and receive treatment. The hospital was not used to secrete men injured in the works and keep them from friends and legal advisers, as are the hospitals in some of the big American plants."

"He also built libraries and stocked them with thousands of books. He saw that all the children in the town went to good, clean, sanitary schools, and when these children grew up he made it possible for them to marry at an early age, and to be able to raise their own little families. This great man," he continued, "understood the people. When people have pleasant pastimes they take a greater interest in their labor. The trouble with most of the men who employ great forces of men and girls care for is to get work—work—work—out of them. I fear from what I see of your American institutions, gentlemen, that you have not in any very great degree improved upon the conditions in the old world."

"Yes, sir; that grand old man looked after the pleasure of his people. He built gymnasiums and halls in which they could dance; made a club house where they could assemble for their parties; so that the young people formed literary clubs and musical organizations; and things like that. He was a broad minded man—this man Krupp. He even built a church for each denomination in the town."

"And by his liberality he drew his workmen to him so closely that they revered him as they do the kaiser."

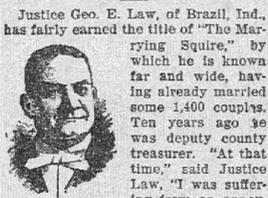
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Career of French Premier.

M. Clemenceau, the new premier of France, now in his sixty-ninth year, is a physician and but for the Franco-Prussian war might have settled down to practice in this country. A couple of years before that struggle began he was living in New York, where he had laid the foundation of a good practice. He had registered his intention to become an American citizen, but the fall of Napoleon caused his return to France. He entered the chamber of deputies in 1876. No man in France has upset so many ministries as he. Dr. Clemenceau has two moving passions—his antipathy toward Russia and his love for England.

"THE MARRYING SQUIRE."

Justice Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., Has Married 1,400 Couples.



Justice Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., has fairly earned the title of "The Marrying Squire," by which he is known far and wide, having already married some 1,400 couples. Ten years ago he was deputy county treasurer. "At that time," said Justice Law, "I was suffering from an annoying kidney trouble. My back ached, my rest was broken at night, and the passages of the kidney secretions were too frequent and contained sediments. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in 1897, and for the past nine years I have been free from kidney complaint and backache."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Legal Giant to Defend Thaw.

Delphin Michael Delmas, regarded as leader of the Pacific coast bar, has been retained to defend Harry Kendall Thaw, indicted for the murder of Stanford White in New York. Mr. Delmas will have charge of the case in every particular. He was admitted to practice in the state of New York recently, and in any event will take up his residence in the empire city at the conclusion of the Thaw trial. He has a striking personality and is regarded as one of the most resourceful, aggressive and magnetic lawyers in the country. In facial characteristics he bears a wonderful resemblance to the first Napoleon.

ECZEMA AFFLICTS FAMILY.

Father and Five Children Suffered for Two Years with Terrible Eczema—Wonderful Cure by Cuticura.

"My husband and five children were all afflicted with eczema. They had it two years. We used all the home remedies we could hear of without any relief, and then went to a physician and got medicine two different times, and it got worse. It affected us all over except head and hands. We saw Cuticura Remedies advertised and concluded to try them. So I sent for \$1.00 worth, consisting of one cake of Cuticura Soap, one box of Ointment and one vial of Pills, and we commenced to use them. I do not know how to express my joy in finding a cure, for two of my children were so bad that they have the brown scars on their bodies where they were sore. Mrs. Maggie B. Hill, Stevens, Mason Co., W. Va., June 12, 1905."

GAVE DRUMMER A SCARE.

Delayed Telegram Suggested Awful Possibilities.

"There was a traveling man," said the night operator, "whose wife presented him with a son while he was out drumming up trade. The doctor got the man's address, and since his wife was doing none too well, wrote out a message giving him the news and telling him to return."

"The doctor gave the message to the cook, who couldn't read. She forgot to send it, and the next day the drummer came home of his own accord."

