CHAPTER XXIV.

INDIVIDUAL GREATNESS.

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
We build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And mount to its summit round by round."

Before Mr. Philips went to the farm he came into the barn to get a piece of rope and said to me, "There is something more I want to tell you, Queen. Last night I awoke in the wee sma' hours, when thought holds her strongest sway, and thought about your going away and wondered how we would get along without you. I thought of how good and faithful you had been all these years, and of the good you had brought us, by your individual merits and your wonderful power of transmitting them to your descendants. It made me realize as I never did before what great things the individual greatness of a person or an animal can accomplish, for Webster rightly says it applies to animals as well as people. I kept on thinking of individual greatness as we see and hear of it until my mind was so full of it that I got up, as I usually do at such times, and lit the lamp and jotted my thoughts down, and will tell you what they were.

"First, I thought of why you were such a wonderful cow. Do you know, Queen, why you are a greater and more profitable cow than Black Bess, the cow that stood in the next stall to you on the farm? It is not size, because she is larger than you are. It is simply your individuality that makes you great, and which you largely inherited from your parents, Puck and
GUYDETTE. Bred by A. J. Philips.


Owned by Estate of Fred Rietbrock, Athens, Wis.
Yeksa, and they, in turn, inherited from their parents through a long line of ancestry noted for their individual greatness. This is why you possess such wonderful powers of transmission and stamp your individual greatness on your progeny. See what a grand bull your grandson, Guydette, is and also your son, Salem's King, look at the great dairy form of your daughters, Yeksa's Queen and Queen Deette, also your granddaughter Queen of Salem, that everybody, at the fairs, stopped to admire, even Captain Arnold, who is wrapped up in beef six inches thick, said she was a great dairy heifer and he wished he owned her. Now, you are so hale and hearty that I expect great things of you yet. Of course, when thinking so much of you and your parents it led me to think of your breeder, Mrs. Foster, and her individual greatness. She knew that Yeksa was a great cow and that Puck was a grand sire, so she directed that you be bred back to your own sire to perpetuate that individuality, which shows so strongly in your progeny. She said that the people way back, in bible times, practiced inbreeding among the human race to perpetuate the individuality of great families. She, herself, is a descendant of a long line of Holland and Revolutionary ancestors who were noted for their great individuality. And I heard Mr. Philips say that both his grandfathers served in the Revolutionary War.

"Individuality goes beyond what is usual in men, women or animals. The father answered his son wisely when he said that it was not the stature of Alexander that made him great, but the greatness of his name, and his name was not great from inheritance, but from his own great individual achievements, achieved by the power of his individuality which, doubtless, was inherited from some near or remote ancestor. Look at the great individuality of Lincoln who said that it made his heart bleed to see a family separated and sold into slavery. There has never been a more perfect religion than Lincoln's. This great precept of his should be remembered and practiced by every American: 'With malice towards none and charity
SALEM'S KING. Bred by A. J. Philips.
Son of Queen Vashti. Owned by Estate of Fred Rietbrock, Athens, Wis.
towards all, let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it. Let reverence for the law be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe upon her lap; let it be taught in schools and colleges; let it be printed in primers, spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, in short let it become the religion of the nation.’

Lincoln’s greatness was genuine, individual greatness which towers far above selfishness and hope of gain. The happiest man in the world today is he who has the most of this spirit; who is joyfully giving himself, body, mind and soul to the cause of humanity, to mother, father, wife and children, in fact, to everybody; who thinks of self, if at all, last, and who finds his greatest happiness in the happiness he is able to make for those around him. Such was the spirit of the great Lincoln.

“Then, look at George T. Angell who is, I believe, the greatest example of individual greatness living in the world today. He was born way back in 1823, and today is actively engaged in spending his life and his fortune for the betterment of mankind and for bettering the condition of the dumb animals that cannot speak for themselves. His face shows he is the embodiment of great individuality and kindness which he inherited. On his father’s tombstone was inscribed these words: ‘He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost, and added much people to the Lord.’ His mother was distinguished for charitable deeds and religious devotion. What a grand birthright! Mr. Angell says that no man living or dead ever had a better mother. He always loved animals and birds. In 1864 he made his will, bequeathing a large portion of his property for the purpose of preventing cruelty to animals and children. It is a great blessing that God has spared his life so long to be the administrator of his own estate, and thousands of good people are praying that God will keep him well and strong till long after he has passed the century mark.

