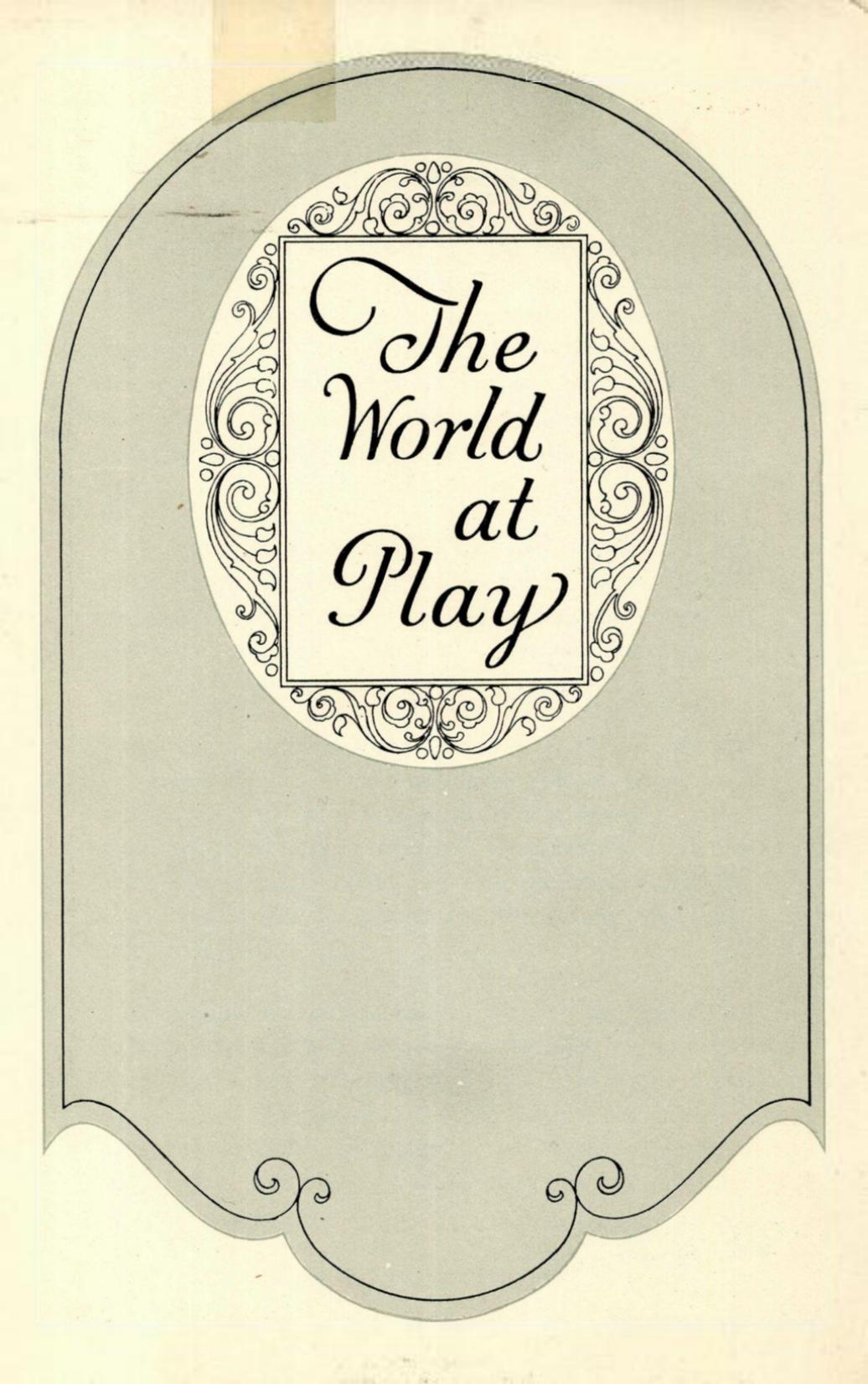


ENDICOTT - JOHNSON  
CORP., c.1



# *The World at Play*

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OFFICE



*The  
World  
at  
Play*



# FOREWORD

**M**OST of us have heard, at some time or other, the story of Hop-o-my-Thumb and his wonderful seven-league boots. These marvelous boots, you remember, would carry anyone who happened to be wearing them a full seven leagues at a step. One had only to put them on and take a single step—just one. Instantly, and with the speed of magic, he was seven leagues, or over twenty miles, away.

And now suppose that *you* had such a pair of boots today. Suppose that you could travel over land and sea, through forest, plain and desert, in giant strides of twenty miles apiece. Wouldn't it be wonderful to do it? Wouldn't it be great fun to try it out?

But did you ever stop to think that books are just like magic boots? Books will take you anywhere you want to go. All you have to do is just *pretend* a little, while you read them. Pretend, for instance, that *you* own a pair of magic boots, and that the boots are really taking you to see the places and the people that your books describe.

This book is going to take you round the world, to see how boys and girls of other lands enjoy themselves; to see their games and sports and what they do on holidays or when their school or work is over. So imagine that your feet are in the magic boots. And as you turn the pages of this book, pretend that you are starting out today, to see



To Start  
Your Journey  
in the Magic Boots  
just turn your steps toward  
**ENGLAND**

**T**HE two boys over there are about to start a game of "Body Building." Joe has just suggested that whoever wins the game shall get the other fellow's *nicker*. (The *nickers* are the big steel buttons which they use to play the game.)

Joe takes his *nicker*, and stands by one of the *boxes* at the end of the court. He throws the *nicker* and tries to make it land in any one of the squares in front of him. If it lands on one of the lines, or on the space marked *lost*, it doesn't count, and it is George's turn to throw.

But Joe is accurate. His *nicker* drops in the very center of a square. That gives him the right to start a *soldier* in the square next to it, along the side of the court. So he draws a soldier's head, goes back and throws again. Each time he lands the *nicker* in a square he may draw a part of a soldier in the side-square opposite—first the soldier's head; then (for another throw in the same square) the soldier's body; then his legs; then his rifle; then a bullet at the end of his rifle. He keeps on throwing until he fails to drop his *nicker* in a square. Then it is George's turn.

