

Among Men Who Work with Hand or Brain

How to Make Most of Yourself; Learn to Control Your Emotions.

By C. S. MADDOCKS.

THE emotions or feelings of the ordinary man are that unobdurate part of him which are least recognizable and least within his control, but it has been considered a sign of birth and breeding to control the emotions.

The man of power is the one who, like the great actor, controls his emotions to some great end. On the other hand, it is through anger or envy, fear or hate, that men are always losing place or esteem.

Chalonsere in one of his sonnets says that illness which festers small far worse than death. The emotional power in man is the very life of his soul, but so sensitive is it that it takes but a feather weight to turn the scale which determines which it shall work, good or evil.

The great emotions are due all the sublime creations in art, poetry, music, and character, while the fierce emotions like fear and hate have been agents of terrible destruction—as fatal often to those who have harbored them as to those upon whom vengeance has been worked.

The emotion of love has for years been called the greatest thing in the world. Fiction could hardly exist if men were unemotional beings, and every man who does not know how much to the pleasures (emotions) and happiness of life. There is ever something highly reciprocal about an emotion.

The religious emotion, through which men have been exalted to the sublime heights of feeling, to the disregard of every trial and even of physical torture, has been as destructive as any other, from the days of the wild Canaanites, the destructive crusades, the fierce fires of the reformation, up to the strange sects of today—for that matter numerous strange sects have ever existed and been capable of the strangest exhibitions of feeling. This has been the one emotion which has been augmented by constant fostering, while other emotions have mostly been left to work out their mollifying or wild will.

Cultivation of Emotions. Emotions increase in power and in number through cultivation of the intelligence of man. Primitive man was not an emotional being. "Primitive man," says Ribot in his book, "The Psychology of the Emotions," "like the child and animal, is at first only a bundle of wants, tendencies, instincts which when not simply unconnected, are connected with external or internal tendencies. How has he progressed from primitive cannibalism to his present moral and social culture?"

From coarse fetishism to religious metaphysics or mysticism? From the rude drawings of the Neolithic age to the refinements of the aesthetic sentiment? From a narrow and limited curiosity to a disinterested enthusiasm for science? How far has the passage been accomplished from one extreme to the other? It is clear that a new form of feeling cannot arise by spontaneous generation; it can only be the work of a transformation, of a physiological development. How has this happened? What causes have brought about this metamorphosis? The principal, essential, fundamental cause is intellectual development.

Enlarged upon this proclamation, Prof. Ribot, says: "The intellectual element, whatever it may be, is always the determining principle; never, since and by itself, the spring of action. The process always follows the same course, and remains identical from start to finish: it passes from the simple into the complex, as we shall see in discussing each separate emotion. The child who feels acutely the possession of a toy, or the deprivation of it, is not affected by the beauty of a landscape, by reasons of his intellectual development. We know that in the common opinion a savage, even a barbarian, is not moved by the splendors of civilized life, but only by its petty and puerile side. Its greater aspects inspire him neither with desire, admiration, nor jealousy, because he does not understand them."

Education is one of the special factors in the evolution of feeling, but there are many others, including environment and tradition. Imitation is also reckoned as a factor. Imitative feelings are common, but these are in a sense due to environment. We weep with those who weep and laugh with those who laugh.

Effect of Environment. It is especially easy to study the effect of imitation and environment in religious manifestations. Crude, barbaric rites have a certain barbaric religion. With a certain civilization comes refinement of feeling and behavior that may either have the effect of exalting the religious feelings or refining them out of existence. As emotions increase to breadth they may—but not necessarily—become very thin in depth, especially when compared with fierce, uncalculated manifestations.

Prof. Leod, in one of his psychologies, maintains that men differ far less in their appetites, emotions, and passions than in their ideas and thoughts; yet every set of

Try This Plan of Saving Money.

By ARTHUR LENOX.

THE latest scheme for saving money is the cumulative plan. It has been tried in a number of cities and is pronounced a great success for those who cannot afford to lay by more than a little at a time.

It is carried out in the banks in the following manner. There are three classes of depositors:

men have emotions peculiar to themselves, due to environment in its large sense. The emotions of the business man are those aroused by the conditions of his life.

The emotions of a man with large amounts of money invested or great ventures at stake are, some of them, entirely unknown and almost incomprehensible to the scholar in his study. On the other hand, the business man cannot understand what seem to him the useless enthusiasms of the scholar.

