

The Ford International Weekly

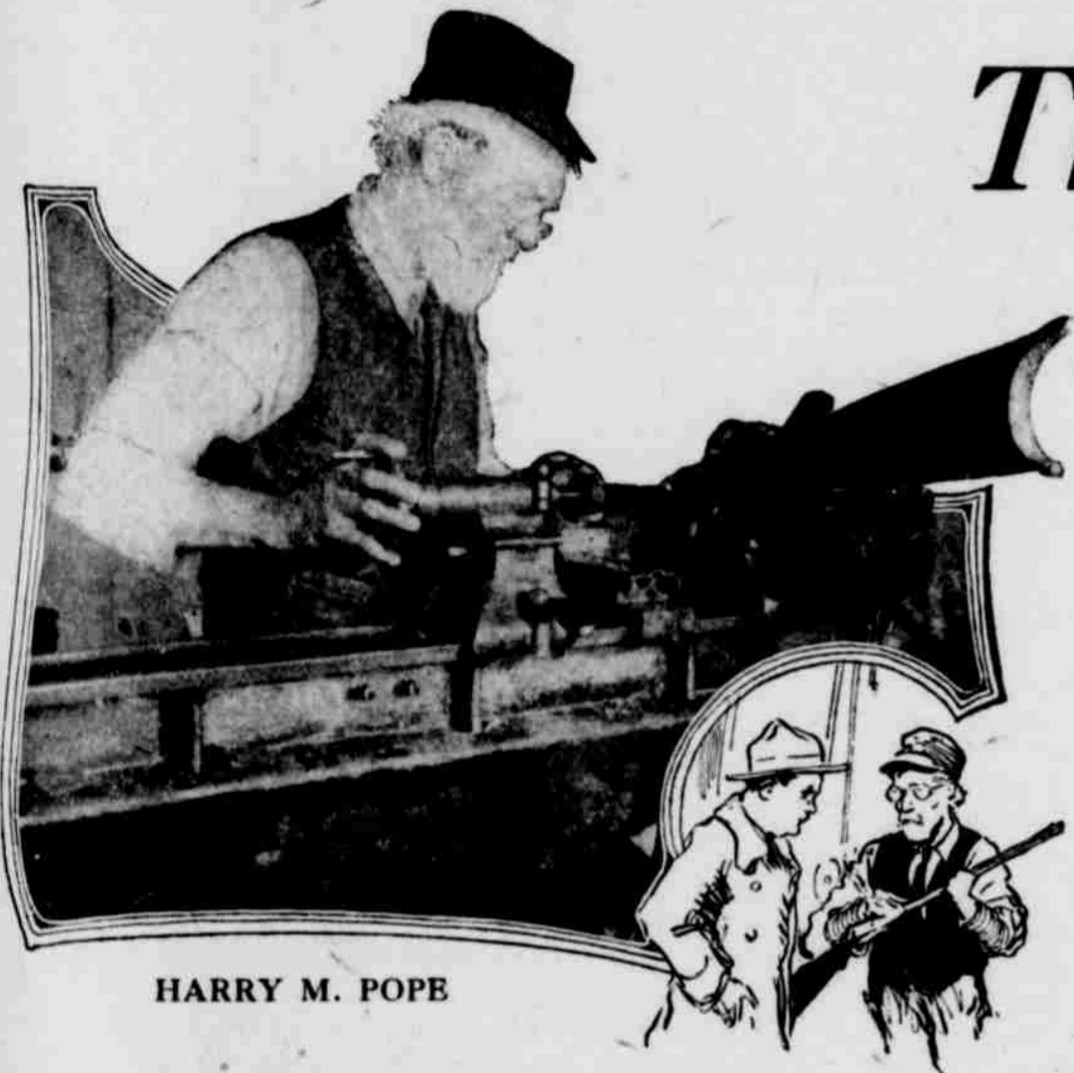
THE DEARBORN

INDEPENDENT

By the Year One Dollar

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HARRY M. POPE

The Salt of the Earth

The First of a Series of Neighborhood Stories of Everyday Americans Whose Lives and Works Help to Preserve American Ideals.

state in the Union. There are envelopes with the stamps and marks of foreign ports. Some are yellow with age and some are fresh from the mail carrier's pouch. Here they lie, in a disorderly pile, sifting over the edge of the desk to the dusty floor.

"Why," exclaims the interviewer viewing this pile of correspondence, "these letters have never been opened."

"I haven't time to open them," answers Mr. Pope.

"But they might be full of orders." The gunsmith smiles mischievously.

"That's what I'm afraid of so I don't open 'em."

"But couldn't you capitalize your knowledge of rifle barrels, form a company and increase your production?"

"No," said Mr. Pope. "When I'm gone every rifle barrel that bears my name will have been made by my hands. You don't find fault with an artist because he does only one or two great pictures a year, do you? Well, these rifle barrels are works of art. I love to make them. I take the time to make them well. If I hurried them, skimmed the work on them, they wouldn't be any better than any other rifle barrel."

