PACKER'S SON STARTS IN AT BOTTOM RUNG

Ed Wilson, 22, Princeton Graduate, Now Punching Calves and Cows.

Tom Wilson's boy, they say out in the stockyards, is going to be a packer. Tom Wilson's boy, Edward Foss Wilson, recently out of Princeton, isn't exactly sure about the matter, so he is practicing at it every day—getting up long before the February dawn to punch the calves and cows around—trying to learn exactly what is underneath the hide of veal and beef animals. He had no books at Princeton that tell about how much fat, how much bone, what kind of meat, how many porterhouse steaks and how much chuck can be found beneath the hide, nor how much the hide itself will be worth.

So Ed Wilson is attending the interesting school of experience, starting at the very beginning, in order to fit himself for the mantle that some day may fall on his shoulders should he succeed to the family's interest in Wilson & Co. Meat being the principle product of the packing house the first thing the youth must do is to learn about meat. They start the ambitious boys on calves—because calves are not so expensive, relatively, as other meat animals. They weigh less and a mistake is less grievous when it is made in calf buying.

Mastering First Task.

The first thing that young Wilson had to do the other day when he started his "within-the-yard" education was to learn how to ride a more or less fractious cow pony up to the big gates and open and close them while astride the pony without permitting any calves to dash out on a hunt for their mammas and breakfast. One doesn't learn that trick in a day or

[Continued on Fifth Page.]
LEARNING PACKING BUSINESS FROM BOTTOM UP

FINDS STUDENT DEAD; ONE STABS HIMSELF

High School Boy Stumbles Over Chum's Body; Another Admits Suicide Attempt.

One high school student in a Pueblo, Ill., hospital suffering from three stab wounds inflicted in an attempt to end his life and the body of another self-slay, in a local morgue accorded to-day the drft toward suicide.

Harold Marks, 17 years old, a senior at the Indianapolis High school, was found shot to death in the garage of the home of his stepfather at 1117 South Annunciation Avenue, and family rifle 15 years old, a student in the Chalmers business school, was stabbing his body away. A preliminary investigation convinced the police that the death was suicidal, but a suicide's inquest was ordered to determine the matter finally.

FOUNO Staggering in Blood

The other youth, John Brawl, 14 years old, a junior student in the Harrington high school, drove his father's car to the depths of the forest preserve near the town and stabbed himself three times with a hunting knife. He was found bleeding profusely and staggering along the high way at Broad road and Northwest Avenue by two high school students. They took him to his home in Harrington and later he was removed to a hos- pital at Pueblo where physicians said that although weak from loss of blood he would probably recover. Before leaving for the hospital, when he was picked up the youth is said to have admitted that he stabbed himself.

The Brawl car was found in the rear of the home and the body of Harold Marks was found in a garage in the trunk of his car.

PACKER'S SON LEARNING BUSINESS FROM BOTTOM

[Continued from First Page]

three months or even a year, sometimes. So Ed, as they call him in the shop, is still low-class freeman at it, though he is making progress.

Yesterday as usual an inquisitive reporter dropped around to see just how the process of educating a packer's son to be a packer really works. And he found the young red-headed Wilson being "fashioned"—to use the technical term—for having mulcted the weight of a ton of salt by three pounds to the hundredweight. And it didn't seem to worry the veteran but- ter delivering the "fashioned" stuff that his pupil was the son of the presi- dent of the company for which he was working.

"Now costs a pound," said the old- time, but less accurately. "Twenty- seven cents a hundred we lose. Ammonite or Swift don't buy that way and they get the edge on our sales men by just that amount. You get to figure in closer than that. Ed. Learn to dress 'em out in your mind's eye right down to the pounds."

By "dressing out" was meant to figure on the ingredients, skin, trim, and make each half-ready for the market, in the butch- er's mind—just as it is done actually on the killing floor and in the corners of the plant.

But, beneath the roughness of the veteran's young Wilson could read the desire to touch and reach right and he was an apt pupil.

Father's Record an Incentive

"All my life," said he, at lunch, "people have been telling me, 'your father is a wonderful man with a wonderful record and you'll have to try to equal him and that is a great" pressure or stress" and there was a sense of determination in the blue eyes of this 14-year-old young man in an old aloof set, a sheep-clipped manner, grey overcoat pants and high-heeled muddy boots.

So, after Ed returned from a Euro- pean tour, conducted in second hand peych automobiles and on a trip to England, he started in his father's business ever down on the ladder than his father bad.