

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW of REVIEWS

DECEMBER
1923

Christmas Number

CONTENTS

The Mystic Lovers

Scientific Breathing

Teaching Sex to Children

The Immortality of Kindness

A God-Inhabited Republic

The Vulgarization of Christmas

Popular and Unpopular Christs

The International Psychological Press

577 Geary Street

Price 25 Cents
a Copy

San Francisco



The Open Door to Beauty

A NEW TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE

You may have a glowing skin of exquisite texture, you may possess a complexion that challenges instant admiration, through the use of these remarkable REJUVENATING PRODUCTS.

They are composed of the rarest and purest oriental oils and herbs perfumed with the exotic fragrance of the flowers of India.

THEY ARE COMPOUNDED FOR DEFINITE RESULTS.

A great luxury, moderately priced, for discriminating women.

Endorsed for their ABSOLUTE PURITY of INGREDIENTS, full weight and scientific manufacture by America's celebrated and foremost exponent of REJUVENATION, the absorbing theme of the hour.

BALM OF DELHI
DIL KUSHA CLEANSING CREAM
CIRCASSIAN ASTRINGENT
DIL KUSHA CRÈME PRINCESSE
DIL KUSHA COMPACT POWDERS

LOTION DE BEAUTÉ
NUBIAN POUDDRE DE BEAUTÉ
DIL KUSHA REVITALIZING CLAY
DIL KUSHA DAY CREAM

DIL KUSHA

REJUVENATING PRODUCTS, LTD.

BOMBAY

LONDON

PARIS

WESTERN DEPOT 577 GEARY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Goodman Printing Service, S. F.

The International Psychological Press

Books by Dr. Miller

Within the Holy of Holies.....	\$1.50
The Man of Galilee.....	1.50
Why is Perfection.....	.50
Friendship50

Books by Dr. Irvine

The Lady of the Chimney Corner.....	\$1.50
The Carpenter and His Kingdom.....	1.50
The Yankee with the Soldiers of the King.....	2.00

The Psychological Review of Reviews

A Monthly Magazine devoted to the varied activities of Mental Science groups throughout the world.

PORTRAITS

temple in which the sick soul may find healing and rest. who are in search of the Divine. It is a portrait gallery of their own souls' counter presentment. The author,

acts as Interpreter in the House Beautiful. As truly as medicine for the mind. Here is a rich

ITS

sued to all sorts and conditions of mind, body and soul.

critic describes this exquisite portrait of an Irish peasant in "MY ENEMY OF THE CHIMNEY CORNER." The scene is an alley, the people are peasants. There is hunger and laughter, there is tragedy and tears.

The best literary reviewers have put this book alongside Margaret Ogilvy and Augustine's tribute to his mother. The author,

ALEXANDER IRVINE

assures us that there isn't a line of fiction in the book. It is a picture of his youth and life as he knew it at the bottom of the world. The London Sphere announced it as "an undying classic." "A miracle, miraculously told," is how the Liverpool Post describes it. Sir Wm. Robertson Nicholl in the British Weekly called it

"A REALLY BEAUTIFUL BOOK"

And Nicholl knew one when he read it. Jack London and J. M. Barrie used almost exactly the same words to describe it. They said it was "One of the most beautiful things of the spirit that had ever come out of Ireland."

INTERNATIONAL PSYCHOLOGICAL PRESS

577 Geary Street
San Francisco, California, U.S.A

Gentlemen:

Please find enclosed \$2.50 in payment of 12 numbers of the Psychological Review of Reviews constituting one year's subscription beginning with the _____ issue.

Name _____

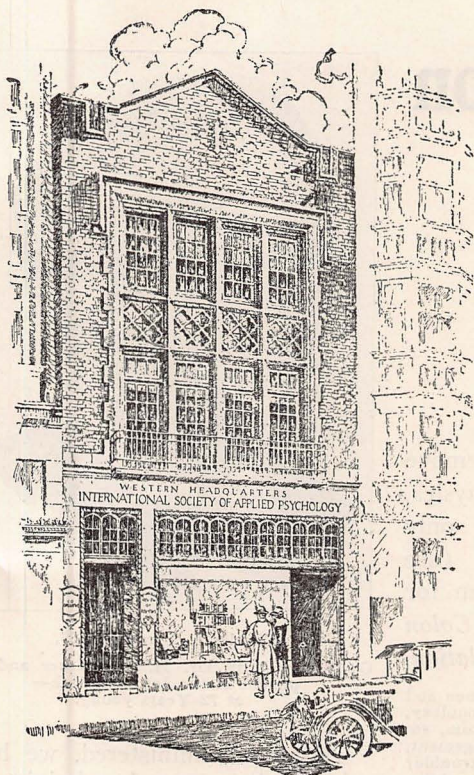
Street No. _____

City _____

Dated _____

192 _____

State _____



Western Headquarters International Society of Applied Psychology, 577 Geary Street

The International Psychological Press

Books by Dr. Miller

Within the Holy of Holies.....	\$1.50
The Man of Galilee.....	1.50
Joy is Perfection.....	.50
Friendship50

Books by Dr. Irvine

My Lady of the Chimney Corner.....	\$1.50
The Carpenter and His Kingdom.....	1.50
A Yankee with the Soldiers of the King.....	2.00

The Psychological Review of Reviews

A Monthly Magazine

Devoted to the varied activities of Mental Science groups throughout the world.

BOOK PORTRAITS

THE HOLY OF HOLIES.

As the name implies, the book is a temple in which the sick soul may find healing and rest. It is also a guide book for pilgrims who are in search of the Divine. It is a portrait gallery where those who enter may find their own souls' counter presentment. The author,

DR. ORLANDO EDGAR MILLER

stands at the door of the temple and acts as Interpreter in the House Beautiful. As truly as thoughts are things—words are medicine for the mind. Here is a rich

DEPOSITORY OF GOD'S THOUGHTS

clothed in men's choicest words and suited to all sorts and conditions of mind, body and soul.

"A SPIRITUAL DISPENSARY

To afflicted souls," is the way one critic describes this exquisite portrait of an Irish peasant mother in "MY LADY OF THE CHIMNEY CORNER." The scene is an alley, the people are peasants. There is hunger and laughter, there is tragedy and tears.

The best literary reviewers have put this book alongside Margaret Ogilvy and Augustine's tribute to his mother. The author,

ALEXANDER IRVINE

assures us that there isn't a line of fiction in the book. It is a picture of his youth and life as he knew it at the bottom of the world. The London Sphere announced it as "an undying classic." "A miracle, miraculously told," is how the Liverpool Post describes it. Sir Wm. Robertson Nicholl in the British Weekly called it

"A REALLY BEAUTIFUL BOOK"

And Nicholl knew one when he read it. Jack London and J. M. Barrie used almost exactly the same words to describe it. They said it was "One of the most beautiful things of the spirit that had ever come out of Ireland."

What Is the FIRST Question the Doctor Asks?

Doctors know that 90% of all human ills are due to constipation. The tragic thing is that few people know when they really are constipated!

Less than 10% of the cases examined by Dr. H. T. Turner, eminent specialist, were found to be free from the insidious ravages of constipation. Like a thief in the dark it attacks its victims, robbing them of brain energy, physical strength, and the vitality of life itself.

If you could only recognize this menace in time; if you could only see the terrible results of its neglect—but read this experience of Doctor Turner's. It is not at all an exceptional case, but, as he himself says, "Out of two hundred and eighty-four cases (representing nearly all the diseases known to our climate) two hundred and fifty-six were more or less as this one described."

A Typical Case

"I opened the Colon (in post-mortem examination) throughout the entire length of five feet and found it filled with faecal matter, encrusted on its walls and into the folds of the Colon, in many places as dry and hard as slate, and so completely obstructing the passage of the bowels as to throw the patient into violent colic (as his friends stated) sometimes as often as twice a month for years, and that powerful doses of physic were his only relief."

This condition, Doctor Turner further states, was the cause of hemorrhoids or piles of years standing.

"—and still this man had no trouble in getting his life insured by one of the best companies in America, and was considered a strong and healthy man by his family and neighbors."

This man and many others, says Doctor Turner, had regular evacuations of the bowels each day. How could they know the deplorable condition of their intestines—the condition that caused the doctor to say:

"As I stood there looking at the Colon, that reservoir of death, I expressed myself, as my patients do daily, in wonder that anyone can live a week, much less for years, with this cesspool of death and contagion always within him. The absorption of this deadly poison back into the circulation can but cause all the contagious diseases."

Laxatives Ineffective

It is useless to attempt to remove this encrusted matter with physics, says the doctor. Laxatives only empty the small intestines (see chart) giving temporary room for the overloaded stomach. *The Colon is left with its deadly accumulation.*

"Do you wonder, dear reader, that men and women die of premature old age, apoplexy, paralysis, dropsy, consumption, dyspepsia, so-called liver complaint, or biliary derangement, Bright's disease, or any other kidney trouble? Catarrh, epilepsy, rectal disease, syphilis, rheumatism, female diseases of all kinds and names, spinal irritation, peritonitis, all kinds of skin diseases and impurity of the blood, old cancers, and lastly, all kinds of fevers of a malarial or contagious nature, all have their origin in the Colon."

There is no man or woman who can read these terrible facts without asking himself or herself, "What am I doing to protect myself?"

What answer can you give to the question? You have seen that physics only aggravate the trouble. What then? Can you afford to let yourself slip knowingly into the conditions so graphically described by Doctor Turner?

Nature Can Help You

The prospect of a cureless disease would be disheartening, indeed, but Nature is always ready to rescue her children, if properly approached. The Internal Bath is Nature's own way of cleansing the Colon as the external bath is the way of cleansing the skin.

It is the Internal Bath, properly administered, that removes easily and painlessly the impurities in the Colon. And it is the Internal Bath, properly administered, that will KEEP the Colon sweet and clean throughout the length of your life.



Charles A. Tyrrell, M. D.
Co-Worker with Dr. H. T. Turner and exponent of the Internal Bath—
at 72 Years young.

Properly administered, we have said. Unless properly administered the Internal Bath may do more harm than good. There is ONE way of applying the treatment with absolute safety. That ONE way makes use of Nature aided to her greatest efficiency by the latest scientific methods.

The complete story of the Internal Bath, together with a detailed description of its CORRECT application, is available in the form of an interesting booklet, "Why Man of To-Day Is Only 50% Efficient."

You will be amazed at the revelation it makes, at the facts it discloses, at the secrets it bares. But what is more important, you will be thankful that you learned in time the information to save you ill-health and sorrow and gain you good health and happiness.

This vital booklet will cost you nothing. There is no obligation of any kind entailed. We are glad to furnish it absolutely free. Send in the coupon *to-day*.

Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell,
152 West 65th Street, Dept. 2
New York City.

I will appreciate your sending me immediately your interesting free book, "Why Man of Today Is Only 50% Efficient." This is to obligate me in no way.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

THE E. R. PARKER SYSTEM in Dentistry



DR. PARKER

The E. R. Parker System means the use of every known and proved method to give you good dentistry. It means better teeth for everybody, and this means better people. It means a fair price for dental work done by specialists. It means that every effort is made to give entire satisfaction to every patient treated in a Parker System office.

This System has succeeded because it believes in the Square Deal, and the Square Deal is the only thing that ever wins out.

This policy of pleasing and satisfying the people has been followed from the foundation of the business thirty years ago.

Dental offices have been established in different parts of the country, and each branch is a credit to the community in which it is located.

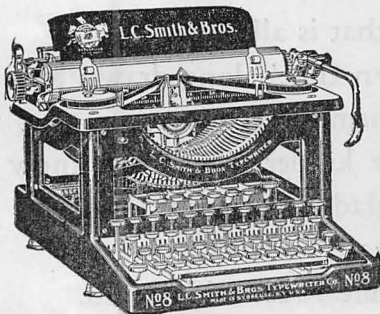
E. R. Parker System offices grow, and they grow faster as the public becomes familiar with the dependable services they render. There are now twenty-nine offices in the United States and Canada.

The System stands for progress—for what is newest and best.

The E. R. Parker dentists will do your work as well as dental work can be done and do it at a price you can afford to pay.

Do not neglect your teeth. Let the Painless Parker Dentists using the System examine them free and tell you in advance how little the price will be to put them in good condition again.

Painless Parker Dentists using the E. R. Parker System



"I Didn't
Know You
Could Do
That!"

This exclamation is often heard after our representative has shown a typist how to accomplish some desired result on the

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

There are so many things about this machine that add to the quality and quantity of work of an operator that we want to tell you about them. Ask for the illustrated chart-folder, No. 601, or for the booklet, "The Greyhound of the Office."

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co.

Executive Offices :: SYRACUSE, N. Y.

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE
432 Market St. Phone Douglas 677

SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD STORE

Carries a complete stock of Health Foods, Health Breads, Meat Substitutes, Nuts, Nut Meats, Dried Fruits, Honey, Natural Rice and Whole Grain Flour.

Have you tried our GENUINE WHEAT BREAD? A trial will convince you of its *Wholesome* and *Superior* quality.

Send for our Health Food price list.

Mail orders given prompt attention.

1166-1168 Market St. Phone Park 2928

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOVED BY EVERYBODY

By S. Brazier

(In the Egyptian room at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts are a number of tablets of the poor made of common clay. The hieroglyphics impressed upon them record the occupation but not the names of the deceased. One of them reads: "Keeper of the offerings to Khem and to Isis, in the service of Amnophis. Pronounced true. His wife, lady of the temple, loved by everybody.")



Carved in the granite rock the deeds
Of ancient Egypt's kings are told,
The records live while thrones decay,
And earth and time are growing old.
Amid these archives writ in stone,
A tablet, just of common clay,
The story tells of one unknown,
And yet of higher worth than they.
She swayed no scepter, wore no crown,
But lived with those of low degree,
"The lady of the temple, loved
By everybody"—that was she.
Oblivion blotted out her name.
No more of her will e'er be known.

Her loves, her joys, her griefs, her cares,
Are hid. This record lives alone.
If she were fair, or famed, or gay,
Or grave, no tablets now recall.
"The lady of the temple, loved
By everybody" that is all.
Sweet lady, down time's long-drawn aisle
Your fragrant memory survives;
And hearts grow kinder when they know
Your kindness gladdened many lives.
So in all ages, in all lands,
Does time the same sweet tale unfold.
Into endearing, loving deeds
The heart of woman coins its gold.



The PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW *of* REVIEWS

The Official Organ of the International Society of Applied Psychology

Vol. 1

DECEMBER, 1923

No. 3

SCIENTIFIC BREATHING

By Orlando Edgar Miller, Ph. D.

If one function, more than another, is essential to the health of the human organism, it is that of breathing. There is no one thing that man can do that is of so great importance to his well-being, physically, mentally and spiritually, as correct breathing. There is no one thing about himself of which the western man is so ignorant. In this western world we have taken it for granted that a child would just naturally breathe, and breathe naturally. Had the child been reared in a normal environment, as animals are in their natural habitat, this might be possible. But with the complexities and artificialities of this diseased condition we call "civilization," the human infant is the most helpless of all new forms of life. Centuries of substituting his reasoning faculties for his intuition has dulled that inner intelligence that is still present in the instinct of the normal animal and frees it from physical ills; that causes it to flee impending danger and to eat those things that its nature requires for its well-being.

A Child's Difficulties

Even today it often happens that an infant at birth shows a tendency to normal breathing, but by the time its little abdomen is bandaged "properly" by the nurse "to prevent rupture of the umbilicus," all possibility of normal breathing is elimi-

nated. If the child ever learns to breathe later on in life, it will be through a process of education, and not through any normal or natural instinct. If the child happens to be a female, by the time she reaches adolescence this abdominal bandage will have been made permanent. Then all possibility of correct breathing has been done away with.

The pathological results that grow out of wrong breathing are among the most serious, which, taken in connection with wrong feeding, constitutes the cause of over 90% of all the diseases the human body is heir to. Among the grosser things that grow directly out of wrong breathing are high blood pressure, auto-poisoning or intoxication, catarrh, bronchitis, colds, congestion, pneumonia, pleurisy, pulmonary tuberculosis, constipation and hernia (rupture). For the latter condition, in all our western countries, one man in ten and one woman in every twenty are wearing trusses today. Our newspapers are filled with advertisements of all sorts of quack nostrums to cure the well-nigh universal condition of constipation; and appendicitis which grows out of this condition is on the increase.

Cell Breathing

The fundamental misconception of the function of breathing is based upon ignorance of the fact that the lungs are the most

essential part of the feeding apparatus. They have very little to do with the function of getting air into the body, which the average layman ascribes to them. The individual cell in the body does its breathing very much as the individual amoeba or as the original unicelled life did long before lungs were evolved. Air is supplied to the individual cells of the body very largely through little openings in the skin. There are from seven to nine million of these little windows in the skin of the average sized man. It is of prime importance to see that these windows are kept open and clean so that the air can get in. Just how important this is may be measured from the fact that if you were to give a cat or a human being a coat of varnish, completely covering the skin, yet leaving open the mouth and ears and eyes and nostrils, so that the lungs could be worked to their capacity, death from asphyxiation would ensue within a very few hours' time.

