

Chapter IV

CHURCHES OF MY BOYHOOD

EVERYONE in Gloucester went to church during my boyhood days. The Catholic Church had the greatest clientele, but there were strong Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Universalist, Unitarian, and Episcopal groups. As a whole, Protestants greatly predominated. There then was no Christian Science group and no Salvation Army. Some people, of course, did not go to church often, but only a few would admit that they did not go to church at all. These few were looked upon as untouchable atheists.

SUNDAY WAS OBSERVED

No stores were open, no amusements were held on Sunday and there were no Sunday newspapers. My mother believed it was wrong to use the horse and buggy on the Sabbath. As for reading books, everything but the Bible and a religious paper was taboo. The thought of our going out for dinner on Sunday or holding any kind of social event was beyond the pale of most people. I was never allowed to study Sundays. Even when I was a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and was at home over Sunday, it would have broken my mother's heart had she seen me with a French grammar or a calculus. In those days most social events were centered at the church. If we went on a picnic, it was a church picnic; if we went out to supper, it was a church supper; and if we went to a concert or entertainment, that also was held at the church under the auspices of the Amarita Society. The outstanding events were the Easter and Christmas concerts, the strawberry festivals held in June, and the harvest suppers held in October. These were great events in my life. I wonder if we do not get more real joy out of fewer pleasures than we do out of many. Of course, dancing, card-playing, and theater-going were strictly taboo. This was one side of the picture.

VICE WAS WIDE OPEN

Now for the other side: On nearly every corner in the thickly-settled portion of the City of Gloucester was a rum shop. And these were real rum shops, for liquor actually flowed in the streets. Notwithstanding what has happened since, in connection with the control and abuse of the liquor problem, it makes

me an optimist to compare present conditions with those that existed in my boyhood days. Standing at the end of Angle Street, three hundred feet from my house, I could see five liquor saloons in full blast. Houses of ill-fame likewise flourished. One of the largest of these, known as the Busy Bee, operated opposite the end of my street. The inmates of these houses were conspicuous on the streets afternoons and evenings. They would even go down to the wharves to meet the incoming fishermen. They would hang out the windows and beg us boys to come in.

One of the first jobs which I had was that of bookkeeper in Andrews Spar-yard, which was directly opposite one of these bad houses at the corner of Porter and Commercial Streets. There was a pretty little girl "inmate" there of which one of the foremen in the spar-yard was especially fond. Whenever the police raided this Porter Street house, she would run over to my office and he would put her under a flour barrel in my care until the police had left. I wonder what has become of her! They called her Gloria. Of course there were no patrol wagons in those days. When an arrest was made, the police would call a "jigger." This was a low-set wagon, used to carry big hogsheads of fish, and hauled by two horses. Many a time I have seen these dirty jiggers go by my house, with a policeman sitting on two drunken girls clad in silks and satins.

FAMILY PRAYERS

Although we lived in the midst of liquor and vice, its intensity developed a strong opposition. Just as a "corn" will grow to protect the toe from being worn away by a chafing shoe, so these reckless conditions strengthened the immunity of those of us who were warned concerning the evils of liquor, vice, and gambling. And certainly we were taught it. There was no pussyfooting by our parents. If my father had seen me mixed up with any of that nonsense, I believe he would have thrown me overboard. Perhaps it was these bad conditions which made the church active and kept the church people on their toes. There was a continual fight between the church group and the saloon group. The activity of the churches of that day may have been due to the fact that they had to fight to keep from being swallowed up. Best of all, our parents set us a good example. They asked nothing of us which they were unwilling to do themselves. Although we did not have family prayers every day, as many homes did, yet my father went upstairs and read the Bible to himself every morning after breakfast and often invited me along.

I know nothing about psychology, but I would like to have made a psychological study of my mother and father. My mother was great on observing certain things—that is, being at church on time, walking up the broad aisle in her best clothes, and sitting down like the Queen of Sheba. She believed in the literal translation of the Bible, a strict observance of Sunday, and all the other

established customs of an emotional religion. But with these things accomplished, she squared off her religion as a man would a bookkeeping account when it was "paid," *although always very generous.*

My father was different. Although a deacon in Trinity Congregational Church for over forty years, he did not talk about it. Often he slipped into a rear seat instead of walking up the aisle with my aristocratic mother. Much against her wishes, he often sneaked off on Sunday afternoon for a good buggy ride. He would tell me that if I would walk up to the corner of the street "out of sight of the house," he would pick me up and take me along! My father, however, had a deeply religious soul. He never would go to bed on a Sunday night until all the family met together and united in a half-hour of Bible-reading and family prayer. He did it quietly. He would let us go out Sunday evening and stay as late as we wished and thus never made it a burden; but we all knew that before going to bed Sunday night we would have family prayers and get set right for the coming week's work. My father was just, and to some appeared cold and stubborn. He and my mother supplemented each other exceptionally well.

MY CONVERSION

Although I am now a hard-boiled old man, I say truthfully as a statistician that the greatest event of my life was my conversion under Dr. L. D. Munhall. It took place during a revival campaign held at the Gloucester Methodist Church from September 14 to October 26, 1890. I still have my Sinner's Dedication Card with my signature thereon. In those days the church believed in a constant *revival* of religion. Even today the automobile people have their annual revivals, and the poultry and dog and flower enthusiasts have their annual revivals. But for some reason most churches feel that they can now get on without their annual revivals. This, however, was not so in my day. Usually once a year, and at least once every two or three years, all the Protestant churches of Gloucester united in a great evangelistic campaign extending over four weeks. There were meetings every afternoon and every evening at some church. There were noonday meetings in stores, fishing-lofts, and even on vessels. The newspapers were full of news about the revival. Nothing else was allowed to go on during that month. Even social events were canceled. Sundays they would have meetings morning, afternoon, and evening in the City Hall, which would be packed at every session. They had a choir of a hundred voices and the customary "after-meetings" for the converts.

Sunday afternoons they had the famous two meetings, one for women only and one for men only. These were the meetings when the evangelist would describe the dangers of sexual diseases, and would wind up with a tremendous excoriation of those in the audience who were leading double lives. As the col-

lection was being taken, he would say: "There is one man in this audience who is known to be leading a double life. I want that man to put a five-dollar bill in the collection." The story is that at that session they always collected fifty or more five-dollar bills, although never one five-dollar bill was collected at any other session! Yes, those were good old days. It was at one of these meetings that I was converted. Some may say my interest in religion was inherited or that it was due to environment, but I say that to those old-fashioned revival meetings I owe much. After that I went through other revivals, including the famous Moody-Sanke meetings, and later the Billy Sunday meetings. Revivals, of course, have their faults. Much of their theology is impossible and archaic; but it is a mistake to separate religion from emotion. Logic and blueprints have distinct limitations.