The character of any historic period has always been determined more by what has appealed to the emotions of the great majority of the men of the period than by any other factor. If we study the great emotional periods of the world, such as that which Jean Jacques Rousseau introduced, and which ended in the French revolution, it is easy to see that this is true.

Influence on Life. A man without emotion is a poor stick indeed, and scarcely to be pitied. Emotions stimulate or hinder the very processes by which life is maintained. The emotion of gladness quickens the pulse and so influences the circulation of the blood. On the other hand, fear affects the heart, and so the blood flow and even the alimentary canal. Joy exalts the visceral powers, but emotional pain derange visceral action. When the vital powers are reduced by illness very slight annoyances—the arousing of the emotions in a disagreeable way—cause relapses. A determination to live or a determination to die often fashions an emotion that either increases or decreases the vital activities, so that the desire is realized.

Says a great philosopher who believed that man should first be a good animal: "Every power, bodily or mental, is increased by 'good spirits', which is one name for general emotional satisfaction. The truth that the fundamental vital actions—those of nutrition—are furthered by laughter moving conversation, or rather by the pleasurable feeling causing laughter, is one of old standing; and every dyspeptic knows that in exhilarating company a large and varied dinner, including not very digestible things, may be eaten with impunity, and, indeed, with benefit, while a small, carefully chosen dinner of simple things, eaten in solitude, will be followed by indigestion. This striking effect in the alimentary system is accompanied by effects equally certain, though less manifest, on the circulation and respiration. Again, one who, released from daily labor or anxieties, receives delight from fine scenery and is enraptured by the novelties he sees abroad, comes back showing by toned up face and vivacious manner the greater energy."

Pleasurable sensations arouse pleasant emotions. The sunshine is always enlivening to some people, and the gloom always depressing—then have despaired in darkness and taken their lives because of an oppression due to the dark. We can to a degree choose what our sensations shall be, and so to some extent determine our emotions, but the gratification of sense is nearly always followed by depressing emotions.

Effect of Mental States. Our mental states also have the greatest effect on our emotions. Some mental states should never for a moment be allowed to control us, for that way madness lies. Such a state is that of perpetual doubt, which leads to what may be considered madness. This has been defined as "a state of unstable equilibrium in which successive contradictory representations neither virtually exclude nor coalesce each other." They are ever at war, and the battle is a constant wrangle of emotion. Intellectual indecision always produces an emotional state—a state of discomfort.

The mind must be controlled, before the emotions can be. A man can teach by a philosopher until he can control his emotions, like hope, are stronger than reason, as are some others, but such emotions will never go very wild if reason is vigilantly active.

The poet says that we live by admiration, hope, and love. Strong feelings not only affect our bodily processes, but they react upon the mind and make life worth living or death desirable. Feeling or emotion in itself makes that desirable thing, temperament, which is but another word for interesting character.

It is a great pity that feeling and emotion are so often the subject of derision. It is for this reason that many perfectly noble feelings are kept in the dark, where they may develop in noxious ways. People are ashamed to weep when there is a just and reasonable provocation. They are ashamed to show sympathy unless others are doing the same. The man with a great enthusiasm is often ridiculed for having "a bee in his bonnet." The young man must hide his preferences in love; the old man is accused of senility if he shows some legitimate emotion.

It is legitimate to seek pleasurable emotions. These would be worth while if for no other reason than that their physical concomitants are a freer circulation, better respiration, and bodily movement. The intellectual, the moral, the religious emotions all have their place in well rounded character. A man of well disciplined emotions will think truly and act the best.

receives a check for \$10.00, with interest at 3 per cent.

Class III starts with 5 cents the first week, 10 cents the second week, 15 cents the third week, and so on for forty-two weeks. Then two weeks before Christmas a check for \$45.15 is mailed each depositor, with interest at 3 per cent.

The depositor isn't bothered with a book, nor the bank with bookkeeping. A sheet of coupons, one corner of which carries the name and address of the depositor, does the business. Every time the depositor makes a payment a coupon is handed him until all are detached; then the series is complete and the depositor gets a check for his entire amount.

It is said that the first day the plan was tried it kept fifteen bank tellers busy taking care of more than 2,000 depositors.

Reaching the Great "Turning Point"; Office 'Shadows' Aid to Workers.

By COURTNEY R. COOPER.