Soon there are soldiers springing up in every side-square of the court, and then the fun begins. For as the soldiers are completed, with the bullets in their guns, the soldiers opposite are *shot*, and have to be crossed off.

At length, George and Joe are even. Each has two *living soldiers* and two *dead ones*, and each has one soldier all complete except for the bullet in his gun.

Joe throws and misses; it is George's turn. He aims as carefully as he can and lets the *nicker* fly. It lands in the very center of the proper square.

"Well," Joe exclaims, holding out his *nicker*, "that shoots my fellow dead. You win my *nicker*."

"I can't," he says. "You see, I got excited and stepped across the box-line. That's a foul. It's your turn." Joe throws, and puts the bullet in his soldier's gun. But as he takes the *nicker* George hands him he is thinking that George is just about the squarest fellow in the world.

The shoes that Joe and George are wearing are much like yours. They are stout, sturdy shoes that are meant for long, hard wear. The children of England dress almost the same as you do.





## A Moment's Journey in the Magic Boots

—and you arrive at

## BELGIUM

**M**ANY, many years ago in the Belgian town of Liege there lived a boy whose name was Jean Coeur de Fer, which means *John of the Iron Heart*. He had need of all his courage, too, because one of his legs was so stiff that he could scarcely bend it.

"I wonder," Jean said to himself, one day, "whether anyone will ever think of a game that *I* can play; a game that needs the use of only one good leg. Maybe I can think of one myself."

He had no sooner thought about it than the very game occurred to him. So, that evening, he told his brothers and his sisters that he knew a game at which no one could beat him. Of course, that made them very curious.

"I'm going to show you," Jean announced; and he limped out into the street.

"Now then," he said, "we'll take a piece of chalk and we'll draw a *court* here on the ground. And now we'll take this little block of wood and throw it in the first space, in between the lines. Now who can hop in on *one* foot and kick it out again?"

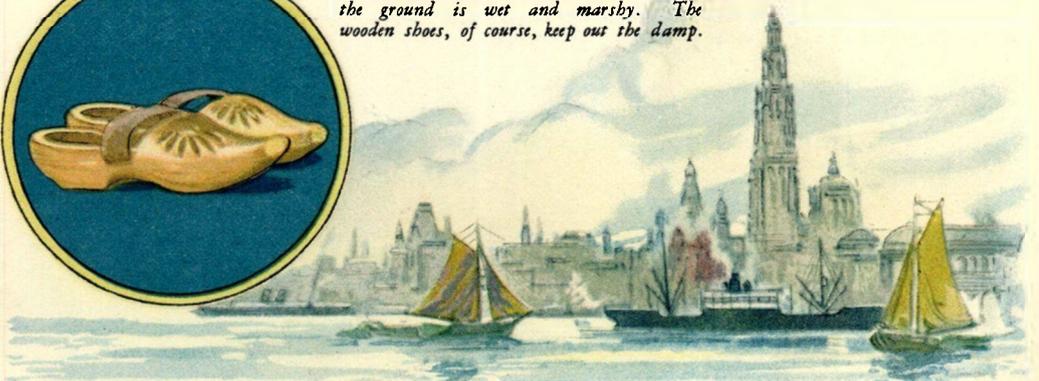
"Why, anybody can do that," his brothers and his sisters answered.

"Very well," said Jean, after everyone had done it, "but can you do it from the second space, or from the third or fourth or fifth? You must hop in, without touching any of the lines, and kick the block from one space to the next, and so on down the line until you kick it out entirely."

Of course, that wasn't quite so easy, and by the time the spaces at the top were reached everyone had failed, excepting Jean. And this story only goes to prove that if you have both patience and a brave heart you can overcome the very saddest of misfortunes.

*Jean's shoe. These wooden shoes, which look like little boats, are worn by the Belgian boys and girls who live in the country districts. They are called Sabots.*

*Belgium is one of the low countries, where the ground is wet and marshy. The wooden shoes, of course, keep out the damp.*





**Fifty Steps  
in the  
Magic Boots**

—And here you are in

**PERSIA**

**I**T is the evening of a holiday. The boys are going toward their homes, when one calls out, "let's play *Borkum Topa*."

"Not so fast there, Raoul," growls a surly fellow; "you're wearing your herdsman's hat, but we've got on our holiday turbans. If we play the game you'll have to be *it*."

"Suits me," says little Raoul; and he runs out and begins to draw a circle on the ground. Then he throws his old felt herdsman's hat in the middle.

"Ready; go!" he shouts, his black eyes snapping with excitement.

There is a fierce, quick scramble as the other boys rush into the ring and try to kick the hat. But Raoul whirls about like a spinning top. His flying hands and feet protect his hat, for a boy must leave the ring as soon as he is touched by the player who is *it*.

Soon, however, Raoul's hat goes spinning out of the circle, while, with shrieks and yells, all go racing after it.

Raoul tears along to catch them. If he can touch a boy who has kicked his hat before the hat is kicked by anybody else, the boy he touches is the next *it* of the game.

Back and forth goes Raoul's hat, kicked from one boy to the next. The surly fellow has it now. He is kicking it along the ground, just out of Raoul's reach.

Suddenly Raoul springs. The surly fellow sees the danger and stops to give the hat a mighty kick. But before another boy can touch it Raoul is upon him and tags him *it*.

"Ho!" says Raoul, throwing the surly boy's shiny turban in the ring; "just look at that for something to kick!"

That's the game of *Borkum Topa* (kick the hat) as Raoul plays it, far away in Persia. Would you like to play it too? Remember, then, to follow Raoul's good example, and be sure to use your very oldest hat.

*Raoul's shoe—a felt slipper, something like the bedroom slipper that you wear at night. The sole is made of heavy leather, and of course that makes the shoe a trifle stiff. Sometimes you will see long rows of these shoes in front of the Persian Mosques, or churches, for in Persia everyone takes off his shoes before he enters the church. It is the great delight of Persian boys to mix up the shoes so that no one can find his own pair when he goes to put them on again.*





## Put On Your Magic Boots Again

—and take a trip to

## RUSSIA

**T**HE boy and girl who are playing in this house in Leningrad are Sonia's cousins. Sonia, herself, is the one with the gray eyes and the black, black hair. And there's her father, too—the tall dark man who's talking now.