On the other hand a very cursory examination of what takes place in the process of feeding one's self will show the true relationship of the lungs to the internal economy.

To properly understand the function of the lungs it will be necessary to know something of their structure and of the process that must be gone through with in getting food into the human system. Food is introduced normally through the mouth and is there given its first mechanical and chemical treatment. As you will understand in a few paragraphs below, it is impossible for food ever to feed a human being until after it has been rendered as fluid as the saliva before it leaves the mouth. The stomach has no teeth.

How Food Feeds

The process of mastication, when performed as natural frugivorous animals perform it, does three things. First, it exercises the teeth, gums, tongue and muscles of the face, and keeps them all in normal condition. Secondly, it renders solid food

into liquid, so that it can be absorbed, through the walls of the small intestines, into the blood. Thirdly, it supplies the most essential digestive fluid in the system. The chemical reagents that we speak of as digestive fluids, run in sequences. Like a row of bricks set up, if the first one is knocked down, the remaining bricks in the row fall automatically; the first brick in the row, so to speak, is the saliva in the mouth. If the food is properly masticated, not only is it thoroughly mixed with the saliva, but all starchy substances are converted, while in the mouth, into glucose or sugar. If this is well done, it calls forth the hydrochloric acid (salt brine) in the stomach, within a few minutes' time. The hydrochloric acid is absolutely essential to the preservation of the food and is also a powerful antiseptic with power to kill all sorts of microbes. The heat of the human stomach is practically 99° in the shade ($98\ 3-5^{\circ}$), the heat of the hottest day in summer. You know about how long it would take for food to putrify in a pantry at that temperature.

When one gulps his food without thorough mastication, the hydrochloric acid does not flow freely, never gets into the stomach under twenty to forty minutes, and then in insufficient quantities to be of any special service. The hydrochloric acid and the alkaline saliva, when mixed, call forth in turn the acid, gastric juice. These in turn superinduce the active ferment of the stomach, pepsin.

The peristaltic action of the stomach churns the food and thoroughly mixes the various chemical reagents. The resultant mixture is called chyme. After some hours' time, if there is nothing in the human stomach larger than a pea, the trap door, or pylorus, opens and allows the stomach content to trickle slowly into the duodenum, or lower stomach. If the chemical content is correct, due to the sequences, as above described—saliva, hydrochloric acid, gastric juice, pepsin, etc., then

the chemical addition of bile from the liver and the pancreatic juice are made to the mixture, chyme. With these final additions the mixture starts down the long, narrow, tortuous small intestine—the organ of absorption.

Before considering further the process of digestion and assimilation, we will examine into the most serious things that grow out of insufficient mastication. There not being a sufficient quantity of saliva to call forth the hydrochloric acid, with its preserving and antiseptic properties, the food begins within a few moments to ferment and finally to putrify. The frequent subjection of the healthy tissues of the stomach to this mass of putrifying garbage, in time results in ulceration and in many instances more serious abnormal growths, known as cancer.

Mastication and Cancer

Cancer of the stomach has never been and never will be caused by anything aside from non-mastication of food. A cancer specialist, upon first examining his proposed patient, will pump out the contents of the stomach and if he finds an absence of hydrochloric acid, he at once presumes that the growth is cancerous. Insufficient mastication, failing to call forth the other chemical reagents in the stomach proper, by the same token fails to call forth the bile and the pancreatic fluid in the duodenum. The suppression of the normal flow of the latter in time produces the disease that we speak of as diabetes. Diabetes has nothing whatever to do with the kidneys, but is purely a difficulty of the duodenum or lower stomach, and its principal cause is insufficient mastication.

Coming now to the small intestine, the organ of absorption, we observe a most vital process carried on in a most inexplicably intelligent way. Here it is that digestion is completed and assimilation begins. Here it is that we learn that “we live neither by what we swallow, nor yet by what we digest, but solely by what we

absorb.” The wall of the small bowel, over twenty feet in length, is covered by millions of little projections or teats called intestinal villi. Each villus is covered with a single layer of deep nucleated cells. Within each there are two sets of vessels—a loop of capillary blood vessels, and a corresponding loop of lymph vessels called lacteals. The lymphatic vessels absorb the fats in our food and carry away the milk-like chyle and the remainder of the absorbed substance is passed directly into the blood. This is done as food passes slowly down through the small intestine, if it is as thin or thinner than the blood, and it can be thinned out in no other place than the mouth.

The Work of the Lungs

This process requires several hours from the time the food leaves the mouth, but not a millionth part of a grain of it has yet fed the system, nor any part of the stomach or bowel through which it passed. Nor can it feed the system until it is dealt with in the lungs. The food having been absorbed into the blood through these little projections in the walls of the small intestines, is then carried to the lungs and there oxygenated. Until this process of oxygenation takes place, there can be no feeding. However the food may have entered the body, per rectum, subcutaneous injection or otherwise, this process is essential. The oxygenated blood is then carried by the arteries, which are little canals of water in which floats the little yellow ships, or cells, called red corpuscles, other little police cells, called the white corpuscles, or leucocytes, and other cells unnecessary to our present consideration. As these little yellow ships pass through the canals, the individual cells of the body absorb from them such food elements as they require to rebuild their worn out parts and cast the debris back into the little yellow ship. Hence, by the time the red blood corpuscle has reached the end of the artery and starts

(Continued on Page 41)

The Mystic Lovers

*"We Are Such Stuff as Dreams Are
Made of"*

I

The place where Clastres used to be is about ten kilometres from Ham and five from the German lines of March, 1918. A few old gables, heaps of rubble and brick were all that remained—long before the great offensive. The surrounding country was utterly devastated. On March 18, 1918, I was enjoying a cup of tea in a tent with some officers of the K. R. R.

"What do you make of that fellow Evans?" one officer asked another across the table.

"Oh, I think he's just a man whose brain is a little disordered and he can't keep his dreams and visions to himself," was the reply.

"Well," interposed a third, "to do him justice, we can't get over the accuracy with which he located that German battery the other night, can we?"

"My dear boy," said a Major, "we can't fight the Germans on the information furnished by a man—or a regiment of men—who tells us that his spirit leaves the body and visits the Boche. It is the old story of the Angels of Mons over again."

"Quite true, Sir," said a subaltern, "but when the airmen and all the resources at our disposal fail to locate a battery that has been giving us hell for a week, and this man takes a map and lays his finger on the spot, we could at least give him credit for that, and attach him to the Intelligence Department for a while to try him out on a few other things of that kind."

I became keenly interested, and asked who the man was and what he did. I found he was a private of more than ordinary intelligence who, after disclosing to

his captain his peculiar experience in dreams, suddenly found himself called "Joseph the Dreamer." Of course that was too long to last. It was quickly whittled down to "Joe." I found Joe in a garden. Whenever Tommy lands he begins forthwith to plant gardens, and in all France, Flanders and Belgium, no greater or more artistic work was done in this respect than among the shell-holes and ruins of Clastres. It was a joy to see these little plots, bordered by white-washed stones and divided here and there by gravel walks. Rustic woodwork stood awaiting the crimson ramblers and rods awaited the sweet-peas. There were vegetables of all kinds which would fill somebody's pot later—perhaps.

Joe did not feel inclined to talk. He told me that he was sorry he had ever told anybody of his experiences. Most men ridiculed the idea, but he had done some things of military value. He would "let it go at that," he said and "no longer invite ridicule." He was to be in Ham the following day, and promised to take tea with me.

I am a student of psychic phenomena, as most intelligent people are, but I am utterly bereft of personal experiences in such things. Most of my dreams are of the open-eyed daylight variety. But I have an open mind toward other varieties, and am a candidate for anything that will make the veil thinner and explain the mystery of dreams.

After tea on the 19th we went over to the old fortress—or what the Germans left of it—where Napoleon III was incarcerated for five years and from which he escaped in the smock frock of a day laborer.

"I have had strange dreams all my life," Joe began, "but during my life at the front I have had experiences that are new—quite new. Previously I could not remember a tenth of what I dreamed. Lately they are as clear as are the events of everyday life. Last week, for instance, I was asleep in a trench, when I suddenly arose out of the body, and I looked back at it as I left it curled up in a heap. I was enveloped in a greenish purple mist. I went over the German lines and into the German C. O's dug-out. He was discussing with his officers a British air raid. 'That battery must be moved at once,' he said. 'The chances are a hundred to one that those English swine have located it, and you know what that means. Here,' he said 'on the north-west corner of the four cross roads there is a hollow into which you can drag six big guns. Do it at once.' I looked at the map and wondered all the time why it was they did not seize me.

"Well, I said nothing about this until I overheard the Captain of my Company discuss with an artillery officer the marvellous shooting of a battery they had failed to locate. I quivered with emotion as I listened. When I saw the Captain alone I told him about the dream. He got a map and in two minutes I located the new position. 'Of course,' I said, 'they may not have moved, but I was there when the order was given.' "

"Was any attempt made by our artillery to verify your information?"

"You bet there was. They may call me all kinds of a fool, but when lives are at stake none of them would take the responsibility of ignoring what I had said. The airmen located it next morning, and our guns demolished the battery before noon."

"Were the dreams regular or just occasionally?"

"Every night I went into the German lines. I heard the soldiers talk and I knew what they were talking about; but what's

the use? When I found myself laughed at, I shut my mouth."

"Did you ever talk to the Germans?"

"No, I never talked anywhere in my dreams, except at St. Christophe."

"Tell me about that, please. I am tremendously interested."

"Well," he said as he lit a cigarette, "that is something of no interest to anyone but myself. It had nothing to do with the army at all, and—and—well, I would rather not talk about it."

I did not press him. By a few questions I learned that he knew nothing whatever of spiritualism or the cult called by that name. I told him of Bergson's theory of dreams. He had no theory of his own, but Bergson's did not appeal to him.

"To call sleep 'a period of disinterestedness' explains nothing," he said, "nor does it help me much to learn from your philosopher that our dreams are merely the escape of images which have been locked up in what you call the subconscious."

Of course," I said, "it's Bergson's guess at the riddle of dreams."

"But it's a poor guess at the riddle of my dreams."

As we discussed the matter he became less and less reticent until finally he told me the story of St. Christophe.

II.

I was born in the village of Northalberton, he said, and when I was fifteen years of age I began to have these strange dreams. I was endowed—sometimes I imagined that perhaps I was cursed—with an extraordinary love nature. The chief need of my life seemed to be a girl friend. A man or a boy is surely in for a lot of trouble if he has that kind of nature that he can fall in love with a different girl every week. That was my case.

One night in one of these dreams I went to a little village and met a girl—a very beautiful girl—and we became friends. Nothing in life was more real to me than



The Shepherdess by Lenoir

my association with that girl. It was due to her influence that I began to improve my mind. After a few months it began to be impressed upon me that this dream must have a reality back of it. I bought a bicycle and Saturday afternoons and Sundays I visited the villages east, west, north and south of Northallerton. Everything in my dream village was so clear that I would have known it at once. I kept up the search for years, but never found it. Our friendship grew more intimate and beautiful all the time.

The same thing happened at home as happened here. I was laughed at. Then I shut up and kept it all to myself.

The first night I was in France I spent at Ostrahove, near Boulogne, and that night I dreamed of a French village in which I became acquainted with a French girl. I could not speak a word of French, and she knew nothing of English, but we understood each other. She was a young shepherdess and looked after her father's sheep while he was at the front. Well, when I continued to visit this little village of brick houses and spend hours in the girl's company, I began to study French. The strange thing about that was that when I knew a little French I never used it with her. We continued to talk in our own language. I did not recognize a single word she was saying, nor did this seem to disconcert me in the least.

One night when I was in a field sitting beside the girl, a squadron of Gothas came over and almost demolished the village. The sheep were dispersed and the people fled from their homes, I clung to the girl and after the bombardment we wandered among the ruins looking for her home. But we were unable to find it.

When we entered the front line trenches my dreams changed. Almost every night I was in the German trenches and dug-outs. When there I was always obsessed with fear of detection.

When we came out of the line for rest I began to visit the demolished village. The girl was the only one of her family left. They had all been scattered or killed. I helped her to fix up a temporary domicile in the kitchen of a demolished house. I cleared the debris away and uncovered the hearth. The chimney was about four feet high and there was an iron rod in it, on which a pot could be hung. Every time I visited her I noticed that there were fewer people around. Finally, she remained alone—the sole occupant of the village.

One night when I arrived she had arranged with her own hands a little chapel. Pictures of saints were tacked to the walls—the walls were only a few feet high. In the center of one wall was a large crucifix. She took me by the hand and made me kneel in front of it. I was silent. She was muttering prayers. Presently she turned and, taking my hands, arranged them in the attitude of prayer. I think it was the first time I had ever really prayed. I prayed for what was uppermost in my mind. I wanted to marry that girl, and appealed to God to help me.

When we got up, the girl put her hands on my shoulders and in clear English said: "My dear, I am the Bride of Christ."

I was puzzled. I didn't know what she meant. She was smiling—oh, God! If you could have seen that smile.

My battalion went to Abbeville. One day I was going down that long, narrow street that runs from the Cathedral to the Somme when in a stationer's window I saw a picture. The sight of it transfixed me. It took my breath away for a moment. It was a brown photograph of a painting by Lenoir. But it was a portrait of my girl. Have you ever seen "The Shepherdess," by Lenoir?

"No," I said, "I never have."

Well, it's a beautiful shepherdess standing against an old tree. She has a long staff—one end on the ground, the other

close against her mouth, and you would imagine at first glance that she is putting the forefinger of her left hand to her beautiful lips; but she is just holding the shepherd's staff and looking so demure, so coy and so beautiful. The face was hers, the dress the same, and beyond is a cottage with smoke coming out of the chimney. Her sheep are around, but the hill in the picture was strange to me. There was no hill near her village.

I bought the picture. I made enquiries about Lenoir. No one there knew anything about him. I was sure now that behind these dreams there was a background of life and reality. Strange to say, however, my dream village and my dream girl seemed to go out with the coming of this wonderful picture. After that I was engrossed in the fight. My dream peregrinations were amongst the Germans. I learned many things over there which would have been of great value, but I did not intend to be a butt of ridicule, so I kept silent.

For over a year my only consolation was that picture. Still I did not despair. How I longed to dream again! But my dreams were of battles, intrigues, surprises and air raids only.

One day we encamped and dug in around St. Christophe. The second day the officers of my company found a comfortable place in an old house. I heard one of the batmen describe it.

"May I have a look at that place?" I asked.

"What for?"

"Oh, just curiosity."

When I had a look at the place a thrill of joy ran through me. It was my dream house, and St. Christophe was my dream village. Now for the dream girl!

The very pictures were on the wall, and the crucifix before which I knelt with her were just as I had seen them. So was the kitchen. Of course it took no Sherlock Holmes' intellect to reason it out—that the

inhabitants, those who were not killed or taken prisoners, had gone to Ham or Amiens. I was wild with excitement. I could not sleep at all that night. I was too full of sheer joy.

Amiens was out of the question. Ham was quite near. I took full advantage of every chance to come here. First of all I went to the old Cure of the Parish. He was so worried and abused by the Germans when they occupied the town that he lived in a dazed condition. He examined the picture. He listened to my story. I watched his face as if my very soul's destiny depended upon the emotions that flitted across his broad features. Perhaps it did, too—who knows?

"I am not sure, my son," said the old man, "but I think this child (child, indeed) attends the first Mass on Sunday mornings. I will find out for you."

I could have gathered the old chap in my arms and kissed him. That was Friday afternoon. I told him I would come on Monday. After I left him I traversed every foot of those streets of Ham. I gazed into the eyes of every girl I met. I peered in doors and windows. I showed the picture to a news-vendor. He shook his head. I went to the depot and showed it to the station-master. He showed it to a porter, the porter thought he had seen her in town. I could speak French with ease now and I made all my inquiries in that language. The porter promised to help me to find her. I promised him a hundred francs if he was successful. The station-master suggested the Post Office! Ah, I hadn't thought of that! To the Post Office I went and presented the picture.

"Madam, do you know that face?"

"Oui, M'sieur! That is Germaine Moreau. But Mon Dieu, where did she have such a picture taken?"

"Do you know her address?"

"Y-e-s, but——"

"Will you let me have it, please?"

"M'sieur, she is a holy maid—to be a Sister of Mercy—she doesn't want to know soldiers."

"Madam," I retorted hotly, "when your Poilus put on the new uniform of La Belle France, do they cease to be men? I am an Englishman, fighting for France. I ask for courtesy only!"

