

STORIES OF BROTHERHOOD

A BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY
HAROLD B. HUNTING



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A HERO OF BROTHERHOOD WHO OFTEN RISKS HIS LIFE,
THAT WE MAY TRAVEL IN SAFETY

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A WORD TO BOYS AND GIRLS

In this book are told the stories of a few of the many men and women who, in recent years, have helped to make the world more like a happy and loving home.

I

A MAN WHO BROUGHT THE SUNSHINE TO CHILDREN

He will save the children of the needy,
And will break in pieces the oppressor.
—*Psalm 72. 4*

One day a newspaper reporter named Jacob A. Riis (pronounced *Reese*) went on a trip for his paper into one of the tenement houses on Stanton Street, New York. Stanton Street is in one of the most crowded sections of the city.

One of the families which Mr. Riis visited was in the rear of an upper floor of the building.

“How dark it is in here!” said Mr. Riis. “Do you not have any windows?”

“Yes,” said the mother, “but they all open into the air-shaft. They don’t open into the street.”

“Does the sunlight ever shine in at all?” said the visitor.

Then one of the children spoke, a girl about twelve years old.

“Yes, sir,” she said; “two or three days each

year, toward the last of June, when the sun rises highest in the sky, the sunlight strikes our walls as far as here," and she pointed to a place on the wall.

It was February then—five long months before the sunlight would smile down for a day or two into that dark home, and then say good-by for another year. And the family had lived there six years.

The sorrows of people in such tenements as this made Jacob A. Riis a fighter for the people, and especially for the children, that they might have sunlight and air and decent, comfortable, cheerful homes to live in.

Mr. Riis knew just what it meant to be poor. He had come as a young immigrant from Denmark to New York and had suffered all kinds of hardships. In those days he could not speak English very well, and people cheated and abused him. Although he was a good carpenter and a faithful worker, yet often he could not find work. Many a night he slept on park benches, in empty wagons, and even, one night, on a flat stone slab in an old graveyard. Many a night he went around to the basement of a certain restaurant, where the cook was sorry for him and handed him some of the leavings from the restaurant tables for his supper. Once

he even went down to the river to drown himself; but as he sat by the water's edge, a little dog came and licked his face, and he and the dog took courage and came back to try once more to find a way to live.

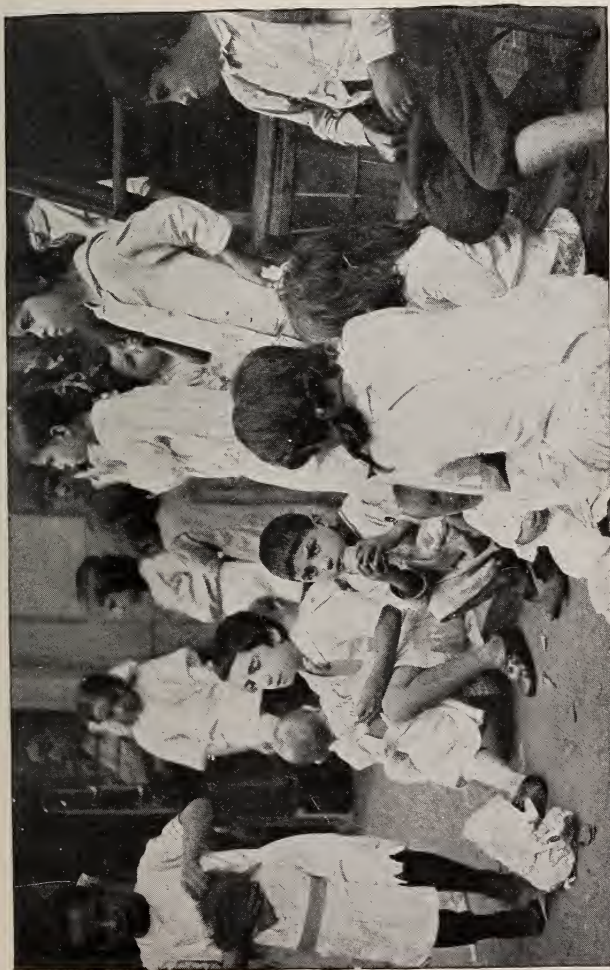
At last he found a job as a reporter on the New York *Tribune*, and a fine reporter he was, for he knew how to write stories that people would read. In his search for news he went, of course, into all parts of the city—down into Stanton Street, as we have seen, and into many another dark, crowded section.

The things he saw made his heart sick. Those tenement houses were built just to make money for the landlords. "No matter how dark or unhealthy or dangerous they are, just crowd as many families as you can into them," the landlords seemed to say, "and get as much rent as you can out of them." Many of them caught fire from time to time, and many of the tenants were burned alive, because the houses were so poorly built. There was a law which said that stairways in these houses should be fire-proof; but the law was not enforced. Mr. Riis tells of one fire in which the father, mother, and three children were all burned, because the stairways became a furnace of flame and there was no proper fire-escape. The father and mother went

back to get the children, and by that time it was too late for any of them to escape.

Mr. Riis made up his mind to fight these wrongs by telling the story of them to everybody who would read or listen, until all the people throughout the city and nation should be so stirred with anger that laws would be passed and enforced, compelling these selfish landlords to change their ways. So he carried a camera and took pictures of the dirty streets and tumble-down houses and the pale, sickly, starving boys and girls. He wrote a book, telling of what he had seen and showing the pictures he had taken. The book was called *How the Other Half Lives*, from the well-known proverb, "Half the world does not know how the other half lives."

People read the book and read Mr. Riis's articles in his paper, and they became "fighting mad." They determined to do something to make life sweeter and happier for these boys and girls. One of the worst of the places which Mr. Riis had described was Mulberry Bend in the lower part of New York. A bill was introduced in the New York legislature to buy the land and buildings on this street, giving the landlords a fair price for the property, and to turn the whole place into a park. Of course the



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THERE ARE STILL MANY BOYS AND GIRLS WHOSE ONLY PLAYGROUND IS THE SIDEWALK

landlords did not want this law passed, and they had friends in the legislature. Year after year it was delayed for one excuse or another. Meanwhile Mr. Riis kept writing his stories and taking his pictures. And at last, ten long years later, the law was passed, and the foul old shacks were torn down. To-day, instead of the tenements of Mulberry Bend, there is Mulberry Park, with grass and trees, and children playing in the sunshine.

Also, largely through Mr. Riis's influence, a new tenement house law was passed in the state of New York, which required that all tenement houses be built in such a way that each flat or apartment should be open to the sunlight and air. In New York City to-day tenements are classed as old-law or new-law houses. The new-law houses are safer and more healthful in every way, than those which were built before the law was passed.

Similar laws have been passed or are being passed in many states. There is such a law in the state of Indiana. A woman named Mrs. Bacon, of Evansville, in that state, did much to have it passed. Mrs. Bacon's children came home sick one day from school. They had caught scarlet fever. Afterward it was found

that the epidemic started in a dirty street where people lived in houses that were moldy with the darkness and damp, and where the landlords seldom made any improvements.

“I did not dream that there could be such places in our little town of Evansville,” said Mrs. Bacon. “I supposed that you could only find them in New York and other big cities.” But there they were in Evansville, and the scarlet fever had started in them; the children from those houses had brought it to school, and Mrs. Bacon’s children had caught it and might have died. So she also took up the fight against selfish landlords, and after a long struggle she won.

So the work goes on for more sunshine and pure air for boys and girls who live in crowded tenements. Mr. Riis died several years ago, but men are still learning from him to take a more sincere interest in “how the other half lives.”

At the beginning of one of his books Mr. Riis printed a few verses from a poem by James Russell Lowell. They help us to understand why he worked so hard and fought so bravely. He saw that to hurt a child is the same thing as spoiling an image of God. “For God made man in his own image.”

The poem tells how Christ might feel if he were to come again to earth to-day.

Then the Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly, want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-hem
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he,
"The images ye have made of me!"

II

A GARBAGE MAN WHO WAS PROUD OF HIS JOB

For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and
for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest. . . .
Thou shalt be a crown of beauty in the hand
of Jehovah, and a royal diadem in the hand
of thy God.

—*Isaiah* 62. 1, 3

In one of the cities of ancient Greece there was once a queer old fellow who, as a joke, was appointed town scavenger. This meant that every day he was to clean away the filth which was left in the streets. No one had ever been willing to do this work so long as there was any other possible way to earn a living. But this man took the position and kept the streets of his city so clean that he won the honor and respect of all his fellow citizens.

A man very much like that old Greek lived in our own time and made the largest city of America one of the cleanest instead of one of the dirtiest in the world. His name was George E. Waring.

There was a time not long ago when New

York was indeed a very dirty city. The streets were slimy with mud when it rained and foul with dust when the weather was dry. Boxes and barrels of garbage, ashes, and rubbish stood everywhere on the sidewalks, running over into the gutters. The openings into the sewers were clogged. Horses and wagons were allowed to stand in the streets, instead of being taken to stables. In the winter the snow that fell was never removed from the sidewalks. Those who could afford to wear rubbers kept their feet dry, but the children of the poor had to tramp to school through the slush and suffer from the coughs and colds which came as a result. In the summer-time the air was filled with dust, and many persons suffered from throat and lung diseases caused by dust.

When complaints were made, it was said that "you can't have clean streets in New York." There was, to be sure, a street-cleaning department in the city government, but men were appointed as street-cleaners not because they would do the work well, but because they had voted in a certain way at the last election. They took no pride in their work and did it poorly.

In 1895 a new street-cleaning commissioner, Colonel George E. Waring, was appointed. Colonel Waring was a sanitary engineer. That

is, it was his life-work to make cities healthful for people to live in. For example, he had put a new system of sewers into the city of Memphis, because the old sewers had caused epidemics of disease.

When he was offered the new position in New York, he was told that "no man with a reputation can afford to hold the office." But Colonel Waring took it, on the condition that he was to be allowed to put in good men as workers, no matter what ticket they had voted at the election. He dismissed some of the bad men and showed the others how the work should be done. He gave them new and better tools. Instead of shoveling the street-sweepings into wagons, with the wind blowing the dust everywhere, he gave each man a small "bag-carrier" with wheels, and the sweepings were to be put in this bag as fast as they were collected. Better and quicker ways of removing the garbage and ashes were invented. When snow-storms came, extra men were hired, and the whole city was cleared of snow much more quickly.

Best of all, he made the people of New York proud of their street-sweepers. Each one was given a white uniform, so that they were called "white-wings." In 1896 he arranged a parade for these hard-working men, who were doing

so much to make the city clean and healthful for all the citizens; and the crowds cheered them as they marched by. Colonel Waring also persuaded the people to help the street-sweepers. The boys and girls were organized into juvenile civic leagues, to help keep the streets clean.

Here is a letter which came to him from a boy in one of the leagues:

DEAR SIR:

While walking through Broome Street, on Monday, at 7.30 P. M., I saw a man throwing a mattress on the street. I told him to put it in a barrel, and he picked it up and thanked me for the inflammation I had given him. I also picked up 35 banana skins, 43 watermelon shells, 2 bottles, 3 cans, and a mattress from Norfolk Street.

And here is a song that was written for these leagues of boys and girls:

There are barrels in the hallways,
 Neighbor mine.
 Pray be mindful of them always,
 Neighbor mine.
 If you're not devoid of feeling,
 Quickly to those barrels stealing,
 Throw in each banana peeling,
 Neighbor mine.

Look! Where'er you drop a paper,
 Neighbor mine,
 In the wind it cuts a caper,
 Neighbor mine.
 Down the street it madly courses,
 And should fill you with remorse
 When you see it scare the horses,
 Neighbor mine.



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A "WHITE-WING" PARADE IN NEW YORK CITY. IN THE
REAR ARE THE GARBAGE COLLECTORS

Paper cans were made for papers,
 Neighbor mine.
Let's not have the fact escape us,
 Neighbor mine.
And if you will lend a hand,
Soon our city dear shall stand
As the cleanest in the land,
 Neighbor mine.

And soon people began to realize that paper cans are made for papers and "barrels in the hallways" for banana peelings and other waste matter. So, gradually New York has indeed become one of the cleanest cities in the land, and the people who live there are trying to keep it so.

Colonel Waring was dismissed from office after three years because of his enemies, who wanted to give the street-sweepers' jobs once more to those who would vote for this or that party or candidate. But none of the street commissioners since Colonel Waring's time have dared to go back to the old ways, and many of them have carried the good work even further, although much must yet be done to make the city even more attractive and healthful. The white-wings are still proud of their work. Every year there are fewer and fewer cases of sickness from foul dust. Little children very seldom now have to wade through wet snow to school.

Colonel Waring himself went from New York to Havana, Cuba, to make that city also a more healthful place for human beings, and while there he caught the yellow fever. So, like a good soldier of Christ, he died in the midst of the battle, fighting to the very last for cleanliness instead of dirt, in order that human beings might not have to live like the brutes but like children of the heavenly Father.

III

A NEW KIND OF POLICEMAN

I, Jehovah, love justice.