"Come," he is saying; "let's see you roll your eggs."

There are lots of "Ohs" and "Ahs" at that, for this is a favorite game with all of them. Sonia runs to the cupboard and gets a brown bowl full of hard-boiled, brightly colored eggs. She gives three eggs to each. Then she gets a little wooden trough, just big enough to let an egg roll down the middle of it.

"All ready now," she says. "Who wants to start the game?"

"Let me!" her cousin, Igor, cries. "I'll roll against you, Sonia."

"No," says Sonia; "it wouldn't be polite for me to play at first. I'll wait until the last."

So Igor starts to roll against her sister, Vania. Vania puts her three eggs down while Igor takes the trough. With one end resting on the floor, he tilts the other up, and rolls an egg as gently as he can.

He tries to make his egg hit any one of Vania's three. If the shell of his egg breaks, he must put the eggs aside and let another be the roller. If he breaks the shell of Vania's egg, he must give her one of his; but if the shell of neither egg is broken he takes an egg from Vania and continues rolling.

After everyone has rolled, the one who has the most eggs is the winner of the game.

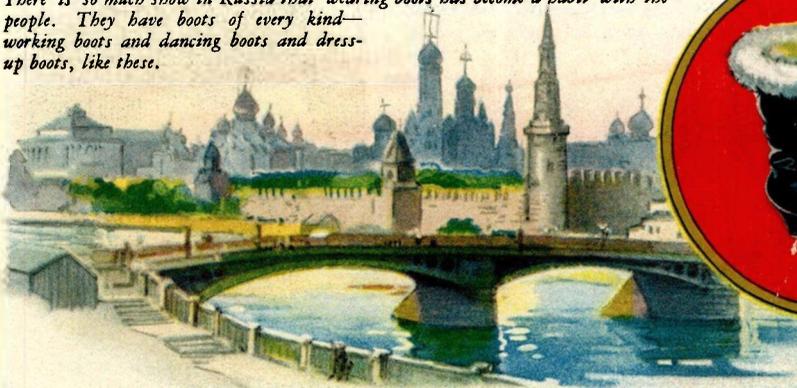
Sonia, when it comes her time to roll, shows the greatest skill of all. Time after time, her egg goes down the trough and rolls against another without cracking either shell.

Everyone applauds and claps his hands. "Wonderful!" exclaims her cousin, Igor; and, "What a very steady hand!" her aunts and uncles add. "How do you do it, Sonia? You must have practised it a lot."

"Oh no," says Sonia; "not at all. I guess I must be lucky—that's the answer."

*The shoes that Sonia wears are much like yours. But when she wants to dress up for a very special holiday, she has a pair of high-heeled boots with fur around the tops.*

*There is so much show in Russia that wearing boots has become a habit with the people. They have boots of every kind—working boots and dancing boots and dress-up boots, like these.*





On with the Magic Boots Once More  
—and make your way to

## INDIA

**A**S you travel through this country you will see the children playing "Fighting Kites." The strings of the kites are rolled in powdered starch and then in ground up glass. That gives them a cutting edge. The object of the game is to cut the other fellow's kite string in two, and thus to bring it down. Two little princes played the game of "Fighting Kites" one summer day, a long, long time ago.

The first of these two princes was a prince in very truth. His father was a Maharajah, or "a mighty ruler." The other was Khurda, a different kind of prince. His father was a very humble weaver.

Each of the boys had two kites, and at the start of the game the prince had all the luck. He cut the first of Khurda's kites in two. But when the second kite was launched, things began to turn. Almost as soon as it was in the air he yanked it sharply down. *Zing! rip!* went the string, and sawed the prince's kite in half.

"That," the prince remarked, "makes one for each of us." Luck was still with Khurda, however, and he cut the prince's second kite and hauled his own down safely to the ground.

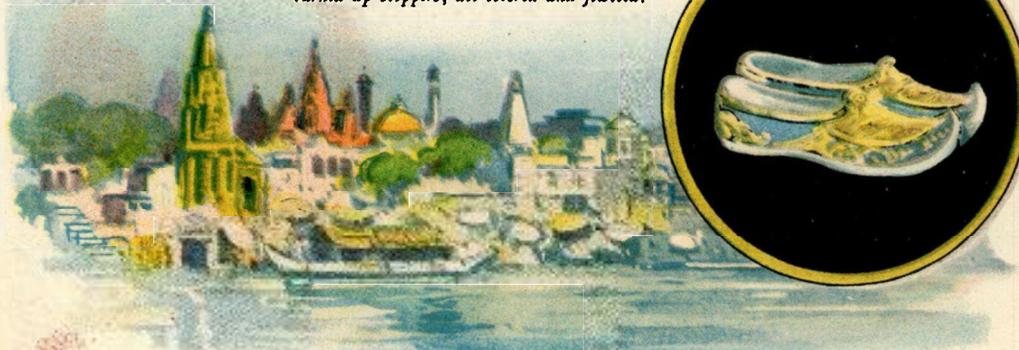
"I suppose," he said to himself, "that even princes feel badly when they have to stop their play." So Khurda turned and gave the prince his kite.

The prince was more surprised than he had ever been in all his life. "See here," he said; "I can buy a thousand kites and never know the difference."

"True," said Khurda. "But once this afternoon has gone, you cannot buy it back again. . . to play in. My luck has spoiled your fun. Keep the kite and fly it now."

The smile that twinkled in the prince's eyes was very warm and bright, but his voice was calm and serious as he answered, "Khurda, I am a prince in word and name but you are a prince in *deed*. For the *true* prince is a *generous* one." And, with a deep *salaam*, or Oriental bow, he added, "Highness, I salute you!"

*Most of the people in India are so very, very poor that shoes for their children are out of the question. The boys and girls just have to go without. But the rajabs, of course, are tremendously rich. Their sons have shoes like these—turned up slippers, all colored and jeweled.*





Away Again  
In the Magic Boots  
—until you stop at

## CHINA

To see Wo Chung when playing "Cat and Mouse," you would think him the most miserable boy in the world. For "Cat and Mouse" is not a game for fat boys—and Wo Chung is very fat indeed.

In the game of "Cat and Mouse" there are two *its* at the same time; one the "Cat" and one the "Mouse." The other boys join hands and form a ring around the "Mouse" while the "Cat" stays on the outside of the circle. Then the boys who form the ring begin to dance around the "Mouse" singing, this little song:

"What o'clock is it?—Just struck nine.  
Is the Mouse at home?—He's about to dine."

As soon as the song is finished, the boys who form the ring stand still. The "Mouse" pops out and the "Cat" jumps in. And then what a merry chase there is! In and out and round about runs the "mouse." He ducks under the arms of the other boys; he jumps over them; he scrambles in between their legs. And hot on his trail goes the "Cat"; for the "Cat" must follow exactly in the footsteps of the "Mouse" until, at last, he catches him.

You can well imagine why a boy as fat as poor Wo Chung would find it hard to play a game like that. Wo Chung despises it!

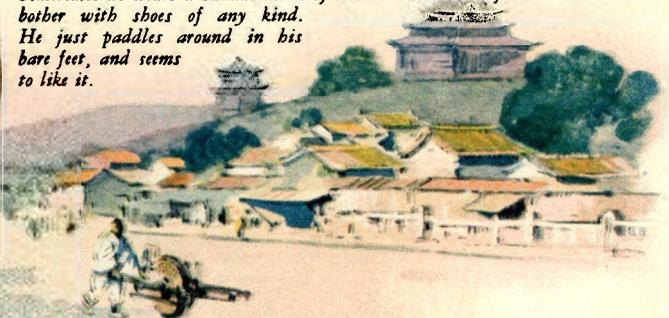
But when the boys play "Force the City Gates"—ah, that's another matter!

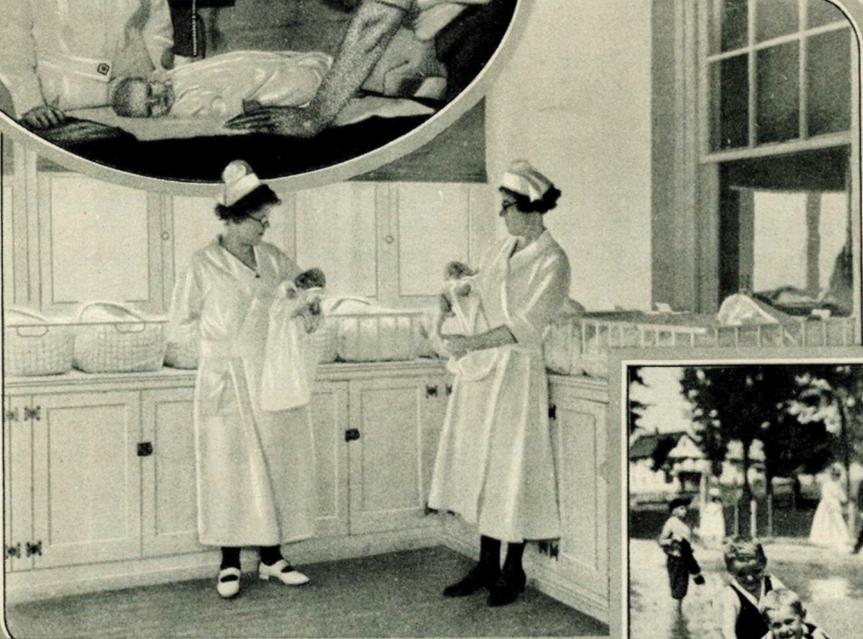
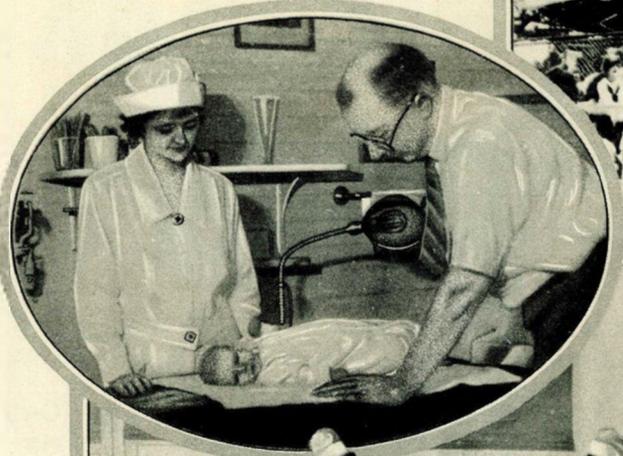
To play this game the players first choose sides. The boys on one side form two lines and face each other, each clasping the hands of the one who stands in front of him. That makes a line of "Gates" you see. The captain of the other side takes a running start and throws himself against the first "Gate" of the line. If he breaks it down, the boys who form the "Gate" must join his side, but if he fails he has to go to theirs.

Wo Chung, of course, can break the strongest "Gate." His extra weight is just the thing. So Wo Chung, as you see, while very poor at playing "Cat and Mouse," is very good at "Force the City Gates." And that's the way it is with nearly all of us.

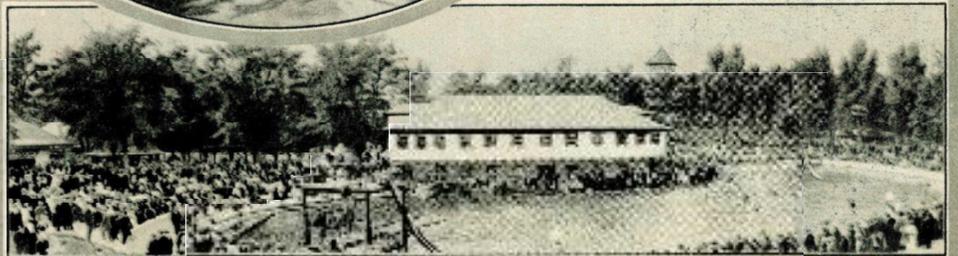
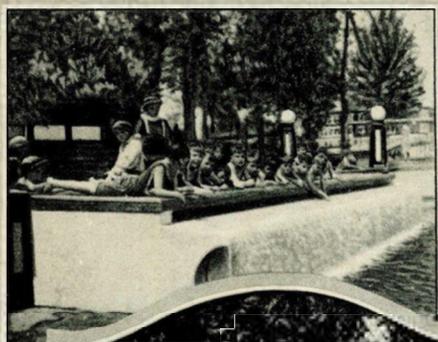
We have to be content to do a few things well. The others we must do as best we can, and, like Wo Chung, remember never to complain or grumble while we do them.

*Wo Chung's shoe is a soft slipper, with a round and slightly upturned toe. Sometimes he wears a sandal made of straw. But most of the time he doesn't bother with shoes of any kind. He just paddles around in his bare feet, and seems to like it.*





*Scenes in Endicott-Johnson Maternity Hospitals—also Ideal Park.*



*Ideal Park—Endicott-Johnson Workers' playground, Endicott, N. Y.*



## Twenty Steps Across the Yellow Sea

—and you are in

## JAPAN

**M**ING TOY'S heart is singing on this glorious New Year's day, for this is one of the times when she can dress up in her very best kimono.

In her hand she has a *battledore*, or flat bat, something like a ping-pong racket. With this she hits the *shuttlecock*.

There are hundreds and hundreds of little girls doing just the same. But Ming Toy rather feels that she is just a little bit more graceful than the others. Perhaps that is why she fails to see the muddy road, and why her shuttlecock falls into it. (Sometimes, you know, when you are thinking such a lot about how well you do a thing, you are very apt to make a big mistake.) And then, to make things worse, a man who is riding in a *Jirikisha* runs right over the shuttlecock and squashes it still further down. (A *'rickisha* is a two-wheeled, single seated cart, pulled by a man instead of a horse.)

Ming Toy's heart is nearly broken. She has never felt so sorry for herself. She is trying to keep back the tears, when the man riding in the *'rickisha* calls to her.

"I'm sorry, little girl," he says, "but perhaps the man who sold you the shuttlecock will give you another one if you tell him what has happened."

"Oh, I know he wouldn't," Ming Toy answers. "Everybody says that Yamasaki, who runs the toy shop in the village, is a miser. But I don't know him."

"Suppose," suggests the man, "you jump in here with me. I think I know a place where you can have your pick of all the shuttlecocks you see."

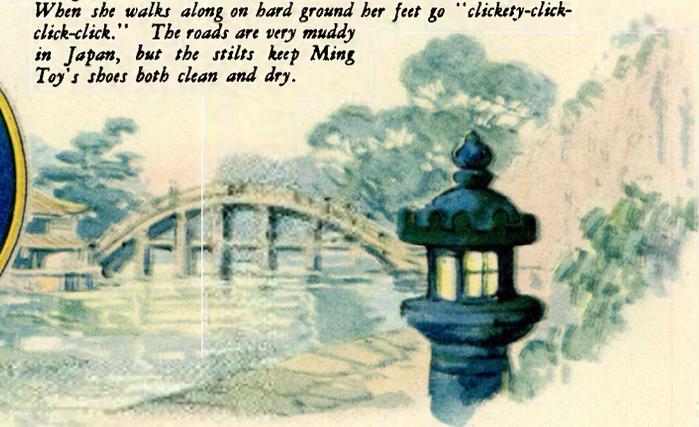
Of course, Ming Toy is very much delighted. But she begins to wonder who this stranger is, and asks him where he is going.

"Down to my toy shop, where you may pick out any shuttlecock you want."

"Do you keep a toy shop too?" asks Ming Toy.

"Yes," the stranger says, "you see, I happen to be Yamasaki. And now remember, not to always judge a person by what other people think or say about him."

*Ming Toy's shoes are sandals set on stilts, or little wooden blocks. When she walks along on hard ground her feet go "clickety-click-click-click." The roads are very muddy in Japan, but the stilts keep Ming Toy's shoes both clean and dry.*





Away up North in  
the Magic Boots

—until you reach

## ALASKA

Do you see those boys and girls running toward that steep hill. They are little Eskimos on their way to play "hunt-deer." The horns on their sleds are reindeer antlers. All bundled up in their heavy fur parkas, or hooded coats, it is hard to tell which are boys and which are girls. The tallest one is Pehr, the son of the chief; the little one who is not much larger than her sled, is Urga.

The boys and girls have reached the hill. First they take the biggest pair of antlers and put them on a block of ice at the bottom of the hill. Then they climb a bit and place another set of horns. Farther up they drop another pair, and so on up the hill, you see, until they reach the top. Altogether they have placed five sets of reindeer antlers on the hill, from a large pair at the very bottom to a small pair near the top.

When it is Urga's time to hunt, Pehr tries to hold her back. "You better not," he warns her; "girls shouldn't play this game—it's meant for boys."

But Urga squirms away and flops down on her sled. Over her head she holds a long wooden spear. Someone pushes her and she begins to coast. Down she goes, gathering speed with every second, her long spear aiming at the reindeer horns. She picks the first set off its block of ice and shoots like a thunderbolt down toward the second. But her sled, of course, is going faster now, and the second set is much more difficult to hit. She strikes it cleanly with her spear, but her speed is so great that her sled topples over. She loses her grip and rolls on the jagged ice until she brings up at the bottom of the hill.

The world is topsy-turvy and full of shooting stars, so Urga lies as still as still can be. There is a sharp pain shooting up her arm.

"There!" says Pehr, running up to her; "I know you'd hurt yourself!"

Urga staggers to her feet. "Who? Me?" she answers. "I'm not hurt a bit."

"Then you must be made of rubber," mutters Pehr.

But this time Urga doesn't answer. She is busy thinking that a girl may be as brave as any boy, and that size and strength make very little difference after all.

*In Urga's country everyone wears fur. Urga's shoe is a high, fur moccasin, strong and tough. Of course, the inside is as warm as toast. It has to be; otherwise Urga's little toes would be very badly frozen.*



## A Final Journey in the Magic Boots

—and you are

# HOME AGAIN

**A**ND now that you have seen how boys and girls of other lands enjoy themselves, let's take a little time to think about the games *you* play, and about the *way* in which you play them. For after all, you know, *the way* the game is played is more important than the game itself. Did you ever stop to think of that?

First of all, let's be sure that we know exactly what is meant by the *way*, when we talk about "*the way the game is played.*" Do we mean the rules that tell us what to do; something written out or told us by another? Oh no! that isn't it at all. Almost anyone can learn the rules of games. When we say "*the way the game is played,*" we mean a different kind of rule entirely. The rule we mean is not a written or a spoken rule, and it is very hard to learn. It is a rule that none can teach us; a rule far more important than the playing of the game itself. It is the rule of *good sportsmanship*, and each of us must learn it for himself.

So, when we say "*the way the game is played*" we mean the *spirit* of the game, the feeling that you have when you are playing it. A boy or girl who always practices good sportsmanship has learned the most important rule of all; the one and only *way* to play the game.

Good sportsmanship is not a list of things to do or not to do. No set of written rules is big enough to cover it. It is a *feeling*, a something in yourself that tells you how to act, no matter what the game may be. Once you catch the spirit of good sportsmanship you never have to wonder whether you have done or failed to do the right and proper thing. You never have to look it up or ask about it. You know the answer right away.

Not so long ago a certain very famous golfer who was playing in a tournament hit a fine, straight shot right down the middle of the course. But when he came to find his ball, he saw that it was almost buried in a "gopher hole." (A gopher, as you know, is something like a prairie dog, a little animal that burrows in the ground.)

The scorer, who was following the match, was not certain of the rule. He told the player that he thought the ball might be picked up and dropped upon a better spot, without a penalty. He thought there was a special rule to cover gopher holes, but he wasn't sure about it.

Now what do you suppose the player did? What would you have done, yourself?

Perhaps you would have done exactly as the golfer did, and played the ball from where it lay. He wasted two shots while he tried to get it out, but then, you see, he wanted to be sure not to play unfairly. He had the *feeling* of good sportsmanship. He didn't have to wonder what to do. He simply went ahead and did the proper thing because the spirit of good sportsmanship was in him.

If you like the game of tennis you must have read about the champions who have to



show good sportsmanship so often. There are times, in tennis, when only the players themselves can tell whether or not the ball has struck inside the court. If a lineman calls a *good* ball "out," the player who has hit it has to lose a point he should have won. So the other player, just to make things even, will often miss the next shot purposely. All famous tennis players understand good sportsmanship—you may be sure of that.

Now although we can't learn sportsmanship by rule, there are certain ways to tell good sportsmanship from bad.

The good sportsman, for example, is always a good loser. That means that when he fails in any game he never makes excuses for himself or blames his showing on bad luck. He knows that it is no disgrace to lose, but that to sulk or grumble over losing is poor sportsmanship.

The good sportsman is always a good winner. When he wins at any game or sport he never boasts about it.

The good sportsman never talks behind the other fellow's back. He never says unkind or unfair things when the other fellow isn't there to hear them.

The good sportsman plays a hard, clean game. He never plays half-heartedly; he never quits because the luck is on the other fellow's side, or because he isn't playing in the form he ought to show. He never cheats or takes unfair advantages. He plays the game to win, but he never dreads to lose. He is satisfied if he has done the best he can. He grins, no matter what his luck.

Those are some of the things by which you can tell a good sportsman when you meet him. But perhaps you may be wondering what the spirit of good sportsmanship will mean to you. After all, what advantage will it bring you?

Well, there are two answers to the question. First, you must remember that the boy or girl who practices good sportsmanship respects himself. He has a right to self-respect. That doesn't mean that he is stuck up or conceited. It simply means that he has every right to look the other fellow in the eye, no matter who or what he is. He can hold his head up in the presence of a king. And then, of course, everybody else respects him, too. Everyone is proud to count him as a friend.

Be sure not to get the idea that good sportsmanship is something only champions can practice, for that is far from true. You, yourself, can show good sportsmanship a dozen times a day. You can show it in your games and sports and in the other things you do, as well. You can show it when you have to do your lessons and your school work. You can show it in your home.

And now that your trip in the "Magic Boots" is nearly over, you will want to think about a souvenir. Almost everyone who takes a trip, you know, brings home a souvenir, something to remind him of the places he has seen and the good times he has had. What souvenir of your trip in the "Magic Boots" are you going to keep? Don't you think that the spirit of good sportsmanship would make the very finest kind of souvenir? Keep it with you always, and let it help and guide you everywhere you go and in everything you do.





One of the several Endicott-Johnson Workers' recreation parks. This is the George F. Johnson Park at Johnson City, N. Y.

## “BETTER SHOES FOR LESS MONEY”

IF you are like most boys and girls, you probably keep forgetting that your parents, once upon a time, were children too; and that they played the very games and did the very things you do today. But you may be sure that your parents, themselves, remember it well. To them it seems only yesterday that they were playing *prisoners' base* and *hare-and-hounds* and *hide-and-seek*.

And then, of course, there is another reason why parents are always interested in play. They like to know that you are having just the best times that you can, but they know that games and sports are hard on clothes and shoes. Anything that has to do with clothes and shoes is pretty sure to interest your parents.

This final chapter has been written specially for them. It tells what the Endicott-Johnson advertising slogan “Better Shoes For Less Money” really means. It will give your parents, who have to buy the shoes you wear, some facts that they will certainly be glad to have. So let them have this book, when you have finished it, and tell them to be sure to read it, especially this final chapter.

**AN ADVERTISING SLOGAN-PROMISE** The really worthwhile advertising slogan must be more than just a pleasant talk with which to catch the public consciousness. The worthwhile advertising slogan is a promise and a pledge. It is a sincere expression from a manufacturer to his customers. It is a promise which the manufacturer has made in all good faith; if he cannot keep his promise, the honest manufacturer will cease to use that slogan.

Endicott-Johnson has built its business on the slogan, “Better Shoes For Less Money.” Ever since the inception of the business, the Company has kept the promise which that slogan has implied. It has done, and is now doing, exactly what its advertising promises; it has always made, and is now making, “Better Shoes For Less Money.”

The slogan is therefore a significant expression of a policy to which the Company has faithfully adhered. The following brief description of the Company's activities and operating methods will show you why and how it has been possible to make an honest use of this ambitious slogan-promise for so long a time.

### FACTORS CONTRIBUTING TO ENDICOTT-JOHNSON'S SUCCESS

There are four industrial factors which give Endicott-Johnson a unique position in the field, and which have made it possible for the Company consistently to produce “Better Shoes For Less Money.”



*Sturdy, neat and attractive oxfords for boys; dressy pumps for girls.*

*Made by Endicott-Johnson.*



*The Valley of Fair Play where the Endicott-Johnson Tanneries and Factories are located.*

**FACTOR NUMBER 1—** There is hardly a step in the manufacture of boots and shoes  
**THE ELIMINATION OF** which Endicott-Johnson does not perform itself. From the  
**ALL UNNECESSARY COSTS** raw hide to the finished shoes, every operation is conducted in  
the Company's own shops and by the Company's own men.

When it is considered that there are about two hundred and forty separate operations in the making of a single pair of men's welt dress shoes, it will be seen that the saving which results from having all of them performed by one concern is sure to be considerable. There is one profit and only one in Endicott-Johnson products.

Furthermore, there is an additional economy in thus being prepared to handle every operation in the manufacture of the finished product. This is the fact that the Company, in its search for raw materials, is not restricted to specific sources of supply. It can comb the markets of the world for hides. It can take advantage of low prices whenever and wherever they prevail. And it can get the *best* hides at the *lowest* prices.

**FACTOR NUMBER 2—** The second of the four outstanding factors which contribute to the  
**VOLUME PRODUCTION** Company's success is that of being able to produce on a big-volume scale. The Endicott-Johnson plants and factories produce an average of one hundred and thirty thousand pairs of shoes per working day, or a yearly production sufficient to equip every third person in this country with one pair of shoes per year. This means that every item of annual selling expense and general overhead is divided by nearly forty million in order to ascertain the portion of these charges which a single pair of shoes must bear. Contrast this with the situation of a manufacturer whose fixed expense must be proportioned over a few thousand, or even a few hundred thousand items. No wonder Endicott-Johnson makes "Better Shoes For Less Money."

Naturally, too, quantity-production means quantity-buying. Hides, nails, thread, everything used in the making of shoes, is bought on a big-volume basis. The same principle which the housewife follows when she buys a barrel of flour instead of a bag applies to manufacturing. When materials are purchased in big-volume lots, the price per unit is proportionately low and quantity-production means minimum overhead per pair—which shows in the prices to you.



*Dressy high shoes for boys;  
boyish looking oxfords for girls.*

*Better shoes for less money.*

FACTOR NUMBER 3—  
MANUFACTURING EXPERIENCE

Every business, no matter what the nature of the work or service it performs, is simply a combination of men and money. Most of us are inclined to think of big corporations as impersonal "forces," "powers" or "machines." As a matter of fact they are merely groups of *people*. Upon the integrity, the ability and the experience of *people*, depends the success of the company. Usually, in a corporation, there is some one man who personifies the business. His personality *colors* it; the business takes its *tone* from him.



*Permanent arches erected at the entrances of Endicott and Johnson City, by Endicott-Johnson Workers show their esteem for their President, Mr. George F. Johnson.*

The Endicott-Johnson Company has such a man in the person of its present executive head, Mr. George F. Johnson (*see illustration on page 23*).

As one of the original founders of the business, he has a thorough knowledge of its every phase, from the simplest to the most complex of manufacturing operations. Similarly, every other Company executive has come up through the ranks and has been trained in the



*High top boots for boys—all ages—high top shoes for girls—all ages—just the thing for play.*

*Better shoes for less money.*

school of practical experience. It is *people* such as these who direct the progress of the business; not fancy figureheads or favored relatives who draw big salaries for a minimum of effort, but active, earnest workers who have proved their worth in service rendered.

Naturally, these men know shoes. There are many problems in connection with the shoe business, but these men have met and solved them all, building up a wonderfully fine reputation for Endicott-Johnson.



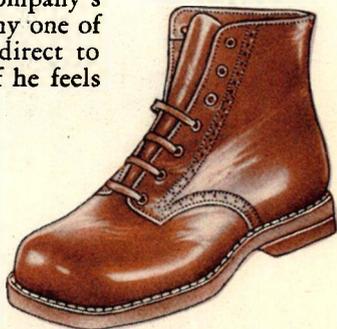
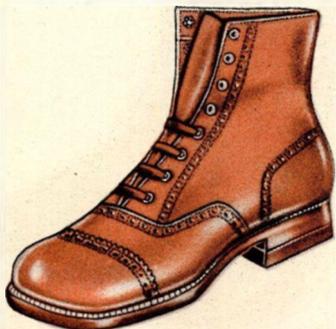
*This Memorial Monument was erected at Endicott, New York, by Mr. George F. Johnson, honoring the service of the 13,000 Endicott-Johnson Workers to their country during the World War.*

**FACTOR NUMBER 4—  
AN INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY**  
true Industrial Democracy.  
Rule to Industry.

The fourth and final factor that contributes to the Company's success is perhaps the most important of them all. This takes the form of a labor policy which has produced a true Industrial Democracy. In substance, this policy is an application of the Golden

Rule to Industry. That statement is a literal fact—an application of the Golden Rule to Industry. What does it mean?

First of all, it means a one hundred percent square deal for the seventeen thousand men and women in the Company's employ. It means that any one of these employees can go direct to the head of the business if he feels



*Play shoes for the small tots—long wearing soles—natural fitting lasts. Ask your dealer to show you Endicott-Johnson shoes for the children.*

that he has not been fairly treated. It naturally follows that the necessity for doing so is seldom felt; the policy is so well understood by the minor executives and department heads that they are very fair and just in the treatment of every worker under them.

Secondly, the square deal policy means that, for every employee, there is only one qualification necessary for advancement to a better job. That qualification is *merit*—merit which has proven itself by work done in and for the Company. The Company

*Types of homes built by Endicott-Johnson and sold to the workers at cost.*

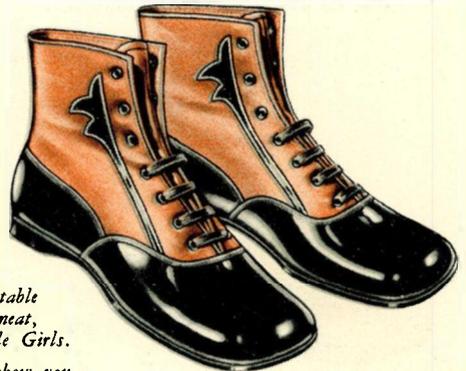


*Above—a semi-bungalow type at W. Endicott.*

*At left—an eight-room house—typical E-J Worker's home.*

plays no favorites; there is only one road to *higher up* and that is *through the ranks*. It is a set policy with the Company never to hire a man or woman from the outside for an executive or sub-executive position—when vacancies occur, such jobs are filled by promotion from the ranks. Every individual on the payroll realizes that he has a real opportunity to advance to a better job with better pay. Neither is there any limit to the heights to which he may advance. If he has the ability, the energy and the experience, he may become one of the directors of the business. Practically all the present Board of Directors came up through the ranks. Think of what this means to an obscure employee working at a factory machine! Imagine what an incentive it must be to him to know that every constructive suggestion he makes is sure to react to his own benefit.

The Square Deal Policy means, further, that every employee shares in a division of the surplus profits of the Company. After all expenses have been met, and after the investors in the business have been paid fair rates of interest, whatever surplus profits still



*Army pattern; comfortable playshoe for Boys; a neat, dressy style for little Girls.*

*Dealers will gladly show you many other styles.*

remain are split equally between the common stockholders and the workers. In other words, each employee is virtually a partner in the business. The more the business makes, the more he makes; the better his work, the bigger his bonus. And (most important!) every eligible employee receives the same amount of bonus money per week worked; the workers' half of the surplus profit is divided equally among them. The laborer at his bench receives the same amount per week worked as the president in his office.

Then, again, the an interest on the part worker which extends productive capacity. It individual, the person. in the Company's for its workers homes, medical care, old age compatible with common

Three entire communi- making of Endicott-Johnson Johnson City, and West Endi- miles apart, in the beautiful near Binghamton, N. Y. cities, of good size, which shoes!—plus additional factories at Binghamton, N. Y., and Owego, N. Y.

To visit these cities is to see the Square Deal Policy justified and vindicated, to see a happy, prosperous and energetic community, firmly convinced of the inherent and essential good in human nature. It is to see the field of a gigantic manufacturing operation where no "Labor problem" has ever intruded; where Capital and Labor meet on the sure footing of common humanity, equal interests and sincere good-fellowship. Under conditions such as these, is it any wonder that quality is built right into Endicott-Johnson shoes?

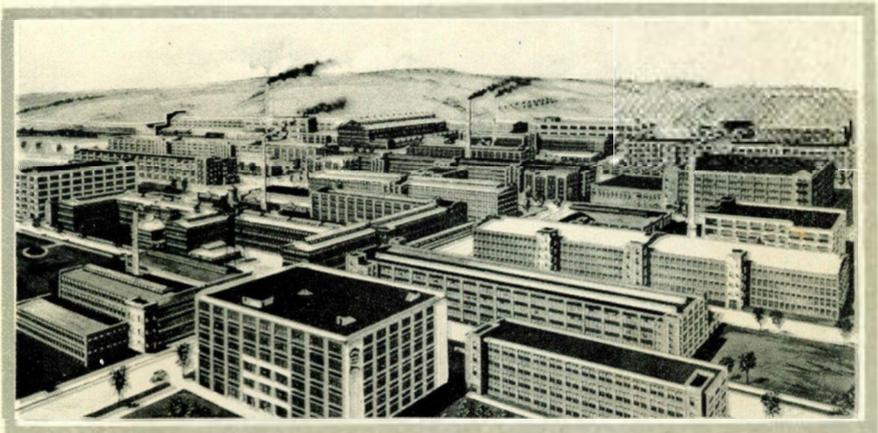
To make the best possible product for its customers; to make an honest profit for its investors; to provide the most ideal conditions for its workers—these are the aims of the Company. Fulfilled and achieved, they make "Better Shoes For Less Money" a fact and a reality.



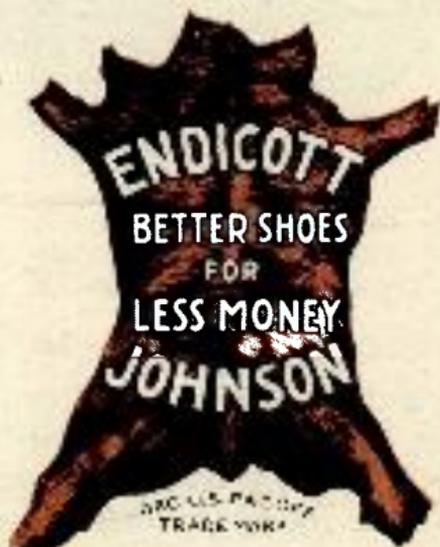
*Mr. George F. Johnson, one of the Founders and now the President of Endicott-Johnson Corporation.*

Square Deal Policy means of the Company in the far beyond the worker's means an interest in the This takes expression activities to provide recreational facilities, pensions and every benefit sense practice.

ties are given over to the shoes—the towns of Endicott, cott. They lie, about five Susquehanna River Valley Think of it!—three entire exist almost wholly to make



*Composite bird's-eye view of Endicott-Johnson Tanneries and Factories—Endicott, Johnson City, Binghamton, W. Endicott, and Owego, all in the Valley of Fair Play, in New York State.*



ENDICOTT

BETTER SHOES

FOR

LESS MONEY

JOHNSON

220 N. 5th ST. PHOENIX ARIZ.  
TRADE MARK