"Pe vous demande mille pardons, M'sieur!"

I got the address and I found my dream girl! She was sitting at a low window sewing, and the moment she saw me, she came and opened the door.

"Germaine!"

"Armand!"

"My name is not Armand," I said, as she reached both her hands out to me.

"Your name is Edmund," she said, "but I have changed it to Armand!"

"Oh!"

"Yes, it is better, and then I alone use it! Come in!"

Her story was not unlike the stories of thousands of French peasants. Her father died in action. Her mother and two sisters were killed in an air raid, two sisters had disappeared. She lived with her aged and crippled grandmother. The strangest thing in all this is that she had never been conscious of my presence in St. Christophe. She only knew me in the British trenches when she came in her dream life to visit me. She had no recollection of telling me that she was the bride of Christ. For a moment I was full of joy, but joy that was short-lived. St. Catherine—whoever she may be—had warned her in a vision that our friendship was to be of the spirit. She had set her face towards the Convent and was spending most of her life in preparation.

When I produced my Lenoir, she was astonished at the likeness, but had never posed for a painting. She was filled with wonder when I told the story of my dream visits. Then I made my plea in the name, not of any saint, but in the name of Le

Bon Dieu, and a month later she gave me her love and a promise to share my life. We are going to help rebuild St. Christophe!

III.

On March 20th I addressed the officers and non-commissioned officers of a brigade of the Ulster Division at St. Christophe! The story of the previous day, told me on the ramparts of the fortress, had filled me with a deep sense of things mystical and beyond my ken. I wandered around the ruins and in mental images reproduced the scenes described. Then I set out on foot for Ham.

Passing through St. Sulpice, I overtook the mystic Rifleman. I was to address a thousand men in the Ham theatre in the evening and my friend said he would be present. It was an enthusiastic gathering and before I got off the platform, it was decided that I should give another address on the following Sunday in the same place.

General Abbott waited for me in the corridor and we walked together through the streets of Ham. A few minutes after the General had turned a corner, a hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned and faced my friend the dreamer.

"I have but a minute," he said, "but I thought I must see you—just to say Au revoir and a word of warning."

"Thank you!" I said, and I turned and walked with him toward his camp.

"You will never speak there again," he began; "by this time tomorrow, death, hell and chaos will reign supreme."

"Hardly as bad as that, old man!" I said—"death, yes; hell, too, but neither one nor the other can ever be supreme. Life is and will continue to be supreme."

"Yes," he said, "you are right—and then, the spirit of man is indestructible!"

His last word as we parted on the road to Clastres was "Cheerio!"

Next morning, at four, I was awakened by the thunder of the guns. The old

(Continued on page 39)

IN THE SCHOOL OF THE WOODS

*How a Father Taught His Children the
Facts of Life*

Twenty years ago a New York woman immortalized herself by a long and hard but ultimately successful fight against the screaming boat whistles on the Hudson.

But the noises on the river were as a gentle zephyr compared to the eternal high explosive barrage on the ear drums of those who have to live with railways thundering and crashing over and under beside and around them.

Between one and three in the morning there is a lull—a softening of the sounds. Silence, never. The milkmen open with a crescendo. Then the heavy wagons, the clattering hoofs, the rumbling street cars and deafening elevated, the tooting of horns, whistling screaming sirens. We used to live near the elevated and a train passed every minute. We had to shout at each other to be heard a foot away.

The sounds change a little in the summer—then all windows are open and from the openings to the caves there issues the thousand and one sounds humanity is capable of making. The taxis get lively in the early evening. The babies begin to howl. In the summer evening every conceivable form of musical torture, from a jews harp to a steam whistle—every species of canned noise and concentrated rasping grating sound from a tin whistle to a caliope are uncorked and let loose. Later when the babies have piped down the cats come to grips and argue over their domestic affairs in tones that can be heard a mile away.

A million years from now when ear-drums and nerves can be bought in packages as we now buy macaroni and shoe strings, these miniature earthquakes may be negligible things, but just now they fill the graveyards and insane asylums.

The shock of a thousand noises would not be so bad either if there was anything that could rest the eye. Every time we looked out of the window or went out of the door, we saw a wilderness of stone and brick and iron. This ganglia of hideousness jars the senses as the noise jars the nerves. There is nothing else to look at. There are beautiful things and places, but they are far removed from where we all spend our lives.

In this savage maw of civilization that we call a city, work is salvation. Those engaged in the great game of business are so engrossed during the day that they neither hear nor see anything else.

What a Boy Learns on the Streets

It was not the sounds, nor yet the sights, that drove us from this modern Babylon. It was a common every day incident of no particular importance to any one but ourselves. Our boy Billy, just turned five, came in off the streets one day and threw into us a mouthful of vulgar obscene language that he had picked up outside amongst his companions. He looked quite proud of himself and probably imagined he was enlarging our limited vocabularies. My wife gasped and looked helplessly at me. What could I say? What could I do? A thousand times we had talked about getting a place in the country—for the children's sake. We never thought of leaving this hell of noises and foul smells and hideous sights on our own account.

I used to write at a window out of which I saw all day long Jefferson Market Jail and police court. As hideous a pile of brick and iron as ever defiled the earth. Mrs. Eddy had nothing on me. I used to believe it was the Alhambra—the palace of the Moorish Kings.

Different races have different smells. We were sandwiched in between about ten different races—who fed on as many different kinds of food and between them provided every known shade of odoriferousness. When an amalgam of these odors reached us through halls, corridors and open windows, I gave it a name—I called it “attar of Roses.”

From that pinnacle of idealism Billy’s mouthful of unconscious obscenity brought me down with a thud. “All right” I said to my wife, “that settles it. We’ll get a ten-acre lot with a shack on it somewhere in the country.”

We had no illusions about the moral superiority of the country. Whatever or whoever we met there would be made of the same stuff as our neighbors in the city. The same would be true of the children. We were full of hope that it would be better in many ways for them, it couldn’t possibly be worse.

We found a small farm and moved. It was situated up near the Catskill mountains, four miles from the nearest anything. We had a horse, to make the eight-mile journey daily. I had no intention of trying to farm when we went there but I had to abandon that. Before I had been there a week I found great difficulty in attending to my writing. The fascination of planting and pruning and cultivating took a strong hold upon me and I indulged in it more and more every day. The beauty of the country was beyond my wildest dream.

The Silences

The most wonderful thing in it all was the silence. What a contrast to the nerve racking roar of Babylon! The first sounds in the morning were bird notes. The sight that met my gaze as I opened my eyes was a green meadow bordered with maple trees. As an art critic I had visited the great galleries of Europe. I had visited the Tros-

sacks, Killarny and the beauty spots of England, France and Germany. Nothing I had ever seen produced in me the aesthetic emotion so quickly and held it so permanently as this little valley that Irving went through when he was getting a background for Rip Van Winkle.

But I am not writing a treatise on country life. Nor trying to explain the processes through which one travels to attain what is called the simple life. That is quite another story. I am trying to describe how I discovered my children and how they discovered me—which is more important.

Our first great sorrow on the farm was the illness of wife and mother—an illness which necessitated her removal from our place which we called Happy Hollow. Left alone I had to shoulder the double responsibility. I was fortunate in getting a colored woman to cook and keep house. We called her mammy. After a few weeks with us she had to have her daughter Lulu with her. Rather than lose her I was not only willing to take Lulu but any of her worthless ex-husbands—if I had to do it. She was a jewel of a housekeeper.

One evening Jack, my ten-year-old boy, asked me for a dime. I asked him what he wanted it for and he was ashamed to tell me. I imagined he might want to buy something from the half dozen boys who attended the same school at Yorkville Corners—our village, four miles away.

A Boy at the Curious Age

When I saw his embarrassment I made it easy for him. I gave him the money and remarked that as I trusted him I hoped the time would never come when he could not trust me. I abruptly left him at that point—just to give him a chance to think.

Before going to bed he came and shamefacedly told me that Tom Clifford, one of his school chums, who lived a mile beyond

us on the main road, had offered to tell him a lot of secrets about men and women. Part of the trade was that Jack was to be shown some of the pictures that Tom had procured somewhere.

Jack had arrived at the curious age. Tom had whetted the edge of his curiosity. He had been duly impressed with the idea that if Tom was caught showing them he would be arrested. The dime was a nominal charge for risks involved. The whole proposition had excited Jack.

I was considerably jarred, but I didn't show it. I treated it as if it was a trade in marbles. Later I tried to beat Tom Clifford by a better offer. I told Jack that we had no dimes to throw away and for that same dime I would tell him ten times more secrets about men and women than Tom or Tom's father or his grandfather ever knew.

He held the stakes, and agreed to give me the first chance. This incident occurred on Friday. There was no school the following day and it was unlikely that Tom would "follow up" his offer before Monday. Tom wasn't the bad boy of our country side. He was as good as the best of them. A bigger boy had aroused Tom's curiosity by this putrid stuff and Tom was passing it along. My boy might have been the next,

Well, this was going Babylon one better. I went to Babylon for a cure. I took the earliest train and was back at noon. I brought with me equipment for a few day's adventure—perhaps the adventure of a life time. An anatomical chart, a text book on physiology with colored drawings, an insect net, a powerful magnifying glass and a descriptive Botany.

The Risk

My three children were all keyed up to high tension. We were going out into the woods to explore. It was to be a voyage of discovery, and as we were taking Mam-

my along there was only one doubt in my mind. The adventure might cost me a cook. Not because she was fat and stoggy and would find it difficult to keep up, but because ninety-nine of every hundred minds, whether rich or poor, black or white, are conventional minds and balk and sulk and kick at unconventional things. I risked it.

We were to have supper in the woods. Mammy and Lulu carried the things necessary for that. For a supper camp we selected a small clearing where we deposited our supper baggage. Mammy's keenness to hear all was said was a little surprising to me, but the secret of it was that Jack had gone into the kitchen and had told her that Dad was going to tell about how she was born!

In the clearing there was an old twisted apple tree on which a few blossoms still remained. I removed and preserved them. I caught a bee in my net. I sent Jack in search of wild roses, Billy to get some wild Marigolds and Nora to bring some buttercups.

With these I made my first demonstration. Slowly and carefully I took the apple blossoms apart—petal by petal. I explained the function of each part—calyx, stamens, pistils and authers. The ovules of the stigmas were put under the glass and minutely explained. Then the bee was produced and examined. I removed some of the pollen from his thighs and told of its place in the flower world. I did the same thing with the buttercups, marigolds and wild roses.

"This bee," I said, "is a minister in flower land. He marries flower men and flower women. They advertise for him. In fact they themselves are colored posters. He sees the posters, and knowing just what to do he unites bride and groom with his yellow dust on his legs."

"Why don't they marry themselves?" Jack asked.

Because these flowers—the marigolds—are brothers and sisters, and flowers are like men, they prefer to marry someone else's brother or sister. The bee finds a groom down here in the woods and then finds a bride in another family a mile away.

A Queen From the Bush

At this point, I told of a queen bee who came all the way from Australia to Yorkville Corners to get married. She came in a ship to San Francisco. Then in a train to New York and finally to her destination. The farmer who received her opened her little house that she had traveled in and let her out. There were a lot of gentlemen bees around. The queen selected six of them, and with these she flew off for a sort of love-making picnic. It could not be called a honeymoon because until she had carefully looked these men over could she determine which of them she would select for her husband. With her party she alighted on a tree and proceeded to examine them. Finally she chooses one and sends the others back or about their business. Her husband becomes the father of a thousand little bees. How that was done was carefully explained. Of course I could not omit the more tragic side of this royal wedding. During the honey-moon the queen always stings her husband to death.

"Why?" asks Billy and Nora in one breath.

"Perhaps Mammy can tell us?" I suggested.

"Because maybe he wuz just wuthless!" was the guess she made—evidently out of her experience.

Hush! Listen! Do you hear that call? Like a ball of fire through the bright green foliage flitted the Scarlet Tanager. We followed him to the outer rim of the orchard where Mrs. Tanager in a sea green Summer dress sat on their future family. To my great surprise Mammy followed us. She was puffing and blowing like a porpoise,

but just as keen on what was being said as any of the children.

We sat on the grass while I told the story of the romance of these young people who were enjoying their first experience of family life.

One morning early in the Spring, this lady, who is now Mrs. Tanager, was washing out a few tail feathers in a magnolia tree by the Gulf of Mexico, when this gaily dressed Beau Brummel of bird land came along and offered to lend a hand—or a bill, to be exact. Now, asking a young unmarried girl Tanager to let him help her in this delicate part of her toilette is like a boy asking a girl to let him powder her nose. In either case they smile and refuse. But she liked his voice. His feathers had been carefully dry cleaned, and he had washed his feet. After some conversation about nothing in particular the lady told him she would be pleased to have him call again. "No," he said, "I've had one experience of that kind quite recently—a young lady told me to call again and I lost her address; if you don't mind I'll just hang on while I'm here."

While waiting around he gave a graphic description of this orchard and as she came from New Jersey where a giant mosquito deprived her mother of an eye she became engaged at once. So here they are. I'll just ask Mrs. Tanager to let us have a look at the inside of her bungalow. When she hopped off she joined her husband on the top of a maple tree and we looked in. There were four eggs.

Seating ourselves on the grass again, I took from a little pill box a pigeon's egg and explained in detail how it arrived at that stage. I broke it and gave more explanations. A newly laid hen's egg was next found and examined. Then I spread out the charts and drawings and compared them with the actual things we were examining.

(Continued on page 26)

AMERICA'S "WAIT AND SEE" POLICY

By PROF. ROSSIER
Lausanne University

The American Republic has not a good press in the Old World. In Europe we are surprised that a country of unbounded resources which were hardly touched by the war should find it difficult to recover its economic and social equilibrium. And we are inclined to attribute this to the incapacity of its government. We are astonished to see an intelligent nation divided into two bitterly hostile camps over a question like prohibition. Above all, we indict the United States of egoism and blindness to its own interests because it refuses its material and moral aid to Europe.

On the latter point a good deal remains to be said; for the question is much more complex than our good people here generally suppose. Americans do not admit that they have any special obligations to Europe. They belong to another continent. They are mostly descended from emigrants who left the Old World to get away from its troubles, and have no desire to renew their relations with it. When the World War broke out, they at first regarded the conflict as a purely European affair. They looked upon it much as we should look upon a fight between two Spanish-American republics south of the equator. This attitude changed little by little. The Germans who tried to establish coaling stations in the Caribbean, who sent their submarines across the Atlantic, who intrigued with Mexico, and who published in their press wild projects of world domination, did their part to hasten it. The Americans gradually came to believe that the war was due not merely to the rivalries of certain Old World countries, but also to the overweening ambition of a nation that fancied the moment had come to impose its economic, intellectual, moral, and po-

litical supremacy on all other nations. By what was *almost a miracle*, the ideas of an elite thus became the conviction of a people. I say a miracle, because anyone who has resided in the central part of the United States, who is familiar with the preoccupations and ideas that prevail there, and who appreciates how remote that region is from us and our affairs, finds it hard to understand how the Great American Republic came to throw itself with such enthusiasm and whole-heartedness into a European struggle. President Wilson's eloquence, which he used to persuade his people that what was originally a war of self-defense and precaution had become a grand humanitarian adventure and a sacred duty, certainly played a great part in this change.

But such exaltation of sentiment was evidently abnormal. It could not outlive the enthusiasm that begat it. It was sure to wane when the war fever cooled. None the less, if we are to believe Colonel House, three-fourths of the citizens of the United States were ready to have their country join the League of Nations when Mr. Wilson returned from Paris.

But grave faults were committed; and when the Senate refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, except subject to important amendments, the situation had already changed. The Republican Party, which at first shrank from open opposition to a popular President, decided to throw down the gauntlet; it felt opinion swinging its way.

In fact, the American people were losing one illusion after another. *They had expected miracles* from their great effort in the war. They imagined that a new Europe would arise, organized according to principles of justice and obeying absolutely

the wishes of its people. But the Versailles Treaty, so laboriously elaborated, already aroused opposition and indignation. The President, who had assumed sole responsibility for that document, became an object of attack for deluding its critics. His adversaries had an easy task. They accused him of betraying the hopes of his countrymen, of imposing new and heavy burdens upon them, of seeking to meddle in the petty and selfish quarrels of an old continent, which it was the chief glory of free America to have avoided. The unfortunate League of Nations Covenant became the football of party politics. So when the presidential election of 1920 came and the people were called upon to express their will, they condemned Mr. Wilson's policies by a majority of seven million votes. . . .

The feeling thus expressed has remained essentially unchanged for the past three years, notwithstanding the optimistic reports of a few imaginative visitors who have conversed with discontented Americans. Of course, the Democrats have won some significant successes at the polls. A live Opposition can always do this, because it profits by the mistakes and disappointments for which the party in power is always held responsible. But if Mr. Wilson should be strong enough to compel his followers to make the League of Nations a plank in the democratic platform next year, his party would be undoubtedly defeated a second time. . . .

