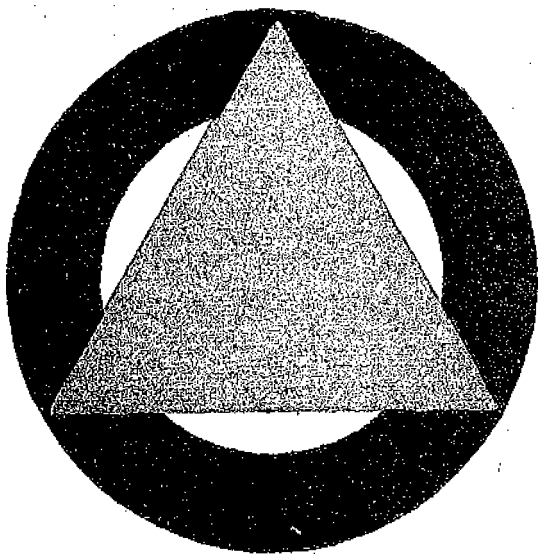
THE PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGIST



HE CAN WHO THINKS HE CAN

MARCH 1925
NO. 3. VOL. 1.
PRICE 9D.

Practical Psychology

is the one study worth while, for it facilitates all others.

Anna Maud Hallam

is its pre-eminent exponent.

Look out for notices of her visit to your neighbourhood.

The opportunity to hear her

Should not be missed

Printed at the Baynard Press by Sanders Phillips & Company, Ltd., London, S.W.9, for the Federation of Practical Psychology Clubs of Great Britain, and published by them at 25 Bolton Road, Grove Park, Chiswick, W.4.

The Practical Psychology Club of Leeds

Founder :

Anna Maud Hallam

Meetings

At Philosophical Hall, Park Row, Leeds, Tuesdays at 7.30 p.m.

Hon. Secretary :

Mrs. E. Grant, 8 East Parade, Leeds

The Practical Psychology Club of Bristol

Founder : Anna Maud Hallam.

"Mastery of Self for Service of All."

Members meet each Thursday, at 7.30 p.m., at the Hamilton Rooms Park Street. Visitors' tickets are always available at the door. The Library is well stocked with the very best works dealing with Psychology.

There are Study Circles and Elocution Classes.

Recreation plays a prominent part in the activities of the Club, there being a strong Hockey Team, also a Tennis Court, for the use of members.

Arrangements are made periodically for char-a-banc outings, country rambles and boating parties on the river.

Membership is open to all interested in Psychology, and all communications should be made to the Hon. Sec., Miss Bartlett, 6 East Shrubbery, Redland.

Coming Events—

March	19	Dr. Chella Hankin (London) "Is a Great Teacher Coming?"
March	26	Mrs. James Allan (Ilfracombe) "The Great Goal."
April	2	Fellowship Evening
April	9	Mr. E. M. Atkinson (Bristol) "Superconscious Unfoldment."
April	16	Professor R. K. Sorabji (London)

THE PRACT
PSYCHOLO

The Official Organ of the Federation of Psychology Clubs of Great Britai

LIFE PRESIDENT:
Anna Maud Hallam

VICE PR
Sir G.

9d. Monthly,
Postage 1½d.

10s. per
pos

"He Can Who Thinks He Can."

Hon. Editor: *F. S. Hayburn, F.I.S.A.*

No. 3. Vol. 1. CONTENTS *March, 19*

Head Offices of "THE PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGIST,"
25 Bolton Road, Grove Park, Chiswick, W.4. *Tel. No.: Chiswick 1719.*

Provincial Offices:

BRISTOL:
61 Devonshire Road,
Westbury Park.

LEEDS:
8 East Parade.

LIVERPOOL:
22 The Promenade, Egremont.

MANCHESTER:
38 Cavendish Road,
Gorse Hill, Stretford.

NOTTINGHAM:
Queen's Chambers, King Street.

SHEFFIELD:
14 Brookfield Road.

MENTAL INFLUENCE.

By Anna Maud Hallam.

IN the life of every human being, both child and adult, a subtle unseen power plays constantly upon the personality commanding the attention and determining the conduct. This ever-active agency of human life can in a most startling manner bring into the life joy or sorrow, health or disease, success or failure. One of its outstanding characteristics is the unswerving way in which it works without ceasing. The dreams, *plus* the upkeep of the body during sleep, give evidence to its night-watch.

I have seen a life wrecked through this influence—the individual robbed of his vision and incentive in life. I have witnessed the depleting of a body and also the healing of a body as the result of this great power—the power of mental influence. Its play upon the emotions, can drive a man to suicide, crime, insanity and physical disease, or it can assist him to health or to great heights of attainment. The cause of sleeplessness, nervousness, and in fact all chronic ailments can be traced to this source.

Let us observe the rapidity of its action, also the time exposure or slow process. You have heard of a person's hair turning white from a shock or from fright. I saw a woman unnerved and hysterical at the sight of a long black cloth used in curling a child's hair, and which she thought to be a snake. A man went blind over night as the reaction from a total business loss which turned him from a man of independent wealth into a veritable beggar. Another case is that of a man who suffered a stroke of paralysis as the result of great anger.

Many cases of healing are a result of this great influence. Many men and women have enjoyed an almost instantaneous transformation from failure to success, and so also have great throngs of people in all ages experienced a rapid change from sin and suffering to peace and pardon.

Then the records contain many cases of the slower process which changes conditions gradually, for example, tuberculosis is a gradual wasting away of the life-producing properties of the body, which means that more toxins accumulate in the system

with a decreasing number of red blood-cells. Cancer and all body growths are a gradual developing process. Nervous debility creeps its way into the life of an individual, and in many cases its beginning can be traced to the worry habit.

What is worry? It is the mind picturing undesirable conditions and situations. Healing or recovery from an abnormal state of being, physically or mentally, is in most cases a gradual steady progress unto health. The conflict and misery which this operator of human energy creates in everyday life cannot be estimated or expressed in words of any language. Periodically most people enjoy happiness, health, success and confidence. Men and women have a tendency to distinguish the former conditions of life as ill luck. Not one thing of any description—animate or inanimate—has ever been created independent of a picture or pattern. The clothes you wear were made according to pattern. The house in which you live and the furnishings in that house were planned according to pattern or outline. The most beautiful structure in your city was first erected in the mind of an architect and then transferred to paper as a plan. Your body was builded in cast, quality and features in the likeness of your parents. The same law of creation is evident in lower animal life and also in plant life. It seems to be the divine law of God, for we see it in all forms of manifest life.

The earliest observations of this influence in human kind begin in heredity, namely, transferring family likeness and family characteristics to the offspring. After the child has made his advent into this world as an individual human being, he is at the mercy of mental influence until about the age of twelve, when reason begins to assist him definitely in choosing and calculating, and to a degree influences his reaction to daily experiences. Mental influence operates from two sources—from within through hereditary, prenatal and postnatal impressions—from without through environment. The outstanding tendency of men and women to emotionalize rules out the reasoning mind thereby placing the individual under the complete control or influence of the picture or object of attention. For example, a man who was dishonestly treated by his business associate became so emotional over the unjust treatment that finally his reasoning powers were completely in abeyance. This gave opportunity of expression to the weak and subhuman tendencies of his personality, and at such a moment of uncontrol the man committed an act that placed him in confinement for many years.

Your reasoning power is your saving power in this great school of experience. During the late war I met many people who succumbed to influenza because they feared it. Fear creates a series of horrible and frightening pictures which are unreeled continuously in the mind.

In New York City recently a body of people of a certain religious sect publicly announced that the world was coming to an end at an early date. A few days after the time fixed for this great event the newspapers published accounts of several people who had committed suicide as the effect of that announcement. And little is known of the depleting effects both physically and mentally in the lives of nervous and emotional men and women from suspense at that time. Suspense is prolonged, intensive, visualising. The following are some of the most habitual practices of operating mental influence destructively :—

Hearing something unkind said to or about you and then concentrating the attention upon it. Another is the discouraging comment to one who is making a new venture in life, also doubtful remarks to the physically-ill folks. When one is ill the mind is easily influenced by words, looks and actions of others. Children should not be reared in fear making them afraid and thrusting such pictures into their minds as shall become obstacles and make for weak traits of character later in their lives. All too long have we allowed this master influence to control our happiness and determine our success. It has wrought its work unharnessed and unguided. The new education is teaching us to make Mental Influence a servant rather than a master in our lives. You should strive each day to be the master of your fate, the captain of your own soul. Begin at once and make a daily effort along this line.

The fact that mental influence—the ever-active agency in human life—controls the psychic phase of the personality, the emotional phase of personality, and the bodily health, is not disputed by those who are authority on the subject.

Jesus taught the essentials of mind-control under the caption of Faith. The admonition " When ye pray believe that ye receive " is but another expression of mind-control and that which we call Mental Influence.

* * * *

" The mind is its own place and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."—*Milton.*

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London.

Bernard Hollander, M.D.

BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D.

