The Concern that Made Clay Center a Famous Nebraska Town

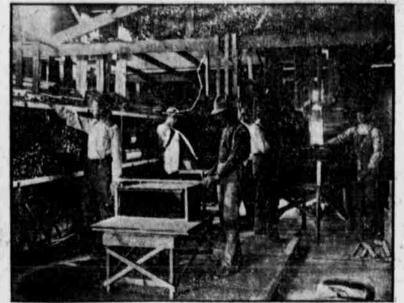
Office Building, Factory and Warehouses of the Sure Hatch Incubator Company and the Processes of Preparing Its Finished Product Ready for Its Ever-Widening Market



A SCORE OF STENOGRAPHERS REQUIRED TO GET OUT THE DAILY SURE HATCH MAIL.



MAIN OFFICE, FACTORY AND WAREHOUSE OF SURE HATCH INCUBATOR COMPANY AT CLAY CENTER, NEB.



FLOOR WHERE FINISHED INCUBATORS ARE BOXED FOR SHIP-

and raising chicks.

One of the first sights that forcibly his way "up town" is a large, red two wide as it is long, upon which a huze sign, the entire length of the building, matters." displays the legend, "Sure Hatch Incubator

View of the Warehouse.

A few steps further and the other corner of the same block comes into view, them more than twice his age, swears by showing the large warehouse and office him. building, reaching from the street curb and seventy-five feet wide. Lumber sheds, owned by the company.

Entering the main office, you hear the click of half a score of typewriters, gaze of his fingers and tongue. down long tables at which are seated an

more young women busy.

Tremendously Active There. Everything has the aspect of tremendous activity. And no wonder, It is the be-

ginning of the selling season of the world famed Sure Hatch machines.

LAY CENTER. NER. is a small tioned it he smiled and said. "Yes, were town, but it is the home of a it not for a trained organization in every very large manufacturing plant department of this great institution, I exclusively engaged in making would never get through; but I'll be through machines for artificially hatching in a minute, then I'll be glad to show you around."

And sure enough in a few minutes he strikes the stranger's eye, a few steps had marked everything on his desk and after he leaves the Burlington depot on sent it to its respective department. "There," said he, "that work will be done and a half story corner building, the absolutely right in every detail; I know length of half a city block and half as it, so I forget all about it and turn my thoughts to other things besides routine

Swear by the Managers.

He was right, as I afterwards learned. Though but a young man, every employe, both in the office and factory-some of

I was struck with his quick off-hand, line back to the alley line, 140 feet long yet polite, manner of giving his instructions here and asking terre, pointed quesoil roofs, chicken houses, testing labora- tions there, and sometimes it seemed to tories and an elevated tramway connect- me a marvel in the way his mind would ing the factory to the warehouse, cover jump from one extreme to another, covernearly the entire block occupied and ing the wide range of details in the manufacturing as well as selling departments of the business. He has it all at the ends

I afterwards asked many of the emequal number of young women-mailing out ployes how they liked their manager. "He's circulars, catalogues and letters by the all right; knows his business and nobody fools him; treats us finer than silk and is Off in a corner of the large room, huge always up to something to make things filing cabinets that are the more conspicu- better and easier for us. Why shouldn't ous on account of their great size, keep we like him? He's all wool and a yard Sure Hatch, which I selected at random when I was told there were over 20,000 or- being used this season. Huge piles of the wide and strictly square on every cor-

The Sure Hatch Itself.

what I prefer to tell about, and no doubt I found the manager in his private office it is that to which most interest attaches. up to his ears in papers, letters and docu- While I have seen many of these machines like them in the company's files. ments of every description. He was just in operation during the past five or six I ran my hands over drawer after drawer two days out of town. It looked as though privileged to look through the company's for machines. It was a thirty-drawer cabi- breath while doing so.



THE SHEET METAL DEPARTMENT IS A MAZE OF TINSMITHS' TOOLS.