Yet, we need not assume that the American people are entirely enchanted with a *policy of isolation*. They know quite well that in our present age of steam, petroleum, and electricity distances are rapidly disappearing, and that a great nation can no longer live for itself alone, but must accustom itself to close communion with its neighbors. The educated classes see still further. They judge, for the most part, that the tide of reaction which manifested itself so emphatically in 1920 has passed

its flood. They regret that their Government has not used more judiciously the unprecedented influence it possessed at the hour of victory. They believe that if the Senate had ratified the Guaranty Treaty signed by Mr. Wilson, Europe would not be in her present ruinous condition; that if Governor Cox had been elected President, the French would not be in the Ruhr to-day. It is always a sad reflection to think that you have missed an occasion for doing good when it was in your power; and the sadder when one is convinced that the prosperity of the New World depends upon the recovery of the Old World. Last of all, Americans are beginning to worry lest a new war may break out in Europe and compel their country to intervene again. Is it not a simple dictate of wisdom to take timely precautions to prevent such evils?

Who are better informed Americans are inclined to answer yes. They are not uninterested in foreign questions. The trouble is, they do not know how to intervene usefully in our affairs without entangling themselves in a maze of complication and controversies of which they want to hear nothing.

Those Americans who study European conditions are shocked at the *deplorable disorder* of our continent. They see that European nations hate each other more bitterly than ever; that armaments, kept up at the same strength as before the war, absorb the wealth of our impoverished people; they suspect our governments of all sorts of ambitions and unjust designs; and judging our situation with the practical-mindedness of the New World they cannot understand how a continent that sincerely wants peace could permit itself to come to its present pass. In any case, they have made up their minds not to burn their fingers with our chestnuts.

(Continued on page 27)

THE MEDIOCRE CHRIST

By ALEXANDER IRVINE

We have made Christ in our own image:

The thinning, attenuating and expurgating of Christ began in the days when His followers felt that a book was necessary. Much was gained by having a book and much was lost. The disciples began early to measure life by a book and life can only be measured by life.

The philosophy of the Galilean, according to His biographers—was the establishment in the heart of a little Kingdom of Love. It was a Gospel, a religion of Love—love to the Father and love to men. Paul was the first to set aside the idea of the Kingdom and it never regained the place that Jesus gave it.

In the course of time we lost the Christ of Matthew, Mark and Luke and we found another, but they are not the same. They do not produce the same effects. One is kind, loving, tender. The other as Paul sees him is a modified Prince Rupert.

No man had a better opportunity of knowing Christ than Peter. Peter was a man of heart—more heart than intellect. He lived with Him, traveled with Him and was one of the twelve who preached the Kingdom. And yet when the Master was taken from them Peter forgot much that he had been taught. We find him foolishly contending that in order to get into the new Kingdom that Jesus described—men should be circumcized!

How strange, too, that Paul, who set aside the concept of the Kingdom, should be the one to expose Peter's foolishness and show that the religion of Jesus was a matter of the spirit—not a matter of the flesh.

The early Church was a revamped Judaism. It took over the synagogue, bag and baggage, and from then until now we have been adding frills and furbelows and

baptizing them with sacred names. Sacerdotalism came and remains. People unable to understand an abstract idea centered their minds on symbols of ideas and in the course of time the symbol became real and the idea became unreal.

We lost the Kingdom. We found a Church. The unity of love gave way before the cruel selfishness of sects. Christians killed each other in the name of Christ. They are still hating each other in the same name. And they are still killing each other for political and economic reasons.

II

If the blind lead the blind,
Both shall fall into the ditch.

The lie of religion is not, as Max Nordau would have us believe, in the faith of a never ending life, or a belief in an invisible God. The lie of religion is that we say one thing and do another. We say that we believe in Christ and we daily give the lie to our profession.

The blackest page of the history of the English people is the vulgar brutality of Christians toward the children of the poor, in the early stages of the age of machinery when England was becoming the workshop of the world.

Organized religion not only winked at the tyranny but helped the tyrants to defraud and cripple and rob the children. Even Wilberforce, the great emancipator of the black man, helped the new industrial aristocracy of England to squeeze the blood out of the poor whites! Gladstone, the great Commoner, combined his force with the reactionary forces in preventing an education bill for the workers. These

great men were eminent ornaments of the Church.

The Missionary zeal of the English Christians from 1730 to 1825 seems to have been almost entirely confined to making the working class docile, tractable and obedient slaves to the new overlords of the cotton trades!

The Clergy were often magistrates and overseers of the poor and invariably could be counted with the rich and powerful against the forces of the poor and the weak.

Occasionally a Churchman like Kingsley broke away from the dull low average, but the best friends of the children and the workers were men who were considered pagans and infidels in their day.

The Democratic ideal has never found a kindly reception in the camp of religion. Its best exponents have been camp followers. In theory, yes, of course, but seldom in practice. Dr. W. S. Rainsford describes in a recent book how he wanted to have on his vestry a working man and the idea was opposed by the late J. P. Morgan. The rector won, in the end. But the aristocrats of the vestries are not all Morgans by any means. This is the first instance I have known of a working man on a vestry in New York. Their absence is not due to rich men as much as it is to the snobbery of the near-rich and the parvenue.

III

Whited sepulchers—
Full of dead men's bones.

Why should we blame the Church for the war? Only a moron believed that organized religion had power to stop or mitigate it. The war was due to greed. Whether greed of glory or power or territory, what does it matter?

When the match lit the gunpowder, German Christians, and Belgian and

French Christians, later British and American Christians, blew each other into shredded flesh.

There are millions of disciples of Christ, American and British, who on the flimsiest pretext could be sicked at each other like dogs tomorrow and repeat all the vulgarities, brutalities and indecencies of the late war! Their Christianity wouldn't amount to a pinch of snuff.

That is because we worship a dummy Christ. A Saviour of Mediocrity, an attenuated ghost who has less influence in our lives than a yellow newspaper. All that would be needed for another halocaust would be a few just such men as are now in Congress and in the House of Commons—all good Church-members—all triflers who play to the galleries, to consider themselves on one side or the other, insulted—then the papers and the demagogues and the morons and the hoi poli would do the rest.

In 1814 when the Americans and the English were drawing up articles of agreement about the war they had been fighting for there wasn't a word in the settlement about the original cause of the conflict.

Who ventures the suggestion that religion of any kind ever mattered when the demagogues of a nation send their dupes out to fight for them? Was there ever a war in which the priests of all denominations did not piously ask the Almighty to give them a hand in killing their enemies? Who ever heard of a German Quaker? Who knows that the only bishop who could not follow the nation into war became a sort of ecclesiastical pariah? Who cares? How laxidaisical, how cold and inert is the whole body of Christians toward the men who differed with us on the war and are now in jail The religion of a spineless Christ is quite willing to let them rot.

On the great moral issues of the world the Church is not only asleep—she is snoring loudly!

IV

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Our Spiritual Status Quo is the apotheosis of Mediocrity.

We live in a mediocre age. The times are blase. Our ideas are out of joint. There is no outstanding figure in any department of our national life. We came out of the war disgruntled, sour, disillusioned. The nations did not fall down and worship us! Our disguises were too thin. They saw through them.

We are in a backwash and content to remain there. We repudiated the war, like an elephant on a basket of eggs we sat on the peace. We washed our hands before the world and found no fault with ourselves. We unctuously flatter our vanity by doling out alms to a starving world. Our politicians are so accustomed to the vocabulary of patronage and pauperism that they half unconsciously use it when they address nations that were old before we were born. If Russia is good as we interpret goodness, we will do business with her! And our national affairs are always in the hands of the least competent.

Sometimes mediocrity has the nerve to flaunt itself in our faces. It makes a display—always with cap and bells, always with drums and tin horns.

Here is the statement of one of our pundits as he boasts of our contributions to Civilization. In his essay on "American Character" Prof. Brander Matthews quotes President Eliot of Harvard:

"President Eliot holds that we have made five important contributions to the advancement of civilization. First of all, we have done more than any other people to further peace-keeping (this was before the war) and to substitute legal arbitration for the brute conflict of war. Second, we have set a splendid example of the broadest religious toleration—even though Holland first showed us how. Third, we have made evident the wisdom of universal manhood suffrage. Fourth, by our welcoming of

new comers from all parts of the earth, we have proved that men belonging to a great variety of races are fit for political freedom. Finally, we have succeeded in diffusing material well-being among the whole population to an extent without parallel in any other country in the world."

These things President Eliot says "are triumphs of reason, enterprise, courage, faith and justice over passion, selfishness, inertness, timidity and distrust."

There could be no better illustration of the way the mediocre mind works than the above. The note in parenthesis by Prof. Matthews that "even though Holland showed us how," is good and naive. All of the statements are in as much need of editorial tinkering as that one.

The Chautauqua mind (of which Mr. Bryan is probably the best example), the Bourgeois mind, the mind of eminent respectability, the patriotic mind and the typically religious mind, are all of one texture, one color, one dimension. Separately or combined they are the mind of mediocrity.

The mediocre mind is ill mannered. It is always boasting of its superiority and exalting itself at the expense of another. Its comparisons are always odious and its balances unfair. Christ condemned everything that the mediocre mind commends and reproveth everything that it approves.

V.

Cast ye not pearls before swine.

In "The Lost Leader" Browning says "Just for a handful of silver he left us, just for a ribbon to stick in his coat." No such charge can be laid at the door of any American leader. Any youth can be cured of progressive tendencies by a college course. No class, no group of highly specialized leaders are more mediocre than college presidents.

Occasionally in the smaller colleges a president may be found who has power and personality. Scarcely ever in the larger

universities. Mediocre faculties, mediocre boards of directors produce mediocre leaders, and mediocre institutions. It would be just as impossible for a progressive minister to be elected bishop as it would be to have a progressive educator—if one could be found—elected to the presidency of Yale, Harvard or Columbia. The fact that Phillips Brooks was really bishop of the Diocese that continues to send H. C. Lodge to the Senate is one of the little paradoxes that inspire us with hope. Then there was the late Bishop Spaulding of Utah, and his successor, Paul Jones, who left his group and swam up-stream alone and escaped the paralysis of mediocrity.

If the Binet-Simon psychological tests were applied to the House of Bishops it would be discovered that the average intelligence is very low. By intelligence is meant, the general capacity of an individual consciously to adjust his thinking to new requirements—a mind that can adjust itself to new problems and new conditions.

The prevailing political type of mind in the United States is what is known in England as Conservative-Liberal. We have never progressed as far as a Radical Conservative. Our political philosophy is of the 18th century and the bulwarks and fortifications of that mental state is the mediocrity of the religious leaders.

Hopeless as seems the case of religious leadership, the leadership of the laymen in religion seems worse.

“Golden Rule Nash” is a business man who is trying to operate a business on the principles of the golden rule. Such an idea has been called madness. The thing is so unique that Mr. Nash has calls from all parts of the country to come and explain his great adventure. But that is hardly a case of religious leadership, for Mr. Nash has little if any use for organized religion.

Only a religion that was hopelessly steeped to the eyes in unrealities, banalities and ineptitudes could ever possibly stand Billy Sunday and William Jennings Bryan. One accomplishes in a wholesale way the vulgarization of sacred things and the other is the champion discreditor of intelligence in religion. Barnumized evangelism and spiritual *dementia praecox* are the paramount expressions of a devitalized and anaemic Christianity.

And the old ladies, male and female, snap their jaws and wag their eyelashes when they are confronted with the facts. And they tell us what we all know, that amongst college presidents and bishops and lay exhorters, there are “dear, sweet dispositions and nice men.” Yes, of course, but we are just now considering the insidiousness of a false Christ produced by a counterfeit Christianity!

(To be continued)

MY LADY OF THE CHIMNEY CORNER ALEXANDER IRVINE



ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL PAINTINGS
SPECIALLY EXECUTED FOR THIS VOLUME BY

GEORGE OGILVY REID, R.S.A.

THE EDITORIAL

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Editors

ORLANDO EDGAR MILLER, PH. D.

ALEXANDER IRVINE, PH. D.

LILLIAN GRANVILLE WHITE,

Monthly, \$2.50 per Year

Single Copies, 25 Cents

577 Geary Street
San Francisco

Application for second-class postage privilege filed with the
San Francisco Post Office.

I will never talk
About the Fatherhood of God
Or the Brotherhood of Man
And at the same time
Justify or support war.
I will not profess
The Religion of the Golden Rule
And make excuses
For killing my fellow-men.
I will do one thing
Or the other—
But I will not pretend
To do both.
I will not play the part
Of a hypocrite!

—Chas. F. Dole.

THE PRESIDENT SYNDICATED

WAS there ever before a President of the United States who while in office copyrighted his advice and had it syndicated in those newspapers which could pay the price? We would like to be advised on the ethics of this new thing. It may be all right but it looks rotten.

GARY'S OPTIMISM

FOR getting over publicity stuff — for keeping his name in print, for sheer bluff—for the largest amount of space and the smallest amount of grey matter, for fooling the American newspapers and through them the American people—E. H. Gary, the steel man, makes Barnum's record look like a Sunday School notice in the New York Journal. "If"—he says now—business men will cooperate with the President . . . there is no reason to fear there will be a serious financial or commercial depression—"and so, on goes the bunk ad infinitum and ad nauseum! There surely must be available a man with more grey matter than Gary's publicity agent manifests in these puerile ineptitudes. It's a matter of price and that's one thing that Gary has.

THE VOICE OF WILSON

ANOTHER daring call—from the only man in America who speaks to peoples beyond the fringes of the continent. It was a call to the soul of man. The braying of a Senatorial ass in Pennsylvania only made the voice of Wilson more clear and distinct.

SOPHOCLES ON BROADWAY

OVER four hundred years before Christ —Sophocles wrote *Oedipus Rex* and Sir Martin Harvey is now playing it on Broadway, New York. One wonders how many plays of the present era will engross the minds of a populous city 25 centuries hence?

Of the legitimate drama possibly one or two historical plays. Of the screen, none. Both are too trivial, stupid, and vulgar to interest any but a surfeited and bespunged mediocrity.

CONNING TOWER

HOW WE VUGLARIZE CHRISTMAS

THE barter and exchange of Christmas gifts become more confusing and vulgar every year. Nobody escapes. With the poor it's a question of cash.

With the rich it becomes a mild form of mental torture. With millions it is both. Everybody expects something. Nobody knows what to give or what is coming.

Nobody wants to be outdone in generosity, but if we know that a fifty-cent gift is on the way we don't want to match it with something that costs a dollar. The cash consideration is only one phase. Every Christmas we go through a mental jazz or St. Vitus dance over what is suitable or unsuitable.

All the time we are conscious that there is something fundamentally wrong about the thing, but nobody has the courage to say so. We do our best or our worst to choose gifts and we expect praise and we get it and give it, often at the expense of truth and decency. If we really told each other the bare truth about what we think of these gifts it would go a long way to end stupid jamboree.

Two ladies had a quarrel. It lasted a long time. One of them determined to make a move to end it. She met the other lady on the street and said to her: "How perfectly lovely you are looking this morning!" The other lady not being ready, replied: "I'm sorry I can't say the same thing of you!" "You could if you were as big a liar!" was the reply as they turned away and went to buy Christmas gifts.

Well, that ended that. And it's about how we feel concerning this eternal exchange of junk. In it all there is a covered up plea for polite mendacity, lies covered with holly and tinsel.

The worst feature of the whole thing is the way we do our Christmas shopping. We leave it until the last day, and thousands leave it until the last hour of the last day. During the last two weeks swaying, surging, half crazy masses of humans going through the big stores is a sight for gods and men.

Life half-demented people they handle and throw around the goods, they pick and choose and exchange. We look at the clerks as if they ought to know what we are looking for, when we haven't the ghost of an idea ourselves. We all want to be served first. We are all in a hurry. We are all more than ready to stand on our rights as against the poor girl who serves us. She has to smile all day at neurotics like us. Often these girls find these false smiles frozen on their faces at the end of a long tortuous day. I have seen girls carried out of these big stores on stretchers.

Is this part of the merriness of Merry Christmas? Yes, this is part of our supreme Christian festival. Another part is the abnormal Christmas gorge. The big annual jazz in the kitchen. In the Roman Catholic Church there is a ceremony, very sacred to Catholics, called the elevation of the Host. Now, the farthest extreme from that is the festival in which a Scotch haggis is held aloft in the hands of a sturdy Northerner as he marches around the banquet hall followed by the bagpipes! The major portion of our Christmas festivities lies in between the Host and the haggis—but much nearer the haggis than the Host.