WORTH-WHILE THRILLS

There were about four hundred converts in that campaign, and most of us joined one of the churches shortly afterward. From then on I was a changed boy. I had always attended Sunday school, but my Sunday-school activities heretofore had consisted mostly of stealing the collection, twisting up pins for the teacher to sit on, and sticking gum in other boys' hair. After my conversion I began to behave, and soon was given a Sunday-school class of boys to teach. The big thing of my life in those days was Christian Endeavor, which I had joined as an associate member on February 19, 1889, and later joined as an active member on December 6, 1891, after my conversion. Our young people may have many things today which I did not have, but none of these can give the satisfaction which Christian Endeavor gave me. It was the first opportunity that I had ever had to express myself. Previously, when some one—even my parents or a teacher—saw me getting up to express myself, I got a crack over the head. In Christian Endeavor it was different. I was actually encouraged and compelled, under my pledge, to say something at every meeting. You may be sure that I grasped the opportunity like a drowning man would grasp a life-preserver. I soon became a member of the Outlook Committee, and finally was its chairman. I became active in the Cape Ann Christian Endeavor Union, which was a combination of all the Christian Endeavor societies on the Cape. To the great amusement of those who knew me in Gloucester, I finally became its president.

I also was interested in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and went around with a great nickel badge on. I made all my friends join the society, especially the Gould Courters. Those big shiny badges did appeal to that gang of Irish boys! Two or three of them are now actual policemen for the City of Gloucester, and they say to me, "Roger, you remember you gave me my first badge when I was fourteen years old." I was also interested in

temperance work, and wore a small white ribbon in my buttonhole, as did a great many others. Perhaps the Scout movement of today fulfills the same function that those various societies for young people fulfilled in the "gay 'nineties." I certainly hope so. The trouble with most young people's religious work today is that the preachers and Sunday-school workers are content to plant the seed but fail to cultivate it afterward. My good pastors, the Reverend Messrs. Makepiece, Clark, and Hibbard, cultivated the seed which they and others had planted. Although I have often slipped in my relation to the church and the Christian life, yet I have kept the small candle burning and have tried to show my colors. I think this is evidenced in my work and writings, also in such simple ways as my church relations with my employees, as well as giving them fair wages and good working conditions.

MY FIRST VENTURE

I was never much for theology. I never agreed with my pastors on the literal interpretation of the Scriptures. I think my old, faithful pastors perhaps looked upon me, up to their death, as a black sheep. Yet I was an emotional, praying Christian. My chief interest, nevertheless, was in practical work. I was started out therein by a tall, thin, red-headed woman named Miss Elise S. Johnson—God bless her! She had charge of the fresh-air work which then was operated by the Young Men's Christian Union in Boston. She had her office in a building at the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets. One Sunday night in 1895 she came to Gloucester and spoke at our Christian Endeavor meeting about "fresh-air work." She tried to get some Gloucester families to take some of her poor Boston children for a two weeks' vacation. Gloucester people were conservative, and they closed up like clams in a shell.

Miss Johnson, however, appealed to me. I had the temerity to offer to be chairman of a committee to canvass the city. Let me say that this venture of mine was no flop. That first summer we located poor Boston children in twenty Gloucester families, and the work increased every year. Even after I was married, Mrs. Babson and I purchased an island off the coast of Cape Ann, known as Milk Island, and used this as a haven for poor children from Boston. Later we gave this island to the State of Massachusetts as a game preserve.

This work brought me in touch with South End House, a "college settlement." This institution was then on Rollins Street, Boston, and was operated by a wonderful man, Robert A. Woods. I had classes at this settlement and became one of its most active workers. After my conversion, all my spare time was devoted to religious and charitable work. Yet it was not drudgery. I enjoyed it and looked upon it as a recreation. I sincerely hope that my grandchildren will get the right slant toward the church and its work, so as to derive real joy therefrom. I am sure if they get started on the right foot, they will have

more pleasure from such things than they could get from dances, bridge parties, and automobile rides. Let me add that to help make more useful foreign missionary work, I organized in 1948 the Gravity Research Foundation. If the great universal force of gravity can be harnessed, the necessary food, clothing and shelter will be available to all the worthy people of every nation.

PRESENT CHURCH RELATIONS

I continued my connection with the Trinity Congregational Church at Gloucester until I was married, on March 29, 1900. Then I transferred my church membership to the Wellesley Hills Congregational Church. Mrs. Babson, although not emotional like me, was brought up in a church and was a church member in St. Paul, Minnesota, when I married her. Her father, the Reverend Richard Knight, was a Congregational minister. We therefore transferred to the Wellesley Hills church together. I immediately was given a Sunday-school class of boys. I continued to have this class for seventeen years. From this Sunday-school class I secured some of the best talent that ever entered my business.

I was much amused the other day to have my daughter tell me that she was in a restaurant in Wellesley where some strangers, at an adjoining table, were discussing how to get a job at Babson's. To her great amusement, some one remarked: "Well, I'll tell you right now, you can't get a job at Babson's unless you go to church or teach a Sunday-school class." Mrs. Babson and I always attend church Sunday mornings when in Wellesley. Moreover, I am happy to say that my daughter, her husband, and my grandchildren also have a fairly good record. It is our custom yet to keep in touch with the young people of the church, and our house is always open to them. Once or twice a year we have the senior group up for a Sunday night supper and a friendly meeting.

I have not been an officer or a member of the Prudential Committee of my local church for many years. My activities have been confined to the work of the denomination as a whole and to movements like the "Gideons." For some years I served as a member of the Executive Committee of the National Council of Congregational Churches. In 1929, after a struggle starting on September 22, 1900, I was elected chairman of a new commission known as the Commission on Church Attendance. I felt that I could help along these lines better than in connection with missionary or other work of which I had no technical knowledge. Our Commission was the first group ever to make a real study of church attendance. Since then, other denominations have followed, but we blazed the way. Readers desiring our conclusions on how to increase church attendance may readily secure them. As a merchant cannot expect to sell goods until he gets customers into the store, so a preacher cannot hope to influence his community until he gets people into his church. Of course, church attendance of

itself means nothing, but it is the basis of all religious work. Let me close this chapter with a copy of my letter sent out in 1900, but which did not bear any fruit until twenty-nine years later.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PASTORS OF BOSTON

43 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.
September 22, 1900

Dear Brother:

For some time Christian workers have been feeling severely the need of some depository which would be in immediate touch with the condition of all the churches of our land. This would enable the public to know constantly whether our great work is progressing or dragging. If we are growing, such published statements would attract attention; if we are not, they would spur on the present workers.