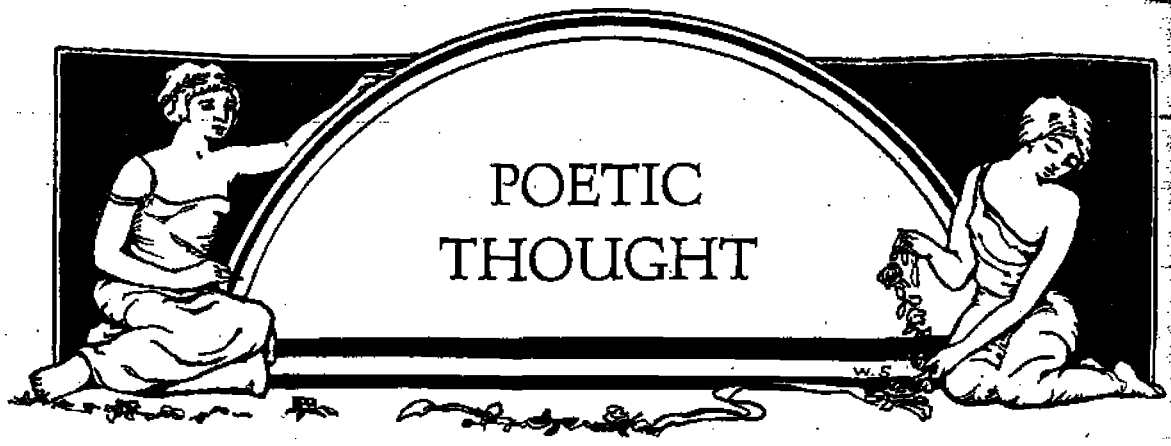
DR. BERNARD HOLLANDER is a pioneer in practical psychology. In the course of forty years he has published twelve books, amongst them several big treatises, and in addition a large number of brochures and some hundreds of articles, making him one of the most prominent medical men as regards literary activity.

His first publication, in 1886, was a study of the "positive philosophy" of Auguste Comte; and one of his latest productions is a gigantic encyclopædic work in two volumes, entitled "In Search of the Soul and the Mechanism of Thought, Emotion and Conduct," of which the first volume contains an historical and critical account of the philosophical speculations and scientific investigations into the nature of the human mind, from the most ancient times to the present day, and the second volume furnishes a record of the author's own researches into the origin of mental activities and their relation to the brain.

Like all pioneers, he has had to fight a formidable and none too scrupulous opposition, which will make his "biography" one day most interesting reading. One of his early volumes on "The Mental Functions of the Brain," published in 1901, has been raised to the position of a classic.

But Dr. Hollander is not content with fighting his own battles. He has taken up the defence of some of the martyrs of science, particularly of the much maligned Francis Joseph Gall, one of the greatest brain anatomists and physiologists that ever lived, who, after a century's misrepresentation, is only now receiving due recognition, entirely the result of Dr. Hollander's untiring labours.

Besides his scientific treatises, Dr. Hollander has written a number of popular books on "Nervous Disorders of Men," "Nervous Disorders of Women," "Abnormal Children," "First Signs of Insanity," and "The Psychology of Misconduct." No one can read these books without having to acknowledge that their aim throughout is an eminently practical one. Dr. Hollander shows us the means of preserving our health, physical and mental, and gives us a philosophy of life which every man can understand and read with profit to himself, a philosophy which will help towards self-realisation and self-perfection, and the understanding of one's fellowmen.



NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Lord of our Youth and after-years,
To whom no darkness penetrates ;
Whose throne is Light, from whom all Life
In myriad splendours radiates.
We stand amid the hovering gloom,
And lift our eyes to regions whence
The radiant stars unwearied shine
As symbols of Thy Providence.

And then we know that high above
The bright but transient things of earth,
God waits the moment opportune
His light divine to bring to birth.
And long forgotten dreams of youth,
And hearts and faces long dismissed,
Come crowding back, in mystic guise
Like songs exultant, through the mist.

And truant thoughts, so fugitive,
So long attracted by the glare
Of countless lights and lures without,
Now homewards haste, as if aware
That Love has yet diviner joys,
That Faith still guards an inner shrine
Wherein the silent Presence waits
Till Life, through us, transfigured shine.

O mighty thoughts of bygone days,
O knightly vows of earlier years,
Is this thy long awaited hour
To call a halt to doubts and fears ?

To charge dread frontiers that long
Have barred the restless soul's ascent
And held in leash, embattled might,
To scale the heights omnipotent?

By all the mind has failed to reach
When irresponsive to Thy thought;
By all the passion of our souls,
Which, seeking others, Thee unsought.
By all the love which pierces through
The darkness which our lives enclose,
By all the vitalising spark
Of Thee which still within us glows—
Lord of our Youth and after-years,
Who knowest neither day nor night,
Brood o'er the darkness of our souls
And, with the dawn, "Let there be light."

J. A. R.

THINKING.

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost certain you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will—
It's all in the state of mind.
If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the one who thinks he can.

PERSONALITY.

By Thomas E. Drabble.

STUDENTS of universal history will readily recall names of great personages who have largely influenced and modified human thought and action, thereby contributing to the general progress of humanity. Such names as Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Buddha, Confucius and Mahomet immediately surge up in one's memory. All of these lived in that wonderful period of about 1,000 years preceding and following the birth of Christ. Each of them had a profound effect on human habits of thought resulting in a wider and fuller outlook on life and producing various re-organisations and re-arrangements of society among different masses of mankind.

Anyone of the foregoing persons might be described in present-day language, as an example of outstanding personality.

What is personality?

Of the two schools of thought on this question, the Idealist claims that the personality is a separate entity and exists independently of matter; it enters into, and can be detached from the body and continues a separate existence uncontrolled by the ordinary physical laws of matter and energy; it is called the "Soul." On the other hand the Realist says that personality is the sum total of the acquired complexes, or habits of thought and action, of the individual and that it has no separate existence apart from the body. It might be described as the visible resultant of one's interpretation of experience; it is known as "Character."

Both schools, however, accept a name, which is, of course, not a definition, and speak of personality as the "Ego" or "I." They also agree that the Ego is revealed in the behaviour of the individual. Now the behaviour of a person is simply the way in which he re-acts towards his environment.

Environment is a very comprehensive term. It includes not only surrounding objects but also the influences and experiences of daily life as well as the accumulated knowledge which society possesses of how to use matter and circumstances to its advantage.

Hence it would seem that though we cannot say or even understand what personality is *in itself—in essence*—(as indeed we cannot of anything), still we can form a useful and workable

Not in Nature but in himself is all the beauty and worth man sees.

conception of it by observing how it manifests itself in one's actions and general bearing.

All of us inter-act and re-act the one with and upon another. We are incessantly impressing, and consequently modifying the various constituents of our human environment. Our personality therefore is not a *constant* quantity; it is always changing. Just as "relativity is the only absolute principle," so "change alone is constant." Change, then, we must. But we can influence the trend of our "change." Then why not utilise that highest of human attributes—reason—in its proper and particular function, viz., to aid evolution in raising ourselves to a higher mental and physical plane?

Being desirous of cultivating that outstanding personality which will prove an important factor in human progress, let us dwell for a few moments on the apparent causes of success achieved by the persons already named. Each of them in a marked degree possessed that first requisite of a great personality—a central idea towards which they directed all their inborn tendencies.

This dominant idea was not always the same with each of them. Thus, with Socrates, it was the earnest desire to know truth, *i.e.*, truth stripped of all unsound fancies and suppositions. With Plato, it was the desire to visualise and live under, ideal conditions; with Aristotle, the desire to improve material conditions; with Buddha, understanding; with Confucius, harmonious human relationship and, with Mahomet, the monotheistic conception of deity. But, with all of them, there was that earnest and, so far as possible, impartial study of their own nature, and the endeavour to get exact and unbiased interpretations of the experiences they had gone through. As a consequence they revealed themselves as they were. They manifested their true "self." They were natural.

That they attained wonderful success is shown by the great number of their disciples or followers at the present day. What is remarkable is, that several of them left no self-written record behind them. They were content to let their lives, their demonstrations, make impressions on the minds of those about them, probably knowing that cumulative results would inevitably follow. It was, perhaps, not so much their words or their specific deeds, as their general bearing towards the everyday incidents of life which caused their immediate followers to record

their achievements as monuments of example for succeeding generations.

There are three common channels or phases in which personality manifests itself:—

1. *Words:* These are too frequently an unreliable guide. According to a witty diplomat they were invented to hide one's real thoughts. Again, the office of the preacher has been summed up in the phrase, "Not what I *do*, but what I *say*." Precept is so easy and abundant; example so difficult and rare.

2. *Deeds:* These are not always a safe index. Very often they are the opposite expression to the true personality. The motive or purpose prompting the deed is not always a good one. Many deeds of apparent charity are prompted by a desire for fame or to further one's professional or social interests. People so often *act* a part so different from their true nature and this explains why public behaviour provides a striking contrast with private behaviour.

3. *General Bearing:* That attitude towards the ordinary circumstances of life—the petty worries, cares and trials—in which the sub-conscious part of the personality reveals itself. No thought being given to the opinions of others, character manifests itself as it is. In the mind of the person there is no one watching and therefore the line of action is uninfluenced by outside judgment. Here we have the revelation of what we call Great Personality—that equipoise or perfect balance which remains unruffled, undisturbed, unaffected in its state of perfect calm, and peace and confidence—able to meet and dominate all circumstances and experiences and turn them to account in promoting benefit to the personality, strengthening and developing it, instead of weakening or embittering it.

The one test of personality is that it seems to impress us through other channels than the ordinary, sensory ones. We seem conscious of the greatness, the power, the attraction, without being able to say whether the impression is conveyed by the eye or the ear. It seems to permeate our being through the medium of a sixth sense. Though we cannot define our impress in orthodox terms and through orthodox science, all of us feel impresses in varying degrees of intensity. Certain learned persons scoff at such explanations and say the impresses are determined by the emotional state of the one affected or by the half-conscious action of the senses working in unison. Certainly all our ideas and attitudes of mind are more or less

affected by our emotional state, but the explanation furnished by orthodox physical science of the medium of re-action to the influence radiating from a great personality is not regarded as adequate by thousands of highly intelligent and cultured minds, including some of our leading physicists such as Sir Oliver Lodge.

