

The Man and the Machine

IN THE last few years the most terrible and destructive railroad wrecks have
been almost without exception on the great railroad systems of the country,
which spend money most lavishly to provide the best accommodations for their
patrons, and have presumably adopted the best modern safety appliances. The
tragic incidents serve to emphasize the importance of the human element in modern
industry.

The great idea of the 20th century is Machinery. Yet it takes a man's hand
on the lever, a man in the stoke hole, a man at the keyboard, a man to tend the
great drum of the mine hoist cable, to utilize the power of the locomotive, the marine
engine, the typesetting machine, the electric generator.

The development of machinery during the past two decades has exceeded that
for half a century before. The growth has been in efficiency, in size, in complexity.
Our trains carry many times what used to be considered a load, our
steamships have doubled in size, our factories turn out articles by the thousand
where under the old regime the output was counted in hundreds, our trains run
faster and more frequently and carry more goods and more people in proportion
to the loss by accident.

Yet we cannot get away from the fact that in the last reckoning everything
depends upon the Man. Machinery after all is but an extension of the human
power and sense: The locomotive runs faster than a man, it is a longer leg; the
telephone hears farther, the typewriter is merely a different way of communication
between finger and paper, the loom is old fashioned hand weaving on a larger
scale; the lever, a fundamental mechanical factor, is merely an extension of man's
arm, and the blast furnace no more than a big blowpipe.

Machinery without power is no more than a mass of scrap metal, so power
without man to direct it is as useless as the unharassed lightning. In these days
of mechanical marvels, we frequently hear it said that men are becoming useless,
that myriads are thrown out of work by the great machines, and that those that
remain become themselves but as the bolt, the gear, the frame, of a machine, without
individuality or possibility of progress, only physical deterioration like any
bit of iron or copper.

Without entering into the great fact that through machinery the productive
capacity has been increased, and with it the demand for the products of manu-
facture, thus increasing rather than diminishing the demand for man's labor in
utilizing the world's history, it is enough to emphasize the fact that never before
in the world's history has the value of man's mind in directing the application
of the forces of nature been placed so high. As never before, the men whose
special bent is toward industrial organization—the "capitalists" as we call them,
the "captains of industry"—realize the absolute necessity of gathering around
them men who know machinery, who are on familiar terms with nature and her
forces, and have the strong nerve, the steady eye, the trained hand, the mechanical
skill and the common sense, to direct the application of Power to Art.

All along the line the cry is for Men, and when the right one is found he is
advanced quickly and surely to the highest positions he is capable of filling.
Far from being handicapped in the struggle upward, he is sought out and given
every opportunity to make the best use of his faculties. The remark of Carnegie
has a world of wisdom in it, that he "was no genius, but simply understood
how to make the best use of men cleverer than himself."

Applying all this to the frequent railway catastrophes, it becomes apparent
that with all the millions spent in track and equipment, with all the money and care
spent in devising and installing safety appliances, with all the great organization
and the marvels of financial management—still the real responsibility rests
in the end with the Man in the Cab, the locomotive engineer, and the Man at the
Key, the train dispatcher.

All the automatic signals, all the emergency brakes, all the block systems and
interlocking switches and interlocking switches and schedules and train
sheets and watch inspections and company rules and nothing—

Unless these two Men
Do their work,
Do it right, and
Do it on time.

What a lesson it is in the philosophy of modern industry, to see a monster
locomotive lying in the ditch because a Man made a mistake—and worse, to see
the rows of dead and mangled human beings that too often afford terrible proof
of man's liability to error.

After all, amid the fearful pressure of modern industrial organization, and
the definition of Machinery, let us not forget the Man. It is his power and his
conscience, his skill we must develop, his health we must improve, if we would
have real success. Machinery is absolutely dependent on man for the initiative
and for its conduct. There is no such thing as fate in the world. Every "accident"
is the direct result of some man's carelessness, somebody's slipped work.

