

*John P. Calloway
120 E. 19 St*

Making American Citizens.

"St. Calloway Ora Pro Me."

From an upper window that opened on the garden side of the house, you looked down on these words done in well-clipped box. If ever you should visit St. Neot's Church in Cornwall, England, you will find the original of the motto, on a beautiful stained glass 12th century window, a window of the Calloway family. The motto in St. Neot's reads Ora Pro Nobis; but the owner of the garden, Fuller E. Calloway La Grange, Ga. feeling a special need of prayer changed it to Ora Pro Me; and thus it appears on his book plate and in his garden.

It is one of the clues to the man -- a strong man with a carefully cultivated fear of becoming "bigottery." "Enough trouble to keep me humble" is, he tells you, a phrase of his daily prayer. Such wisdom is rare, but those who remember ~~Fuller E. Calloway of La Grange~~ Ga. at Washington in recent war times -- he was a member of the Field Division of the Council of National Defense, and later of the President's First Industrial Conference (the writer was a member of both bodies and there first met Mr. Calloway) will remember how persistently and pointedly he rubbed in this particular piece of wisdom. There were plenty of opportunities! I doubt if anybody ever had occasion to talk an evening with Mr. Calloway without hearing him declare, "Successful men are always in danger of acting like hogs. When they have both fore feet in the trough and are eating fine, they are not content. Up goes the left hind foot, and over goes the trough!" In his judgment the test of wisdom in success is keeping that left hind foot on the ground. A man counted successful who warns his fellows in this way is not to be passed lightly by. You know there

must be experience somewhere that is worth looking into. ^{It} "What do you do at La Grange?" I ^{accordingly} asked him in Washington.

"We make American citizens, and run cotton mills to pay the expenses."

That settled it for me. I begged to be allowed to go to La Grange, and that was the way that from the windows of the guest chamber in Hills and Dales, as his lovely home is called, I discovered:

St. Calloway. Ora Pro Me.

and later learned about St. Neot and the long line of Calloways from Cornwall in the 12th century down to La Grange in the 20th.

One is not wrong in suspecting that if this man is really, as he says, making American citizens, he is doing it in an entirely original way. Fuller Calloway is as literally a self-made man as we often find. He began the making at ten years, when he deliberately left the home of his preacher father, altogether too crowded from his point of view, since there were 14 children, so many, as he says, that if one slipped out, he was not missed for some time; and took the road to earn his fortune. He seems to have tried several things at the start, tried them in bare feet and through many tribulations; but it is lovely to hear him tell about them. He never whines; never uses his early hardships for any other purpose than to set you laughing, and incidentally rub in a bit of wisdom.

By the time he was 13 he was a capitalist. It came about in this way. There was not much to do in an independent line ^{in Georgia} in those days but "make a crop," so he hired a mule and a bit of land and raised cotton. In the fall he sold it and banked the money - \$36.48.

Just about this time an older brother who was established seems

to have had a twinge of conscience about the young man, and called him in, asking severely, as he looked over the rather battered young specimen, "Fuller, what are you going to make of yourself?"

The boy opened his eyes in surprise. "Make of myself? Why, I am made!" And to prove it, he pulled out his bank book. "Look at that!", he said; and there it was, his capital, \$36.45.

He had learned this much, that capital comes from labor, labor and thrift. And he kept at it. Probably blood working in him told him that life needed something more than capital, for in his odd times he was trying to get an education. It was his education that led him to draw his first check on his bank account. It was for 20 cents, the cost of a copy book. "Why, my boy," the banker said, "we are not accustomed to accepting checks for less than a dollar." "But I don't want a dollar. My copy book is only 20 cents, and I am afraid if I had 80 cents more I might spend it.

That settled it. "You may cash a check for 20 cents or one cent at this bank any time you want to" he was told; and it is rather fine to hear that that banker has never failed since to cash any check of any size that the young depositor has presented.

