
How a Boy Earned Money Fifty Years Ago

William C. Smith
Edited by Julie Smith Pyle*

"Fifty years ago," wrote William C. Smith around 1915, "I was a boy in a moderately well-to-do home, located at the edge of an average county seat town of the Corn Belt of Indiana. My training was such that . . . before I had entered my teens, I was hunting jobs by which I could earn money." Smith's account of his early entrepreneurial activities provides not only an engaging picture of a young boy's ingenuity but also a description of life in a small rural community in central Indiana during the late 1860s and 1870s. The beliefs of the midwestern middle-class small-town/farm family pervade the reminiscences: the work ethic, class distinctions, emphasis on education, importance of and dependence on family. Readers will find valuable information on the thriving local markets in which Smith participated, the excitement of the circus coming to town, and the relationship between town and country residents.

Smith's recollections center on the community in and around the town of Kokomo in Howard County, Indiana, approximately fifty miles north of the capital city of Indianapolis. Founded around 1843, Kokomo had by 1870 become a thriving county seat with a population of 2,177. Although Smith described "civilization" there as "crude"—the town had no waterworks, gas or electricity, or paved streets or sidewalks—it was a typical small Indiana market center of the time. County histories boasted of wide, tree-lined streets and praised citizens for their "earnestness and enterprise."¹

Smith's parents, William B. and Sarah Canine Smith, both descendants of French Huguenots, had moved to Kokomo from Montgomery County, Indiana, in 1845. William C. was born in the Howard County community on April 17, 1857. He attended elementary school,

*A granddaughter of William C. Smith, Julie Smith Pyle resides in Carmel, Indiana. The manuscript transcribed below and other of her grandfather's papers and his scrapbook are in her possession. Mrs. Pyle wishes to express her thanks to Barbara Steinson, professor of history, DePauw University, Greencastle, Indiana, for her invaluable assistance and encouragement in the preparation of this article.

¹U.S., *Ninth Census, 1870*; Vol. I, *Population*, 125; Charles Blanchard, ed., *Counties of Howard and Tipton, Indiana: Historical and Biographical* (Chicago, 1883), 144-48; Kingman Bros., pubs., *Combination Atlas Map of Howard County, Indiana* (Chicago, 1877), 20.

high school, and Howard College² in Kokomo and began the study of law in 1875 by reading Timothy Walker's *American Law*.³ In 1876, at the end of his junior year in high school, he entered the Indiana University law school and attended one full year until that department was abolished in 1877.⁴ In 1878 he was hired by the law firm of Richmond, Kern, and Moore. Six months later he entered the law office of Garrigus and Moore and was there until March, 1879. By November of 1879, however, he was working in the law office of C. N. Pollard.⁵ In October, 1880, Smith was admitted to the senior class of the University of Michigan law school and graduated in March, 1881.

On January 1, 1883, William C. Smith and Julia Ann Gwin were married by the Reverend L. A. Retts at the Methodist parsonage in Kokomo. That same day they boarded a train for Delphi in neighboring Carroll County, Indiana, where William opened a law office and practiced for the next sixty-one years. He died November 12, 1946, leaving reminiscences and memoirs that help to depict life in middle America in the last half of the nineteenth century.

²Howard College was founded in Kokomo around 1869 or 1870. According to one county history, the college had six faculty members and sixty-nine students by the end of 1870, but the institution was apparently suspended in 1871 when its president, Milton B. Hopkins, assumed his duties as State Superintendent of Public Instruction. *Combination Atlas Map of Howard County*, 20. See also Jackson Morrow, *History of Howard County, Indiana* (2 vols., Indianapolis, 1909), I, 332; John Hardin Thomas, "The Academies of Indiana," *Indiana Magazine of History*, XI (March, 1915), 36. In his scrapbook Smith indicates that Howard College and the public school in Kokomo occupied the same building, a fact that may help to explain the seeming discrepancy in the dates of Smith's attendance.

³Timothy Walker, *Introduction to American Law: Designed as a First Book for Students* (Philadelphia, 1837). Subsequent editions of this work were published well into the twentieth century.

⁴Former Indiana University President David Starr Jordan (1885–1891) recalled in his autobiography that at some point in the 1860s the Indiana legislature had decided it was "no duty of the people [of the state of Indiana] to help men into these easy professions [law and medicine]." From that time on these two departments were only nominally associated with the university. Although faculty salaries were evidently paid from university funds, students enrolled in medicine and law were not counted as part of the student body, and their classes often met in town rather than on campus. During the 1870s the Indiana University Board of Trustees apparently decided that appropriations from the legislature were not sufficient to pay the professors of law or medicine; therefore, both disciplines were suspended altogether. David Starr Jordan, *The Days of a Man: Being Memories of a Naturalist, Teacher, and Minor Prophet of Democracy* (2 vols., Yonkers-on-Hudson, N.Y., 1922), I, 145; James Albert Woodburn, *History of Indiana University*, Vol. I, 1820–1902 (Bloomington, Ind., 1940), 280-81, 324; Indiana University, *Annual Report of Indiana University, Including the Catalogue . . . , 1876–1877* (Bloomington, Ind., 1877), 34-35.