But I must not write of the manager at selection. I afterwards looked through the cated 23,340.

the indicator must have been right. I looked over the records of the purchas-

he said, after having been years, I have never operated one, but was full of cards containing last year's orders ing agent and stock keeper and held my

he had a two weeks' job, and when I men- vast files of correspondence and read many net that held them and most of the drawers. A train of thirty-five cars of ordinary tween thousands and thousands of finished was being made on contract. When I are household words over the entire world.

of the tens of thousands of letters of rec- were full of cards, others nearly so. Each capacity would be required to haul the ommendation sent in by the users of the drawer is made to hold 1,000 cards, and lumber and sheet copper alone which is from the files. To read that great mass der cards in the cabinet I could not doubt finest California redwood and cork pine, of correspondence, accumulated in one it. Rather, I should think on a count there great stacks of asbestos mill board, inyear's business, would require months, so would be more, though I could not take sulating felts, sheet iron, kegs of nails, I had to content myself with a process of the time to do it. The cabinet record indi- boxes of solder, screws, lamp burners, thermometers and the many other items that greater length. The Sure Hatch itself is Sure Hatch catalogue, and I must say the As these record cards are consulted every go to make up the finished Sure Hatch. but fair samples of thousands more just system of subdivision and cross-indexing, rows of barrels of paint, oil and varnishes

machines, ready for the market, which allearned the low prices for which these loads per week. It seemed as if there were machines were sold, and that they were sold enough incubators and brooders stacked up there to supply the whole country, yet and a five years' guarantee, I understood at business for the company.

In the Workshop.

I went into the factory door where the raw materials go in, through the great "saw room" they call it, yet nearly every kind of wood-working machines imaginable were there-bench saws, grooving saws, band saws, mortisers, borers, turning lathes, polishing machines and what not.

Thousands of feet of lumber every day were being worked up and sent to the various assembling departments. I went the rounds of all of them. Over a hundred different pairs of hands perform the labor in making a Sure Hatch.

The sheet metal department was a perfect maze of tinsmith's tools and machinerycopper tubes, tanks, sheetiron heating drums, lamps, heaters-I can't begin to mention all of it. Through the painting and finishing department, hundreds of machines going through all the time, through the packing and crating department, everywhere every man in every place, working as if for dear life, yet withal a smile and a cheery "Good morning" in answer to my salutation.

Intelligence and Skill.

I was struck with the high degree of intelligence displayed upon the features of every employe I met, and with the skill and dexterity with which the work was performed. I also noted the entire absence of child labor

Everything was moving like clockwork. Every day the lumber for 125 incubators of the company's advertising matter, is sent letters and pictures there reproduced are day, and being indexed by an elaborate Tons and tons of it, to say nothing of the and seventy-five brooders comes in at one door of the factory and in ten hours it that every poultry raiser in this great and boxes of glass that are for immediate makes the rounds and comes out another country would get one of these catalogues door, 125 incubators and seventy-five brood- and learn from it of some of the great In going through the warehouse to the ers, finished and tested, and every one things I saw in Clay Center, which name, factory I passed through long aisles, be- made with the same precision as if but one now, together with that of the Sure Hatch,

ready are going out at the rate of two car- highly useful and pre-eminently successful with practically an unlimited trial period there was less than a third of a season's once why such great care was exercised in their making, why only the best of mechanics were employed and only the best of materials were used.

The prices would admit of a small profit for one handling, but that was all. Every machine has to do its work or the company loses money on it in making it right. So everything is made right in the beginning.

Price of the Machine.

And in figuring over the Sure Hatch materials and prices I learned that in my town in Illinois I could get one of them delivered to me cheaper than I could make it myself, allowing that I were an expert mechanic. The great volume of business, highly systematized in purchasing in huge quantities at the right time, selling and distributing does the business

Yes, after seeing it. I vote the Sure Hatch a great American success. The United States Department of Agriculture, in Farmers' Bulletin No. 236, uses illustrations of it in telling the poultry raisers of the country how a good incubator should be made. Over the manager's desk hangs a little placard, "Don't Grunt-Do Your Stunt-Do Right." That's the keynote of the success.

The company's catalogue is a very complete incubator, brooder and poultry raising guide. It's a beauty and worth dollars to everyone who has a chicken on his prem-

Becoming a Household Word.

