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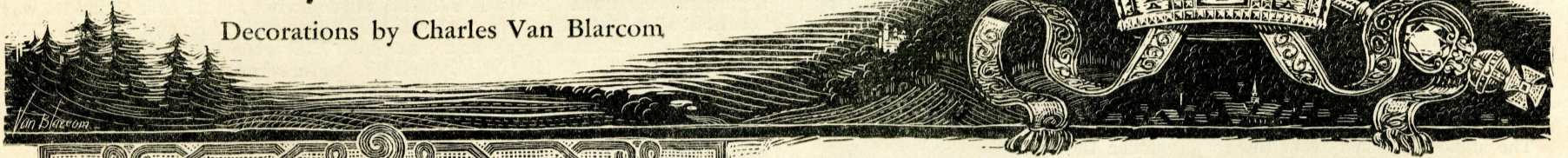
Thomas
A. Edison
Looks at the
World—See page 5

A Football
Story
by
Jonathan Brooks

He's King of Hearts In Georgia

By W. O. Saunders

Decorations by Charles Van Blarcom



Colonel Sam Tate with his brother's son, the fifth Sam Tate in his family

TO SOME he is Brother Sam; to others he is Uncle Sam; otherwise he's Colonel Sam Tate. He rules over an empire down in Georgia. It isn't an ordinary empire, that American domain of Colonel Tate's. It has no police, no jails, no magistrates. It has a benevolent despot—Colonel Tate. He is the law.

In Georgia the colonel has been propelled into the spotlight on many occasions. There was a time, for example, when Dawson and Forsyth counties developed a violent case of negrophobia. Negro cabins, churches, and schools were burned. Several Negroes were lynched. Presently there wasn't a black man left in either of the counties.

Next door to Dawson and Forsyth was the county of Pickens. There were Negroes in Pickens; a hundred or more were employed in the quarries of the Georgia Marble Company. Notices were posted on the premises of the company that all Negroes in Pickens must leave in twenty-four hours. But they didn't leave; they are there yet. They are there because Colonel Tate said they should stay.

Colonel Tate called his workmen to the number of a thousand and odd about him, showed them the notices that had been posted on the works, and made them a quiet talk. He never makes any other kind. "I want to say to you men that when the niggers leave Pickens County I am going with them; the niggers in this community are humble, inoffensive, law-abiding, hard-working citizens. Their life and their liberty are as sacred as yours or mine; they have wronged no man and they shall not be driven from their homes and from their jobs. I want every white man who is on these works to stand by me in protecting these niggers; if there is any white man here who is in sympathy with the mob, I want him to say so and arrange for his departure, because this is no place for him. I shall expect my friends, neighbors, and workmen to keep their ears open and report to me everything they hear."

That afternoon someone reported that the mob was organizing in the counties across the hills and expected to enter Pickens through a certain mountain pass that night. "Give me a hundred pounds

of dynamite and I'll fill that pass full of minced meat when they come," said the man. He got the dynamite.

Someone else reported that the mob had sympathizers in Pickens County, but that with two dozen military rifles he and a picked company could quell any uprising. He got the rifles by special carrier from Atlanta three hours later. But neither the dynamite nor the rifles were ever used. Sam Tate's word was enough; for nearly twenty years Sam Tate's word has been the law in his domains, where more than five thousand mountain folk look to him for guidance—and the word is always softly spoken.

Folks, this is a tale of a benevolent despot, and if you want to take a look at a one-man government that is almost an ideal government, read on; otherwise stop right here. At some time or other every man is inclined to conclude that we are hell-bent for the demnition bow-vows with no way to turn back. But take heart; Sam Tate shows us a way, and the way is not necessarily that of a benevolent despotism.

He Got What the Red Men Left

IN 1835 Pickens County was peopled by the Cherokee Indians. In that year, one Sam Tate moved in and settled eight miles from any other white neighbor. He was first on the ground when the government moved the Cherokees out to Indian Territory in 1837. He staked off his pick of the lands left by the Indians, and his claim embraced, among other things, the finest marble deposit in the United States and one of the most valuable in the world. There is only one vein of Georgia marble, and the old man got it all—a solid block three eighths of a mile wide, four miles long, and two hundred feet to a half mile deep, the estimated worth of which to-day, according to experts, runs up to one hundred and sixty-five billion dollars, and is still running. It has been worked now for more than fifty years and in all that time they have only scratched the surface of about three acres of it. They have dug out of it such buildings as the Corcoran Art Gallery and the Pan-American Building in Washington, the Rhode Island State Capitol, the New York Stock Exchange, the Federal Reserve Banks of Cleveland and Atlanta, the Field Museum in Chicago, the statue of Civic Virtue in New York City, and thousands of lesser monuments, but you would hardly know it.