He was learning many things, and one thing that I think has been very important in his later business of making American citizens; and that is that however convinced one may be of the importance of capital and the relation of labor and thrift to it and the need of education of you are to have a real life, the price you pay for them is almost sure sooner or later to make you doubtful whether they are worth it. That time came to him when he was 15 or 16, a boy of all work in a La Grange grocery: he was asked to do a thing which seemed to ^{him} menial. It was serving the other race - a race which all his traditions taught

him should be the one to serve. He did the errand but he made up his mind that now the time had come when he could throw off the yoke of labor and throw himself on the elder brother, with whom by this time he was living. His brother's pride would be stirred by the tale of the disgraceful things asked of him. He would rise in anger and say, "Give up your job. A Calloway shall never do a thing of this kind;" and then, he with food and clothing provide would spend the rest of his life loafing on that brother's front porch.

"It was a deliberate scheme of mine," he said. "I was calculating to make a move which would enable me to be a shiftless loafer for the rest of my life."

He studied his part, and at the psychological moment, as he thought, sprang his story on his brother. What he learned was that there was a deeper kind of pride in the Calloway blood; and that came to the top now, for the young man was told that work and service were the only things that became a real man, that whatever was necessary to do in ^a ~~his~~ position he must do like a gentleman; and that if he threw up his job, he would have to find another boarding place.

"That settled it for me," Mr. Calloway will tell you. I was at the store by daylight the next morning. It was the turning point in my life, whether I was to remain an independent self-respecting individual or become a deliberate loafer."

But the beauty of it is that he has never forgotten, and today when a mill hand, an overseer, anybody in any relation to him shows an inclination to turn loafer (and who does not feel it coming on at times?) he can sympathize and understand, and knows what to say. It would be interesting if you could trace how many men have been turned from shiftlessness ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ by the fact that Fuller Calloway has never forgotten just what he learned at that critical

point in his own life.

He went on after that working persistently and joyfully, taking a hand in everything that came his way, a store of his own, a five and ten cent venture, a little stock here, a little stock there, a piece of land here, a piece of land there; and finally, about 20 years ago, through some turn in fortune, became a mill owner.

"It was sort of like the measles in the South in those days," he tells you. "Every town wanted to build a cotton mill. We caught it at La Grange. We did not have much of anything, but we got up a cotton mill; and auctioned off the directorships. Anybody that would take \$5,000 worth of stock, we would make a director; and if a widow with a son had \$2,000 we would make the son a bookkeeper. We organized our little mill, and got our home people there to work in it, and we worked it along rather human lines. Everybody was proud of it, and had everything they had in it. A good many of the laborers took stock in it. We had a great many poor white people with the highest type of morality and religion. They could not produce cotton at five cents a pound against the negro; and these men began to move to town as cotton mill operatives. Their position in the country had been so poor with the low price of the product that it elevated them even to bring them to town to work in a cotton mill, which in itself was a poorly paid occupation.

"They were mighty good stock, pure Anglo-Saxon. We have 8,000 operatives in La Grange now, and there is but one foreigner among them. They have been back in the mountains for several generations, not doing much, country sort of forgot about them, had no chance at education. Many of them cannot read and write when they come out. They have not much of anything but their independence, and they are mighty careful about that. It was this kind of people that we had from the

start as operatives in our La Grange mill. You cannot standardize that kind of people. They are too independent, too individual; and I have felt right along that nothing would be worse for the country than to try to standardize them. If you are going to have good Americans, you must have individuals, and our problem is to make good cotton mill operatives, and yet not destroy the American citizen.

This idea of not destroying the individual has persisted. I rather think it has grown with experience. I remember that at the Industrial Conference the only resolution Mr. Calloway introduced was to this effect:

"Resolved that individual initiative and enterprise should be encouraged." He backed up his resolution by some characteristic remarks.

"I am afraid," he said, "that the next danger in this country is in the attempt to standardize Americans and patent the process, like Germany did. They made a great success of it. They did get ~~this~~ great efficiency in their standardization and in their patents on men; and then they exploded! We should pay a great deal of attention to the individual here. 60 to 80 per cent of the population of America consists of individuals who are not standardized, and who are not willing to be standardized by either capital or labor. They are the great mass of the people, the backbone of this country. Whatever ^{we} ~~may~~ do, we must not leave them out. If we do, this great mass of people without any leader, and without an organization, have a way of rising like locusts and devouring everything that gets in their way. Whenever anything is wrong, they will right it. When along in the 90's capital felt like it held the world by the tail with a down hill swing, the people rose up and set it right. Labor is now in its best position since Adam was a boy. Now I say to Labor, 'Don't make the mistake of putting that left hind foot in the trough.'