This catalogue, as well as all of the rest free to all who request it, and I only wish

Nebraska Boy a Hero of the Bennington Disaster

HE announcement of the awarding of a medal and \$100 in cash under general orders from Secretary Bonaparte to each of eleven members of the crew of the United States ship Bennington, for extraordinary heroism displayed at the time of the terrible disaster to that ship in San Diego bay, California, came as a surprise to Otto D. Schmidt, whose home is at Blair and who is one of the eleven mentioned in the list. An interview with Mr. Schmidt, who has been at Blair since he was mustered out last August, drew from him only a few remarks in regard to the awarding of the rewards to himself and comrades. The only merit that he could think of over others of the crew was that when the officer of the deck called for volunteers to go below for their comrades, eleven responded to the call. He has his honorable discharge with the words, "Survivor of the Bennington" printed across

Mr. Schmidt is the only one of the eleven that belongs to Nebraska. He was born and raised in Blair. He was in the bath

room at the time of the explosion and crawled out through a small window, and without clothes made his way to the deck and blew the danger whistle, remaining with his ship, helping to care for the injured and to bury the dead, and received his discharge papers when his ship reached San Francisco, after a term of service of four and one-half years. He was one of the five boys who made the start from Blair to join Uncle Sam's navy, enlisting with the Omaha draft May 11, 1901, and was assigned to duty on the Pensacola training ship at Goat island, San Francisco. He was with his ship at the scene of the Panama trouble, which was the nearest he came to being in actual naval warfare. He has only good words for the navy and his papers show that he can enter the navy at any time.

Of the four companions who enlisted with him from Blair, Donald Kelly and Charles Evans are serving on the battleship Wisconsin at Manila, P. I.; Parker Otterman received his discharge from the Philadelphia navy yard and Fred J. Taylor from the Adams at Samoan islands October 2



and 25, 1905, and are at present at Blair.

A Consting Experience. HE hill was ready. The track, at first traced by the accommodating bootleg.-Century Magazine. sleds and feet of a ploneer few. gradually had been packed and polished until now it lay smooth,

straightaway, inviting. The hill was ready; so were you. Your round, turban-like cap was pulled firmly upon your head and over your ears; your red tippet (mother knit it) twice encircled your neck, crossed your breast, and was tied (by mother) behind in a double knot; your red double mittens (mother knit them and constantly darned them) were on your hands; and your legs and feet were in your stout copper-toed, red-topped boots. And your cheeks (mother kissed

them) were red, too. Twitched by its leading rope, followed you, like a loyal dog, your sled-a very firm sled, than which none was finer.

"Say, but she's slick, ain't she?" gloried Hen, as you and he hurriedly drew in sight of your goal. From all quarters other boys, and girls as well, were converging, with gay chatter, upon this Mecca. winter sport. Far and wide had gone forth the word that Middleton's hill was "bully."

"Aint she!" you replied enthusiastically. With swoop and swerve and shrill cheer, down scudded the sleds and bobs of the earlier arrivals and the spectacle spurred you to the crest.

Panting, you reached it. "You go first," you said to Hen. "Naw; you," sald he.

"All right. I'd just as lief," you responded.

securely gathered in your hand. "Clea-ear the track!" you shricked. "Clea-ear the track!" echoed down the hill from the mouths of solicitous friends. You gave a little run, and down you slammed, sled and all, but you uppermost,

a masterly exposition of "bellybust." Over

Breast-high you raised your sled, its rope

the crest you darted. The slope was beneath you, and now you were off, willy-"Clear-ear the track!" again you shricked

with your last gasp.

your rear.

You had begun to fall like a rocket, faster, faster, ever faster, through the black-bordered lane. The wind blinded your eyes, the wind stopped your breath, the wind sang in your ears, like an oriflamme, streamed and strained your tippet ends. and the snow crystals spun in your wake. Dextrously applying your toes you steered more by intuition than by sight. You dashed around the curve; you struck the cuivert and it flung you into the air until daylight showed between you and your steed; ka-thump! you landed again; and presently over the level you glided with slowly decreasing speed until, the last glossy inch covered, the uttermost mark possible-this time-attained, you rose, with eyes watery and face tingling, and stood

inclination to propel with his hands, alligator fashion.

aside to watch Hen, who came apace in

"Aw, that ain't fair! You're shovin'!

Hen sheepishly desisted and scrambled to

"Cracky! That's a reg'lar old bellybumper, ain't it?" he exclaimed joyouely. He referred to the delicious culvert. You assented. The culvert was a consummation of bliss to which words even more expressive than Hen's would not do justice.

Up the slope, in the procession along its edge you and he trudged, and down again, in the procession along its middle, you

flew. Over and over and over you did it, thought. Every time they rounded a point and the snow filled sleeve and neck and there was only another point ahead. Sud-

---An Unexpected Party. Little Warren Mansfield was never so happy as when his mother had a houseful Grace's arm.