"He stared a day or two, found his wife doing all right, and set out on his rounds again. Nothing, as it happened, was said about the forgotten telegram."

"And at the end of the week the telegram was remembered by the cook. With an exclamation of horror—you know she couldn't read—she hurried to the office and sent to the drummer that delayed message. When he got it that night he was terrified. What he read was this: 'Another addition—a son; your wife very ill; return at once.'"

"He took the midnight train for home. He was like a man in a trance."

"Another?" he kept muttering in a dazed voice. "Impossible!"

"On getting home he was so relieved when everything was explained to him that he decided not to fire the cook, after all."

A DOCTOR'S TRIALS.

He Sometimes Gets Sick Like Other People.

Even doing good to people is hard work if you have too much of it to do. No one knows this better than the hard-working, conscientious family doctor. He has troubles of his own—often gets caught in the rain or snow, or loses so much sleep he sometimes gets out of sorts. An overworked Ohio doctor tells his experience:

"About three years ago as the result of doing two men's work, attending a large practice and looking after the details of another business, my health broke down completely, and I was little better than a physical wreck."

"I suffered from indigestion and constipation, loss of weight and appetite, bloating and pain after meals, loss of memory and lack of nerve force for continued mental application."

"I became irritable, easily angered and despondent without cause. The heart's action became irregular and weak, with frequent attacks of palpitation during the first hour of two after retiring."

"Some Grape-Nuts and cut bananas came for my lunch one day and pleased me particularly with the result. I got more satisfaction from it than from anything I had eaten for months, and on further investigation and use, adopted Grape-Nuts for my morning and evening meals, served usually with cream and a sprinkle of salt or sugar."

"My improvement was rapid and permanent in weight as well as in physical and mental endurance. In a word, I am filled with the joy of living again, and continue the daily use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast and often for the evening meal."

"The little pamphlet, 'The Road to Wellville,' found in pkgs., is invariably saved and handed to some needy patient along with the indicated remedy." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

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The young man who thinks his boss can't get along without him may have to get along without his boss later in the game.

National Pure Food and Drugs Act. All the Garfield Remedies comply with the Pure Food and Drugs Law. Take Garfield Tea for constipation and sick-headache.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.—Hazlitt.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Schools Teach Card Playing. Card playing has become so general among German women of the upper classes that regular lessons in playing are now given in fashionable boarding schools for girls.

WANTED—For U. S. Army, able-bodied, unmarried men, between ages of 21 and 35; citizens of United States, of good character and temperate habits, who can speak, read and write English; for instruction apply to recruiting officer, 129 N. Court, Memphis, Tenn.; 236 Main, Jonesboro, Ark.; Corinth, Miss.; Hickman, Ky.

Australian Educator in America. William S. Mayer, one of the most noted educators of New South Wales, being connected with the University of Sydney, is visiting Boston. Mr. Mayer is a native of Great Britain and went to Australia 18 years ago.

Favor the Rod in School. The St. Paul board of education has approved the suggestion of Superintendent Heeter, in favor of corporal punishment, to be administered only by the principal of the school, after permission in writing from parent or guardian.

Youthful Boston Congressmen. All three of the congressmen just elected from Boston—Joseph F. O'Connell, John A. Kellher and Andrew J. Peters—are young men and bachelors. It is the first time in the history of the city that husband and father has not been included in Boston's delegation to Washington and, incidentally, it becomes the youngest delegation that was ever sent from any city in the country.

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"I wrote you for advice," writes Lelia Hagood, of Sylvia, Tenn., "about my terrible backache and monthly pains in my abdomen and shoulders. I had suffered this way nine years and five doctors had failed to relieve me. On your advice I took Wine of Cardui, which at once relieved my pains and now I am entirely cured. I am sure that Cardui saved my life."

It is a safe and reliable remedy for all female diseases, such as periodical pains, irregularity, dragging down sensations, headache, dizziness, backache, etc.

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