

THE WAYS OF PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

Philip D. Armour, the Chicago millionaire packer, played a game of snowball with his grandchildren the other day. It was after the first snow-fall of the season. The boys are the children of the late Philip D. Armour, jr., whose sudden death last winter was a great blow to the founder of the Armour industries. The scene of the sport was the spacious grounds surrounding the house built by the younger Armour and now occupied by his widow and two sons, at Thirty-seventh street and Michigan avenue. Mr. Armour undertook to show little Philip III. and his brother Lester how boys used to snowball one another at school when he himself was a boy back in Madison county, N. Y., some sixty years ago.

"See grandpa do it!" cried the youngsters in delight as Mr. Armour gathered up the scanty snow, packed it into balls and hurled it at the fence.

"Guess that's enough, boys," he said by and by. "I'm cold. We'd better go into the house."

Since that day Mr. Armour has been shut up in his Prairie avenue house in Chicago under the care of a physician and a trained nurse. He has been suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, which at times threatened to develop into pneumonia, but at last accounts he was recovering. This little experience teaches that it is not safe for a man worth from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 to indulge in winter sports to amuse his grandchildren, especially when he is of stocky build with a lot of superfluous flesh on his bones, and has passed the sixty-eighth milestone on life's journey.

While Mr. Armour's friends hope to see him out soon, and able to take his accustomed trips to his offices and to the Armour Mission Sunday School, it is believed that there is not much prospect of his resuming his former business activity. Yet he is a man who dreads to put off the workaday harness. Against the advice of his physician and the wishes of his family and his friends he has often insisted that he must continue his work at the head of his great business enterprises as long as strength remains, as that seems to be the most satisfactory way in which he can spend his time. He has never in any formal way retired from business, but in recent years he has made an occasional break in his business career by travelling to California in the winter and to Europe in the summer to gain renewed strength for the direction of his vast and diverse interests. It may be said now, however, that his business career is ended in a measure. The commercial operations that have made his name familiar throughout the world are still going forward, it is true, but they no longer receive the same active personal attention from him as formerly.

Philip D. Armour as a captain of industry will long be conspicuous in the commercial and industrial history of America. His traits are less picturesque, perhaps, than those of the Paterson locomotive builder, Jacob S. Rogers. One trait, however, the two men seem to have in common, and to have it in a highly developed form. Both are great at minding their own business. One day just after Mr. Armour's return from a European trip a Chicago newspaper sent a reporter to interview him in regard to his observations of life and business abroad. The millionaire packer received the reporter courteously, but added in his brief, direct way, with a quizzical smile:

"I am no talker. I made my money by learning to keep my mouth shut. When the teeth are shut the tongue is at home. Besides, you'll never be convicted of foolishness if you follow this rule."

Whenever Mr. Armour has had any comments to make on travel, business, politics or religion they have always been terse and to the point, but he never was anxious to take the public into his confidence. He is one of the leading members of the Chicago Commercial Club and has seldom been absent from its dinners, but no one can recall him as an after dinner speaker.

Mr. Armour's pet projects in philanthropy are the Armour institute, a school of technology, and the Armour mission, an unsectarian institution whose object is to promote the physical, intellectual and moral improvement of children and youth. These institutions stand side by side at Armour avenue and Thirty-third street on the south side, in Chicago. They represent an investment by Mr. Armour in behalf of the educational and ethical welfare of the community amounting to \$2,500,000.

While the first building was being erected some fifteen years ago. It was reported one day that the bricklayers had struck because of sympathy with certain alleged labor grievances in which the Armours figured at the Union stock yards.

"Are the bricklayers refusing to work for you?" Mr. Armour was asked.

