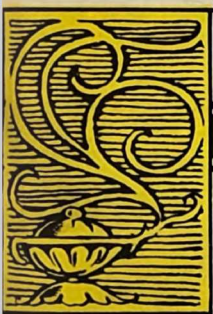


PSYCHOLOGY

Health · Happiness · Success ·



In This Issue

Havelock Ellis

Henry Knight Miller

James R. Crowell

Charles W. Wood

Louis E. Bisch

S. Earle Purinton

FICTION

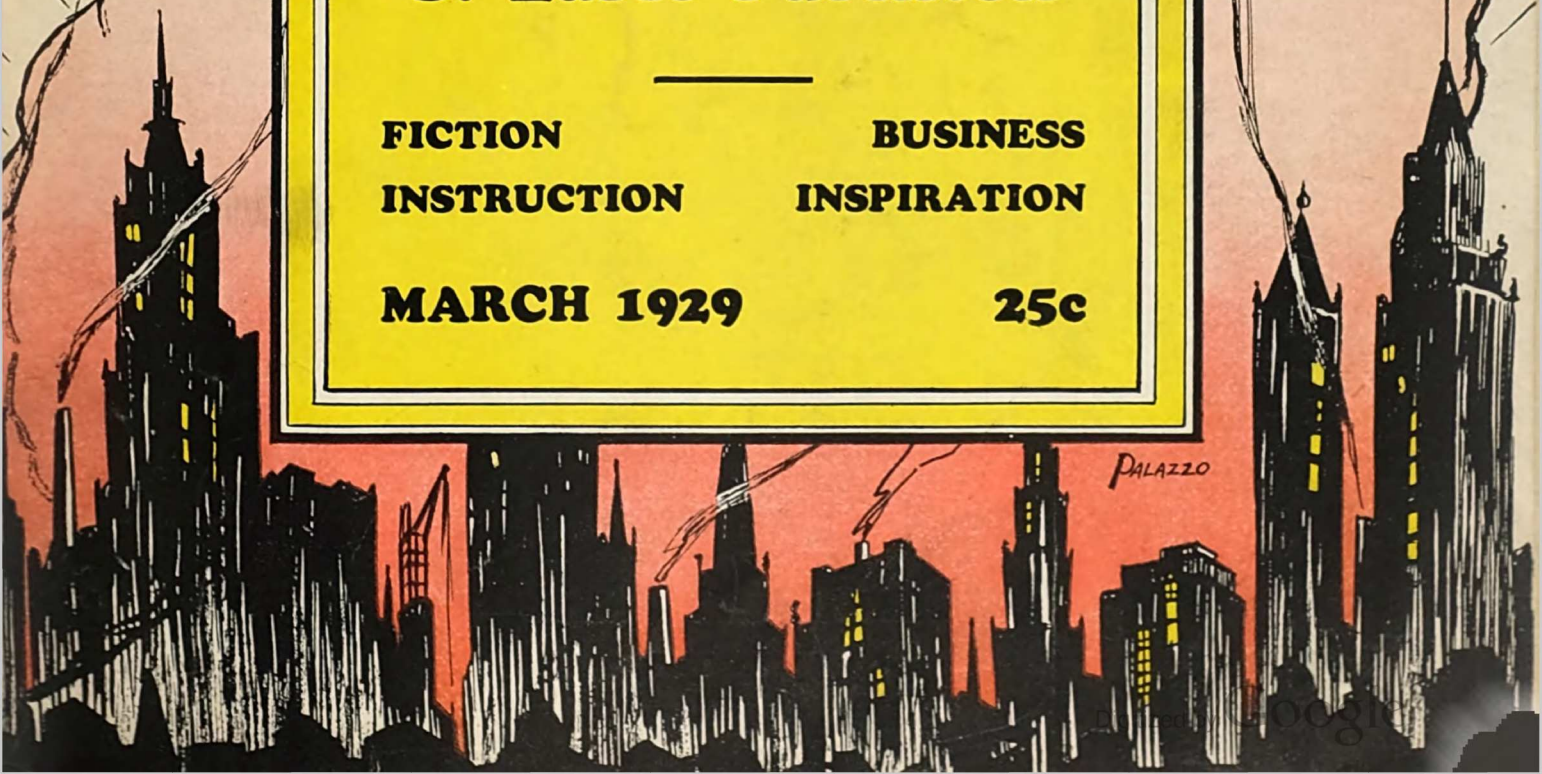
BUSINESS

INSTRUCTION

INSPIRATION

MARCH 1929

25c



Strengthen Your

NERVES

The stronger your nerves are, the stronger you are in muscular power, organic power, and mentality—for in the *nerves* lies the source of all power. To be dull-nerved means to be dull-brained and dull-bodied—insensible to the higher things of life.

If you are seeking that mysterious something that will give you a high degree of Health, Courage, Ambition, Endurance, Personality—that mysterious IT, that all long to possess, **STRENGTHEN YOUR NERVES**, for *there* lies the answer to your wish.

Thousands of people suffer from bodily ailments which stubbornly refuse to yield to direct treatments. In nearly every case, the cause is weak nerves—nerves that have been depleted through worry, anxiety, fast living, and endeavor to keep up with the present day mile-a-minute life. These are the real enemies of Health, Happiness and Success.