So in devising means to improve our system of public education, the first
place ought to be given to perfecting the individual, physically, mentally, scid-
fully. Education implies character building and body building no less than mind
building. The man with a quick mind and a weak body may fail at the critical
moment with fearful results. The athlete without skill is no better than a lion
in a cage. The man with a delicate sense of touch may waste his life as a clerk
in a country grocery while there is need of him in the hospital or the factory.
The man with a sound body, a trained intellect and trained senses, but without
moral accountability, may jeopardize the lives and happiness of thousands through
his lapses from the rigid requirement of modern industry, that a man must at
all times have complete control of himself.

In brief, not alone what a man knows, but what he is, determines his usefulness
to the world of today, and at no time in the past has Man-power been more
highly valued, more vital to success, safety, and the world's progress, than it is
today.

It is a false conception that too many children get in the public schools, re-
inforced by thoughtless parents, that labor that involves soiling the hands of
wearing overalls is a disgrace. It cannot be disputed that the public school courses
of today are almost invariably blocked out according to the requirements of the
secondary schools, the colleges, and the professional schools. There is nothing
for a graduate to do but to go to college, enter some office or store as clerk or
salesman and begin at the very bottom of the business ladder, or enter a shop
as an apprentice and spend years of his strong youth learning the rudiments of
a trade, meanwhile receiving but a pittance in wages and failing to receive the
benefit of special instruction.

If it were not true that the great mass of people have to work at a trade for
a living, that the right to be looked, but in view of the fact that work with the
hands is the foundation of all labor and all wealth, and is the lot of most men
and women, it would seem to be the function of the schools to imbue the young
with the essential dignity of manual labor and technical skill, and give the young
a chance to acquire the rudiments of the trades and of the technic of industry
during the term of the school course.

To do things one's self is the best way to find out how they are done; and
to know how things are done is to give one the ground work of a successful
career. Every boy ought to learn a trade, but the public schools should so
arrange their work that it would not be necessary to take him out of school in
order to give him the rudiments of knowledge of how to use his hands and eyes.
A smattering of many things is made to adhere to a child like a poster on
a wall, but there is little to fit him for the real work of the world. The average
child knows nothing of how things are done and the principles on which processes
rest, until he has done them himself. Knowledge of handicraft is a good
foundation for success in any calling. Using edged tools trains a boy to be careful
in all he does. A well rounded education requires some knowledge of practical
mechanics. The life of the world is based on manual labor, yet the schools lay
little stress on this fact in their teaching and in their practice.

Teach a boy to use his hands and he will understand the world better, be
better, do better. To do a thing one's self instills respect for the man whose
business it is to do the thing for a living. The man who has done the thing
of manual and technical training in the public schools everywhere would tend
to increase respect for labor, and thereby assist toward the betterment of working
conditions.

The honest worker, in whatever line he is engaged, is the truest exponent
of manhood, while to be idle, or purely self-indulgent, or content to live off the
earnings of others, is a sign of degeneracy.

That an El Paso valley farmer with a pear orchard 20 years old may be
netting \$500 per acre per year from his place does not argue that raw land in the
brush, absolutely untouched and untilled, is worth \$100 or even \$60 per acre. In
order to sell raw land it must be put at such a price that the buyer can spend
hundreds of dollars per acre in improvements, pay all fixed charges, and then
make a fair income on his investment.

One-Sentence Philosophy

GLOBE SIGHTS.
(Arlington Globe.)
Link Preston: "When I am wrong I don't find the fault a great deal. I find it in my neighbor's conduct."
"People don't notice the salt a great deal. It takes a fast young man to beat his landlady."
"A man is apt to be in a stew when he has a doll."
"It doesn't do a fellow any good to know the ropes if he hasn't got a pull."
"A woman brags a good deal when her aluminum cooking ware, that's a sign she got it of an agent and is trying to convince friend husband."
"Store teeth usually look better than the home grown variety, but their rate is no harmonious sound."
POOLED PARAGRAPHS.
(Chicago News.)
"Most of the entries in the human race are also-rans."
"The honesty of man is often good policy—for others."
"The under dog wants no sympathy; that he wants in assistance."
"The man who doesn't get all that's coming to him is generally lucky."
"And lots of men at all that's coming to them substitute for themselves."
"You may shut your eyes to your own faults, but the neighbors refuse to do likewise."
QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
(Philadelphia Record.)
"The magician seldom misses a trick."
"A man's manufacturer is the best agent."
"It takes a fast young man to beat his landlady."
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Good Honeymoon Places

El Paso Heldererroom Says Grand Canyon and Lake Tahoe Are Ideal Mexican Travel Difficult Some Interviews.

