

## The House of Colgate

There is an old English poem little read but very fine, which begins:

The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things,  
and ends:  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in their  
dust..

**N**O more suitable lines could be inscribed upon the repository which holds the family possessions and heirlooms of the house of Colgate. Nor indeed, would the pleasantries of the allusion to the actual business of the house be itself more than a perfume to enhance the reality of the tradition it describes.

William Colgate the founder of the house was the son of a French refugee in New York, who, on coming of age, inherited his father's debts and the fruits of four years apprenticeship to the industry of soap boiling.

At that time he rented a two-story brick house in Dutch street, New York, wherein, being a just man, he began the boiling on his own account of just soaps and essences, to the eventual great glory and enrichment of the blood and state of his numerous descendants. They, however, regard less these insubstantial things than the solid tradition of justice in the compounding of soaps and essences transmitted from their ancestor.

Let him assert that the idea of justice in the matter of soap boiling is ridiculous whose skin has never been assaulted by an unjust soap, a soap of apparent honor and good outward seeming, but in reality alkaline and deadly, or whose nostrils have never inhaled a perfume, approaching under the guise of rose or violet, only to affront his inner and more tender sensories with the horrid effluvia of a gas-works.

There, in this two-story house on Dutch street, William Colgate lived and flourished and it remained for 104 years, till 1910, the headquarters of the house of Colgate. It was his custom to consult with himself and his family over the morning cup of coffee and to this day the custom is retained, and every Monday morning the directors of Colgate's discuss their vast business over coffee served in the French manner. While the two-story brick house has disappeared, the ledger of William, his original soap kettle, the faded sign that used to hang above the door, and even the padlock which secured the door, are jealously preserved as heirlooms, along with the receipts for all his father's debts paid by the just and honorable William without legal obligation.

Thus do the members of the house of Colgate venerate a tradition of honor transmitted from the founder of the house who was their ancestor.

It is easier to worship a tradition of honor than to live up to it, still the idea of honor entertained as a cherished tradition comes, like other things, habitual, and if it is not always easy to live up to it, to live down from it becomes equally difficult and highly repugnant. Herein is touched upon the foundation of true aristocracy, nowhere a more noble thing than in trade and commerce, because nowhere more subjected to the insidious assaults from greed of gain unscrupulously pursued.

To William, the original soap boiler, succeeded in the business of making soaps, his sixth son, Samuel. Samuel directed the business and presided over the matutinal coffee for forty years. But the vast soap and perfume business was not all that grew upon the solid foundation of saponaceous integrity laid down by the original founder. The glories of the Colgate blood and state include a university, a powerful bank and a great manufacturing trust. To Samuel succeeded his eldest son, Richard who, with his brothers Gilbert, Sidney, Austin and Russell, carried on the business until 1919, when he died and his son Henry A., fourth in the direct line, now rules in his place. "Colgate's" is a household word for delicate soaps and rich perfumes, but the real perfume that clings to the name is a subtler essence, that smells sweet and blossoms in cen-

tury-old dust from the honesty and integrity of the man who boiled honest soap in New York in 1806.

It is a frequent allegation that such traditions are vanishing in the modern orgy of finance. If so, the fruits of honorable commerce will themselves perish, and not the requirement of honest dealing in commerce alone. For in the history of the Colgate family is seen a long continuance and growth of prosperity, of which the acquisitions of fraud and violence afford no examples in the structure of society.

In Canada Colgate is represented by one of Montreal's most progressive business men, Mr. W. G. M. Shepherd, the Branch Factory in that city is conducted on the principles that made Colgate an honored name in the business world.

### THE SHEEP AND THE PIG.

One morning, bright and early, a sheep and a curly-tailed pig started out through the world to find a home. For the thing they both wanted more than anything else was a house of their own.

"We will build us a house," said the sheep and the curly-tailed pig, "and there we will live together."

So they traveled a long, long way, over the fields, and down the lanes, and past the orchards, and through the woods,

"May I live with you?" asked the barnyard cock.

"What can you do to help?" asked the sheep, the pig, the rabbit and the gray goose.