"Oh, no," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "The mission is still going up. They don't interfere much with my christian work. I intended to build another mission house, but have postponed operations for the present, you see, I have been a little short on religion for some years, and I thought the best thing I could do would be to try to get even. I sent that young man sitting over there out to see the contractors, and he came back and said: 'By G—' 'Stop there, Dave,' said I. Don't swear in talking about a mission house. Perhaps, though, you'll be forgiven on my account, so go on,' he told me that the contractors advised a postponement of work for a year or so, and I agreed. I will have to hustle a little harder then to catch up on the religious end, that is all. In the meantime I will kind o' struggle along, leaving the other people to do the talking—and perhaps the walking—when Armour & Co., do the business." He then resumed his interrupted task of filling out an order for a new suit of clothes for a clerk who seemed to deserve a reward for his exceptional services. This form of reward was always a hobby with Mr. Armour.

A little more than a year ago he made his last gift of \$750,000 to Armour Institute. The first intimation of the gift was made on a Sunday afternoon, when Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, president of the institute, was conducting the Sunday school at the Armour Mission. Mr. Armour was on hand, beaming on the exercises. After the services were concluded he said to Dr. Gunsaulus:

"Doctor, it seems to me you are taking a great many cares on yourself."

"Yes, but they are delightful cares and I love to assume them."

"Well, doctor, I have been thinking of lightening them. I have come to the conclusion that I will give the institute more money. Call on me to-morrow and I'll tell you more about it."

When the transfer had been made, the next day, Dr. Gunsaulus said: "Mr. Armour, I feel that this institute is the greatest investment you ever made."

"I believe it," said the millionaire. "It is paying dividends every day."

That he has always been deeply interested in young men and happy when he has had the opportunity to encourage the young and ambitious has been well illustrated by more than one incident. He has always shown a desire to do the right thing at the right time to shape the character for growth in the plastic period of life. One day while travelling between New York and Chicago he became interested in a colored boy, a sleeping car porter, whom he saw trying to read a book. He named the boy "Gen. Forrest."

"General," said Mr. Armour, "I'll give you a five-dollar bill if you will read one line of that book without stopping to spell out the word."

The boy grinned, but accepted the challenge and read out a line without hesitation. He not only received the five-dollar note but on further questioning stirred Mr. Armour to still greater interest. He disclosed a desire for knowledge that impelled Mr. Armour to propose a way for his education.

Soon afterward "Gen. Forrest" resigned from the sleeping car service and went to Oberlin College, where he was educated at Mr. Armour's expense.

Three or four years ago a Chicago newspaper reporter called on Mr. Armour at his office and asked him to contribute his views to a New Year's symposium on this question: "On what lines has the greatest progress been made during the last year?"

"Well," replied Mr. Armour with an amused expression, "we Americans have been progressing in several directions. For one thing, speaking for myself, I can assure you that we are making better sausages than ever before. Have you any ministers out in the part of the town where you live?" They would preach better sermons if they included more of Armour's sausages in their diet."

Only those closest to Mr. Armour during the last twenty years know to the full extent the thousands of appeals for assistance that have come to him in every conceivable form. No appeal that was not a fraud on its face has ever been ignored by him with-

out investigation. He once said that he did not like the idea of refusing any modest appeal without investigation, as it might be from some person unfortunate but most worthy.

"Strange ups and downs happens in this world," he added. "It is among the possibilities that my own son might see the time when he would appeal for help to some man that had once been turned down by me. Stranger things have happened. For this reason, I believe in relieving human misery so far as it is in my power. For this reason, it is well not to turn a deaf ear to any deserving case of charity."

"One day, some years ago, a Chicago minister, apparently of the Chadband type, called on him and applied for help for a poor woman in his parish, whom he had found in poverty and destitution in the most trying hour of childbirth. He was supplied with a sum ample for immediate needs and requested to see that the poor creature received necessary comforts with the least possible delay. Mr. Armour's ability to shunt his thoughts quickly is one of his traits. This matter was speedily forgotten. Imagine his surprise when Chadband returned the next day and said: 'I have brought your money back, Mr. Armour.'"

"What does that mean?"