Christmas should be a real observance of the advent of the bringer of peace and good-will to men. If we had any sense of the fitness of things we would observe it by emphasizing the need of good-will. It should be a time when we forgive our enemies and all who have injured us. It should be a time of spiritual stock taking.

The children of the poor are still in a semi-barbarous condition. We should bethink ourselves how to lift from their backs the heavy burdens, both of mind and body.

Christmas is a riotous carnival, a time of polite mendacity and refined blackmail—we should make it a festival of spiritual values and social peace.

Why not inaugurate a movement for a sane Christmas?

IN THE SCHOOL OF THE WOODS

(Continued from page 17)

Beginning with the thought or instinct in the mind of a bird I traced the processes of reproduction through every stage until the bird became independent of parental care and began the life process all over again.

I remember Lady Scott telling me that her boy Peter—who was then seven—had never heard a fairy story. And Barrie was his best friend. She said Peter got his romance from facts of nature. Well, I believed in telling fairy stories to the children, but as I watched their faces I knew that no fairy story I had ever told them was quite as fascinating as these facts concerning the origin of life.

As we moved away, to let Mrs. Tanager attend to her household duties we heard a bull frog in the distance: Croak! Croak! Croak! Croak!

"Let us have a look at that fellow" I said. We squeezed our way as quietly as possible to the edge of the pond. The sounds ceased. We stood until they began again. Jack was first to discover Mr. Frog sitting on a tussock of grass with his legs akimbo. We just had time for a look, then "chug!" and he dived to the bottom, and hid himself in the mud.

We searched for, and found frog spawn and the life of the frog was reviewed.

Down by the mouth of the brook Jack pulled a rotten stick out of the pond. There was a slime on it. Putting it under the glass I expressed an opinion which was later verified that it was trout spawn.

"The little mother is around somewhere," I said. "She came out of the brook and deposited her eggs here in the still water. The father trout performs his function quite differently from the method of frog or bird, but he has his definite part to play and he plays it. Out came two herrings I had in a cardboard box. They were open. One had a hard roe, the other a soft roe. The difference was explained: "The mother spreads out her spawn and the father comes later and over the spawn spreads his milt."

I went rather lightly over the origin of fish life, wondering how much or how little they were interested in the pivotal point of each development? When they reminded me that I had missed the main point I knew I had succeeded. I knew their minds were prepared for that to which all of these other forms led.

In a primitive sort of way we abandoned ourselves to the making of an evening meal. It was an opportunity to explain a little clearer the origin of fire and the primitive implements of our remote ancestors and the less remote tribes of Indians who lived in these valleys before the coming of the white man.

After supper I told some fairy and Uncle Remus stories. Then came the climax. Never have I so thoroughly realized how imbedded in the very texture of our inner consciousness is the prudery and hypocrisy with which we smoke screen the whole question of sex. Determined as I was that my children should learn from my lips the facts of nature I found myself struggling with a fear complex. "It wasn't done," as they say in England, was the conven-

tional idea that for a moment held the forte. I did it, just the same.

I tacked to a tree my anatomical chart. I went over the parts of the human body. I supplemented this with pictures of Greek statuary. Then as a preface to the main point, I went over, in words within the mental grasp of Billy, the absurd reasons for keeping children ignorant of things it was important for them to know.

With a pointer, I went over the chart of the body, naming the parts and explaining their use. As delicately as words could convey thought I went over the organs of reproduction, and clothed the names with the same potential language I had described similar organs and functions in birds and flowers and fish.

I asked them to think of the body as a temple—a temple in which God dwelt. If we thought of it as a temple we would keep clean and beautiful. I went back over the ground we had covered from the lowest form to the highest—man.

What I dreaded—because of a stupid race or social consciousness—ended in something that was akin to religious service. The child mind is a chamber of imagery. The parent who permits the cluttering of that chamber with vulgar obscene pictures is guilty of criminal neglect. A prudish convention may withhold the truth, but when ignorance reduces the temple of the body to ruins, the conformist can only gaze helplessly at the result. Woe unto the withholder of essential knowledge. "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he be cast into the sea."

"Gee," said Tom Clifford, when Jack told him of our school in the woods, "if a cop hears what your old man says he'll pinch him—he sure will!"

AMERICA'S "WAIT AND SEE" POLICY

(Continued from page 19)

The League of Nations has lost all credit with them. They do not believe in the usefulness of our interminable conferences. Have not such gatherings been held almost from the beginning of history, and have they ever prevented wars and brought permanent peace? Was not the Washington Conference itself, in spite of the favorable conditions under which it was summoned, a disappointment? The League of Nations promptly abdicated its true functions. It was created to deal with great international problems, to watch over events from on high, to guarantee that justice be respected and peace observed. Instead of that, it has merely become one more party to the quarrels of Europe, in which it is inextricably involved. The United States does not want to take part in meetings where we debate the partition of Silesia, the government of the Saar, or the question of the Danzig. These are precisely the things from which its people wish to hold aloof.

This is the American state of mind. The people of the United States are not trying to make a *dogma of isolation*. Many of them would like nothing better than to help Europe. But they do not approve the way this help is solicited. They are not disposed to cancel the debts of governments that are intent upon preparing for war, nor to take part in conferences that lead to nothing.

When the Old World is ready to clean house, forget the war, to settle down to hard work and resume the pursuits of peace, then our great transatlantic neighbor will resume her place in our councils, and add her efforts to our own.

And that is a sensible position. However, when Europe has mastered her difficulties and recovered her equilibrium, she will no longer need the assistance of America.

CAN DR. BUTLER LEARN?

[Note by one of the Editors: This article is from *The Freeman*, Oct. 31, 1923. It is an illuminating glimpse into the mind of a typical contemporary ancestor. It is not impossible for a bugler of civilization's rear column to learn but it's quite improbable.]

Some anonymous well-wisher, possibly a publicity secretary, recently favoured us with an envelope containing two brief pamphlets from the distinguished pen of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. One of the pamphlets is a defence of the established order, reprinted from an article by Dr. Butler in the *London Daily Telegraph*, under the title "Socialism versus Capitalism." Dr. Butler, with his usual clarity, takes the view that as a designation of the present economic system, "capitalism is an unpleasing word, and not an accurate one." We humbly permit ourselves to agree with him. Privilege, in our opinion, would be a more comprehensive term, though we have no desire to rush in where Dr. Butler hesitates to tread, for he offers no substitute of his own.

Dr. Butler is inclined to admit that the present system "has not produced complete happiness, complete satisfaction or complete justice for all men and women." He adds, however, that this incompleteness, these flies in the amber of our common lot, are due, not to the quality of our civilization, but to human nature. Our system, he explains, is based upon three things: productive industry, thrift and co-operation. It is, he declares, "the only system compatible with liberty," and "any collectivist alternative must sooner or later develop into a thoroughly organized carefully ordered regime from which liberty is excluded, and in which every individual is formally assigned his place, shown his function, and given his reward by superior authority."

Some crotchety economists may rise to suggest that there are other basic factors in the present economic system besides productive industry, thrift and co-operation, but we ourselves have no desire to be captious. Suffice it that on the word of Dr. Butler all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. We trust that his glowing words will bring cheer to those grain-farmers of the West who have found that, what with the various exactions of privilege in the form of a high tariff, swollen transportation-rates, and the rising overhead of rent, interest and taxes involved in a system of land-value monopoly, their wheat costs them more to raise per bushel than the price they can get for it. We trust also that Dr. Butler's happy summary will bring consolation to those coal-miners who are shepherded to the tipples by company-gunmen, who must purchase the necessities of life in company-owned stores, who dwell in company-owned communities, and who occupy company-owned homes from which they may be evicted, without court-proceedings, under leases which in some cases restrict their visitors to the moving-man, the doctor and the undertaker. This trolodytic element of our population is perhaps not sufficiently impressed with the fact that it lives under "the only economic system compatible with liberty."

In a mood of elevation from Dr. Butler's inspiring appraisal we turned expectantly to his second pamphlet. This bore the title "Can Men Learn?" and was a transcript of his address to the young idea delivered at a recent opening of the academic year at Columbia University. In the course of a few sentences we perceived that Dr. Butler had assumed an abrupt about-face from his position in the first pamphlet. He had become dismally low in his mind about our world with its perfect system of civilization, and he even ex-

pressed skepticism about the educative capabilities of the human animal. Let us quote part of his relentless survey of these disjointed times:

Nations, otherwise impoverished, are still keeping in readiness great armies of trained soldiers and are diverting from agriculture, from industry and from human relief, the huge sums needed to maintain them. Ingenuity and invention are at work upon poison-gases and upon airships that would devastate London or Paris or Rome or New York or Chicago in a few hours. Hundreds of thousands of men and women, once independent and self-supporting, are leaning upon the State—that is, upon their fellow-men—and other tens of thousands are demanding payments of public money—that is, money collected in taxes from others—as reward or recognition for the satisfactory performance of a simple act of public duty. The statute-books are being loaded down with mere expressions of opinion in the form of laws, usually criminal-laws, and then surprise is expressed that these expressions of opinion in the form of laws are not obeyed. . . . All Governments gravely profess their devotion to peace, but all feel that the time has not come to do anything about it. All Governments express a pious wish to limit armaments, but while the ink is hardly dry on the formal acts of ratification of the findings of the Washington Conference, great fleets of airships are building and new and more deadly forms of poison-gas are being devised. All Governments record a wish for international co-operation, but—

At this point we laid the two pamphlets side by side, while clouds of doubt began to loom on the horizon of our mind. Obviously this most perfect system of civilization that human ingenuity can devise, the system of Dr. Butler's first pamphlet, was hurling us towards the demnition bow-wows in his second pamphlet. It was more than puzzling. Possibly the disinterested friend or press-agent who had sent us the

two pamphlets got his wires crossed somehow; for obviously, as things stood in the second pamphlet, Dr. Butler's high faith in the established order, as voiced in the first pamphlet, was ignominiously deflated. Yet, we further reflected, a shrewd philosopher has called consistency a bogy of little minds. We recalled that the most conspicuous educator on Morningside Heights had once pilloried the late Colonel Roosevelt as a blatant demagogue and a menace to our most sacred institutions; and a few years later, when death had miraculously transformed Colonel Roosevelt into one of the blessed company of saints of the social establishment, this same educator publicly eulogized him as our most worthy and valuable citizen. We recalled how this same eminent educator once hailed the German Kaiser as a veritable dove of peace and invoked the Nobel Prize for him; and a few years later, when fashions had changed, how he publicly excoriated the Kaiser as the greatest criminal that had ever polluted the earth. Finally, as we thoughtfully dropped the two pamphlets together into a receptacle where the most naively diverse opinions become reconciled, we remembered Artemus Ward's partner in the show business, one Billson, who, when their troupe of eight tragedians and a bass-drum had a poor season with "The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved," suggested that they "give 'em some immoral dramy." When Artemus intimated that Billson had not a well-balanced mind. Billson indignantly denied the imputation. "I have a mind," says he, 'that balances in any direction that the public rekires.' "

Don't join the Christmas Jazz! Don't rush or push or get excited. Shop early. Christmas has something to do with Christ—Don't forget that.

The Founders League of the Chapala Co-operative University

In the October number of the Psychological Review of Reviews we published some information regarding the Chapala Co-operative University and the City Beautiful. The responses from all sections of America and England have been gratifying in the extreme. Any lingering doubt that we may have had as to the opportuneness of the moment to complete the preliminary work of this gigantic undertaking has been entirely dispelled by the profound interest of representative men and women as evidenced by these letters. The inquiries as to the economic basis of the movement have been so general that we are herewith giving a schedule, with explanations illustrating the economic possibilities of the project.

All the expenses from the inception of the movement up to the present have been borne by the writer, partly as a matter of pride, and partly to shield myself from undue suspicion and surveillance. I desired to offer the entire project to the world with all the preliminary work accomplished without the assistance of others. I have been led to realize recently, however, that this is not co-operation. In the meantime, several people with outstanding wealth and progressive ideas have been approached. Each of them has signified a willingness to help. There is no particular reason, however, why any one man should assume the responsibility, or receive the credit, for having done this work. There should be some way in which a co-operative movement can be financed right from the start by the co-operators, instead of any burdens falling upon the shoulders of a few. In conference with friends of the movement we have decided upon what we believe will prove to be a most successful plan of completing

the preliminary work in a manner that will not be burdensome to any, but a joyful contribution from many.

We have therefore sent a letter to a chosen list of members of the International Society of Applied Psychology and friends out of the many thousands I have come into contact with during the last few years.

It has occurred to me that possibly there may be readers of the Psychological Review of Reviews that might wish to share in the Founders League, to whom I have not written. I am, therefore, publishing herewith the contents of the letter that has gone forward.

We have also issued the first number of The Chapala Round Table. Its table of contents is made up mostly of the articles that have already appeared in these pages.

If you are interested and want to be included in our number kindly send your cheque and the membership certificate will be forwarded you, and the Round Table will be sent you from time to time.

Here is the letter:

Dear Friend:

You are familiar with my lifelong dream of a City Beautiful.

You may know of my profound interest in the New Industrial Education and of my plans for the Co-operative University in which we can carry out our ideas.

I have kept you informed of these things from time to time from the platform, the desk and on the printed page.

You are aware of my success and the difficulties I have overcome.

I chose Mexico because it offered the largest freedom of action and the most substantial support. I have visited Mexico as the guest of its government. I was received with a cordiality and support

hardly ever accorded an outsider in Mexican history. I conferred with President Obregon and the leaders of thought.

When about to take advantage of Mexican co-operation I became the victim of a newspaper attack which filled men's minds with the poison of suspicion and brought into question the standing and good faith of the Rellimeo Film Syndicate.

I curtailed many of my activities in Mexico and elsewhere and confined my attention to the making of Better Pictures with a Psychological Punch. In a short time Rellimeo became artistically and financially a great success and made history in the film industry. We produced our pictures. We sold them in the open Film Market. Out of the advance cash payment on our first picture, produced before we had functioned as a corporation ninety days, we paid our first quarterly dividend of 10%.

For a corporation only three months old, nothing like that had ever happened in the history of making and selling films. That was the most effective answer we could make to ignorant criticisms.

I am now ready to vigorously resume the Mexican proposition. The Mexican people are intensely interested. No movement of modern times has had such favorable and widespread publicity in that country. The Mexican leaders are awaiting our next move. They expect great things. We must not disappoint them.

Hitherto I have done the work single-handed. I have sent commissions. I have spent many thousands of dollars out of my own income. That is not co-operation. Co-operation is not a one man job. We must share in the foundation work as well as in the superstructure.

The present chaotic condition of the world warrants the output of extra energy in an object lesson in scientific living.

In conference with some friends we decided to organize the "FOUNDERS

LEAGUE OF THE CHAPALA CO-OPERATIVE UNIVERSITY." Those who contribute ten dollars or more toward further preliminary work will become Life Members and will be entitled to participate in "*The Chapala Round Table*." Their names will be engraved in bronze and placed in the Memorial Hall in the Temple of Administration, upon completion. Each member will receive a beautiful engraved certificate, suitable for framing. I am enclosing herewith a half-tone of the same, greatly reduced in size.

Those subscriptions will constitute a fund for the completion of the preliminary work. It will be administered by the Advisory Board.

Under separate cover I am forwarding you the first number of *The Chapala Round Table*. Hereafter it will be sent only to members of the Founders League, who are requested to send us such improvements as they would suggest. These can be published from time to time and thus perfect our plans through the coordination of many ideals.

This is a Macedonian cry for co-operation.

It is a clarion call for you to acid test your own sincerity and make your dreams come true.

If you count yourself my friend, now is the time for a clean-cut demonstration. This work must go forward to completion NOW.

I NEED MY FRIENDS NOW.

May I have the happiness of hearing from you at your earliest possible convenience.

Faithfully yours,

HE CAN WHO THINKS HE CAN

Are you one of our Readers in your community that knows he or she can represent the Psychological Review of Reviews and obtain Subscriptions at \$2.50 per year?

Write to Circulation Manager, 577 Geary Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Attractive Offer Will be Forwarded.

Explanation of the Economic Basis of the Chapala Co-operative University

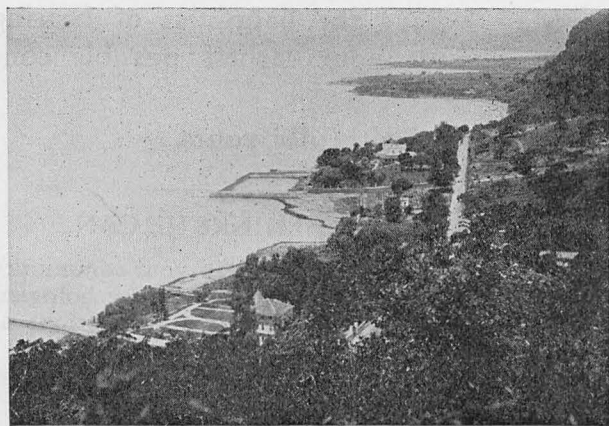
Co-operation rather than competition will be the keynote of the coming order of things. Before co-operation can be recognized as the natural thing, men must be educated to co-operate rather than to compete, with each other. Co-operation and competition have nothing in common, consequently, we cannot expect competitive commercialism to supply the funds with which to teach the coming generation to do the things that, ultimately, will be its own undoing. Hence, it becomes necessary to work out an economic plan whereby the university that teaches co-operation may be endowed from some other source than that of the conscience fund of men made opulent through the exploitation of the working classes, as in our present competitive system. The only basis of wealth is human labor—mental or physical. This being true it becomes necessary to find a way in which labor can be capitalized co-operatively for purposes of endowing a university that is to teach co-operation.