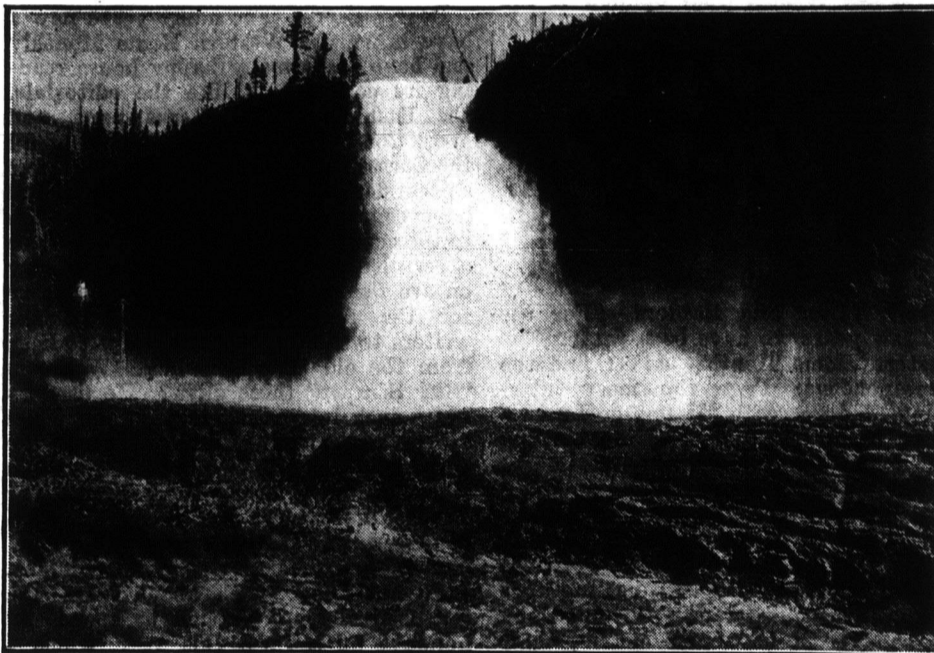
The cock preened his feathers and strutted about for a minute, and then he said: "I can crow very early in the morning, I can awaken you all."

"Good!" said the sheep, the pig, the rabbit and the gray goose; "you may come with us."

So the five went on a long, long way until they found a good place for a house. Then the sheep hewed logs and drew them; the pig made bricks for their cellar; the rabbit gnawed pegs with his sharp teeth, and hammered them in with his paws; the goose pulled moss, and stuffed it in the cracks with her bill; the cock crowed early every morning to tell them that it was time to rise, and they all lived happily together in their little house.—C. S. Bailey.

### MISSED THEIR CALLING

The British general Sir Douglas Haig is a soldier first, last and all the time, and he is sincere in regarding all other professions as of quite negligible importance. He was recently inspecting a cavalry troop, said the "Minneapolis Tribune," and he was particularly struck with the neat way in which repairs had been made on some of the saddles.



One of British Columbia's Majestic Waterfalls.

until they came, all at once, upon a rabbit.

"Where are you going?" asked the rabbit of the two.

"We are going to build us a house," said the sheep and the pig.

"May I live with you?" asked the rabbit.

"What can you do to help?" asked the sheep and the pig.

The rabbit scratched his leg with his left hind foot for a minute, and then he said: "I can gnaw pegs with my sharp teeth; I can put them in with my paws."

"Good!" said the sheep and the pig; "you may come with us."

So the three went a long, long way farther, and then they came, all at once, upon a gray goose.

"Where are you going?" asked the gray goose of the three.

"We are going to build us a house," said the sheep and the pig and the rabbit.

"May I live with you?" asked the gray goose.

"What can you do to help?" asked the sheep, the pig and the rabbit.

The gray goose tucked one leg under her wing for a minute, and then she said: "I can pull moss, and stuff it in the cracks with my broad bill."

"Good!" said the sheep, the pig and the rabbit; "you may come with us."

So the four went a long, long way farther, and, all at once, they came upon a barnyard cock.