Beware of Nerve Strain

I have carefully analyzed the cause of physical and organic weakness in over one hundred thousand persons during the last thirty years. I found the main factor *not* to be the lack of exercise, improper diet and violation of ordinary health rules, but mainly *Nerve Abuse*. It is this that tears down the health, weakens the body and makes men and women prematurely old and decrepit.

By nerve abuse is not meant excesses and vices alone, it includes needless wasting of Nerve Force through emotional and mental strains, especially through undue worry and anxiety, groundless fears, and a twisted philosophy of life.

Neurasthenia

Nerve weakness (Neurasthenia) is recognized as a specific malady, but it is, in fact, the *vicious center* of a vast number of maladies, reaching all the way from simple nervousness to raving insanity. All the so-called "common ailments" that harass the life of mankind are mainly due to weak nerves.

Nerve weakness may be described as existing in three stages and is manifested by the following symptoms:

First Stage: Nervousness, restlessness, sleeplessness, lack of energy, poor circulation, and other minor symptoms of low vitality.

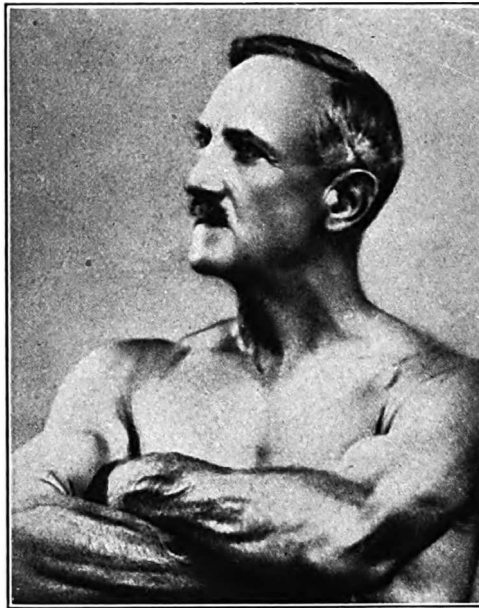
Second Stage: Nervous indigestion, belching, sour stomach, gas in bowels, shallow breathing, decline in power of the reproductive functions, high or low blood pressure, hot or cold flashes, heart palpitation, mental uneasiness, irritability, undue worry, despondency, self-consciousness, etc.

Third Stage: As nerve weakness advances, the symptoms mentioned before become more severe. It is then the more severe mental symptoms appear; namely fears, melancholia, dizziness, loss of memory, hallucinations, suicidal thoughts, and finally **INSANITY**.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned here apply to you, especially those indicating mental uneasiness, you may be certain that your nerves are weak and deranged. Fight this weakness as you would fight for your life. **Conquer it, or it will conquer you.**

Medicine Useless

Medical treatment for nerve weakness is worse than useless. Taking drugs to stimulate jaded nerves is like making a tired horse run by dragging him behind an automobile.



PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Author of *Nerve Force* and several other books on Health and kindred subjects.

This photograph taken very recently, shows him at the age of 57—the acme of Strength, Vitality and Nerve Force

Physical Exercise May Be Harmful

Don't be deceived into believing that some magic system of exercise will restore lost Nerve Force, as is so often claimed by physical culturists. More often it wastes the little that is left, for exercise demands expenditure of Nerve Force. Bear in mind that some of the worst nervous wrecks may be found right among our physical culturists, prize fighters and noted athletes. Nerve abuse wrecks the strong as well as the weak.

Important Book on the Nerves

Many excellent books have been written on the care and strengthening of the nerves, but by far the most practical book ever written for the benefit of the general public is "*Nerve Force*" by Paul von Boeckmann, the noted authority on this subject, who has for thirty years made an intensive study of people with weak and deranged nerves. The book is illustrated and contains 64 pages of condensed facts

and advice upon the subject of Nerve Culture. The cost, prepaid, is only 25c. (coin or small denomination stamps).

Your Children's Nerves

This book is of inestimable value to parents. Proper care of a child's nerves is as important as his mental training, for education is of little value unless backed by sound nerves.

Nervous parents are likely to beget nervous children. The information contained in this book will give a parent a thorough understanding of the dangers that threaten a child's nerves and how to counteract them, so that the child can become immune to nerve strain and become strong and healthy.

Unconditional Guarantee

This book is guaranteed from cover to cover. If after applying the advice it contains, your nerves do not feel 100% calmer and better, your money will be refunded **PLUS** your outlay for postage. There is no time limit to this offer.

Over a million copies have been sold, a record never before reached by any other book on health. This book and several other books on health subjects by the author are now on file in many public libraries and at the National Medical Library at Washington, D. C. They are highly recommended by noted physicians, scientists, teachers, ministers, and students of health culture.

What Others Say

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A mother writes: "I always had that dragged out feeling. I could not take any interest in my children's activities; they annoyed me. I could find no relief until I read your book. It taught me how to build up my nerves. Now I am a companion to my children, can play with them, and am interested in their doings."

A college student writes: "I studied so intensely to pass my 'exams' that I broke down completely, and had to leave college. After following your teachings, I was able to return to school and complete my education, graduating with honors."

A young girl writes: "I have been suffering from depression for a long time. I tried many cures, but none succeeded. In changing my mental attitude to life, you saved me from this terrible melancholy."

An athlete says: "To look at me, you would have thought me to be 'the picture of health.' But my appearance was deceiving—I was strong physically but internally my nerves were shaky and life was a burden to me. Now I understand that muscle isn't everything."

A business man writes: "Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

Fill in the attached coupon today—**NOW**. The book will be a revelation to you.