The steps towards development of a great personality might be summarised under the terms, aspiration, expectation and determination. Or, we might name them by the three simple words—wish, faith and will. They are perhaps not very far removed in meaning and application from that well-known trinity of virtues—hope, faith and love. These faculties are all inter-related and merge one into the other. Their successful operation and co-ordination lead naturally and inevitably to the desired end. It is the integration of these principles in one harmonious blend which produces great "achievement." The word "wish," or "aspiration," must be understood in its fullest and most pregnant sense, not as a mere whim or passing fancy, but as the "soul's sincere desire," or, as Ella Wheeler Willcox expresses it, "The set of the soul." This is what is meant by being dominated by one great central idea—an idea which is constantly present in the mind, and which becomes the favourite focus of consciousness. Anna Maud Hallam calls this ever-present idea the "blue-print," or pattern, of the reality aimed at. If this idea is the highest concept of "goodness" one can form—a concept which embraces all the other virtues such as truth, beauty, wisdom, understanding, power, harmony, etc.—and is a synthesis of all or a synonym for each of them, then we have the foundation-stone or, rather, the *plan* of that spiritual "structure"—that great "abstract reality"—personality.

Again, "faith" must be taken in its true meaning, that is, in the sense of confident expectation. This is the meaning implied in the definition given by St. Paul in his letter to the Hebrews: "Faith is the *substance* of things hoped for; the *evidence* of things not seen." The Dean of Chester, in his little book, "A Soul in the Making," has well interpreted and indeed illumined this passage. He shows faith to be an attitude of the mind in which desire or hope is *grounded* on a sure foundation which gives to the desire, *reality*; an attitude that provides *proof* or evidence enabling the desire to be gripped. It is the self-same attitude maintained by such psychological

contrasts as Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale, John Bunyan and Charles Darwin, William Wilberforce and George Stephenson. Each of these stood as a rock, steadfast and firm against all opposing forces. Their idea was a reality, in the mental sense, to them. They could visualise the structure and the operation of their creation or invention and they *knew* that, if they persisted in their attitude, they could secure the general acceptance and realisation of the third principle, namely, determination.

Determination is here used in the sense of "*means* to an *end*." It not only implies the direction of our faculties but also their active operation. It takes for granted "thought control." It involves the use of our perceptive faculties, our organs of sense, to accumulate a large store of percepts or sense-impressions. These form the fabric or raw material of experience. The imaginative faculty enables us to build these percepts into mental images or concepts. The calm unbiased consideration and study of these concepts by means of reflection (so as to form true and therefore satisfying associations of experiences) is known as reason.

But our "means to an end" must also take note of those great emotional impulses, inherent in all, which have so great an effect in influencing our mental associations. They, also, must be directed towards the lofty purpose on which we have "set our soul." They should all be gathered together in that one great, comprehensive, social faculty known as sympathy. We must not only *study* others and ourselves but we must *feel with* others. We must realise our oneness with our fellow creatures.

All the virtues which we regard as being components of personality will then shine forth. Courage and sincerity will be pre-eminent. Above all, we shall have understanding of ourselves and others which will enable us to see negative or destructive qualities in their true bearing, as being deflections of psychic force into wrong channels of expression. Such deflections are commonly known as sin. Deeper self-knowledge and wider race-knowledge will provide the means to keep all our forces operating in progressive, harmonious and joyous activities. Personality will then reveal itself as one of the multiplex manifestations of truth, individualised through the conscious control of psychic powers directed towards a lofty purpose, governed by an unshakable attitude and achieved through the "right interpretation of experience."

The Edinburgh Review says that no man excepting John Martin has ever possessed his power of depicting the vast, the magnificent, the terrible, the obscure, the brilliant, and the beautiful. But have you ever seen the lid of a presentation box of chocolates?

Coal is often used for building in Wales. We've got something like it on our own roof, too.

Professor Meeking asserts that the cause of most headaches is the inability to put one's real thoughts into words. We should have thought that both these conditions were effects of the same cause.

After hearing the buzz of the beetle by wireless, we know now what is meant by a boom in broadcasting.

Several reports have come through dealing with youths who have developed genius in American prisons. These are about the only places over there where you can keep sober.

We understand that the gentleman in Germany who has confessed to twenty-seven murders is attributing it to shell-shock contracted during the war, as usual.

Fifty per cent. of the fiction submitted to a certain publisher comes from Scotland—probably at waste-paper rates.

It is said that you can read a girl's character by her feet. Some girls have immense characters.

Calls on the automatic telephone are to be registered on a meter. We wonder whether they'll charge by the therm, or the thousand cubic feet.

Wentworth Woodhouse, the property of Earl Fitzwilliam, is said to possess more windows than any other house in England. What a place for a fresh air fiend to spend a week-end.

A physiologist states that the human heart exerts enough force to lift seventy-eight pounds to the height of one foot every minute. If you happen to have left your season at home, read "tons" for pounds.

A rag and bone dealer is reported to have made an art collection. We've seen others like this.

It is being rumoured in some quarters that the Indian God which was stolen from Wembley was abstracted by a family who despaired of getting a butler in any other way.

Artificial sunlight at a London hospital turned a patient into a poet. We know of several people who get verses published who want that treatment.

The *Times* correspondent says that only 40,000 out of Rome's 600,000 inhabitants are operatives. Then who manufactures all the objects of art that we buy there?

It is said that a Russian centenarian who died recently was an anarchist. This is the most novel recipe for longevity we've heard up till now.

Socialism is to start in the municipalities, according to its adherents, and this is probably why the Bradford authorities have been showing parties round their crematorium.

"Apart from scraping," says the *Christian World*, "a ten-year-old battleship is as obsolete as Nelson's 'Victory.'" Surely this is not a misprint for "Scrapping"?

ROADS TO ATTAINMENT.

By Ernest M. Atkinson.

THE following of the science of practical psychology will quickly help the individual to realise something of the meaning of harmony of life, and at first subconsciously and later consciously, this achieving of balance in thinking and acting, not only in the personal sense, but also in the social sense in dealing with other people, will become one of the principal roads to the attainment of fuller life expression. Moreover, the person treading this road will not have proceeded far, before he will become conscious that he has for companions, all who have formed the conception of the ascent of man, and he will find that the road is common to all such individuals, irrespective of the sect or school of thought to which they give allegiance. Perhaps the first effort to be made along this road, is that of endeavouring so to order the daily course, as to ensure as much smoothness and avoidance of friction as the environment will allow. The adoption of this conception will not merely tend to make the life more harmonious, but will in turn give rise to greater mental balance, making it easier to keep the mind on positive and constructive lines, avoid the waste of energy in unprofitable directions, and help to the final obliteration of the remnants of any slowly dying mental complexes, which had their origin in earlier discords in the life. This road of harmony will in addition reveal the meaning of the conception of at-one-ment with the universe at large, which has taken such sure hold on the imagination of some of the foremost thinkers of modern times. Another main road to attainment is that of naturalness. Here again the thought will not be the monopoly of the practical psychologist. It is the great conception of very many nature and purity schools. Put in simple terms, it means that a person is wise in aiming at being as natural, as the average civilised environment will allow one to be. It teaches that living close to nature is the best panacea for nine-tenths of the physical and mental ills that modern people suffer from, and that this, coupled with the cultivation of a natural demeamour, which is not for ever wearing the conventional mask of deception, is the best road to the easy and unforced life expression of the individual, which is the purpose for which he functions in this world. In his dealings with his fellow-man the practical

psychologist will not pretend to be other than he is, or to assume development to which he has not yet attained. In this the life will be in marked contrast to that of the only too typical individual, who is smugly self-satisfied with himself, and who thereby advertises to all people who are really educated, the poverty of his knowledge of life, and the lowly stage of development he has so far reached. True it is of all men, and doubly true of the practical psychologist, that his self-satisfaction is in inverse ratio to his knowledge and development. Real learning and progress cease when the soul dares to say, "I know." The right attitude, and indeed the only safe one, is gratitude for the light already vouchsafed, and the positive determination to continue to train the sight to perceive the rays of the myriad lamps of illumination as yet beyond the range of vision. Why it should be so is not yet understood, but all great teachers are agreed that a desire for knowledge coupled with no undue estimation of one's own ability, will create just the right condition of mind which makes learning easier, and tends to bring either in the written word or the oral teaching, the knowledge that the seeker requires. As the individual progresses further he will not only understand this law of attraction, but find that along this line travels also all intuitional and inspirational teaching, which is the most beautiful and effective method of acquiring knowledge yet revealed to mankind. Let it not be forgotten, however, that the famous old highway to attainment, named Charity, still remains the greatest of the main roads to larger life. It is for the individual to cultivate the treading of this road, and find along this highway the immediate revelation that this is of all ways the key to the knowledge of life. Sympathy will unlock doors to knowledge which are ever impenetrably barred against him who lacks it, or possessing the faculty, fails to use it. This is the only avenue to the understanding of one's fellows —knowledge which is absolutely essential to the practical psychologist, and without which he can never hope to succeed in finding that wholeness of life to which he aspires. As many enlightened teachers now aver, there is no such thing as absolute self-contained individuality. Living in the great sea of consciousness of which each is merely a manifestation, each is indissolubly linked up in thought with all conscious life, seen and unseen, and cannot live unto himself even if so desired. Hence it is, that the cultivation of sympathy broadens the bond

between the practical psychologist and the great Universal Mind, which places its known and also its as yet untapped treasures freely at his disposal, providing only that he will make the approach in that spirit of charity, which desires earnestly to acquire the knowledge that it may in turn be passed on to others for their greater advantage.

