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Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE

DO YOU NEED HIM?

He was an "efficiency engineer." Explaining his business, he told me he was employed by the owners of large factory plants to study the operations of the plants and to report as to ways and means by which waste might be eliminated.

For instance—He might find that certain machines were wrongly placed to secure best results or that the machine operatives were making unnecessary motions and keeping down the output.

Or—That the power was insufficient, or was not properly transmitted to the machines, or not fully utilized, or that waste could be cut out by using certain byproducts.

Or—That roll top desks be abolished and flat tops substituted in order that clerks doing merely mechanical work might not waste time behind the roll tops.

Now—It easily can be seen that the intelligent study of such an efficiency engineer would be of great value to his employers. And in a large way it may be said he is helping to hasten the day of larger production and of fewer hours of labor.

And I thought—How much we humans need the services of some such efficiency expert.

We are each operating the most valuable and most complex plant in existence—the mind and body. There's the dynamo that runs it—nervous energy. And the whole machinery of it is under the control and direction of the business office—the brain.

Do we get all the power necessary? Is the transmission all right? Is any machine defective? Is there waste of energy, force, or of the product?

We know when we fret and worry there is loss of nervous energy; when there is nerve dissipation there is loss of vital power.

When the machinery of body or mind is overtaxed we do not turn out our best work, and there is depreciation of the machinery.

Are we manufacturing happiness? Are we turning out character? Is the product worth while?

If not, there is something wrong with the plant. It needs overhauling. We need an efficiency engineer.

WALK LIKE A MAN.

You have noted the manner of the ne'er-do-well who lounges about and shambles along with his hands in his pockets.

When he walks he shuffles in a listless sort of way, usually with his eyes on the ground, advertising himself by his every motion as an idler and loafer.

Do not fall into his habit.

Hold yourself up.

Your manner of carriage, the way you step off, your motions, have much to do with what you try to do or be.

No man can succeed in the guise of a weakling or a coward.

Men quickly read men.

A glance into your face, a swift scanning up of your manner and movements, enables the trained observer to put you down for what you are.

The man with the alert air, the upright self-respectful bearing, the brisk motion, gets his audience at once. He that shows a slovenly gait, a laggard manner, a slouching habit, will, as the Irish bull has it, lose his chance before he gets it.

Stand up!

You are a man made in God's image. You are the son of a king with royal blood in your veins.

Show your prerogative.

Years do not matter. Do not let your frame droop as you grow old. Keep a straight spine. Walk as if you were somebody. You are somebody.

As the slothful fellow shambles he shows the figure of failure.

You were born to walk upright on "your hind legs." Hold up your chin and walk like a man, even to your grave. Do not stoop as if you wanted to go on all fours. You are no four-footed animal.

You are God's kin.

No drier spectacle is presented to the sons of men than that of a white haired man or woman, erect, brisk, cheery, character, dignity, nobility, is spelled by the upright attitude.

Therefore look up, not down. Do not shamble like a bear. Walk erect like a man.

A SERMONETTE.

Fear is our deadliest foe.

And yet—

When life is fronted with true courage there is nothing in all the universe of God we need fear.

Fear is born of ignorance.

As we learn the ordered ways of nature we know that every tiny leaf that is haplessly blown by the vagrant winds finds at last its sure retreat and destiny in the summing up of things. Every drop of water goes where it is ordered to go.

The tiniest pollen of the fields graciously yields itself to the swift breath that wafts it on its mission.

Everything save man alone leads itself gladly and gracefully to the outworking of God's great scheme.

Man alone is afraid.

He alone is distrustful of that divine law of love that rules supreme and yet heeds the sparrow's fall.

Man alone is stubborn.

Why should he of all created things fear lest he lose himself by the way?

He knows that—

Willingly or unwillingly, he must move just as the procession of the seasons move or as the planets march in their stately rounds.

He knows that—

Willingly or unwillingly, like the drop of water, he must find his way to the sea.

And still he fears to launch away and fails of his greatest happiness because—

To be happy man must be in accord with the program of things. He must be in touch with his environment.

Therefore, brethren—

Realizing that we needs must go through life's lofty and mysterious chambers, dim lighted, and through the portals we call death to that vast eternity, why should we fear?

"God's in his heaven, and all's well."

Why stand shivering in the edge of vain shadows? The morning cometh and the shadows shall flee away.

Hold up your head.

Naught can harm your father's child, neither death nor life nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come."

WISHING.

"I wish—"

What do you wish?

You wish, of course, for something you do not have. You are dissatisfied with what you have. You go along, living your life, struggling, eager, like the hound on his scent, and then—you stop and wish for something.

What do you wish?

Supposing, as in fairy stories, you could have, say, three wishes, and only three.

Do you remember how the old German couple made the three wishes the fairy granted them?

The husband wished first for a big sausage. Then the wife, angered by the foolish wish of her husband, wished the sausage might be fastened to the end of his nose. It required the third wish to remove the sausage from his nose.

Would you be wiser?

A certain newspaper asked its subscribers to make three wishes. Many things were named, but more than all else the men wished for money, power, position; the women for money, love and beauty.

Now—

Supposing the men got their money, power and position. The money would give them a lot of trouble in keeping it, the proper use of power would vex them tremendously, and the demands of position would soon tire them.

And the women's wishes?

Supposing they got the beauty they crave. The day would surely come, as surely as they are mortals, when that beauty would fade. The money would not buy it back. And love? That was the best wish of them all. But love does not always last. Would it abide?

Alas for the vain wishes!

Yet not vain. They are so human. And also they are expressive of the soul. And they have much to do with the shaping of character.

Because—

It is the law of being that you are fashioned into the likeness of that which you admire and desire, that you wish for.