Paul von Boeckmann, Studio, 1470
Collins Bldg., 48 W. 48th St., New York City

Dear Sir: Please send me your book on Nerve Culture subject to guarantee. Enclosed find 25c.

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Note: Paul von Boeckmann has advertised his various books in all the standard magazines for more than 25 years. He is the oldest advertiser in his profession in America.

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I Said "Good-bye" to It All After Reading This Amazing Book— Raised My Earnings 700%!



Where Shall We Send Your Copy—**FREE?**

WHEN a man who has been struggling along at a low-pay job suddenly steps out and commences to earn real money—\$5,000, \$7,500 or \$10,000 a year—he usually gives his friends quite a shock. It's hard for them to believe he is the same man they used to know . . . but such things happen much more frequently than most people realize. Not only one, but **HUNDREDS** have altered the whole course of their lives after reading the amazing book illustrated at the right.

True, it is only a book—just seven ounces of paper and printers' ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message that any ambitious man can read! It reveals facts and secrets that will open almost any man's eyes to things he has never even dreamed of!

Remarkable Salary Increases

For example, R. B. Hansen, of Akron, Ohio, is just one case. Not long ago he was a foreman in the rubber-curing room of a big factory at a salary of \$160 a month. One day this remarkable volume, "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship," fell into his hands. And from that day on, Mr. Hansen clearly saw the way to say "good-bye" forever to low pay, long hours, and tiresome routine! Today he has reaped the rewards that this little volume placed within his reach. His salary runs well into

the 5-figure class—actually exceeding \$10,000 a year! Another man, Wm. Shore of Nacmch, California, was a cowboy when he sent for "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship." Now he is a star salesman making as high as \$525 in a single week. O. D. Oliver of Norman, Oklahoma, read it and jumped from \$200 a month to over \$10,000 a year! C. V. Champion of Danville, Illinois, raised his salary to over \$10,000 a year and became President of his company in the bargain!

Your Income Multiplied Or You Pay Nothing

N. S. T. A. is now offering to every man who wants to increase his income, an amazing **Double Money-Back** bond that assures you a definite stipulated addition to your income, within three months after your training is completed—or the course costs you nothing. This daring offer is possible only because of the success of thousands of members. Send coupon immediately for full details.

A Few Weeks— Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about any of these men when they started. None of them had any special advantages—although all of them realized that **SALESMANSHIP** offers bigger rewards than any other profession under the sun. But, like many other men, they subscribed to the foolish belief that successful salesmen are born with some sort of "magic gift." "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship"

showed them that nothing could be farther from the truth! Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet.

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See for yourself **WHY** "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship" has been the deciding factor in the careers of so many men who are now making \$10,000 a year. Learn for yourself the **REAL TRUTH** about the art of selling! You do not risk one penny nor incur the slightest obligation. And since it may mean the turning point of your whole career, it certainly is worth your time to fill out and clip the blank below. Send it now!

National Salesmen's Training Association

Dept. C-111, N.S.T.A. Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

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The Standard Publication of Practical, Inspirational and Applied Psychology

PSYCHOLOGY

Health!

Happiness!

Success!

VOL. XII. NO. 3

MARCH, 1929

Founded and Edited by Henry Knight Miller

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IN APRIL

SHALL WE SCOLD CHILDREN—OR PRAISE? A Graphic account of the actual record of two groups of school children, one praised, the other reproved. Showing that scolding dulls the minds and impedes the development of the young. An article no parent or teacher can afford to miss. By Dr. Elizabeth Hurlock, instructor in Columbia University.

YOUR MIND AND YOUR BUSINESS. First of a series of clever and constructive business lessons, by a master of inspirational psychology, Edward Earle Purinton.

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ALBERT WALTON again. Psychology readers have not forgotten the pungent story of the Psycho-analysis of poor Job, of Bible days. Professor Walton begins in April a series of incisive and helpful articles on Personality Building.

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Published monthly by the Psychology Publishing Co., Inc. Business and Editorial Offices, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price, \$3.00 per year. Canada, \$3.00. Foreign, \$4.00. Subscribers may send remittance by check or express money order or registered letter.

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Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Jamaica, N. Y., August 24, 1927.