Charity of thought is the only remedy for the elimination of friction from the daily round, and its manifestation will bring to the bequeather the reciprocal benefit of greater facility in performing the daily duties, and sub-consciously make for the maintenance of greater physical power and all-round health of being, which will spell efficiency as no other formula ever can. Life is expression, and ease of expression will therefore mean harmonious life and the economical use of the life forces, so that they may be spent to the greatest advantage, and in directions which will add to the store of vitality, not lead to its depletion. One simple way of expression for the busy psychologist, is to speak of the science of human life as found in practical psychology. None is too busy to be unable to find time or opportunity to start conversation on these constructive lines. The precise subject is immaterial so long as it is along these life lines. For example, the remark that "thoughts are things" will invariably open up a topic of interest to initiated and uninitiated alike, and provide a theme unending in its scope. It is amazing how many people are yet ignorant of this fact of the creative power of thought, and who, when the idea is reasonably presented to them, will seize upon it with avidity. If an individual succeeds in making just one other person think a new constructive thought, he can rest assured that he has done the good deed for that day of the practical psychologist.

Harmony, Naturalness, Charity, these three are great main roads to the attainment of more abundant life, and of the possibilities of fuller expression of the personality along constructive lines. There are indeed many other roads, as the practical psychologist will soon discover for himself, which lead to splendid realms as yet but vaguely imaged, but these three superior arteries must of necessity be traversed, before the undiscovered country can be fully explored in all its abundance of glorious beauty and real treasure.

THE COMPENSATION.

By Sylvia McLachlan.

SEIN sat on one of the hard, dumpy grey stones that stand round the little Bernini fountain in the Piazza di Spagna in Rome. He was looking at the stalls in front of him that were piled up with April flowers. There were creamy freezias and masses of deep blue violets, amber black wallflowers, marigolds and anemones, and tight little bunches of young wet primroses. Sein knew all their names. He loved names, especially the names of flowers ; as he loved various little passages of melody from various composers that he played on his violin.

This evening, for it was past five, and already a rosiness crept into the sky, and a warm little breeze blew on one's cheek, Sein was not thinking of the flowers. He was thinking of Rome, and how greatly he loved it ; and realising that soon he must return to Hungary, to the mountains. The thought of the mountains to Sein was like the opening of a window on an early morning, and the inhaling of a great draught of pure air. Yet it saddened and angered him that it was so. Why did noise and crowds worry him so, take so much from his pleasure in Rome ? Why must he always be sighing for open spaces and quiet ? Why should the great unborn sounds that moved in his brain remain so mute, so unintelligible in this city of which he had so often dreamed, and which he had so lately known ? But even as he thought these things, something else troubled him, and made his regret at leaving Rome and his anger at his own temperament the greater. It was some deeply hidden thing that he did not name.

It was a thought that was made up of longing and fear, ardour and restlessness—a thought that by reason of its very intensity was threatened with danger.

Sein looked up. Across the road, by the flower stalls, stood a young girl. She was dressed in green, and she carried a great bunch of primroses she had just bought from the stall. She was a very pretty girl. From the top of her little round hat to the tips of her little soft shoes, she was exquisitely dressed. She had shiny gold hair, and coral lips, and was soft and lovely of limb.

She looked worried as she watched the cars, and trams,

and people surge in front of her. She was unhappy because she was frightened of the traffic.

Sein's expression changed. He became radiant. He started up to go and fetch the girl, but she had suddenly seen him and darted across the street towards him.

"Gerda," said Sein, as he gripped her small gloved hand, "how splendid it is to see you, to meet you like this." He had always called her Gerda since they had met in the same hotel a month ago. Neither of them knew why he had chosen that name, for her real name was Elizabeth.

"Oh Sein, how funny to see you sitting here," said Gerda, sparkling with pleasure and amusement. "Mummy is trying on a dress at Elise's, so I escaped to buy these flowers. Aren't they lovely? Where can we go and talk? I can't sit here on one of these stones, Mummy would have a fit if she saw us! Shall we go up the steps? The sun will soon be setting, and it's lovely watching from the wall. Sein, what fun it is to see you again. We must go quickly, because I haven't got much time as I am dining at a villa outside Rome to-night."

Sein looked at her quizzically, and they mounted the broad grey steps together.

The sun was very low, and soft amber-rose in colour, and the pearl mauve clouds, wind swept, drifted away from it. Far below Rome went its way bustling with trams and motor cars. Shop lights began to appear one by one.

Sein watched the sun creep over Gerda's pink fingers, and catch their topmost edges with a soft gold light.

He felt suddenly afraid of himself, lest he should kiss those sunlit fingers, break the spell, and reveal all the weight of pent-up feeling that was within him. He felt himself choking with longing to tell her—oh, so many things, things that no one but he had ever known.

Gerda was looking down into Rome. She was excited and recognised and liked the tension that was in the air. She was thinking how strange it was to be standing on Pincio at sunset with a funny foreign boy wearing a corduroy jacket. She was thinking that he was certainly in love with her and was going to tell her so. She wondered what she would say, and why Sein made her feel somehow ashamed of herself, and even sad. When other men (and there had been many) had told her that they loved her, it had excited her, and she had acted some charm-

ing part to them. To Sein you could not act. Why, Gerda could not explain even to herself.

Sein, worried by the men with cameras and postcards and the stray groups of people who patronised the sunset, said that it was really lovely to-night. He touched Gerda's arm. "Gerda," he said, and was surprised and angry to find how husky and out of control his voice had become, "come along and sit on the wall by the Medici Gardens. There will be none of this crowd there."

Gerda looked up at Sein and followed obediently.

They were sitting on the wall, and Sein was glad to feel the stone cold and rough beneath his hand.

"Gerda," he burst out immediately, "you know quite well what I'm going to tell you. I love you, Gerda. Don't look hurt, child. It does not matter at all if you do not love me. You see I think I must always have loved you. You are so completely part of myself and of my music."

"Of your music?" said Gerda, puzzled, and then in her low sweet voice she continued, "Sein, tell me all about it if it helps you. Tell me all you want to of anything. I shall understand, I am sure I shall understand."

"Oh, it is hopeless to tell you of these things that are so clear, so lovely in my mind. Ever since I was a little boy I have felt in my brain music moving, swelling, growing, unborn music. And ever since as I play my violin this music still moves, still demands expression. One day, Gerda, it will burst forth and become clear to me and I shall write it down and it will be sung all over the world, and men will know it as good and beautiful. But you, Gerda, little golden Gerda, mean just what my music means to me. Only you are complete. You are already harmony and rest, peace and beauty. If you will let me love you, if you could ever love me, I believe that my music would merge into form. I believe we should touch perfection. You see, Gerda, you are so beautiful, so perfect from your little golden wisps of hair to your little pink finger-tips, you are so fresh, so young, as a little child is fresh and young. You must be, you *are as* music is. Tell me, Gerda, that you understand. Tell me that what I say is true?"

Gerda felt tears rising to her eyes, those dewy deep blue eyes. At first as she had listened to Sein, she had thought how strangely he talked, and how an Englishman would never

(*Continued on page 21.*)

POLLY ANNA—PSYCHOLOGIST.

My deer Ermintrude,

I do wish mother had give you some other name it takes so long to spell besides the end dont seem quite proper for a sister of mine and the rest makes me think of a packet of dried herbs its so minty.

Crikey you wuddent no this place since master come across a new mag with a friteful name. I'll copy it for you—The Practical Psychologist. How on Earth its pronownced lord noes but the look of the last word makes me remember wen I was sick after stuffin myself with green peas. An the front page as got wot they call a slowgun. When Bill was at the front the guns was pretty lively but I spose this is a new fangalled one to be up to date with the slow Motion pictures. Master's balmy on his slowgun an he says it meens he can who thinks he can. Why they left the shes out I dunno I expect the edditur (God bless him) in his mother's wisdom knew that a she alwaz could but if master goes on as he is with his slowgun both me an him will be proply canned. You know I dont mind work. I'll talk about it with anyone an show you how to do it any day but since Master got his slowgun the daily dose aint in it. No possibility a pinchin ten minits extra in bed of a cold mornin an early tea forbidden. Got to prepair baths for everybody before ait. Got to have brekfast on the nail an no slakkin. Headakes an colic is a crime. Master says work aint work but a conjeenyul occupashon to express one's innards. Evvin noes wot he means but my expreshuns is gettin awful. No objeckshuns is allowed an I'm told that cant aint english. Ware its all goin to end only anjels can guess so theres no prize for you Minty but Im goin to put a stop to it. Im goin to ask for more wages an then well see how the slowgun works.

I'll meet you at the Pav Satterday.

Your affekshunate sister,

Polly Anna.

P.S.—Told you the shes alwaz cood. He was obstinate till I turned is slowgun on him and showed him the savin on doctors an beer an I got the rise. Im goin to be one of them funny names too. It pays.

Each person may grow into any condition desired.

(*Continued from page 20.*)

have talked in that coloured, high-flown way. She had vaguely felt the word "foreign" floating in her mind. But then the spirit of Sein touched her, made her feel unworthy of the idealism that he had laid at her feet. Tears choked her, and slowly rolled down her cheeks.

"I do understand, but I'm not what you think I am. I'm vain and frivolous, and often very foolish. It's true and you must know it, because perhaps it's only to-night I should ever be able to tell you it. Only truly, truly Sein, I do understand what you've said. There's only a little of me that understands, but it's there. When you talk like that you make me want dreadfully to be good, to be finer. Like you Sein. Only I'm not at all like you. We come from different worlds, I . . ."