—*Isaiah* 61. 8

A policeman was walking down his beat one evening, when a shower of stones came flying from a dark alley. One of them struck and wounded him. The stones were thrown by a gang of boys.

“Cheese it, the cop!” whispered a boy to his chums, just as they were about to snatch some fruit from a poor old pedler’s push-cart; and then they all dashed down the street.

Why were not those boys helping the officer to protect that poor pedler’s property, instead of doing their best to be robbers themselves? Why has there so often been a war between boys and policemen?

No doubt the boys themselves have been partly to blame—but not altogether. Sometimes the policeman has been to blame. Some men are very fond of swinging big clubs and shouting at other persons. Besides this, we all have been to blame in what we have expected of

the policeman. We have supposed that almost all boys and girls are bad, and that the best policeman is the one who arrests the greatest number and sends the most persons to jail. In most towns and cities it has been the rule to promote to a higher rank those police officers who have the best record for making arrests. Of course they want to be promoted and earn larger salaries; so the policemen have sometimes looked for chances to arrest some one. They have been encouraged to suspect some man or some boy or girl of trying to break the law. And when you are continually suspected of wrong-doing, it is hard to keep from doing wrong.

So the police kept bringing people into court for some trifling piece of mischief or on charges which they could not prove. When boys were arrested in this way and brought to the police station, they usually met older men who were hardened criminals and who boasted of their crimes. The boys imitated them, and so were actually taught to be criminals.

If it was an older man who was arrested for some small carelessness, he lost his day's pay and sometimes lost his job entirely. Even if he was afterward declared innocent, his neighbors considered it a disgrace that he had been

arrested, and his children were jeered at by their playmates.

In the year 1901 there was a new mayor elected in Cleveland. His name was Tom L. Johnson. Mr. Johnson wanted to make the city government benefit the people—that is, all of the people, not just the rich and strong—and he tried to put at the head of every department a man who would carry out that purpose. For the police department he selected a man named Fred Kohler, whom Theodore Roosevelt once called “the best chief of police in America.”

On Christmas day, 1907, Chief Kohler called his men together and asked their help in carrying out a new plan. After this, he said, they were not to be promoted according to the number of persons each officer had arrested. The number of arrests was not to be considered. Instead of that the men were to follow the rule of common sense and “arrest persons only when they should be arrested.” For example, “If you see boys fighting in the street,” he said, “don’t take them to jail; just warn them and send them about their business. If a man is drunk, whether he is rich or poor, send him or help him home. Only be on the lookout for real criminals.”

And the men did look out for the real crim-

inals. Some persons have supposed that this Cleveland idea was too easy-going. Some of the citizens in Cleveland were afraid that all the burglars and pickpockets in America would immediately swoop down on their city. But just the opposite is the truth. Cleveland has been one of the cities that the real crooks and criminals have stayed away from. The saloon-keepers also hated Chief Kohler, because he enforced the law.

The new plan has been given a thorough trial, and almost every one now admits that it is a wonderful success. For one thing, it has saved the city of Cleveland much money. More than thirty thousand persons used to be arrested there every year. These cases were tried before a regular police judge, and the records had to be kept by a clerk. Now the number of arrests is only about seven thousand. Best of all, there is a new spirit of cooperation between the citizens, young and old, and the policemen. The boys and girls feel that the man in the blue coat is one of their best friends. They know that if little brother is lost, the first man to tell is the "cop" on the corner. He will telephone to headquarters, and in fifteen minutes every policeman in the city will be watching for the lost little boy—and probably they will find

him. They know that it is the policeman who helps the aged and lame and blind across the crowded street. If any one is hurt or falls unconscious on the sidewalk, it is the man in blue who is at once at his side, keeping back the curious crowds until the ambulance and the doctor come. And the boys and girls, for their part, do all they can to help their friend. They don't throw stones or deface buildings or steal from stores, and they show other boys that in their city such actions are despised. For the policeman is the protector and helper of boys and girls and not their enemy.

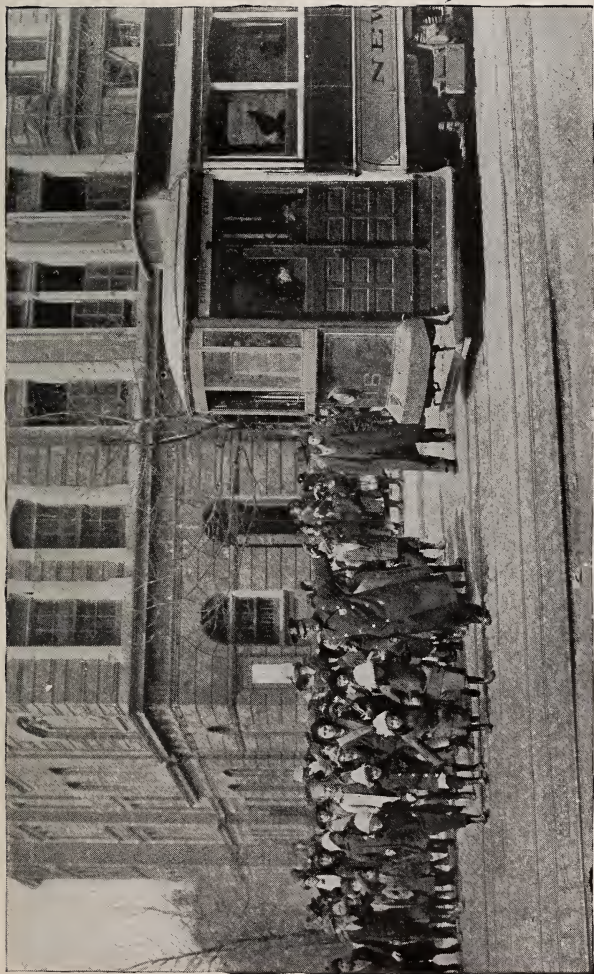


Photo from Police Department, New York City
A FRIEND TO BOYS AND GIRLS

IV

A JUDGE WHO LOVES EVEN BAD CHILDREN

The Lord is gracious and merciful, slow to anger and of great lovingkindness.

—*Psalm* 145. 8

One day, not many years ago, three boys in Denver were arrested for burglary and brought before the county judge. They had broken into a barn belonging to an old man and had stolen some of his pigeons.

Now, it is burglary to break into a barn. There is no doubt about that. And according to law, a person who commits burglary must be sent to prison; many a boy has been sent to prison for no worse a crime than these lads were guilty of. But the judge in this court remembered something which had happened when he himself was a boy in Denver. He and three other boys had started out one night to do just what these boys did—to steal pigeons. He himself had not gone into the barn—he had been afraid to. But he would have gone if he had

dared. And the barn had belonged to this very same man, whose name was Foy. He had always been "grouchy" toward boys.

The judge did not send these three boys to jail. He called them into his office and talked with them. They told him just what they had done and promised him in the future to keep out of such mischief. And he let them go under what the law calls a suspended sentence. That is, if they ever did it again, the judge would have to send them to jail.

This judge, who could see the difference between boys' and girls' mischief and real wickedness and crime, was Ben B. Lindsey, and he is now known all over the country as the "kids' judge."

This case and the cases of other boys and girls opened Judge Lindsey's eyes. He arranged to have all the children who were arrested by the police in Denver brought to his court. After a time a law was passed which said that there should be a juvenile or children's court, and Mr. Lindsey was the judge of this court. All the boys and girls in the city understood that this judge was their friend.

"The judge, he gives a feller a show," so the boys said. Even if a boy had been very bad, Judge Lindsey was eager to give him an-

other chance to do right. Almost always he was put on probation, which means that after this he must keep straight, and that for a certain length of time he must report at the court every week on a certain day and tell how he is getting on. The judge only asked that the boys and girls tell him the truth—not about their chums, but about themselves. He never asked anybody to tell on his friends. Most of the policemen and judges had made it their first business, whenever a boy was arrested, to make him tell, or “snitch,” on the rest of the gang. That is mean and dishonorable, as all boys know, and no one was ever asked to do it in Judge Lindsey’s court. But the judge did insist that if he was to be a friend to a boy, the boy must tell the truth about himself. “Don’t ye dare lie to the judge,” said one small boy who had tried it and found it didn’t pay.

You must not think that Judge Lindsey is “easy,” or that one can fool him. There is a state reform school in Colorado, in the town of Golden, and hundreds of boys have been sent there from the juvenile court, to stay until they are strong enough to keep straight and do right. If a boy proves that he can’t be trusted, to Golden he goes. There is no use crying or teasing to be let off.

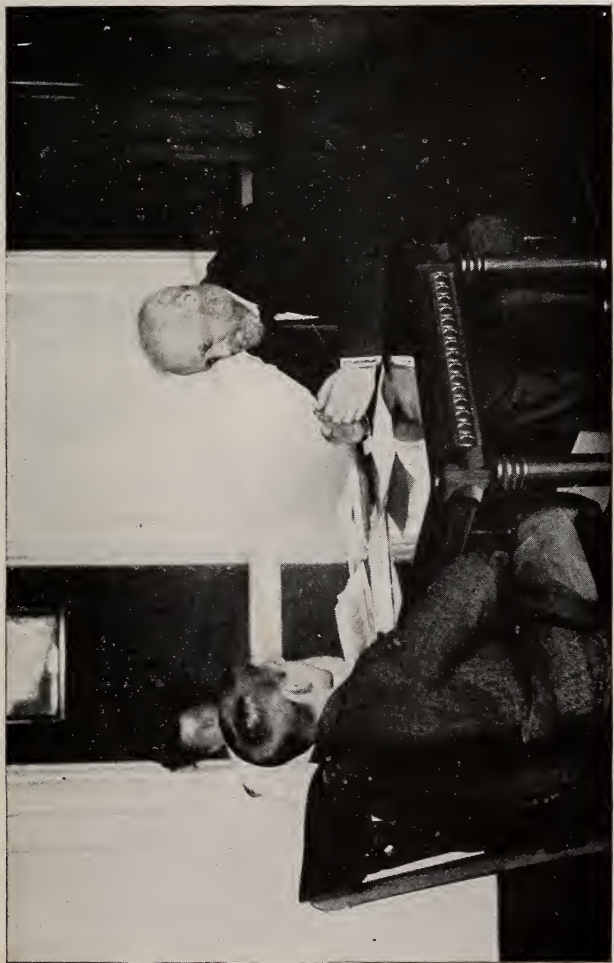


Photo from Hine Photo Co.

ONE OF MANY JUDGES WHO LOVE BOYS AND GIRLS

Just because the boys and girls in Denver know that Judge Lindsey is their friend and will always be square with them, they have proved themselves true friends to him. Some of the older men have been his enemies and have tried to abolish his court and keep him from being judge any more. One reason is because he attacked the saloons where boys and girls were being ruined and compelled them to obey the law. Other men hated him because they had been paid a sum of money by the state for every child whom they arrested and sent to jail.

In fact Judge Lindsey has fought everything and every person that made money by hurting the lives of boys and girls. All these people hated the "kid's judge." But the boys and girls stood by him. Once when there was an election and his enemies were trying to put him out of his office as judge, the newsboys formed themselves into gangs and marched through the streets shouting:

Who, which, when!
Wish we was men,
So we could vote for
Our little Ben.

They called him "little Ben," because he is

so small; he only weighs about a hundred pounds.

The fathers and mothers were so stirred by what the boys were saying and by other things they learned, that they came out and voted for Judge Lindsey, and he was elected.

Even the bad boys and girls prove themselves worthy of this man's faith in them. One evening as the janitor was about to turn out the light and close the court-room for the day, a boy was found hanging about the door. He wanted to see the judge.

"Is this him?"

"Yes, this is Judge Lindsey." Then the judge took him alone into his office, and the boy began to cry. He had been "swipin' things," he said, and had come to "snitch" on himself. The "other fellows" had said if he would go and tell the judge, the judge would help him to "cut it out." And after that, he did cut it out. Hundreds of boys and girls come to the juvenile court every year of their own accord, to confess their wrong-doing and promise to do better.

Partly as a result of Judge Lindsey's influence, many other juvenile courts have been started, until now there are such courts in almost all the important cities of the country. Hundreds of men are acting as judges in these

courts and showing the same friendship for boys and girls, even bad ones, and the same faith in them, that Judge Lindsey has shown. They are surely carrying out the spirit of Jesus who was the "friend of sinners," even grown-up sinners, and who also was the friend of boys and girls.

V

A WOMAN WHO MADE NURSING BEAUTIFUL

Whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant.

—*Matt.* 20. 27

What would we do without nurses! Whenever any one in the family is very sick, first, of course, we send for a doctor; and next very often we send for a trained nurse. And when she comes, with her white cap and spotless uniform, and quietly takes charge of things, at once we feel hopeful that the disease will soon be conquered.

But only a very few years ago, there were no such nurses. There were women, indeed, who tried to do nursing. But they were not trained, and worse still, they were often ignorant and careless and sometimes cruel. This was because people looked down on the work of nursing, just as some people to-day make the mistake of looking down on housework.

But about fifty years ago there was a girl in

England named Florence Nightingale, who seemed to have a natural talent for nursing, and who saw how much good nurses were needed. She noticed how the poor people in her own village suffered, because they did not know how to take care of their sick. So she resolved to learn to be a nurse.

