

Among Men Who Work with Hand or Brain

Mill Hand Took a Long Chance, But It Made Him the Boss of the Works.

MADE up my mind. That's about all there was to it. Many men become their own bosses through force of circumstances, while I changed the course of my life through a systematically conducted campaign that led to my delivery from a rut—away from the grind of a hired hand.

I was tired of slaving. I wanted to drive awhile. I said "I can do it," and when I had said that I did not take it for granted. I set about to prove it, and having proved it, I felt qualified to remark that any one of intelligence can become independent. I don't mean independence from a penurious standpoint so much as I do independence in movement and time.

One difference between being bossed and being a boss is that a boss is a fighter—not of men but of circumstances—while the other isn't, and that's why a man, willing to be bossed will always remain a subordinate in the ranks.

I could have gone on and on, as long as my heart beat. I guess, without getting higher than a mill hand, unless I had taken the bit in my teeth. Not until my teeth felt the steel and had ground on it did I realize how much fight there was in me.

My father, who had fought the battle of life and come out of it with victory and a few scars, looked on with interest as I struggled through the thicket along the way. Today he holds me for his own—a chip of the old block—and the intense satisfaction there is in knowing you have done something can never be described in words or figures. It must be felt to be understood.

He Dabbled in Politics.

When I was a boy of 15 years I went to work in a sawmill. Father thought that would do me about as much good as my schooling was doing, and besides, father at that time had not yet "struck his stride," so to speak, the result being that my \$8 a week was a welcome addition to the family's income. From the beginning, a certain small share of it was laid aside for me, while the rest went to help pacify the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker.

The name of the mill's owner was Maloney

—Patrick Maloney—and a good business man he was, too. Had he kept out of politics—paid more attention to his sawmill, and not so much to the disposition of petty offices—he could have comfortably feathered his nest. That was his trouble. He liked notoriety and a fight, both of which he got in large quantities, for Maloney was not popular for the same reason that he failed to make his sawmill pay. He was a perpetual office seeker.

In the meantime, I was grubbing along on \$5 a week, which grew into \$10 and finally \$12, which was the princely proportions of my salary when I cast my first vote. I was paying a little board at home, and helping a bit on the bills. In return, I was getting my three meals a day, eight hours sleep, and what harmless recreation my nature desired. So I grew fat and was satisfied to live and let live.

But that was not my father's way. He had always been a fighter and a plunger toward the top. By the time I was 25 father had struck oil and was amassing a small sized fortune, all of which made it easier for me and less imperative that I think of some one else beside myself. Nevertheless, I think I was sensible about it, and having started a bank account I took delight in watching it grow. So I kept on working in the sawmill, taking my \$12 weekly from Maloney.

My father guessed right when he guessed I wasn't worrying about my future. To the best of his knowledge and belief I should worry, but I didn't. So he began drilling into me the need of ambition to get ahead—amount to something more than a mill hand.

Once I thought he might be a little ashamed of his son's record, but down deep in my heart I knew better than that, for my father, among other things, was broadminded. He would never have reproved me so long as I had my hands employed at honest toil. Nevertheless, he was ambitious for me, and many a winter evening he spent in planting within me the seed of dissatisfaction; pictured the tediousness and dim luster of the life I was leading, until actually I began to hate Maloney and all his works.



Told to G. N. BRIGGS.

Father was pleased as soon as I began to grumble. "Get mad, my boy," he said. "Do something that will give the head on your shoulders a chance. Don't let your muscles do it all."

Crisis in Maloney's Affairs.

From that time on I was thoroughly discontented. I made up my mind to do something that would bring the independence. I would be my own boss, but how it was to be done was a matter that kept me awake nights and had me passing my friends on the street unnoticed.

One day I felt that something was wrong at the mill. Maloney looked worried and worn. My bench was located near the door that opened into his little office, so that it was almost impossible for me not to see what was going on inside the sanctum. Every few minutes Maloney would pull out his watch and fumble it nervously. I kept my eyes and ears open then, because I will admit, I was just a wee bit curious.

It had not occurred to me that what was about to take place was to be my stepping stone. I had an idea that I would soon be leaving the mill, but having spent about ten years there, I was naturally interested in how the institution progressed.