But the rest of the words were smothered with tears.

Sein caught her hand and smiled into her eyes, and they sat there in silence, looking across to where the sun sank, and spreading farther out slipped deep into the soft outlines of Montemare.

* * * *

Three weeks later Sein left for the mountains, and Gerda received this letter from him.

"I must go back with Joyn to the mountains for we must both study. It hurts me to watch you here, because I can only watch you, for I do not understand your way of living. I do not understand the people around you. You know I love you and want you to marry me. You have never wanted me to speak to your mother, and perhaps you do not know yourself if you love me or not. You once said we belong to different worlds. We do, little Gerda. If you can ever count it worth while to forsake yours and come to mine, although I am poor and without parents, I will love and cherish you, as I dare think no other man could. Write to me to the mountains when you have decided. Tell me that you will come and that we shall get married, and perhaps your mother will one day realise how dearly I mean to care for you, and will forgive me for having taken you away from her and your world. Sein.

P.S.—Gerda, there is a pool near our hut in the mountains, with three poplars standing by it. One day at dawn we will bathe there together, for at dawn the sun touches the leaves

and as they shimmer they are golden, golden as your hair, little Gerda."

Weeks passed, and then after a month Gerda wrote to Sein.

"I am coming, Sein. You are worth it all. I shall arrive in the mountains some time in the evening in three days' time. Arrange for me to stay somewhere until we can get married. Mother thinks I am going to stay with friends in Milan. I shall write to her directly it is all over and I am your wife. She would do all she could to prevent us, and worry herself to death if she knew now. Oh, Sein, I think you will make me good. You are so different from anyone I have ever met, so good and true. I'm not worthy of you, but you will always love me as you do now, won't you? Always, always?"

* * * *

In a little room in a wooden hut with the sun of early morning flooding on to the red cotton table-cloth, and bathing the backs of the books in the shelves against the wall, sat two young men.

"She's coming," said Sein, as he jumped up and threw a book up and caught it again laughing. "I knew she would. I always knew she was brave and fine and magnificent. She's so beautiful too, Joyn, with little baby wisps of hair, almost enough to move the heart of a hard old scientist like you. She's coming, she's coming!" he shouted, suddenly plunging out of the window and down the grass slope, into the glory of the sunny morning.

Joyn sat on at the table puffing at his pipe, with his elbows entrenched in piles of books. His face was grave. He was fighting something out in his mind. He was probably afraid, and certainly unconvinced.

* * * *

Gerda sat gazing at the floating landscape out of the window as her train neared Milan. She was pink with excitement, and already strangely tired. Now she had really cut the knot. It was fearful, and huge, and appallingly exciting. In a few days she would be married, married to Sein. A regret shimmered across her mind that she would never be the centre of that admiring wedding-day crowd, and Sein himself would never see her as a proper bride. She instinctively divined that Sein would not care particularly for a bride's dress, he would probably love her more sitting in a field in an old frock. How fine and splendid Sein was! Yet even as she thought this an unacknowledged ghost of a doubt crept into light, and an old

school-girl phrase occurred to her. Might it even be the tiniest bit difficult to live up to Sein? The current of her thought changed. Poor mother, how sweet she had been fussing around her, with a special packet of her favourite sandwiches (chopped egg ones, that her mother had stood over an excessively tipped waiter to obtain). Gerda loved chopped egg sandwiches. They were so neat, and such a lovely colour, and did not pull out like horrid ham and salady ones. What things did they eat in Hungary? Would it be horrid being poor? Or would Sein's spoiling and loving make up for it all? Besides now it was all different, she was going to be a new being, strong and true and fine. A picture of herself flashed into her mind. Simply dressed, sewing at an open window, waiting for Sein to return in the evening. She would be wearing a blue frock, she decided, and looking grave and sweet. Someone shouted—"Prossima fermata Milano."

Gerda jumped. What would she say to the Jacksons about leaving the next morning? That she was going to Nice to her uncle's villa? Yes, that was perfectly reasonable, and she could easily manage so that it seemed all settled and quite true. Oh dear, it was too dreadfully exciting all this, what a relief it would be to finally get to Sein.

* * * *

Gerda was peeling a fat yellow pear. She wore a flimsy low-necked little frock, the colour of pale pink shells. She was dining with the Jacksons and some of their friends in their hotel.

She was brilliantly happy. She delighted in the warmth and scent of the great room. She thrilled to the syncopated rhythm of the jazz band. She was pleased to touch the slim stem of the champagne glass. She was pleased that Tony Jackson sat opposite to her, teasing her and admiring her, for to-night she knew that she was beautiful.

Subconsciously she had a marvellous feeling of a danger nearly escaped, of a wonderful salvation. Eagerly she clutched and appreciated the atmosphere around her as she had never appreciated it before. She belonged here. She understood this. There was safety and warmth in such an environment.

At that moment she became conscious that Margaret Jackson was speaking.

"I saw her the other day in England. Poor soul, she has gone off dreadfully. She's still quite a kid, really, but she

looked so tired and haggard. I'm awfully sorry for her, but as I've always said, it's no use being foolish enough to marry penniless young men. It isn't fair to yourself or them."

Gerda slipped a little white oblong of pear into her mouth, and the tiniest shiver shook her fair soft shoulders. "It isn't fair to yourself or *them*." No, of course Margaret was right, it wasn't fair to them, not a bit fair, and without a doubt it wouldn't be fair to yourself.

Gerda's pink lips trembled into a smile. She had decided. Now she knew she was safe, she had definitely landed, placed foot on her own native soil, returned.

Poor Sein! For one second a shadow of the deeper sentiment she had so nearly touched threatened to upset her re-discovered values. Then the cowardly platitudes of her world rose to her mind. It was bad luck for Sein, but every attractive woman had to do these things. It would be useless for them to cry over each man they had to send out of their lives.

The next morning a telegram was sent off from the Hotel Savoia, Milan.

"I have decided that our worlds are too different, that it would not be fair to you. I can never come to you. Forgive me. Gerda."

* * * *

It was dawn. Three poplars shivered, and a ripple blew across the low wide pool. Silence awed the earth, and a faint blue mist hung in the valleys. The air was chill but lovely in its cleanliness. The grass of the stretching slope was drenched with dew. The sun rose slowly and spread across the heavens, as a king might rise and stroll across his chamber. Golden it was, and proud, and infinitely calm.

A boy came over the brow of the hill towards the pool. He carried a violin in his hand. His walk was slow and heavy. He was weary and his face was pale and so sad that anyone who might look at him would not dare to offer comfort, for he would know that he had passed the point where human aid is of any avail.

The boy sat down by the pool, gazing ahead of him and seeing nothing. He had been to the depths where despair is an agony and a physical pain. He had known numbness of soul and mind, and now he had come blindly out to the dawn, incredulously searching for rest, and dimly growing conscious of moving thoughts.

He had made a mistake. He had been a failure. He had staked greatly on beauty and it had not borne the strain. Therefore beauty, which had been his god, might have become an untruth for him. But even at that moment Sein knew that his had been the failure. He had made an idol, and idols are not gods; for you can touch them, and they can be contaminated by all men, and all men's treatment.

Divinity was only in things untouchable, removed, of the soul.

Sein smiled, he was thinking of music. Music remained. Music was fundamental, touching the divine. Music was the one huge force that mattered. Music was untouchable, removed, and safe.

And as he smiled he picked up his violin, and rising to his feet he played. He was elemental, caught up with the growing mystery of the dawn, one with the pool and the shimmering poplars. Finally he had found rest, rest in complete expression. He was neither god nor man, for as he played he was one with all things.

What he played that morning was the skeleton of the pent-up sounds that had always been within him—the music that one day all men would know as good and beautiful.

And so music was born through sorrow, born of a young and beautiful soul, at dawn, by a long low pool, where three poplars stood sighing and shimmering with gold, as golden as a young girl's hair.

* * * *

"Many people are very particular about what they do and very fairly particular about what they say. They aren't particular at all about what they think. And yet health and happiness depend upon what we think more than anything else."

—*Dean of Chester.*

* * * *

I've found some wisdom in my quest
That's richly worth retailing.
I've learned when one has done his best,
There is no harm in failing.
I may not reach what I pursue,
Still will I keep pursuing.
Nothing is vain that I can do,
Since soul-growth comes of doing.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

By Charles W. Forward.

THAT celebrated illustrative artist, the late George Cruickshank, having, from excessive indulgence in alcoholic liquors, become a convert to teetotalism, directed his talents to delineating the evils associated with the abuse of strong drink.

In his wonderful, composite drawing, "The Worship of Bacchus," he depicted graphically the extent to which drinking habits permeated civilised life, and the appalling results that were traceable to over-indulgence in fermented liquors.

He was eminently successful in his attempt to preach a teetotal sermon by means of a picture, and there can be little doubt that his vivid illustration of the miseries associated with drunkenness, which was reproduced and scattered broadcast over the country, played an important part in directing public attention thereto.

It would not be easy to overstate the evil results of the habits which Cruickshank set himself to combat and most persons would at first be considerably astonished were they told that evils as great as, or greater than, those arising from the abuse of strong drink, were associated with our habits of eating.

Yet, one who, in his time, was looked upon as a stalwart advocate of total abstinence from alcohol,—the late Sir Henry Thompson,—actually expressed such a view.