"A S place for a honeymoon trip let me recommend the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and Lake Tahoe," W. H. Fryer, official reporter of the 34th district court said Friday afternoon upon his return from California and the canyon with Mrs. Fryer. "We were at the wonderful California lake for a part of our honeymoon and the remainder was spent in traveling around the Grand Canyon of Colorado. If there ever was a place designed by the gods for bridal parties, it is the Grand Canyon. The scenery there is sublime and a week at the canyon is like a visit to some fairy-land. Mrs. Fryer was just as enthusiastic about it, and we intend to return to the canyon some day for another visit to the place where we spent our honeymoon."

"Few people in El Paso who follow the baseball game know it, but J. J. Sanborn, who writes the baseball stories for the Chicago Tribune, is a member of mine," W. H. Fryer said Saturday. "He is, in right proud of his record I am, for he is not only writing some of the best baseball stories in the country, but is having articles on baseball appear regularly in the magazines. He is a graduate of Yale college and is a man of high culture and high ability. He is a polished man and a deep scholar. He belongs to a number of exclusive clubs in Chicago and is well known in the city. He is a member of the White Sox and will come here with the club when they play."

"Traveling overland in Mexico with a mule cart for a vehicle is no picnic," J. J. Sanborn said. "I was in the city when he arrived with six others from the Santa Barbara camp in scurry. There is no food to be had between San Barbara and Ojinaga that would furnish the food to depend upon the supply with which he started. Water is even a more serious matter. There is little fresh water along the route and many times we were glad to drink water from the tanks which the cattle used and which had been tramped through by the mules. We were 11 days coming the 200 miles and we were all saddle sore and weary. The trip was made on the American side. We knew nothing of the president's order to Americans to get out of the country and glad enough to be in the United States. For we had heard enough of Mexico."

"It is surprising how many good voices can be found in a gathering of men," James A. Dick said the other evening coming to back up the valley line car. "Just listen to Henry Beach, Ted Cooley, Joe Wright and Halboon. Adams says they have voices which are as good as any that many that are heard on the professional stage and in addition they have the personal qualities which make them men of whom we should be proud. Ensemble singing by men always has an enthusiasm about it which speaks for their own enthusiasm, and it is refreshing to make a trip like this to El Paso just to hear good music in the El Paso Joseph."

"Julius Moseley, a leading clothing merchant of Evansville, Ind., now sojourning here, has become much enamored of the city. The international phase of the town appeals strongly to Mr. Joseph, he being a natural cosmopolitan. He is particularly interested in the city stands at the apex in the estimation of the Indiana. Combined with the attractions of an alluring Mr. Joseph that he is contemplating making the Pass City his permanent home."

Letters to The Herald.

[All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will be withheld if requested.]

DOESN'T CARE FOR RELIGION.

Editor El Paso Herald, N. M. Aug. 29.
I agree with the principal impulse of the letter about funerals which you published recently. That writer abhors funerals, and wonders why in the 20th century we should have such ceremonies. Perhaps the writer is one of those who communicate with other spirits. I will not deny that such a thing is wrong, and also that none of the invented religions are truthful, because, strictly taken, the claims of all religions are nothing more than impostors. All of them together are a mass of lies, and the only truth is truth. The press should be the means of spreading the truth amongst humankind. It is in darkness.

Let us be other Christ and preach the truth until we have completed our missions in this world. "Light."

One day it commenced to rain heavily. I was in the shop and I was in the shop. I dived in, intending to use the shop as an umbrella.

"I'm sorry I had the pleasure of showing you," said an elderly man with a fine Teutonic accent.

"I remembered at once," Got an old portrait of a man."

"This way, sir, if you will hat the goodness."

"I took me into a back shop and showed me a score of portraits."

"Something cheap," I said sternly. "There—the cheapest I have," said the man, pointing to a portrait of a man."

"\$200 the pair—attributed to Sir Joseph Reynolds—the frames alone worth the price."