Every human being should have the right to the four essentials of life, namely, home, food, clothing and an education. No nation can claim to be civilized, in the true sense, until it furnishes these four essentials of life to every man, woman and

child within its borders. This problem, however, is very easily solved when the true function of education is understood and put into practice. John Ruskin said that "education consists in learning to do useful things well." The education of the past has been for the few and consisted chiefly in "learning how to get a living without work," whereas every child should be taught to do something useful and to do it well and artistically. Psychology has discovered that every child has an inherent fitness and an inherited tendency to do some one or more things better than other things. And that when a child is permitted to do the thing for which it has innate capacity, it does it willingly, enthusiastically and with love. The new education therefore, seeks to understand the child; to discover what it loves to do that will be of most service to itself and society, and then give it a technical training, fitting it for that particular field of activity.

The root word from which we derive our word "education" means simply "to draw out of." The new education is therefore scientific in that it seeks "to draw out of" the child what there is in it. Not to smother its own genius by filling it up with a lot of more or less useful or useless facts termed knowledge. Instead of training it to compete with others, the new education will train the child to do good to others and to co-operate with others to do good to society.

The Chapala Co-operative University will make use of scientific methods in discovering what the student can do most enthusiastically, that will be of greatest service to society and best express himself. It will then give the student a thorough training in doing that thing. If everyone were educated "to do useful things



well' and thus "to do his bit," the work of the world could be very easily done in four hours per day and thus leave to each individual 20 hours for sleep, recreation and the development of his own individuality.

In the Chapala University, there will be no drones. Every man, woman and child will be employed co-operatively, under the most efficient directors, engineers and instructors, in doing the things which will supply the needs of the community in a four hour work day.

The economic basis herewith submitted gives some details of the method of handling its resources, based upon the probable results from one industry alone—that of agriculture. Agricultural engineers familiar with the productivity of the soil, where we are proposing to establish the University, report that the estimates herewith supplied are very conservative.

In glancing at the table, it will be seen that there is no estimate of profits accruing from the Dairy Industry on line 8; the Cattle Industry on line 9; Sheep and Wool Industry on line 10; the Fruit and Nut Trees on line 12; Manufacturing Plant on line 14; the Sanitarium and Hotel on lines 18 and 19. These industries collectively will be as remunerative without question as the Agricultural Industry.

From the farming alone you discover on line 28, column 8, that at the end of eight years each individual member—man, woman and child, will receive, in addition to pay for his or her work, the equivalent of \$600 annually from the co-operative fund. It will also be observed that, in the meantime, the individual member is supplied with a home and all the essentials of life, as a result of his work, for which he is fully remunerated from week to week. In addition, educational facilities are open to him every day in the year throughout life.

In the accompanying chart, there are 11 columns. The first eight represent the

first eight years of work; the ninth shows the totals for each member and the tenth the totals for each one thousand members. In the last column there is an estimate of the permanent assets of the community for each one thousand members. This estimate is based upon the supposition that when the ground is in a high state of cultivation, it will have a value of only \$100 per acre. As remarked above, in this estimate of permanent assets, we have taken no account of profits that may accrue from other than Agricultural Industries.

In the first column will be found how the \$1,000.00, which each member contributes to the University, is expended. It is proposed that no money of the individual members shall be expended until one thousand members have paid into a responsible trust company the full amount of their membership fund. Thus, we will have in bank \$1,000,000.00 (One Million) less \$50.00 which each member contributes to the propaganda fund for underwriting the project. The first \$1,000,000.00 will be expended by the Board of Trustees under the supervision of bonded efficiency engineers in accordance with estimates supplied in the first column.

In line No. 1, you will see that out of the membership fee of \$1,000.00 we buy five acres of ground, one acre of which shall be in the City Beautiful, and the other four acres, on line 2, will be held in common and to be farmed collectively.

As shown on line 3 we pay \$75.00 for this ground out of the membership fund. Referring to line 1, again, two more acres are purchased the second year, making in all eleven acres for each individual member of the community. As explained above, one acre will be in the city and the other ten acres will be farmed in common.

On line 4, it will be seen that we purchase \$25,000.00 of farming machinery the first year and keep replenishing and adding to it with an equal sum yearly until the eighth year. In the eighth year we are

supposed to "get our gait," and the amount expended for farming machinery is reduced to \$20,000. As seen in the 10th column the total amount spent for machinery is \$195,000 but in the permanent assets, column 11, we allow for nearly 50% deterioration, placing the value at that time at only \$100,000, instead of at cost.

On line 5 will be found the amount set aside for labor and seeds, \$60 per acre or \$240 for the four acres. It is possible to raise from 4 to 6 crops a year upon this ground, but since we are purposing to raise super-men, which will require a portion of our time, we will content ourselves with only two crops from the soil. In the tenth column it will be seen that a total of \$4,080,000 is paid for farm labor alone during our first eight years for each 1,000 members.

On line 6 is the estimated gross value of the crops from year to year. Agricultural engineers familiar with this soil unhesitatingly say that our estimates are very conservative. After taking out the cost of the farming we have left, on line 7, the net value of the crops which is \$760 the first year; \$1140 the second; \$1520 the third, and on the 4th year, when the full ten acres for each member shall be under cultivation, \$1,900. This sum continues to be the net income, giving to the community that amount of working capital yearly. In the 10th column, line 7, it is found that the total net earnings for the

eight years is almost Thirteen Million Dollars for each 10,000 acres.

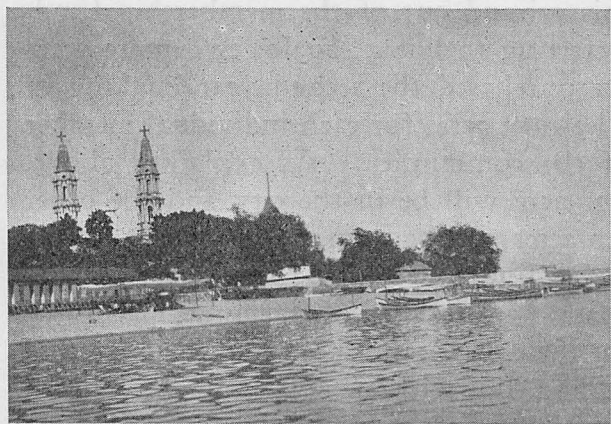
Referring again to line 7, column 1, the estimated profits from the four acres farmed the first year, amounting to \$760, which sum constitutes the working capital for the second year. Also on line 7, second column, the estimated profits are \$1,040, which constitutes the working capital for the third year, and so on, when finally the whole ten acres are farmed, they produce annually \$1,900.00, which sum is divided up into the various departments of the work as described in lines 8 to 28, inclusive.

It will be seen that on lines 8, 9 and 10, there is no provision made beyond the third year, since it is expected that live stock will double in numbers within that period and will therefore need no expenditure of new capital. Also it will be observed, in the last column, that sheep and cattle are reckoned in the permanent assets at exactly their original cost but there is every reason to believe that they will prove to be immensely profitable.

Line No. 11 contains no estimates for the reason that there is a linen monopoly at present in Mexico. We hope, however, to secure the privilege of manufacturing our own linen necessities, which will be very considerable in that salubrious climate.

On line 12 are the varying sums put into our fruit, citrus and bee industry. No other country produces such luscious and wonderfully flavored fruit. You have never known what a real orange, strawberry or pineapple tastes like unless you have eaten the fruit ripened in Mexico. Strawberries ripen every day in the year. We expect our fruit growing to be not only our chief source of food but also the most profitable part of our work. In the 11th column this industry is not shown as adding to our permanent assets, since it is included in the net crop values of line 7.

Line 13 shows the amount set aside from year to year to pay for our trans-



portation facilities. We will require busses and aeroplanes to get our workers to and from their work, so as to minimize loss of time, and trucks for hauling our products. As with farm machinery, so here again it will be seen in the last column we allow for a heavy depreciation in estimating our permanent assets.

Line 14 shows the amounts set aside for manufacturing purposes. It goes without saying that we will manufacture useful articles and profitable, but no estimates of income are made in this schedule and only the cost of the plant is reckoned in our permanent assets in column 11.

Line 15 represents the sums set aside for our store and the machinery for handling our products, the clearing house through which our farm, dairy and manufactured products pass to ourselves and the outside world.

Line 16 shows the special amounts set aside for purely University uses, but the sum will be greatly augmented by the product of the labor of the student body. It is expected that the University will have at least 5,000 honest workers in its student body within two years time. The future profits of this work for four hours per day to go to the equipment of the University.

All children up to 18 years of age, will be under the supervision of the Department of Education, which shall conduct a continuous school for mothers and fathers in parenthood and eugenics. The education, of course, will be primarily industrial and children of from eight to ten years, will be given instructive work for two hours per day for which they will receive 1-5 unit remuneration, to be applied upon their school expenses. From ten to twelve, the work shall be for 3 hours per day with a remuneration of 2-5 unit. From twelve to eighteen, they will be given four hours per day at 3-5 unit remuneration.

Students not members of the community will be accepted from all nations at 14 years of age or above. From 14 to 16 the foreign student will be supplied with sufficient work to pay his board and room. After 16 years of age, he will be given sufficient work to pay his entire living expenses and be required to work four hours per day at some productive employment, and will not be accepted upon any other terms. The University stands for Democracy; for an education that teaches every child to do some useful work well and artistically, and will harbor no drones of any kind.

Line 17 shows amount set aside for amusements. Our stage, screen and music will be co-ordinated with and under the direction of the Educational Department.

Line 18 shows the sums taken from the general fund for Sanitarium work. This work will be immensely profitable since the sick of the earth will want to come and attend our Institute of Health and be made fit amid such surroundings as we can offer in the mountains surrounding Lake Chapala. The excuse for using any of the general fund for this purpose is to provide a start and since we furnish free medical attention and healing to our members, this constitutes a tax upon the community for such health insurance.

Line 19 provides for the starting of a hotel system through which we can care for the guests who will come to look on and see how we do it. This section of Mexico is conceded to be the coming winter resort of the world, as soon as the Southern Pacific Railroad is completed into Guadalajara. There is less than fifty miles yet to build. We are only 75 miles from the great deep water harbor of Manzanillo on the west coast, 25 miles by rail from Guadalajara and 300 miles—a short night's ride from Mexico City and our hostelries will be a prime source of income.

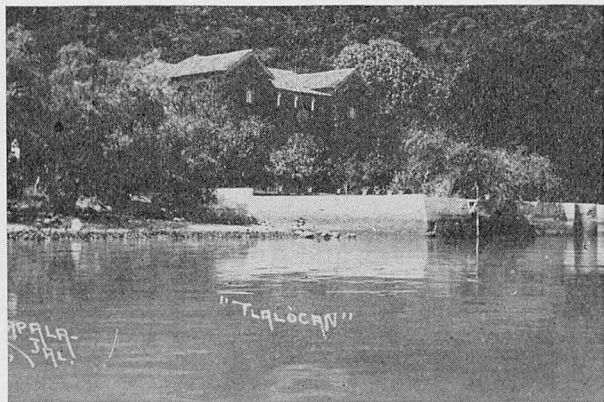
Lines 20 and 21 provide for our streets, parks, boulevards, electric light and power

plants. The river Lerma, navigable for 30 miles, constitutes our northern boundary and will furnish water power for every purpose and for fifty times our proposed population. All heat and power will be supplied in this way and there will be no smoke or dust in the City Beautiful.

On lines 22 and 23 are the estimated sums that will be contributed toward the building of the homes and the public buildings out of the common fund before the individual member receives his pro rata. Since every man, woman and child who comes into the community is a co-operator, the average family will probably consist of a man, wife and three children, or in all five. Therefore the estimate on line 23 can be multiplied by five to get at the amount that will be paid into the building fund of the home from year to year.

The only actual cash outlay in our building operations will be for builders' hardware and glass until we can organize for manufacturing the same. All of the materials are at hand. Our public buildings will be veritable palaces or temples.

Line 24 states the sum set apart for payment to the wives for their work, since it becomes necessary to make every man, woman and child economically independent of every other man, woman and child. Domestic unhappiness, divorce and practically all crime in a community grows out of economic dependence. In our system the wife is paid for her services in the house-



hold the same as her husband may be paid in the school, farm or factory.

Likewise on line 25, there is a reserve fund to pay for membership for children that may be born in the community after their parents have become members. This provides for the economic independence of the child. The new child in the home instantly becomes an asset rather than a liability as in our present system.

Married women and mothers may elect to employ their four hours per day in their own home and with their children under the supervision of the Department of Education. There will however, be Domestic Science experts and scientifically trained nurses educated in the University, who will look after the training of infants, and attend to the domestic duties of those wives or mothers who prefer to engage in some other work or profession in the community.

Line 26 provides for governmental taxes and such incidental expenses as are not otherwise provided for.

Line 27 provides for \$50 out of each membership, for underwriting the project and will be used to pay commission to salesmen who secure members, printing and overhead expenses in maintaining offices during the organizing period. The yearly propaganda fund thereafter provides for sending out publications designed to advertise ourselves to the world, to attract those who will investigate and go out from us to assist in the general re-organization of society.

On line 28, it will be noticed that there is no distribution of co-operative funds to the individual member for the first two years. Of course, during that time he is receiving weekly pay for whatever services he renders the community. Ultimately each member receives the equivalent of \$600.00 per annum. This sum may be regarded as a most conservative minimum.

On line 29 is the estimated cash sur-

render value. This becomes necessary from the possibility of undesirable people, carried away by their enthusiasm, joining the University Community. It may become necessary, as provided for by our by-laws, to eliminate these in some just and equitable manner.

In addition to this cash surrender value they will have received pay for their services for whatever time they may have lived in the community, and also whatever amounts may have been taken out of the building fund and used in the building of the home.

Each member will be expected to do such work as he or she is best fitted for, and for which they have been trained. The working day for every member over the age of 18, shall be six hours until the work is organized, when the working day shall drop to four hours. Members will be taken into the community and have their homes built for them in the order of the number of applications and as the work of the University may require. That is to say, we may need builders, electricians and farmers in larger proportion to begin with than other classes of workers, and members will come in first who are fitted to do the work required. It is estimated however, that within 18 months from the signing of the application, each member will be housed and occupied.

The unit of value in the University shall be 100, and represents one day's work of four hours. One hour equals 25 and 6 hours will entitle to 150. All work shall be credited in the University Bank and all purchases made by the members for supplies in the store or amusement, etc., will be paid for by check on the University Bank. These checks will take the place of coins or other monies, thus obviating the necessity of money of any kind in the community. However, all the products of the community, over and above what we consume, from the farm, factory, sanitarium, hotel, publish-

ing or other industries, will be sold to the outside world and payment received in the monies current. These monies thus received shall be deposited in our bank. With them we will pay for such supplies as we may need from the outside world and also to supply traveler's checks or letters of credit to our members when they travel abroad.

Any member absent from work, when registered as physically fit, will be charged for a substitute. Members may work up to any age, so long as they are physically fit and efficient and desire it, but will not be required above 65.

Members above 60 years of age will be required to pay for the building of their home in addition to the membership fee of \$1,000. This requirement is in lieu of their estimated contribution of labor at that age.

There will be architectural designs of strictly modern houses, containing every improvement and accessory for comfortable living. Members can choose and have such reasonable alterations made as suits their individual tastes. No house will be built costing less than \$2,500 or over \$25,000. The houses will be of adobe and concrete construction, strictly fire-proof. Each home shall be connected by automatic telephones or radiophones with all places of amusement, lectures and class rooms. Thus, when indisposed, the student may know what is going on in his class room and members of the family may have the benefit of concerts or lectures that may be taking place in the city at any time.

Each head of household shall have a deed to the home when the amount set aside for the building fund shall have paid the cost of the house. Under no circumstances will the individual member be allowed to sell the house to others than the University. If he sells or leaves the Community, he will receive exactly what it

cost. There will be no profit in real estate.

The domestic problem of unmarried people without families is solved by giving them apartments in large communal homes, to which will be attached communal kitchens and dining rooms, where members or families may dine or take the prepared food home.

