

Among Men Who Work with Hand or Brain

Live Your Life Many Times to Make the Most of Yourself.

By C. S. MADDOCKS.

FROM man or saint, from woman or child, from book or sermon, from picture or event, this man or that man gets some thought, some inspiration, that carries him farther in ambitions or right living than precept or law, example or admonition.

Men and women who have time to live or who make time to think are always gathering new ideas about living. It is not the having time, it is knowing how to utilize it to such an end, to use it for the summing up of some bulked experience, in some flexible generality, that makes a new rule for present living.

I say "flexible generality," a sort that is far removed from the quick shallow generalities of youth, say those of a youthful Englishman, who without ever seeing America or ever having been in Germany defines the one as a land of cocktails and the people as those who stole the English language and spoiled it (absurdity of absurdities) and the other as a land of beer swillers.

This is no fiction. A real engineer from the tight little island, working for an English firm with American capital, did recently design these two countries in just this way. Just as he made the statement that he might go to America to take the examinations connected with advancement in his profession because they were "so much easier over there."

It is such men as this who live their lives but once unless something revolutionary enters upon them to lessen their conceit and break up their prejudices. Having decided that all peoples save the race they belong to are inferior, having made up their minds just what most things are like, they see no reason for verifying their views by looking into facts. They entirely shut themselves out from the new and delightful conceptions that might come to an open mind to make almost every day like a fresh beginning of life.

Lack Positive Views.

There are yet other people who can hardly be said to live once. They have no positive views about anything, but take with the utmost nonchalance or perhaps with great satisfaction as law and gospel what this man says or writes—what almost anybody says or writes—as their own opinions, their own decisions. There are no real spoils in such lives except those imposed from without, although they may frequently adopt somebody's new whimsy. These are the Toms and Dicks and Harrys who may naturally have had very good parts and ability, who might have been somewhat fluid in an original way instead of being watered down by other people's notions. Some one has spoken of such people as "wagons, gregarious natures, liking or disliking merely because other people like or dislike."

The fortunate people are those who are finding life facing them as an entirely new problem from what it has been, because they have stepped to a higher level of reasoning or thinking about it, and will keep on stepping up by this process of new thinking. Such people believe that life must begin again and again and that everybody ought to be prepared to begin life many times afresh. They believe so essentially in the essential goodness of life, in its wonderful fruitfulness, that it becomes their constant testimony that life is worthy to be lived over and over again. Such people do not die because their friends die and do not believe that death is nothing more to be gained since what was once gained is now lost. They do not forget the past, but they live in the present.

It is such people as this who discover the unnoticed gifts of life, who believe that life is worth living so that there will be a future, that life is worth living with fortitude, with tenderness, with devotion. They extend joy out of what another totally neglects, just as a dull traveler will stop and read a worthless book while he travels through a wonderful country which the alert will find so full of beauties as to strain every sense in grasping even a half.

The "One Life" Theory.

Such people multiply life through thankfulness for things that others but take as a

right or a part of a dull round without ever giving them a thought. They feel a renewed thankfulness for the sunshine, though they may not have complained of the gloom—days of mist and cloud, dim days of many sorts, have in them something that appeals to the ever grateful heart. The power of extracting joy where another finds no joy and of multiplying it through thankfulness is one of the ways many a great soul has begun life many times afresh.

Nearly every person in the world has some theory of living which he puts into definite or implied expression. The easiest, the latest, the most unimaginative, the most hopeless is that theory which amounts to the one of "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," or "a fast life and a merry one." It is the "one" life theory, quite a different theory from that which consists in getting the most and the fullest from each passing day. Many of the passing days in such lives are not pleasant or productive, for you cannot eat every minute or drink every minute, and you die daily with pain and discomfort if you try to do so even approximately.

The one life theory is frequently advocated by people who of all others should live a life of progressive newness, for they are creators—writers, poets, painters. Often before maturity has brought them to sober reason they affect constant cigar smoking or even opium dreaming and reason that life may be shorter but more glorious because of some such constant indulgence. Life is not only shorter so, but always abortive. These people become the worst sort of cripples.

