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China and Palestine and South America, sixteen different countries. A lot of us cannot go home for Christmas. We have no friends to go to so we are going to have a dinner for ourselves and we do so want Mr. Young to come."

His pleading was too much for the secretary so with some misgiving, she admits, she arranged for him to see Mr. Young.

He came out from the interview walking on air. Mr. Young would go to their dinner—come down from Van Hornesville on Christmas afternoon; he would talk to them.

I have this confidential secretary's word for it that Mr. Young was almost as much pleased as the boys themselves that he was to be at the dinner. He took the greatest interest in arranging the talk that he was to make. He prepared a wonderful souvenir for them—a precious one, from out of his own fine collection of manuscripts—nothing less than a facsimile of a rare and amusing letter of Abraham Lincoln, one which for a long time was supposed to have been burned in the Chicago fire. But it had come to light and around to

mind, and yet I knew at that time he was deserv

Miss Wolfe

This is satisfactory.

W. H. Young

do to you? Inspiration—that is what I

Chicago fire. But it had come to light that Mr. Young's collection. And for this dinner of the test boys he had this facsimile made.

It is one of the sad things in the story that after it all he could not get there. Death came to the Young family that Christmas week and Mr. Young was at home, comforting his own in their sorrow.

But you can believe that these test boys of 1926 have never forgotten that he planned to go to them, that even in his grief he sent word to them; and they never will fail to preserve among their treasures the souvenir that he provided for them.

But ask whomsoever you will in the General Electric, from the test boy up, if Owen Young penetrates to him, to his department, and there is an immediate emphatic Yes, with personal experiences to back it.

"Feel him?" says Dr. W. R. Whitney, the director of the concern's great research laboratories, himself one of the most inspiring personalities as well as one of the great benefactors of our day.

"Feel him? Everywhere. That's because of what he is, fearless, wise, highly idealistic. I saw his character in a first interview—saw that if anything was right he would do it.

"He is a jovial spirit. I went to see him the first time all flustered up and found him with his feet upon the desk, that quizzical and lovely smile of his on his face. Of course, I was going to get right down to business, save his time, etc. But he said, 'Now, just wait a moment, Whitney, until I get my pipe,' and he went fumbling about in his papers until he found it. Then looked for tobacco, first in this drawer then in that. It all looked as if he hadn't a thing in the world on his mind, and yet I knew at that time he was beset by serious problems. For the time being he put that all aside, buried it in his subconscious, I suppose, and once he was in his easy position—his pipe in his mouth—began to talk.

"I saw his character in that talk—saw his ideals—his boldness. He sees with greater vision than most of us. I don't see how a man could get an enemy out of him. He has one great passion and that is to give young men a chance. Such a difficult thing! But that does not phase Young. Anything that ought to be done can be done, is his rule. Of course this is so unlike a big part of the world where precedents rule. It has no influence in this place—not with Young. He would always take an intelligent chance, bet on himself to the limit.

"Young listens to all kinds of ideas. What does he do to you? Inspiration—that is what he puts into you—belief, a vision—new determination to attack.

"Nothing illustrates him better in my mind than that speech of his at the University of California in March 1930, Here is a copy of it that I have marked for you. I knew you were going to ask me about Young, and I wanted to tell you that out of this speech you get the best of him. Isn't it a sagacious man that can say a thing like this:

"It is true that Washington, as the political focus of the nation, makes our political contacts abroad, but they are relatively superficial and inconsequential compared with these sensitive forces of quick and constant action which represent our participation in the economic activities of the world:

"That shows his insight into what most of us overlook.

"Perhaps the greatest thing of all in this speech—the thing which we need to remember in this problem of developing men, so dear to my heart, is what he says in talking of Germany's capacity to pay, the fact that she has,

in large measure a supply of that kind of raw material, too little taken into account in the world's affairs, namely a capacity for scientific research and the ability to apply it and organize it into production.

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"And hear what he says about the advantage of being obliged to use this supply.

"We should all remember that the discipline of hard work and of heavy responsibility is likely to do much for a people as well as for an individual. Let no man be sure, let no nation be sure, merely because he is a creditor of another's labor, that therefore he is strong and will always remain so.

"He understands men—he understands what some of our doctrines may do to us. Listen to this:

"Our experience at home during the last generation should teach us that segregation into different groups for the selfish purpose of benefiting one at the expense of the other is a failure. It was not so many years ago that our industrial leaders in the United States thought that a low wage scale was necessary to enable capital to earn a profit. Now we have learned that a high wage scale may be consistent not only with low production costs but also with the greatest security to and return on capital investment.

"And to this," and Dr. Whitney read with glowing eyes and voice full of the warmth of his own fine enthusiasm, this passage:

"We must remember that politics and economics are not the masters of men—they are their servants. The managers of both too often think and sometimes act as if human beings were merely the fodder of political and economic mills. Because I have spoken of economics and politics I would not wish you to think that I consider them in any sense ends in themselves. Back of them stand myriads of human faces, some young, some old, some prosperous, some needy, some charitable, some selfish, some generous, some envious, but all vitally affected not only in their material but in their cultural and spiritual development, by these organizations, political and economic, which they have imposed upon themselves.

"So long as such organizations render an uplifting service, just so long can we go forward in reaping the advantages which civilization has brought. But those faces in these days of a closely compact world can no longer be segregated into compartments, one of which shall be prosperous and the others not; one of which shall go forward and the others back. Those faces must all move together for good or ill. So politics and economics, their servants, must move together too, not in one country alone, but everywhere. That way only can the benefits of civilization be enlarged—that way only can peace ultimately come.

"This," said Dr. Whitney, "is bold forward-looking talk, the talk of a scientist with a vision, but better than that, the talk of a great human being looking to the future. That is what Owen D. Young is to those of us who work in the General Electric. He turns our eyes to the future, to a greater love of man, to a greater determination to do with men what we are trying to do in this laboratory with materials—to work with them, to find the solution of problems like this terrific one to-day of giving continuous employment to men."

CHAPTER XII

Owen D. Young—Farmer

IF ONE seeks a key to this man who by general consent is the most provocative industrial leader of this country, who carried to agreement the two most difficult pieces of international negotiations since the signing of the Versailles Treaty, who, in spite of his persistent refusal even to talk about a presidential candidacy, men continue to mention for this high office, he must go back to the spot where this story started—the narrow valley of the Otsquago. It is there Owen Young finds the fun, rest, satisfied affection, the well of wisdom, the outlets for his creative energy necessary to keep his body and his mind growing.

No matter how grand the register—how royal the guest book in which he signs his name—he always writes after it Van Hornesville, N. Y., not Park Avenue, New York, though he has quarters there housing wonderful treasures, not his Connecticut shore home which he and Mrs. Young acquired from Lincoln Steffens when they came to New York in 1913, and which they still use as a retreat—none of these, always Van Hornesville.

There is no surer way to set him talking than to use the name. He loves to tell you of the place, its people, his life there. Hearing him talk you realize how it is in his blood, that here are his roots.

... he shared in the hard labor