Stephen C. Tate, a son of the original Sam, inherited his share of the estate, the value of which no one then dreamed. Stephen C. Tate was the father of a family of nineteen children, one of whom is the Sam Tate of this story. The rest of his wealth was represented by 200 slaves and a chest full of Confederate currency, all of which went kerflooey when the Civil War ended with the surrender of Lee.

Pickens County had by that time been settled by a tough lot; ex-convicts and fugitives from justice from North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky had found therein a shelter, a climate, and a brand of liquor that suited them. Young Sam Tate grew up in a coarse, brutal, rowdy, hell-raising environment; and, being six feet four inches tall and weighing 215 pounds, he became something of a hell-raiser himself as he grew up. He drank his quart of liquor a day and fought any son-of-a-gun who wanted a fight, just for the pure love of fighting. He was, otherwise, a regular devil of a hill-billy.

All the same, he had to shift for himself, and at the age of nineteen he was clerk in a grocery store at a salary of twenty dollars a month. That was in 1879. In 1883 he borrowed a little capital and started a small general store. He was still drinking and fighting, but his first consideration was business, and by 1905 he had developed a considerable business and accumulated as much as \$100,000. Then, for no apparent reason and upon an impulse which he himself has never understood, he sold out his store for \$30,000 and thought he would rest a year before going into something else.

But he didn't rest many weeks. Northern capitalists who were working the Georgia marble on long-time leases from his father's estate were about to make a failure of it. Sam Tate, with nothing else to do, began to study a new situation. Here was a mine of untold wealth that had nearly slipped out of the hands of the family. The development of that marble industry not only meant much to the Tates; it meant everything to the mountain people—his neighbors—who were dependent upon this lone industry for a livelihood. For the first time in his life Sam Tate began to think seriously about his neighbors. Here the religious teachings of an intelligent and pious mother began to affect him.

From a Quart a Day to Nothing

HE HAD quit drinking. He had realized in the midst of his mercantile career that drink would mean his ultimate financial and physical ruin. Harkening to the teachings of his mother, he had given up his quart a day. It nearly killed him. It took him three years to make the fight and win. But he won.

He had won his own fight and now he contemplated the wretched condition of his neighbors. There were few sober men in Pickens County; they drank, they quarreled, they killed one another. The women and children lived in squalor and ignorance while the men drank and gambled and fought in the crossroads saloons.

Sam Tate contemplated the great wealth of Georgia marble and the happy, prosperous, healthy, care-free life possible for those mountain people out of that great mine of wealth under

the right sort of direction and leadership. The capitalists who were working the marble were making a failure of it and wanted to sell. Upon an impulse Sam Tate acquired a controlling interest in the marble works and got back the lands that had been leased by his ancestor.

The Faith of Mountain Men

HE DIDN'T know a thing about quarrying and working marble, but he went into the works and learned. He was on the job a year before he ever gave an order. He didn't purpose to make himself a laughing stock and invite the contempt of his men by giving unwise directions. But when he did speak he spoke with an exact knowledge acquired by diligent study, and the workman spoken to knew that he had a boss who understood.

And all the time Sam Tate was fitting himself to boss the works by mastering himself. He was dominated by the one big idea that he who governs others must first govern himself. Sam Tate knew the mind and the heart of the Anglo-Saxon of those Georgia hills. He knew that no mountain man could ever be driven, but that a mountain man would follow to the death the man in whom he had faith. To establish the faith and confidence of the mountain folk in his leadership became Sam Tate's biggest job. He mastered his job; he walked uprightly among his men and men looked up to him.

He loved his pipe and his cigar. He gave them up because he considered that the example he set might be bad for the young.

No man has more respect and reverence for women or more love for children; yet he has never married. It was a delicate subject, but I went straight at the heart of the big, serious man in an unguarded moment and he made a confession.

"I have thought about marriage," he said, "but with it always comes the thought of the children here in these hills, hundreds of them, who need me; I have thought that perhaps if I had children of my own I might neglect this greater number of other children."