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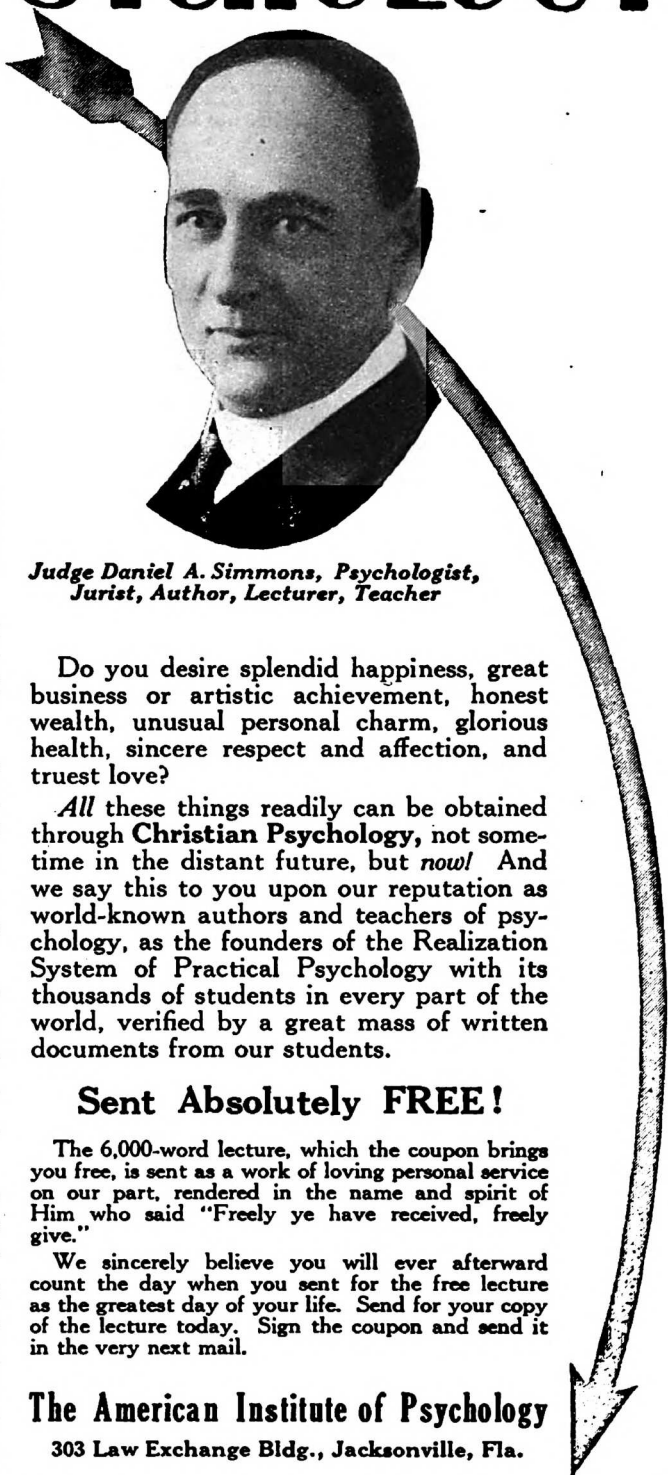
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At home he tunes in on the radio—gets tired of it—starts talking to anyone who will listen about the "tough" day he had at the office—then abruptly breaks off and snatches a glance at the newspaper—can't get interested—and finally, unable to concentrate on anything, he goes to bed.

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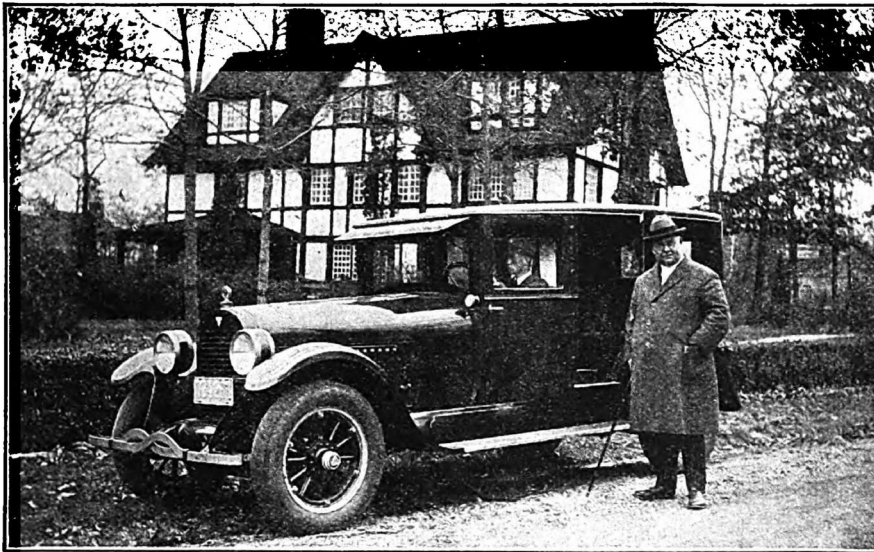
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How, after 12 years' hard work as a railroad brakeman, I got into real estate, and now make more in a month than I used to make in a year.

By L. C. CLARKE
(Address furnished on request)

FOR TWELVE YEARS I was a brakeman on the Mohawk Division of the New York Central.

During that time my wages averaged exactly \$638.40 a year.

Then I got started in the real estate business, and during the past year I made one sale that gave me a commission of \$4,500, which is more than I made on the railroad in seven years of hard work.

And I don't feel that I have done anything wonderful—anything the other fellow can't do if he will. I simply got into the right kind of business—a business of big opportunities—a business where big money is made.

You—who are reading these words—can do what I have done if you have a mind to. You don't need education, experience, capital or influence. I didn't have any of these things.

I had to leave school when I was thirteen, so I had mighty little education. I had no real estate experience. I never earned more than just enough to keep me out of the poorhouse, so I had no capital. And, as for influence, where would a \$50-a-month brakeman get any?

And you don't have to go to a big town to succeed. I am located in a little New York State town of only 3,000 population.

Of course, I am pretty enthusiastic about the real estate business. I think it's the greatest business in the world. It has more advantages and bigger opportunities than any other business I know of. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is almost unlimited in its possibilities—about ten million properties are always on the market. It is easy to learn. You don't need capital to get started, as you do in almost any other business. The business can't grow smaller—it keeps getting bigger as population increases. And you can get started in the business right at home in your spare time. When I realize that I have an independent, enjoyable business of my own, a good home, two automobiles, and every convenience and comfort a sane man could want I sometimes find it hard to believe that I'm the same fellow

that put in twelve long years of hard work as a railroad brakeman.