It has been suggested that there should be one central bureau, which would receive the immediate notification of any change in the membership of our Evangelical churches. Of course no human agency can state how many are Christians and how many are not; God only knows this. If, however, this central office was immediately notified by wire of the addition of every new member or of the death or withdrawal of every old member, it could give the exact number of professing Evangelical church members at the close of each month.

It is true that each denomination has its year book. The various year books, however, are compiled by different methods, and the statistics are necessarily late in being published. Moreover, these figures are not supplied to the press in any regular or attractive way. Every large financial, railroad, or industrial corporation is able, at the close of each month's business, to report its exact conditions. Should not the church likewise be carried on?

With this thought in mind, the writer sent out last month a short appeal to all the pastors of Boston, asking for certain statistics. It was his purpose to provide such a bureau for this vicinity. The questions were gladly answered by many, and he takes this occasion sincerely to thank all such for the deep interest shown. Others, however, were offended, and, at their request, he will refrain from publishing the replies and also from asking for further data from them.

He does, however, feel obliged to state publicly the reasons for mailing the appeal in question, and also the reasons for not publishing the results obtained. Although he will offend none by asking for further statistics, yet he firmly believes that such a system as he suggested should be inaugurated, not only for Boston, but for entire Christendom.

Very respectfully,
ROGER W. BABSON.

Chapter V

WHAT ABOUT COLLEGES?

I ALWAYS had a longing for the great open spaces of the West. I wanted to attend one of the Western state universities, such as Colorado or Arizona, or possibly California. My father, however, strenuously objected. He was not keen, anyway, about colleges. He felt that they were more like country clubs than workshops. I tried to compromise on some midway institution, but without avail. He decided to make an investigation himself. He had never functioned in education, but he tackled the problem as he would tackle any manufacturing, merchandising, or banking situation. He sent for catalogues of various institutions, talked with many people, and finally concluded that the best institution for me would be the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston. This was a disappointment to me; first, because I have always hated large cities and wanted to get out in the open; and second, because I had heard that M. I. T. was a very difficult school. My father did not attempt to boss me in many things. In a general way he let me work out my own life. When, however, he made up his mind, after careful consideration, you could not change him. Finally, he frankly told me that "it is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology or nothing."

HARD-BOILED M. I. T.

My life at M. I. T. was a tremendous change from the happy days which I had enjoyed at the Gloucester high school. This Boston educational institution was operated by a group of hard-boiled and conservative business men. They needed to give no thought to politics of any kind. Although later they received a little state or federal aid, they received none when I was there. The more students they had, the more it cost them. Unlike other colleges, it was not endowed. Therefore, these men went on the principle that they were glad to put up their money to help boys who wanted to work and learn something, but they desired to help no others. Hence M. I. T. was no parking-place for rich men's sons. Only workers—no shirkers—could stay there. At this institution I received another real taste of rugged individualism. I am sure that all those trustees must have been Old Guard Republicans.

There were no "New Deals" at M. I. T. in those days. There were no dormi-

tories; there were no recreation-rooms; and of course there was no football, baseball, or anything of the kind. We had a glee club, and a small, weak Y. M. C. A.; but my recollection is that even these were frowned upon by the trustees. I surely would enjoy taking one of the students who now complain of the meals at the Walker Memorial to the M. I. T. lunch-room of those days. It was located underground in the basement of the Rogers Building. The food was good and simple, but often we would have to use the dishes that some other fellow had used before they were washed, and of course there was no service. How I longed for my home in Gloucester!

HAD MY EYES OPENED

Every student was obliged to hunt up his own boarding-house and restaurant. The M. I. T. authorities did not even bother to suggest a list of approved houses. We boys simply went along the streets, and when we saw a house that looked decent with a sign, "Rooms to Rent," in the window, we went in. I was fortunate in finding a house on West Canton Street, which was operated by Mrs. Charles Paul. Her husband had been one of the wealthy men of Minnesota and had made a great deal of money during the 'eighties. He was caught in the panic of 1893 and completely cleaned out. Mrs. Paul, a stately and beautiful woman, decided to leave her friends in the West and come to Boston and take boarders. Her husband loafed around the house most of the day and was very glum, but Mrs. Paul was always cheerful. I roomed in her house for one year. Then I got so tired of the city that I went out to Jamaica Plain and lived during my sophomore year with Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Bridgeman, two fine Christian people. Mr. Bridgeman was then working as a stenographer in the State House, but was gradually promoted until he became Clerk of the Massachusetts Senate. During my junior year I was a resident of South End House, a college settlement on Rollins Street, Boston. During my last year, owing to the pressure of work, I had a small room in the Berkeley Hotel, Boston.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology in those days was located on Boylston Street, between Berkeley and Clarendon, opposite the Brunswick Hotel. Some years later it was moved to Cambridge. Most of us got our meals at a restaurant known as Priest's, on the corner of Dartmouth Street and Columbus Avenue. Surely my eyes were opened during those four years. Although I had seen a tremendous amount of commercial vice and drinking in Gloucester, I had never before been tempted myself. Those conditions at home were wholly apart from the group with which I associated. When I was a boy in Gloucester it never occurred to me that decent people indulged in such things. While at M. I. T., however, I surely saw the world. The "chapel" of the Brunswick Hotel was headquarters for the students' drinking parties, while Columbus Avenue was a red-light district for about six blocks. I certainly owe much

to my parents for the lessons concerning the evils of liquor and vice which they taught me in Gloucester before I went to Boston to live.

THE DEVIL TAKE THE LEFT-OVERS

There probably was too much rugged individualism in the operation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in those days. Certainly the officials of that institution should have known something about the houses where we students innocently roomed or boarded. They could have provided us with at least an "approved list." They could have given us some good advice as to the dangers of liquor and sexual diseases. Their theory was that most of the boys who got mixed up with drink and women were unable to keep up in their studies, and hence were automatically thrown out and returned home. Those trustees believed in the Ten Commandments, but they let them operate through the law of supply and demand and the law of the survival of the fittest. They did no censoring whatever in my day in connection with our eating, drinking, or sleeping. There was no course on hygienics, there was no religious instruction, there was no student aid of any kind. If we kept up in our studies, well and good; if we did not, we were thrown out.