⁵Nathaniel P. Richmond, John Worth Kern, John E. Moore, Milton Garrigus, and Clark N. Pollard were all influential lawyers in Howard County during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

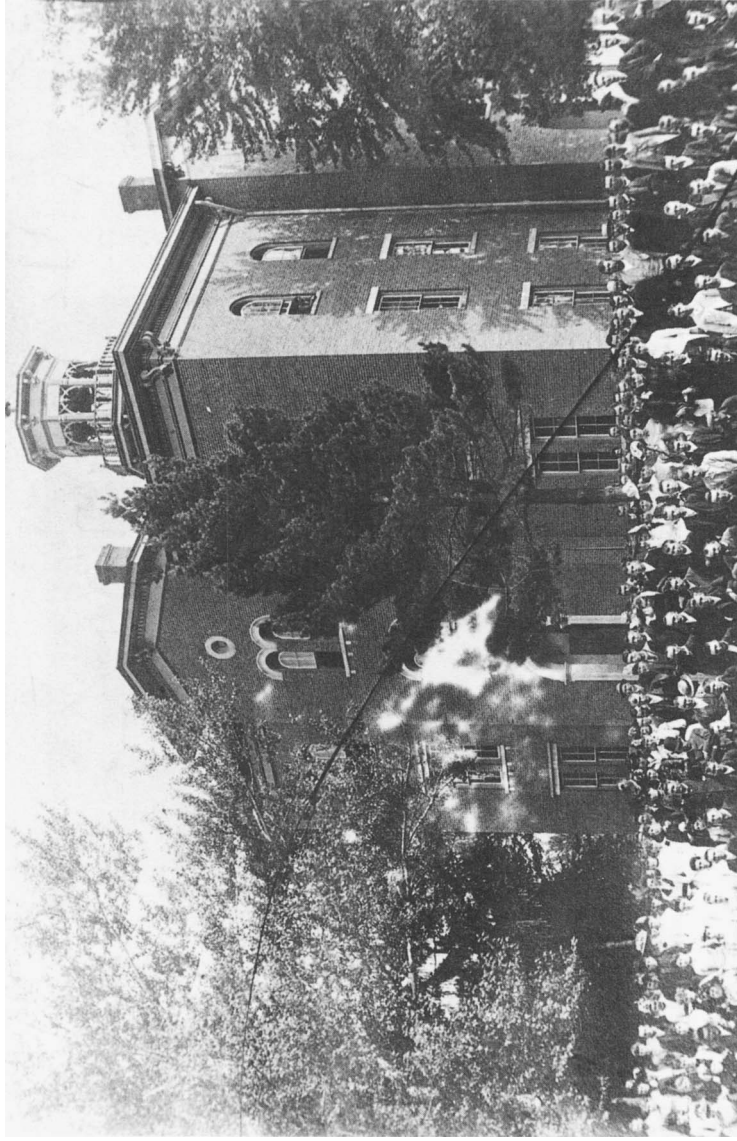


BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM C. SMITH
LOCATED 3½ MILES WEST OF KOKOMO, HOWARD COUNTY, INDIANA



WILLIAM C. SMITH

HOWARD COLLEGE
KOKOMO, INDIANA



Howard County Museum, Kokomo, Indiana.

How a Boy Earned Money Fifty Years Ago¹

I have heard the question asked; "In what respects do the boys of today differ from those of fifty years ago?" Then, as now they were divided into classes. The poor, the rich, and the moderately well-to-do. The poor boy then, as now, had to work in order to exist. The rich boy then, as now, idled his time away and acquired habits that proved a terrible handicap when he arrived to man's estate and began his real struggle for existence. And the boy of the moderately well-to-do home, then, as now, had the best chance in life, because he had proper training in work, study and recreation. And many of the boys of fifty years ago wanted to earn money as many of them do now, and it is interesting to know how they did it.