And I'm not the only one who has taken advantage of this wonderful business opportunity and pulled himself out of the rut of routine work. Chas. F. Worthen, formerly a salesman, did, and he made \$8,500 in 17 weeks. H. G. Stewart made \$14,400 in less than six months. Anthony C. Maurell made \$4,100 in 3 months. M. J. Stokes, a Pennsylvania man, made \$900 in three months, just in his spare time. H. J. Dwillard, of Michigan, was fitted to hold the position of Sales Manager of the largest contractors' and builders' real estate department in his city.

Now, if you are kicking about what I used to kick about—long hours, hard work and poor pay—if you want to get into a business where you can have the biggest kind of an opportunity to make good—simply send your name and address to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. C-10, 18 East 18 St., New York, and they will send you *without cost or obligation*, a copy of their free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

In five minutes after you start reading this fascinating book, you will agree with me that you have at last struck the best business opportunity that ever came your way—an opportunity to learn a splendid money-making business and get started—right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—in a safe, sound, independent business of your own.

So get busy, if you want to grab something big. If you are ambitious to make something of yourself—get ahead—make more money—this is one chance you can't afford to let slip out of your grasp. It costs you nothing to find out what there is in this for you. You take no risk. So, mail the coupon at once. Take my word for it, you will never regret the day you sent for this free book. And some day you may do just what I did—put through a deal that will put more money in your bank account than you ever saw in one pile before.

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Tri-Tri-Triangle

*I love Jack and he loves Mae,
But she is all for Roy.
He wants Kay, who will not play
With him 'cause Bob's her boy.
Bob likes Louise, who's hard to please,
For she's the girl for Lee;
But that can't be as you can see
'Cause he's in love with me.*

—Notre Dame Juggler

* * *

He—Have you ever been kissed before?

*She—Y-y-es, 'c-ause I n-n-never could
s-s-say n-n-n-no fast enough.*

—Northwestern Purple Parrot

* * *

Economics!

"Are you going to Paris this summer, Madge?"

"No, I've decided to make my old husband do for another year."

—Black & Blue Jay

* * *

The Logical Mind

"Why does a stork stand on one leg?"

"I don't know."

"If he'd lift the other one, he'd fall down."

—Mugwump

* * *

Dates and Dates

History Prof—Your trouble, my boy, is remembering dates.

Stude—Say, Prof, you've got me wrong. I never missed a date in my life.

—U. of S. Calif. Wampus

* * *

"There's an act at the Palace in which the actors wear furs worth thousands of dollars."

"How in the world did that miracle happen?"

"Oh, you see it's this way; it's a trained seal act."

—Notre Dame Juggler

Up or Down?

"So you're a young man with both feet on the ground, eh? What do you do for a living?"

"I take orders from a man with both feet on the desk."

—Wisconsin Octopus

* * *

*A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of chemicals, a still, and Thou
Beside me raving in the wilderness—
Then Paradise were near enough—and how!*

—San Francisco Argonaut

* * *

Page Will Rogers!

Candidate—It is my intention to conduct a bunkless campaign.

Publicity—Swell, brother, and I'm just the guy that's got the boloney to put that hooley over.

—College Humor

* * *

She—You don't see so many intoxicated people on the street since prohibition.

He—The stuff kills them before they get out the door.

—Bison.

* * *

Song for a Smile Called Wry

I know from the start how this will end:

The hand, now hot, will grow slowly cooler,

*And Love in tatters too mean to mend
Will be a beggar that was a ruler.*

I know quite well that a mouth or a chin

*Or a dimple below or a shadow above
Are senseless things for a woman to pin*

Her hope and her happiness to in love.

I know, and there's none knows better than

I, Love's a matter for deep regretting,

*One man's the same as another man;
I know, and I know, but I keep forgetting.*

—Selma Robinson in *The Conning Tower*, "New York World"

* * *

The Best Policy

Mrs. Mose Johnson, whose marital path was anything but smooth, walked into an insurance office and inquired, "Does you-all hab any of dat fire assurance heah?"

"We do," a clerk replied. "What do you want insured?"

"Mah husband," was the reply.

"Then you don't want fire insurance," smiled the clerk, as he reached for another application form. "What you want is a life insurance policy."

"No, ah don't!" Mrs. Johnson exclaimed. "Ah wants fire assurance. Dat nigger's been fired fo' times in de las' two weeks."

—Goblin

* * *

Plaint of a Pessimist

Take a pair of the loveliest eyes that there be;

Cheeks like rose petals; a heart full of glee;

A smile that entralls you; a glance that is coy;

Two lips of a goddess (or Helen of Troy);

*Soft-flowing tresses of fairy-spun gold;
The soul of an artist. Put these in a mold,*

And when you have mixed them the product will be

Precisely the maiden who'll never love me!

—J. Kent Smith in *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

It Brings You the Things You Want—While You Sleep!

**Amazing New Invention Puts Unseen Forces to
Work For You—Making Your Dreams Come True**

FROM all over the country amazing reports are being received about a startling new invention which helps people achieve their desires, aims, ambitions—*while asleep*. This invention, the **PSYCHOPHONE**, is founded on a scientific principle and seems almost supernatural in its workings. The most remarkable testimonies, telling of almost unbelievable results, keep pouring in. As one man writes: "I can't make it out. There seems to be something uncanny about the whole thing, but I know it has done for me *over night what the doctors have failed to do in 5 weeks.*"

You go to bed, diffident, shy, unsuccessful, in poor health. You sleep, quietly, peacefully. While you sleep, you gain strength, vigor, vitality, masterfulness. In a short time, you become a *new man*. Sounds miraculous, doesn't it?