"I'm not getting rich. I don't even make what the world today calls a good living."

"But folks say I make the best rifle barrels in the world—and there's something more satisfying than money in that."

UP FIVE flights of dark stairs in a dingy factory building in Jersey City is a little workshop. Perseverance is needed to find it, for there is no sign outside advertising its presence. There is not so much as a number on the entrance of the building. Yet men from all over the world hunt out the neighborhood, locate the building, climb the dark stairs and knock at the door of Harry M. Pope—the wizard of the rifle barrel.

A rather gruff voice bids visitors come in and when they obey the summons they find themselves in a combination bedroom, factory, office and reception room. A leather couch which obviously serves as a bed occupies one corner. A broken-down writing desk heaped with correspondence stands against a wall. Lathes, belts, shafting, tools and materials are everywhere. Near one machine is a rickety chair where the caller may rest after the long climb.

If it were not for the twinkle in his eyes one might take the lone workman he finds here for a misanthrope or, more popularly speaking, a grouch. But because the twinkle persists, even while a gruff voice is announcing that the owner is too busy to talk and doesn't want to talk anyhow, one sees through the brusque manner and ventures to ask a question.

Finally a work grimed hand points to the rickety reception chair. "Take a seat, you might as well be comfortable. I can't stop work but if you can talk while I work I won't mind."

"I always loved rifles," says Mr. Pope reaching for a magnifying glass. "For years I used them without finding one that quite satisfied me. Then when a factory in which I was superintendent closed down I decided I would take the time to make a barrel myself. Friends liked my new gun and asked me to duplicate it for them. Before I knew it I was devoting all my time to the work. I thought of expanding the business and believed the Pacific Coast offered possibilities so I moved to San Francisco. I found a shop there, installed my machines and tools and opened one morning for business. I lasted just one day. That night the earthquake came along and the next morning I was one of the thousands of refugees. I had four dollars in my pocket. My tools, some of which I have never been able to replace, my patterns and my prospects were totally destroyed."

The twinkle came again to the sharp eyes as Mr. Pope added: "I even lost my medals and I had more than I could pin on my coat."

One rifle barrel a week is the capacity of Mr. Pope's workshop. "Many a day," he says, "I spend 18 hours at work. I sleep here, live here, and work here. I give all my time to this little business, yet I can't make more than one barrel and do good work, so I don't try."

Men come to his door with more demands than he can possibly fill. He rejects work constantly and pays not the slightest attention to mail orders. There are letters on the broken-down writing desk from every

Neither Money, Nor Fame, Nor Power

THERE was recently held in Brooklyn a public reception to honor a modest little woman for whom her best friends could boast neither money, nor fame, nor power. "We are giving this reception," said a prominent business man of Brooklyn, "simply because Miss Carr is the salt of the earth."

Those who do not believe that modest worth is recognized should consider this little incident. A busy, bothered world, busy with business that is all awry, and bothered with the grasping proclivities of those who are in power—but not too busy, nor too bothered to stop to pay homage to real worth.

Emma J. Carr is a school-teacher. For fifty years she has taught in the one neighborhood in Brooklyn, and in all these years she was never known to be other than gentle and kind. The reception was attended by two generations of her pupils. One may never estimate what a power for good this little woman has been.

She began teaching in the public schools, but the methods of ruling by harshness did not appeal to her, and after a few terms she sought a position in Lockwood Academy, a school owned and taught by John Lockwood, a Quaker. This man was so gentle in his dealings with others that when the end of a term rolled around and the prizes were given out he found pretexts for giving prizes to others than those who had won them by faithful application to study. Looking over the rolls he would say, "This boy was always present; we must give him something." "This girl was always neat and tidy; we can't slight her." "Can't we find some pretext for giv-

ing this boy something? I wouldn't have his feelings hurt for the world."

Naturally such a disposition is not of the money-making kind and Mr. Lockwood died a beloved but poor man. Miss Carr taught under him twenty-six years, and when he retired she succeeded to the school and the principalship of it.

Every day for fifty years her pupils have begun the day in the schoolroom by reciting this little prayer:

"I am a link in the Golden Chain of Love that stretches around the world, and must keep my link bright and strong."

"So I will try to be kind and gentle to every living thing I meet and to protect and help all who are weaker than myself."

"And I will try to think pure and beautiful thoughts, to speak pure and beautiful words, and to do pure and beautiful actions."

"May every link in the Golden Chain become bright and strong."

Miss Carr never had a vacation. "It has always seemed to me," she smiled, "that today's duty came first, and today's duty with me has been so all-absorbing and so great that I have not had time to look beyond it, nor to realize that the years have been flying."

She will take her first vacation in fifty years this summer when she and a sister will go to California for two months. It was to wish her joy on the journey, to express, though so feebly, some of the interest the neighborhood and community felt in her that this farewell reception was held.

"It quite overpowered me," said the little teacher, "for I have done nothing that is great."



EMMA J. CARR