While Maloney was pacing up and down his office, blind to the fact that I was watching him as closely as though I were standing in the doorway, the door leading into the street opened and three men entered. They looked like professional men, and so they proved to be—lawyers. They struck out at once into the business at hand, not even taking the precaution of closing the door and shutting off my view, for which I was glad, and more than glad, considering the developments that soon followed.

Another fortunate thing happened at just that time. One of the pulley wheels broke so that it was necessary to shut off the power until it could be repaired.

"Now, Maloney," said one of the lawyers after a discussion had been going on for several minutes. "Our proposition, and the only proposition we can make that will get you square, is this: We will form a stock company, composed of the creditors of the mill, buy out your interest at the rate of \$5,000 a year, and lay aside 10 per cent of the gross earnings with which to dissipate the indebtedness."

An Interview with Dad.

Maloney shook his head. "If you refuse this offer," said the lawyer, "we will have to send you into the bankruptcy court. We stand ready to offer you the

Getting Something for Nothing; How Schemer Fooled Wise Ones.

By WM. BOTHO MAYER.

A CLEVER young man purchased a stony patch of land in an Indiana village. The town had built up around it. When he purchased this bit of ground, several acres in extent, it was the leading topic of the little town. Their suave real estate man had "put it over" on some "smart one" from Chicago. It certainly was a good job.

The first thing he did after buying this "worthless" land was to apparently continue acting out the story of the fool and his money, except in this case the "fool" easily parted with several feet of sand covering his land. He gave the city permission to take all the sand for nothing. This they

first payment on the property. What will you hold your interest at?" "I won't sell for a cent under \$50,000," answered Maloney, the fight showing in his eyes.

The sum staggered the lawyers, for they looked incredulously at each other. "You can't invoice this place at more than half that amount," said the spokesman.

"That's my proposition," answered Maloney. "The interview practically ended there and my brain started buzzing."

"I said nothing that day nor for two or three days after that, but at the first opportunity, when my father resumed his success talks to me, I told him what had transpired at the mill."

"Too bad," said my father. "But it's Maloney's own fault. He'll be closed up, that's all. He won't sell for less than \$50,000, if that is the price he has fixed, and I'm sure the creditors will never agree to a ten year drain."

"I think Maloney will sell for less than \$50,000," said I, edging around to the proposition I was about to make, "but not to a bunch of creditors. He knows the mill isn't worth more than \$20,000 at the most, but he is holding out as long as he can."

My father saw that there was something pressing on my mind.

"Well," he queried. "I would like to offer Maloney \$50,000 outright for the mill," I said. "I would like to assume the indebtedness of the plant and sell my services to the creditors for \$10,000 a year as manager, agreeing to take up all claims against the mill at the rate of 10 per cent of the gross earnings."

"And then?" my father continued. "Then I will have an agreement whereby at the expiration of all indebtedness I will become sole owner."

"That would mean," said my father, knitting his brows, "that you would have to increase the earning capacity of the mill at least 25 per cent in order to meet the demands of the creditors within ten years and get your own salary out of it and the expenses of operation."

"I can do it, I guess," I answered. "But I can do it. I have a line on a \$20,000 job that I can have if I get control of the mill. There are plenty other jobs that Maloney has missed, but I can get them. I am sure I can pay off all claims inside of five years."

Proposition to Maloney. The result of my talk with my father was that I was authorized to see the lawyers and find out the true condition of the mill. This I did.

"There are outstanding claims amounting to about \$75,000," said the lawyer after I had presented my credentials as a prospective

greedily did. It was like taking candy from a baby. Load after load was taken away, until there was not a bit left, only gravel.

It was then that the schemer threw aside the fool's mask, which the populace had put on him and showed his hand.

He had gotten rid of the sand, which would have cost him at the least calculation \$500 to remove, even if he could have sold it for a small sum, for it was difficult to find a convenient market, and before him lay the glistening gravel which he had been trying to get at. Now he is taking enormous contracts for furnishing gravel and the "wise" town is kicking itself for its oversupply of wisdom.

The FIGHTING BLOOD.

by C.P. McDonald.