"I have for some years past" he writes, "been compelled by facts which are constantly coming before me, to accept the conclusion that as much mischief in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigour, and of shortened life, accrues to civilised man, so far as I have observed in our own country and throughout almost every part of Europe, from erroneous habits of eating as from the habitual abuse of alcoholic drink, considerable as I know the evil of that to be."

The question surely arises, if such a statement is justified by facts, why, in the first place, the evils alluded to by Sir Henry Thompson are not generally recognised as being attributable to our eating habits, and, secondly, why an energetic campaign is not, as in the case of the (so-called) "temperance" movement, carried on by the churches, chapels and religious communities, for the reform of habits which lead to such dire results.

The man or woman addicted to indulgence in alcoholic liquors not merely as beverages, but for the sake of the mental or physical exaltation derived therefrom, seldom goes on for many years without showing outward signs of a certain degree of physical and moral degradation. Those, on the other hand, whose transgression of physiological law lies along the line of indulgence in flesh-food does not manifest to the ordinary eye such markedly evil results.

There are two arguments usually put forward by advocates of abstinence from alcohol,—the evils that drinking brings upon the person who indulges in the habit, and the injury inflicted upon others.

It was to the first of these that Sir Henry Thompson alluded in the extract above quoted ; though in a sense we injure others by injuring ourselves, for, no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

It is pleasant to believe that the second argument has proved the more powerful in connection with the anti-alcohol movement, and that many who, like Timothy, found a little wine a useful and quite harmless indulgence, have been induced to forego even that little on the grounds of pure altruism, their duty, or supposed duty to their fellow-men !

If, however, the altruistic motive is applicable to the *drinking* habits of the community, it applies with an even greater force to those habits which compel the setting apart of a body of *pariahs*, in the shape of slaughtermen, to do work of a character that no refined or sensitive person would be capable of carrying out for himself. In the last resort those who defend the habit of flesh-eating will stultify all their other arguments by making the admission that, had they to kill an ox, a sheep, or even some smaller animal themselves, they would prefer to go without flesh-food.

Here, then, is a remarkable moral (or ought one not to say *immoral*) position, that intelligent and apparently amiable persons are content to sustain a demand which can only be met by an occupation of so revolting and degrading a character that they would cease to make the demand if it fell upon their own shoulders to furnish the supply.

To make the argument valid it is essential that the premises upon which it is based, the degrading character of the occupation of slaughtering, should be proved. In using the word "slaughtering" it must be accepted in a fairly wide sense not only as

applying to the men or women who actually kill the victims of our tables, but to all who are engaged in the operations necessary to stock the average butcher's shop.

There is a disgusting process carried out in a building adjacent to the slaughter-house by young women who are usually described as "gut-girls." In speaking on behalf of an institution for the girls employed at the Deptford slaughterhouses, the late King Edward VII remarked: "The avocation of these young women is not only of a repugnant nature but has a deteriorating tendency."

The late Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, who devoted a good deal of attention to the subject of model *abattoirs*, declared: "The business of slaughtering is most depressing to mind and body. I have seen the strongest-built men in the prime of life painfully affected by it, and I have never met with one who could be said to have become perfectly inured to it. They all get rapidly wearied of their work, and the work, independently of the slaughtering process, is fatiguing to an extreme degree . . . . I am not far wrong in saying that no butcher can be found in our large towns, who, after eight or ten years daily work at the slaughterhouse, is free from the effects of bronchitis, rheumatism or heart disease—heart disease being the most prevailing malady of the class. The mortality of the butcher is, as a necessity, far above the average; 111 butchers die to a mean of 100 of those who follow 69 other occupations."

As careful an observer and conscientious a writer as Mr. Charles Booth in his "*Life and Labour of the People in London*," states: "Except the 'bullies' who live upon and with prostitutes of the lowest type, the slaughtermen, though far from the poorest, are the most degraded class. The simplest and grossest forms of physical indulgence are all they ask from life. The conditions of the work have also a degrading effect on the young women who are employed in the slaughterhouses, and who, from the nature of their task, go by the horrible name of 'gut-girls.' Altogether, there seems to be a quite exceptional amount of low-toned life, and the relations between the sexes are at their roughest."

It is stated that the men engaged in the Chicago slaughtering establishments are particularly prone to crimes of violence—more so, indeed, than any other class of the community, the use of the knife as a weapon of attack being far more common, and marked by one peculiar feature—namely, that the blow

struck in anger by these trained slaughtermen is almost invariably fatal, because instinctively, they give it the peculiar twist of the hand to which they are continually habituated in their daily killing of the lower animals.

The disturbing effect of the occupation upon the mental balance of those who follow it has been evidenced by the fact that slaughtermen have suddenly gone mad, as in the case of the Chicago slaughterman who stopped in his work of killing pigs and "ran amuck," killing a doctor and attempting the murder of any who came in his way.

The idea that, in a closely-knit social community one section can be set apart to a degrading and demoralising occupation, and that the community, as a whole, can avoid contamination or responsibility is an utterly false one.

Every portion of a dead animal, every Sunday "joint," or chop on our tables makes us *particeps criminis*. One is sitting down to a plate of boiled beef—how did it get there? True, it bears small resemblance to the living, sensitive ox of whom it recently formed a part. But, in order that it might be served at the dinner-table the death of that ox was necessary. Aye, and much more than its death! Probably, long journeys by road, rail and storm-tossed cattle-boat: beatings galore, savage kicks, twistings of tail, terrors of waiting its turn to be slaughtered, of the smell of blood, and the groans of its fellow victims.

That there is no escaping responsibility for these things was recognised clearly enough by Ralph Waldo Emerson, when he wrote:—"You have just dined, and although the slaughterhouse may be concealed in the graceful distance of miles, *there is complicity*."

The later Henry George, once declared that civilization cannot be built up on the ethics of savagery. Yet, is not that the very thing that we of the Occident are striving to do? In the course of man's evolution he has often had to fight for his life against the forces of Nature—against extremes of heat and cold, against flood, earthquake and storm, against starvation and thirst. For a long period it was problematical as to whether *he* hunted and ate the wild animals, or *they* hunted and ate him. But there is this to be said for our primitive ancestor, that he did his own work, however dirty it might be, whilst we, who look back upon him with an assumption of immeasurable moral superiority, are content to do our killing vicariously.

The physical evils arising from the habit of flesh-eating are evident to all who have eyes to see. A " C.3 " population, a male population of whom only 20 per cent. between the ages of 20 and 41 are free from noteworthy physical defect, an army of 30,000 " qualified " medical practitioners—these and similar signs cannot be said to constitute a state of things to be proud of. But, bad as the *physical* effects of flesh-eating are, they are probably less serious than the *psychical*, which latter though infinitely more subtle, are far-reaching and continuous.

The " gut-girl " and the slaughterer should have no place in the economy of a really civilized community.

There is a delightful little poem of James Russell Lowell's in which he represents Christ as re-visiting the earth, with a view to see " how the men, my brethren, believe in Me." The chief priests and rulers and kings went forth to welcome Him and urged upon His notice how they had kept his images intact throughout the land.

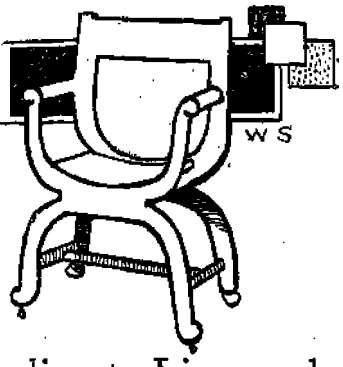
" Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard, man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment hem,
For fear of defilement, ' Lo, here,' said He,
' The images ye have made of Me ! "

* * * *

On the 1st March the Executive Committee of the Federation was in session at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, under the chairmanship of Mr. W. L. Bayly. A considerable amount of very useful business was transacted, the points of public interest being decisions to hold a summer holiday school at one of England's beauty spots (situated as centrally as possible) from July to September next, to have the 3rd Convention at Liverpool in June and to fix the number of delegates that may be sent by a club to the Convention at 5 per cent. of the recognised membership of the club. A sub-committee has been formed to consult with Miss Hallam regarding the holiday centre. The Convention Secretary will be Miss Jones, of 32 Bedford Street, Liverpool.

FROM THE CLUB CHAIR.



When the *Aquitania* arrived at Cherbourg at the end of February, France was honoured by the visit of a great personality, to wit, Miss Anna Maud Hallam, who, before proceeding to Liverpool, passed a couple of days in the Mecca of all well-dressed ladies—Paris of happy and festive memory !

Those who have eyes and see may gather that the central platform figure at forthcoming lectures will be more charming than ever. Miss Hallam is practical in other things than psychology—but then psychology embraces all else !

THE BRISTOL CLUB has not been long in realising that a " live wire " radiates influence according to the intensity of its liveliness. Through the instrumentality of their Broadcasting Committee, members of the Bristol Club are visiting Cheltenham, Gloucester, Weston-super-Mare, and Taunton, enquiries having come from these places for help in forming circles for the study of Practical Psychology as taught by Miss Anna Maud Hallam. Some of Bristol's members have also accepted invitations to speak on one or other aspect of Practical Psychology at Clubs and meetings in their own fine city, while those desiring to become more efficient in proclaiming the truths of the science find the Elocution and Study circles one way of working out the Bristol motto—" Mastery of Self for Service of All."

Bristol's current fixtures include Dr. Chella Hankin, Mrs. James Allen, Mr. E. M. Atkinson (author of " Everyday Practical Psychology ") and Professor R. K. Sorabji.