In those days there were no training-schools for nurses in England; so she went to France and Germany, journeying from one hospital to another, learning all she could about the best ways of caring for the sick. No one in any country knew very much about this art, as compared with what is known to-day, but Miss Nightingale kept on traveling and studying for twelve years, until she was sure that she had learned all that could be known about the subject. Then she returned to England.

Soon she was asked to be the superintendent of a hospital for poor teachers, called the Harley Street Home, in London. Her friends hoped she would not accept the position. "You don't really want to be a nurse," they said. But she did accept, and with her own hands swept the rooms and made the beds for the poor, sick, worn-out teachers and tended them and gave them their medicine.

Soon after this there was a war between Eng-

land and Russia, called the Crimean War, and thousands of British soldiers were sent to the shores of the Black Sea. Of course, as there were no good nurses or decent hospitals anywhere in England, nobody understood the proper way to care for sick and wounded soldiers. Very soon the suffering among them became terrible. The building to which they were taken was not large enough. The walls and ceilings were wet and filthy. There were only a few windows to let in the light. Rats swarmed over the sick men. There was no soap; nor were there towels, clean sheets, or even pails to carry water. By and by cholera broke out, and the men began to die by thousands.

Then came Florence Nightingale, with thirty-eight other nurses who had promised to help her. She had had a very hard time finding these nurses. As she herself wrote, "All London was scoured for them." And even after she had brought them to Scutari, the city in which they were to work, five had to be sent home, and only sixteen were at all efficient. Here is a sample of their complaints to Miss Nightingale:

"I came out, ma'am, prepared to submit to everything, to be put upon in every way. But there's some things, ma'am, one can't submit to. There's the caps, ma'am, that suit one face, and

some that suit another. And if I'd known about the caps, ma'am, I never would have come to Scutari."

The caps of course were a part of the uniform which Miss Nightingale had adopted. How proud our nurses are to-day of their uniforms! It was Miss Nightingale who, through her efficiency and earnestness, made the uniform a symbol of helpfulness which is respected everywhere.

So at Scutari she set to work, using the knowledge she had gained during those twelve years of study. Inside of two weeks that dreadful den of dirt and horror and death was changed to a light, clean, and airy hospital, with spotless sheets, good food, and clean dishes. The sick soldiers were bathed and received their food and medicine at the proper time. Miss Nightingale had made the change. She had set every one to work, doing just the things that needed to be done. She had worked twenty hours a day, going herself from room to room, often-times late at night, carrying her lamp and finding out whether everything was well with her boys.

Lo, in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see,
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.



© *Western News*
A MODERN FOLLOWER OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE CHEERING WOUNDED SOLDIERS WITH A GAME OF CHECKERS, IN THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL AT NEUILLY, FRANCE

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.¹

After the war was over, Miss Nightingale came back to England. She herself was sick and broken down from work and anxiety and fever. But the best part of her service for the world was still to come. When the English people heard that she was at home again, they almost went wild with love and joy, and a great gift of money was raised to show her their gratitude. She would not accept the money for herself, but used it to start a real training-school for nurses, the first in England. As the result of her wonderful influence and example, people no longer looked down on the nurse's work as something "menial" and "common." Other training-schools were started in all the large cities of Great Britain and America and in all civilized countries, and splendid young women flocked to enter them. Miss Nightingale herself wrote books for them to study. The hospitals, too, were entirely different—clean and well managed, instead of dirty.

Since Florence Nightingale's day the world

¹ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

has learned to honor nurses more and more, and the nurses themselves have learned more and more to deserve that honor. And so, you see, there is scarcely a sick man or woman or child anywhere who does not owe a debt of gratitude to this woman who made nursing beautiful; who helped other women to see that even though it means doing very many disagreeable tasks, yet nursing is a fine art—I might almost say, the finest of the fine arts.

VI

A DOCTOR WHO FOUGHT THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE

He will deliver thee . . . from the deadly
pestilence.

—*Psalm 91. 3*

“You have consumption.” This was what the doctor said. The patient whom he had been examining was a young man named Edward L. Trudeau. The young man himself was a physician just beginning his work in the city of New York. He had only recently been married to a beautiful young woman. They were not poor. They had every prospect of a happy and a successful life.

However, the young doctor had not felt well for a few weeks. Some days he noticed that he was feverish. So he went to this older physician to be examined. And now this was the verdict: consumption! In those days (about forty years ago) the word, consumption, from a doctor’s lips was just like a sentence of death. The disease was considered practically incur-

able. So, as the young Dr. Trudeau staggered out into the street, despair took the place of hope and happiness in his heart. He knew what lay before him, for he had nursed a brother who had this disease and had seen him die. Next week, he knew, his cough would be worse, and his face and body would be thinner and more haggard and the next week it would be the same story, only worse still, until death should end it all.

But Edward Trudeau was not a young man who easily gave up. He remembered that now and then cases of consumption had been cured by a change of climate. He heard that the air in the Adirondack Mountains was very good for consumptives. So he set out for Paul Smith's Hotel, on the Saranac River, among the Adirondacks. This was in the month of May. He spent the summer fishing, hunting, and camping in the woods, most of the time out-of-doors. And when he returned to the city about the end of September, he had gained fifteen pounds in weight and seemed the picture of health. During the winter, however, the old trouble came back, and by the next spring he was nearly as sick as the year before. So he set out for the mountains once again, taking with him his wife and two children; and this time he not only

stayed through the summer, but stayed on through the winter, too.

Every one thought that this was most rash and foolish; for the winters in the Adirondacks are cold. The temperature often goes far below zero. And it was supposed that cold air was sure death for a consumptive. Nevertheless, the Trudeaus braved the snow and ice, and when the springtime came, the sick man was almost well again. Another summer passed, and another winter, and still he continued to improve. The disease had been checked; perhaps it was entirely cured. This seemed wonderful. Other doctors began to talk about this young man who had cured himself of consumption by staying in the Adirondacks in the winter, where the snow was five feet deep and the mercury hung around the zero mark for weeks at a time. The result was that one of Dr. Trudeau's physician friends sent a few of his consumptive patients up to Saranac Lake in his charge to see whether the winter climate would help them also. And about the year 1883 the young doctor started a sanatorium for consumptives by the beautiful lake among the mountains. Now that God had helped him to find a spot where he might be cured of this dreadful disease, he determined to do what he could to help others

to whom this fearful word, consumption, had been spoken.

Just about this time, a German doctor named Koch startled the world by proving that this disease was caused by a kind of germ, or bacillus, called the tubercle bacillus, and that the disease was spread by the scattering of those germs in the air, so that others breathed them into the lungs. Most of the doctors in this country ridiculed the idea at first, but Dr. Trudeau read Dr. Koch's book and was convinced that he was right. Soon afterward he built a little cottage which he used as a laboratory, where he could grow these tubercle germs in glass tubes and examine them through the microscope. He soon became an expert. And as he studied, a great purpose came to him. He would spend the rest of his life fighting those germs and trying to conquer them. Of all diseases, this was the most dangerous to mankind. More people died of tuberculosis, as people now began to call it, than of any other disease. At that time one in seven died of it. What if some one could find a way not only to cure a few consumptives now and then, but to abolish the disease entirely, to stamp it out, so that no one should have consumption any more?

How could it be done? Already he saw part

of the answer. If this disease is caused by germs, then it can be kept from spreading by killing the germs before they are scattered. People should be taught not to cough or sneeze in the faces of others. Those who have the disease should not spit on the ground, but should use handkerchiefs or cloths, and these should quickly be burned.

Tuberculosis was, of course, a terrible thing for any one to have, but it was worst of all for men who worked in mills and other places where the air was full of lint and dust, and for people who lived in crowded parts of the city. And yet these millions of sufferers were just the ones who could not afford to go to the Adirondacks. But Dr. Trudeau knew it was not so much the mountain air which was beneficial, as just simply fresh air. And he believed that if people would only live as much as possible in the open air, if they could be persuaded to sleep with their bedroom windows open, even in winter, they would be far less likely to be attacked by these tuberculosis germs, which thrive in close, dark, unventilated rooms. And many of those who did catch the disease might, he thought, be cured just by fresh air. Dr. Trudeau proved this by experiments with animals. He took certain rabbits which had tuberculosis

and kept them in closed hutches; others, also tubercular, were allowed to run wild in the fresh air and sunshine. Of the first lot, four out of five died. Of the second lot—the ones who had lived out-of-doors—all but one recovered. The report of this experiment was printed and talked about by doctors all over the world.

From that time on Dr. Trudeau's sanatorium was something more than a place where a few fortunate sick people out of millions could come and be cured. It now became a wonderful advertisement of the value of fresh air anywhere and everywhere as the way to cure and prevent consumption. As usual, there were many at first who laughed at him. "What?" they said. "Open our bedroom windows in the winter! Do you think we are crazy?" But when visitors came to Saranac Lake and saw Dr. Trudeau's patients not only sleeping with their windows open, but sleeping out-of-doors on sleeping porches on the coldest nights of winter; and when they saw how they were improving, their cheeks growing fatter and rosier week by week, they went away filled with enthusiasm. By and by other sanatoriums like the one at Saranac Lake were started in other states. Today there are more than three hundred of them

in the United States. Societies were organized to spread the knowledge of the new cure. Every Christmas the Red Cross Society sells Christmas seals to put on our letters and packages, and all the money goes to fight tuberculosis. It seems as though almost everybody by this time must have heard that fresh air is what will conquer consumption. In schoolrooms, stores, offices, factories, and homes people are trying to banish foul air. Millions of bedroom windows which used to be tightly closed are thrown open every night.

The fight against dark, crowded tenements, which Jacob Riis so nobly started, helps in this cause also. Sunlight, we have now learned, is almost as deadly an enemy of this disease as is fresh air. They are both God's gifts to the world and should always be free to all. And we are beginning to win our battle. Statistics show that fewer persons die of tuberculosis now than formerly. To be sure the difference is not very great as yet, but it is a beginning. And by and by the time will surely come when the Great White Plague will be abolished; no more hearts will be darkened and no more happy lives shortened by those dreadful words—lung trouble, consumption, tuberculosis.

How much the world already owes to this



© *Brown & Dawson*
THE OUTDOOR SCHOOL IS AN UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF MAKING BOYS AND GIRLS
STRONG AND STURDY

man, who would not give up and who used God's gift of restored health and strength to help all men and women and little children to win that same boon!

VII

A MAN WHO DID NOT WANT ANY ONE TO BE POOR

Woe unto them that join house to house, that
lay field to field, till there be no room.

—*Isaiah* 5. 8

A good many years ago, before there were any railroads to the Pacific Coast, a young printer's boy in Philadelphia, named Henry George, set sail for San Francisco by the long voyage around Cape Horn. He was not satisfied with the wages he was earning in the printing office, and he had heard of the wonderful fortunes that were being made in California, where gold had been discovered about ten years before. So he caught the fever and dreamed that some day he too could be rich.

When he reached the western country, he soon found work to do at his old trade, but somehow his dreams of riches were slow in coming true. In fact, he came to know just how it feels to be without money. Some time later there was a year of hard times. He had been able to save up a little money, and he had a wife and one

child. But now, like many others, he lost his job and could find no way of earning anything. By and by a second baby was born. All their money was gone, and there was not a thing in the house to eat. The poor sick mother was faint for lack of food. Mr. George went out of the house and walked along the street. As he himself told the story afterward, "I made up my mind to ask for money from the first man I met who looked as though he might have it to give. I stopped a man, a stranger, and asked him for five dollars. He asked what I wanted it for. I told him I had a wife and a little baby three hours old, and I had nothing to give my wife to eat. He gave me the money."

A few years later Mr. George came across the continent to New York City on business for the newspaper for which he worked. In New York, as he went from street to street, he was shocked by the difference between the mansions of a few rich people and the enormous wealth which they could spend on themselves as they pleased, and on the other hand, the great masses of people who lived in dark wretched houses and whose pale pinched faces showed that they did not have enough to eat. Like Jacob Riis, he also knew what it meant to be poor. He knew there were many women who sewed all



Photo from National Child Labor Committee

THIS MOTHER MUST SEW FOUR DAYS BEFORE RECEIVING HER WAGES, WHICH WILL BE BARELY ENOUGH TO KEEP HER FAMILY FROM STARVING UNTIL ANOTHER BATCH OF WORK IS FINISHED

day long and far into the night and yet could not feed their families. He knew how fathers felt who had to go home to hungry mothers and little children with no bread to give them. He did not believe that all people were poor because of their own laziness or wrong-doing. It had not been through any fault of his that there was no bread in the house the day his baby was born. It was because he had not had a fair chance. And he believed that most people were poor because they had not had a fair chance. One day, as he was thus walking the streets of New York, there seemed to come to him a command of God, that he should give the rest of his life, trying to help people out of poverty. "And," he afterward said, "I then and there made a promise, which I never forgot, to find out the cause that condemned little children to lead such lives as they were leading, and to remedy it, if I could."