Courage was his as he carved his path sans cheers of his fellow men, Stemming his way through each turbulent day, that closed but to dawn again; Shoulder to shoulder with muttable luck, undaunted by jests and jeers, He carried his cross with a patience born of failure throughout the years; Building his castles and seeing them fall, he builded anew and smiled; Sounding the depths of his pluck, he knew with faith he was reconciled. Some day achievement all-infinite would dazzle and blind his sight, For the blood in his veins was the blood that sustains a man in a fearless fight!

Into the maelstrom of Rosy Thoughts, and into the Valley of Dreams He entered, a youth with a happy heart, to follow life's rainbow gleams; Ever and ever he looked ahead toward the glare of the beckoning heights, Toiling and moiling through days of hope far into the fathomless nights; Alert to the precepts of stern success that thrive in the hearts of men, Crushed to the earth by the iron hand of fate he would rise again. Bruised by adversity, goaded by chance, each day he would grimly smite, For the blood in his veins was the blood that sustains a man in an uphill fight!

life saver for the creditors. "But," said the lawyer, "we are just about to foreclose on Maloney, and unless you have a legitimate business proposition to offer by this time tomorrow the mill will be in the hands of the sheriff and an auction sale will be advertised."

This information put me on the trail of Maloney, whom I found, after a long search, in a saloon. Maloney, I thought, always liked me, and when I approached him he greeted me warmly.

"Hello, son," he said. "Off today, eh? Well, what's the diff? Let 'em go to seed." It took me quite a while to broach the subject to Maloney, but Maloney himself opened the way.

"Say," said Maloney, getting closer, "do you know where I can scrape up \$10,000 in ready cash?"

I appeared to think for a minute, then answered: "Sure," said I. "I know where you can raise more than that if you want it."

Maloney's eyes opened wide. "Where?" he asked excitedly. "From me," I responded. "It's this way, Mr. Maloney, I'd like to buy you out—that is, if the mill is for sale."

This put a momentary damper on Maloney's enthusiasm, but he growled his answer: "Well, how much will you give me?"

"What's your figure?" I asked. "That depends on who's buying," said Maloney. "To some it's \$20,000 and no discount. To you it's—well—to you it's \$35,000."

He looked at me as though he expected me to fall in a heap. "Make it \$30,000 and the deal is closed," said I. "Make it \$30,000 and the money will be in your hands by night."

Maloney braced up and looked me over. "Say, young fellow, is this for you or for your dad?" Maloney asked.

In a Boss Position. "It's for me. My dad is out of it," I answered. "Done," said Maloney, and we shook hands.

I was brimful of enthusiasm then, and I

hustled away to find my father. He made out his check and I had it certified at the bank. Then I went back to the lawyer.

"Here's my proposition," said I. "I will buy out Maloney. I will assume all indebtedness on the plant, sell you my services as manager for \$10,000 a year, and pay off the creditors at the rate of 10 per cent of the gross earnings with the understanding that when that balance I become sole owner."

After long bickering with other lawyers and some of the leading creditors the offer was accepted, agreements were signed by all the parties, and I went on my way rejoicing.

At the end of the first year I had paid one-fourth of the debts against the mill and to my father \$5,000 and interest on his loan. It took me less than five years to wipe out every obligation, but depend upon my word for it—I worked and schemed.

There are some who will say that it was no credit to me that I got into business for myself. It is true that had it not been for my father I would have had harder work to raise the money with which to promote the deal, but my father gave me full leeway and I ran the business as I thought best. I never overlooked a bet. The jobs that Maloney was missing while he was seeking support on some party ticket I got, and I made the most out of them. I built additions to the plant, until now I have one of the finest saw and planing mills in the section.

I had help at the start, but none after that. I had to make good, I did. I set my jaws and determined that it could be done. Had I not taken hold of the opportunity I might still be in the mill, working for maybe as much as \$15 a week for some manager appointed by the creditors, or if I had left the mill no one knows what I might have turned my hand to. It was my own best bet, because I knew the sawmill business best, and I knew it well enough to run it at a profit.

That's how I became my own boss, and I find the brain work no harder than the physical effort I expended in my earlier years, but the return and the satisfaction make it worth while to take a chance, be it ever such a long one.