And he looks out for the children. The Georgia Marble Company under Sam Tate's management has grown into a six-million-dollar industry, operating nine quarries and five big finishing plants, and giving employment to 1,030 men. But there is not a child or a boy under eighteen years of age on his payroll. The Georgia Marble Company owns 10,000 or more acres of land; Colonel Tate owns upward of

12,000 acres in his own name; he manages an estate of as many acres for the children of an uncle; all adjoining lands. In this great domain every child under eighteen years of age must go to school. Colonel Tate supplies the schools and employs the best teachers he can find in Georgia or nearby states. Every school has its auditorium and a well-equipped playground. Not only does he provide the schools, but each of his three communities has its community building and gymnasium, a recreation center for the young and a social center for all. This summer he was building swimming pools as well. Out of his own pocket he employs a baseball team that has whipped pretty much everything in Georgia. I saw that team play Chattanooga, Chattanooga winning only by a score of one to nothing in a game that was played with but one error. Workmen leave the quarries and shops to see the games almost any time. Everybody goes to the ball game on Saturday afternoons, for there is no work on Saturday afternoons.

Tate workmen are paid by the hour; I found their wages about fifteen per cent lower than in similar lines of work in St. Louis. But the Tate workman lives in a comfortable, honestly built and painted home built by his employer and

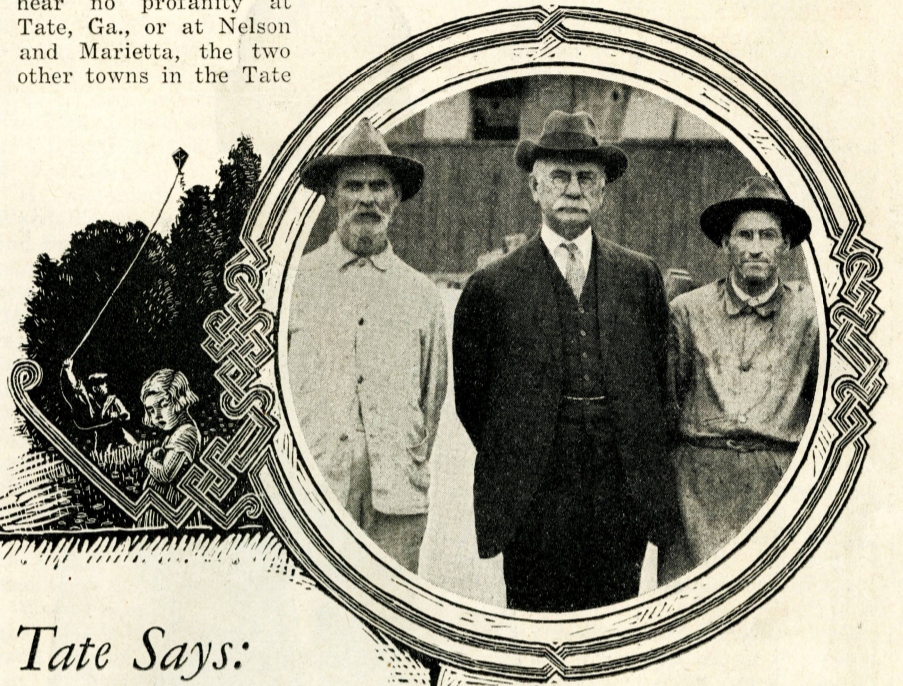
pays a rental of only \$3.50 to \$8.00 a month. Some who had pretentious homes built according to their own ideas and taste pay more; rents are figured to yield the company only three per cent on the investment.

Colonel Tate sells no land; you couldn't buy a foot of it at any price; when he ceases to own the land he forfeits his control over his people. Owing the land, it is his privilege and power to remove any undesirable resident at any time.

You find no drinking and no smoking to speak of. You hear no profanity at Tate, Ga., or at Nelson and Marietta, the two other towns in the Tate

dominions. People do not lock their doors. One family went away and stayed three months, leaving the house open; when they returned everything was in place as they had left it. You find most of the folk walking proudly and joyfully in the footsteps of Colonel Sam. All love him and respect him.

One can walk freely through the Georgia Marble Works and talk to the workers anywhere without finding any evidence of discontent. All the laborers are natives, natives having been developed even for the most skillful work of



Colonel Sam Tate Says:

"SOME men grow, others just swell; when I find a man in my employ beginning to swell, I get rid of him; I hold fast to the man who shows signs of growth."