When he had finished his business in New York, Mr. George went back to San Francisco. And all the time he kept before his mind the question he had set out to answer. Why is it that a few men are very rich while many are desperately poor? Why do some have more than they need while many do not have enough? One day when he was out driving in the coun-

try near Oakland, California, he happened to ask a man how much land was worth in that section. The man answered, "About \$1,000 an acre." Pasture land for \$1,000 an acre! In that moment it flashed over Mr. George that this was the answer to his question. There were many poor people in the world, because a few persons had gotten hold of the land, especially the valuable land near the cities, and all the rest had to pay for the use of it. But who made the land? Did not God make it? And did he not intend it for the good of all his children?

After this, Mr. George's one business in life was to help other people to see that the land ought to be used for the good of everybody and not just for the few. He wrote a book, in which he tried to show how this might be done. It is called *Progress and Poverty*. Some day you will want to read it. It is one of the most famous books that has ever been written. It has been translated into every language in Europe. Hundreds of thousands and probably millions of copies were sold within a few years after it was published.

The name Henry George was on men's lips everywhere—and now, perhaps, you think the printer's boy had made his fortune at last. Surely a book of which so vast a number of

copies were sold must have made its author rich. But you are wrong. Henry George never became rich. He insisted that his book should be printed in cheap bindings, so that it could be sold for a few cents. He was anxious that every one who could read and understand it might have the chance, and so learn how poverty might be abolished forever from the earth and no one need ever again suffer unjust want. Of course, there was little profit for Mr. George from the sale of these cheap copies. But what he now wanted with all his heart was not to make a great fortune for himself, but to help all his fellow men to get enough for their needs. And when his chance came at last to get more than he needed for himself, he scorned to do it.

The later years of his life were exciting ones. He was invited to give lectures in many countries explaining his ideas. He won over large numbers of people who came to love him as their leader. Others hated and abused him and called him an enemy of mankind. Since his death, however, the whole world has agreed that he was a great and noble man.

There are still poor people in the world. There are still fathers and mothers who, through no fault of theirs, have no bread to give their little ones. There are still little babies

with pale, pinched faces, and boys and girls who go without breakfast to school. Some honest men do not agree that Mr. George's idea about the land would help matters, if it were carried out, although many others believe that he was right. But one thing this man did do. He convinced people that some remedy besides charity for want and poverty can be found and must be found. To-day there is a great army of those who are giving their lives to bring this about. They are beginning to succeed. Some day they will win their victory altogether. And when that time comes, the prayer which our Lord taught us will be answered for everybody, not just for the fortunate few: "Our Father, give us this day our daily bread."

VIII

THE GOLDEN RULE IN BUSINESS

All things therefore, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them. —*Matt.* 7. 12

About twenty years ago there was a man in Toledo who owned and managed a somewhat strange factory. His name was Samuel M. Jones. The strange thing about this factory, in which oil-well machinery was made, was that he tried to run it in accordance with the Golden Rule.

A notice was posted at the entrance of the building where every one who entered could see it. The notice read, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them."

Most people laughed when they first saw that sign. They said, "The Acme Sucker-Rod Company (that was the name of Mr. Jones' company) must be crazy." They did not believe that the Golden Rule would work. "If you attempt to treat your workmen fairly," they said, "they will take advantage of you. They will

come late to work in the morning. They will cheat you by loafing and by doing careless work." But Mr. Jones really believed in the teachings of Jesus. He always kept a well-worn copy of the New Testament on his desk at the factory. His favorite stories were from the Gospels, especially the stories about Jesus' love for the common people. So he set out to try Jesus' ideas in his own business. Soon this strange factory with the strange notice posted at the entrance began to be talked about all over Toledo, and Mr. Jones came to be known as Golden Rule Jones.

In carrying out his ideas, he soon found that they would mean greater changes than even he himself had realized. At first his plan, no doubt, was simply to be kind to the men. He was courteous to them. They were not abused with profane or insulting language. Even if an employee seemed lazy, he was not immediately discharged but was warned in a friendly way that he must do better. Often such a man was given a chance at a different kind of work, and often, too, the man made good. In this same spirit, each employee received at Christmas, year by year, a "bonus," or present. in addition to his regular wages.

But as Mr. Jones kept on asking himself,

“How would I like to be treated if I were a worker in this factory?” he came to see that there were other matters more important than Christmas presents. First of all, a man wants to be treated justly. Justice must come before kindness. And workmen then, as now, were being treated unjustly in many ways by many employers. For example, suppose a man should be caught by a flying belt and lose his arm; this would mean to him not only terrible suffering and a large doctor’s bill; it would also mean that he would never again be able to go back to his old work. He might not be able to find any kind of job. How then would his wife and children be supported? There have been thousands of such pitiful accidents in the factories of America, and in most cases it has meant that the injured man and his family had to move into a cheaper and less comfortable house, while the mother and sometimes even the boys and girls went out and earned what they could. But is that fair? Even if the man had been careless, and so partly to blame for the accident, are we not all careless sometimes? We are not always alert, especially late in the day, when we are tired.

Mr. Jones thought that it was most unjust to let so severe a punishment come upon any

workman on account of one moment of carelessness. So he insured all his men against accidents. If any of them should be hurt, he could at least be sure that his children would not starve. In many states there are now laws requiring all employers to protect their workmen in this way. But there were few such laws in Mr. Jones' time. He was simply following the Golden Rule.

Another way in which Mr. Jones practised the Golden Rule was by hiring no children in his factory. Boys and girls, he said, should be outdoors at play, or else in school, not bending over a machine for long tedious hours each day. Very many owners of factories and mines have been thoughtless or cruel about this. Hundreds of thousands of children have been hired because they could be obtained for less money. Many a boy eight years old or even younger has had to crawl out of bed at five o'clock on dark winter mornings at the call of the factory whistle, to earn money for the family. Laws have now been passed limiting the work of boys and girls in the factories, but in those days Mr. Jones could have hired them if he had wished.

But why do fathers and mothers let their children work long hours, as they still do in the sugar-beet fields, cotton fields, and many other

places? It is not that they are cruel, but because they need money to buy food or clothing or coal, or to pay the rent. Even if the father has a job, often his wages are so low that he cannot earn enough to live on. So, if the children are not to work, the fathers must be paid higher wages.

Mr. Jones is not the only man who has tried the Golden Rule in business and has proved that it works. About twenty-five years ago there was a little glove store on Winter Street in Boston. The owner was Mr. William Filene, an upright merchant who treated his employees fairly and was respected and loved by them. Since the store was small, there were only a dozen or so employees, and Mr. Filene knew them all by name. They thought of the store as "our store," and worked hard to make it a success. Soon the business began to grow. Instead of selling only gloves, the store now handled all kinds of dry-goods. It moved into a larger building. Many more men and women were hired, until Mr. Filene could no longer call each one by name. And this brought the danger lest in the larger store the old spirit of good-will should be lost. The employees might now think only of their wages and care nothing for their work, while the owners of the store might care



Photo from National Child Labor Committee
THE SUN IS HOT AND THE BAG HEAVY BUT FIVE-YEAR-OLD JOHNNY MUST PICK HIS
TWENTY POUNDS A DAY

nothing for the rights of their workers but only for what they could get out of them.

This danger was escaped through the Filene Cooperative Association. To-day every one of the two thousand employees belongs to this organization. They have for their use nearly half of the eighth floor in their great building. There is a lunch room, where good meals can be had at lunch time for cost. There is a rest room and a doctor's office, where employees can be treated in case of illness. There is a special room, where those who catch cold may be treated, before they develop pneumonia. There are also club-rooms, which are open in the evenings, and a hall for lectures and concerts.

All these things are like the Christmas presents in the Acme factory. They show the spirit of kindness and are beautiful. But it is more important that first of all a worker should be paid just wages and that the length of his working hours should be fairly arranged. Most workers have nothing to say about such matters. They have to take what is given them. But the Filene Cooperative Association has real power in just these important questions. If the members wish to vote a holiday, they may call a meeting of the Association at any time and vote as they please. And the Association

elects four members on the board of eleven directors who manage the entire business and decide what wages shall be paid. This goes even further than Mr. Jones in the application of the Golden Rule. Mr. Jones paid fair wages, but after all it was he and not his men who decided what wages were fair. The Filene employees, on the other hand, are able to say something for themselves.

In this case, also, the Golden Rule has been a success. Many thought that if the employees were given such liberty, they would ruin the business; that they would vote themselves a holiday every other day and demand that each one's wages be tripled immediately. But they have done nothing of the kind. They receive good wages, and they do not have to work long hours. In all questions that have come before the Association, the members have remembered the interests of their employers and of the business as a whole.

For example, in the year 1911 there was a holiday on Friday, June 17, which is observed in Massachusetts as Bunker Hill Day. The question arose, whether or not the store should be opened on Saturday, June 18. Once before, there had been a holiday on a Friday—a Fourth of July, and they did not have to come back to

work until the next Monday. What a chance for a good time at the shore or in the country!

But when the question was brought before the meeting of the Association, it was pointed out by some of the members that a Saturday in June was not like a Saturday in July. This particular Saturday in June was just before the commencements in the schools, and there would be hundreds of young people who would be wanting to buy dresses and hats and gloves for the graduating exercises. So, when the question was voted on, it was decided by a large majority to open the store again on Saturday, June 18.

Since Mr. Filene's death his sons have carried on the business in the same way, so it is not surprising to learn that the Filene store is prospering.

Golden Rule leaders, Golden Rule helpers and Golden Rule customers will surely make Golden Rule business. Let us have faith to believe that the time will come when all business will be carried on in the spirit of Jesus. Then no one will need to be afraid lest his associates will cheat him; the strength we now waste in watching each other and working against each other we can give wholeheartedly to the common good; and the whole world will be a great Co-operative Association.



Photo from National Child Labor Committee

BE A GOLDEN RULE CUSTOMER NOW, AND WHEN YOU ARE GROWN UP, WORK FOR THE GOLDEN RULE IN BUSINESS, SO THAT ALL CHILDREN MAY HAVE TIME FOR SCHOOL AND PLAY

IX

A FARMER WHO MADE TWO EARS OF CORN GROW IN PLACE OF ONE

There shall be abundance of grain in the
land. —*Psalm 72. 16*

Cotton cloth, as everybody knows, is made from the woolly fibers in what is called the boll of the cotton plant. Vast quantities of cotton are raised every year in our southern states, such as Texas, Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia. But the cotton plant, like everything else, has its natural enemies. One of them is called the boll-weevil, a beetle which lays its eggs in the cotton boll while it is young and tender. When these eggs hatch out, the boll is spoiled.

In the year 1902 great numbers of these insect pests appeared in Texas. In many parts of the state the cotton crop was almost entirely destroyed. The next year the scourge spread rapidly to other parts of Texas and also to other states. The people were in a panic. They had always supported themselves by raising cotton. Now their crops had failed, and they had no money. The merchants, also, and others who

had lived by working for the cotton planters were in danger of being ruined, for the farmers had no money with which to buy goods. In many a large town more than half the stores were closed and boarded up. The people of the South were facing a terrible disaster. Moreover what would the whole world do for cotton clothes to wear, if this little beetle were to go on his conquering way?

Down in Washington, in the office of the Department of Agriculture, was a man who thought he knew how to stop the beetle. His name was Seaman A. Knapp. He was seventy years old, but in spite of his years he was a stalwart fighter for his fellow men. He had been born on a farm in northern New York and had been a farmer all his life—but he was a scientific farmer. That is, he knew all about the “how’s” and “why’s” of farming. Now he was sent down to Texas by the United States Government to show the people how to fight the boll-weevil.

His plan was simple. It was to plant the best seed and plant a variety that matures early. “Make the rows wide apart,” he said, “to let in plenty of sunshine. Run the cultivator through the fields very often while the plants are young. The result will be that most of

your cotton-bolls will be ready for the harvest before the weevils are old enough to lay their eggs.”

Dr. Knapp and his helpers went all over the state of Texas explaining the plan, and the farmers were encouraged to try it. The next year the cotton crop was larger than before. The scourge of the boll-weevil was checked.

But Dr. Knapp's work for these farmers was not finished. Wherever he had gone, he had seen the need for better methods of farming. The soil and climate of these southern states were wonderful, but the crops were not half what they should have been. The farmers were discouraged. They worked hard, but they did not work wisely. They simply did what their fathers had done before them, without stopping to think whether there might be a better way. Often they raised the same old crops year after year on the same fields, until the soil was worn out. They did not understand how to use fertilizers. They just drudged along year after year in the same old ruts, without enthusiasm, ambition, or hope. But now they had faith in Dr. Knapp, because he had shown them how to save their cotton. He thought they might listen to him in regard to other improved methods of farming. So, with his helpers, he persuaded as

many farmers as possible to start what he called demonstration fields of corn or some other crop. That is, the farmer set aside a five or ten-acre plot and agreed to follow Dr. Knapp's directions in cultivating it. Once each month during the summer an agent of Dr. Knapp came and gave advice and encouragement.