The rich and poor were treated alike at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in those days. The trustees claimed that *experience* is the best kind of censorship; or, as one expressed it to me, "We let our students learn by *doing*." The same principle of shop work and laboratory experience, as used in the testing-rooms in connection with materials, was allowed to operate in the restaurants, dance-halls, and boarding-houses in connection with morals. I do not uphold those trustees. I believe that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is operated far more efficiently, in the interests of the students, today than it was in the "gay 'nineties"—that is, during my time from 1894 to 1898. However, a happy medium between the system of those days and today may be worthy of consideration.

STATE UNIVERSITIES

The state universities, even in those days, were operated with one eye on politics. Today most of these state universities have gone wild. They may follow the M. I. T. in not censoring or regulating the students' life, but, unlike the M. I. T., they have not the courage to throw out the boys who live foolish lives. State universities today may be preaching the Ten Commandments, but they are trying to suspend rewards and punishments. I am beginning to wonder whether an efficient educational system is possible under democracy as set up today. Probably many state universities and certain colleges are today doing more harm than good. In their race for greater public appropriations and larger enrollments, they are lowering their standards. As a result, they may make weaklings, cowards, and morons out of the youth of America.

Unless there is a complete change in the educational situation, I can visualize our college system undermining the character of the American people. With the liquor interests busily engaged in expanding sales, with the cigarette manufacturers employing the ablest advertising copy-writers, with commercialized vice operating along its present efficient lines, and with the uncensored and indecent movies and broadcasting, there is small chance for young people today in the average college or university. I am not now prepared to recommend censorship or prohibition or any other concrete method for handling the problem in an arbitrary manner. I do, however, strongly believe that our schools and colleges should fight these vices with distinct courses operated by "fanatic" instructors. As the advertising of these vices increases, proportionately greater effort and time should be devoted by schools and colleges to explaining their dangers. The future of America, in the last analysis, will depend upon the industry, thrift, hardiness, and courage of its people. To develop these qualities along with reading, writing, and arithmetic should be the fundamental purpose of education. Unless we can build on a hardy and wholesome foundation, the superstructure will ultimately collapse.

Unlike many of my conservative friends, I do not object to the economic and sociological departments of our colleges teaching a certain amount of socialism. Students should go out into the world with a knowledge of socialism, communism, fascism, and the other "isms," as well as with a knowledge of capitalism. To have these colleges, however, ridicule rugged individualism is a crime. Yet this is being done more and more every year. Some day our young people may need rugged individualism to save themselves from internal revolution. They certainly will need it to save themselves from invasion by some foreign nation. There can be a division of wealth only so long as captains of industry continue to plan and develop. Whatever the prevailing economic system may be, the individuals with character, judgment, strength, and courage will be the leaders and survivors. The rest will become slaves, if not employes.

WHY I SELECTED COURSE I

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology all students take practically the same studies the first year. Although there is little difference the second year, yet during the second year one must definitely determine which course he is to take. There were about a dozen courses in my day, the leading ones being civil engineering, mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, chemical engineering, and mining engineering. There were also courses in biology, physics, geology, etc. I knew nothing about any of these courses. As I was attending M. I. T. purely at my father's request, I hated the place and all the courses. I took Course 1 because it was the first course described in the catalogue; it happened to be civil engineering.

This course for its last year had three options—one for railroad engineering,

one for sanitary engineering, and one for structural work. Here again I took the first of the three, partly out of spite. During my senior year I became fond of Professor George F. Swain, the head of Course 1. I kept up my acquaintance with him to the very week he died in 1931. He was a wonderful man. He believed in rugged individualism carried to the *n*th degree; but with it he had a heart and a kindliness excelled by few. Another splendid teacher was Professor Alfred E. Burton, who had charge of the drawing department. Professor Burton later became dean of the Institute; no institution ever had a better dean.

I also shall always feel kindly toward Professor Spofford, who helped me get through the final examination. Most of the Institute's work was very hard for me. I was not a natural student and did not care for much of the work. However, I seemed to get through every semester by the skin of my teeth. When it came to the final examinations, I was tired, having been engaged in outside work in order to earn a little money. One difficult subject was "structures," and my brain simply would not work the morning of the last examination on structures. I came near to giving up the examination. This would have meant flunking the course, thereby making it impossible for me to graduate. I decided to take one chance by going to Professor Spofford, who had charge of the examination, and telling him of my difficulty. He concluded that it was nervousness, and let me go in a room and lie down and rest. When I felt like myself again, I got up, and he personally let me take the examination by myself. Fortunately, I had a good mark and graduated in June, 1898, but I never would have except for Professor Spofford.

I did not see Professor Charles M. Spofford again for over thirty years. In 1929 I was approached by the Water Board of Gloucester in an attempt to purchase from me for a reservoir some five hundred acres of land which I owned in the heart of Cape Ann. I was told by real estate people that I could get from sixty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars from the city for this property. When I found, however, that Professor Spofford's firm were the engineers, and that he was anxious that I should make it a gift, I decided to present it to the city, taking no pay whatsoever. The city reciprocated by naming it the Babson Reservoir. It will also be a monument to Professor Spofford, who had such an important part in connection therewith.

HOW M. I. T. FAILED

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology at that time was the leading technical institution in the country. Its professors and instructors were the ablest men in their respective fields. There was no ballyhoo or politics in the institution. It was run by a board of intelligent, independent, and wealthy trustees, who had one goal in mind—namely, to make it and keep it the best institution of its kind in America. *Yet these professors and instructors apparently entirely*

overlooked the great industries which were to develop in the twenty years following my graduation. There were a few "horseless carriages" about in those days; but none of those famous professors then dreamed that a great automobile industry would develop. The Edison and the Victor Companies were then marketing a phonograph, but none of those professors anticipated its future growth. I never heard the "moving-picture machine" suggested while I was at the Institute, yet it has also developed into a tremendous industry, with great possibilities for good and evil. Of course the radio was not thought of; yet think of the tremendous influence of this industry today. I remember hearing of experiments at flying, but no one visualized that airplanes would be hovering over this country and going from coast to coast in a few hours.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, although the leading technical institute in America, was content to teach railroading, electrical engineering, theoretical chemistry, and other fully-developed subjects. The instruction was given to discussing what had already been accomplished, rather than to anticipating future possibilities. This especially applied to the course in metallurgy and chemistry, where the professors did not dream of the tremendous developments ahead. This is not said in a critical spirit, but merely to illustrate how little even experts know. Those men were apparently oblivious to the developments ahead. Many of them actually felt that invention and science had about reached the limits. What is the lesson from this? The lesson is that the changes ahead of us today may be just as great as were those ahead of us in 1894-98. I am reminded of what Thomas A. Edison said to me the last time I saw him before he died. He put his hand on my shoulder and said: "Babson, remember that we don't know nothin' about nothin'." At another time, when he was more talkative, I asked him what he would specialize on were he a young man today; he replied, immediately, "Chemistry." The fact that in those days I was taught that "heavier-than-air machines could never fly," makes me hopeful that scientists are now wrong in their beliefs that "gravity can never be harnessed."