Fifty years ago I was a boy in a moderately well-to-do home, located at the edge of an average county seat town of the Corn Belt of Indiana. My training was such that I was put to work at an early age, and before I had entered my teens, I was hunting jobs by which I could earn money. And I will never forget the first job I secured, by which I earned, not a large sum to be sure, yet a sum that looked mighty big to a young, ambitious boy. You'll smile when I tell you the nature of that job. I was attending school in the county seat town, and somehow I had ingratiated myself into the favor of the most brilliant young lawyer of the county seat, who was in love with one of the sweetest and prettiest girls of the town. They had reached that stage in their love affair where existence was miserable unless they could daily see or communicate with each other by written notes. And so they were working the note stunt overtime, and I was employed by the young lawyer to carry their notes at ten cents per, which to me seemed a magnificent salary, and I indulged in riotous living upon it at the corner bakery which dealt in viands delightful to the soul and stomach of a boy, until those notes led to an early marriage, and then I lost my job. It might be of interest to the reader to know that that young lawyer afterwards became a senator and a well known leader of the United States Senate during one of [Woodrow] Wilson's administrations.²

¹ With a few exceptions the following transcription retains the spelling, punctuation, and paragraphing of the original typewritten manuscript, which was probably prepared by Smith himself. Whether Smith or someone else inserted the few penciled corrections in the document is unknown. Because most of the emendations deal with what were obvious typographical errors or make the manuscript easier to read, they have been included in this transcription. Other typographical errors; *e.g.*, failure to space between sentences, have also been corrected.

² John Worth Kern of Howard County opened a law office in Kokomo in 1869 and the following year married Anna Hazzard of that town. He later became quite prominent in the Democratic party both in Indiana and in the nation and served in a number of local and state offices including the Indiana Senate. Defeated for the United States vice-presidency on the ticket with William Jennings Bryan in 1908, Kern was elected United State senator from the Hoosier state in 1911 but failed in his bid for reelection in 1916. He died in 1917. Peter J. Sehlinger, "John W. Kern:

Finding myself out of a job, by which I could earn spending money, I began to look for another one, and then, as now, if a boy really wanted a job he could find it. It was then the days of the old-fashioned circus, county fairs, political rallies &c. that brought great crowds to the county seat towns, for they were about the only amusements and diversions of the country people.

Civilization then in my county seat town was in a crude state. We had no paved streets or walks, electric lights or water works. Water for domestic use was procured from wells, and the old town pump was a conspicuous and beloved object, to which the rich and poor all paid devout devotion.³ And as there was but one upon the public square, so upon circus or other big days of entertainment, vast crowds coaxed and cajoled that old town pump to elevate from the cool depths of the well in which it stood, the cooling waters to quench their thirst.

That well had a habit of going dry by mid-afternoon if drawn upon too hard in the fore part of the day, and no manner of coaxing or working the pump's handle could bring even a glassful of water from its bottom.

I had learned of this characteristic of the old well, and it gave me an idea, which when carried into execution made me many a dollar during certain summers of my early life. I first tried out the idea on a circus day. It was the days when Dan Rice's circus was the King Bee among circuses,⁴ and his circus was billed to show at our town one August day that proved to be one of the hottest days of the year, and it being the dry time of the year, the unpaved streets of our town were deep in thirst-making dust.

The circus grounds were at the south end of town, and the old pump stood at the south east corner of the public square, and the main passage way of the crowds of people going to and from the circus was past the pump.

A Hoosier Progressive," in *Gentlemen from Indiana: National Party Candidates, 1836-1940*, ed. Ralph D. Gray (*Indiana Historical Collections*, Vol. L; Indianapolis, 1977), 189-217; *Biographical Directory of the Indiana General Assembly*; Vol. I, 1816-1899 (Indianapolis, 1980), 220; Claude G. Bowers, *Life of John Worth Kern* (Indianapolis, 1918).

³The Kokomo Waterworks was not founded until 1887, and the town's gas lights were not installed until approximately 1886 or 1887. "Kokomo Water Works Company," brochure in Kokomo Business and Industry Files, Verticle File (Kokomo Public Library); Jackson Morrow, *History of Howard County, Indiana* (2 vols., Indianapolis, 1909), I, 232-40.

⁴"Uncle" Dan Rice, whose real name was Daniel McLaren, was one of the most famous circus entertainers in the nineteenth century. His performances included singing, dancing, and joking with the audience; feats of strength; trick riding and animal acts; and poetry recitations. He was well acquainted with some of the nation's leading political, literary, and military figures, including Abraham Lincoln, William Cullen Bryant, and Robert E. Lee. Because of his colorful red, white, and blue costume, Rice, who frequently featured in Thomas Nast's cartoons, may have been the inspiration for Uncle Sam. John C. Kunzog, *The One Horse Show. The Life and Times of Dan Rice, Circus Jester and Philanthropist: A Chronicle of Early Circus Days* (Jamestown, N.Y., 1962); Maria Ward Brown, *The Life and Times of Dan Rice* (Long Branch, N.J., 1901).