Don't try to standardize everybody."

They have not tried to standardize at La Grange. I have never seen an industrial community in which it seemed to be so important to be an individual, in which as a matter of fact being an individual met with such general respect and encouragement. Finding out what is in the girls and boys, the men and women in the community, and trying to help the thing sprout and grow is one of the chief occupations of the place. This is the more possible because the southern cotton mill is a very different proposition from the average factory or mill in the North. The mill is the center of a town, a cotton town. The town has little or no relation to any other community. The mill as a rule owns a large tract of country, and here everything connected with its life is grouped:- the homes, the churches, the schools, the shops.

This mill town keeps very much to itself. It does not want its big neighbor, if it has one, to interfere with it; it mixes very little with its neighbor. That is probably due largely to snobbishness on the part of both communities. But the thing being as it is, it is easy to see that if you have understanding leaders, you have an extraordinary opportunity of directing and developing those who, like most of the operatives, have had absolutely no directing or developing influences, sometimes for many generations, yet who are the purest of American stock, a few of them with unusual native abilities.

Mr. Calloway is keen on education. He knows what it cost to get it, having himself had to fight for it, as he did for his capital; and when he became a mill owner 20 years ago, the first thing he did was to start schools for the little children of the operatives. That school in the way it was run was as nearly a missionary effort as you often find. It was that because Mr. Calloway who is a genius

for selecting people who have what he terms the "call" to do a thing, was able to put his hand on a woman who looks on teaching under any circumstances as the greatest privilege that the Lord vouchsafes to mortals. "To have the opportunity to teach, and to teach these little folks that otherwise would be left in ignorance, can you think of a greater privilege to come to a woman?" I heard her say.

She has given 20 years of her life to the children of the mill town, and all of the pioneer problems have come to her. Just now she is tackling that very hard one of developing the part-time or continuation school. Just how difficult the problems she has had to face in these 20 years have been is clear if one remembers that the mountain folks when they first come to the town, proud and self-reliant, their chief thought being to preserve their freedom, have, many of them, nothing but contempt for reading and writing. They never needed it; their mothers and fathers never needed it. Why should their children want it? They do not need it in order to be cotton operatives. You take that spirit in a family, and you can see what tact and what long, long patience it may need to get the child in the first place into the school..

And there was another problem for Mr. Calloway to overcome. That was the problem which arose with the directors. Running a school seemed to them robbing the stockholder. Moreover it was a very dangerous thing in their judgment to teach people who were to be mill operatives. The only way that you could control them was keeping them in ignorance. It takes a long time for the ideas of the Middle Ages and earlier to die in this world.

"The only man I am afraid of", said Mr. Calloway, "is the ignorant

man. You educate a man, and you can reason with him. I don't want people that cannot think in any undertaking of mine. I am afraid of them I am never afraid of a man that can think;" and being persuasive and good humored and eminently successful himself in business, the directors yielded. The schools have gone on until today it is not a question of getting the children to come to the school; it is a question of getting them to go home!

You don't wonder when you look in on them, in their really beautiful school building, with the finest play ground that I have ever seen anywhere, a place 800 x 400 in size, arranged in two terraces onto which every morning and every afternoon for 40 minutes periods, 300 or 400 children are turned at a time. They scatter to their play points like the well-disciplined little soldiers they are, for the games or exercises that each goes to is something that has been settled by the most careful examination of the little body. For the weak chest there is one thing; for the bent back, another; for anemia, another. For 40 minutes they go to it as only children can; and at the end of the period come in flushed with happiness and usually, health.

It is wonderful to see how the little mountain folk, coming down almost always under-nourished, old beyond their years, shy as young animals, without any experience of groups, little by little learn the ways, get color in their faces, dirt off their bodies, clean clothes on their backs, and shoes on their feet. It is wonderful too how what they learn goes back into the home, homes where very often a shy mountain group is gathered, suspicious of these unusual things, safeguarding at every point that precious independence which has been the one thing in life. The children carry them news of the craft into

which they have come, for in scores of ingenious ways the great industry its relations to the world's prosperity, its service in clothing mankind, are, ~~carried back little by little~~ taught in the schools; and somehow an interest in the thing that they are learning to do beyond the mere money that it brings in grows and grows and a sense of the dignity of the thing and of the service of the thing is acquired.