Hard Grubbing Made Him Rich; Laying Brick Starts Bank Book.

By HAROLD PARKS.

A YOUNG fellow told me not long ago a remarkable story of ambition, persistence, and willingness to endure in order to succeed. It interested me because it was the story of a man from the ranks of the toilers—a bricklayer. It convinced me that a man can start from brick laying to success quite as well as from a position more exalted in the popular idea. Here is his story:

Before I was 30 years of age I had learned the trade of bricklayer. It seemed to me a good, practical, honest, show building sort of calling, and, as I was strong and robust and loved outdoor life, I preferred something of that kind to either factory or office.

Father was worth considerable money, but he had gained it by hard grubbing and he preferred that I get mine in the same way. Ever since I was old enough to listen I had heard his story of how he had landed here a poor immigrant, obtained employment of the only sort available, and then worked long and strenuously and scrimped and saved to get together the first few hundred dollars to go into an investment in real estate. By repeating the process many, many times, he had reached success and independence. It had always been an inspiring story to me and was, I think, mainly responsible for my first desire to get a start.

By emulating his stories of frugal living and abstinence from dissipation and useless spending, I was able to start a respectable bank account and to keep it growing steadily until at 24 I had \$1,000 drawing interest.

Finds Investment for Capital. "Naturally enough I thought of father's fortune built from real estate and turned my thoughts in the same direction. I discovered in a nearby suburb a good way under neighboring pieces and so situated that it could scarcely help increasing in value. By keen bargaining I got the price shaded still further and traded my \$1,000 for the property, even up. Then I went father one better.

"While working on various structures I had formed the acquaintance of builders and observed a great deal concerning the planning of buildings. I knew that my lot was ripe for improvement, and even before I bought it the plan for a two flat brick were pretty well formulated in my mind's eye. I went ahead and drafted a rough set of plans and then I stopped abruptly.

"It was obviously impossible to carry my operation any further until I had earned more money with which to put the plan into effect. I decided to build that house myself. Plenty of people said the same thing at the time.

"With my rude set of plans I began work with no equipment but a spade, a wheelbarrow, and my own hard muscles. I began on the excavating. I worked evenings until it was too dark to see, digging up the earth a spadeful at a time and wheeling it away and dumping it in a low corner of a neighboring lot, whose owner paid me for thus improving his property.

Hole Looked Like Panama Canal. "It certainly was slow work and more than once I was almost ready to admit that I had bitten off more than I could masticate.

"In a little over two months, however, the excavation was complete. It wasn't an exceptionally large basement, of course, but after I had wheeled away the last barrow load of loose earth and came back to let my eyes feast on the finished job it looked as large as the Panama canal to me, and no seasoned engineer ever felt prouder of his accomplishments.

"I simply couldn't quit now. The task, wearisome as it had been in the doing, when once completed furnished enough inspiration to carry me over a host of future difficulties.

"After hiring an acquaintance who was a cement worker to help me build the foundation wall I proceeded to buy a few loads of brick and start building my own house a brick at a time.

"Of course the building wasn't finished the first year, and when winter came on I was forced to stop work with the walls for the second story just starting skyward.

"By the next year I had enough money ahead to finish the outside of the building, and it was easy after that to borrow more to finish the interior. Soon I was a landlord proudly affixing my signature to leases.

"Rentals combined with savings soon got me out of debt entirely and I owned my first improved property free of incumbrance. That was but the beginning, however. A sudden rise in values enabled me to make a quick turn and double my money. Investments in other vacant followed, more buildings and more profits. Today I'm worth—

"A shrug of the shoulders indicated almost any fancy figure your imagination might choose to use in filling the blank.

Letting People Know Was Idea That Made Little Store Big.

By WILLIAM H. SCHAEFFER.

WINNINGHAM was a young fellow clerking in a neighborhood notion store, earning a salary of \$13 a week, and indifferently satisfied with himself and his job. His boss was an elderly German, shrewd enough to perceive a good thing when it was pointed out to him, but possessing little ability to observe for himself.

The store paid the owner a moderate living. The front windows were loaded with a miscellaneous assortment of a thousand and one articles, ranging in variety from needles to sun bonnets.