The results were wonderful. The corn in these demonstration fields was tall and green, with full ears on each stalk, and right alongside, on the same kind of soil, the plants were small and pale and puny. It was like the contrast in Pharaoh's dream between the seven ears which were full and good and the seven lean ears which were withered and thin and blasted by the east wind. So the next season all the farmers in that region wanted to try the new plans.

Dr. Knapp's fame spread to other states besides Texas, and soon he was traveling all over the South, spreading the good news of the new kind of farm.

By and by the boys began to get interested. A school-teacher in Mississippi, named William H. Smith, was passing one of Dr. Knapp's demonstration fields one day, and the idea flashed into his mind that he might start corn clubs with the schoolboys in his county. Each boy

who joined would raise an acre of corn. He must agree to follow the directions of Dr. Knapp, and to keep careful records of just what he did during the summer; and the boy who should raise the most corn on his acre would receive a prize. The plan was a wonderful success. In a couple of years corn clubs were started all over Mississippi. Mr. Smith became known as "Corn Club Smith." Dr. Knapp spread the idea to other states and also started poultry clubs and canning clubs for the girls. In 1910 there were 46,000 boys in corn clubs in the South, and to-day in the South and in other parts of the country there must be many thousand more. One year four boys from four different states received as a prize a trip to Washington. They all came at the same time and received certificates of merit as champion corn raisers from Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture.

Dr. Knapp was literally a man who made two ears of corn grow where only one had grown before. In the year before he started his work in Mississippi, the corn crop for that state was thirty million bushels. Five years later, as a direct result of his work and that of his helpers and especially the organizers and members of the corn clubs, the state raised sixty million

bushels per year—exactly twice as much. One old farmer stood up at a county fair and said, “Boys, I have thrown away forty years of my life. I have learned from Dr. Knapp how to raise as much corn in five acres as I used to raise in twenty. I have only just begun to be a real farmer.” Everywhere men who had been poor and discouraged were now able to pay their debts and send their children to school and buy books and pictures and victrolas and even pianos and automobiles. They had more money to spend for schools; so the school buildings were improved and better teachers were engaged. The churches took on a new look of prosperity. There was a new spirit of good cheer everywhere.

Nor was it the white people only who enjoyed these blessings. The negroes also shared in them, alongside their white neighbors. In North Carolina there was an old negro farmer named Calvin Brock, who had learned something of the new methods. One day Governor Aycock was passing his place, and the old man was introduced to him. “I’s mighty glad to see you, Mr. Aycock,” he said. “I’s mighty glad you is guv’nor of the state.” Then he chuckled to himself. “Me, I couldn’t afford to be guv’nor.”

“Why not, Calvin?” asked Mr. Aycock.

“Why you see, sir, I gets more for my strawberries than North Carolina pays the gov’nor fer a whole year’s work.”

Within a few years after Dr. Knapp’s death came the terrible war between Germany and the Allied Powers; and then, in a year or two, came a world-wide shortage of food. Mankind turned to the farmers of America and said, “Give us food, or we perish.” And it is due to such trained farmers as Dr. Seaman A. Knapp that millions of men and women and boys and girls on farms and gardens from ocean to ocean have known how to raise the crops that should save humanity.



Photo from U. S. Department of Agriculture

UNCLE SAM'S HELPER SHOWING BOYS HOW THEY CAN AID UNCLE SAM IN FEEDING THE WORLD

X

MILK FOR BABIES IN CHINA

They shall build the old wastes . . .
and they shall repair . . . the desola-
tions of many generations.

—*Isaiah* 61. 4

In the city of Shao-wu (pronounced *Show-woo*) in Southern China, there is a hospital which is supported by the Christian people of America. The doctor in charge is a missionary from America, Dr. Edward L. Bliss.

Now a hospital needs milk. Sick people cannot eat coarse food, and usually the best food for them is milk. In this part of China there is very little milk. Even rich people can barely buy it, except in the smallest quantities. Again and again patients in Dr. Bliss's hospital have died, just for lack of milk. And what about the babies? Babies also must have milk, whether they are sick or well. But in many parts of China there is no milk for babies. Thousands of them die for lack of it. It is said that in China not more than three babies in ten live to grow up.

Why do they not have milk? For the very good reason that they do not have enough cows, and the cows which they do have do not give enough milk. Some cows are "good milkers;" others are "poor milkers." A good American cow will sometimes give as much as twenty pounds of milk a day. But the poor weak cows of the Chinese farmers seldom give as much as four pounds a day. Besides this there is a disease called rinderpest, which is very deadly to cattle. Thousands of cows in China die of it every year. This is partly because the people do not know how to cure it.

Thinking of these things, Dr. Bliss made up his mind that a farm was needed in connection with his hospital, in order to furnish milk for his patients. So the land was bought, and in 1917 Dr. Bliss came to America to buy cows and other farm animals of the best breeds. When he went back to China, he took his purchases with him on the steamer. One of the other passengers wrote to a friend: "We crossed on the same steamer with the missionary, Dr. Bliss. He was a second Barnum. He had a regular menagerie with him—geese, turkeys, ducks—all of fine breeds, besides fine cattle."

All of these animals are now safe at home in the barns on the hospital farm. Not only

will the cows give milk for Dr. Bliss's patients, but the calves will be sold every year to the Chinese farmers, and those who buy them will be told how to keep them from catching rinderpest. By and by there will be plenty of milk, not only for the sick in one hospital but for everybody, babies and older people too, all over China.

There is one special reason why Chinese babies sometimes do not have any milk or food of any kind, and that is the coming of terrible floods every few years along the great rivers. In the year 1852 the Hoang-ho River made a new mouth for itself, two hundred miles south of the old one. Then in 1886 it turned back to the old one. The strange pranks of this changeable river cost the lives of more than two million people. Many of them were drowned. Many more lost all their possessions and finally died for lack of food, for all the crops had been swept away from hundreds of square miles of the country. This is only one example. Again and again has come the news of another flood along a Chinese river, and then a little later pitiful stories of thousands of flood sufferers.

There was such a flood in the year 1890 in the southeastern part of China, and the following winter there was a terrible famine. In the city

of Soochow, in the heart of the famine district, there was a Christian missionary named Joseph Bailie. The pitiful sights of that winter almost drove him insane. Day after day he saw half-naked mothers trying to keep little naked babies warm under their rags and often dying by the roadside amid the sleet and snow. One day Mr. Bailie exchanged a few dollars for Chinese pennies and tried to distribute them to the starving people. His clothes were almost torn to pieces by the eager grasping hands of the crowd that gathered. The bag of pennies was wrenched from him, and many of them were trampled into the ground and lost. And these were the people to whom Mr. Bailie was trying to tell the good news of a loving heavenly Father! Suppose they had asked him, "Why does this heavenly Father let us and our babies die for lack of food?" What could he have answered? One thing was certain; he could not go on telling them about the Father's love and care without doing everything that he could to save them from starvation.

What is the cause of these floods in China? That was the question Mr. Bailie asked himself. The answer may surprise you. They are caused by the lack of trees. There is too much water at the mouths of Chinese rivers because

there are too few trees, too few forests, on the hillsides where these rivers rise.

Did you ever stand under a tree in the rain? Then you know that it makes a fairly good umbrella. The drops do not come down nearly so fast as under the open sky. When they do reach the ground, they do not run off so quickly. The water cannot cut channels and gullies in the ground, because the roots of the tree are here, there, and everywhere. So when rain falls on a great forest, the trees hold back large quantities of water and only gradually let it out into the brooks and rivers. In countries where there are many forests, the rivers do not often overflow their banks, even in years when there is much rain.

But in China there are very few forests, for every bit of land possible is farmed. In some parts of China one can travel for hundreds of miles without seeing a single tree or even anything made of wood. The houses are built of mud, and for fuel they burn dried grass or manure, because the wood was all used long ago. The hills and mountains stand out against the sky like saw-teeth, bare and jagged. Once upon a time all those hills were covered with forests. But long ago the trees were all cut down, and no one took pains to plant young

trees in their places. So now, when the heavy spring rains come, the water rushes down the mountainsides in foaming yellow torrents, washing out great ravines and carrying away the good soil. Then the rivers overflow and spread ruin over the rich lowlands, where millions of people live.

The same thing happens in America now and then, although not as in China. We also have cut down too many trees and have allowed too many of them to be killed by the gypsy moth and other insects. That is why the Ohio and Mississippi and other rivers sometimes overflow in the spring. But we are learning to be more careful of the trees which we still have. Every year on Arbor Day we set out thousands of young trees, and in the spring we spray our trees with poisons to kill the insects.

These are just the things that Joseph Bailie is helping the people of China to do. He is a teacher of agriculture in a missionary college at Nanking, China. During the famine a relief committee had been organized by the native Chinese, and Mr. Bailie persuaded them to buy Purple Mountain, near Nanking, with some of their money, and to let him take some of the flood sufferers who were starving and start a colony there. Like all the mountains of China

Purple Mountain was long ago stripped of its forests, and much of the soil on its slopes was washed away, or buried under sand. But today hundreds of young trees have been set out, and between these young forests are little farms where the Chinese families live. They are being taught by Professor Bailie how to make those barren fields fertile again, and in return they are taking care of the young trees.

One objection was made to the plan: there were many cemeteries on the mountain, and the Chinese did not want to disturb the graves of their ancestors. But Mr. Bailie said, "The dead do not need so much room, when the living are starving." And the Chinese people said, "The foreigner isn't far wrong." So the plan was carried out, and proved a wonderful success.

As a result the Chinese Government has started other forest colonies on waste lands in other parts of the country. The Government has also asked Mr. Bailie to start a forestry school in the college at Nanking, and pays three thousand dollars a year toward the expenses of the school. So now expert foresters will go from this school into all parts of China, to plant trees and care for them, and to show the people how to care for them. There is also an Arbor



Photo from Board of Foreign Missions, Methodist Episcopal Church
**CHINESE STUDENTS ON PURPLE MOUNTAIN PLANTING THE TREES THAT MAY PREVENT
A FLOOD SOME DAY**

Day now on the Chinese calendar. The day used to be called *Ching Ming*. It was a day for giving special honor to one's ancestors. But hereafter on that day every year, the school children will plant trees, for they know that the best way to honor one's ancestors is to make the world a better place in the years to come.

Mr. Bailie is still telling the people of China the story of the heavenly Father's love. That is what he went to China for. But like Dr. Bliss, he is telling the story with deeds as well as with words. And that is a language that every one can understand.

XI

MORE BREAD FOR INDIA

I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat.
—*Matt.* 25. 35

It is not only in China that there is a terrible scarcity of milk for babies and of bread for all people who have not plenty of money. The scarcity is as great in India. Travelers in that country speak of the large number of poorly nourished children whom they see playing in the streets. Even in years when the crops are considered good, many of the little boys and girls and their fathers and mothers go to bed hungry every night. But every now and then in certain parts of the country there comes a famine year, and that simply means starvation for thousands. There are, indeed, fewer famines now than there used to be, owing to the wise planning of the government, but the need is still great.

The causes of the shortage of food are partly the same as in China and partly different. The farmers of India know even less about right methods of farming than the Chinese, but there

is another cause of the widespread hunger in India and that is the feeling about work. The people of India are divided into a great many castes, or classes, and it is considered a disgrace for those belonging to certain castes to work with their hands. They enjoy the results of the toil of other men and give nothing in return. According to the old and strict custom of India a person cannot choose his caste; he is born into it and must always remain in it, or must remain an out-caste if he is born one. So we cannot blame those who refuse to work with their hands, so severely as we do such men in our country. New ideas about these things are spreading in India to-day; in this story we shall see how some of the changes are taking place.

In the year 1900 there was a severe famine in India. Thousands of people died, and thousands of boys and girls were left as orphans. Their fathers and mothers had sacrificed themselves to save their children. Many of these orphans were taken into the homes of missionaries. In the great Marathi mission in Western India more than three thousand of them were received and cared for.

By and by the famine was over, but the missionaries still had the children to care for and educate. It was decided that they should be

taught some trade, so that they might be prepared to earn an honest living. About that time a new missionary named David O Churchill came from America. He understood machinery and mechanical work; so he was asked to teach some of these orphans the weaving trade. He soon found that the old-fashioned looms with which the Indian weavers worked were very slow and clumsy. So he invented a new kind of a loom, on which a workman could weave nearly three times as much cloth in a day as on one of the old machines. The Government of India was so pleased with Mr. Churchill's invention that it has been paying money to have other machines made after this pattern and sold as cheaply as possible. Many a weaver is comfortable and happy to-day, because he has one of Mr. Churchill's looms and so is able to weave more cloth and earn more money.

Best of all, these boys from Mr. Churchill's weaving classes have learned to be proud of their work. They see three bales of cloth come rolling from their looms, instead of the one which came from one of the old kind, and the cloth is beautiful and durable; so they cannot help feeling happy and proud. Moreover other trades are taught by Mr. Churchill and in other schools like his which have been founded: for

example, carpentry and various kinds of metal work. The boys in these shops learn to do neat and accurate work, and the more skilful they become the more pleasure and pride they feel in their work.