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Since I graduated from the Institute, two or three more courses have been added to the curriculum, especially Course 15, known as Business Engineering. For some years I had been earnestly advocating such a course, and was instrumental in designing it. It was the course which I should have taken had it been in existence when I entered the institution. I worked strenuously to get the trustees to adopt it as a help to boys in the same predicament that I was when entering in 1894. The course immediately became popular, and for many years I gave one or more lectures each year to the senior students. I sometimes think that the course was too popular. Boys thought that it offered an easy

way for making money. It has been interesting to see how many of the courses became popular and then dropped off in popularity. In the early years, the civil engineering course was the most popular; but when I was at the Institute, the electrical course had the most students. Later, chemical engineering seemed to offer the greatest opportunities.

Finally, this new course on business administration had a larger registration than any. With the business depression, however, some of the other courses again began to pick up, while business administration began to slide. I wonder what other courses will be added in years to come? I should like to visit the Institute in 1998. Will the institution then exist at all? If it does, I hope it will not be operated by any political body and be under government or state control. Those who want the government to take over educational institutions should read the history of church and state for the past few hundred years. The success of both came only with their separation. I am certain that the final success of both our political and educational institutions will depend upon keeping them separate. People cannot vote themselves an education.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER

I cannot close this chapter without paying my respects to General Francis A. Walker, who was president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology when I entered. He was a wonderful man. His office was at the left of the corridor on entering the Rogers Building, and his door almost invariably was open. He sat facing this open door by a long table, and any student could enter at any time. For some years his son, Francis Walker, has been chief economic advisor to the Federal Trade Commission in Washington. Before writing this chapter, I called upon the son personally to acknowledge my indebtedness to his father. At the beginning of my sophomore year I had a talk with General Walker, explaining to him that I am not of a scientific turn of mind and had come to the Institute only at the request of my father. He asked me if I liked business, and I told him yes, very much. To this he replied: "You should be very thankful, because the graduates who succeed are those who can tell a quarter from a half-dollar, rather than those who can tell a strut from a tie."

General Walker was followed by President Pritchett, who involved the institution in a consolidation row with Harvard College. President Pritchett favored this consolidation, but the M. I. T. alumni checked it in the bud. For this everyone should duly be thankful. To consolidate Harvard with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology would have been like trying to mix oil and water. President Pritchett was succeeded by two or three other presidents.

Then came President Stratton, who for many years had been head of the Bureau of Standards in Washington. During his presidency I had the honor to be elected by the alumni to become a member of the Corporation, equivalent to

being a trustee. Attending the meetings of this board was a great pleasure. We of course did not have much to say, as the Institute was being ably run by the Executive Committee under the guidance of Mr. Everett Morss, the treasurer. Let me here add that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is tremendously indebted to Everett Morss. He was a great worker, a wise administrator, an independent thinker, abounding in common sense and yet possessing a very kind heart. Incidentally, a Gloucester boy, Mr. Horace A. Ford, who used to be in my Sunday-school class, was elected to be Mr. Morss's successor. As I write this book, Dr. J. R. Killian Jr. is president of the institution. He succeeded Dr. Karl Compton, an able man, trained as a physicist, and belonging to a very useful family. Certainly one cannot study his ancestry without believing in the great value of good inheritance.

Chapter VI

IMPORTANCE OF SUMMER WORK

ALMOST every boy worked during school vacation when I was being brought up in Gloucester. Of course, the sons of the few rich families did not work, even though in some cases the boys wanted to. Their mothers thought it was beneath their dignity. For their own pride's sake they handicapped their children.

CHINAMEN AND CIRCUSES

The normal young person loves to work, if the work is something for which he is fitted. It is as natural to work as to eat or to sleep; in fact, one cannot be enjoyed without the other. I well remember when my father "put me to work." Coming along the street one day, he found me carrying a bucket of water into a Chinese laundry. When I came home to dinner, he inquired the reason for it. I told him that the Chinaman had offered me a cent for every five buckets of water I would bring to the laundry from a pump near by. Those were the days when there was no water system in Gloucester. Most homes had cisterns, but every neighborhood had a common pump owned and maintained by the city. People from stores and homes without cisterns went each day to this common pump to get their water.

The Chinese laundry was a large consumer of water, and hence had to get much from the nearest town pump. I suppose there was a fascination about Chinamen to boys. Their Oriental dress and pigtails, the quaint characters of their writing, and their whole set-up made their laundries seem to us boys more like a museum or miniature circus than a store. Hence, we were all glad to carry water at the rate of five buckets for a penny in order to be on the inside and see the workings of these interesting Orientals. I also sold newspapers for a while. This was the day of the *Cape Ann Breeze*. My mother, however, put a stop to this. She was not going to have "my boy" selling newspapers.

The climax came, however, on a day when Barnum's circus was in town. We boys always used to get up at four o'clock in the morning and go to the railroad station to see the elephants and other animals unloaded. It truly was a great event. We then were supposed to be home to breakfast at seven o'clock. My father's great fetish was to be prompt at meals and early to bed. I could

have done almost anything during the daytime, if I were prompt at meals and early to bed! Well, on this fatal morning I was not at breakfast at seven o'clock. The family waited fifteen minutes, and still I failed to appear. The truth is that I had forgotten all about breakfast or, in fact, my home, until a policeman touched me on the shoulder at the circus grounds about ten o'clock and said, "Come with me." When I asked him what it was all about, he said that I was under arrest and that he was to take me to the police station. This he did. He then sent for my father, and my father came and took me home. Of course it was a put-up job by my father, but it certainly put the fear of God into my heart.