The University is to be a university in every sense of the word, and therefore, in addition to the usual classical, literary and scientific courses, will teach architecture, landscape gardening, city building, civic

righteousness and eugenics. In achieving this we expect to build the most beautiful community the world has ever seen, which will be a model for the reconstruction of the cities of the world. Each home shall have one acre of ground less the streets, parks and boulevards.

In addition to the remuneration coming from the Co-operative Fund, each member above 18 years of age, shall receive pay for all labor contributed, have house rent and taxes free, free medical and health insurance.

Estimated Financial Schedule of the Chapala Co-operative University

		Years								Totals	Totals	Permanent
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	for 1	for 1000	Assets
1	No. Acres Bought	5	2	2	2	11	11,000
2	No. Acres Farmed	4	6	8	10	10	10,000
3	Cost of Land	\$75	30	30	30	\$165	165,000	1,650,000
4	Cost of Farm Machinery	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	20	195	195,000	100,000
5	Cost of Seeds and Labor	240	360	480	600	600	600	600	600	4,080	4,080,000
6	Gross Value of Crops (2)	1000	1500	2000	2500	2500	2500	2500	2500	17,000	17,000,000
7	Net Value of Crops	760	1140	1520	1900	1900	1900	1900	1900	12,920	12,920,000
8	Cattle and Dairy	10	5	10	25	25,000	25,000 +
9	Cattle Industry (Live Stock)	5	5	10	20	20,000	20,000 +
10	Sheep and Wool Industry	10	5	10	25	25,000	25,000 +
11	Flax and Linen Industry
12	Fruit and Nut Trees (Bees)	25	10	15	15	15	15	15	10	120	120,000	120,000
13	Transportation (Busses, Trucks)	25	15	20	20	20	20	20	20	160	160,000	100,000
14	Manufacturing Plant	25	10	25	25	25	25	25	20	180	180,000	180,000 +
15	Commerce, Food and Clothing	100	50	50	40	25	25	25	25	340	340,000	340,000
16	University	75	50	50	50	50	50	25	25	375	375,000	375,000
17	Amusements	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	95	95,000	95,000
18	Sanitarium	25	15	25	15	15	15	15	15	140	140,000	140,000
19	Hostelry	25	15	25	25	25	25	25	20	185	185,000	185,000
20	Streets, Parks, Blvd., Sewage	25	15	25	25	25	25	25	20	185	185,000	185,000
21	Electric Power and Water	50	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	225	225,000	225,000
22	Public Buildings Fund	50	25	75	150	150	150	150	150	900	900,000	900,000
23	Home Building Fund	100	50	50	150	150	150	150	150	950	950,000	950,000
24	Home Welfare Funds (Wives)	25	25	40	65	65	65	65	65	415	415,000
25	Reserve Fund (Children)	5	5	10	38	38	38	38	38	210	210,000
26	Incidental Fund (Taxes)	5	5	20	76	76	76	76	76	410	410,000
27	Propaganda Fund	50	5	10	11	11	11	11	11	120	120,000
28	Membership Co-op Fund	100	125	550	550	575	600	2,500	2,500,000
29	Cash Surrender Value	250	500	750	1000	1250	1500
Totals		1000	760	1140	1520	1900	1900	1900	1900	5,615,000

THE MYSTIC LOVERS

(Continued from page 13)

chateau where I was billeted rocked in the first shock of the barrage—a barrage in which the enemy used a hundred guns to every thousand yards of his front. In a few minutes we knew that the long expected German push had begun. The town of Ham was alive at dawn. Only a few days ago the streets were ablaze with flags and bunting in celebration of the anniversary of its liberation by the French from the hands of the Hun. Now the people were instinctively on the move again. All the troops not actually in the fight at that minute were standing by. The civilians were war hardened. Camp followers, soldiers and civilians were going about their duties very much as usual. Later in the morning the London and Paris papers of the day before were on sale as usual and soldiers read them as they went along the narrow streets. They were reading the war news printed in London! I passed a Chinese Labour group at work. They were dodging shells and I laughed as they dodged on the wrong side of the trees! They didn't seem to know where the shells were coming from. Bursting shrapnel bespattered the roofs of the houses. With a whistling, hissing scream a shell buried itself in the ground. It was a dud. Men laughed and joked over it.

I was due at the H. Q. of the 50th Division at Harboniers at noon. I left Ham in a car at ten. It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining brightly. As we sped along toward Peronne I noticed the care with which the crops had been planted and were being cared for. A huge motor tractor was at work in a field. A Tommy sat on the seat smoking a cigarette as calmly as if he was going to be there all summer. The magpies were active in spring house hunting and domestic affairs. A lark was bursting with song overhead, platoons of swallows lined the telegraph wires and as we passed a stranded tank I

saw two birds inspecting it from the roof—probably looking for a self-contained flat for a family that was as yet but a mental image.

Along that stretch of road from Ham to Peronne there was an atmosphere of peace and quiet—quiet save for the roar of the guns in what proved to be the prelude to the most violent gun fire and ruthless butchery of human life in the history of war.

As I sat at luncheon with a brigadier and his staff at Harboniers, a major entered and said: "The 50th Division must be entrained in thirty minutes, Sir."

"Can it be done?"

"Yes, sir."

Looking at me with a smile the brigadier said: "The Boche has evidently made some slight alterations in our programme—you will return after the show!"

The return journey was a memorable one. The battle had been raging for eight hours. The sun was shining just as brightly, the birds were still as happy and unconcerned but the road was different. From Harboniers to Peronne and from Peronne to Ham there were two streams of traffic—one going, the other coming. Every available truck, lorry and omnibus carried men and materials to the front. The stream we met was a stream, thirty miles long, of ambulances bringing back the broken bodies of men.

On each side of the road the cavalry reserves were drawn up in the fields. Where that mighty host came from was a mystery. They seemed to arise out of the ground. One field of fifty acres was a solid phalanx of lances shimmering in the sunlight. The men stood by their horses, bridles in hand, awaiting the call to enter the valley of death—only a few kilometres north of the road. In the sunken roads was the reserve of guns and gunners. And as they waited they chatted and laughed as if they were on the plains of Aldershot.

"Good luck, lads!" I said over and over

as we came along and from each group within the sound of my voice came the cheering response: "Cheerio!"

There were times when words failed me and when even sight was dim. What would I not have given if I could have surrendered my place in that car to many a father whose boy was there, so that for the last time he could have heard that voice! All along that long way I seemed to hear them say: "We, who are about to die, cry 'Cheerio!'"

And all this has to do with the shepherdess of St. Christophe and her dream lover. It was their day—this day of destiny. His unit was in the thick of it. The civil population were ordered to entrain for Amiens or anywhere out of the pathway of the avalanche. I was with the wounded all that evening and all that long bloody night. I watched the French people of Ham as they hurried in crowds to the station. I peered into their faces in the hope of seeing a face, every lineament of which was firmly imprinted on my mind. I looked for "an aged and crippled woman" but I looked in vain.

Dawn came and with it the renewal of the tempest of molten metal, poison gas, high explosives, and the loud nerve-racking crescendo under which the earth trembled like an aspen leaf. When the wounded had been hurried back to casualty clearing stations I helped to entrain the last of the civil population. There was one flickering ray of hope. An old broken hipped, white haired woman came along, dragging behind her a sheet in which she had tied up what she could not do without. I ran along to meet her. I took the bundle and placed it in a seat in the train. Then I took her in my arms as I would a baby and placed her beside her bundle. She put her long lean arms around my neck and, kissing my cheek, said: "Ah, Monsieur Tommy!" But, alas, she was not the guardian of the shepherdess.

Perhaps after all the whole thing was a dream. Was I also dreaming? I could

hardly tell. Every time I thought of the dream lovers I felt myself lapsing into deep reverie. It was all so mystical—so far away beyond the common experiences of men and women.

As time sped on the tension of interest grew less and less, but never wholly passed away. I don't think it ever shall. To the goal of final information I tracked along a circuitous pathway but I finally arrived.

The dream lover fell in the first onslaught of the great cataclysm and he lies there now between Clastres and St. Christophe in the valley where he first sat beside the gentle shepherdess as she watched her flock.

Long months afterwards when the Angel of Peace was spreading her wings over a war-weary world I knocked at a convent gate and pronounced the name Germaine Moreau.

"Yes, she is here," the Mother Superior said, "but she has finished with the world, Monsieur."

I think of her sometimes and, as I see her kneeling before a crucifix, I see kneeling beside her a British soldier to whom, having joined the choir invisible, dreams are no longer a mystery.

BECOME A MASTER STUDENT

The Order of Master Students is an open order to all who would have Health, Happiness, Peace and Prosperity. It is the way to Progress and the Royal Road to Light. The Abdoullahistic Metaphysical Teachings and treatments cover the entire Science of Applied Mind Control.

In conjunction with these is the Metaphysical Qabalah (Kabbalah) by Dr. Abdoullah and the Masonry of the Nazarites.

All are invited to join.

The joining fee is one dollar.

Write to Dr. G. Abdoullah, Box 595, Atlantic City, N. J.—*Advertisement.*

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LIGHT.

Your higher self demands enlightenment. We will furnish the light. Clouds will vanish. You will be delighted. Send name at once. Mailed absolutely free.

DEPT. F, Box 1525, Los Angeles, Cal.

SCIENTIFIC BREATHING

(Continued from Page 7)

through the veins on its return trip toward the heart and lungs, it is no longer yellow, but of a dark red or bluish color. We then speak of the returning circulation as venous blood. It is laden with the broken down or worn out materials of the cells—carbon dioxide and other poisonous gasses which result from all muscular and mental activity. These poisons absorbed by the blood can only be gotten out of the system through the lungs.

The inhaling of the oxygen of the atmosphere into the lungs does two things: First, it incinerates, or burns up, the broken down tissue of the cell, brought back through the venous blood; secondly, it oxygenates and thus prepares for feeding, the food that was absorbed through the small intestine. This however, can be perfectly done only through deep breathing slowly done, with exhalations as full and complete as the inhalations.

The Structure of the Lungs

Just a momentary consideration now will show you that no food ever really fed you that left the mouth thicker than saliva; that all the food that was coarser than saliva, entering the stomach, became a putrifying mass and thus poisoned the system; and that fully eighty per cent of all the food you have eaten has been just so much waste material that taxed the system to eliminate. Thus you see the amount you have paid for groceries has been quite out of proportion to the benefits received. Add to this your drug and doctor bills, to say nothing of your discomforts because of not having sense enough to feed yourself, and you will doubtless realize the necessity for some real education along this line.

A Crazy Quilt of Cells

We will now consider the structure of the lungs. They are composed of five strands of little balloons, so to speak, three strands on the right side, and two on

the left. These little collapsible air sacs, or balloons, dissected from the body and sewed together as a crazy quilt would make a balloon with an area of some 2,000 square feet. The membranous lining of these little sacs is also rich in capillary circulation. When the sac is stretched through the inflation of the little balloons it becomes thin enough to permit the oxygen to be absorbed into the blood, and the carbon dioxide and other material eliminated. Without this "stretching" process, however, the intake of oxygen and elimination of poisonous gasses is most imperfectly done. If the full capacity of these little balloons is used a little every day, they will automatically remain in a healthy normal condition. If they are not used, then, like any other unused part of the human anatomy, they begin to atrophy, retain accumulated waste products, which produce congested and inflammatory conditions.

When one considers that the average man in the western world does not use over one-eighth of his lung capacity, that only a very few use over one-sixth, it is easy to understand why so many of us have the "white man's plague,"—pulmonary tuberculosis. It is nothing but a disease of lazy, inactive or unused lungs.

The lungs are encased in a thin, muscular sack that serves to contract the lungs, and thus aid in emptying them after taking in the breath.

Covering the abdomen, between the inner lining—peritoneum—and the outer skin, there are four layers of muscles overlapping each other at differing angles. At the upper end of these abdominal muscles, there is a very heavy muscle, ordinarily over an inch in thickness which separates the abdominal organs from the lungs, called the diaphragm. All normal breathing is done by distending and contracting the abdominal muscles. When these muscles are distended the diaphragm is stretched taut like a drum head. The muscular pressure

of the diaphragm thus taken away from the lungs, the atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds per cubic inch automatically fills them. If sufficient time is given for this purpose, not only will the iron in the red blood corpuscles attract, as does a magnet the steel, sufficient oxygen to oxygenate the food, but also to incinerate the debris from the broken down cell tissue, carried thither in the venous blood. If this is not thoroughly done, the carbon dioxide and other poisons are retained in the blood. They re-enter the arterial circulation and thus produce auto-poisoning or intoxication—the most prevalent disease of today. This condition contributes to abnormal blood-pressure. A moment's consideration will show how few men are normal and how little our medical text books teach about normality. Any physician you choose to ask will tell you that normal respiration is at the rate of twelve to fourteen times per minute. No normal man could long retain health and breathe oftener than six times per minute. If respiration is more rapid it is because he has never learned to breathe properly.

Exhalation takes place when the walls of the abdomen are sufficiently contracted to cause the diaphragm to form into a cone shape and literally squeeze out of the lungs their contents. The process of emptying the lungs should always be as slow as that of filling them.

You can now understand how the use of these abdominal muscles strengthens them and thus prevents that flabby condition which makes possible rupture (hernia), and also how the proper use of them massages thoroughly the whole intestinal tract, keeping it in a good condition and thus prevents constipation.

The Door to Disease

Unused lungs not only become atrophied but the unstretched membranous lining becomes clogged with infiltrated substances from the atmosphere. Congestion is thus made possible, the body is more or less

starved (however much food may be consumed), and the way is opened for pneumonia and the whole tribe of pulmonary diseases.

Nobody has ever yet died of tuberculosis of the lungs! Yet hundreds of thousands of deaths are caused every year by what the physician calls tuberculosis and so states in the death certificate. What the patient really dies of is starvation. The lungs, the most essential part of the feeding apparatus, becoming diseased, are unable to properly oxygenate the food. Although the patient may eat four, five or six meals a day, he will grow progressively thinner, and ultimately starve to death.

The greatest fallacy of all the ages is that tuberculosis is caused by germs, or tubercular bacilli!

The Importance of Nostrils

If a little dust gets into the eye nature at once produces an exudate. The eyes fill with tears for the purpose of flooding and carrying away the extraneous matter. The nostrils are very heavily supplied with hair so as to keep the larger particles in the atmosphere away from the heating chamber that we speak of as the "nasal cavity." This large cavity back of the nose is crowded with little blood vessels over which the inhaled air passes, like the air over steam pipes in a Turkish bath room. All intake of air should be through the nostrils in order that the air may be heated to the temperature of the blood before reaching the delicate lining of the air sacs in the lungs. There can be no filthier habit than taking air in through the mouth. If one wore a pair of spectacles with five hundred or a thousand diameter microscopic lenses, thus seeing what is in the atmosphere of the average city, he would at least close his mouth, if indeed he did not run for his life.

With the intake of air, there is also more or less of foreign substance that gets

A VADE MECUM

For Mystics.

THE HOLY OF HOLIES

This book is a temple
In which sick souls
May find healing
And rest.

It is a guide book
For Pilgrims who are
In search of the Divine.

It is a portrait gallery
Where the soul
Gets a look at itself.

DR. ORLANDO EDGAR MILLER

Stands at the door
Of the house Beautiful
Acting as Interpreter.

As truly as thoughts
Are things—words
Are mental medicine.

Here then is a rich

DEPOSITORY OF GOD'S THOUGHTS

Clothed in man's
Choicest words and
Suited to all sorts
And conditions of mind, body
and soul.

THE DESIRE BEAUTIFUL



With the great wave of rejuvenation that is now sweeping the world I am sure you are in sympathy. Every normal woman wishes to look young and beautiful, but before the scientific knowledge of how to preserve youth came to hand many of us developed the symptoms of that universal disease—Old Age.

I wonder if you would be amazed if I told you how I, in my necessity, got rid of my age lines, sagginess, and a haggard face, and discovered a method, which can be used by any woman, that in less than one hour changes the face, however old, into the restful contour of youth, restoring the outlines of the face of her young womanhood! And, finally, how I learned to make this instant temporary change into a permanent reality.

Without cutting, peeling, or filling, but by a purely external, instant and harmless method the lines of age are supplanted by the contour of youth.

Seeing is believing. Call at the Dil Kusha Rejuvenating Salon any day, and if you can believe the evidence of your own eyes, you will be convinced.

Yours for instant beauty,
Viola Valentine,

Dil Kusha Rejuvenating Products, Ltd.
577 Geary Street,
San Francisco, California.