A promising young couple, artists both, not long ago had to refuse an invitation they wished to accept because a certain other young couple, a poet and his wife, were going to spend the evening with them. But these two latter did not keep their engagement, and frequently they broke their engagements in the same way. They were enjoying their opium dream too much to move. The young artist justified this by saying: "They realize that their lives may be a little shorter, but their theories seem to work out very well for them. They are happy."

New Friendship Renovates.

The new friendship renovates us much because it is likely to bring the newest of our lives to the front—perhaps the newest that we have not otherwise dared to show—as to bring us new ideas. Of these new friendships an essay says: "They are among the most necessary as well as the most delightful things we get a chance of. They do not merely exhilarate, but actually renew and add to us, more even than change of climate and season. We are (luckily for every one) such imitative creatures that every person we like much adds a new possible form, a new pattern, to our understanding and our feeling; making us, through the pleasantness of novelty, see and feel a little as that person does. And when instead of liking it is a case of loving there is something more important and excellent even than this. For every creature we do really love seems to reveal a whole side of life by the absorbing of our attention into that creature's ways; nay, more, the fact that what we call loving is in most cases a complete creation, at least a thorough interpretation of them by our fancy and our shaken up, refreshed feelings."

Philosophers have found how many times life can begin afresh by watching a garden grow or catching the secret of the passing seasons. They have learned from the very simplest things new modes of happiness may succeed one another even like the succeeding dew on the constantly renovated grass.

Our aims, our loves, ourselves will alter whether or no. There are many forced re-orientations, and we grow up with our children. But it is within the power of our will to renew ourselves almost daily in those "intangible and shy matters" of our inner life which make our outer lives sanest, sweetest, best.

Young Swem Pounds His Way Up to Good Place in White House.

By JOHN A. HOWLAND.

THE president has selected Charles L. Swem, a boy of but 20, as his chief stenographer.

Mr. Swem occupies the same position that Cortelyou had under Cleveland and Loeb under Roosevelt—both of whom afterwards became members of the cabinet.

The career of this young boy, who started without powerful friends to push him forward, and who won his way into the White House in a most important position solely on merit, is full of human interest to young men and shows that the door of opportunity is open wide to those who are willing to pay the price of admission in thorough preparation.

Five years ago young Swem, then but 15, working all day in a cotton mill, entered a night school at Trenton. Less than six months later he was employed by a publishing company of New York as a stenographer. He soon demonstrated his ability as a rapid writer and encouraged by his employers began to practice for speed.

Lands Second in Contest.

When the fifth international shorthand speed contest was held at Washington a year and a half later, young Swem had advanced in ability to a point where he felt that he was ready to pit his skill against the most expert stenographers of the country. He went into the contest against some of the most rapid writers of the world and won second place, writing fifteen words a minute faster than the previous world's record for the kind of matter dictated.

Several months before the presidential campaign opened in 1912, Mr. Swem reported an address by Gov. Wilson in Trenton. When the report came to the governor for revision before publication, he was amazed at its accuracy. Hardly a word needed to be



Quit Typewriter to Make Hats; Now She Owns Millinery Store.

Told to ANDREW B. ERDMANN.

FOUND my sister in tears. They have been quarreling again. Ordinarily I avoided making any reference to my sister's domestic troubles. She, too, upon seeing me enter the house, would generally suppress a sob and gulp down her tears.

This time the reverse happened. My entrance was a signal for a complete breakdown. I took May in my arms, tried to bring her to herself again, and in the next instant I, too, was crying.

"What shall I do, Betty, what shall I do?" she sobbed on my shoulder. "I cannot stand this life any longer. I cannot bear him. It is not a momentary feeling with me. I have known it for more than a year. I tried my best to smooth things over. But it is impossible. Jim and I are not cut out for each other."

No, they were not cut out for each other. Three years before, at the time of her marriage to Jim May had been a beautiful girl. She always had a song on her lips and a laugh in her heart. But Jim killed the song and stifled the laughter. And though only 24 years old, my sister's face showed lines which come only with deep sorrow and acute suffering.

"There is no use, Betty," May continued in a calmer mood. "I must leave him. I will take baby. I don't want his alimony, either. I want to sever things with him so that there never be anything between us again. The question is, what could I do for a living?"

