

# THE REIDSVILLE REVIEW.

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### "THE MESSAGE TO GARCIA."

McKinley Gave a Letter to Garcia; Rowan Took the Letter, but Did Not Ask, "Where is He At?"—Many Ways of Carrying a "Message to Garcia." Elbert Hubbard in Philistine Magazine.

In all the Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do? Some one said to the President: "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for, and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat; disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze, and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the verities which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—"carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well nigh appalled at times by the inability of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, drowsy indifference and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeed, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him, or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an angel of light for an assistant. You are now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go to the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye, and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he? Which encyclopedia? Where is the encyclopedia? Was I hired for that? Don't you mean Bismarck? What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead? Is there any hurry? Shall I bring you the book, and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for? And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course, I may lose my bet, but, according to the law of averages, I will not.

Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the Cs, not in the Ks, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

And his incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first mate with knotted club was necessary; and the dread of getting "the bones" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia? "You see that book-keeper?" said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?" "Well, he's a fine accountant; but if I'd send him uptown on an errand he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia? We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden citizen of the sweat-shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowny ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work, and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues; only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out, the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia his answer would probably be "Take it yourself."

To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular fire-brand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled No. 9 boot. Of course I know that one so mortally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line drowsy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude, which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have, but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it, nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation, and all employers are not rapacious and high handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the message without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "kidd off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

### A "What Would Jesus Do?" Daily.

One of the most interesting publications of the century will be the Christian daily to be edited and managed by Chas. M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps, or, What would Jesus Do?" and a half dozen other widely read books. Over 3,000,000 copies of that book have been sold in England and probably half that many in this country.

In his most famous story he gives a large place as to how a Christian daily newspaper was established. It is his hope and dream. At the Detroit Christian Endeavor convention last year, in a speech received with applause, he asked, "Who in this age of magnificent endowments will give \$1,000,000 for the establishment of a great Christian daily newspaper?" Through requests of leading citizens the Topeka Capital will gratify Mr. Sheldon's hope by turning over its plant to him, March 13 to 19. He has accepted the offer and will show the world his ideas as to what every Christian daily should be.

The Union Gospel News, Cleveland, O., made special arrangements by wire at a rate that allows it to offer the Topeka Capital for the six issues edited by Mr. Sheldon, and the Union Gospel News three months, 13 issues, for 40 cents, a few more cents than the price of the Topeka Capital, which will be 25 cents, and during the three months you get the Union Gospel News, it will contain Sheldon's most tragic story, "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," to be handsomely illustrated for the first time by original photographs.

Remember you get the six issues of the Christian daily, 13 issues of the Union Gospel News, and Sheldon's most tragic story, all for 40 cents, sent to the Union Gospel News, 142 Seneca St., Cleveland, O. In remitting ask for coupons, by which you can get your 40 cents back several times over.

### Seven Times as Big as His Wife.

Willie Stout, the Texas fat boy, is the biggest man in town, and he claims to be, and probably is the heaviest man in the world. Willie is only 21 years old, says he weighs 712 pounds. His measurements are as follows: Height, 6 feet; thigh, 39 inches; girth 84 inches; biceps, 27 inches. He wears No. 8 shoes, No. 8 glove and a No. 7 1/2 hat.

He was born on a farm in Denison, Tex. At birth he weighed 10 pounds. When he was 6 months old he weighed 45 pounds, and when 10 years old he weighed 330 pounds. He has been increasing in weight constantly, and if he keeps on gaining flesh as rapidly as he has in the last two years he will soon weigh a thousand pounds.

When asked how he accounted for his great weight, he said that he attributed it to his good nature. Willie's father weighed 280 pounds, but his mother never weighed more than 100 pounds in her life. Like most fat men, Willie has a small wife. Mrs. Stout is not stout, but a petite woman weighing only 110 pounds. Willie said that he was about seven times as heavy as his wife and about seven times as good-natured.

### A Boy's Fatal Throw.

WASHINGTON, N. C., Jan. 31.—A terrible tragedy occurred in this town this morning, and as a result one of our most promising young men is dead.

John Williams, 15 years of age, went to the Old Dominion where to sample cotton. While in the act of performing this duty John L. Corden, 18 years of age, passed and elapped him on the back at a point where Williams was suffering from a boil. Williams immediately turned and threw the knife he had in his hand and it struck Corden just behind the left knee, severing the popliteal artery, with the result that he died this afternoon.

Both of these young men are from our best families and universal regret is expressed at this sad affair and sympathy for the relatives.

### Lulu's Fall.

A school teacher in the North of England, having just read a paper to his grammar, the next day accepted a note from a woman, from the child's mother: "I do not desire for Lulu shall be given to you, as I prefer being in a useful situation and can better her how to do so and I write myself. I have read through the grammar, and can't say as they did me no good. I prefer her being in German and playing and vocal music on the piano."

### Negro Woman's \$5,000 Damages.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 1.—Walter E. Billows, a colored attorney of this city, entered suit today against Wm. H. McCarty, prominent restaurant man, for \$5,000 damages for refusing to serve Congressman George H. White, of North Carolina, and himself, with dinner. Billows claims that McCarty offered to serve them elsewhere than in the general dining room, but they demanded an equal footing with white persons and left the place.

### Tommy's Plaster.

Tommy had been suffering from a lame back for a day or two and his mother bought a porous plaster for the same and prepared to adjust it. As the eyes of little Mabel fell upon the punctured square she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! What are the holes for?" "I know," interjected Tommy. "They're for lettin' the pain out."



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