

of big things. I grant him that his state grows the biggest trees; it has some of the deepest canyons, the bluest skies, the finest fruit and likewise some of the biggest prevaricators.

I leave to the dweller of the cactus wastes the glory of the plains and the clearer vision of the stars; to the hermit of the uplifted wilderness of barren rock and jagged peaks of the Middle West the undisputed claim to grandeur and sublimity; but why should I despise my little wren because my neighbor has a mocking bird, or ignore the blue and sapphire lights of Scorpio because there is a sun.

And so it is—I raise my window blind in the morning just as our mighty train is skimming along the shoulder of one of the highest peaks in Northern Arkansas. Someone has named the gorge below this peak "The Devil's Eyebrow," and the name has stuck, though "Tobe" would have been as appropriate a name for an English Prince as this ridiculous name for that transcendent scene. Away off into the

misty valleys and down among the distant domes so far that gray fades into blue and blue into purple, the eye of the traveler sweeps the infinite and closer up to his speeding house the woods are a riot of wonderful colors that shame the vast dullness of the sublime Rockies.

I have never seen such boquets as these hills are in the fall and the spring of the year and nowhere in the entire Ozark uplift are they seen to a finer advantage than along the Frisco between Monett and Fort Smith.

A short space and we have swung past the jagged peaks into a sunny upland—level as a floor and on either side of the track are orchards bending down with the ripe burden that has brought more wealth to two counties of Northwest Arkansas than have the oil fields or the gold mines of any other section of the earth produced in a like area.

Past beautiful homes and little towns bristling with energy and counting their shipments of produce by the hundreds of cars, and down into the quaint



A TYPICAL OZARK SCENE

Athens of Arkansas, with its old-fashioned ways and its people of powerful souls and purposeful character.

As the train leaves Fayetteville we are moving away into the heart of Dixie. I want to sit by the window and have my breakfast as we travel over those fifty miles composing the Boston range of the Ozarks. Below the Winslow tunnel the gorges become more precipitate and in the narrow valleys below the high trestles, the traveler gets a first view of one of the prettiest streams that ever flower through a mountain country.

The swamp angels in the flat lands about Van Buren have given this gem of the earth and air and the mountain height the empty, slanderous and blasphemous name of "Frog Bayou."

The natives who reside along its upper reaches above Mountainburg (the quaintest of all the Ozark towns), have more appropriately named it Harricane.

The Indian—he of the savage heart by poetic vision, who fashioned pictures in its limpid depths and heard music in its thundering falls, called it "Monach," meaning Foggy Water.

Call it what you will, there are some of the gamest fish in it that ever put springs in the heels of an angler, and there are depths in its pine woods and rest havens among its heights that make a medicine for tired nerves and broken bodies that has never yet been found in bottles and that surpasses all the wisest doctor's cunning.

I sit there by the diner window looking out on these swirling rapids and those purling depths and think of those evenings by the campfire and those mornings with the fly rod and the wicker creel, when my happy heart bid the troubled world go hang, and I was content with just one red onion, a corn pone and a bacon rind and warm, well-clothed and fashionable in blue jeans, brogans and bandana.

At the foot of that bluff before whose brow the Azoic ages passed and in whose presence the empires of the world have risen up and passed away, I have found time to bathe my soul in a stainless air and draw into my dreams a new resolution and a beginner's understanding of the Poet King's heart when he exclaimed, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

Number 5 will be in Fort Smith in a few minutes and my friend will meet me there with his fly-fishing outfit and with him I will hie back to these quiet scenes and tarry for a week within twelve hours of my office in the city and within a minute's touch of the world's latest heart throb.

And when the frost has changed the Ozark boquets to mounds of purple, I will go forth another twelve hours' journey to the sunny plains of Texas and thence in another week to the warm surf of the Gulf; always in reach of the city office by wire and rail. And yet! and yet! Away from the city into another world.