Then the school, ~~does more~~ ~~takes on these things~~. Two or three times every day in the pleasant auditorium ~~after the school~~ carefully selected moving pictures are shown. To these the mill hands come in off hours. To these the children go. They are expected to report on what they have seen, are carefully instructed on the meanings. Unconsciously and naturally they take back to the parent information about this thing which they too have seen; and the reticent and silent home habits of many of them begin to break down under the impact of interesting new things seen together, and about which the children bring home information which they did not have. It is a way of opening their minds, to get them in the habit of thinking.

"Thinking is only a habit," Mr. Calloway says, "most everybody has a good set of brains to start with. I used to think as a child that a set of brains was a sort of bee gum where they put the wax and honey. We make the mistake a good many people do at least, of filling these brain cells so full of Latin and Greek that when a good suggestion comes along, there is no vacancy for it. I think we ought to leave more of these cells open for practical things, at least not standardize them."

That was what Mr. Calloway told the Industrial Conference. What he is doing at La Grange, ~~xxxxxx~~ is putting something into the bee gum cells that have always been empty for lack of material to gather the honey from.

Of course this sort of school would be impossible without teachers with the "call." They have them. They have a man at the top that I think any college that wanted an educator, not a promotor, might be glad to get; but I think he would rather stay with these mill people than anywhere else in the world. It seems to be the case with all of these who help make American citizens in this community. "This is the most magnificent opportunity a man ever had," I heard a wonderful young doctor who has taken up the work of driving tuberculosis, typhoid and hook worm from the community say. "I would not exchange it for anything in the world." They all seem to feel that way.

One fine thing about it is that these people with a call are not expected to live at West La Grange on inspiration and labor alone.

"I don't know anybody," says Mr. Calloway, ^{"that} ~~there~~ is of more use in this community than the teachers. I think they do as much for the business as anybody. It is fair that they should have their return. Our lowest paid teacher gets \$85 a month, and we pay them 12 months in the year. Of course the teachers have vacations; but they have to live; and my experience is that in those three months they go off and fill up with new ideas and new enthusiasm and learn things about how to teach better. Now it is not fair when they are doing that they should not have pay, so we pay them 12 months. Then our teachers share in the profits. We believe everybody here should have a share in whatever extra is made. Last year was a good year, and our teachers got about 40 per cent."

Count up the 40 per cent of the lowest ~~paid~~ salary, and you will find it is something over \$400 extra. This goes farther than in any town I've been in, for many a day. It is part of the contract with the teachers, doctors, settlement workers, Y.M.C.A. and preachers that they shall live in the town. "We want this to be a real town,"

Mr. Calloway said, "with all kinds of people in it that make up a town. We want everybody to know everybody, just as they do in other kinds of villages, so it is understood that everybody that works here in any way lives here."

Living in a mill town means that the Company furnishes your house. There is a big park of 50 acres or so in the center of West La Grange, the only thing that Mr. Calloway has ever allowed to be named after him. Around it are ranged scores of pretty cottages. The teachers' cottages are among these. They pay something like 75 cents a month for a room!

These houses are very attractive and convenient, but they are no better in essentials than the houses of the operatives, than the pretty Martha Washington Home across the park, where 80 or more mill girls live at something like \$5.50 a week, with a matron at their head, another one with a call; a dozen or so young married couples to keep the atmosphere right; an occasional teacher or doctor; and every now and then visitors.

A lovely place to go, this Martha Washington Home. One sees here how it might be for working girls if people really believed making Americans citizens was more important than making cotton. I looked into the room of one of these mill girls. It might have been the room of a college girl in almost any college town. I remember seeing in one of them a pile of books that would have been a credit to any college girl or her teacher, so surely they did point out that the mill girl was following a plan of serious reading, and mixing with it a bit of poetry, a novel that had stood the test of time, and a bit of practical instruction too on her work as an operative.

