

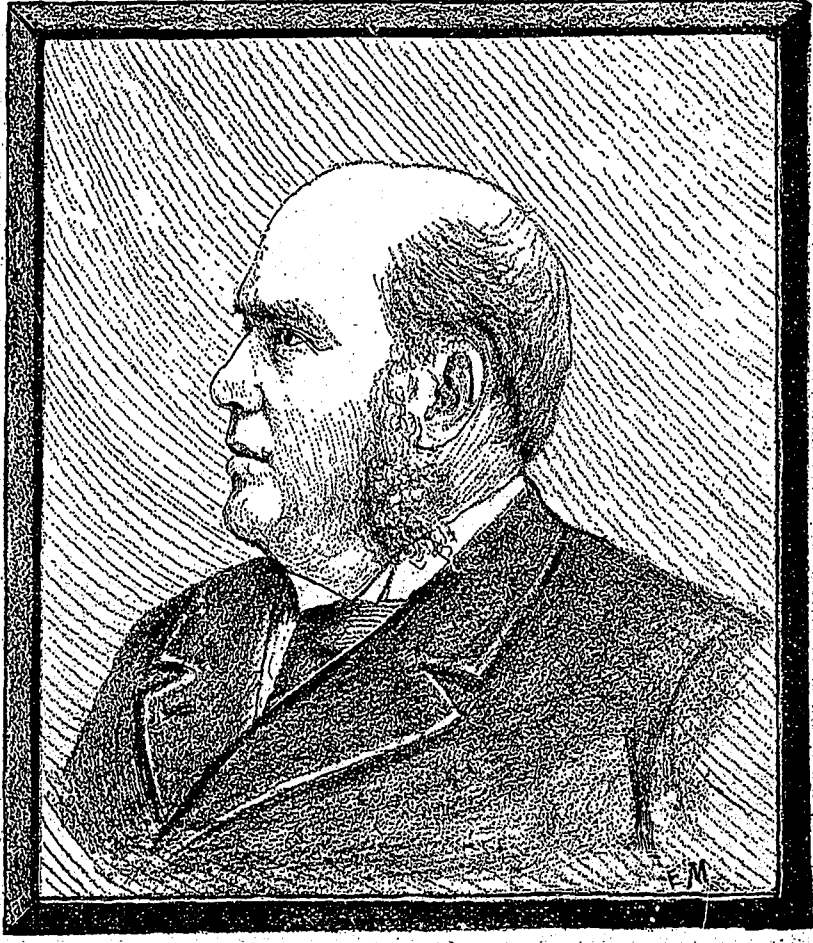
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PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

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HIS MANNER OF LIFE, HIS IMMENSE ENTERPRISES IN TRADE AND PHILANTHROPY.

(From Arthur Warren, in McClure's Magazine).

When I asked a number of men in Chicago, 'If you were to select one man as representative of your Western life, ideas, ability—representative in success, and representative in personal character—whom would you name?'

There was no variety in the response. It came always, 'Philip D. Armour,' or 'Phil Armour,' as the case might be.

Mr. Armour will never, in any circumstances, talk about himself; and on any theme he is a man of few words. Once, when I asked him if he would say in the

fewest possible words how he had accomplished so much, he replied: 'By keeping my mouth shut.'

Why should Philip Armour be interesting? Because he is the richest person in Chicago? No!

He is a great administrator. He has the nature of one who could 'stand by Cæsar and give direction.' In America the greater part of our highest ability is attracted into business life. The great public problems in this country are municipal rather than national, local rather than imperial; and so the men of imperial minds have been turned into those fields of action from which they are not excluded by the narrow traditions of our public service. Armour is an imperialist in his ideas and in his acts.