It sometimes happens that the turning point acts as the alarm clock of a man's life. It wakes him up, makes him beat himself in spite of his skeptical desire to linger while longer in business, and it often makes a man out of what was formerly only an excuse for a human being.

That is why Robert J. Easton of Missouri can look back on the past and smile. Easton heard the alarm clock of life at a time when he cared neither for happiness nor for money. He had left life, as it is ordinarily known, far behind. There was nothing that interested him. He was one of those persons who believed that the lost love of a girl can kill, or at least rend the heart until nothing in the world matters. Easton, in his early life, had lost that love by his own foolishness, and then having lost lacked the will power to stay and bring it back. Once in awhile, after he had wandered away from the home place, he wondered whether or not she could forgive. Then came the devastating touch of time. He began to forget her. But he did not forget that he had been a fool, and it was that which kept him a derelict.

For when Easton had cast himself into the world he had become a drifter. For a while he tried to make something of himself, but his lessening interest in life pulled him down. Gradually he became a wanderer on the face of the earth, with no special bad habits as far as "bad habits" are classed, but merely a noncommittal, listless, not caring, a vagabond through choice.

And so he passed the years, wandering from city to city, beating his way most of the time, working just long enough in a place to provide his cheap food and bedding. He had come to forget all that was possible of his former life and he was succeeding admirably. The learning of his younger years had been submerged by the roughness of the road. His appearance was uncouth. He was just what he intended to be, a tramp.

Arrested as Vagrant. Then began the change. One day he drifted into Cleveland and was promptly arrested on a charge of vagrancy. He had no evidence of a means of support. He was found guilty and sentenced to a term at Cleveland's farm of reformation, an urban place where men are not imprisoned, but made to work in the open, doing farm work that builds up, not tears down.

Easton approached his sentence with the opinion that he had regarded all the rest of his life. There was nothing that could change him. He had settled his course in existence and nothing could swerve it. His mission was to forget, and forget he would. But Easton reckoned without the turning point. He had failed to see that he, a man of good education, good morals, good health, and good ability, was not built for the life he had made for himself. He had gone as far in it as was possible. There must be a change, a complete change. It had to be. The turning point was a necessity of nature with Robert Easton, and one day it arrived.

It was spring. Warm, pleasant, something winds swept across the broad fields where he was working, carrying with them the scent of the blossoms in the orchard near by. Under the little stone bridge a brook was whispering, laughing to itself as it hurried along. Birds were circling overhead or peeping at the fences and telegraph wires to strain their throats with songs of joyfulness. Easton looked up from his work. A little thrill shot through him and his eyes moistened from some unknown cause. Then his teeth gritted and he settled doggedly to his work again.

Noon came and the marching men walked toward Easton's house and for they are allowed to do this in the outdoor prisons; but Easton's head was down. He had always hated spring.

Blossom the Turning Point. They passed the orchard, and, as a slightly stronger puff of wind struck against the line of ploding men, a fluffy something settled against Easton's face and caught in a hem of his shirt. He lowered eyes saw it, regarded it a moment, then closed. A hand reached up, grasped the little something as if to throw it away, then paused and gripped it tight. A queer expression came over the face of the man. The veins seemed to stand out. It was the turning point.

It was only a speck of peach blossom, yet what a difference it made! For it had opened again the gates of memory, it had brought before Robert Easton the things he had been trying to forget all these years. He saw her again, just as she had been the day he forever sealed his happiness, leaning against the gnarled tree in the orchard, tearing the petals from the be-blossomed twigs within her reach. Her face now angry, now wistful, now pleading as he shot his foolish, imaginary accusations at her. It hurt, that picture, and Easton's face became grave as the respective showed in his memory. But here was more to come. There was at least the rebellion against his cruelty to think of, there was the awakening to come. Easton tried to drown it. Easton fought hard against it all that afternoon as he worked in the field. Easton tried not to think of it. His endeavor to stifle the emotions that threatened to engulf him, but in vain, "It was the inevitable. It was the turning point."

That night, as he lay on his bunk, staring at the stars through the grated windows, he made the resolve. After all, had he not accustomed his first foolishness by still more a great deal worse? Had he not possessed his life all because a woman had possessed enough spirit to resent a practical insult he had not acted the coward? Had he done right? Had he been just to himself and to her? The thoughts pounded into his brain with ever increasing intensity. They crowded his eyelids and demanded answers. They bowed him low. They enraptured him; they led him on. At last, a new light in his

eyes determined manly, he sat up in the darkness and raised his hands to the stars, which gleamed at him with their silvery eyes.