But India needs farmers even more than weavers or carpenters or blacksmiths. For India is naturally a farming country. Nearly eighty per cent. of the people are farmers. Hence one of the best ways to help the country conquer hunger is to teach her farmers to be as skilful in their work—the raising of rice and wheat and cotton—and as proud of their skill, as Mr. Churchill's boys, in the work which they have learned to do. And this brings us to the story of Sam Higginbottom.

It is not so many years since this man was a farmer's boy in Wales. He loved outdoor life, and left school when he was only twelve years old, because he did not like being shut up in a schoolroom so many hours each day. A few years after this, a friend gave him a Bible, and because it was a gift and because he loved the friend, he felt that he ought to read it through. So, every day for more than a year he read the Book. The result was that he became a Christian and began to do with all his might whatever he felt that Jesus would have him do. Then the

thought came that perhaps God wanted him to be a minister. He did not want to be a minister. He wanted to be a farmer and live and work outdoors under the open sky. Still, if he was to be a Christian, he must be willing even to be a minister, if that were God's plan for him. And that meant that he must go back to school; for how could he know whether he was fit to be a minister, until he had gained a better education? He had heard of Mr. Moody's school for boys at Mount Hermon, Massachusetts, and his father consented to let him make the long voyage across the ocean to begin his education there. After a few years he graduated, first from Mount Hermon and then from Princeton College. After that he was planning to go into a theological seminary, where he could learn to be a minister. But that summer he met a missionary from India who told him of a chance to go to that country at once without waiting to go through the theological seminary. It seemed that a teacher was needed in Allahabad, India, in what is now the Ewing Christian College.

Within a few weeks he was beginning his work as a missionary teacher.

Looking about at his adopted country, Mr. Higginbottom soon noticed that miserable crops were raised by the Indian farmers, and his heart

was touched with sympathy for the half-starved people whom he saw everywhere. The idea came to him, why not buy some land near this school and teach these people how to farm? At first his fellow missionaries were afraid the plan would cost too much, but his enthusiasm carried the day; a farm of two hundred acres of very poor, cheap land was purchased, and Sam Higginbottom was put in charge of it. So God had led him to be a farmer after all.

His first step was to send for some American farming tools, especially for American plows. In India the farmers use a crude wooden plow which only scratches the soil to a depth of about three inches. So it was something new in India when Mr. Higginbottom first ran his straight clean furrows ten inches deep. And just because of that deep plowing the crops in those fields were nearly double the very first year.

Other improvements were quickly introduced. Better breeds of cattle and sheep and chickens were brought in. Fertilizers were used. Silos were built. A silo is a deep brick or cement pit, in which chopped fodder stalks can be kept for feeding cattle, from one season to another. Indian farmers, and ruling princes and government officials as well, came from miles around to see this new kind of farming, and some of

the farmers began to practise what they learned, on their own little farms.

By and by Mr. Higginbottom started a training-school for boys who wanted to learn to be farmers. He taught these boys, and through them he taught the people of their villages, to treat skilful farmers and all honest workers with honor instead of contempt. Students have come to him from all castes. At first he had no buildings to shelter them, and they had to sleep out-of-doors under the trees—one tree for a bedroom, another for a kitchen, another for a study. Some students belonged to the higher castes—even the Brahmans, who are the highest of all. One rich Brahman who came brought his servants with him; he even had a secretary to take lecture notes for him. But that boy and others like him afterwards learned to put on old clothes and plow and dig and work in the dirt, just like all the other students in the school. And they are not ashamed of it, for they put their minds and consciences into it. And along with their new science of farming, they learn the story of a carpenter, who worked with his hands in Nazareth and who made all honorable toil glorious.

In a few more years, when these new ideas about work and these new and better ways of



Courtesy, Board of Foreign Missions, Methodist Episcopal Church
"WHAT DID I DO WRONG HERE?" THE STUDENT IS ASKING, AND MR. HIGGINBOTTOM IS SHOWING HIM

working have spread all over India, we will not hear so much about hunger in that fertile land.

In one of his speeches, Mr. Higginbottom said that on the Day of Judgment Jesus would say to some very surprised people, "Come, ye blessed of my Father."

"Why, Lord, are we blessed?" they answer.

"You saw me hungry, and you gave me to eat."

"No, Lord, we never saw you."

"Yes," Jesus would say. "When you taught the people in that little starving village to grow twenty bushels of wheat instead of six or eight, you were helping to feed the hungry. And when you showed them how to raise three bales of cotton instead of one, you were helping to clothe the naked. And inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

XII

IMMIGRANTS WHO HAVE HELPED AMERICA

And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your
land, ye shall not do him wrong.

—*Lev.* 19. 33

A good many years ago there hobbled into a little village in the Carpathian mountains in Hungary a one-legged Jew. He was welcomed and cared for by his fellow Jews in the Jewish section of the village. He told them that he had lost his leg fighting for Abraham Lincoln in the great Civil War in America. These people had never heard of Lincoln and hardly even knew that there was such a place as America. But in the days that followed, the newcomer kept on talking about that wonderful man with the Jewish-sounding first name, and that wonderful country west of the great ocean. On the walls of his room he hung an American flag and a picture of Lincoln.

There was at least one person who listened to his stories—a small boy in the house where he lived. This boy was never tired of hearing about America, the land of liberty, and about that Abraham Lincoln whose sad, kind face he

could see in the picture on the wall; how he loved all men and believed in them, and lived and died that all men might be free. A few years later the soldier died. Among his last words were these: "If Jehovah is anything like Abraham Lincoln, I am not afraid to meet him."

The boy could not forget what he had heard about America. He loved to dream about that country where all men were free and had an equal chance, where even Jews were free! In his country the Jews had always been persecuted. He had never before heard of a country where his people, the Jews, were not despised and ridiculed and hated. By and by, when he had grown into young manhood, he left home, found his way to the seacoast, took passage on one of the great steamboats, and sailed to America. To-day that boy is known as Professor E. A. Steiner of Grinnell College, in Iowa.

But now try to imagine, if you can, how that Jewish lad felt, with his dreams about America, when first he landed in the real America. At first sight it seemed very different from his dreams. Almost from the beginning he met persons who cared only for getting his money by fair means or foul. It had begun on the steamer, where all the poor people were crowded

into a dirty uncomfortable part of the boat called the steerage. But "it will be different," he thought, "when we get to New York." By and by the big boat sailed up the harbor to the pier in New York City, and the boy found himself on the shore, surrounded by a dozen men, each of whom was shouting at him and trying to get him to come to a different lodging-house. He went with one of them, and when he had paid in advance for a dinner and a night's lodging, he did not have a cent left—and remember, this boy could not speak a word of English! He knew nothing of American ways. He did not even know how to eat a banana. The first one he bought he ate skin and all, and wondered why it tasted so puckery. He was just like the thousands of others, who come every year from strange lands to our America.

The next morning he set out to look for a job. He walked the streets all day, with not a bite to eat and without finding any work to do. At last in the evening he remembered something which his mother had given him just before he left. It was the address of a distant relative, who had come to America some years before. The house was eighty blocks away, and he had to walk the entire distance. Lucky for him that he found the people at home! Of course, these



Photo from Brown Brothers

HAVE YOU EVER MADE FRIENDS WITH THE MEN FROM ITALY WHO BUILD SUCH
SPLENDID ROADS FOR US?

relatives were kind to him, and they helped him to get a job as a cloak-presser. But still he found that most people he met were ready to cheat and mistreat a "greenhorn." He lost his job because of his mistakes in speaking English; so after a time he started west, looking for work. He hired out to a farmer in New Jersey, and the farmer treated him like a slave. He worked in a coal mine in Pennsylvania and was locked up for six months in prison on a false charge. He walked most of the way from Chicago to Minneapolis on the railroad ties, and was nearly killed by a train on a bridge across the Mississippi river. He helped take care of cattle on a cattle train and was robbed by a fellow workman, and when he threatened to have him arrested, the fellow pushed him off the top of a moving freight car and left him helpless with a twisted leg by the side of the track.

But little by little the young man found friends in the new country and began to make his way to better things. He found that in spite of many unjust and greedy men in America, it was a good country, after all, and might some day become the land of justice and freedom and love of which he had dreamed in his boyhood days. By and by he became an American citizen, and no American ever loved his country

more dearly or more faithfully. "I have suffered much here," Professor Steiner writes; "I have endured hunger, sorrow, and despair; yet I say again and again, 'Holy America,' 'Holy America'!"

Professor Steiner is best known for what he has done and is doing to help immigrants. For he is trying to help America by helping the men and women who have come to this country, ignorant of our language and our ways. He and men and women like him have worked to get laws passed compelling the steamboat companies to treat these people like human beings instead of like cattle, and to protect them from greedy and dishonest men when they first arrive. They have started night schools, where foreigners can learn English and where they can be "coached" in regard to American manners and customs. Above all, they have tried to convince native Americans that many people come here just as Mr. Steiner came, because they have heard of America as a land of freedom and justice and love. Many of them love America, even before they reach our shores, far more than some who are born American citizens. Men like Mr. Steiner are teaching us that we are all brothers, children of the same Father in heaven.

XIII

A BLACK MAN WHO BELIEVED IN HIS WHITE NEIGHBORS

Our flesh is as the flesh of our brethren.
—*Nehemiah* 5. 5

In a school for colored boys and girls in a mining town in West Virginia, a little black boy named Booker was reading in his school reader the stories of men whose lives had been a service to the world. There were many stories of boys who had risen from humble homes to positions of honor, for example Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln. Booker wondered whether he too might not some time become a great man.

He was certainly poor and humble enough in those days. Before he came to that school, he had not even had a surname. He was just called "Booker." The first day at school the teacher asked him his name. "Booker," said the little boy. "Booker what?" said the teacher. "Booker Washington," was the answer. This was the name he had chosen for himself.

In talking with his schoolmates about the characters in the reader, Booker spoke to them about his dreams of being a great man some day. The talk ran something like this: "Benjamin Franklin was a poor boy," said Booker. "Why may not some of us boys become great by and by?" "Oh, no, Booker," was the reply. "None of us black boys will ever be famous. Don't you see that all those men in the reader were white? If we were white, there might be a chance for us."

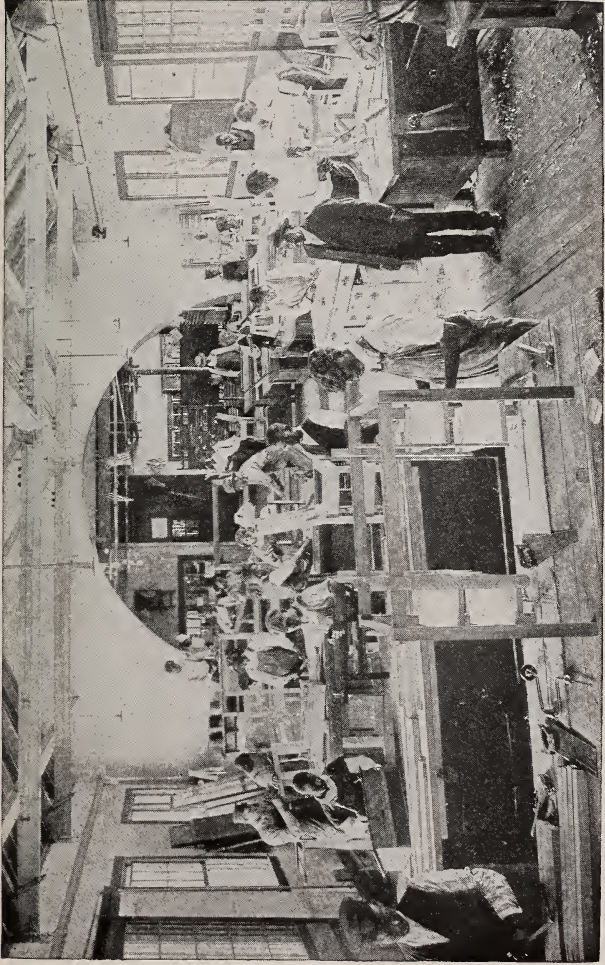
What the boys said was true; in those days the men about whom the school readers told always were white men. Booker's heart was heavy. There did not seem to be much hope that a black boy could ever be of very much use to the world. But a little later he heard about a negro named Frederick Douglass who had won respect and honor. This man had been a leader in the anti-slavery struggle before the Civil War. Booker was greatly encouraged by the story of his life and secretly kept on hoping that he, too, might some day do great deeds of service.

As he grew older, however, he found that it was too true that a black boy had little chance to improve himself and his condition. The whole world seemed against him. He soon

learned all that was taught in the little West Virginia school, and he knew of no other school which was open to negroes. No one gave him any encouragement to seek for more education. Many people at that time believed that negroes ought not to be educated.

Yet Booker did find some white friends who lent him a helping hand. One was a woman, named Mrs. Ruffner, for whom he worked as a household servant. Mrs. Ruffner had the reputation of being "strict." That is, she wanted her floors swept clean, under the tables and bureaus as well as in the middle of the room. Booker was a thorough worker, and Mrs. Ruffner liked him and encouraged him.