Inside the store the same miscellaneous assortment of everything was to be observed. You could never locate just what you came after, and sometimes the old German and his clerk couldn't, either.

Winningham was content to follow along in his boss' methods until one day he got to thinking. Here was Schreiber's store, situated in a thickly populated neighborhood, on a street where hundreds of people passed daily. Yet he didn't sell much. People never stopped to look at the windows. Needles and things like that didn't make an interesting display.

The next time the salesman for the firm selling novelties dropped in, more out of habit than in hopes of selling much of an order, Winningham drew him over to one side and questioned him.

The salesman began an enthusiastic discourse over the matter of a window display for his goods. The talk convinced Winningham, and he told the salesman he'd try to interest Schreiber.

Schreiber was for letting well enough alone, but Winningham was inspired by the thought of breaking into the monotonous routine. The salesman sent down a few cards, with a complete set of directions and an attractive window trim.

Winningham took a number of articles out of stock and set to work one night. By 12 o'clock he had cleared the window and had replaced the collection of miscellaneous stuff with a simple but effective display of the novelties. He went home content.

People Pause to Look.

Next day passersby, who had been wont to let their eyes glance hurriedly over the familiar collection of merchandise in the window without seeing anything in particular, stopped and scrutinized the display with interest. The unusual attracted their attention. A number entered and asked for the articles displayed. Those who were not hitherto with Schreiber commented on the change in appearance in his window.

"Why, I didn't know you sold these things,

Mr. Schreiber," was heard more than once, and at last had his interest aroused.

A few days later the other window blossomed out. More and more people stopped to gaze upon the change in the familiar in Schreiber's windows.

Salesmen noticing Schreiber's remarkable progress window display, were not slow in offering additional suggestions.

"Put up signs in the window for a week and do some advertising to tell folks about it," was one offer.

Winningham prevailed upon Schreiber to do this. Sales mounted. People were surprised to learn what they could buy so close to home.

The next move was suggested by a salesman who offered an inside display.

"Four windows look fine, Mr. Schreiber," he said, "but when you get inside the store it's hard to tell all you've got to sell. Let us send up a showcase for the counter. You can put our goods in it and people will be forced to notice them."

Schreiber was reluctant to change the interior, but the insistence of Winningham and the salesman won out. The new case was installed and sales of this article increased.

Taken Into the Firm. Spurred on by his own ideas and by salesmen's suggestions, Winningham gradually transformed the interior. Window displays were shifted. Bargains were announced now and then.

Business continued to grow. Another clerk was added and then another. The little store could hardly hold its stock. When the store adjoining became vacant and the agent proposed renting it to Schreiber and cutting out the wall the acceptance of the proposal was almost involuntary.

Winningham found most of his time consumed in store arrangement. He tried to avoid slighting customers by working nights. Old Schreiber was observant, however. One day he called Winningham over.

"Winningham, it has been you what has made my business grow. I am an old man, too old for his newness. What do you say to me giving you a half interest in it and you to pay me from what we make? You will spend your time not in valuing on customers so much, but in improving the store."

Winningham naturally took up the proposition with eagerness. The firm name changed to Schreiber & Winningham. Given full away, the store was still further transformed under Winningham's guidance. Today it is a big neighborhood department store, and while Schreiber still lives he has relinquished its entire management to Winningham.

One idea is frequently the foundation of business success. It was Winningham's salvation. Let people know and see what you have for sale.

Products of Inventor's Genius.

Detachable heels for shoes, which can be replaced with fresh ones without the use of tools when worn, have been patented.

Rhodesia is distilling alcohol from corn stalks and using it for fuel in automobiles and other internal combustion motors.

A life preserver invented by a Maryland man is featured by a pneumatic belt, which can be inflated quickly in time of emergency.

A glass bottle blowing machine invented in Germany has a speed of 2,000 bottles an

hour, equal to the work of 200 expert glass blowers.

A new library table is equipped with four or more electric sockets for supply current to lamps, cooking utensils, and other apparatus.

A new French three handed watch tells both twelve hour and twenty-four hour time, one hand being used for each kind on separate dials while a single minute hand does for both.