At the NOTTINGHAM CLUB the members are enjoying a varied and instructive programme, the subjects ranging from the academic view as presented by Professors of Universities to the practical side given by speakers who have studied the subject as applied to everyday life. The concentration at 6.30 is a most helpful feature of Nottingham's activities. The work of the Entertainment Committee is also valuable in expressing psychological principles in the way of social intercourse. A tutorial class is held weekly in connection with the University College.

The MANCHESTER CLUB is to hold its Annual General Meeting and Election of Officers on March 16th. Judging by what passed at a preliminary business meeting which was held in February to discuss the past and present condition of the club and its future there is excellent ground for thinking that Manchester has a very bright prospect.

Will visitors to Manchester please note that meetings now take place in the Onward Hall, Deansgate. I like the name of that hall. Onward, Manchester !

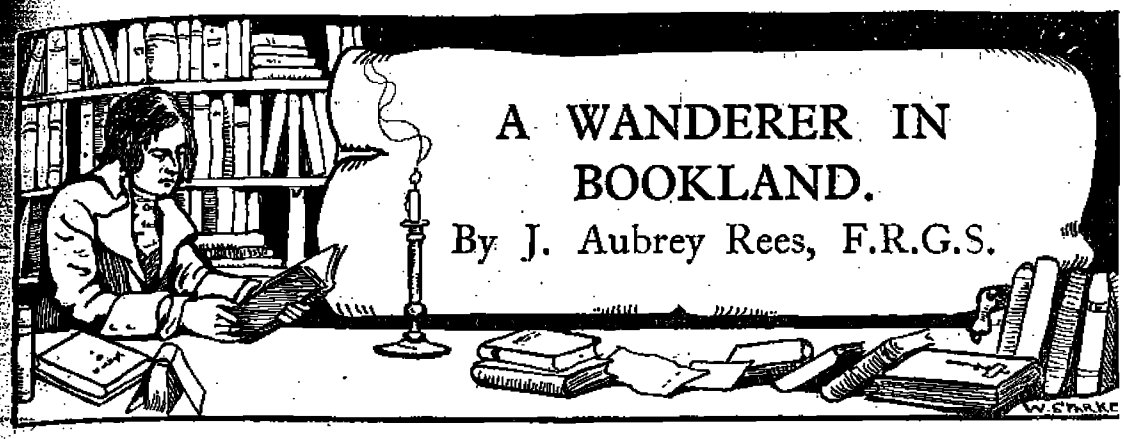
The SHEFFIELD CLUB more than justified their anticipations of the result of the bazaar that they organised for the blind and the lame for, as a fitting crown to the club's efforts in "Human Service" on this occasion, I learn that a sum of no less than £250 was secured for the benefit of the causes that were in view. "Practical" is the right word in Sheffield, and all who worked so loyally and disinterestedly for the bazaar (everyone a club member by the way) deserve the highest commendation for their service.

The LIVERPOOL CLUB is all agog, at the time of writing, in anticipation of Miss Hallam's renewed campaign in their midst and great preparations are in hand, not only for bidding welcome to the founder, but also to facilitate the work that lays before her in Ireland's foreign capital.

Every individual member of the Liverpool club is concentrating in thought and deed for the success of this campaign, particularly as, within the next three or four months, the 3rd Convention will take place in Liverpool. It would seem as though the Mersey is likely to be afire in 1925.

The LONDON CLUB'S principal event since our last issue consisted in a Reception held on the 23rd February for the purpose of fraternising the one with the other, to hear a very fine programme of music and to meet Sir Walter and Lady Roffey, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Dr. Bernard Hollander, Professors Hubert and Sorabji and other leaders and teachers in the world of psychological thought. A most happy and memorable occasion, the result of considerable work ; but, Mr. and Mrs. Organiser, more faith and larger premises next time, please !

Shortly after this number is published London's Annual General Meeting will be held and signs are not lacking that keen concern is being shown in the election of officers. We shall look forward to the outcome with much interest.



A WANDERER IN BOOKLAND.

By J. Aubrey Rees, F.R.G.S.

A BLEAK Winter's evening, the rain pelting down outside my window,—inside a glowing fire and a comfortable chair.

I sat reflecting upon the startling statement made by Sir Ernest Rutherford relating to the incredible smallness of the atom, inasmuch that 100,000,000 could be placed side by side in the space of an inch. Is it any wonder that such a tremendous discovery should have awakened thoughts of the transcendent importance of human life.

Glancing round my bookshelves and wondering which author could best respond to the mood of the moment, there suddenly emerged out of the gloom the cheerful pessimist, Anatole France, with his profound remark "Be the earth great or small, what matter is that to mankind? It is always great enough as long as it gives us a stage for suffering and for love."

I immediately recalled an incident some years before the war when this French Master paid a visit to London. I had the privilege of meeting him at a reception given in his honour at the Suffolk Galleries by the Fabian Society. Bernard Shaw was in the chair and when Anatole France arose, he was greeted with vociferous applause by the united assembly of duchesses and rebels, authors and artists, baronets and bohemians, who had foregathered to do him homage.

It was a happy occasion and one incident remains imprinted on my mind to this day. At the close of a delightful address two or three complimentary speeches were made to the distinguished visitor and then Anatole France rose to reply. The audience were all expectancy when suddenly he turned round to the chairman and throwing his arms round his neck, embraced him in characteristic French style. The audience were thrilled but

only to be still further delighted when Shaw, rising to the occasion, returned the compliment.

The action was typical of the man. Behind all his sarcasm there was a whimsical humour, a gentleness of manner and a unique toleration which endeared him to all who knew him. Regarded by many as un-Christian he yet could transcend many Christians in his recognition of its virtues and his appreciation of its saints.

" Is it not wonderful " he once wrote of " The Imitation of Christ," "that this book, written in an age of faith, by a humble ascetic, for pious and solitary souls, should be so admirably suited to-day to sceptics and fashionable people ? A pure deist or a peaceful atheist can make it his bedside book . . . . His sentences are psychological jewels before which adepts remain astounded."

How accurately this commendation corresponds to a description of his own that " The critics' task as suited to my tastes and proportioned to my strength is lovingly to place benches in beautiful places and to say, following the example of Anytus of Tegea, ' Wherever thou art, come and seat thyself beneath the shade of this fine laurel, so that here we may celebrate the immortal gods.' "

I love Anatole France because he can speak to you in all moods, and although we shall no more listen to his voice or be charmed by his gentleness, we are able to find choice foods for the mind in his various books, and glimpses of delightful personages between the pages of his numerous volumes. And that is why, this bleak evening, I took up a copy of " The Revolt of the Angels " and passed from Rutherford's atoms to that delightful phantasy of philosophy and good humour, of history and satire ; revelling once again in the amusing escapades of fallen angels and the human frail ies of old bibliophiles and young aristocrats ; and accepting, what I regard as the main thesis of Anatole France, namely, the impregnability of God in the human consciousness.

* * * *

These thoughts led me to the prince of intellectual mystics, Plotinus, to whom the soul was a microcosm having affinity with every grade of creation, and whose great treatise " On the Nature of the Soul " has just been translated by Mr. Stephen Mackenna and published by the Medici Society. To Plotinus all life was the chiselling out of immortal souls and the adjustment of

our consciousness to the transcendental world, and in this bewildered age of ephemeral theories and multitudinous guides it is refreshing to look back across the centuries to a Teacher who scaled the heights of Truth and whose thoughts on the ascent of the soul towards God—transcendent yet immanent, has helped, for many centuries, the genuine seeker after communion with the Infinite.

* * * *

A hearty welcome should be given by all Practical Psychologists to Mr. Ernest Atkinson's small volume "Everyday Practical Psychology" which has just been published.

Mr. Atkinson has been a life-long student of the subject and this handy little treatise should prove very helpful to all those who are anxious to take up the study in its elementary stage.

* * * *

The problem of Cancer is now being seriously attacked on all sides. Not only by J. Ellis Barker and Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., but by men like H. Reinheimer who has published a little book on "How to Avert Cancer."

It is full of extracts from men of high standing and is an invaluable little work. After telling the reader what Cancer is, it proceeds to a set of Golden Rules and Tests of Health, then points out the relationship of Constipation to Cancer. It is evidenced that harmful food is eaten and that we must pay dearly for this luxury.

"They (the natives of the Himalayas, exempt from cancer) very rarely eat meat."

We are told that cancer never attacks a healthy organ. Mr. Reinheimer's book should be read by everybody, for few are immune from this menace of civilisation.

"How to Avert Cancer" by H. Reinheimer.
Grivett & Co., Ltd., Surbiton, 2s. net.
"The Revolt of the Angels," by Anatole France.
John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd., 2s. 6d. net.
"Everyday Practical Psychology," by Ernest Atkinson.
L. N .Fowler—2s. net.
"Plotinus On the Nature of the Soul," translated by
Stephen Mackenna—The Medici Society.

POISON AND ANTIDOTES.

By Professor R. K. Sorabji.

EVERYONE, more or less, has a horror of snakes, although some of the species are perfectly harmless. But the evil of those that are poisonous is greater than is the harmlessness of those that are innocuous.

There is a thrilling and true story about a young Englishman who went out to India as a planter. He was in a very lonely place and the only one of his race for miles around. His great solace in his solitude was a penny whistle—flute-like—that he had idly bought in a London street. He was very fond of music, and became an expert in reproducing on his toy the tunes of old England that he loved. And the simple labourers on the estate used often to sit and listen when the day's work was done and the master came to sit out under the stars and make music for himself as he dreamed of home. Fever is an ever present and recurring evil in the tropics, and on one occasion the young planter was very ill.