While he was with Mrs. Ruffner, he heard about Hampton Institute. This was a school for negro and Indian boys at Hampton, Virginia. It gave an all-around education—not only in books but trades, such as carpentry, printing, and farming for boys, and household work and sewing for girls. Booker began to save his money to go to this school, which was several hundred miles away. At last, when he thought he had enough money, he set out on the journey. He traveled over the mountains in a stage-coach, and the first night they stopped at a little mountain town. Booker went to the



TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE STUDENTS ARE PROVING THAT SKILFUL BOYS BECOME USEFUL CITIZENS

hotel with the other passengers, but could not get a room. The poor boy had not even yet realized what it meant to be black. There was no place in that town for a negro to sleep, and all that night Booker walked about outdoors to keep warm. But the next day he kept on his journey, and at last, after many days of traveling, reached Hampton. Here he found good friends, among them the head of the school, the great General Armstrong. He was the best friend Booker Washington ever had. From him he learned to trust in God and give himself, like Jesus, in service to his fellow men. The chief word at Hampton was service.

When Booker graduated from Hampton, his great ambition was to help his own people, the negroes of the South. He remembered the little boy who went to school in West Virginia, whose hopes and ambitions were discouraged because he was black. He knew there were thousands of black boys and girls who could make something of themselves in the world, if only some one would give them the chance. Now it happened that the state of Alabama had just appropriated money for an industrial school for negroes, at Tuskegee. Soon after graduating from Hampton, Booker Washington was appointed as the principal of that school. He

made it one of the most famous schools in the world. When he went to Tuskegee, there were no students, no buildings—in fact, nothing at all. The first classes were held in an old shanty which had been a hen-house. To-day, there are many large and beautiful buildings worth millions of dollars, and more than two thousand students every year. Booker Washington became one of the most famous men in the world. He was even introduced to Queen Victoria of England, as the man who founded the Tuskegee school for negroes. The dreams of that little black boy in West Virginia did come true in a wonderful way. Even though his skin was black, he rose to a place of very high honor in America and in the world, because he had given to America and to the world a life of very high service.

The most remarkable fact about Booker Washington, however, is not that he succeeded in spite of so many obstacles, but that in his success he felt no hatred against the white people, who had despised him because of his black skin and had tried to keep him from getting an education. Instead of hating all white people in return, he believed that usually they did not mean to be unjust or unkind, but that they simply did not understand negroes. He believed in

his white neighbors. He believed he could win their good-will. This was what he taught his students at Tuskegee. "I learned from General Armstrong," he often said, "never to let any man degrade me by making me hate him." Many educated negroes spent their lives denouncing the wrongs which their race was suffering. They were very bitter and revengeful, and considering how negroes have generally been treated, we should not blame them too severely.

Of course Booker Washington protested very often against acts of injustice against his people. For example, he was to make a speech in a certain town in the South one evening. Soon after he reached the town, he entered a large office building and looked around for the elevator. On the regular elevator was the sign "For white passengers only." But there was another elevator, on which was the sign "For negroes and freight," as though negroes were not human beings, but just things. The meeting in the evening was attended by many white people, as well as by negroes. In the course of his speech Mr. Washington spoke of that elevator and of the sign, "For negroes and freight," and he said, "Friends, that's mighty discouraging to the negro." All the people,

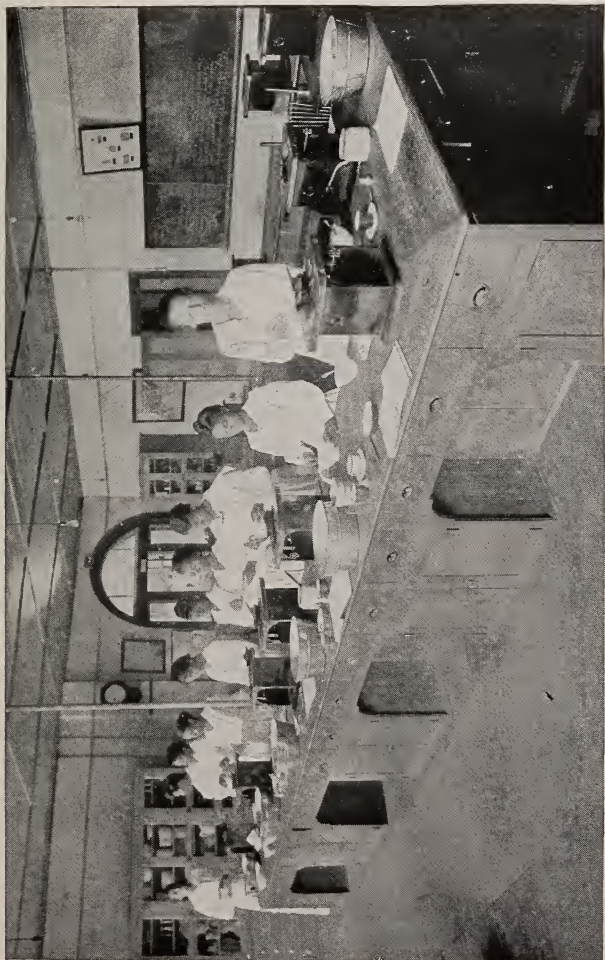
white and black, clapped their hands, and many of the white men jumped to their feet and shouted, "You're right." Let us hope that the sign was taken down, and that as soon as possible decent elevators were provided in that town, for negroes as well as for white people.

But Booker Washington felt that the best cure for the prejudice against his race was not to protest against it, certainly not in an angry and spiteful way. The most important thing, as he thought, was that the negroes themselves should make themselves worthy of the respect and love of their white neighbors. Sooner or later he felt sure that this would win their hearts. So in his school at Tuskegee he taught his students first of all to be clean and to keep their rooms and their homes tidy and in order. He himself had learned that lesson so well, when he worked for Mrs. Ruffner, that, as he expressed it, "I never see a button off a person's clothes or a grease spot on his coat, that I do not want to call his attention to it. I never pass a fence with a loose paling, without wanting to stop and fasten it on."

Then he taught his students to be absolutely honest and trustworthy, and best of all, to be useful, to make service the guiding spirit of their lives, wherever they might be; to do their

work as carpenters or farmers or housekeepers so thoroughly and so skilfully that their white neighbors would come to depend on them. That is why he made Tuskegee an industrial school, to teach all kinds of trades. Like Mr. Higginbottom and Mr. Churchill, in India, he taught these colored boys and girls to be proud of honest work, no matter how humble. Many of them had despised and hated work. "Only slaves work with their hands," they had thought. So, when the school was started, all the students wanted to study Latin and Greek; they did not like the idea of going to school to learn brick-laying, or dressmaking, or the principles of farming. But Booker Washington showed them that free men work, too, and that the only work that is dishonorable is work that is carelessly or dishonestly performed; but that any man should be proud of useful, honest, and skilful work.

The students at Tuskegee took these lessons to heart. And the result was that Booker Washington's faith was proved true. Many white people of the South, as well as of the North, became his friends. Some of his most loyal helpers were Southern white men. When he died, in November, 1915, hundreds of white people came to Tuskegee from far and near, to do



THE GIRLS OF TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE BELIEVE THAT A TRUE HOME-MAKER MUST BE
A GOOD COOK

honor to their dead friend; his influence had been felt all over the world. Never again will there be quite so much hatred between white men and black men as there was before he lived; and he has helped us to believe that the time is sure to come when all such foolish prejudices will vanish forever.

XIV

A MISSIONARY WHO HELPED DIFFERENT NATIONS TO BE FRIENDS

They shall beat their swords into plowshares.

—*Isaiah 2. 4*

The hatred which people of different races and nations often feel toward each other is not only one of the most foolish and ignorant kinds of hate; it is also one of the most dangerous, for it is one of the chief causes of war, and since August 1, 1914, the whole world knows how dreadful war can be. If, then, we want to prevent wars between the nations, we must find a way to cure race hatred. Men like Edward A. Steiner and Booker T. Washington have shown us how to cure it in our own country. How can we cure the prejudices between nations?

About thirty years ago a young American named Frederick A. Shepard went out to Turkey as a medical missionary. He was placed in charge of a hospital in the city of Aintab, not very far from Tarsus, where Paul, the first

great foreign missionary, was born. There were few other educated doctors in the city, or indeed in the whole province. So he very soon had plenty of sick people to take care of. All sorts of cases were brought to him, such as fevers, wounds, and broken bones; most of them were helped by the new doctor, and many were cured. And often, as he was giving medicine or winding a bandage, he was able to tell the sufferer, in his or her own language, about Jesus Christ, the great physician, and about the Heavenly Father's love for all his children.

Soon the fame of the American doctor began to be carried far and wide. He was sent for from all the towns and little villages in that region, and he spent many days each year on horseback, with his medicine bags slung across his saddle, climbing up steep, rocky roads or risking attacks of robbers on dark nights in lonely places.

The people used to say Dr. Shepard needed a war horse. One day he started on a trip which took a caravan ten days, but with his powerful bay horse he made the distance in four days.

Often he traveled very dangerous roads. Sometimes he had to throw himself suddenly from his horse to avoid falling down a preci-



"HIS EXCELLENCY THE SKILFUL AND MERCIFUL" DOCTOR SHEPARD STARTING ON ONE OF HIS JOURNEYS

pice. He was cool and in a time of danger could decide in a flash what was the best thing to do. Then he would often turn and make some laughing remark.

One day when several people were riding with him along a narrow path, on the side of the mountain, a horse which one of the ladies was riding began to prance. While the path was quite wide enough as long as the horses were not restive, there was no room for unusual capers. Dr. Shepard noticed the danger and called quickly to the horse, which had been trained by him. It knew his voice instantly and became quiet. Dr. Shepard turned with a smile and said, "A nervous colt is a good deal more concerned about a fly on the end of his nose than he is about falling off a precipice."

Once he and his devoted Armenian servant were riding in the Taurus Mountains. Happening to look back, he saw two Circassian robbers on splendid horses coming out of a ravine. Now the Circassian robbers are the boldest and cruelest robbers of all Turkey; even the Turkish government is afraid of them.

They were coming on rapidly, and knowing his tired horse could not outrun them, he allowed them to come up alongside. They wore the usual tight, skirted coats and black Persian

lamb caps, each with a perfect arsenal of cartridges and a dagger in its sheath at his side. Each had both a revolver and a gun. Their intensely black eyes and rather pale skin made them look very fierce. They spoke to Dr. Shepard roughly: "You ought not to be out on the road alone at this time of night."

"I am not alone," said Dr. Shepard shortly.

"There are only two of you. It's not enough."

"And there are only two of you."

"Ah-h-h. But *we're* Circassians!"

"And who am I?" said the American doctor, looking them straight in the eyes.

At this the robbers rode away. Evidently they decided this fearless man was too big game for them.

At first the people that came to Dr. Shepard were chiefly Armenians, who are members of an ancient Christian Church. The Turks, who were the rulers of the country, worshiped Mohammed, and they hated all Christians; if they had dared, they would have driven out all the Christians who came from America and other lands. But Turks are sick sometimes, like other people, and they kept hearing about the wonderful cures which this American doctor was performing. After a time, many of them

ventured to come to him. They were treated just as kindly as any one else, and when they were cured, they went home and told their friends. They had heard, all their lives, all sorts of false and absurd stories about the Christians. But now, in Dr. Shepard's hospital, they began to change their opinions. More and more Turks came to be treated, until by and by the doctor had almost as many Turkish patients as Armenians. His reputation spread all over the Turkish empire, for, indeed, he was a most skilful physician and surgeon, and in spite of the enormous number of persons who came to him day and night, he read and studied and kept up with the latest and best methods of treating disease.

It was not uncommon to see groups of fifty patients waiting for him. Sometimes bands of Arabs came in from the desert and visited the hospital in a body, many of them for treatment, and others to express their greetings to "His Excellency, the skilful and merciful doctor."

Among the first Turks who came to the doctor was the son of a very rough and wicked man. A successful operation was performed, and the boy was sent away cured. One day, years afterward, a Christian preacher in a town four days' journey from Aintab was being

stoned to death by a mob, when this Turk happened along and rescued him. The leaders of the mob appealed to the governor, who sent word to the Turk to hand over the preacher to his enemies. The Turk sent word back that the man was his guest, a friend of his friend, Dr. Shepard; that he himself had ten sons and servants, all well armed; and if they thought they could take his guest, let them come and try. They did not try. Scores of similar stories might be told, of Turks who protected the Armenians and other Christians from persecution and death, even in times of massacre, such as those of the great war, because of what they had learned in Dr. Shepard's hospital.

Here is what one Turk had to say about Dr. Shepard. He had gone to the hospital with a bad sore on his foot. "First, two clean and neatly dressed foreign ladies came and unwound the dirty cloths from my foot and washed it. Then Dr. Shepard came and performed an operation. Blessed be his knife! They took care of me, and I got well. I could never get such care and service from any of the people of my own household. It was very strange. I could not understand it, but I shall never forget it. May Allah bless Dr. Shepard!" In fact, so completely did Dr. Shepard win the

love and trust of the Turkish people that he was granted a decoration by the Sultan himself, as a token of gratitude.