He liked to talk to people, to sing his funny songs and to listen to their stories of kittens and birds and ponies. Visitors were specially welcome now that Aunt Jessie was sick, for Aunt Jessie was Warren's standby for stories when other

amusements failed. Mother was preparing a luncheon for the invalid, when Warren said: "Don't you wish Mrs. Cowles would come over here?" i

"Yes." mother answered, wondering if she had put enough salt in the beef tea. "And wouldn't you like to have Mrs. Popkins come, too?"

Somehow Warren always would twist H into P when he talked about the Hopkins family across the street. "Why, yes, dear, of course; but don't

"Guess she'd like it if they'd all come," the little hoy concluded to himself, "only she can't stop to think about it." Three minutes afterward Warren

bother now; mother's busy."

ringing Mrs. Cowles' door bell. mother'd like to have you come over," he said. "All right," the neighbor replied, think-

ing as she untied her apron. "I wonder if be, Jessie is worse." She was smoothing her rumpled hair,

stood at the door. "She wants you to come quick," he said. "Dear me!" she said. "Tell her I'll be right over. Then the little mischief went straight to

the next house, and the next, and the next, and the next, delivering the same message. And all the women dropped their work and hastened to go to Mrs. Mansfield's to help in her trouble. Mrs. Cowles saw him at Mrs. Hopkins'

door and she feared the sick aunt had taken suddenly worse. It was a merry party gathered in Mrs. Mansfield's living room when Warren re-

"Aren't you glad I invited so many folks?" he said, running up to his mother. "I knew you wanted 'em all, only you hadn't time to ask 'em. Please somebody tell me a story!"-Emma C. Dowd, in Our

A Race Against the Tide. Grace Ellison and her three little cousins M. Oglevec, in Our Little Ones.

had been gathering mountain lausel and had walked farther than they realized. Now they were all tired, and the path back over the mountain looked steep and difficult. At its foot rippled the waters of the some time. While so employed he put in a Hudson river. Just now the tide was low. There was a tiny strip of rocky beach around the cliff and beyond the mountain was the village where the four girls lived, be a merry lot, with an many stories as That don't count!" you asserted, as Hen, They knew that people had walked around the end man of a minstrel show. One of in order to equal your mark, evinced an the cliff at low tide, but it was said to be them told in his hearing of having been dangerous.

Nan Beiden always was attracted by a spice of danger. "I'm going anyway," she cried, jumping up. "You can stay if you are afraid."

'We'll all go if you do," answered Bertie, soberly, "but I think the tide has turned." clambered over those ugly rocks very far recipe for?" they knew she was right. It was too late

over the huge boulders. The way was longer than they had

Entertaining Little Stories for Little People

denly Nan cried: "Oh, my foot's soaked!" A little wave had splashed over it. "Hurry, girls," said Bertle. She caught

They hurried, scrambling, their feet sonked with the water that now washed their ankles, their hands and knees scraped by the rocks, and the village not yet in

Suddenly little Elsie screamed as a high wave knocked her off her feet, and Nan caught her just in time. They pulled her along, and reached the next point somehow, where they saw the beach and the village. A few more struggles, and through water nearly to their waists, they reached

the beach and were safe. As they sat breathless on the sand comforting Elsie, Nan looked down at their wet skirts and exclaimed:

"That was the silliest thing we ever

And really, I believe it was.

Doctor Brown.

I am going to tell you a story about Dr. Brown-not a man doctor like the one who comes with his bottles and his powders to make you well when you are sick, but a new kind that I don't believe you ever heard of before. This story began in house-cleaning time, when the carpets were up and everybody was as busy as could Ruth would have been busy, too, helping do all sorts of things if she had been well, but she had risen that morning with when the bell rang again. Warren still a sore throat; so, instead of being at work with the others she had to stay upstairs alone with her playthings, and she was about the lonesomest little girl you ever

> Just after dinner there was a ring at the doorbell, and in came a bright-faced young woman carrying in her hand-what do you think? A tiny, fluffy, brown chicken for Ruth! That ended the loneliness for that day, for chickie stayed upstairs with her, and the long hours fairly flew. She fed him bread crumbs and gave him a drink from a toy saucer. When he grew sleepy she rolled him up in a big, soft piece of flannel and put him to bed in a shoe box. When mother came up to say that supper was ready she found a happy little girl, who cried merrily, "Mother, & just believe that my chicken has made me well, and I think we'll have to name him Dr. Brown.' So now you know who Dr. Brown is. He had not made Ruth quite well that time. but he came often and, as mother said, "his bill didn't have to be paid."-Louise

> > "Local Color."