What you wish for determines to a large extent what you really are.

Therefore—

You may well ask yourself, Do I wish for the things that are the best?

DESIRE AND USE.

If you would develop the powers within you there is but one way: Use them.

In the south sea islands are certain birds that have no wings. Zoologists tell us the birds once could fly; but, there being no carnivorous beasts or reptiles in those countries, the birds had no need to defend themselves or their young.

Therefore—

The birds grew too lazy to fly up into the trees and build their nests. They lived on the ground and fed on insects.

Centuries passed. Gradually the wing

muscles grew flabby, the wing bones of each generation smaller. Finally, by the process of evolution, the birds came to be wingless.

So of your powers.

If you do not use your muscles they will grow flabby and smaller and of no account. So also of your mind. If you do not use the muscles of your will or of your memory or of any faculty of your intellect they will grow small, flabby, of no account.

Another illustration:

Darwin tells us that at first the eagle could not fly. Its wings were too small and weak. But it wanted to fly, and it tried to fly. Each eagle inherited from its ancestors the desire and determination to fly. Years passed. Pinions grew. Muscles swelled. And then—

By and by there came a day when the first eagle soared into the empyrean.

Wonderful?

Yes, but natural. Use develops power. Desire and use, coupled together, will create power.

If any part of your body is weak—and there is no organic disease—desire and use will make it strong.

If any faculty of your mind is weak—and there is good gray matter in your brain—desire and use will make it virile.

But—

If, like the birds, you grow lazy and refuse to fly and stay upon the ground your faculties will grow limp and useless.

If you do not challenge your soul to action your inheritance will come to naught.

Is not that fair?

And compelling?

YOUR BOY'S FIG.

If you give your boy a pig and when it is grown it becomes father's hog you are confusing your boy's sense of property rights.

And you may make a criminal of him besides.

Is the statement strong? Listen.

Eighty per cent of all criminals are propertyless people who have never been taught to do things skillfully.

Don't you see the moral values involved in ownership of things and its effect upon your boy?

Here is where you may begin to make your boy a good citizen. Help him to own something. Ownership gives him respect for the property of others.

Our civilization rests largely on property rights.

You may say it ought not to be so, but it is. When you break down property rights you have anarchy.

"Mine" and "thine."

Our stone age parents came to treasure a carved bone, a crude tool, a club, for their very own. Thus developed the sense of individual ownership.

Note its beginnings in your baby boy.

Let some other infant get into your son's high chair and hear the primeval howl of the owner. Let another child try to capture your baby's ark or tin soldiers. There is a fight on.

Now—

This sense of personal ownership and the respect for the property rights of others are strong in your boy by reason of heredity and training.

If he grows up to citizenship in the right way this sense must be fostered not only for his good, but for society's.

Let the child have his own.

It matters not what it may be—his own chicken or tree or spot in the garden or what not.

It is as much of a crime—in a moral sense—to take the property of your boy or girl without pay as to take your neighbor's stuff.

Let the child have the pride and the self respect that go with ownership. And instill a respect for the property of others.

Because—

A mere desire for property easily may land a man in the penitentiary, but ownership and respect for the rights of others develop morality.

Deaths by Drowning.

As the result of old traditions there is in many places too ready acquiescence in the belief that a person who has been under water for five or ten minutes or even fifteen or twenty minutes is necessarily dead. There are well authenticated records of the resuscitation of persons who had been submerged for half an hour or even longer.

Such cases occur particularly in women and children, in whom the fright at finding themselves in danger of drowning brings on a collapse or faint in which the heart and breathing stop and they sink, but low grade life processes continue for a considerable period. Strong men who have battled for their lives and then sunk are not so often revived, though if taken with a cramp they, too, may suffer from shock or fright with the resultant collapse that is apparently nature's method of giving the longest possible opportunity for life under these circumstances. In such cases efforts to revive the drowned person should not be abandoned until all chance of resuscitation is gone. Patients have been reported as not breathing for fifteen minutes to half an hour and yet they have been resuscitated.—Journal of American Medical Association.

Rowing as a Lung Developer.

If you want to increase your lung capacity and chest measurement go in for rowing, or if the weather is too cold for aquatic sports try an indoor rowing machine in the gymnasium. According to careful tests made among the members of the Berliner Ruder Verein (Berlin Rowing Club), the average lung capacity of the members of the heavy crew increased from 5,600 centimeters, or 342 cubic inches, to 5,775 cubic centimeters, or 352 cubic inches (3.12 per cent); for the light crew from 4,700 cubic centimeters, or 287 cubic inches, to 4,875 cubic centimeters, or 297 cubic inches, being at the rate of 3.72 per cent.

Other tests made in the Bonn gymnasium, where indoor rowing machines were in use, showed that the lung capacity was increased by rowing exercise from 3,388 cubic centimeters, or 207 cubic inches, to 3,803 cubic centimeters, or 232 cubic inches, an increase of 12.14 per cent. In Stuttgart the average increase was found to be from 3,833 cubic centimeters, or 233 cubic inches, to 4,290 cubic centimeters, or 262 cubic inches, being 11.49 per cent.—New York World.

His Valuation of Women.

Once at the table of Sir James Knowler, editor of the Nineteenth Century, the talk ran on the relative physical and mental value of women. Turning to Sir Ray Lankester, the aged prime minister (Mr. Gladstone) said: "I am of the opinion that the relative value of a man and a woman is in all classes of society about the same as it was in my grandfather's time in Jamaica. When they wanted to buy a negro they gave £120 for a man and £80 for a woman, and," he added, "that is a fair measure of their relative values the world over."—Strand Magazine.

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