

Down in Georgia four years ago a group of New England industrialists moved their machinery down in that state on account of the cheaper labor. They employed colored help.

The first week all the colored people worked. They earned more money and had more prosperity than they had ever experienced. With this new-found wealth, the majority of the colored people went on a spree, caroused and spent their money. They remained drunk and did not return to work until they had spent every dime they possessed. The factory owners did not know what to do about it. The same group was allowed to return after they had sobered up, and on the next occasion with their bounteous pay checks they indulged in the same experience.

The New England industrialists were discouraged and were ready to crate their machinery and move back to modest and thriving New England.

By a mere coincident something happened to change the situation. A stockholder had a son who had graduated from either Harvard or Yale, and who was sent down to take some kind of a job in the factory. He hadn't studied much at school, but he got through, somehow, on his personality. The company store had not been doing as well as it should, so the son was appointed manager of the company store. This was about the only place they could find for this chap.

The building was a long, low, shoe-box factory type of building, termed an ugly. Few windows were in the structure, and these placed in the upper part of the building. This young manager astounded the directors by asking for an appropriation to fix up the building. Any one who is accustomed to a company store knows that credit checks are punch-out cards, and issued to the employee. No money is ever handled, and prices are generally exorbitant because there is no competition. Plate glass windows