Homes are counted of enormous importance in the Calloway Industrial philosophy. "It is through them largely that you will hold

your people, satisfy them. It isn't merely a house, that is really the last of it. It's the things that go with the house, the things that bunched make a home, children, chickens, a garden, a cow. If you can sort of lead a family on until it wants them and gets them because it wants them, and gets interested in using them, you stabilize it," declares Mr. Calloway. "If the children are happy in school, they don't want to leave, if the woman has a garden and flowers which she can put into a green house in the winter and have them back again in the spring, she won't want to leave. If a man has a cow and a place to pasture it (and we have community pastures) that cow will keep a man from nourishing the grouch, which might make him pull up suddenly and leave. When a man has to go after a cow at night, drive her home, milk her, keep the calf from tipping over the pail, he is too busy to think about anything that has troubled him through the day; his grouch wears off!"

This thing of ~~the~~ counteracting ~~of~~ the grouch is one of Mr. Calloway's pet notions. Physical exercise of one kind or another is one of his remedies. He is not dogmatic about the form. For the man who wants a cow, that will do. The gymnasium does for others. I don't know when I have seen a more heartening or amusing performance than a class of 40 or 40 men from the mill coming in at 5:30 for an hour of hearty athletics. They were a diversified lot. There was the Vice President; there were secretaries; there were overseers; there was the head carpenter. Not what you do, not what your salary is, only the convenience of hours seemed to rule the make-up. Mr. Calloway watched them go out after an hour of hearty, noisy exercise. "Not a grouch left," he said; "forgotten all about it. Won't know they had one when they come back tomorrow morning."

I had been particularly interested in the head carpenter and

his unbounded good humor when he was made a butt in a game. "I don't know that the mill could run without him" said Mr. Calloway. "Do you know that leaking roofs and smokey chimneys are one of the chief causes of labor turnover in this world? A woman wants to get up and move; and you have a whole family running away from a mill because you don't know enough to keep the roofs sound and see that the chimneys draw. Now that is the business of the carpenter. I would not have him around if he was lean and sour-looking and grouchy. He goes in where a woman is cross because there is something the matter with the roof. ^{As he fixes it,} he jollies her along, asks her if she does not want an extra shelf somewhere (which she generally does) or a hook put up; and by the time he goes out, you could not get her out of town, and that family is saved for the mill. But as I said I would not have him however good a carpenter he was, if he was lean and sour."

This is a fair illustration of what Mr. Calloway means when he talks about "Psychology and Human Nature." The words are always on his lips. A mill town is a happy, peaceful, prosperous place in his judgment in proportion to the consideration one gives to "Psychology and Human Nature." All sorts of unusual practices crop up as a result. ~~For~~ If a doffer boy misbehaves, his ticket to the swimming pool is taken from him. "It has more influence with him than the fear of God". If a man develops his own particular way of doing a thing, he is let alone in it. "He will do more in his way than my way, though my way can easily be proved to be the better." The consequence is that each man is "boss of his own machine" - he is more interested. If a man shows fitness or liking for any particular kind of work, every effort is made to find an opening for him. "90% of the failures of the world come from men getting into

the wrong hole. "We roll men around like balls on a board until they slip into the hole they fit". Every one is made for something, and most of us are made for something bigger and better than we are getting out of ourselves."

The relation of character to labor is never forgotten. There is a group in the organization quite new to me, the Free Lances, girls who come and go as they please. They are inspectors of the product. "You see", the superintendent explained "this work requires the closest attention. Let a girl pass a defect, and it may result in the turning back of valuable goods, the cancelling of an order, the loss of a customer. They must not let anything pass; but if you expect that of them you must make it possible for them to keep physically fit. So we tell them that we would rather they would stay away, get behind, than not to be in good condition when you work. If a girl feels a headache coming on, she goes home and stays until she is better. Of course they are not docked."

"Now you must pick your girls if you are going to trust them. From the time a girl comes into the mill we are watching her. She may turn out to be the best of operatives, but a little weak in character, not much sense of obligation, not quite honest. Of course she never can be counted among the Free Lances unless she gets over that. It is character that wins a place here rather than skill, although of course they have to have skill. They understand it. They regard it as one of the honors of the factory."