That was, indeed, a question. Our mother died when May was 10 and I was 8 years old. Two years later our father remarried. I will not say that he changed entirely after his second marriage, but he changed considerably. Before mother went he planned to send us to high school and give us an education. Now the public school seemed to him to be giving ample education for a girl. After much pleading May prevailed upon him to send her to a business college to take a course in stenography. It would only cost \$70, and she promised to repay him later on.

She Disliked the Boss.

Relatives on my mother's side took a hand in the matter. My father was prevailed upon to send her to business college. When I graduated from the public school May had already been working for a year. I did not have to ask father to send me to a business school now. All I asked him was that he keep me in the house until I got through studying.



May would pay the tuition out of her earnings. I, too, took up stenography.

It goes without saying that we were not top-notchers. We lacked education. May was getting \$9 a week when she quit the office to get married to Jim. If she went back to stenography now she would have a hard time supporting herself and her baby without any aid from Jimmy. And she hated the thought of getting alimony from him. She just wished to be rid of him, not to hear his name, not to touch a cent of the money that he earned.

I thought a good deal that evening about May and Jim. I thought about it the next day on the way to work. My thoughts must have interfered with my work, for as soon as I returned from luncheon the head of the department came up to my desk with several letters badly typed. He vented his sarcasm on me while smiling at the girls next to me. I hated him. I felt that in a minute I would explode. He evidently read it in my eyes, for he quickly got out of the office.

It was at that moment I conceived the notion of being independent. That was the start of my career as a business woman.

I decided that I must quit stenography and must go into something that would not merely give me a job but would some day make me independent of employers.

Job as Milliner's Apprentice.

At luncheon I always met a girl friend of mine who worked in a millinery shop. She was too tired to eat that day she told me. This was the busy season in her trade, and they were being driven like slaves to get orders out. Only that morning a sign was put up for apprentices.

"How much does an apprentice get?" I asked Kate.

"They started them on \$2.50 in our place," she answered. "In some places they make them work several months for nothing."

I thought some moments and then said: "Kate, I want to become a milliner's apprentice. Take me over to your place and get me a job."

I went up to the store where I was working and to the office of the owner. In a few words I explained things to him. He gave me a letter to one of the wholesale firms in the city. The president of the firm was a friend of his. That firm, too, was manufacturing the sort of hats I had in mind—up to date, but reasonably in price. He might be interested in pushing his hats in that particular locality. For if I made the store a success he would find it easier to sell the same kinds of hats to the other stores in the district. At present these stores would not even receive his salesmen.

It turned out as my employer suggested. The wholesaler was interested in my proposition. He talked to me for some time and told me to call again in a few days. At the next visit he had the plan fully outlined. He would establish a store for me. I would be the proprietor, but of course he would hold a mortgage on it. He would put into the store at once \$1,500 in fixtures and would make it the most attractive store in the neighborhood.

Well, I made it go all right. I own this store now free of mortgage. My sister got a divorce from Jim three years ago and she has been with me since. She has a junior partnership in it. My wedding bells have been delayed some, but I am not sorry for it. Married or single, I am going to be an independent woman the rest of my days.

Products of the Inventor's Genius.

A method for coloring copper blue, red, and iridescent hues by suspending it in a copper acetate solution and passing an electric current through the latter has been perfected by a Cornell university professor.

A German chemist recently discovered that the extract of the skin of red radishes in alcohol is more sensitive to acids and alkalis than litmus, tumeric, or any of the chemicals usually used to detect their presence.

A carbon filament incandescent lamp, kept burning inside an automobile engine hood when it is standing idle in a garage in winter will prevent the radiator freezing and keep the engine warm enough to be easily cranked.

A Russian army surgeon has invented a process for preserving fresh meats, which consists of dipping carcasses in a solution of acetic acid, then in a solution of common salt in glycerin, the two forming a thin, elastic, dry crust.

Welfare Work Opens New Field; Aim Is to Increase Efficiency.

By C. L. PANCOAST.

A YOUNG office clerk in taking a position with a medium sized factory was told he was making a mistake. "There is no opportunity there for advancement," was the warning he received from friends.

But at that time he did not see any greater opportunity anywhere else, so he took the job.