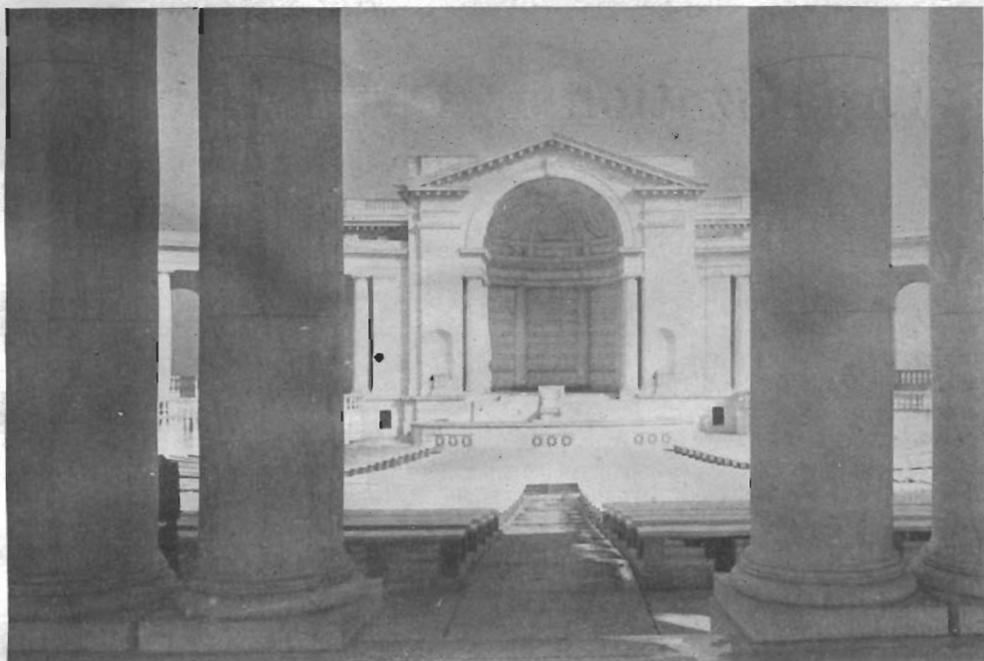
A man of average ability who is absolutely dependable and reliable is worth a regiment of brilliant fellows whose balance wheels are not so certain.

PUBLICATION SUSPENDED

After careful consideration, it has been decided to suspend the publication of this magazine with the April number.

There is a very serious shortage of print paper, and it is becoming increasingly difficult to secure suitable paper for this publication. Other printing costs have increased proportionately, finally forcing the conclusion that we are not justified in continuing the magazine under present conditions.

We desire to thank all our employes for their loyal co-operation during the thirteen years of publication. What success we have had is due largely to this assistance.



GREAT ARLINGTON MEMORIAL AMPHITHEATRE NEARLY FINISHED.

Looking from the colonnade over the seats to the stage of the great amphitheatre at Arlington, Va. After five years of work this beautiful memorial, built of American marble at a cost of \$825,000 is practically completed. It crowns the eastern shore of the Potomac River and looks across upon the Lincoln Memorial and makes the last of the classic white marble structures that adorn the Mall.



GIRLS WORKING ON NEW CURTISS BI-MOTORED "EAGLE."

Girls working on the new 10-passenger bi-motored Curtiss Eagle Airplane, which was one of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation's master exhibits at the Second Annual Aeronautical Exposition in New York last month. It will soon fly to San Francisco for an exposition there.

Organization and Management

By C. E. SAYLER

MUCH has been said regarding the organization and management of factories and shops, whereby new methods may be used to gain the highest standard of efficiency, and in many places new buildings have been erected, new machinery installed, and various devices have been put into operation in order that the cost of production may be reduced; but in many cases, after all this has been done and much money spent, it is found that the high standard of efficiency has not been obtained. In most instances this is due to one of the most important factors in business which is "Management," "System," or in other words, "Human Engineering."

It has been supposed until very recently, that engineering has to do solely with the intelligent development and control of that energy which depended upon fuel and the machine. Accordingly the mechanical engineer early became a recognized aid in the management of a plant and factory. But now that most business men are beginning to analyze their productive processes, the profession of engineering has been extended to include the development and control of that energy which displays itself through the minds and bodies of men. Therefore, a factory or shop, in order to obtain the highest degree of efficiency, must have a competent "Production Manager," or "Superintendent," who must be potentially at least, lawyer, ruler, guide, statesman, judge and confidential friend—all of these and more.

It is a difficult problem to find a production manager or superintendent of real executive ability. It is an easy matter for a company to hire a mechanic. But a man who knows how to direct other men, who knows what a day's work is, and how to get it from the workman in a way that will be both acceptable to the men and just to the owners, is a very rare person. No

workman, if he relies upon others for his thinking and planning, ever becomes really skilled, nor can any foreman work properly if continually nagged and not trusted.

I recently noticed an item where one of our great manufacturing concerns put a new superintendent in charge of one of its plants. Soon production fell off. He sent for the production manager of the corporation who found the weak department and gave the needed advice. Soon trouble arose again, and was again adjusted. A third time the production manager had to come. The plant superintendent proposed they go through the different departments and locate the trouble. "No," said the manager, "I've located the trouble. It's you. You try to do everything yourself. Call the men together, tell them you've made the mistake of not recognizing their worth and giving them responsibility; say that hereafter you will take your responsibility as superintendent by holding each foreman and each man responsible for his own work and that you believe they have the ability to produce good results; that you trust them to pull together and get the plant running again to full capacity." It was bitter medicine, but the superintendent was man enough to take it. He recognized the worth of the men, each in his place. The men responded—the trouble ended.

So we find that regardless of what kind of business we are in, that in order to get the desired results, we must have "Organization and Management," which means "System" obtained by "Human Engineering."

THE PROPER RETORT.

"So you want my daughter, eh?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you any money?"

"A little. How high do you quote her?"—
Brooklyn Citizen.