"My dear brother," said Chadband, "I am sorry to say that when I applied to you yesterday my information as to this case for Christian charity had been received only by hearsay. I have since investigated personally and discovered that the poor woman in childbirth is unmarried and living in sin. She has not sought salvation that is freely offered without money and without price. I could not, therefore, conscientiously give her the money. To satisfy my conscience I must therefore return it."

Mr. Armour's indignation was aroused. He dismissed Chadband curtly. Then he sent a special messenger to relieve the unfortunate woman and make her unhappy lot as easy as circumstances would permit.

"Above all," he said, in recalling this case, "a minister of the gospel of Christ should have been the first to show mercy to this fallen one; and if she was in sin and the slough of despond, he should have been the first to reach forth a hand to lift her out and start her on the right road."

On one of his journeys through France Mr. Armour found entertainment in a manufacturing town, where he inspected a factory in which several hundred girls were employed in making lace curtains. Sauntering through the workshops he observed that many of the girls seemed to be in poor health. They seemed to be overworked, pinched and worn in appearance. Many appeared to be old and withered before their time. He thought that he had never seen a little army of work people so forlorn and hungry looking. It was a sight that weighed heavily on him. Before quitting the factory he called at the private office of the superintendent and requested the privilege of leaving a sum of money to be distributed among the girls, whose wretched appearance had touched his sympathies. His request being readily granted, he handed over a handsome sum, and before departing enjoyed the pleasant sight of its distribution all the girls being lined up to receive the gift.

He used to be at his desk in his Chicago office every morning at 7 o'clock, an hour earlier than some of his clerks arrived. He had his breakfast before 6, and his customary retiring hour was 9 in the evening. These old rules no longer hold good. But in those early rising times a comical thing once happened. One morning he discovered a clerk in the office ahead of him.

"Good morning," said Mr. Armour.

"Rather early for you, isn't it?"

"It is," said the clerk with a flush of embarrassment. "I'm down a little early this morning, but you see I'm a little behind with my ledgers and I want to catch up."

"Nothing pleases me more than to see a young man faithful and ambitious; one that isn't afraid of working over hours. You may go and order a new suit of clothes and tell your tailor to send the bill to me."

The clerk almost fell off his stool with astonishment. The truth was that he had spent the night painting the town and with consciousness of guilt was quaking in fear of discharge. He ordered a \$90 suit, and when the bill came in was lectured by Mr. Armour for his extravagance. Mr. Armour pointed out in a fatherly way the danger of living beyond one's means.

At Christmas time it has always been one of Mr. Armour's little pleasantries to lay in a stock of gold coins and walk into his offices with a cheerful greeting and toss the coins around quite promiscuously among his 200 clerks. He has never held a public office. Political preferment has not comported with the bent of his mind or ambition. At the earnest solicitation of the late Alexander Mitchell of Milwaukee he became one of the directors of the St.

Paul railway, an exception to his custom in such matters. The Armour industries have on the average given employment to about fifteen thousand men, besides many boys and young women.

CANADA'S VAST COAL FIELDS.

Enough Coal in Crow's Nest Region to Supply the World for 330 Years.

Those who claim to know say that only a beginning has been made in the exploitation of the mineral wealth of British Columbia, and especially the southern portion of it, known as the Kootenay region.

W. A. Carlyle, formerly professor of mining at McGill university, then for a number of years Provincial Mineralogist of British Columbia, and now manager of the Rio Tinto mines, in Spain, said in one of his reports that if ever a low grade ore could be worked with profit, almost the whole of the Kootenay country could be mined.

It is claimed that this is just what the Crow's Nest Pass railroad and the development of the coal fields in the pass render possible. In fact, the Boston and Montreal company claims to have made a contract for the treatment of the output of their mines at \$3.50 per ton during the coming summer. New York, Boston and Montreal capitalists are interested in this venture.

The coal deposits of Crow's Nest Pass are very extensive, and mines at Fernie are being energetically worked by the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., Limited, of Toronto. This company has all or more than it can do to supply the demand for coke in the mining regions. It controls a small kingdom of coal lands, no less than 20,000 acres in extent, almost all of which contains coal. The granting of this immense area is attributed to political motives, as the holders are all friends of the government, and the question has been made an issue in politics.