"Where are you going?" asked the cock of the four.

"We are going to build us a house," said the sheep, the pig, the rabbit and the goose.

"Very good work," he remarked to the sergeant-major of the troop. "Who did it?"

"Two of my troopers, sir," was the reply.

"You're fortunate to have two such expert saddlers in your troop," said Sir Douglas Haig.

"As a matter of fact, sir," was the reply, "they're not saddlers; in civil life they are lawyers."

"Well, ejaculated Sir Douglas, "how men who can do work like that could have wanted to waste their lives in the law I can't understand!"

### THE FINAL TEST

The "old-timers" in the Great Lakes region tell the story of a prospective marine engineer who was being examined by the captain. The captain had asked a number of difficult questions in order to confuse the man, but the candidate was always ready with an answer. At last, in a tone of deepest concern, the captain asked:

"Supposing the water in your injector was working properly, your boiler check was not stuck or your pipes clogged, but you weren't getting any water in your boilers—what would you do?"

The engineer looked puzzled for a moment, unable fully to grasp the situation; then, with a knowing smile on his face, he answered:

"I'd go up on deck and see if there was any water in the lake."

"You'll do," said the captain.

## "The Mothers"

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him the address to which to send the woman if she appeared again, and he promised to comply. "Did she beg from you, ma'am?" he concluded, almost apologetically.

O what did that matter? What did anything matter when she and her baby were cold and hungry? The policeman explained. "If she is begging," he said, "I can take her along of me to the station—the best place for her a night like this."

The bereaved mother went back to her home, where the nurse was awaiting her with gentle cheeriness. They joked over the hot gruel on the hearth, for she did not need it now. They warmed her wet and tired feet, and the bereaved mother went to her silent room to sleep the sleep of long weariness.

Many hours later the policeman going the round of his beat found the little mother of the world seated in the gloom of the great stone portico of the house where the other mother lived. Her face was bowed over her baby—a face so coldly sweet that no one could have told that it was the face of one whom the world had soiled and cast aside. The cold rain streamed from her tattered finery, and dripped like tears from her tresses on to the tiny, budding life in her arms. The mother of the world was dead.

"And the best thing too!" said the policeman, when he rang the bell and the nurse and the cook came down.

The women wept over the atom of purity as they took it in. They placed it in the robes of the little life that was gone, and when the bereaved mother awoke she heard familiar noises at her side, and thought that she was dreaming.

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It was dawn. A woman and a tiny child walked slowly hand in hand up the winding path that led to the gates of a lustrous castle, rising fairly-like against the glory of the day. There were flowers on the hillside, such flowers as they had never seen before, and above them those shining gates were open wide.

The face of the woman was very, very beautiful, upraised towards the light. Her streaming, tattered finery shone like the day, spotlessly pure, and her eyes were open wide with a great new wonder.

"My mother was a lady," said the little child, whose hand she held. "But in our garden there were no flowers like these."

The woman smiled. "In our garden there were no flowers at all!" she said. "And my baby's mother was cold and placed silken slippers upon them, then tired. But O—they are so happy now!"

### HIS FIRST WORDS

The Scottish people are thrifty, as everyone knows. Harry Lauder, the famous Scottish comedian, is authority for the statement that they are as saving of speech as of silver. This is the story he told to a Chicago audience in illustration of the fact:

A man and his wife, who lived in Peebles, had a boy whom they believed to be a mute, for up to his tenth year he had never said a word.

One day his father and he were at work in the hayfield, and, getting thirsty, they made their way toward a jug of cold tea. The father took the jug and began to drink. As he gulped the tea down slowly the thirsty boy said:

"Hurry up!"

The father put down the jug in astonishment.

"Why, Tam," he said, "you're talkin'! Why didn't ye never speak afore?"

"Naught to say," said Tam.

### A NATURAL CONCLUSION

"Father," said Harry, "what would be the name of a little boy whose father was trying to get him into a crowded omnibus?"

"I'm sure I don't know, my son."

"Well, father, wouldn't it be Benjamin?"