Yet this is happening *right now* all over the country. Men and women are realizing their fondest hopes, most cherished ambitions, in this almost supernatural manner.

Reaching Your Subconscious Mind!

The explanation is a simple scientific fact. For years psychologists and psychiatrists have known that man's subconscious mind is most readily reached during sleep. *The problem has been how to reach it; how to bring its great forces into play.*

Works While You Sleep

Now science has solved this problem. Sleep no longer is a mere period of rest from consciousness. It is a time for the advancement of your all-powerful subconscious mind.

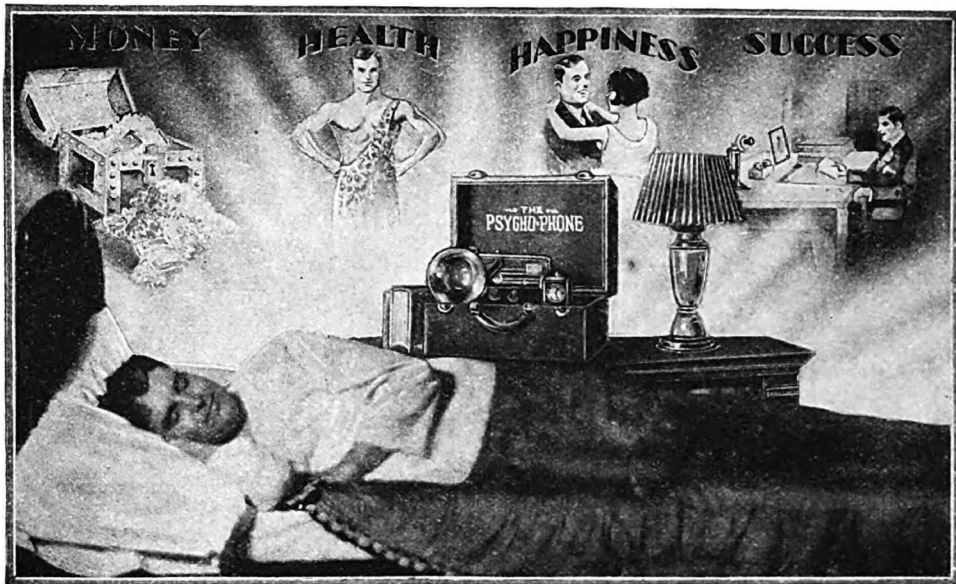
Wearied from work, you go to bed—you sleep. Your conscious mind is at rest. Without disturbing you in any way, *even without your knowledge*, **PSYCHOPHONE** works, strengthening your subconscious mind, shaping it to *your* desires, aims, ambitions.

You Get What You Want

One of the most amazing features of **PSYCHOPHONE** is that it brings *you what you want!* Whether you want Personality, Health, Success in Business, an Ideal Mate—or have some special personal desire—you have only to *say what you want—and get it!* The scientific psychological principle of active affirmation makes this miraculous thing possible.

You Awake A New Man

You awake refreshed, invigorated. You feel a new mastery—a dominant awareness of life. Timidity, self-consciousness, lack of money, lack of power, fear—all are banished *while you sleep.*



Money—Health—Happiness—Success—what do you want? Name your heart's desire, and let the PSYCHOPHONE bring it to you, *while you sleep!* Get the facts today about this amazing new invention—the greatest psychological advance of the century.

PROOF!

"I am now better able to talk to my superiors. . . . The manager of the firm I am employed in seems surprised at the change in my manner of conversation."

"There is, in my place of employment, a girl whom I could not talk to before without being slammed or repulsed. . . . Now, it seems that we have become very good friends."

"My improved health, mental and financial condition enabled me to marry the girl I loved."

"Through the use of the Psychophone, I now feel myself torn from the deep waters of Mediocrity by the very current of Life that leads on to Health, Success and Prosperity."

"I have increased my bank account—dollars; turned a shiftless life into a detailed plan; cultivated dozens of influential friends."

Revolutionary Discovery

PSYCHOPHONE is a new discovery that is revolutionizing men's and women's lives, through drawing on the unseen—but known—forces of their subconscious minds—*while they slumber deeply.*

PSYCHOPHONE represents the application of modern science to the age-old problem of harnessing your subconscious mind to your purposes.

The Discoverer

PSYCHOPHONE is the achievement of A. B. Saliger, nationally known practical psychologist, whose lectures have been heard by thousands of people, and whose books have turned countless lives from failure to success.

Secret of Mastery

The difference between the man who is successful, has money, super-vitality, is attractive to those of the opposite sex—in short, the *Master*—and the man who is underpaid, "doesn't feel good," is afraid of the boss, and "doesn't get on with girls" is no secret.

One lets his subconscious mind work for him; the other struggles along with only his conscious mind as his muddled guide.

You Can Do It

You can get into the **MASTER** class. You can do it without interfering with your work or pleasure—simply by turning your now wasted hours of sleep into hours of subconscious development.

A Challenge to Sceptics

PSYCHOPHONE is such a revolutionary idea and produces such startling results that you may find it hard to believe. But scientific knowledge has made enormous progress during the past decade.