Made Man of Himself. "I'll try to make up for it. I'll go back. I'll make a man of myself!"

And when the sentence ended, with the few dollars that were given him to make his start in life, Robert Easton started back to Jasper county, Mo., his old home. There would be many changes, he knew. He might possess much of the home place. He might possess nothing. Those whom he had loved might be still alive. They might be dead. He did not know. And what? He put the question away from himself.

Things had changed. The parents had gone to that place from which there is no returning. The farm had been split up, leaving for him twenty of the poorest, rockiest, unproductive acres it possessed. Side had gone, he learned. It was believed she lived in St. Louis—unmarried. Easton sighed, almost happily.

"I will find her," he said, "when I am worthy to find her."

How he would make himself worthy, as far as money was concerned, he did not know. The land that had fallen to him was almost hopeless. It never had been cultivated. It was looked upon as a pebbly, rocky, hopeless waste, and so it had been neglected. But the spirit of the turning point was strong on Easton. He would not give up. He borrowed a plow and horse from one of his brothers and started out to cultivate the land. Those of the countryside either laughed or nodded their heads sadly, as if to speak unmentionable things concerning his state of mind. But Easton pretended not to know that. At least he would make his try! He had been a failure for years. He could not be worse. And so he started out.

And so, carrying with him a little school grammar that he had bought to study in between times that he might bring back all that was lost he started out with his plow and horse. The first furrow was made with difficulty and more than one nick appeared on the share where the inexperienced guiding hands of Easton had failed to swerve clear of the larger stones. The second furrow was almost impossible. Easton determined to plow straight through the center of the land in an effort to see if the soil was better there.

Discovered Lead Mine. Fifty yards and the horse plunged forward and then were pulled back by the sudden stopping of the plow, while Easton was thrown far to one side. He arose, jerked at the handles and attempted to pull the plow away from the substance it had struck. It was impossible. He jerked again. The plow was immovable. He stared in amazement.

Last Hope Realized. He took the money, in a trembling sort of way. Fortune had come to him, fortune had come, but with it all there was a sting, a hopelessness. What was money when he was not sure of ever obtaining the greatest ideal of his life? What was anything compared to the thought of the one woman he had loved and lost? What if she had ceased to care now, what if—

The room was one of those old-fashioned ones that still exist in old St. Louis. There was an air of hominess about it. There was a window in the air that spoke of the green fields and of the open country. A vase which stood on the great piano was filled to overflowing with peach blossoms, the last of the season. A man and woman stood near. He was speaking.

"Mary"—there was a long pause—"I know I haven't the right to call you that, but it's the only way I can think of you. It's been a good many years since—since I saw you last. I don't know whether time has healed the wounds I made—or not. But I've come to ask your forgiveness, to plead—"

He looked down upon her. He trembled as his eyes met hers. There was silence in the great room. The woman smiled, came closer. Their hands clasped. Their lips met.

Free Meals for Jobless Men. The Rev. Mr. Johnston Myers, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist church, believes that a man who is hungry cannot make the proper effort to secure work and that he cannot do his share of work in the world when he is discouraged, cold, and hungry.

Just a year ago the Rev. Mr. Myers started serving breakfast to the "down and out" when he was there, the janitor was there. He saw no reason why they should not be utilized in doing good work. The breakfast that was served was plain: it consisted of fresh bread, good butter, and plenty of warm coffee with cream and sugar in it. Perhaps this is not the breakfast that would be chosen by the picture, but it tasted especially good to the men who were hungry and discouraged. It made them feel more like trying to get post-office, too, when they realized that there was some one who believed in them and was ready to "stake them to a meal," without attaching the stigma of beggary to it. For there are no "rules" connected with the Rev. Mr. Myers' giving.

As soon as the news that breakfast was being served got around town the crowds increased until it was decided to serve meals all during the day in men who applied. Now, a year after the starting of the "free breakfast" from 500 to 1,000 men are served with breakfast each morning, and meals are served from 7 a. m. until 4 p. m.

Women are provided for, too. At men about fifty women, mostly wage earners who are working on small salaries, assemble for lunch. They are served with meat, vegetables, bread and butter, tea or coffee, and dessert. If they wish they may contribute a small sum, but this is not insisted. The lunch is free if they do not care to pay, and no one is questioned as to her needs.