David Belazco, playwright and theatrical manager, was a newspaper reporter for few days with a gang of tramps in order to get "color" for an article he had been assigned to write. He found the hobes to given a mince ple by the young wife of a farmer. Next day the tramp appeared at the farmhouse again and said: be kind enough, ma'am, to give me the recipe for that there mince pie what I had here yesterday?"

"Well, the idea?" cried the farmer's wife. "Nonsense!" cried Nan. But before they "Land sakes, man. what do you want that

"To settle a bet," replied the tramp. "My to go back, so they went on, scrambling pardner says you use three cups of Portland cement to one of molasses, but I claim it's

New Bedford's Blind Lawyer.

is now the legal adviser of New the sense of humor which ever John Hay Bedford, Mass., a municipality of had, shows clearly how his mind, ran." nearly 80,000 inhabitants. His ability alone won him the office.

cannon cracker on the Fourth of July. His parents sent him to the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston, and upon his graduation he was the valedictorian of his class. He returned to the institute as a

In the fall of 1889 he entered Amherst college and was graduated with the class of 1892. While in college he led his class, frequently securing a marking of 100 per

cent in his courses. In his bar examination in 1807 Perry was not quite at his best. Thinking that the examination was to be oral, he did not bring his typewriter, and so had to dic-Perry passed the best examination of the

several hundred aspirants.

John Hay's Premonition. That John Hay, late secretary of state, had a premonition of his death months before he died, and that he was able to make a jest over the fact has been brought to light by the publication of a letter written by the diplomatist to his lifelong friend and college mate, Colonel William L. Stone of Mount Vernon, N. Y. The letter, which appears in the current number of The Shield, a magazine published in the interest of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity, is dated

"My Dear Stone; On account of my being confined to my room with a slight Sincerely yours,

belief, not only through reading between THOUGH sightless since he was the lines of our correspondence for two 7 years of age, William B. Perry years, but by the above letter, which, under

An American Exile.

Mr. Perry was born in New Bedford in Only a few weeks ago Theodore Tilton 1868. When only 7 years old he lost his celebrated his seventieth birthday anniversight as the result of the explosion of a sary at his residence on the Avenue Kleber, in Paris. As a rule, his natal anniversaries are marked by gatherings of the American literary set. Tilton recites a poem or makes an address. This year the function was postponed and the report went the rounds that the last had been held. Mr. Tilton is, however, in fairly good health. He keeps up his journalistic work, though he does not care to have it more particularly identified. From the day the Tilton-Beecher jury disagreed he has shunned the public gaze of his countrymen at home, though Americans are said to read him oftener than they read some other American correspondents retate to a younger brother not up in legal siding in Europe. His contributions aptechnicalities. But despite this handicap pear under various names. It is reported that he has prepared a full statement of the whole difficulty between himself and Henry Ward Beecher, which will be

> lishing house thirty days after his death. A Marvelous Memory.

brought out by a leading New York pub-

Louis N. Megargee, the writer, who died a few days ago in Philadelphia, had marvelous tenacity of memory and power of sustained effort. These qualities were exhibited at the time. Thomas A. Scott of the Pennsylvania railroad died. Megargee was then on the staff of the old Philadelphia Times. Through some inadvertence the at Washington, November 3, 1904, and is obituary notice had not been prepared in advance Colonel A. K. McClure, editor of the Times, was a close friend and associate of Scott's, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon clod, the speeches went off without my of the railroad president's death he ordered name; but I send you some as you request. that a complete biographical sketch be Don't talk about anything so ridiculous as written and that a full history of Mr. my being a candidate for the presidency. Scott's life be presented, regardless of what I shall never hold any office after this; and space it might occupy. The task was as-I expect to be comfortably dead by 1908, signed to Megargee. He began writing with JOHN HAY," a pencil at 4:30 p. m., and by 1 o'clock the In commenting on the letter Colonel next morning, without referring to a note Stone said: "I am inclined to believe that and depending entirely upon his memory, Mr. Hay had a premonition that his stay he had completed eight columns of an anawith us was short. I am inclined to this lytical review of Scott's life.

Another Nebraska Golden Wedding



AND MRS PREDERICK DIER OF LOUISVILLE, NEB., WHO RECENTLY OBSEVED THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.