P. S.—Refined and cultured women of pleasing appearance are wanted in each community to demonstrate my methods, and to handle the finest and purest toilet preparations yet produced. Write for particulars.

in and attaches itself to the membranous lining of the nasal cavity. Just as the exudate flows forth in the eye, so in the nasal cavity. If the cavity is not kept clean, this exudate and the foreign substances degenerate and in time cause an ulcerated condition of the membranous lining of the nasal cavity. Then we have that foul smelling disease of filth which is commonly called catarh. Among the readers of this article, unless some deep breathing specialist has taught you the Hindu nasal cleansing breath, there is not one in a thousand who knows how to "blow your nose!" That perfunctory process indulged in by white men, with their handkerchiefs, called blowing the nose, has no thing whatever to do with the necessity of cleansing this nasal cavity. A clean man or woman would never have occasion to use a handkerchief on his nose. If you will watch the trumpeting of an elephant or the snorting of a bull or a stallion, you will discover that it has much more back of it than the emptying of the nostrils.

The same cause of the exudate in the eye and nasal cavity operates in the lungs. Foreign substances frequently get into the bronchial tubes with similar results. Not having been taught how to blow our nose, it is quite likely that we have not been taught how to blow our lungs. This exudation putrifies, produces an ulcerated condition, and in the resultant filth we have the culture ground for what is known as tubercular bacilli.

Real Cause of Tuberculosis

Wherever there is filth in the universe, whether it is a decaying cheese in Herkimer County or a dead horse on the Plains of Siberia or in South Africa, nature always provides a scavenger. The scavenger will ultimately carry away the filth. So in the human lung, this filth invites a scavenger which we know as the tubercular bacillus. Owing to our ignorance, the pallbearers usually have to carry our bodies away before the scavenger can carry away the accumu-

lated filth in our lungs. This bacillus has no power whatever to produce tuberculosis—is not the cause, but the result of tuberculosis. Any scientific bacteriologist in the world will tell you that before any bacilli can live and thrive there must be a culture ground. It is this culture ground that causes the diseased condition, and not the scavenger that later on is incubated and fed in the culture ground.

Statistics show that among the occupations and professions, the smallest percentage of people suffering from tuberculosis is found among bankers and that the largest proportion is among stone masons. The former comes to his office after the janitor has cleaned and dusted. The stone mason working over stone with mallet and chisel produces dust and fine particles which get into the lungs. The irritation and exudation that follow in time result in what is known as consumption.

A builders' supplies and hardware firm operating in Birmingham and Selma, Alabama, some years ago, stored its cement in the basement. They employed husky negroes to carry the sacks of cement in and out of this cellar. Every few months these colored men would sicken and die of what the doctors said was pulmonary tuberculosis. At last it occurred to the proprietors to have an autopsy made. To their very great surprise, it was found that the cement having been introduced into the lungs, and coming in contact with the moist conditions, had solidified, after the nature of cement. Much of the upper portion of the lungs was filled by a sort of honeycomb formation of cement, which made further oxygenation of the food impossible and the patient simply starved to death.

They at once removed the cement to sheds above ground, had the men wear sponges over their noses, and never lost a worker from a similar cause thereafter.

Physicians speak of some animals as immune to tuberculosis, such as dogs, horses, etc. And this is true for a very

Save A Thousand Dollars

In Doctor Bills and
at the Same Time

FORESTALL THE UNDERTAKER

Do you know that there are three million people in the United States who are bedridden with disease and that this number increases from year to year? Most of these unfortunates will soon be in the undertaker's hands in spite of the fact that they are paying more than a billion dollars annually to doctors for "cures," "remedies," and "treatments" in great variety.

WHY SHOULD THIS BE? WHY DO THE "REMEDIES" NOT REMEDY AND THE "CURES" FAIL TO CURE?

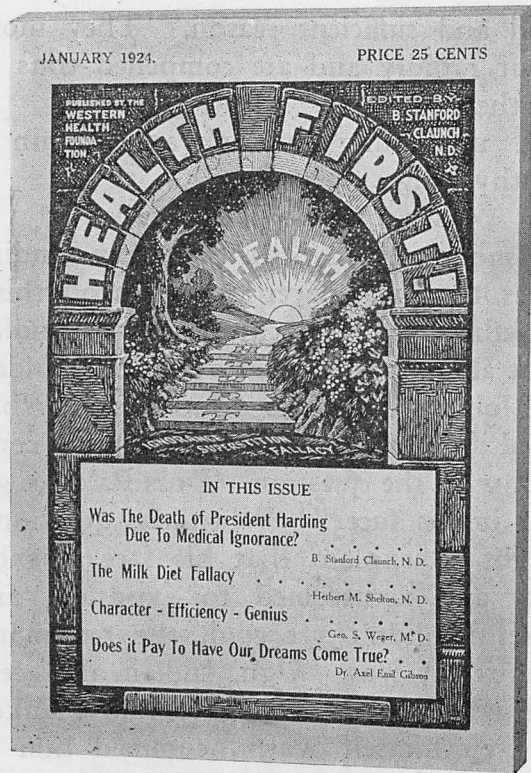
HEALTH FIRST will tell you. HEALTH FIRST has for its purpose the dissemination of fundamental health truth that is destined to solve the health problems of mankind. In no phase of human existence is the lack of truth more evident, or its need more urgent, than that which vitally concerns every one of us—*health*. HEALTH FIRST will publish all the truth available on this all important subject in a straightforward and fearless manner.

Each issue will be a revelation in new health ideas. If you would know why you are sick; if you would prefer health to ill health; if you would be your own doctor and learn how to live out your life in normal health, you cannot afford to miss a single copy of HEALTH FIRST.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER

A New Year Gift from you to a member of the Family or a Friend is One Year's Subscription to the "Psychological Review of Reviews." We have prepared a Special 1924 Greeting Card to send to your Friends with this Gift of yours. You cannot send a more fascinating gift, one that will keep you in mind, one that will be more appreciated as the year advances, than a year's subscription to the fastest growing Psychological Magazine in the United States.

CIRCULATION MANAGER
577 Geary Street San Francisco, Calif.



While you are reading this advertisement, our first issue is in the press, so send in your subscription at once. Your money will be refunded if you are not satisfied.

Subscription price, \$2.50 per year.
Use coupon below.

The Western Health Foundation
556 California St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find \$.....for which send me HEALTH FIRST for.....months.

Name

Address

City

HE CAN WHO THINKS HE CAN

Are you one of our Readers in your community that knows he or she can represent the Psychological Review of Reviews and obtain Subscriptions at \$2.50 per year?

Write to Circulation Manager, 577 Geary Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Attractive Offer Will be Forwarded.

good and sufficient reason. They move about rapidly and are compelled thus to use their lungs.

A used lung will always remain a healthy lung.

North American Indians

Among the North American Indian tribes, there was never known such a thing as pulmonary tuberculosis. The Indian went about with a skin over his shoulders and loins, in all sorts of weather. When asked if he didn't feel cold, he would come back with the question, "Does Paleface get cold in his face?" When the questioner sought to explain that his face was his face, and accustomed to exposure, and therefore didn't get cold, the red man's final retort was, "Ugh, Indian all face!" But when Uncle Sam gave him blankets to keep himself warm, confined him to small reservations and fed him so that he was no longer compelled to move about and forage for food, he soon contracted the lazy lung habit of his white brother. The terrific results are well known.

Missionaries Spread the Disease

Christian missionaries found a tribe of five thousand Indians in Patagonia. The climate down there is more rigorous than in Canada, yet they had never heard of or experienced colds or lung troubles of any kind. After embracing the Christians' creed, their attention was also directed to the indecency of the human body (the Temple of God). Never before had they been guilty of clothing, but the adult and adolescent adopted the Christians' idea in dress. No longer was activity and deep breathing necessary to warmth. Result; in five years' time fifteen hundred of them (30%) had either died of or were in the last stages of pulmonary tuberculosis.

Mountain Air

The tubercular condition of the lungs, even in very advanced stages, is frequently overcome by living in high altitudes. As is well understood, the higher up one goes, the less oxygen content is found in the air.

Life, however, is impossible without oxygen and one is compelled to breathe more deeply in high altitudes to secure sufficient oxygen, even for mere existence. In advanced stages of the disease, the only question about recovery in the mountains is whether or not the patient has sufficient vitality to withstand the extra exertion brought on through the enforced breathing necessary to secure sufficient oxygenation. If the patient can stand up under this for three or four weeks, the chances for ultimate recovery are good. The deep inhalation of air forces the sputum out of the lungs and the oxygen purifies and heals the ulcerated parts.

A number of years ago a noted London physician, in conversation with the writer, described the case of the son of a prominent nobleman whom they had sent to Davos. Although in a very advanced stage of the disease the recovery was phenomenal. Within three months' time he had a clean bill of health and was returned to London. In a few weeks' time, however, there was a relapse. He was sent back to Davos with instructions not to ask to leave for at least six months. When a few weeks had passed, he had another good bill of health, but he was compelled to remain in Davos for five months, to which he objected and rebelled. To all intents and purposes he was as well and normal as he had ever been in his life. So it was arranged to bring him back to London. At the end of six weeks he collapsed and expired before it was possible to return him to Switzerland. The doctor's closing comment was this: "I can see now that it was not the dry air nor any other contributing cause peculiar to Davos, with the exception that he was compelled, by reason of the altitude, to breathe deeply. Had he indulged in the same deep breathing in London, where there is a much larger percentage of oxygen in the atmosphere, he would probably be alive today."

To recapitulate, tuberculosis is a disease

of lazy lungs. Lungs properly used are not subject to colds or congestions or other pulmonary difficulties. When one learns to breathe properly, many other ills with which man is afflicted today will cease to exist. Thirty minutes a day in our public school system, from the primary grade to high school, devoted to deep breathing exercises would eliminate pulmonary tuberculosis from the United States in less than one generation.

("How to Breathe" will be considered in our next issue).

"A FRIEND IN NEED"



How often have you needed an intimate confidant when personal or business problems became too heavy to bear alone?

One who can do more than preach a sermon, threaten suit, prescribe a pill or nod a sympathetic but thoughtless head.

Mrs. Grace Palmer Craig is disclosing to people practical ways and means by which their problems can be solved without undue friction or disturbance.

Mrs. Craig has two studios at 465 Geary Street, next to the Curran Theatre, one for class and the other for more intimate confidential instructions. Class meets every Monday and Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., Studio No. 1. Enroll now to learn the fundamental principles of psychoanalysis. Mrs. Craig has lifted the intimidated and down-trodden to self-assertiveness and unlocked unsuspected possibilities in the lives of those not quite satisfied with their progress. Free Studio Lectures Sunday evenings at 7:30.

"There is too much advice and not enough information," says Mrs. Craig. Mrs. Henriette Jodar arranges interviews with Mrs. Craig, phone Franklin 5256. Her business affairs are under direction of Mr. Baldwin Vale.

Amongst the members of the International Society of Applied Psychology, there may be somebody who could temporarily care for a little girl of seven, whose mother (in San Francisco) has been incapacitated. Write the Secretary, 577 Geary Street, San Francisco.

The LITTLE ART SHOP

*Whatever Beautifies the Home
Satisfies the Artistic Temperament*

IN ART—
SCULPTURE,
MEZZOTINTS,
BOOK ENDS,
CANDLESTICKS,
POTTERY,
OLD MASTERS,
CHRISTMAS CARDS,
ETCHINGS, ETC., WE SELL

If you are puzzled
About Christmas presents
Or birthday gifts
Call at our Gift Shop

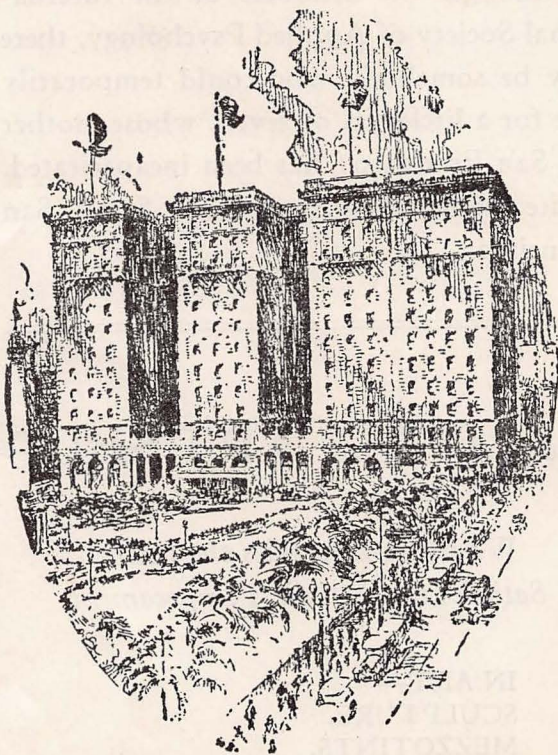
*The Editors of this Magazine patronize us
Ask them*

THE BANFIELD HULLINGER CO.

BELLEVUE HOTEL
501 Geary Street, San Francisco

Ladies' Tailor and Furrier Phone Graystone 202
Special Attention Given to Remodeling

Tornek's Shop
575 GEARY STREET, San Francisco
We Carry a Full Line of *Lingerie, Hosiery, Corsets
and Notions* at Reasonable Prices



HOTEL ST FRANCIS

The Psychological Hotel

Why?
Because, behind the
Building
And the human
Machinery
And the Anatomy
Of Comfort
For
Which St. Francis
Is Famous.
There is
A Master Mind
From which
All other minds

Take their cue.
Only Maximum Efficiency
Can produce
Maximum Comfort
Only Maximum
Comfort
Can produce
The highest values
In Success.
A great Hotel
Is like a
Great Book
A thing of Beauty
And a Joy Forever.

FACING UNION SQUARE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

THOS. J. COLEMAN
Manager

THE face is the Index to Character. Don't guess
what people are—Know! Read faces instantly—
This book teaches how.

“HERE'S POWER”, *A system of understanding*

By the noted mental analysts, Harlan E. Tarbell and
John B. Rolle

The APYRTROPHER PUBLISHING HOUSE

1910 North Harding St., Chicago, Ill.

“HERE'S POWER” only \$2.00 post paid

AGENTS WANTED

Liberal terms are offered to those who will
act as agents for this Magazine. Apply to Cir-
culation Manager, 577 Geary Street, San
Francisco.

Dr. J. G. Lehner

PHYSICAL RECONSTRUCTION

Dietetics
Adjustments, Quartz-Light
Electronic-Therapy

El Geary Studios
465 Geary Street

Phone Prospect 8600
San Francisco

OUR

HEALTH INSTITUTION

Comprises

THE RAW FOOD DINING ROOM, 574 Cali-
fornia Street. Open to the public. Serving ex-
clusively, and at moderate prices, the natural un-
cooked foods. Free public health lectures at this
address every Tuesday evening.

OFFICES, 556 California Street. Rational and
natural methods only. Hours: 10 to 12, 2 to 5
and by appointment. Tel. Sutter 3280.

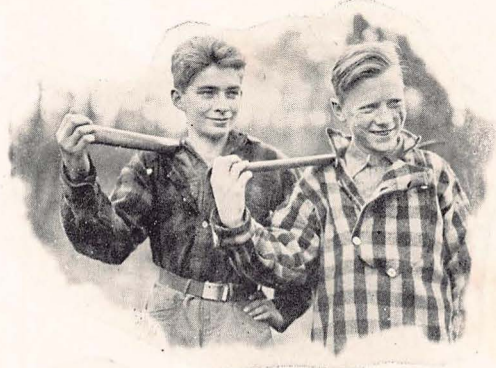
EXTENSION DEPARTMENT. Ill health is al-
ways the result of violation of natural laws, and
nature restores health when such violation is dis-
continued. The true physician is an instructor,
a teacher of the laws of health. The benefits of our
health education may be had by all, regardless of
place of residence. Write for particulars.

B. STANFORD CLAUNCH, N. D.
L. RAYMOND HOLMES, D. C., Ph. C.
San Francisco, Cal.

The Raymond Riordon School

Highland, Ulster County, New York

Where the Arts and Sciences, Trades and Culture are merged in the Interests of Human Betterment.



Axemen—all ages, athletes, baseball players, soccer winners, and best of all—students, and better students because of fresh air, adaptability, plentiful food—proper diet—and real interest.

PRIMARY TO COLLEGE ENTRANCE—CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

Life, Labor & Money

Life is energy. For energy exercised in the production of things, whether by hand or brain, we get what we call money. Money is called a standard of values and a medium of exchange, but it is more than that.

Money is life. It is our energy transmuted. It is the equivalent of the time and energy spent in producing something. So that we can look at the money and truthfully say "*that is part of me.*"

Saving money therefore is storing up for future use part of ourselves. And wasting money is wasting life and robbing it of future ease and comfort.

"A time will come when your earning power will cease. Don't fool with Fate—Open a Bank Account To-day."

We offer a complete Banking Service. Whatever any other bank does—we do.

COMMERCIAL TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

1560 Broadway (Next to Post Office)

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA