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T O T H E H O M E S O F
GREAT AMERICANS
By E L B E R T H U B B A R D



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HE song
we hear
with our ears
is only the
song that is
sung in our
hearts  

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PATRICK J. HEALY
as a Youth

Dupl. C H J.

A LITTLE JOURNEY
TO THE HOME OF
PATRICK J. HEALY



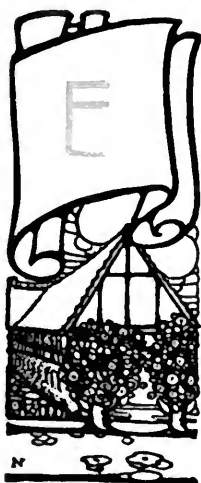
DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE
ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP
WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, N. Y.

M C M X I

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PATRICK J. HEALY



VERY one knows Chicago as the home of the World's largest Stock-yards, but few realize that it is the home of the World's largest Music-House ♪ ♪


The motto of Chicago is, "I Will"; the chaste and classic motto of Boston is, "Let 's Not." The union of these two mottoes, rightly used, would produce a mountain-peak in any line of endeavor ♪ ♪

The house of Lyon and Healy was built by a man from Boston. In everything of an honest, courageous and farseeing nature, his "I Will" was as sure and as much to be counted upon as the ozone from the lake; but in all of the hundreds of side issues and petty make-believes that so many businessmen allow to take up their time, his Boston training stood him in good stead.

A fiddle fancier can tell from the F holes in an old violin whether the instrument was made in France, Germany or Italy, or even if it were

made in the North or South of Italy, and he can also, from this trifling detail, hazard a guess as to the period of its birth. These tabulations are a delight to us all. Who has not felt a Sherlock pleasure in knowing that a redheaded woman has a temper?

The Harp With the Crown-Topped Column

 NUMBER of years ago, a musical friend of mine was glancing over photographs of celebrities. He came upon one of Tramonti, the great harpist, taken, of course, in a pose of careless elegance, leaning upon his harp. This musician said, "Well, I see he plays a Lyon and Healy harp."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"The top of the column is round or crown-shaped. If it were an Erard harp, it would have an octagonal top."

At Bayreuth one Summer they had five harps in the Orchestra, under the direction of Siegfried Wagner, and as an American I felt a thrill of pride when I saw that they all had crown-topped columns. Again, when I gazed upon the photograph of the great Symphony Orchestra of Saint Peters-

burg, I felt a personal pleasure in spotting the round top on the harp.

P. J. Healy's dream had come true. He had accomplished the impossible. He had made the Art Centers of the world come to Cook County for the divine instrument!

To make Chicago the recognized authority on Spareribs was, in its way, a somewhat difficult task; still, everything favored it. But to make Chicago surpass the world in music, with everything against it, was so difficult that, if the thing had not been done, the very idea would be ridiculed. We are all partners with our friends.

For a generation I have been a partner in Lyon and Healy's success, for I knew the man.


I remember P. J. Healy when Chicago was the fifth city in size in America—and I've seen Chicago advance from a city of less than two hundred thousand to a metropolis of more than two million.

I remember when there was only one one-horse railroad in Chicago, and that ran on State Street from the river where the boats landed, out a mile and a half.

The fare was ten cents, and to keep down expenses, the car was of the bobtail variety—no conductor. The driver had one eye on his mule and one eye on the passengers to see they deposited their good coin. If they did not, he simply tied his lines around the brakehandle and came in and argued with them. Not much music in Chicago then. And not an inviting field. But when the right man comes along, the garden blossoms.

Yes, Patrick Joseph Healy was always a familiar figure to me. And some of the folks that I loved, loved Patrick Joseph Healy.

Silas G. Pratt

 HEALY dealt in musical instruments and music, and made musical instruments, and added to life's harmonies, and he discovered a man by the name of Silas G. Pratt. Healy was always discovering men.

Healy's life was a search for talent. All boys were to him wonderful possibilities. "A boy is a genius in the cocoon," he used to say. "Where do you get such intelligent assistants?" some one asked him; and his answer was, "I grow them."

So Healy discovered Silas G. Pratt, clerk, salesman and composer by candlelight. Pratt was interested in a new Sunday-School song-book. Healy looked the book over upon request of Silas, and Healy, being psychic and musical and poetic and prophetic, found in this book one song that caught his ear and his fancy, and he concluded to publish the book, more to please Pratt than for any other reason. The book was published, and sold into the millions; and the particular song that was sung and whistled and played and piped upon all over the world was, "The Sweet By and By," composed by Joseph P. Webster—that gentle poet of the violin.

And so this was my introduction to Patrick Joseph Healy, for Healy was the man who discovered Pratt and launched his bark upon the tide of time. And Pratt and I roomed together, and he it was who first told me of Healy, and later, introduced me to him. Pratt had a gift of composing popular salon music, as he called it, although we had no salons. I remember one effort which he played for me called "The Harp at Midnight." "That composition will live as long

as you do," I told Pratt, and they are both very much alive yet. So sometimes I'm right.

But, in the midst of his enthusiasm, Pratt took this piece to Mr. Healy to publish, and Mr. Healy, with a twinkle in his eye, got right down to business. "It is a nice composition," said he, "too nice to have been written by any one of the unromantic Yankee name of Silas G. ♣ If we publish it, we must have an author's name in keeping with the composition itself."

"Well," said Silas, "call a Pratt by any other name and he'll sing as sweet."

"You mean sweetly," replied Healy, for, as before stated, Healy was from Boston.

They were standing at one of the counters in the Lyon and Healy store, and Mr. Healy reached his hand into the showcase and drew forth a violin-bridge. It was stenciled AUBERT. "This," said Mr. Healy, "is a name that sounds like your piece."

"But," objected Pratt, "there is an Auber, a great composer, and we might become mixed."

¶ "Hardly," said Mr. Healy; "but you can make it very different by calling yourself V. B.

Aubert, V. B. standing for Violin-Bridge." So the piece was published—and so it is catalogued today.

The Little Giant of Music-Land

✱ N talking with my old friend, Judge Cratty, about Healy, I got from him a clear and legal estimate of the "little giant of music-land."

¶ This was the judge's point of view when he exclaimed that Healy was the greatest, biggest and best man in America, for I asked him to give me the formula by which he judged whether a man was great, able, efficient, profound ; or merely smart, industrious, clever, hustling, saving and successful ☛ ☛

The Judge reached over and picked up a piece of chalk, and on a blackboard that happened to be at hand he wrote down what he called the ingredients that go into the making of a man : industry, economy, self-reliance, decision, humor, judgment, prescience, appreciation, imagination, enthusiasm, sensibility, love of truth.

"There," said the Judge, "there are twelve qualities. Just size yourself up, or anybody else. As for Patrick J. Healy, he rated around nine

and a half, counting ten as the perfect standard."

¶ Cratty's estimate of Healy corroborated my own. Healy was the most appreciative, the kindest, the gentlest man I ever knew, who yet had will plus and purpose to spare. His voice was always keyed low. When he gave orders to his people he gave the order but once.

His dignity commanded respect wherever he went. Nobody ever looked upon his face and doubted his word. He was the only witness I ever saw called into court where the judge said to the attorneys, "Shall we waive the oath in taking Mr. Healy's testimony?" and both sides said, "Yes." It seemed like an insult to swear this man to tell the truth. He was incapable of anything else. He was one of the very few men I ever saw who had nothing to hide, nothing to conceal. His soul was open as the sunlight.

The Silent Celt

HEALY was born in Ireland, and when four years of age induced his parents to emigrate to Boston. He was as Irish as Arthur Wellesley, and looked like him, and was just as silent, just as simple. Both had to be weighed Troy, not

Avoirdupois. You remember, Arthur Wellesley used to black his own shoes because he did not want to trouble the housemaids. He used to carry his own luggage, because he was proud that he was able to do it.

The Duke of Wellington always gave everybody his own way, except when it was necessary that he should have his, and when he went up against the Corsican the Irishman still had his way, but never boasted of it afterward.

A few men grow with their business—some simply swell. Healy was always bigger than his business, and he built up the largest business in his own particular line the world has ever seen. And now that he has passed on, it is still the biggest thing in its line in the world, and the soul of Patrick Joseph Healy yet dominates it.

Healy was so fine that few people knew him. He operated through others. He shunned the glare of the spotlight. He was as fine as Thomas Jefferson—America's only Democrat—and very much like him. All these things I knew years ago, but they did not mean so much to me then as they do now. A man like Healy requires perspective.

The Thirteenth Child

PATRICK JOSEPH HEALY was born on a little stone-fenced farm, County Cork, in Ireland, on March Seventeenth, Eighteen Hundred Forty. He used to say that all loyal Irishmen celebrated his birthday, and that, as he was the thirteenth child of his parents, he always had good luck.

Luther Burbank was also a thirteenth child. And we might mention John and Charles Wesley, who were well down the list in a nice little family of nineteen children. Their mother, Susannah Wesley, was the twenty-fourth child of her mother.

Daniel Webster was an eleventh child, Theodore Parker the same, and he used to refer to himself as "the last run of shad." Edmund Burke was one of the youngest in a family of fifteen. Friedrich Froebel completed the baker's dozen. Beethoven, the greatest mind in music the world has ever seen, was number twelve.

William and Caroline Herschel, perhaps the greatest brother and sister known in the history of science, divided honors with nine brothers and sisters. Coleridge was one in a family of thirteen.

¶ Doctor O. S. Fowler used to say, "Only maturity breeds brains"—and possibly he was right in saying that the law of primogeniture was founded on a fallacy.

Ireland has passed through tyranny and starvation. Her population has dropped from eight million to four million; but the flowers bloom and blossom in Ireland, and the babies grow—and some of them evolve into superb men and women ♫ ♫

The teacher of William and Alexander Humboldt once exclaimed: "Yes, I have succeeded in school-teaching! yes! yes! I have had two great pupils." And any teacher who has had that number has succeeded ♫

The Dependable Organ Boy

¶ HE one teacher of Patrick J. Healy seems to have been William T. Adams of Boston, known to the world as "Oliver Optic." Adams was a lover of boys, and how much he had to do with the evolution of Patrick Healy no man can say. The subject was so near to the heart of Healy that when the name of Oliver Optic was mentioned his eyes would fill with tears and his voice grow

husky. One day, Adams, seeing that young Healy, then aged eleven, was tragically in need of boots and books, got him a job pumping a pipe-organ for Silas P. Bancroft, who had a heart and head that almost matched those of Oliver Optic.

The genius of Healy appealed to Bancroft, and he talked the matter over with Oliver Optic. Bancroft was sure that a lad who could pump a pipe-organ and keep awake at his job so as to start the noise the minute the sermon was concluded, surely had something in him. Genius can be shown even in the pumping of a pipe-organ. The particular organ in question always squeaked when worked too hard. The boy found a way to eliminate the squeak so that the pumper was not in competition with the player.

And so it happened that Bancroft adopted the boy into his own childless heart, and got him a job in Reed's music-store, on the strength of his skill in pumping.

One piece of work well done leads to another. George P. Reed took little Healy over to the Boston Public Library and told the librarian to issue him a card and let him take any book

he wanted. And the little Irish lad went home and told his mother that America was Heaven—but his mother was not so sure about it. The Boston Public Library has helped to feed many a hungry mind. Healy prized the moments as they passed. He improved every opportunity. The only time that he stole away for himself was to swim or to row. He was always an amphibian, and through rowing and swimming he kept his lithe little form in good condition. His body was servant to his soul. He knew the value—even in childhood, it seems—of having a good physical understanding.


In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, Healy was twenty-one years of age, and he was head clerk in the music-house 🍀 🍀

He could read music. History to him was familiar. He knew the styles of composition. He could play the harpsichord, the piano, the harp or the organ enough to show the beauty of the instrument, but not well enough to discourage a buyer.

No great musician can sell musical instruments. Here, Healy said, Nature had greatly favored him 🍀 🍀

The call for volunteers, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, came and Healy responded, only to be rejected with a promptness that gave him a shock. The recruiting-officer said they did not want any one for a soldier who weighed less than thirty pounds to the foot. Beef and brawn were the standards, not brain.

That Oliver Ditson Agency

 IN Eighteen Hundred Sixty-four Oliver Ditson was starting branch houses in several of the big cities of the West.

He had already sent John Church to Cincinnati. He offered the Chicago agency to the two most likely men of his acquaintance, Mr. Lyon and Mr. Healy. Lyon's name was put first because he was twenty years older and weighed nearly twice as much.

About this time Chicago was only about half the size of Cincinnati, and not nearly so big as Saint Louis. It was a pioneer town—muddy, on stilts with wooden sidewalks.

Oliver Ditson supplied the money, and Lyon and Healy put in the enthusiasm and the hope.

¶ During these first years the total investment


was relatively small, and most of the pianos were sold on time. Money was in demand. One day the landlord dropped in and suggested that, if Mr. Healy wanted to borrow a little money to help along the business, it could be arranged.

Healy's reply was, "I can not afford to pay ten per cent, which is, I understand, what you receive for the money you lend."

And the old gentleman came up close and in a whisper said, "Mr. Healy, the money you borrow from me will not cost you ten per cent."

Healy was a natural financier. He said the time to borrow money was when you did not want it. The man who goes to the banker only when he is hard up is always under suspicion. Healy knew how to borrow money, and he knew how to meet his obligations.

The Hundred-Point Man

 IN every institution, the difficult tasks gravitate to the man who can get under the burden. Healy was the man who made decisions—the court of last resort. He read, studied, worked, planned and grew.

Very seldom indeed is there found a man who

has the shrewdness to be a good advertiser and at the same time possesses a poetic temperament and the ability to manage and manipulate men for his own benefit—and theirs.

The amount of money that Healy spent in advertising caused the first break between him and his partner, Mr. Lyon.

These expenditures for newspaper ink gave a shock also to Oliver Ditson.

Healy originated the phrase, "Everything Known in Music," and ran this constantly in all the Chicago papers. One day a Scotchman lumbered in and said, "I understand that you have everything known in music."

And Mr. Healy said, "We have."

"Well," said Sandy, "if you please I would like to see a pair of bagpipes."

Mr. Healy turned to his clerk and said, "Mr. Pratt, will you be so kind as to go and select the finest pair of bagpipes we have in stock?"

¶ It so happened that they had just one solitary pair that had been procured as a curiosity. These bagpipes had been carried on the inventory, to the great distress of the firm, for several years.

Now here was Time and Tide and the Piper.
And the clerk danced.

Pratt made haste to dust off the bagpipes, and triumphantly produced them.

Healy declined the invitation to play them. The Scotchman tried his lungs with really marvelous results; and when the din had reached thrilling proportions, carried away the prize in triumph. Healy was always a joker, but his wit was of a quiet and subtle sort.

It seems that once they had an unruly and undisciplined young fellow for a clerk. The department manager came to Mr. Healy one day with a bitter complaint against this clerk, and said, "We will have to discharge him."

"All right," replied Healy; "you discharge him."

¶ Presently the manager came back and said: "I discharged him, but he won't go. He tells me to go to hell."

"Did you go?" asked Mr. Healy.


"No; he will not go, either!"

"Well, then, the only thing I can see to do is to let him stay."

The point was simply this: the second man did

not have so much will as the first, and Mr. Healy saw that, in the course of time, the unruly clerk might evolve into something worth while. And so he did.

Mr. Healy's Business Associates

 HEALY'S patience with stupidity and error was always a marvel to his associates. Behind the blundering individual he saw clearly the man of possibilities. The trivial, the transient, the absurd, did not upset his judgment.

"If a man fails to be a friend to himself, then," said Healy, "he is the man who needs friends most." And so he stood by the erring, the foolish and often the vicious, occasionally to his own great disadvantage. But this did not disturb his faith in humanity.

There is a maxim that a man is known by the company he keeps. And perhaps this is true. Many of the broken-down and busted-up men in the musical circles of Chicago found a friend in Patrick J. Healy. He loaned them small sums; he gave them encouragement, he put them on their feet, and a few of them stayed there. There is a story told of his taking a certain man


to the Sherman House for dinner. Usually a very simple lunch satisfied Healy, but when he invited a friend to dine, he either took him to his own home or to the best hotel. Some one at the hotel called Mr. Healy aside and said, "Mr. Healy, don't you know that man ought to be in jail?"

¶ And Mr. Healy looked at the man with his mild blue eyes and said, "Yes, that man has even victimized himself, but there may yet be a chance for him to get back to solid footing if he wants to."

The big musicians, the people of worth and power, all sought out Healy. He did not seek after the popular, nor endeavor to ally himself with the rich and proud of the earth. And yet the people of position gave him full recognition.

Healy made a musical impression on Chicago and the great West unequaled by any other man of his time, or before, or since. But there was something better than music to Healy, and that was manhood.

Everything Known in Music

 HE branches of the business of Lyon and Healy that surpass all other endeavors in similar lines are the sale of pianos at retail ; the sale of rare old violins ; the sale of sheet-music ; the wholesaling of talking-machines and small instruments, besides many other things—all brought to highwater mark by the genius of one man. But he wished to be known as the builder of the first perfect Harp the world had ever seen.

Healy knew how to attract skilful men to him, and he knew how to manage men without their knowing it. I trust it will not be disputed that the man who can manage musicians is something more than human. But Healy never met whim with whim. If a man were violent in his language, Healy never imitated him. He might have done what Jailer Whitman once did. The prisoners in the Chicago jail, to the number of five hundred or so, refused to go into their cells. They had drawn up a long list of grievances, and literally were on a strike. They roamed the hallways, a howling, cursing, seething mob, defying the officers to shoot them, turn the hose on them or start a

fire for their benefit. Argument was impossible because nothing was heard.

Jailer Whitman, small in stature, but big in brain, simply unlocked the door that led into this cage of wild beasts. He slipped in, relocked the door, threw the key out, and there he was alone with the mob. He pushed his way through to the leader, took him gently by the lapel of his coat, and said, "Here, Bill, I want to talk with you."

¶ And it was only a few minutes before Bill was convinced that the only thing to do was to order the strikers back to their cells. Whitman won because he had the brain that could dominate the situation.

Succeeding by Indirection

21 PATRICK J. HEALY was a winner through personality. All over the United States where bands play, the name of "Lyon and Healy" will be found modestly stamped on most of the musical instruments in use.

First, to arouse some one in a village or town with a musical desire, and then to sell him instruments, was genuine salesmanship. Nothing can be done by going after a proposition with a bludgeon. We

succeed by indirection. To start in and sell a man a thousand dollars' worth of musical instruments would have been a miracle; but to first fill this man's mind with the desire to organize a band, and then have him bring in a dozen, a score, fifty, one hundred or two hundred men with like intent, and then fill the demand for band instruments—that was another thing.

In Grand Rapids is a newspaper that started a band for newsboys twenty years ago on the suggestion of Mr. Healy. This band is one of the best in the United States, and has almost a national reputation. It has taught in all upwards of one thousand men to read music and play some musical instrument acceptably.

Each player owned his own instrument, although, to start with, the newspaper publication bought the instruments and sold them to the boys on time. Healy's plea was that you can not give a man something for nothing and have it appreciated. Everything must be bought with a price. Let the boys own their instruments, and they will care for and prize them; also, they will be constantly filled with the wish for something better and finer.

¶ For instance, a French Horn can be bought for twenty dollars, but there are others that cost fifty, one hundred, or one hundred and fifty; and if a boy succeeds in playing this instrument fairly well, in the course of time he is going to have just as good an instrument as can be bought, and he will save his money for this purpose.

Healy knew psychology, and before he ever attempted to sell musical instruments he created a demand for music.

Ed Howe, one of the kind of men that God never duplicates, organized a band in the more or less obscure town of Atchison. Colonel Howe when asked one day what his greatest ambition was, said it was to be rich enough so he could organize a band of one hundred pieces and go around the world giving free concerts in every town.

Of course, this was a Kansas joke; but behind the pleasantry lay the fact that Ed Howe's soul was filled with music, and although, fortunately, he could not make a sound on a cornet that could be heard across the street, the fact was that he had infused a great number of young men with the desire to play in the band.

The Denver "Post" band has over one hundred pieces, and it is one of the features of Colorado. No great dignitary ever visits Denver but that he is met at the station with the Denver "Post" Band. This Band has also taught over one thousand boys to read music. The Chicago "Daily News" also has a superb band.

To trace the origin of any of these big modern bands back to the particular impulse that originated them in the brain of Patrick J. Healy would be a nice study in psychology, but the fact remains that all big ideas, systems and institutions have their origin in the brains of individuals.

Mr. Healy as a Business Arbitrator

HEALY would have made a great judge, because he was a great diplomat and a great pacifier, unless, indeed, he would have gotten into trouble by caring more for Right than for Precedent. On various occasions, he was called upon to arbitrate business differences.

One particular case was where partners had disagreed and had reached a point where lawyers had been called in and injunctions issued, and the whole business was about to be thrown into disso-

lution and a prosperous institution ruined. Just at this time it was suggested that the whole matter be turned over for arbitration to Mr. Healy.

¶ Mr. Healy consented to hear the case, provided both parties would sign a stipulation that they would abide by his decision, for which he would accept no remuneration.

The lawyers lost a very fat and juicy brace of fees, but Healy heard the case, interrogating all the witnesses himself, eliminating the attorneys, and allowing the directly interested parties to make their own arguments.


The case was settled and the business was not disturbed ♣ ♣

Healy's sense of honor was of the keenest. He would not do that which even seemed like taking an advantage of another ♣ He invariably gave every man with whom he came in contact the best of any proposition in which there was any question involved. On one occasion when visiting a health resort in company with one of his men, the conversation turned on some matters and things based upon business transactions between himself and a concern with which he was associ-

ated in business for years. This man said to him during the talk, "I know, Mr. Healy, that is all very good, but for Heaven's sake how long does a debt of gratitude run?"

Healy turned his mild blue eyes on the speaker and replied slowly, "My dear man, a debt of gratitude knows no statute of limitations."

Mr. Healy Goes it Alone

 IN the year Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine, Mr. Lyon dropped out of the firm of Lyon and Healy—taking with him a very beautiful cash balance. It was enumerated, however, in the articles of dissolution that the name of Lyon and Healy should be the property of Mr. Healy—this including the big L trademark name, originated and signed a hundred times a day by Mr. Healy.



Here was a seemingly insignificant trifle, but Mr. Healy knew its value. His maxim was, "Never change the name of your firm, or your trademark, after the public is once accustomed to it."

From Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine on, the business took a big new lease of life, and has since

been making strides, steadily and surely. And continued on the general policy that built it up, it is still growing under the guidance of the sons of Patrick Joseph, and able lieutenants long trained in the business.

Patrick J. Healy passed away in Nineteen Hundred Five. As the physician said of William Morris, so might it be said of Healy, "He died from too much Patrick J. Healy." His soul so outweighed his body that nerves grew tense and snapped. John C. Freund once said to me, "There must be such a thing as immortality, for God could not afford to dissolve and dissipate a soul so exquisitely and divinely tuned as that of Patrick Healy."

A Twenty-Fifth Century Man

 HE summing up of the character of Patrick J. Healy reveals to us a man from the Twenty-fifth Century, given to us in the Twentieth for our edification and pattern. Here we have great kindness, sympathy, receptivity, and a life organized on the Brotherhood of Man, as a working policy. 

Next, we have great skill in organization, financier-

ing, the management of ways and means, the elimination of lost motion, and reaching the end to be attained by the shortest and most direct route ☛ ☛

Third, we have great love of truth, openness, directness, commonsense, and a deeply religious nature. The outward show of religion did not much appeal to Mr. Healy, but the spirit of Christ was in his heart.

He was one of the most unselfish of men. He made fortunes for himself and fortunes for others, but moneymaking was simply incidental. For money itself he cared little. He loved his business, was proud of his business, and his heart was always in it; and all through this business, woven in and out like a golden thread, was the great Golden Rule.


It is not to be wondered at that a man so fine, so delicate, so sensitive, so essentially feminine, should not be more widely known.