When my father asked me for an explanation of my not returning to breakfast, I told him that I had been hired at the rate of a cent a bucket to carry water for the elephants! I was so enticed by the sudden increased demand for my services and by being given five times my former "wage," that I could not resist the temptation. The circus, however, was at "Stage Fort." It was near enough to water; but the water was salt—that is, it was near the ocean. Unfortunately, elephants would not drink salt water, and I had to go a long distance to a brook to get fresh water. When breakfast time came, I went to the circus man to get my pay, having carried ten buckets of water. To my chagrin, he told me that he paid only in tickets. As the price of the ticket was twenty-five cents, I must carry fifteen more buckets of water or else all my labors would be lost. So I gave up the thought of breakfast and continued to plug along until I got my twenty-five buckets and the ticket. Fortunately, I had the ticket in my pocket and was waiting for a chum when the policeman took me to the station. My father might have concluded that I was destined to go into the water business. I am surprised that he did not get me a job with George Norman when Norman later built a water-works system for Gloucester!

ORIGIN OF VACATIONS

There is a tendency for us all to forget the real purpose of the school vacation. It was not to give either teacher or children a few weeks off. The welfare of the teacher or the children was not even considered in the matter. The sole purpose of these school vacations was to give the parents the use of their children at certain times during the year. Originally there were only two vacations—the spring vacation and the summer vacation. When my father was a boy, Christmas was barely observed. The banks and most of the stores were open on Christmas day. Christmas has since been developed by the commercial interests, the same as have been Mother's Day, Father's Day, and various other days. Therefore the present custom of taking care of children with camps, vacation schools, etc., is putting the cart before the horse. The real purpose of the vacations was to allow the children to help their parents. Otherwise there

would have been no vacations. The time, moreover, may come again when there will be no vacations among school children in cities. The spring vacation was given because it was mud time when the ground was thawing and it was difficult to get to and from school. The summer vacation was given to enable the children to work in the fields and help their parents.

Public-school systems must some day tackle this question of school vacations. Schools should be operated for the scholars and not for the teachers. I fully sympathize with teachers for wanting vacations in view of the strenuous strain under which they work for forty weeks. On the other hand, if these teachers worked in banks, offices, or factories, they would be happy with a two weeks' vacation during the year. To set up the school system on such a program would require smaller classes and more intensive instruction. This latter program should be better for the scholars in the long run. Scholars undo during their summer vacations much that they accomplish during the school year. Under such a program more time would be available for teaching children how to live and for developing them physically and spiritually as well as mentally.

PROPER USE OF VACATIONS

Boys' camps and girls' camps are today doing splendid work along these lines. Yet all these camps are more or less expensive and are a drain on the purse of people in moderate circumstances. They should be used, however, by all parents who can afford to do so. Vacation schools operated by churches are now doing good work, while the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. and various other organizations are coming to the rescue. Supervised play is as necessary as supervised study. During school time children are taught how to get on with books, but during vacations they can be taught how to get on with people. The latter is more important than the former. Our whole system of education needs complete overhauling. It was designed for a period when children worked at home doing chores every day of the year and were further employed in the fields during the summer. This home and field work was a large factor in developing their character and their health. As our population has gradually changed from rural to urban, this great asset has been lost.

Summer work is not only a great factor in developing a boy's character and health, but is also useful in helping him ascertain for what he is best fitted. He should not be allowed to graduate from high school until he has discovered the work for which he was created. This decision should be written on the diplomas. Nine-tenths of the unhappiness, and a large proportion of the physical breakdowns, are due to people being in lines of work for which they are unfitted. Young people graduate from school and college without any concrete ideas as to their inherited talents and desires. They take the first job that comes along, and are very likely to continue in the same wrong line of work throughout their lives.

Misfits in business are developing a most chaotic condition. They account, in part, for the irrational action of the business cycle. Our booms would be less reckless and our depressions less severe if we all were in the line of work for which we were created. Some good work has been done in vocational guidance, but such efforts have been largely in the line of "hospitals" and clinics. A young person should naturally find that for which he is best fitted. To get into the right line of work is important. Vocational guidance classes are necessary as hospital clinics; but a boy or girl who will work every summer in different lines soon finds out for which he or she is best fitted. Another method of accomplishing this is the Webber College Work-Study System.

INITIATED INTO BUSINESS

My father did not worry much about vocational guidance or any other theory. He simply said: "Roger will stop this nonsense of carrying water for Chinamen and elephants. Tomorrow morning he will go to work." And to work I went. He took me up on the farm, gave me a hoe, and said: "You see this is the beginning of a row of potatoes." "Yes, Father," I respectfully replied. "Then take this hoe and go to it until you reach the other end," were my father's orders. That was my initiation into business. That entire summer I spent working in my grandfather's fields, for which work my father paid me twenty-five cents a day. Frankly, I was not very keen for it. Farming never appealed much to me. Chinese laundries and circuses were far more inspiring. The sweat poured off my brow and my back ached, but I knew my father. He gave me a lot of rope and freedom, but when he once took a stand, it was final. The sooner I fell in line and obeyed orders, the better off I was. But while I was working with that hoe I had a lot of time to think. My thoughts primarily were concerned with how I could escape that hoeing and at the same time please my father. This is how I reached my goal.

My grandfather's main source of income was from a profitable milk route in Gloucester. He had a small herd of cows and sold milk to the best families. Ordinarily only one man was necessary to run this milk route. When my uncle George was alive he handled it himself, but when he died a man by the name of Joe Butler assumed this job. During the summer season my grandfather would stack the cart with a lot of fresh vegetables such as beets, peas, and string beans. Under these conditions it was necessary to have two men on the cart, because the time consumed in peddling the vegetables delayed the delivery of the milk. The customers howled when the milk came late. One day this assistant who sold the vegetables failed to show up. I volunteered to go on the milk wagon with Joe Butler and handle the vegetables. This was my first great chance at business and I had sense enough to realize it. I believed that if I could make good at the peddling, I could graduate from the hoeing. I certainly worked like a Trojan to sell those vegetables; I begged, I enthused, and I fought.

At any rate, when Joe and I returned into the farmyard, every box was empty and I dumped into my grandfather's hat more cash than he had seen for many a day. I was never asked to hoe another row of potatoes! Finally I was assigned a plot of land "for my own" from which I was to have all the profits.