“Oh, after making his will he was so aggravated, on seeing in
a Boston paper of Feb. 24, 1868, that two horses had been driven to death, in Massachusetts, in a forty mile race, that his great individuality asserted itself and he took hold of the work himself and has worked at it ever since. He is editor of a splendid little journal, Our Dumb Animals, published in Boston, Mass., which every child should read, and which he sends to every newspaper in the United States.

"Another worthy example of wonderful individual greatness, of which I thought, was that of Hiram Woodruff, in whose life work I have been greatly interested since 1875, and who, to my mind, was one of the rare men of the last century. I bought three volumes of his life. I gave one of them to a young man whom I thought needed it more than he did a love story; one I loaned and it was never returned, and one I still have. One does not have to own a trotting horse to appreciate this book, it is good reading for a person in any walk of life. He was a model of strength, grace and activity; he possessed sinews of steel and nerves which could not be shaken.

"This country has the credit, more than any other, for improving the horse in daily service, and for this it is indebted to Hiram Woodruff, says his historian, more than to any other ten men. He predicted that Budd Doble would be a great driver and that Dexter would beat the world which, in his day, he did. He lowered the trotting record more, in his day, than any other living man; he lowered it twenty-two seconds, from 2:40 to 2:18. Like Rarey, his doctrine was kindness, and when he went into the barn the horses would whinny, as he went from stall to stall. He was greatly interested in his work of improving and bettering horses. No man in America, at that time, except, perhaps, General Grant, was esteemed by a greater number of people than Hiram Woodruff. He possessed a happy disposition and his face, though thoughtful, usually showed a sweet smile which would long be remembered. He possessed incorruptible integrity. He was a phenomenon. Born, as he was, amid the dregs of the stable and brought up
among the vicious and depraved, yet he never committed a dishonorable act. He was a true and genuine specimen of individual greatness.

"Why, Queen, I could tell of a hundred or more of my friends, in Wisconsin and Minnesota, who are possessors of individual greatness, but I have not the space to do it. I will, however, speak of one more, that is my friend, S. M. Owen,

Hiram Woodruff
America's Great King Horseman.

editor and publisher of The Farm, Stock and Home, of Minneapolis, Minn., who has for more than a score of years published a farm paper truly and honestly, I believe, in the interests of the farmers. Few papers come to my desk that do not contain advertisements of fraudulent medicines and foods which the advertisers want to sell to the farmers at exorbitant prices. Mr.
Owen does not do this, and, I believe, his large number of farmer subscribers are appreciating it, and they should all stand by him. He could make thousands of dollars by publishing such advertisements, but, I believe, he values his good reputation among the farmers more than he would the money he could get from the vendors of these nostrums and foods.

"I can tell you truthfully, Queen, that it is good for you

Mrs. A. J. Philips
Formerly Avis Deette Buttles.

and me that such men have lived. You know, Queen, how kind my wife and boys have always been to you and how thoughtful of your comfort? No one knew better than I how kind and good Mrs. Philips always was to all the animals on the farm, and he could not express words in praise of her so great
but what I could endorse every word.” Mr. Philips paused as if for a reply, then continued. “I know you know that it is so for your eyes express it if your tongue does not, and I can not finish my talk with you at this time without paying a well deserved tribute to my wife, the mother of my children. Like you, she possesses great individuality, and has been very successful in transmitting it to her children. She inherited a strong type of honesty from her parents, and, during more than forty years I have spent with her, I have never known her to do or countenance a dishonorable act, and I never knew one of her six children to do anything dishonorable or tell me a lie. Does not such example or teaching as hers count for much in a family? I consider that she is the one to whom the greatest credit is due. She is good and kind to her children and they, without an exception, are good and kind to her. Not only is she good and kind to her own children but is good and kind to other people’s children and is thoughtful of their welfare, and is, also, kind to every dumb animal we have about us, and she is ever ready to bestow her loving sympathy upon every living creature that is afflicted or abused. This I count another example of individual greatness in a plain, modest and unassuming way.