"I have never run for public office because I have always felt that the public has done more for me than I have done for the public. I can't get away from the idea that political honors should go to those who are entitled to honor or reward for what they have done for their fellow-man."

"Don't magnify your task and minimize your ability. A man too often shrinks from a task because he magnifies it too much or minimizes his own capabilities. If a man would magnify his ability rather than his task, we would have more successful men."

"The greatest strength that can come to a man is the strength that comes from being clean and straight and right. Strong moral fiber is made by right living; there is no other way."

"Educate the child and the education of the parent follows. A parent may be ignorant and opposed to education for his child because he never had the advantage of an education himself and can't see the need of it."

"Educate the children and the dullest parent will soon recognize possibilities in them that he never could have seen before; he will appreciate his children and try in a measure to live up to them."

Colonel Tate knows every one of his 1,030 men by his first name, and he walks among them every day. Here he is with two of his stand-bys

dressing, carving, and lettering marble monuments.

"Discontent develops in so many industries," says Colonel Tate, "because the men have no access to their employer; the owner is either absentee or he sticks to his desk and never gets acquainted with his men; he never knows their problems or gets their viewpoint, and they never get to know him. It's the easiest thing in the world to develop a dislike for and a distrust of a man you never get to know."

Tate workmen always have access to Colonel Tate. He knows every one of his 1,030 men by his first name and he walks among them every day. No workman hesitates to approach him and ask his advice or seek his aid in any situation.

"See him any time, any place, and you'll see him just as he is now," more than one workman said to me.

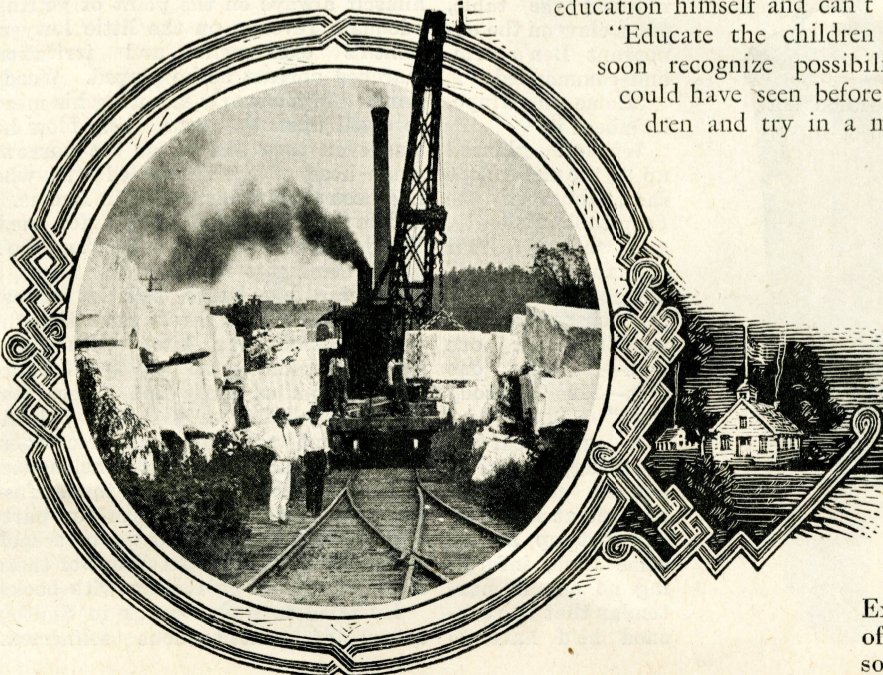
I had several interviews with Colonel Tate. Not once did he use the word "service" or speak of any other man's obligation to his fellows. He said once:

"When the time comes that I can't be of help to someone else in this world, I shall not want to live in it."

Many other fine, epigrammatic things he said. Here are some of them:

"The greatest strength that can come to a man is the strength that comes from being clean and straight and right. Strong moral fiber is made by right living; there is no other way. Your real tenderfoot is only a moral coward who hasn't played the game straight. When you can look man and God straight in the eye, then you have the strength for any task."

"The great need of our times is men and women of strong moral fiber, but strong moral (Continued on page 42)



Experts say that the marble heart of Colonel Tate's domain is worth something like \$165,000,000.000