

Why Does Man Work?

By R. C. McNabb

Everywhere that I have looked and with all with whom I have talked there has been many evidences of work needing to be done—and scarcely time enough in which to do it. In observing human endeavor, it appears that all through life, work is the dominant factor in man's existence. This condition has apparently held true throughout the long ages since God first commanded man: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread".

It makes but little difference in the broad pattern of time just how much work one person or one generation does—always. In his own eyes every man is a hard worker. Humboldt made the following observation concerning work:

"Work is as much a necessity to man as eating and sleeping. Even those who do nothing that can be called work still imagine that they are doing something. The world has not a man who is an idler in his own eyes."

As soon as one job is completed another is always waiting to be undertaken. And so, we continually find consistent in his compliance with this fact throughout the span of his recorded existence, and has not seriously rebelled against his lot in life—at least not before John L. Lewis took over.

During the course of my pondering and meditating upon these facts, a question presented itself to me: *Just what impels or induces man to work?* or more simply, *Why does man work?*

Many facts point to a seeming futility in work. In Gray's *Elegy* we find this line:

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

And in Father Ryan's poem on *Why Is It So?* We find these lines: "Some find work where some find rest,

And so the weary world moves on;

I sometimes wonder what is best, The answer comes when life is gone."

Again in Andrews' poem on *Ambition* we find:

"The narrow vale is not for me!" Cried one aflame with youth's fierce fires.

"I'll climb a mountain-peak and see The world and all my heart desires!"

"Twas long and hard. On bended knee

He reached the top. What mournful cry!

He could not see— Age dimmed his eye!"

In Ecclesiastes we find these words:

"What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?"

And even when fortune smiles and man accumulates great riches as a result of his labor, there is doubtful comfort in it, for in Proverbs we find this sentence:

"Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven."

Notwithstanding all this however, man has never succumbed to such a seeming futility. Calvin Coolidge once made the statement that:

"Work is not a curse. It is the prerogative of intelligence, the only means to mankind, and the measure of civilization."

Longfellow expressed something of the impelling or motivating force in man when he wrote:

"Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal; "Dust thou art, to dust returneth," Was not spoken of the soul."

In another of Longfellow's poems, he associates or links the secret or prerequisite of fame with work:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,

Were not attained by sudden flight,

But they, while their companions slept,

Were toiling upward in the night."

Shakespeare spoke of work and opportunity as playing an integral part in the destiny of man when he wrote these lines:

"There is a tide in the affairs of man

Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat;

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures."

Kenyon Cox tells us what to work for. Doubtless fewer ills would beset the lot of man should he but follow this behest:

"Work thou for pleasure, paint or sing or carve

The thing thou lovest, though the body starve,

Who works for glory misses off the goal;

Who works for money cains his very soul.

Work for work's sake then, and it well may be

That these things shall be added unto thee."

Macculloch very aptly and clearly summarises the value of work in the following lines:

"It is to labor and to labor only, that man owes everything of exchangeable value. Labor is the talisman that has arised him from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort, and elegance, instead of want, misery, and barbarism."

Assuming, now, that I am correct in my surmise that there are no playboys or men of incessant leisure present tonight, we may safely say that all here have had some first hand experience with

work. All of us are more or less versed in the language and technique of work. Perhaps most of us to an even greater degree than we may wish. So, seeing that everyone has this wealth of information and experience concerning work accounts for my having decided to base the theme of my discussion on it. I have asked myself the question: *Why does man work?* Man does work; and the standard phrase, "—because I have to" does not give either a true or adequate reason for his doing so. I shall not attempt an expert answer, but will merely set forth a few commonplace observations. I am of the opinion that each of you know as much about this subject already as I. This is as I would have it though, because it seems to be universally true that man appreciates and enjoys most those things which he understands best. It is on this thesis therefore that I tax your further indulgence and forbearance.

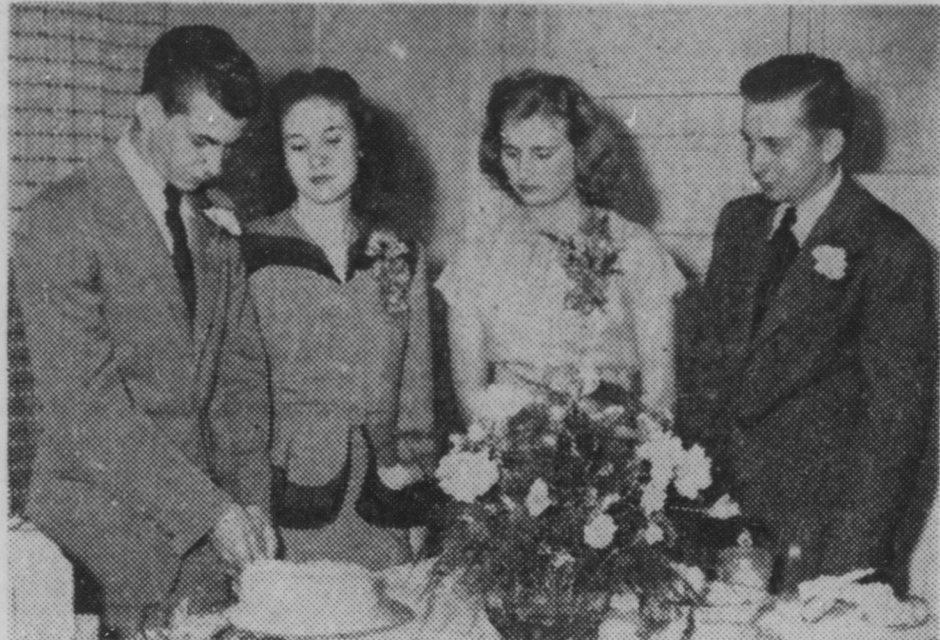
It is true that man has worked all down through the ages, and will doubtless continue to work; but he has had many real and fancied reasons which impelled him to do so. As often as not though he could not or would not tell you exactly or explicitly just why he does work. Probably most of man's work is inspired and carried on as a result of a combination of several of the reasons which I am about to give.