Write and get the facts. The letters quoted on this page are from "hard boiled" folks who had to be "shown." *They investigated.*

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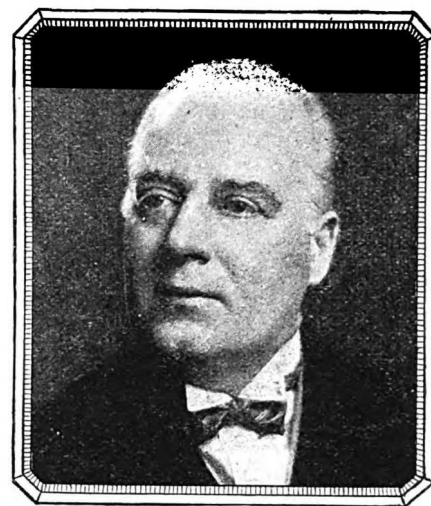
What is that magnetic, powerful influence that draws one man to one woman—forever, irresistibly? What is that strange, never-falling spark that awakens love? What is it, in man or woman, that seems to draw and fascinate—the hypnotic power that no one can resist?

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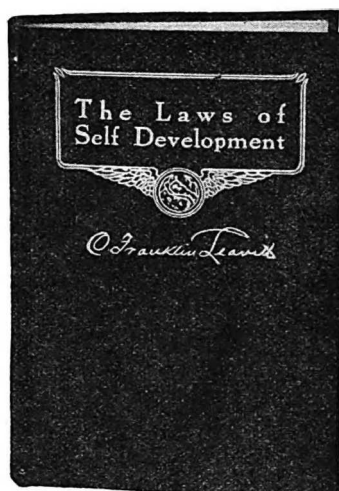
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"What? Learn Music by Mail?" *they laughed*



"Yes," I cried, "and I'll bet money I can do it!"



IT all started one day after lunch. The office crowd was in the recreation-room, smoking and talking, while I thumbed through a magazine.

"Why so quiet, Joe?" some one called to me.

"Just reading an ad," I replied, "all about a new way to learn music by mail. Says here any one can learn to play in a few months at home, without a teacher. Sounds easy, the way they tell about it."

"Ha ha," laughed Fred Lawrence, "do you suppose they would say it was *hard*?"

"Perhaps not," I came back, a bit peeved, "but it sounds so reasonable I thought I'd write them for their booklet."

Well, maybe I didn't get a razzing then! Finally Fred Lawrence sneered: "Why, it's absurd. The poor fellow *really* believes he can learn music by mail!"

To this day I don't know what made me come back at him. Perhaps it was because I *really* was ambitious to learn to play the piano. Anyhow, before I knew it I'd cried, "Yes, and I'll bet money I can do it." But the crowd only laughed harder than ever.

Suppose I Was Wrong—

As I walked upstairs to my desk I began to regret my haste. Suppose that music course wasn't what the ad said. Suppose it was too difficult for me. And how did I know I had even the least bit of talent to help me out. If I fell down, the boys in the office would have the laugh on me for life. But just as I was beginning to weaken, my lifelong ambition to play and my real love of music came to the rescue. And I decided to go through with the whole thing.

During the few months that followed, Fred Lawrence

never missed a chance to give me a sly dig about my bet. And the boys always got a good laugh, too. But I never said a word. I was waiting patiently for a chance to get the *last* laugh myself.

My Chance Arrives

Things began coming my way during the office outing at Pine Grove. After lunch it rained, and we all sat around inside looking at each other. Suddenly some one spied a piano in the corner. "Who can play?" every one began asking. Naturally, Fred Lawrence saw a fine chance to have some fun at my expense, and he got right up.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "our friend Joe, the music-master, has consented to give us a recital."

That gave the boys a good laugh. And some of them got on either side of me and with mock dignity started to escort me to the piano. I could hear a girl say, "Oh, let the poor fellow alone; can't you see he's mortified to death?"

The Last Laugh

I smiled to myself. This was certainly a wonderful setting for my little surprise party. Assuming a scared look, I stumbled over to the piano while the crowd tittered.

"Play 'The Varsity Drag,'" shouted Fred, thinking to embarrass me further.

I began fingering the keys, and then . . . with a wonderful feeling of cool confidence . . . I broke right into the very selection Fred asked for. There was a sudden hush in the room as I made that old piano talk. But in a few minutes I heard a fellow jump to his feet and shout, "Believe me, the boy is *there*! Let's dance!"

Tables and chairs were pushed aside, and soon the whole crowd was shuffling around having a whale of a time. Nobody would hear of me stopping, least of all the four fellows who were singing in harmony right at my elbow.

So I played one peppy selection after another until I finished with "Crazy Rhythm" and the crowd stopped dancing and singing to applaud me. As I turned around to thank them, there was Fred holding a tenspot right under my nose.

"Folks," he said, addressing the crowd again, "I want to apologize publicly to Joe. I bet him he couldn't learn to play by mail, and believe me, he sure deserves to win the money!"

"Learn to play by mail!" exclaimed a dozen people. "That sounds impossible! Tell us how you did it!"

I was only too glad to tell them how I'd always wanted to play

but couldn't afford a teacher, and couldn't think of spending years in practice. I described how I had read the U. S. School of Music ad, and how Fred bet me I couldn't learn to play by mail.

"Folks," I continued, "it was the biggest surprise of my life when I got the first lesson. It was fun right from the start, everything as simple as A-B-C. There were no scales or tiresome exercises. And all it required was part of my spare time. In a short time I was playing jazz, classical pieces, and in fact, anything I wanted. Believe me, that certainly was a profitable bet I made with Fred."