After he had been there a short time he discovered the girls employed in the factory were overworked, and that there was an utter lack of human sympathy in the institution for its employes.

A position for welfare work was conspicuously open in this factory and the young clerk stepped into it because he saw an opportunity for increasing the efficiency of the employes of the factory by improving their working conditions, bringing them closer together, and establishing a bond of sympathy between the employer and employes.

Large corporations have found it just as profitable to safeguard the health of employes, to make working conditions more pleasant, and the lives of employes happier, as to protect the machinery and equipment against deterioration.

Welfare work is now recognized as one of the newest and most important professions of the most encouraging prospect is that there are opportunities for welfare work in the thousands of small stores and factories as well as the larger factories, stores, hotels, mines, railroad, and all public institutions. The "safety first" movements among the railroads is just one of the many fields for development of welfare work in modern systems.

At the last annual meeting of the National Civic Federation an order was made by a big manufacturer for a welfare director at a salary of \$7,000 a year.

Human Element Lacks Efficiency. All this shows that progress in the industrial world is creating a demand for the man who knows how to increase human efficiency. In almost every institution employing help there is a great opportunity to draw the employes closer together into one big family more in sympathy with each other.

The time is not far distant when all manufacturers will pay large salaries to welfare directors. These same manufacturers have already installed the latest developments in machinery, the most improved methods of manufacturing, but they have not reached the highest point in profits because the human element in the plant is lacking in some particular.

Welfare work is one of the new professions, which experts will command high salaries, because their services will be as valuable as the systematizer or the controller.

Invisible Eighth the Handicap Most Speculators Fail to See.

By MARSHALL J. BAILEY.

"THINGS certainly are dull these days," sighed the stock broker, sliding a frozen deposit under the receiving teller's window, then beginning a search for his pass book. "It was never like this in the Keene days."

"What's wrong?" asked the teller, drawing his pencil across the deposit slip. "Been losing money?"

"Who, me? I never speculate!"

"That's a paradox," laughed the teller, "a broker who does not speculate!"

"When you've seen as much of the business as I," said the broker, "you won't think it so peculiar. And if you knew what it cost me to learn not to speculate you'd say it was criminal. I'm satisfied with my salary. Let the other fellow try to beat the game."

"I've always imagined a man might knock out a pretty fair living at speculating," observed the teller, "especially if he went at the business right."

"Sure," grinned the broker. "You're like a number of other people with a big imagination. Get it out of your head. Speculation is a business for the few."

"O, none for me!"

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said the broker. "It would be a good thing in my opinion if some business men looked at it that way."

Game of Many Handicaps. "But why do they all lose?"

The broker shrugged. "The answer," said he, "should not come from a broker, for it hurts his business. What I tell you, please keep under your hat. There are too many handicaps in the game for a man to make money."

"First, there is what we call 'the invisible eighth.' If you have even seen a ticker or a tape, you will know the quotations of sales are printed during five hours of every day except Saturday. These are the quotations of the sales only, and not the bid and the asking price on each security."

"Now, to illustrate, we'll suppose a business man walks into my office and looks at the tape. His favorite is selling at say, ninety and a half. He gives an order to buy at the market, then walks out. I send the order through and get a report 'bought at ninety and three-quarters.' Do you know why?"

The teller shook his head.

Little Ad Leads to Big Job; Gets High Place in Quick Rise.

By PAUL KELLER.

WHEN I was 22 years old I was made general office man for a firm dealing in hardware and agricultural implements in a town of about 15,000. I had been working for some time with this place in view and was highly pleased with the promotion. But having won this job I came to a full stop. There was nothing ahead in my line to advance to unless some one above me either resigned or died.

I finally resigned and struck out for a large city in the west. After many trials at finding a position I inserted an advertisement, and among the replies was one from a firm of furniture dealers doing business on the installment plan. They stated that they were looking for a man who could write live ads like the one that I had written and offered me a place with them as assistant advertiser. That letter looked good to me. I accepted their offer of \$30 a week with prospect of advancement. I remained with them for eleven months; then I changed to become assistant advertising manager for a big department store. In a year I was thinking of moving again. When the advertising manager resigned and I was given the place, after only two years of advertising experience.