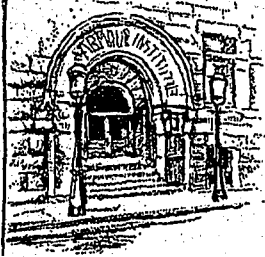
He is one of the greatest manufacturers in this or any country. In this capacity alone he employs twelve thousand persons, pays six or seven mil-

lions of dollars yearly in wages, owns four thousand railway cars, which are used in transporting his goods, and has seven or eight hundred horses to haul his waggons. Fifty or sixty thousand persons receive direct support from the wages paid in his meat-packing business alone, if we estimate families on the census basis. He is a larger owner of grain elevators than any other individual in either hemisphere; he is the proprietor of a glue factory which turns out a product of seven millions of tons a year, and he is actively interested in an important railway enterprise.

Mr. Armour is a great organizer. He thoroughly understands the art of appointing captains over hundreds, captains over fifties, and captains over tens. His house is directly represented in every important city in the world. Mr. Gladstone, from a dingy building in Downing Street, in the heart of London, reaches out over a world-encircling empire. A few words scrawled by his pen upon a slip of paper will affect the destinies of nations. Philip Armour is, in the world of business, not unlike a prime minister. In business there is no democracy. The sway of the individual is absolute. Philip Armour, in his La Salle Street office, reaches out over realms as wide as those whose affairs are directed by the premier in Downing Street. Telegraph wires for his private use bring the financial news of the world directly to his desk. Within call are his heads of departments, who serve him as a cabinet council. He can, by merely summoning a clerk, receive the latest news from markets as far afield as India or Peru, and he can similarly despatch his instructions to any quarter of the earth.

Armour is in every way a large man—large in build, in mind, in nature. He is

nearly six feet high, and with a kind of stately bulk which turns the scales at something like two hundred and fifty pounds. He moves easily, but he thinks in flashes. He has a big, powerful head, broad over the eyes, and dome-shaped, a head that is full of character and determination. He has the strongest, and at the same time the sweetest, face that I have ever seen in a man. It is the face of one who is so much the master of himself that he can afford to be gentle. His voice is kindly in its tone and low; and while his eyes twinkle and around them are the lines of good humor, there is in them all the shrewdness, all the searching quality that you can imagine a



DR. GUNSAULUS,
President of Armour Institute.

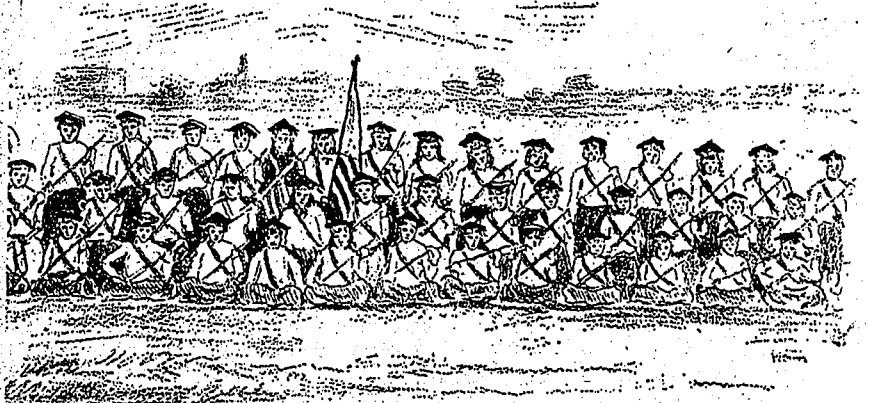
man of his record to possess. They are the eyes of an analyst of human nature.

You see the perfection of organization everywhere in the enterprises of Armour & Company—at the packing-houses, where, as an enthusiastic foreigner says, 'the live pigs go in at one end of a machine, and chains of sausages come out at the other end; where beees and sheep are dressed and swung into the chill-rooms within ten minutes after they have ambled into their pens; where no scrap of serviceable material is wasted; where every man among the thousands has his allotted task and

(Continued on Last Page.)



THE COOKING SCHOOL, ARMOUR INSTITUTE.



THE GIRLS' BRIGADE, ARMOUR MISSION.

WORLD'S EXHIBITION