The test of the Calloway faith in "Psychology and Human Nature" must be whether it prevades the organization built by its application. These superintendents and overseers and officers are products of this doctrine, do they practise it? An observer can only speak from

impressions, but no where did I look in at West La Grange, that I did not find a whole-hearted natural effort to understand people. They all put it in different ways - good evidence in itself. No where did I hear mere parroting of Mr. Calloway. The Vice President showing me over a mill put it this way: "You must know what people are thinking about, and how they are feeling, if you are to build up a mill town. We can here, all of us, ^{overseers} ~~managers~~ and superintendent, because there's nothing that we've not been through. There is scarcely anybody around these mills that has not worked up from the bottom. We know how they feel just as quick as they feel it. We try to look out for it. We make allowances for them; and that works both ways. I make mistakes sometimes, do or say something that is not right. The men say, 'He don't feel good this morning, maybe something has gone wrong at home ;' but you may bet they would not do that if I had not the habit of doing it for them."

"Of course we can't let a mill get too big, if we are to understand ^{what} people think and want. I don't want anything ever to be so big that I won't know it right off if Mrs Jones wants a cow and Jones isn't in shape to buy it."

Of course it isn't orthodox. It is the despair of anybody who goes to La Grange with a set of industrial rubber stamps in his pocket. There's the profit sharing scheme. As Mr. Calloway puts it, "It is home-made. It simply came along as we struck a thin place." He tells about the start in this way:

"The weaving room got behind. That was a good many years ago when wages were a good deal lower than they are now. We had a good man at the head of it, 'Brother Murphy'. I said, 'What's the matter?' He said, 'I don't know.'

Well now I don't know anything about manufacturing, never did.

"After today everybody in the weave room who makes \$1 a day will get a bonus of 5 cents; everybody who makes \$1.50, will get 10 cents; everybody who makes \$2 will get 20 cents. At the end of the week anybody who is not making \$1 a day, can go. My authority is the Bible -- "Unto him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

"You see," Mr. Calloway added in explanation, "These people are very religious. The Bible is always their authority."

I took that up, and it worked, and that was the beginning. We have been going on ever since; and when anybody fell behind we have thought maybe it was because he needed a little more hay. But we don't let it cut into wages. If you start a profit sharing scheme" - and here Mr. Calloway became very emphatic -- "do not do it in lieu of wages; if you do, you are just camouflaging yourself. You must pay top wages first. The man who does not pay top wages is asking the scrub labor to come his way. The man who does not take care of good cows has scrub cows. You cannot get a thoroughbred if you do not take care of it. It will go scrub in six months."

"We pay top wages, and then some. We have all sorts of bonuses for extra work and for efficiency; and of course we have got our profit sharing, and a good many things coming. We are only in the kindergarten stage. Maybe you think it is foolish because we don't do everything at once, but that aint our way. When we find a weak place, we try to correct; but we are growing!"

It is true, they are growing. The air is rich with suggestions and the ground covered with opportunity but nothing is finished, settled. On every side you sense the growth, the change for the better. You see it in the houses.

"after today everybody in the weave room who makes \$1 a day will get a bonus of 5 cents; everybody who makes \$1.50, will get 10 cents; everybody who makes \$2 will get 20 cents. At the end of the week anybody who is not making \$1 a day, can go. My authority is the Bible -- "Unto him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

"You see," Mr. Galloway added in explanation, "These people are very religious. The Bible is always their authority."

I took that up, and it worked, and that was the beginning. We have been going on ever since; and when anybody fell behind we have thought maybe it was because he needed a little more pay. But we don't let it out into wages. If you start a profit sharing scheme" - and here Mr. Galloway became very emphatic -- "do not do it in lieu of wages; if you do, you are just camouflaging yourself. You must pay top wages first. The man who does not pay top wages is asking the scrub labor to come his way. The man who does not take care of good cows has scrub cows. You cannot get a thoroughbred if you do not take care of it. It will go scrub in six months."