EXPERIENCES AT SELLING

My eyes were then opened to this fact: although there is more profit in selling than in producing, yet, best of all, it is well to be in business for oneself. At any rate, for the next two or three years I had my own tract of land, which during the April vacation I plowed and planted. My grandfather gave me the necessary manure (he really wanted the land turned up and fertilized so as to give a good hay crop the following year), but I paid for the seed and did all the work. My father always had an extra horse and, for taking care of both horses, he allowed me to use the democrat wagon and Nellie to peddle my vegetables. Hence these vegetables were nearly all profit; or, to speak more correctly, my wages consisted of all I could collect. I gathered and prepared the vegetables as they came along and I personally marketed them. I first began to sell them among our family friends; but, unfortunately, found that these were my grandfather's customers. Grandfather was agreeable to me, provided I did not cut prices; but of course it was not quite fair for me to take his trade at any price. I therefore started out to build up a trade of my own.

There was a portion of Gloucester which in those days was known as Portuguese Hill. Today it is labeled Friend Street, and I may have been the one to name it! These Portuguese certainly proved to be good friends of mine. Up to my time no one had deigned to come around with a cart and offer them vegetables. My grandfather and the other native farmers felt that these "furriners" were not worth it. I was the pioneer merchant to Portuguese Hill and reaped a handsome reward, although they were terribly close traders. However, that trading with me was an important part of my education. Many boys who were never forced to trade in their younger days, lost the family fortune in years to come. I spent my afternoons gathering, cleaning, and preparing the vegetables for market. I got up early the next morning and brushed my father's horses before breakfast, and then spent the forenoon with my "real friends," the Portuguese of Portuguese Hill.

My mother was continually complaining about my friends on Portuguese Hill. Whether the neighbors twitted her on the subject or not, I do not know. Mother was proud and I fear that I disgraced her many times. At any rate, somehow or other I was euchered out of peddling vegetables. It did not bother my father; in fact, I think he was proud of me. It was evident, however, that mother did not like it and that I must hunt around for something else.

I had always had an interest in electricity. The telephone and electric light

had just come to Gloucester. The telephone manager of those boyhood days was George O. Stacy. He had an assistant named George Honnors, who, as a side line, installed electric bells in new houses. I was always fascinated by the work and used to help him, despite the fact that I then received no pay for my services. Finally, his regular telephone work required so much of his time that he was unable to take any more of these outside bell-wiring jobs. Thereupon I became an electrical contractor!

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTING

My first job of the kind was on a new house being built on Summer Street by Dr. George H. Newell. He was the leading dentist in the city and we children all liked him. He was a kindly man who sang in the Congregational church choir. As I am writing this book, he is mayor of the City of Gloucester, although now about eighty years of age. Therefore, either for good or evil, Dr. Newell started me out in the public utility business! I especially liked to wire new houses in order to do the work while the house was being built; but most of my work was in old houses. Doorbells were my specialty, but I also installed table bells, although only a very few families then had maids. I purchased my supplies from the Holtzer-Cabot Electric Company, of Boston. These supplies consisted of wet "Sampson" batteries with merely carbon and zinc electrodes, ordinary bells, push-buttons, and wire. To my great surprise and joy, the first shipment came to me with a forty-per-cent discount! I surely had my eyes opened when I got that bill. I suppose it was due to the fact that I had the sense to print, on a little printing-press that I had received for Christmas, my letterheads:

ROGER W. BABSON

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

8 ANGLE STREET, GLOUCESTER, MASS.

I had no idea that such discounts were obtainable; hence this was another important stage of my education. I had supposed, until then, that electrical contractors received pay only for their time. When I found that I would also make such a profit on the bells, push-buttons, and other supplies, I certainly got busy to electrify the town! There was, however, a twofold trouble with this line of work; first, that after all the families who could afford it had their houses wired, there were no more to wire; and, second, when their electric bells got out of order, these old customers would never pay me anything for coming around and making repairs.

From these experiences I learned a lesson—namely, that the equipment business is not an especially good business. It is much better to have a *repeat* business. Then and there the idea occurred to me that the concern which

generates and sells the electricity has a far better break in the future than the concern which makes the equipment. Yet readers will be interested to know that, through my large interest in the stock of the Gamewell Company, I later was indirectly the largest stockholder in the Holtzer-Cabot Electric Company. Of course, in the long run, no special kind of business has all the good points or all the bad ones. The sale of electricity is a good business; but it is subject to government regulation and even to government competition. Every industry has its advantages and disadvantages. Every year I am more and more convinced that the best security and profit come through diversification.

WORKING IN CHICAGO

The summer of 1893 in Chicago was certainly an important part of my education. My Nebraska cousins had secured employment with a new concern which had the phonograph concession at the World's Fair. No phonographs as we now know them existed in those days. Those original phonographs consisted of machines operated by springs, with soft wax cylinders as records, instead of the present flat hard disks. There were no loud speakers, and it was necessary to put tubes in one's ears to hear a song or short speech. At various locations on the Fair grounds there would be a group of these machines, in which people would place nickels to hear the music or talk. My work was to collect the nickels. It was a hot summer and the days were very long. Our eating facilities were terrible, but most of all I remember lugging those heavy bags of five-cent pieces amid the glare of the bright pavements and white buildings.

I surely got a great thrill when forty years later at the great World Fair of 1933, a Special Babson Day was held on October 11, 1933, in my honor.

The oldest of these Nebraska cousins was Mr. Henry Babson, who, after the 1893 Fair closed, took the exhibit and went with it to the Pacific Coast Exposition. Through either good sense or lack of funds, he did not return to school, as I did, but continued with the phonograph industry. He finally became one of the first stockholders in the Victor Talking Machine Company and sold out his interest for several million dollars. My other cousins started a small mail-order business and were the first to sell on the installment plan by mail which made them all millionaires. I guess we all came from the same ancestral gene from which I came, a merchandizing strain.

BILL-COLLECTING

As I have previously explained, my father insisted, while I was in high school, that I study bookkeeping. He did not care whether I studied French or any foreign language, or whether I studied science or anything else, so long as I studied bookkeeping. He surely had a bug on bookkeeping; and let me add he was right. Many a young man has lost his family fortune and his own shirt

because at school he had studied French and German instead of accounting. A typical college education may help one to call a cab in Paris, but it is of no use in helping one to audit his books in business. Apparently my father had once again come to the point where he decided to take me in hand and have me work at a "real job." To head him off, I got myself a job keeping books for a man by the name of Charles Andrews, who operated a spar-yard on Commercial Street, Gloucester. I enjoyed this work, at which I used to sit on a high stool in the little building adjoining the spar-yard. I drew checks to pay for great logs which had come all the way around the South American continent from Oregon. I made out the pay-roll and prepared the bills for these spars which were purchased by the fishing concerns of Gloucester.