Perhaps we should list first among the reasons why man works, the one in most common usage; namely, (1) To secure the necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter. Early man used only the shelter which nature provided, animals furnished his food, and the skins of animals furnished his clothing. With the steady increase in population, such a mode of existence soon became wholly inadequate; and man began to work to improve his lot. That work has been so successful that now man lives in weather-conditioned houses, wears multi-colored silks and satins, and practically has his food pre-digested for him. (To Be Continued)

Z. N. Culpepper

NOTARY PUBLIC

LOST— TWO PIGS, males, white ring around necks, about nine weeks old. Lost last Saturday. Finder please notify Lillie May Morgan near John Pulley's, R-1, Box 7. 1t



Pictured above is Charles Pearce as he prepared to cut the first slice of his birthday cake. With him are Jean Gay, Wilma Bunn, and Curtis Privette, watching carefully to see that all goes well.

STATE COLLEGE HINTS

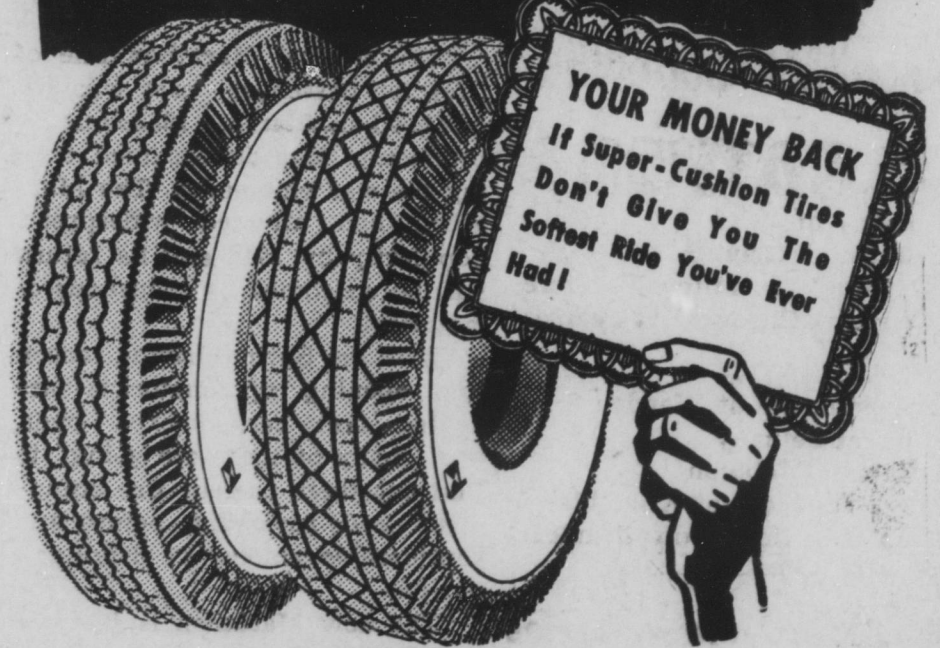
To prevent doors from squeaking, oil the hinges with a feather dipped in oil. Clocks, too, may be oiled in this way and the sewing machine.

Keep a stiff brush near the laundry tubs and before putting any garment with pockets into the wash, turn the pockets inside out and brush thoroughly. This same handy little brush also in indispensable for brushing soapsuds on stubborn soil such as is found on neckbands, collars, and cuffs of shirts. Brushing is easier and more efficient than rubbing on a

board.

Unusual Cake Frostings: *Mint Chocolate* — To make a simple mint chocolate frosting for a cake, melt chocolate-covered mints in a double boiler and spread on cake. Such a frosting hardens quickly and has a delicious flavor. *Peanut Butter* — If in need of a quick and delicious frosting, try this easy recipe. Mix one and one-half cups of powdered sugar with one tablespoon of peanut butter and add enough cream to spread. This is especially appetizing when used on a spice cake.

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