I looked at the pictures approvingly. One was a plump bishop with a huge wig on his head and a volume of sermons in his hand. The other was a figure which represented either infidelity or delirium tremens was shrinking away from the other.

The other was a plump woman of a ridiculous aspect. I thought that the bishop would suit my wife, who is a great churchgoer."

"Give you \$150," I said half-jokingly. "Done," said the dealer, with wonderful alacrity. He took my check without demur. Evidently he thought that a man fool enough to buy the portraits could not be too stupid to work off a bogus check on him. I took the pictures home in a taxi, and said to my wife, "Allow me to introduce you to the bishop and grandfathers and great grandmothers. They are yours mind, not mine. I'll repudiate them as my ancestors."

"The melancholy picture of your great-grandfather and great-grandmother. In an incredibly short time my wife would relate anecdotes about her great-grandfather and great-grandmother."

And then the Berkley-Smiths came to dinner. Mrs. Berkley-Smith admired the pictures and said she would have known them anywhere as my wife's relations. There was a something about the bishop which she liked very much, and she said, "Old man, what did that rascal Myers charge you for him?"

"I don't know," I said. "Those portraits have been in my wife's family 150 years."

"Old man," he responded. "I've sat opposite that old cock at dinner till I got sick of the sight of him and banged an orange at him. You can see the orange in the picture in his sermons. Now, as a pal, what did Myers charge you for the pair?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars," I admitted.

"The old thief—he charged me \$200 and only allowed me \$50 when I brought them to you," said the bishop to my wife. "I couldn't stick the bishop in our house any longer. So when we moved to 'Crikieville' we made a fresh start with the navy."

"Will your wife talk?" I said in agony.

"Think—I'm a sport. I'll tell her you know about the admiral—that will stop her tongue."

So the bishop still looks benevolently down on me when I dine. But I do wish that when I want to go going on Sunday my wife would not look so frankly up at the bishop and shake her head. As a free American I can not allow my wife's great-grandfather to be a hindrance to my wife's liberty.

ABE MARTIN

Lawyers Set a Precedent



Women like to talk about clothes, but you ought to hear two men when they get reminiscent about some tailor. There's almost some class to a girl named Pearl.

The Bishop

A Short Story.

WE had dined with the Berkley-Smiths and I could see at a glance as we went home that something had gone wrong. Yet so far as the eye of a man could judge my wife was better dressed and better looking than Mrs. Berkley-Smith. The dinner had been nothing out of the way, their silver was but ordinary, they only had three servants (we beat them by a scullery maid), and our front garden was at least two strides longer. I admit that Mrs. Berkley-Smith's complexion was a much more expensive one to keep up than my wife's. So to check my unnecessary and expensive resort to beauty doctors, I diplomatically remarked, "Awfully made up, wasn't she?"

"Oh, it was painful," said my wife with a sigh.

I did not like the sigh. I knew that my wife was not a girl who could judge my wife was better dressed and better looking than Mrs. Berkley-Smith. The dinner had been nothing out of the way, their silver was but ordinary, they only had three servants (we beat them by a scullery maid), and our front garden was at least two strides longer. I admit that Mrs. Berkley-Smith's complexion was a much more expensive one to keep up than my wife's. So to check my unnecessary and expensive resort to beauty doctors, I diplomatically remarked, "Awfully made up, wasn't she?"

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Lawyers Set a Precedent

Bar Association to Meet on Foreign Relations in History of Lord High Chancellor to Attend.

MONTREAL, Quebec, Canada, Aug. 26.—When the American Bar association opens its annual convention in Montreal, Quebec, on September 1, the remarkable event of the lawyers of a great nation holding an official conclave upon foreign soil will take place for the first time in the history of the world.

Just what exactly remarkable will be the presence of the lord high chancellor of England, Richard Burton Haldane, who will be the guest of honor at this American convention held upon British territory. The visit of an English lord chancellor to a foreign country is a most infrequent occurrence and is regarded as important as is a visit of royalty. The fact that Lord Haldane comes to this country in connection with the American bar association will go upon record as the greatest courtesy ever paid to the lawyers of another country.

His stay in America will be short