There is an employment bureau in connection with the church. Positions are secured for perhaps ten men a day. The positions are offered by men who are interested in the work that is being done and there are demands for all kinds of labor, both skilled and unskilled.

The cost of feeding the men averages a little less than 4 cents a meal.

American Workmen's Insurance for Injury Not Up to Foreigners'.

By JONAS HOWARD.

THE movement for workmen's compensation acts in this country has not yet met with success. As an evidence of the manner in which employees are treated, following accidents in the workshop, here is the result of an investigation carried on by the government among 205 persons who were injured while at work. Received nothing from employer..... 72 Received doctor's bills only..... 30 Received a part of doctor's bills..... 10 Received something in addition..... 21 Received something, but doctor's bills unpaid..... 29 This is because the laws of the country provide that the employe, to receive damages from the employer when injured, must show negligence on the part of the employer. However, in foreign countries conditions are different. In Great Britain, when a workman

Workers' Wages Have Advanced 22.9 Per Cent in Last Ten Years.

By JOHN HOWLAND.

WHEN we take it all in all, the high cost of living has not advanced so disproportionately with the raises in wages. According to the government figures both have kept fairly close to each other in the upward trend. For instance, the government has gathered figures on forty-six trades in New York state within the last ten years. The investigation showed that the wages of the average workman had increased in that time 22.9 per cent.

Notes from World of Science.

A chair in aeronautes has been established at a Vienna college.

Fire losses in the United States and Canada last year cost \$234,337,320.

In all European Russia there are only sixty electrical distributing stations.

UT in Phenix, Ariz., there is a manufacturer who gave a new secretary the most profitable drilling of his life. The secretary was an ordinary youth who believed that he had extraordinary abilities just because he hated from Chicago. He was out west for the climate, and he wished to "mail" the job in Phenix, where positions were more plentiful, for as long a time as he cared to remain in the "wilderness," as he called the alkali plains.

When he entered the manufacturer's office and looked at the typewriter, the files, the mortgage bottle, and the ink well, he said to himself, "Now this is an empty office, and I will have it all to myself." But he was mistaken. The shadow of the old secretary, with a halo of well performed deeds about him, sat in the office chair. And forty shadows of old employees who had worked there fitted about or lay stered away, each in a hallowed crevice, more sacred than all the others. John the catalog man, William the advertiser, James the file clerk, all were green in memory and all came in for praise twenty times a day from the manufacturer.

Predecessors His Example. John, the secretary before you, always left a note for you when Mr. Jones called. James, who worked for me ten long years, never once made such a mistake, or William saved the tags, he never threw them away, was the employer's stricken of conversation throughout the day.

Although the old secretary was a fine person, a neat workman, diligent, and every thing else that was marvelous, the new secretary, with courage in his heart, began the important rat-tat-tat on the typewriter, trying his best to equal, if not surpass, the old employe who had been such a treasure in the office. He hoped in time to be able to post the shadow, as a shadow "didn't have much chance against a flesh and blood person, anyhow."

And when the manufacturer remarked that the old secretary was a capable man, the new secretary wished to say that he, too, was also a capable man, but he did not. He merely redoubled his efforts to scatter the shadow of his predecessor. It was a hard fight.

Lessons in All of Them. However, he had the shadows of perfection losted. The new secretary turned the typewriter on a top shelf; the "shadow of persistence," which belonged to James, he placed in a lower drawer of his desk; the "shadow of economy" he pigeonholed on the wall. All about him he arranged the shadows of his predecessors to study in leisure moments. In the shadows he found real lessons. And in no other way did the new secretary learn so well, what his employer had learned by studying the qualities of the shadows which stood out in the memory of the manufacturer.

When Mr. Manufacturer praised the memory of William, who did this and so, promptly the new secretary made a note of a plan of action to rout William's shadow by doing this and so. When the shadow of Lewis was given commendation for a line of action, the new secretary began to follow in Lewis' footsteps. Thus the new secretary turned the dark shadows of his predecessors into bright lessons, and received the best drilling in business that he could possibly have had by studying the shadows that fitted about the office.

He had the chance to become the most perfect secretary in his world and he took it. Now the new secretary takes comfort in knowing that his shadow is haunting the office of the small manufacturer in Phenix, Ariz., to encourage some other secretary to emulate his efforts.

He does not think that "shadows" are had things to have about an office at all.

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