It is in times of sickness more than at any other that servants in India show their loyalty and devotion. The young master was astounded at the care his servants took of him. His dearest relations could not have shown more concern, or have lavished on him more attention. One day when he was convalescent the servants, having attended to all his needs, left him to rest in a long easy chair on the verandah the while they went to eat their mid-day meal.

To digress, let me say that in India the servants' quarters are not in or attached to the house, but are built in a long row at the far end of the garden. And it is not the custom to summon the servants by bells, but by a shout of—"Are you there?" Left to his own devices, the convalescing invalid took up his penny lute to see if he had forgotten his cunning, and soon the air was filled with melody.

He was greatly amused to see one of the labourer girls steal nearer the house, sit on her haunches and, from the shadow of a bush, where she thought herself unseen, listen in wrapt attention to his music. But, presently, amusement was succeeded by horror for he noticed a cobra raise itself just behind the girl and sway itself, unseen by the girl, in time to the music. The musician knew that if he dared to stop even for a second the

cobra would strike the girl. So long as it was charmed by the music it would sway in response to the lilt and leave the girl unharmed. The question was, could he keep up till the servants came on duty again? He dare not stop playing to shout for aid. And so he played and played, his eyes all the time resting on the girl and her unseen swaying deadly enemy. He dared not signal to the girl to move, for, if she moved ever so slightly, the serpent, its attention distracted from the charm, would strike. And so he played on and on. Would his strength hold out? It was feeble enough after his long illness.

When the servants came on duty they found the master lying in a faint on the ground, and a few yards away in the garden was a dead girl with the puncture of a deadly cobra in her temple.

There are antidotes for poisons even such as those of snakes, and they generally are some simple herb, did one but know it. Nature that permits ills always provides the way of escape. These antidotes are known only to a few and they, instead of spreading the knowledge, keep it to themselves, handing the knowledge from father to son. If a generation dies out the particular knowledge of the cure goes with it.

Not long ago a friend of the writer's was overwhelmed with concern because his favourite dog had been bitten by a snake. It was frothing at the mouth, and life was only a question of an hour or so. His servant told him of a man hard by who knew the antidote. And the man saved the dog, bringing a simple herb from the field. But he would not tell what the herb was. He said he had promised his dying father to reveal the secret to no one but his own son, and that only when his turn came to die.

Many tales could be told of human beings and animals who have been saved from death by simple nature-given antidotes. Few people know that the antidote for the sting of a wasp or such like is just common ink. A stung finger stuck into a pot of ink is relieved at once.

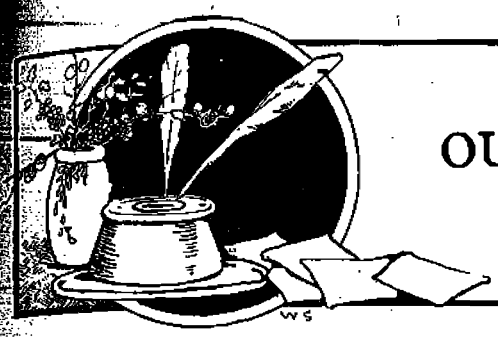
Life has many poisons, both bodily and spiritual. That is what causes ill health or moral decrepitude. But just as there are antidotes for the poison of stings, there are antidotes which can eradicate the poison which assails the body or spirit, causing ill-health of body or soul.

Practical psychology is the creed of health—"I am perfectly well; how could I be otherwise?" Right thought—

affirmative thought—is both a preventive and a cure. A preventive for the future, a cure for the past. Practical psychology has waked hundreds of people to a realisation of the fact that ill-health is not a necessity—indeed, that it ought not, generally speaking, to be at all. It has made hundreds who had come to "enjoy" bad health learn to loathe illness and love being well. The writer feels that Practical Psychology is Practical Christianity, the Christianity, that is to say, not of the church, or the priests, or the ministers—but the Christianity of the Christ Himself—that Divine Master of Affirmation in Whom was no negation at all. The real practical psychologists are therefore far more real Christians than are the so-called Christians who are merely theorists, never attempting to essay the teachings of Christ in their daily life. So let practical psychologists breathe health into themselves, but while so doing they must avoid being like the fathers and sons in India who keep the knowledge of preventives and cures to themselves.

Practical psychologists must deem it their mission to rouse people to a sense of their danger, and to a knowledge of the preventive and antidote. There is no "cannot" for the real practical Christian or practical psychologist. Humanly, we cannot—but Divinely, we can do all things; and we are called to be divine—to be the sons and daughters of God. It is impossible to conceive of the Divine as being ill, or deformed, or disabled in any way. But, we must carry the analogy further. If we are called to be divine we are called to act as the Divine. And the Divine is always working for others. The creed must not be only health for self, but health for all. The one limitation on "He can who thinks he can" would be selfishness. For the wider the thought the greater the "can," or the possibility. The more we think of health for others as well as ourselves the greater will be the health for ourselves. That, surely, is the creed of the founder who untiringly goes about teaching and preaching the gospel of "can."

There is but one fear—lest we should make our efforts in our own strength alone, for our own strength is so feeble as hardly to merit the name of strength at all, most of us being so weak in thought and will But we can do all things through Him who strengthens us. Call Him the Divine. The writer commends practical psychology because it accentuates the fact that "can" is possible not for the few but for all—young and old, rich and poor. All can, through the Divine.



OUT OF THE EDITOR'S INKPOT.

A FORMER M.P. for North Battersea, Mr. Richard Morris, has published a pamphlet which purports to record the destiny of one hundred average men at the age of sixty-five. Here it is in brief :—

At 25 years—All healthy and mentally sound.

At 35 years—5 dead ; 10 wealthy ; 10 in good circumstances ; 40 with moderate resources ; 35 as they were ten years earlier.

At 55 years—20 dead ; 1 very rich ; 3 in good circumstances ; 46 still working for a living ; 30 more or less dependent on children, relatives, or charity.

At 65 years—36 dead ; 1 still rich ; 4 are now wealthy ; 6 compelled to work for a living ; and 53 dependent upon others for charity.

I feel that Mr. Morris is somewhat optimistic as, without any difficulty, both you and I can recall the faces of one hundred friends and acquaintances that we had at that glorious age of 25 years and, even making allowance for the intervention and effect of the years of war, we can show the result of their striving to be much less happy than in the case of Mr. Morris's average company. Even so, the case against the so-called education and civilisation of to-day is a strong one and surely calls for reform in our methods of thought. Whatever transpires, at no matter what age, is an effect produced by law from a cause set in motion by ourselves and, on Mr. Morris's figures, we find Cause to be operative on Humanity to the extent of 36 per cent. death dealing and 53 per cent. soul destroying by poverty. One ventures to ask whether we really need fear Hell after experience here ? The most disturbing thought of all is the logical conclusion from our beliefs as psychologists, that we attract to ourselves what we merit—those experiences and the destiny that synchronise with our standard of thought, and feeling. Then comes the reassuring recollection that the law demonstrated as

so operating can be put to work, not for death and poverty, but for life and wealth in every sense. We can escape the average destiny by the control of appetites, feelings, urges, desires, thoughts and acts. We can fix the plan of our life as we want it to be and, holding that vision, we can so link ourselves with the omnipotent powers of the subconscious that, keeping ourselves in tune with them by our thoughts and work, our vision cannot fail of realisation. And as we build ourselves to the better plan, Mr. Morris's averages, thank God, will go by the board. But it is for the individual, having recognised the herd tendency of death and poverty, so to order his feelings, thoughts and deeds that he shall outwit the pack of trouble stored up for him and his fellows by centuries of distorted and incomplete thinking. Even though the average destiny should already have begun its attack on you, thanks alone, be it understood, to your own co-operation, wittingly or unwittingly, with it, you can still assert your birthright to divine health, happiness and independence. Let the following testimony volunteered by Mrs. Astley, of 2 Cedric Street, Derby Road, Seedley, Manchester, inspire you to try again :—

"For ten years I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatoid Arthritis. I was a patient at the Manchester Infirmary for six months and saw two specialists, both of whom said there was no cure. I went to Buxton, saw a specialist had baths and electric treatment, went to a Hydro at Southport for three weeks and had baths and electric treatment, two a day. I had several local doctors and they all said the same thing—incurable. I have some friends who belong to the Practical Psychology Club and they persuaded me to take up Psychology. I did, and now I am wonderfully better. It is only six weeks since I took it up and I can walk down stairs without the aid of the hand rail, which I had not done for years. All the swelling has gone out of my feet and I can now walk fine. I have one pair of shoes on a day where I used to have three or four pair a day and then in constant agony. My hands were very much deformed ; I had no grip and not much use in them, and always full of pain. I cannot tell you how thankful I am to my friends for persuading me to take up Practical Psychology. I thank God every day, for I know I shall be perfectly cured. I am a new woman already and would be only too delighted to help some other poor sufferer like myself."

To put
Beauty born of Simplicity
into every printed thing,
To use the designs of
Modern Artists
appropriately,
and Fine Type
intelligently

Such are the ideals of

The Baynard Press

Sanders Phillips and Company, Limited
Chryssell Road, London, S.W.9
Printers of this Journal.

*

Practical Psychology

is the one study worth while, for it facilitates all others.

Anna Maud Hallam

is its pre-eminent exponent.

Look out for notices of her visit to your neighbourhood.

The opportunity to hear her

Should not be missed

Printed at the Baynard Press by Sanders Phillips & Company, Ltd., London, S.W.9, for the Federation of Practical Psychology Clubs of Great Britain, and published by them at 25 Bolton Road, Grove Park, Chiswick, W.4.