

VARIED CAREER OF JOHN A. HILL

Live American Who, Through Many Vicissitudes, Won Great Success.

HE GIVES TEACHER CREDIT

Barefoot Shepherd Lad, Printer, Machinist, Miner, Railroader, Editor and Now Owner of a Big Publishing Concern.

By RICHARD SPILLANE.

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It is one of the vanities of a fair number of successful men to rather emphasize the fact that they had little schooling in their youth. Maybe they picked up more in the days of the stone bruise and the blue-back speller than they realized. Maybe they are of the class who learn in flight and to whom the schoolroom drill means little.

Because John A. is so much like Johnny, John A. Hill always has been Johnny Hill. He was born near the top of the Green mountains in Vermont on Washington's birthday, in 1868. His father was a wheelwright. They make pretty good wagons in that part of America and the average wheelwright is likely to be a pretty good mechanic. In 1868 the Hills went out to Wisconsin and a year later the family moved to Iowa.

When John A. Hill was eight years old he went to work. As a barefoot boy with only a shirt and a pair of trousers he shepherded a flock of 300 sheep. There is a city now on the land those sheep browsed over. It is not very big, but everybody in Floyd county and various other counties of Iowa knows it. It is called Charles City.

The lad got no schooling then. There were no schools near by. The nearest neighbor was three miles away. In all Iowa there were not as many people as there are now in one county. The boy's mother died before he was eight years old and late in 1866 his father took him back to Wisconsin. There he got a little schooling. He worked in the summer and in the winter for five terms he trudged through the snow and the sleet and the cold to a country schoolhouse and, to the despair of his teachers, showed little or no interest in his studies. It was not that his mind was not bright. He had picked up reading, writing and arithmetic in a rush. But he could not tolerate the monotony of the schoolroom. He was eager to read and was most inattentive on that account. The stuff he read was not what a school teacher would approve. The dime novel was the most absorbing of literature to this boy. When he did not have one of those things to read he tried to follow the teacher's directions, but his mind strayed to other subjects.

One Teacher Understood Him. Of the various teachers he had, only one, Mrs. Mann, sympathized with him or understood the lad. She caught him one day reading a dime novel. He was eleven years old at the time. He had been ordered not to read such trash, but had willfully disobeyed the injunction. Mrs. Mann looked at the lurid bit of literature, then she looked at the boy.

"Finish it," she said, "and when school is dismissed at four o'clock, you are to stay in."

It was the rule then to neither spare the rod nor spare the boy, and Johnny Hill and all the other pupils expected Johnny Hill was going to get a rousing good licking. Instead of whipping that child, Mrs. Mann sat down alongside of him and told him she wanted him to tell her the story that was in that novel. He blundered through the first chapters of the tale as best he could in his agitation. The story was about Indians. She stopped him there and wanted to know what tribe of Indians. He didn't know. She made him look it up and then she told him a lot about the tribe. There was a marvelous escape of a white man from the Indians because the white man had rubbed his horse with phosphorus and the Indians thought it was something supernatural. The school teacher explained what phosphorus was and then made Johnny Hill proceed.

Taught Him How to Read. The boy, reassured, went along with his tale with a little more spirit. When he finished the woman told him that he had done pretty well. There were a lot of things in the book that he did not understand, however, and which he was skimming over. She advised him never to read in that way, but always to ascertain what the meaning of a thing was. Therein lay the profit in reading. Then she told him that he was a strange boy, one not to be judged as other boys were judged and that if ever he got an education it would come through his inordinate desire for reading.

"Reading is good for you, my boy," she said. "You've finished one novel. I'm going to bring another one to you tomorrow."

There was no novel reading at home for Johnny Hill. His father did not permit it. But the boy somehow managed to put in hours a day with a book. Without his knowledge the school teacher weaned him away from dime novels. She brought one thrilling story to him. It was a tale of the sea. After he read it she made him sit down and tell the whole story to her.

She was not satisfied if he missed an essential bit of detail. She would make him go back and read that over. Then she spent hours explaining various things about the sea to him, things that just were touched upon in that sea story.