“Well, Queen, I began this long talk with an account of a great cow and I am going to finish it with a short sketch of a great horse because both of you possess individuality, the same as people do. One peculiar circumstance about you two is that your mother, Yeksa, was bred by the late I. J. Clapp, at Kenosha, and the horse that I am going to speak of, Jay Eye See, was owned by the late J. I. Case, at Racine, both places are in Wisconsin and only a few miles apart. The reason I tell you about him, so that a brief sketch of his life will appear in your autobiography, is because he is one of the most wonderful horses that ever trod the turf, and you know that next to cattle I like horses best. After Jay Eye See made his great record, at Providence, of 2:10, I was in Milwaukee and, having some
JAY EYE SEE. Greatest Combined Trotter and Pacer up to 1905.
acquaintances in Racine, I went there, and one of my friends went with me to the barn where he was kept, we were shown in and went into his box stall and looked at him. The fastest I had ever seen a horse go up to that time was 2:37, and to look at and put my hands on a horse, in my own state, that had trotted a mile in 2:10 seemed to me quite wonderful. I said, 'Hiram Woodruff closed the gap from 2:40 to 2:18 and now Bithers, with Jay Eye See, has lowered it about half-way from 2:18 to the two minute mark.'

He is the only horse living or dead that ever trotted in 2:10 and then went out and paced a mile in 2:6½. He was a born pacer and Ed Bithers, his driver, had hard work to make him trot, and, curious enough, when Mr. Case's son, Jackson, put hopples on him to make him pace, he did not go a quarter of a mile before they were ordered taken off, as they seemed to worry him so much. Then came a surprise, when Mr. Case got back on his sulky Jay Eye See began to pace and has been a pacer ever since. He surely possesses individual greatness as champion pacer and trotter of the world and I can not learn that he ever ate an ounce of stock food in his life. Jay Eye See was born ten years after the great trainer Woodruff died. He is now twenty-eight years old and hale and hearty. He is never harnessed, is really in a horse's paradise. This is owing to the good care and kind treatment he is receiving at the hands of the proprietors of the J. I. Case Plow Works at Racine, of which the late J. I. Case was the founder. This kind treatment of this great horse would suit Mrs. Foster, Geo. T. Angell and Hiram Woodruff, if he was living. Mr. Case's horses were worth more to him than money. He loved them and was kind to them for their own sakes. "For most of the facts in this sketch of Jay Eye See I am indebted to the courtesy of H. M. Wallis, of Racine."

"I have found, during my many years' experience, Queen, that every person and every living creature have more or less individuality of their own; and that there are more people than
we have any idea of who have an inborn germ of individual greatness lying dormant within them, waiting for a crisis or some great necessity in their lives to start it into growth,

J. I. CASE. First Wisconsin Owner of Jay Eye See.

which, when started, is kept growing and cultivated, by their innate courage and persistency, and an ambition to overcome
difficulties and surmount obstacles that misfortune or infirmity has placed in their way, until success crown their efforts. I know many such people, but there is one particular one I want to tell you about as it is such a good lesson to boys, then too, it proves the truth of the words of Andrew Carnegie, addressed to the boys in a graduating class of a high school, in New York City, when he said, "Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself." No one can cheat a young man

IMPORTED GUERNSEY COW HAYES ROSIE

out of success in life. Less than twenty years ago a young man was attending the Iowa Agricultural college where by an accident he was injured so that he went to a hospital. When he recovered, his money was spent, so he started out to find employment. He applied at a printing office for work so he could buy some breakfast. The kind hearted proprietor offered him money to buy his breakfast, but said he had no work for him. The young man promptly refused the money unless he
could work and pay for it. The man then consented to allow him to work. Before noon he was so well pleased that he invited him to dinner with him. On the way he offered to treat the boy who refused to enter a saloon to drink or smoke because he had on leaving home promised his mother that he would not do such things. This pleased the man and he hired him to stay. With his ability and good habits his advancement was rapid. He soon found his way to Chicago, then to New York, and from there to Washington as Assistant United States Treasurer. I saw his picture taken while seated in his high office and it pleased me. Now he has an office that pays him $10,000 a year. This is another instance of true individual greatness, and this young man should be proud that he laid so good a foundation for future success, which he did by refusing to break his promise to his mother, and no doubt he often feels like saying:

'Over my heart in the years that have flown,
No love like mother's love, ever has shown.'"

Mr. Philips then said, "I wish every boy in the land could read and profit by the foregoing story, but it is time I was going. My friend, O. M. Lord once said to me, 'Time flies, we say but no, Time stays, and we go,' how true.