"We pay top wages, and then some. We have all sorts of bonuses for extra work and for efficiency; and of course we have got our profit sharing, and a good many things coming. We are only in the kindergarten stage. Maybe you think it is foolish because we don't do everything at once, but that aint our way. When we find a weak place, we try to correct; but we are growing!"

It is true, they are growing. The air is rich with suggestions and the ground covered with opportunity but nothing is finished, settled. On every side you sense the growth, the change for the better. You see it in the houses.

It has been a great problem to build houses on this Georgia clay that every rain cuts into appalling gutters. Curbing and paving are expensive, but they are getting them. Every new set of houses brings an improvement. Where ten years ago there were about 1-1/3 operatives to a room, now there are two and three rooms to an operative; and the cottages which were the plainest of the plain have become the niftiest of little bungalows. The gardening which was slow to teach the shy mountain men and women with their reluctance to tying themselves in any way, has become the pride and joy of the village. There are four company green houses, where you can buy your tomatoe plants at five cents a dozen and your astors as cheap. Everybody has his fruit trees and his vines. You pay only 50 cents a room for these cottages. There is no such thing as rent profiteering in this village.

The church and schools and hospital - everything has improved with the cottages; and there are all sorts of dreams of future improvements, for Mr. Calloway believes that if you have a healthy enterprise, it must be always in process of change, something always going on to satisfy the restless human habit of wanting things; and something to stimulate the wants of those that are willing to settle back and stop wanting.

The stimulus comes more from the free association of all factors in the undertaking than from any direct calculated prodding. There is a strong belief in mixing, in opening to all as far as practical the experience and possessions of each. One of the pleasantest exhibits of this particular faith is Sunday at Hills and Dales, Mr. Calloway's home; for all day long the gardens are open to anybody that wants to come and walk and sit. Now these gardens are one of the wonders of Georgia, famous not alone for beauty, but for their story, which seems

to be a part of Fuller Calloway's life.

80 or 90 years ago there was a young couple in La Grange, to whom the shock came that the wife could not live - tuberculosis. "Perhaps," the doctor told her, "you may get four or five years more if you will live out of doors;" So on one of the hills near the town a piece of land was bought, and there was begun what became famous as the Ferrell Gardens.

All day long, Mrs Farrell planned and planted and weeded; the 4 or 5 years stretched; terrace after terrace grew; terraces lined with box, big and little; rods upon rods of border, narrow and deep, fantastic shapes, a butterfly, a bunch of grapes; scrolls with her and her husband's mottos. - "God is Love," was hers ; "Fiat Justitia" his - Trees of every description were brought from the ends of the earth, Cedars from Lebanon, bays from Portugal, a ginkgo tree from Japan; and vines. Never have I seen such wisteria, climbing to the very top of the magnolias, the cedars and the oaks.

Now it was this wonderful garden and its mistress that little bare-footed Fuller Calloway began to visit even before the days when he first became a capitalist. Scarcely a week went by that he did not go there. He saw it grow year in and year out, for the garden proved a life saver. Mrs Farrell lived until she was 86, and always the one person in La Grange that loved the garden best after herself and the Judge was Fuller Calloway. As the end grew near, she said, "I want you to have this garden. You are the only one that loves it enough to keep it going." That was just what Fuller Calloway had always intended, to have that garden for his own.

The time came only a few years ago when it was possible to

realize his dream/ He has built his home there; and every Sunday the garden is open to the village. There were boys under my window before I was out of bed the Sunday that I spent there. All day there were lovers in the arbors and on the secluded seats; families passing through. Everything was as free as if they owned it.

"I don't believe Mr. Calloway would be happy a day", his friends told me, "if he thought that the mill people did not at least have the chance to enjoy the garden. You see he feels that it is their right."

It is this along with all the other things that is making citizens in West La Grange. The whole thing is so intensely American, American in the individuality which sticks out everywhere, in the faith in education, in the suspicion of standardization of human beings, in the confident belief that opportunity must be kept open and that it is not enough to keep it open, that you must give people hints as they go along on how to take it, not bawling autocratic hints, not pushing it down their throats or rubbing it into them; but hints based on "Psychology and Human Nature", the kind of hints that you might take were you in their places.

This is ^{the} way they are running the cotton mills at West La Grange, to pay the expenses of making American citizens.