That school teacher fed that boy on books until there was nothing in all the neighborhood about that she wanted him to read that she had not borrowed for him.

Became Expert Printer.

When he was fourteen he got a job in a printing shop in Black Earth, Wis. He took naturally to types and presses. When he had been in the shop a year and a half or two years he knew as much about the establishment as the people who owned it. When he was sixteen he went to Chicago, commissioned to buy a complete printing outfit for the firm. When he was seventeen he was foreman. He stayed in the printing business until he was nineteen. Then he bought a half interest in a little machine shop. He always had been interested in mechanics. He loved to tinker about boilers and flywheels and engines, and he could take anything apart, whether it was a watch or a stationary engine, repair it and put it together again.

That machine shop was just to his liking and he and his partner had a fair amount of business and excellent prospects. He had been in business for himself for about a year when one day, in 1878, a friend who had gone to Leadville at the time of the first excitement in that great camp, wrote him one of those letters that make the



The Boy, Reassured, Went Along With His Tale.

blood of adventure run riot in the veins of youth. The man in Leadville pictured what Hill could make in the mining camp as a machinist. It was fabulous. Nothing like it in the way of pay had been dreamed of by the ordinary machinist.

Hill read the letter over just once. Within an hour he had sold out his half interest in that machine shop. That night at nine o'clock he was on his way to Leadville.

Success and Failure.

His friend had not overdrawn the picture very much. Hill went to work putting up machinery in the mines. He worked all sorts of hours installing pumps, boilers, etc. He did the work of two men and the gold rolled in on him. It was glorious while it lasted. But after a year in Leadville he had the mining craze as bad as anyone. He went off on an expedition across the mountains into western Colorado prospecting. He hunted for gold and he hunted for silver. He did not get either, but he spent all the money he had earned in all those days of hard toil in Leadville.

In the fall when the snow was in the mountain passes and things were looking very bleak for him, he drifted into Pueblo and got a job firing an engine on the Denver & Rio Grande railroad. He was a fireman for a year and then he was promoted to be engineer. From the latter part of 1880 until 1885 he handled an engine on the Rio Grande. There hardly is a turn in the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas that is not as familiar to him as the fingers on his hand.

The Double Header.

It is all very well to run a locomotive in a scenic paradise, but it will not do for an ambitious man. The things Hill had read in the books Mrs. Mann furnished to him had awakened his soul and he wanted to give expression to some of the thoughts he had in his mind. Most of these had to do with the affairs that were immediately before him—the railroad, the locomotive, the men. He left the Denver & Rio Grande and started a little paper in Pueblo which he called the Double Header. The title was a happy one. It took two engines to take a train of a few cars up the terrific grade of the Grand Canyon, and it took two engines, also, to hold the train from running away when coming down the hill.

Then, as he was to get out this paper twice a week, it was a double header on that account. The engineer-editor got out five or six issues of the Double Header and then he turned it into a daily under the name of the Pueblo Daily Press.

It would be very pleasant to say that the Pueblo Daily Press was a success from the start. But it was not. Hill worked on that paper the best he knew how. He never was shy on anything in a news sense and he had a high reputation as an advertising solicitor. Yet the Pueblo Daily Press was rather sickly. Hill ran it for nine or ten months, then he sold out and went back on the Denver & Rio Grande as an engineer. For nearly two years he pulled the throttle over the mountains. At the end of the division he usually sat down and did a bit of writing. He wrote mighty well and the things he wrote about he knew thoroughly.

Bought American Machinist.

One day he got a letter from the owners of the American Machinist, which was published in New York. Many of the articles he had written had been sent to this publication and the owners had been impressed so that they wanted to see him. They had decided to start a railroad magazine called Locomotive Engineering. After a conference with Hill, they asked him to be its first editor. He accepted and assumed his duties on January 1, 1888. He made the publication go. He was its editor for three years. Then he made a proposition to its owners for its purchase. He had to take in

a partner to finance the deal, but after 1891 he was not only editor, but part owner.