G. McBride of McGill university, who spent the past summer in this country, in an article on the mineral wealth of the Crow's Nest Pass region, says:

"All around the town of Fernie, which is the chief centre of the coal business of this region, the country for many miles is full of coal beds, some 20 seams varying in thickness from a mere sheet to a solid mass of coal 30 feet high. These seams, it laid one on top of the other, would aggregate a thickness of 150 feet. These great beds extend over an area of many thousand acres and the Geological Survey of Canada estimates that it 50 per cent. of this bed is accessible body of coal containing about 10,000,000,000 tons. We get a faint idea of the magnitude of these figures when we consider that, taking 300,000,000 tons to be the amount of coal now consumed in the world each year, there is enough fuel in the Crow's Nest country to supply the entire world for over 330 years, at its present rate of consumption. In the mines alone this would afford employment to every able-bodied man in Canada from this time until the year 2,000, to say nothing of the thousands who would find work in its transportation and sale."

"As the coal is easily reached from the surface and is present in such abundance, it can be mined with comparatively small expense. The plant now in operation is a very convenient one, and is so arranged that from the time the coal is first shoveled into the small cars in the mines until it is ready to be shipped it has never to be touched with a shovel."

It will thus be seen that the gold and silver mines of the Kootenay, for which this immense output is being coked, need not wait for fuel for their smelters. The output of coal, even at present, is over 300,000 tons per year, and is rapidly increasing.

Edison Wants Electricity Taught in Schools.

Thomas A. Edison makes some hopeful predictions for electricity, in an article contributed by him to January "Success." He says:—

Not only as a motive power for massive enterprises will electricity find use during the coming half century, but it will also be applied to the "gentler sciences," if I may use the term. By this I mean surgery, optics, and astronomy, but greater minds than mine must dwell on this particular branch of electrical usage. Already we have surgical instruments that are being operated by electricity with gratifying success; indeed, they have gone beyond the experimental stage. It will find a large field in the operation of manufacturing machinery, as the Niagara Falls plant shows, and it may even extend to the airship, but I think it best to confine its uses to the earth, until these uses have been exhausted.

Electricity as a science should be made one of the several studies in every school in the land. It should rank with spelling and arithmetic; for, the more it is used, the more potent it becomes as an important element in all of the world's general

affairs, and its value, in connection with practical business and business affairs, can not be given too prominent a place in America's future.

Pile Terrors Swept Away.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for Piles in all forms. One application will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days' application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.—79

Miss Johnson—No, no Mistah Jackson. Ah am in no hurry to change mah name.
Mr. Jackson (nervously)—Praps not; but ah am in a big hurry to change mah lodgings.

"Bought my Life for 35 cents."—This was one man's way of putting it when he had been pronounced incurable from chronic dyspepsia. "It was a living death to me until I tried Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. Thanks to them to-day I am well, and I tell my friends I bought my life for 35 cents." 60 in a box.—80

Passenger (on southern railway)—What kind of a train is this, conductor—a local or freight?

Conductor (incidentally)—No, sir, this is the fast express.

Passenger—Oh, I beg your pardon; but would you mind telling me what it is fast to?



PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front on their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs. Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the front of all put-up medicines specially designed for women's use. The wide benefits this medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

The reputation of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a safe and effective laxative for family use is international. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the opinion of the medical profession or of the intelligent public. The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, which is connected with the "World's Dispensary," is alone sufficient to prove this supremacy. Here is a great modern hospital, always filled with patients, where every day successful operations are performed on men and women whose diseases demand the aid of surgery. No hospital in Buffalo is better equipped, with respect to its modern appliances, or the surgical ability of its staff. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the chief consulting physician of this great institution, has associated with himself nearly a score of physicians, each man being a picked man, chosen for his ability in the treatment and cure of some special form of disease.

The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of "free medical advice" which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.