My idea was to set up a lemonade stand in close proximity to the pump, with a generous supply of circus lemonade, whose component parts I am under no obligation to disclose, even though fifty years have elapsed since I compounded it. Suffice it to say, however, that those parts were such that if one glass of the compound was drunk, two more were required to remove the additional thirst it created.

I knew that sitting for two or more hours upon a backless seat under a circus tent, upon which a hot August sun was pouring its rays, would certainly bring on an overpowering thirst, and that there was no way by which that thirst could be quenched until the town pump was reached, and if the well was dry, then my lemonade stand would be an object of great interest.

Acting upon these ideas, by the time Dan's circus arrived and was putting up tents, and preparing for the great morning parade, I had collected my paraphernalia and supplies for my lemonade stand, and early had secured the consent of the proprietor of the store in front of which the pump stood, to set up my stand and stock in trade. By nine o'clock I was ready for business, and even at that time the handle of the old pump was constantly kept in action, to induce it to lift the cooling waters of the well to the thirsty lips of the multitudes that were arriving in the town. By noon the handle had begun to rear and lift itself aloft, as though the inards of the old pump was in some kind of deep distress, and the pump was emitting heart rendering groans, which actions and sounds looked and sounded good to me, for I knew what it meant and that my wares would soon be in great demand.

Knowing the old well's frailties, I had early in the day made it yield to me a good supply of water for my lemonade, which I had stored in a safe place ready for the main business of the day. The forenoon trade of my stand consisted in the sale of peanuts, candies and a concoction put up in bottles, well corked, called root beer, a then popular soft drink that possessed a feature that made a lot of fun for those who sold it as well as money.

By giving a bottle of it a vigorous shake, and quickly extracting the cork, it would cause the foam of the contents to squirt out ten or fifteen feet away from the mouth of the bottle which was stopped by putting your thumb over the bottle's mouth and letting the gas escape slowly.

To attract attention to my stand, and to inject a little fun into the spirit of the day, I began to loudly extol the virtues of root beer as a cooling beverage, and induced a country swain to buy a bottle for himself and his best girl, and getting them close to the stand, I gave the bottle the proper shake and pointing its neck towards them, deftly extracted the cork, when the foamy contents squirted into their faces to their chagrin, and to the amusement of the onlookers. Of course, I apologized and pretended to make amends, and insisted it was purely an accident, and escaped a much needed licking from the irate swain.

By noon the great crowd of people was wending its way, in eager haste, towards the circus grounds, to be on hand early for the free and side shows pulled off before the regular performance began. Most of the crowd was in too big a hurry to reach the circus grounds to stop at the pump to quench their thirst, which by that time, owing to the conditions of the day was becoming acute. And those who did stop, got little relief, for the actions of the old pump handle by that time were most erratic, and the groans the pump emitted were aggravating and distressing to those who were seeking to quench their thirst, but pleasant contemplation and sweetest music to me, for I thought of the good time coming a few hours later.

The circus let the crowds loose by four o'clock, and if they had been in the midst of the great Sahara Desert, I do not believe they would have been more thirsty. As they neared the old town pump they made a savage assault upon it, but it yielded not a drop to quench their thirst, despite their frantic working of the pump's handle. I was shouting at the top of my voice; "Quench your thirst with cooling lemo - lemo - not the circus kind, but the kind your mother makes." The little liar I was. But that thirsty crowd would have drunk anything that promised the slightest relief.

The several, well filled tubs of lemonade, with small cakes of ice and a few lemon rinds floating in them, disappeared into the throats of that multitude as fast as I could fill glasses and change money. And when the last drop had been drained, I felt like a millionaire, for I had taken in nearly a hundred dollars, and it was about all profit, and I had made the reputation of being a shrewd, young merchant.

It wasn't long until I had disastrous competition. Other enterprising, and ambitious boys, learning of my success, encroached upon my business of selling lemonade and root beer, and I had to seek other fields of endeavor.

My home was at the edge of the county seat town upon a small farm my father owned, and he had another farm three miles out of town. I had learned of winter onions, a species of onions that are planted in the fall, and grow large enough to eat as green onions before winter sets in. Winter does not injure them, and the very first warm days of late winter and early spring they make fine eating. In those days we had no green houses, and no vegetables were shipped from the south, so early in the spring people were crazy for anything green in the vegetable line.

In this I saw an opportunity for making money, so one fall I induced my father to let me plant a bed of winter onions in his garden. I carefully set and tended the onions until winter set in, when they were in fine condition, and early the next spring I pulled, trimmed and tied them in bunches, which I sold at the grocery stores for five cents per bunch. I carried them to the stores in a large basket on my way to school, and got them ready in the evening after school. It did not interfere with my school work, and it was surprising what a nice

bunch of money my onion bed made me, and as I had no competition I sold all I had.

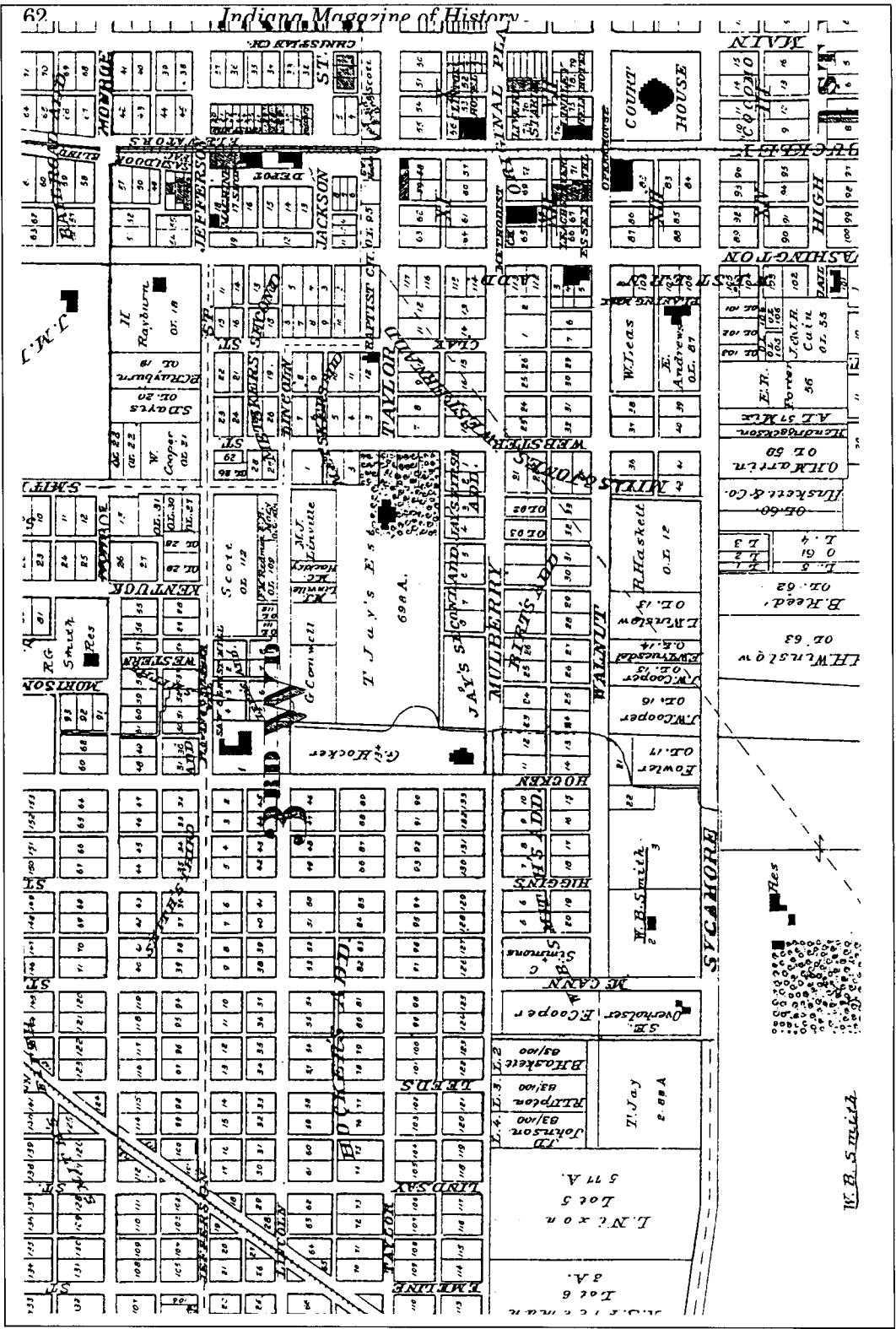
One winter I worked another scheme for making money, which did not interfere with my school work, and which made me quite a nice sum, and I was yet a boy in my teens. I had learned that the grocery stores, the only purchasers of farmer's eggs, were packing them in barrels with cut straw for shipment to New York City. They would put a layer of straw in the bottom of a barrel, pack it well, then a layer of eggs, then a layer of straw and continuing until the barrel was full, but being careful that each layer of straw was well packed by a tamper that fit the inside of the barrel. It required an expert to pack a barrel of eggs in this manner so they would not break in shipping and it required a lot of straw for the purpose. And twenty cents a barrel was paid for the straw well packed.

I bought my father's straw stack, got the job of furnishing a grocerman with cut straw, rigged up one of those old-fashioned hand straw cutters in my father's barn that mutilated more hands than any machine that was ever on the farm unless it was a corn shredder, and went into the straw business.

The straw cutter was operated with one hand turning the large wheel, and feeding straw into it with the other hand, and it was so easy to grow careless and shove your hand in too far in feeding it straw when the knives would catch your fingers and in an instant you found yourself minus a finger and perhaps a hand. But I ignored the dangerousness of the machine, and amid the constant warnings of my mother to watch my hand and not get it into the machine, I cut straw one whole winter in the evenings and on Saturdays. I took my father's team, went to the grocery, got the empty barrels, took them home and when filled with straw hauled them back again to the grocery. I became such an expert at that straw cutting job that I could cut from twelve to fifteen barrels a day when I worked at it a full day, and though I chiefly worked at it at odd moments I made quite a sum of money, and it did not interfere with my school duties.

When about fifteen years of age, my brother, six years older than myself, and I, concluded to work out a scheme for making money. As I stated, we lived upon a little farm adjoining our county seat town, and we decided to plant upon it a watermelon patch although its close proximity to town made it a dangerous undertaking. But we planted quite a large patch near the house and concealed it the best we could by planting large growing corn around it, and saying nothing to outsiders about it. I never saw melons grow like they did, and we succeeded in keeping their location a secret and no town boy knew anything about them, for if he had, those melons would have certainly disappeared some night when we were sound asleep.

No melons were shipped to our town then, and so when a load of melons from the country appeared upon the streets it was immediately surrounded by a hoard of people hungry for watermelons,



W. B. Smith

L. N. L. & Co.
 Lot 6
 3 A.
 L. N. L. & Co.
 Lot 5
 5 7 A.

J. Jay
 P. 88 A

W. B. Smith
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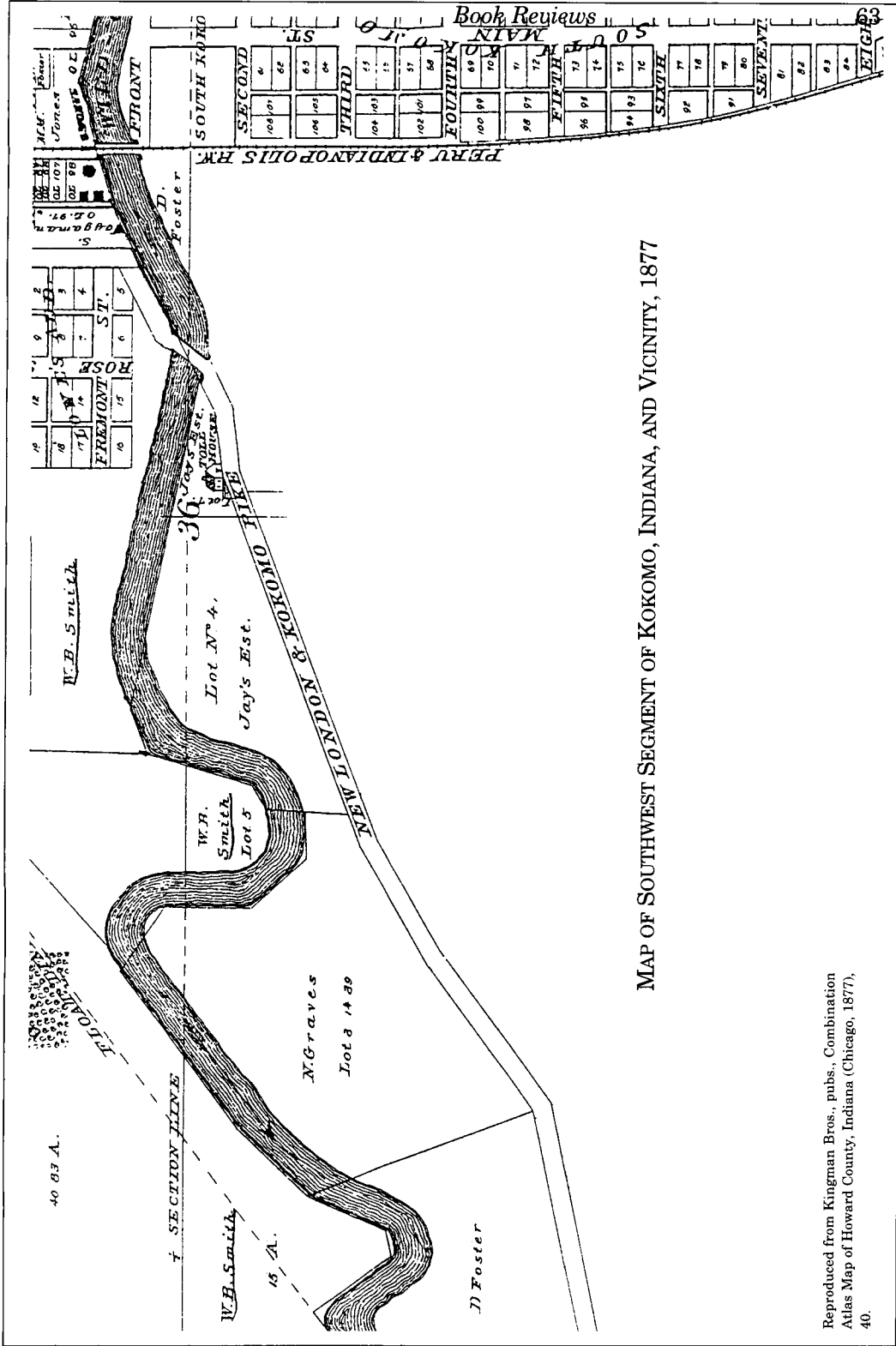
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MAP OF SOUTHWEST SEGMENT OF KOKOMO, INDIANA, AND VICINITY, 1877

Reproduced from Kingman Bros., publs., Combination Atlas Map of Howard County, Indiana (Chicago, 1877), 40.

and who were willing to pay fancy prices for them. We took from our hid patch of melons many wagon loads, and sold them on the streets as fast as we could hand them out and change money, and at prices ranging from twenty to seventy five cents each.

When the town boys asked us where we grew them we promptly answered; "Down on the farm." And they supposing we meant the farm far out in the country made no effort to try and find that patch on our farm at the edge of town, and so we escaped the "night raiders" that season. But the next season they had been put next by some tattletale and our melon growing near town became so precarious a business on account of "night raiders" that we had to seek other fields for making money. But that first season of melon growing it was the understanding that I should have the money for all melons sold under twenty five cents each, and my share amounted to three hundred dollars.

Being constantly on the lookout for a job by which I could earn money, one summer during the school vacation I found out that one of the grocerman of my county seat town was going to make the innovation in his business of delivering his goods to his customers, something that had never been done in the town before. I learned that he had ordered a delivery wagon made, one of those old-fashioned kind without a top and with a high seat in front for the driver, and that he had purchased a gentle driving mare and harness.

As I knew how to care for and drive horses, I of course, thought there was the job for me and I went after it with a vim and secured it. And I was sure a proud boy seated in that new, yellow and red wagon, driving the pretty little mare all rigged up with a new set of harness trimmed with shining nickel and brass, the envy of all the boys of the town and the other merchants for the outfit was the first of its kind in the town.

I got along swimmingly at the job until a mishap occurred that caused a sensation. The little mare was the most sensible and gentlest horse I ever saw, and I soon found out that she would stand unhitched until I took the goods I was delivering into the houses and returned. And despite the fact that the proprietor had repeatedly warned me to be careful with the mare and to run no chances by leaving her unhitched, boy like, I did take the chances to my grief and sorrow.

One day I started out to deliver a bushel of potatoes and a large empty barrel. Stopping at the house where the potatoes were to be delivered, I left the mare unhitched and disappeared around the corner of the house with the potatoes. Coming back to the front of the house the delivery outfit was not in sight. Dropping the empty basket I held, I started on the run up the street and soon came to the empty barrel and of course, knew what had happened. Going on farther I found the whip and the seat pad. Then when I reached the end of the street at the edge of town I saw far, out in the commons, the mare

THE JUNCTION GROCERY.

LARGE STOCK OF GOODS,

Jackson & Hubbard
DEALERS IN

Family Groceries,

COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c.

Near the JUNCTION, in WM.
MOORE'S LARGE FACTORY,

Are selling Groceries, etc., just as
cheap, and of just as good quality, as
any of the DOWN-TOWN GROCERS.
There is no mistake about this.

They also keep a delivery wagon and
carry all goods purchased to the homes
of their customers.

All are cordially invited to come
and see us, and we promise you good
goods and good bargains. 48-1f

GROCER'S ADVERTISEMENT OFFERING
DELIVERY SERVICE TO KOKOMO RESIDENTS
IN 1872

[WHETHER THIS IS THE GROCERY TO WHICH SMITH
REFERS IS UNKNOWN.]

Kokomo Democrat, March 14, 1872.
Courtesy Indiana Division,
Indiana State Library, Indianapolis.

held by a man. She was rearing, and plunging and was all mixed up in the harness that was partially disengaged from the wagon, which lay upside down and was almost wrecked. The man was trying to hold the mare with one hand and cut the harness with the other so as to release her from the wagon.