He worked like a Trojan. Locomotive Engineering had steam up all the time. It made such speed financially that three years after he bought it he and his partner were able to buy the American Machinist. Next year he and his partner separated, his partner taking Locomotive Engineering and he taking the American Machinist. Since then he has gone it alone. In 1902 he bought Power, a monthly publication that was comparatively old, having been established in 1880 and having a very fine reputation. He paid \$400,000 for it. That was the highest price ever paid up to that time for a trade journal.

Then he bought the Engineers' Review of Cleveland and the Engineer of Chicago, merged them with Power and made Power a weekly.

By this time he had become a big figure in the mechanical and engineering world. But he was only getting into his stride. In November, 1905, he paid more than \$500,000 for the Engineering and Mining Journal, which was older than Power, having been established in 1866. In 1911 he started Coal Age, taking the coal department out of Power. The same year he bought Engineering News, paying the highest price on record up to that time for that publication—\$1,000,000.

Growth of His Enterprises.

With buying and merging great properties his field of expansion was not sufficient. In 1911 he started an English concern for the printing of an English edition of the American Machinist. In 1910 he started Maschinenbau in Berlin. Maschinenbau is the German edition of the American Machinist. In 1909 the McGraw-Hill Book company was formed. This was a consolidation of the book department of the McGraw Publishing company and the Hill Publishing company. It publishes textbooks for colleges and universities and scientific books without number.

The locomotive engineer who was a failure—or pretty close to being a failure—as a newspaper editor in Pueblo is the most successful editor and publisher in the engineering and manufacturing field in the world. There has been no check to his progress from the day he went to New York.

BOY IS KILLED IN FIGHT WITH SHARK

Young Turk, a Fancy Swimmer, Makes a Heroic Struggle Against Aquatic Enemy.

ALMOST WINS COMBAT

Crowd at Lake Pontchartrain, La., Sees Death Struggle Between Youth and a Man-Eater, Rescuers Arriving Too Late.

New Orleans, La.—Peter Kontpoulas, a seventeen-year-old Turk, a fancy swimmer of remarkable ability, gave a large audience at Lake Pontchartrain 20 minutes of unscheduled thrill and horror when he was fatally attacked by a man-eating shark while doing his swimming stunts in the lake. Kontpoulas had been doing his swimming tricks 100 yards out from the throng-lined shore for 15 minutes before the excitement began. Suddenly, the water about the boy began to churn. The lad was seen to throw up his hands and then disappear. The water became violently agitated, and the knowing men in the crowd which lined the shore yelled:

"My God! A shark has attacked that youngster!"

Clear-headed men in the crowd ran up the beach a quarter of a mile to get a boat to go out to the assistance of the youth. The rest of the crowd, helpless to aid the struggling swimmer, watched the death struggle of the nery Turk in mute horror. Out on the lake, the expert swimmer was making a terrific fight for life.

The shark first caught the man by the right foot. By beating the water hard and by strenuous squirming, the Turk freed himself temporarily from the jaws of the man-eater. Bravely he struck out for shore. In another minute, the shark, again on its back,



With the Right Arm of the Swimmer in Its Jaws.

made for the boy. This time he got a grip on the right leg of the youth. Again the battle in the lake raged fast and furiously, the boy and the shark both churning the water like paddle wheels. Again the boy freed himself from the monster of the deep. By this time the men who had gone for a boat were putting out for the scene of battle.

In another two minutes, the spectators saw the shark make another lunge for the swimmer, but this time they saw the Turk avoid the on-rushing monster. When the shark passed the youth, the lad struck out again for shore. The lad was seen to swim at least fifteen yards with great speed. Again the white, ugly throat of the sea brute was seen to shoot out of the depths, this time with the right arm of the swimmer in its uncompromising jaws. Men in the crowd yelled:

"Merciful God! The shark's got a big taste of blood now. He'll never quit the fight. The boy is done for!"

Using his left arm and his legs to the best of advantage, the boy struggled for fully two minutes underneath and on the surface of the water before he could wrest himself away from the mountainous man-eater. The men in the boat were pushing nearer and nearer, but were still a considerable distance away from the scene of battle. Weakened, but with magnificent spirit, the boy was seen to put again for the beach. This time he swam longer than he had after previous attacks.