Thoreau said that the saviors of the world are always feminine; that is, they possess the mother heart—a sympathy that embraces the world ☛ This all-embracing sympathy and love for human-

ity was evinced by Healy in his regard for his associates ☛ ☛

Homeless boys, drifting men, the sick or unfortunate of every kind and nature, touched him to tears, and his arms reached out for their protection. Nobody knows the amount of money that he gave away to such. Nobody knows the number of cruel disappointments that came to him through the ingratitude of men—because he never discussed his failures. His windows were ever open to the East.


The New Ethics

 HE newest theory in ethics is that the world, when it is perfected, will be changed through the Science of Economics, that is, through the creation and distribution of the things that men require for their bodily, mental and spiritual welfare ☛ ☛

In America, the nations mingle and meet. We are essentially a business people. We are builders of homes and of factories. We lay out roadways, plant forests, construct great parkways ☛ We believe in playgrounds, in pictures, in books, in music. We believe in happiness and health and

sunshine and work and good-cheer and all that adds to human joy.

A Well-Rounded Life


 PATRICK JOSEPH HEALY grew as the city of Chicago grew—as the nation grew. He grew with his business. He was ever abreast of the times and abreast of the best thought of the world, and, with the Prophet Isaiah, he used to say, “And the desert shall blossom like the rose, and the waste places shall be made green, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.”

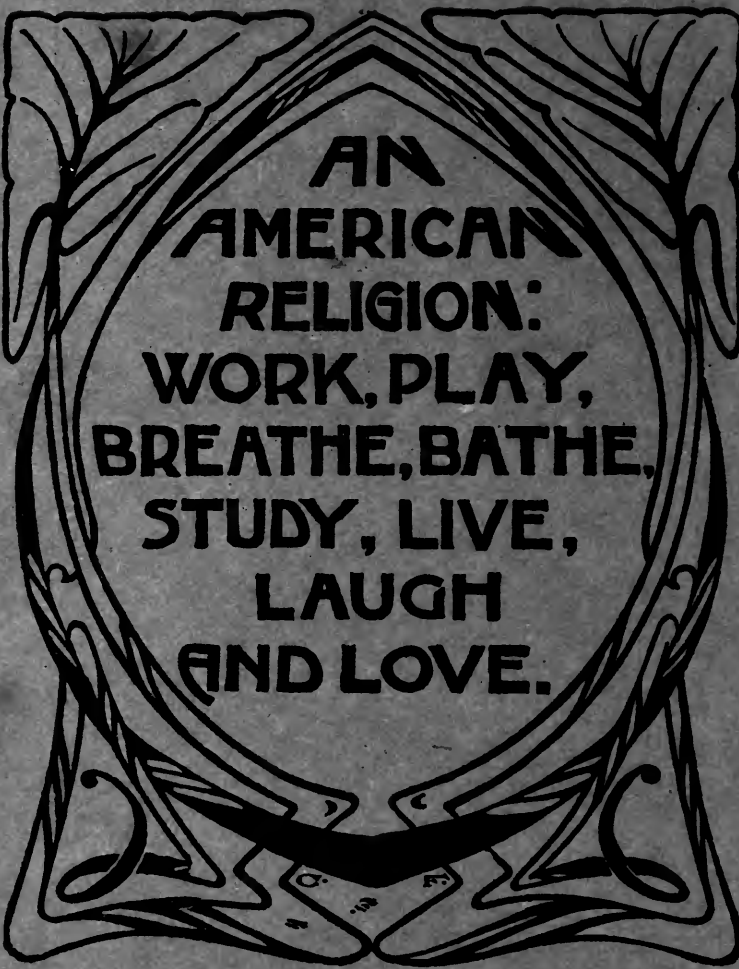
Harmony was his passion. Equity and reciprocity were his motifs. Love was his controlling impulse. He lived out his life in the light, shunning, fearing nothing—a man afraid of no man, and one of whom no man was afraid.



PATRICK J. HEALY
the Businessman

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S love goes
to those
who do not lie in
wait for it, so does
the big reward
gravitate to the
patient man ❀ ❀



**AN
AMERICAN
RELIGION:
WORK, PLAY,
BREATHE, BATHE,
STUDY, LIVE,
LAUGH
AND LOVE.**