A half hour later I was solemnly walking towards the public square of the town, leading the mare by one hand and holding the badly cut and broken harness with the other, and was in a deep brown study. I was trying to frame up some satisfactory explanations for the boss as to how the thing occurred. Suffice it to say I didn't think up any, for the next day I was hunting for another job.

Fifty years ago, there were a lot of boys in my county seat town constantly on the lookout for jobs by which they could earn money. We had no daily newspapers then,⁵ so newsboys were unknown, but there seemed to be plenty of other jobs that a boy could do, and yet there was great rivalry and competition among the boys for these jobs, and the town boys drew the line on the country boys who came to town looking for jobs. And any boy who lived outside the corporation line was put into the country class, although his home may not have been six squares from the public square, and so I was in their eyes a country boy. And it was woe to the country boy who got a job in town, if he wasn't able to fight for his own or was a coward. While I was not a large, strong boy, yet I was full of fight, and wasn't afraid of the biggest boy in town.

It got to be the constant sport for the town boys to impose upon the country boys, and many of them were actually driven out of town and were afraid to come back, and this was the condition when I sought my first job in town.

At that time there was always a store where public auctions were held in the afternoons and nights, every week during the winter season. One method of advertising these auctions was to send a boy out upon the streets with a large hand bell, which he vigorously rang, and he hollered at the top of his voice; "Auction: auction: now going on at the square."

The job appealed to me, as I had a good, strong voice, and wasn't afraid to let people know I had it, so I applied for and got the job. The first time I started out, I was making good, but was soon set upon by the jealous town boys, who began to torment me, and who tried in every way to put me out of business.

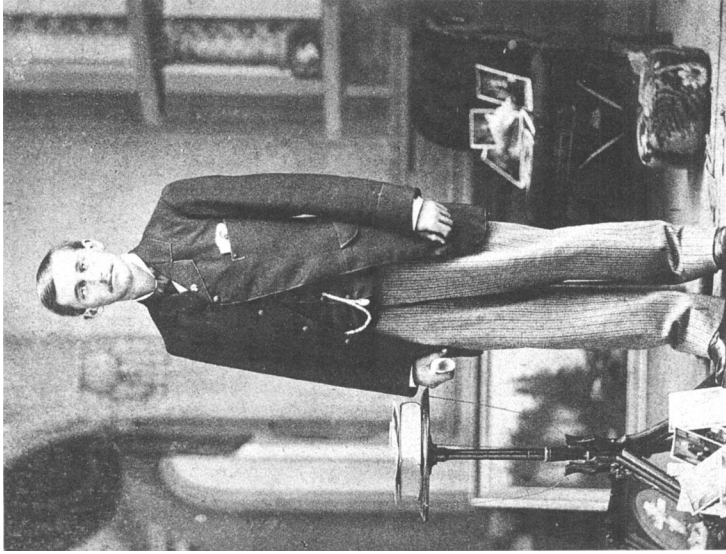
My father had often told me that he despised a coward, and that if he ever caught me showing the white feather of cowardice he would give me a thrashing. So knowing that I was probably in for a thrashing anyhow, I made up my mind that if I got one it would be from those boys and not from my father. And the way I sailed in upon those boys was a delight to onlookers, and my auction bell proved to be a great weapon of defense. Early in the fight, I succeeded in landing a blow with it upon the cheek of the leader and largest boy of the lot, which cut a great gash in his face, and he set off up the street bleeding like a stuck pig and bellowing like a panic stricken calf, and he bears the scar of that blow to this day.

With their leader knocked out in the first round, the other boys lost their courage, and sneaked off after their leader and I had gained

⁵The first daily newspaper in Howard County was the *Kokomo Herald*, which began publication in 1866 but moved to Anderson, Indiana, in 1868. No permanent daily appeared in the county until both the *Kokomo Gazette* and the *Kokomo Tribune* began daily editions in 1883. John W. Miller, *Indiana Newspaper Bibliography* (Indianapolis, 1982), 173-74.



WILLIAM C. AND JULIA ANN GWIN SMITH



William C. Smith

the reputation of being a fighter and able to take care of myself, and so was never molested by the town boys again.

Today, as I ponder upon the careers of the men I knew fifty years ago as boys, men who reached the heights in the political, financial, and business world, I recall that every one of them, when boys, were ever on the hunt for jobs by which they could earn money. And they were never particular about the job either. I have known some of them to wade in the water of creeks up to their waists, day after day, gathering up cobblestones out of which street gutters were made fifty years ago. And they never seemed to balk on any job offered them, even though it was a hard task, for it was work they wanted by which they could earn money. And they were better boys because of the hard tasks they sometimes performed, and became better men on account of them.

But of course, these boys had opportunities for proper recreation and learning, and it requires a true combination of all these to make the boy and the man worthwhile, and who will be of some value to society.