All these stories illustrate what Dr. Shepard did to break down prejudice and hatred between races and nationalities. This is one of the greatest benefits which foreign missionaries bring to humanity. Many people hate foreigners because of what seem to them their queer ways and funny speech. We Americans make the same mistake. We forget that our customs seem just as queer and our words sound just as funny to other peoples and races.

When Dr. Livingstone was in the heart of Africa, a native king once asked him why he had left his home and come so far, to the depths of that African forest. Dr. Livingstone replied, "I have come because I believe that we are all God's children, and as brothers and sisters we ought to know each other better." That is what all the missionaries do. The letters and books which they write help us to realize that, although the peoples of many lands are cursed with some false ideas and cruel customs, after all, they are really much like us at home and have in their hearts the same seeds of goodness, which may grow into kindness and truthfulness and unselfishness.

When Dr. Shepard had been in Aintab twenty-five years, his friends held a great jubilee celebration in his honor. At this meeting he said: "I came to this country to bear witness that God is love. If I have been able to show this to you, I have had my reward. I beg and counsel you to know that God is love, and to love each other in deed and in truth."

A few years later, during the great war, when thousands were dying of typhus, the great doctor himself came down with it, while he was trying to cure others. So at the very end he showed people by dying for others, as he had lived for them, the greatness of God's love.

XV

HEROES OF TOIL IN ALL LANDS

And the three mighty men broke through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem . . . and took it and brought it to David. But he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto Jehovah. And he said, Be it far from me, O Jehovah . . . ; shall I drink the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?

—2 *Samuel* 23. 16, 17

It is growing colder in your house. Flakes of snow are drifting through the air. The newspaper says a cold wave is coming, and evidently the advance guard of the wave is already here. It is well for you that there is a big pile of coal in the bin downstairs. You hurry down and get a scuttleful of the shiny black "stones" and throw them on the fire and open the drafts. Soon you will be warm and comfortable again. As you sit down with your book, you think, "What a blessing is coal!"

Listen! One of the black lumps is telling you its history:

"Hundreds of thousands of years ago I was

a part of a tree in a great forest which covered half a continent. Year after year the hot sunshine beat down upon us trees, and year by year we grew taller and thicker. In this way the heat of God's sunshine was being stored up in the fibers of our wood. By and by changes came over the earth. The tree of which I was a part fell to the earth and lay with hundreds of others in a swamp. In the course of time we were buried more and more deeply. Mountains were piled above us. Little by little, as we slept in the depths of the earth, we were changed into the shiny black substance that we are to-day. Yet in spite of these changes, we still keep stored within us the heat of that sunshine of long ago.

“One day I was awakened by a terrible explosion that shook the earth. I found myself lying in a pile of slate and gravel and other lumps of coal, at the end of a long dark passageway. Men were going to and fro, with lighted candles fastened to their caps above their grimy faces. They were miners, and their work was to dig for us lumps of coal.

“That long passageway was hundreds of feet below the surface of the ground. There were posts and braces here and there to keep the earth from caving in and burying the men. It

was dangerous work for them. They had to use dynamite to shatter the rock and loosen us; and you cannot always be sure what an explosion of dynamite will do. Even while I was there, a wooden beam was shaken loose by an explosion, part of the roof of the passage caved in, and some of the miners were buried under the falling rocks. Never again did they see the bright sunlight, or the faces of their children, who were waiting for them up above at the mouth of the mine.

“Yet after a while other men shovelled us into cars, and we were taken up an elevator, and then piled with millions more of us into railroad cars—and here we are, giving out our stored-up sunshine to keep you warm! Are you not glad that there were men brave enough to go down that long dark passageway and blast us out, to make you comfortable this winter day?”

The story that the coal told is just one illustration of the fact that our welfare from day to day and from hour to hour depends on the faithfulness and heroism of multitudes of men.

We are sometimes tempted to think that heroism is something unusual. We know that soldiers are brave in battle, that firemen perform wonderful deeds, rescuing people from

burning buildings. We read thrilling accounts of the unselfish courage which is shown in shipwrecks or in railroad accidents. But we forget that our daily bread and most of the comforts and necessities of life are provided for us only through the quiet every-day heroism of thousands, whom we never see and to whom it is all "just a part of the day's work."

Coal mining is dangerous. Many miners are killed or wounded every year by unexpected cave-ins of the rock and gravel or by accidental explosions or by fires. And after your coal was mined, the engineers and brakemen on the trains which brought it to you risked their lives many times. Wherever there are flying wheels and rods and heavy, swiftly moving machinery, whether on railroads or in factories, there are sure to be accidents now and then. Some worker, off his guard for a moment, will be caught in a belt or crushed by interlocking cogs. Your clothes, your shoes, and a thousand things which you use every day were all made in such factories.

Carpenters and builders cannot avoid danger when they are working on high places. This is especially true of those who work on the many-storied buildings of the cities. If you live in an apartment house, think for a moment how the

great steel girders of that building were swung into place. Men had to climb out on the frame of the building, as it grew from story to story, and drive their riveting machines, all the time standing where a single misstep would mean being dashed to death on the pavement, perhaps hundreds of feet below. So daring and yet sure-footed are these men who erect our great steel buildings and bridges, that they have been called the "cowboys of the sky."

Many kinds of work lead to special diseases. Workers in paint and varnish often have lead poisoning, for lead is used in making paint, and lead is a deadly poison. Lead was used in making your umbrella, the linoleum on your kitchen floor, and many other articles about your home. Some of the workers who made these things certainly suffered from lead poisoning.

Dust injures workers, too. We have not found out how to make felt hats without filling the air of the factory with clouds of dust. Stone cannot be drilled, or iron files ground, without making dust. And the workman cannot help breathing in some of the fine particles of felt or stone or metal. This irritates the membranes of his throat and lungs and makes it easy for him to catch pneumonia or consumption.

During the past few years much has been

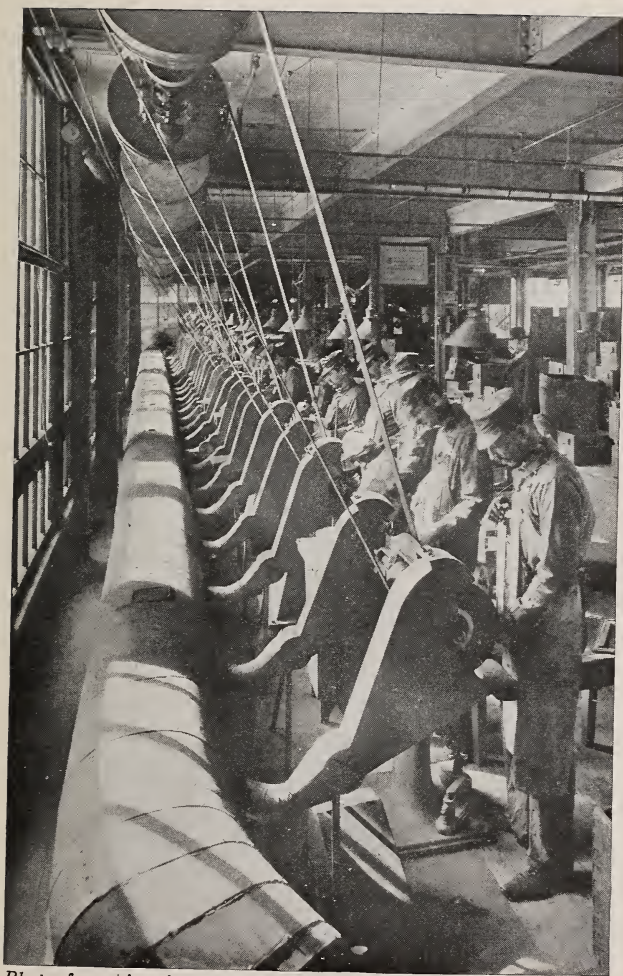


Photo from American Museum of Safety
AT THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON,
OHIO, A SUCTION SYSTEM REMOVES THE METAL
DUST THAT FLIES FROM THE GRINDING WHEELS

done to make all kinds of work less dangerous to life and limb. People began to realize how cruel it was to ask their fellow men to run needless risks. There have been many inventions to protect the lives of miners, railroad men, and others who work with machinery, and laws have been passed in all the states compelling the use of such safety devices in many dangerous kinds of work.

Some very honorable things have been done by business men themselves, without being compelled by law. For example, until a very few years ago, about one sixth of all the chocolate and cocoa in the world was raised by Portuguese planters, on the islands of San Thomé and Príncipe, off the west coast of Africa. These islands belong to the Portuguese government. The work of cultivating and harvesting the cocoa bean was done by negro slaves, who were captured on the mainland of Africa and cruelly torn from their homes. On the roads to the coast, where the slave caravans traveled, could be seen skeletons of the poor creatures who had grown weary and sunk on the way and who had been shot and left beside the road as a warning to others. When this state of affairs became known, and when the Portuguese government refused to put a stop to this slavery, nearly all

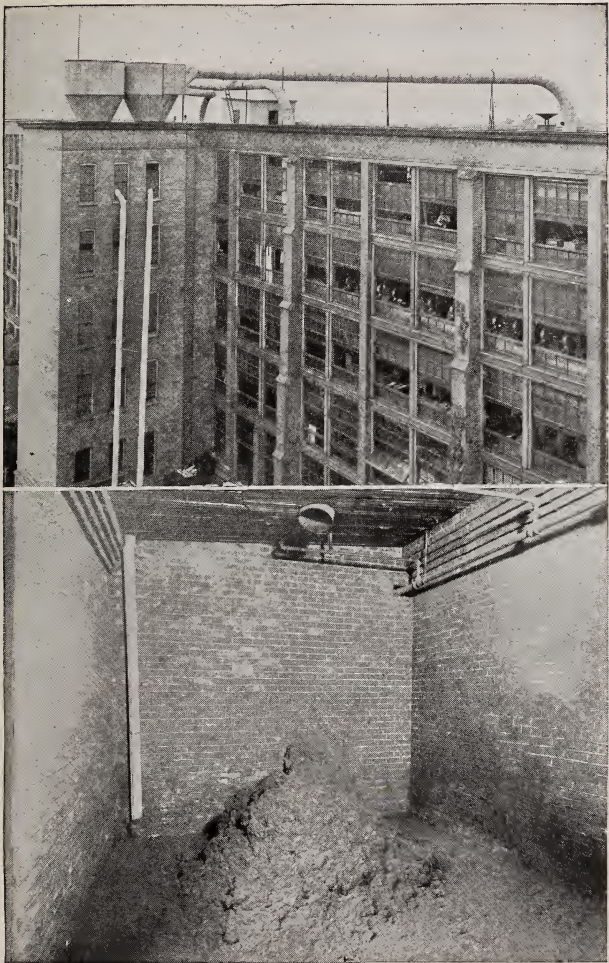


Photo from American Museum of Safety

THE PIPES THAT CARRIED THE DUST SAFELY AWAY
FROM THE WORKERS' LUNGS

A WEEK'S ACCUMULATION OF METAL DUST

the cocoa and chocolate manufacturers in the world stopped buying from these islands. Among those who thus refused to profit by human slavery were many famous American chocolate firms, such as Walter Baker and Company, Huyler's, and Lowney's. As a result, planters began to see that they must change their methods of treating their workers and must abolish their cruel system of slavery.

Another story which is good to tell is that of the Diamond Match Company. Matches used to be made of phosphorus. The effect of this substance on the workers who handled it was very bad. It caused a terrible disease of the jaw, which was known as "phossy jaw." Now some ingenious person discovered a new way of making matches, which did not require phosphorus, and which therefore would not give the workers the "phossy jaw." This new method was patented, and the patent was bought by the Diamond Match Company, so that no one else had a right to make or sell this new kind of match. As time went on, the story of the sufferings of match workers became known. It seemed unjust that so many men and women should have their lives spoiled, that we might have matches with which to light our fires, especially when there was another less dangerous way of mak-

ing matches. So, during President Taft's term of office a bill was brought before Congress, prohibiting the use of phosphorus in matches. The chief objection to this bill was the fact that the Diamond Match Company owned the patent on the new method, and if this law should be passed, all the other companies would have to go out of business. But just at this time the Diamond Company came forward with one of the fairest and most generous acts ever done by a business firm. They announced that they would give up their patent and the special rights which it gave them. Nothing would then hinder all match companies from using the safer method. So the law was immediately passed, and that was the end of "phossy jaw" in America.

Much more could still be done to protect the health and lives of toilers. We have only made a beginning. Many safety devices have been invented which are not yet in use, because employers are not willing to go to the expense of installing them. They prefer to make money out of the blood of their helpers. By and by, when we have all awakened from our selfish indifference, we will compel such men by law to treat workers more decently.

When all possible reforms have been made,

however, there will still be danger in some kinds of necessary work. There will always be accidents in mines and storms at sea. It will always be dangerous to handle liquid, white-hot iron, as men do in steel foundries. Cowboys of the sky, like the one pictured on our cover, must swing out upon great girders high in the air. Some workers will always have to do these things endangering their lives, that others may be comfortable and happy. We must honor them, as David honored the men who risked their lives to bring him a drink of water. They are the real heroes of brotherhood.

THE END