My father was prompt in paying his bills; in fact, he paid cash in most instances. Previous to my employment at Andrews Spar-yard, I had supposed that all people paid their bills. It was a great surprise to me to learn how difficult it was for Mr. Andrews to get his pay for the honest work which he had done. Finally, I offered to go out and try to collect some of these bills. I told Mr. Andrews that I knew these men, that they were the richest men in Gloucester, and that I could easily collect. Here came another step in my education. Because a man drives fast horses or because his children have ponies is no sign that he pays his bills. I found some of these men whom I had supposed to be rich were pretty much deadbeats. The whole experience was a revelation to me. I would come home and tell my father about it, but he would just listen without making any remarks. Of course he knew what I was telling him, but he preferred not to discourage me in my efforts. I saw he got a great kick out of what I was doing.

That summer's experience was worth more to me than all the French, German, botany, and geometry that high-school teachers could pump into my head. I worked on the account-books half a day and collected bills half a day. I met all kinds of people from the fishermen in the vessels to the "rich nabobs" who owned the big fishing firms. It was the year following my last year at high school and preceding my first year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I once thought it might have been better for me to have continued in this line of work and gradually build up a chain of spar-yards from Maine to Florida. But if so, I would have been in the equipment business, instead of in the repeat business, which I now enjoy. When a vessel bought a good Oregon spar, it lasted until the ship went to the bottom of the ocean. Those spars never broke or wore out. There was not much *repeat* business in connection with the making and selling of Oregon spars.

FIRST STATE HIGHWAY

When attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology I would spend the week in Boston and come home for Saturdays and Sundays. My father did not

pay much attention to me on those week-ends, except to look through my expense account and to see that I went to church on Sunday. Mother was crazy about me the first evening, but, as she said, "I'm always glad to have you come and always glad to have you go." Good soul, she was the one throughout my life that I always made doubly happy! During the first year at M. I. T. I saw in the newspapers that a Massachusetts State Highway Commission had been formed and that one of the first new highways to be built would be from Gloucester to Magnolia. The idea then occurred that this might offer an opportunity for me, as I was to take the course in civil engineering. On looking the matter up, I found that Mr. Winslow L. Webber, the city engineer of Gloucester, would have something to do with the work. Therefore I went around to the City Hall week-ends and made it my business to get acquainted with the city engineer. As I was to study engineering, I offered to go out with him on some of his work Saturdays, and in fact worked in his office during my Christmas and spring vacations of that year. Finally, when the Gloucester-Magnolia highway job opened up, I got a position as timekeeper. I had my breakfast at 5.30 A.M., got aboard one of the dump carts which went by my house at 6 A.M. loaded with men, and began work at 7 A.M. at Magnolia.

There were no trucks or automatic machinery of any kind in those days. Everything was done by pick and shovel, although there was considerable blasting. It was good healthful work and developed me physically. It also gave me a general idea of engineering and contracting. This was the summer of 1895. When I went to work, my father's only instructions were: "Keep your ears open and your mouth shut." I kept both my eyes and my ears open, although I cannot vouch for keeping my mouth shut. A glib tongue was always my pitfall, and I fear it will some day get me into *real trouble*. I worked up to the very day that Technology opened, the last week in September. I started in as timekeeper, but wound up as assistant to the engineer in charge, who represented the State Highway Commission. Apparently this engineer later spoke a good word for me to the Commission, for in the summer of 1896 I was offered the job of engineer on a state highway being built between Norwood and Dedham. This position I accepted. When it came to the spring of 1897 and I was looking for another highway job, the selectmen of Norwood gave me a good recommendation.

I spent the summer of 1897 on similar work as engineer on the state highway being built between Gardner and Westminster. On this job I had as my assistant Mr. Leroy D. Peavey, a classmate at Technology, of whom I was very fond and who later became president of our Statistical Organization. While working on this Fitchburg road I was offered a supervisory position in the factory of the Heywood-Wakefield Company. If I had taken this job, it would probably have changed my whole course of life. However, I did not, but

went back to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the fall of 1897 to complete my last year, trusting to actions and reactions.

SELECTING BUSINESS ASSOCIATES

There are many interesting stories which I could tell about those days. One of these stories would be how in the fall, when on the highway work, I would collect the dynamite and keep it between the mattresses of my bed (we of course all slept in tents) to prevent it from freezing. Another story that Professor Frank Allen of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology liked to tell was about my purchase of a brand-new road roller "on tick." I knew that the town for which I was to work must have a road roller to do the job, and yet feared that if the selectmen waited until they actually needed it, it would be impossible to get it in time; so I purchased it myself! I paid one hundred dollars down and the balance "on delivery," although I saw to it that the road roller was not delivered until the town needed it! This was the only thing which I ever purchased on the installment plan. Let me close this chapter, however, with a brief story of how I selected Roy D. Peavey as my business associate.

There were certain courses during our first year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology which brought all the freshmen together in one group in Rogers Hall. One of these courses was English under Professor Arlo Bates. Rogers Hall was built in amphitheater style, with opera seats, and we boys would gather perhaps fifteen minutes or more before the lecture. It was the only opportunity we had for all getting together and for getting acquainted one with another. There was one odd-appearing lad in the class whose name was Fogarty. He dressed in a peculiar way and had long black hair. Although he was the butt of the class, it did not seem to bother him. One day as I came into Rogers Hall and sat in my seat, I saw that some one had written on the blackboard, "Fogarty is a damn fool." I sat there with the rest of the class and giggled, waiting for Fogarty—poor fellow—to come in and see it.

Finally, in sauntered Roy Peavey in his usual nonchalant manner and sat in his seat. After being there a couple of minutes, he looked up and saw this inscription on the blackboard. Did he continue to sit there and giggle like the rest of us? No, he did not; he got up, went to the blackboard, and erased the writing. He then returned modestly to his seat. Some of the boys started to hiss, but the hissing soon changed to an applause. After that lecture I made it a point to get acquainted with Roy Peavey. We were together from that day on. Mr. Peavey was always a man of high principles, with quiet disposition that enabled him to get along well with me. For the many years that we were in business together I supplied the gasoline for the car and he supplied the brakes. No, this is not quite fair; I think he often supplied the steering-wheel as well. At any rate, his career was determined when he had the courage and kindness

to erase "Fogarty is a damn fool" from the blackboard. That act showed me that he was of the kind which I wanted for a business associate. When selecting business associates since, my policy has been to get good men and then make statisticians out of them, rather than to get statisticians and then try to make good men out of them.