Suddenly, however, the lad was seen to rise bodily out of the water. The shark had made a swift flank attack and the people on shore could see the boy's right side in the jaws of the man-eater. With unbridled fury the boy attacked the shark, freeing himself again from the monster. Again, he tried to strike out for shore, but his strokes were weak. As the rescuers in the boat reached the lad, he was just going down for the second time. He was unconscious when hauled into the boat, dying from loss of blood and an overworked heart before the craft reached shore.

Difference in War Declarations.

There was a great difference in the manner of commencing a war centuries ago to what there is now. Now the blow is frequently struck before the word, and there is no obligation to issue a formal declaration at all, the act of war constituting the declaration. But in medieval times no war ever began without a formal declaration by a herald, who, in a most leisurely manner, breathed defiance on the part of his royal master, exchanged innumerable bows with his enemies, and departed in as dignified a manner as he came.

Hard on Some People.

"Americans must learn to use home-grown tobacco," a trade journal declares. This will go hard with those persons who haven't been in the habit of using any kind of tobacco at all.—Youngstown (O.) Telegram.

Dyspepsia and pessimism have a lot in common.

Peruna Did Wonders For My Boy



Mrs. Nellie Courtney, 88 Franklin Ave., Norwalk, Conn., writes: "Peruna has done wonders for my boy. I cannot praise it enough."

"I think it is the best medicine on earth. Let me tell you why I think so."

"My son has been afflicted with catarrh since he was a baby five months old, so that for years I had to watch him all night long, and keep his mouth open so he could breathe, as he could not breathe through his nose. He has always been very delicate. Since he commenced taking the Peruna I can go to bed and sleep all night."

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Stork's Good Memory. While visiting the Berlin zoological gardens, says Lustige Blatter, little Gretchen saw a great white bird standing on one leg in a cage. She threw in a piece of candy; the bird gobbled it up eagerly, and thrust its head through the wire for more.

Presently Gretchen's mother came along. "Oh, mother, see here! What kind of a bird is this?" The mother pointed to the sign on the cage, which read, "The Stork." "The stock!" cried the little girl enthusiastically. Oh, mamma, do you know, he actually recognized me!"

ITCHING BURNING ECZEMA

R. F. D. No. 3, Caldwell, Ohio.—"When our baby was about two months old she broke out over her body, face and head with eczema. It was bad, about as thick as it could be. It broke out in a kind of pimples. They were red and sore. She was very cross and restless. The eczema would itch and burn till she couldn't sleep. It looked very badly and would peel off where the places were. Her clothes would irritate the eruption. "We gave her medicine, but it didn't do any good. We had heard about Cuticura Soap and Ointment so we sent for a sample and it was not very long till she was better. I bought some more Cuticura Soap and Ointment which cured her completely." (Signed) H. E. Smith, Mar. 21, 1914. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

The hardest work some people do is to figure on getting money without working for it.

Arm yourself with a dark lantern when looking for honor among thieves.

Glory. Some warriors, having been at war quite awhile, were beginning to tire of the sport.

"There's glory enough for all!" exclaimed the more impulsive among them. But others were more cautious. "Let's keep on killing and desolating awhile longer and make sure!" urged these.

It was the counsel of prudence which prevailed, the world being notified that the conditions were not, as yet, quite ripe for peace.

Most of us need the money because that is what money is for.

Many a man's success, like that of an actor, is due to a good manager.

CURED!
And it only cost me \$1.00
That is one of the many testimonials we have received of the cures made by **LANG-O MINERAL WONDER**
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Nature's greatest tonic and specific. A simple but wonderful natural mineral remedy. Contains no drugs, poison or alcohol. We have testimonials proving this marvelous remedy has cured hundreds given up as incurable. IT WILL CURE YOU. You can regain health and strength. YOU CAN BE CURED. Trial size (letters enough to cure) only \$1.00. Write us today for LANG-O MINERAL WONDER. Write for descriptive testimonial pamphlet. Agents Wanted.
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will aid you in regaining youthful health and strength—just as it has been doing for over forty years for women who have been in the same condition of health you now find yourself. It soothes and invigorates. It rebuilds and uplifts. Your medicine dealer will supply you in tablet or liquid form, or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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