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- ¶ We have our Fears, which limit and hamper the Self.
- ¶ The Self is the Unconscious and in its bosom dwells Eternal Life—the Here and the Now.
- ¶ It knows! It is keyed to the Universal!
- ¶ It does not need to think, to reason, to plan—it knows! It knows—no matter how petty, how unharmonious your life may seem to be.
- ¶ It is YOU.
- ¶ These Fears that spring from the Conscious are not YOU. They never were, they never can be YOU.
- ¶ They are YOU no more than is Your Body, Your Clothes. These are only YOURS.
- ¶ Stand aside! Let the YOU come thru.
- ¶ Like Diogenes, this SELF, this YOU, asks no more of you than that you do not stand between it and the sun.
- ¶ The Sun is the Infinite—the YOU receives its rays.
- ¶ Stand aside!
- ¶ Let the Cosmos play upon this YOU, and you will be surprised how great is this YOU that is within you and that is YOU.

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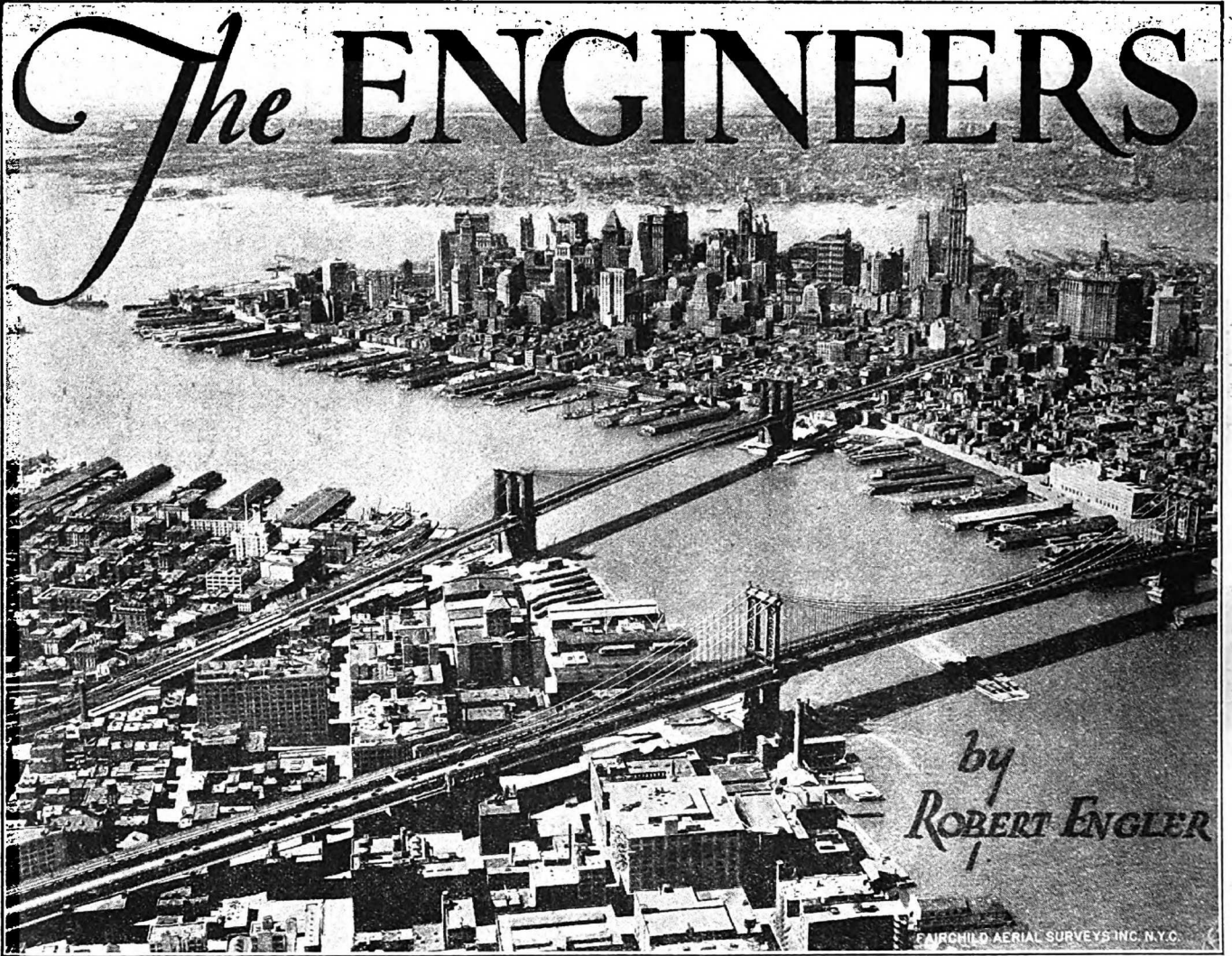
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Brooklyn and lower Manhattan with their bridges, rivers and the harbor as seen from the air.

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Herbert Hoover, himself a great engineer, helped to rescue from oblivion one of the great ones when he translated Agricola's *De Re Metallica*. These twelve Latin volumes covered mining engineering, metallurgy and geology. Agricola was the first writer on these subjects to back up his statements with actual facts and research.

With rare exceptions the engineer is strong on mathematics and weak in English or whatever his native tongue happens to be. Hoover could not pass his final English examination at Leland Stanford. This is the main unfortunate reason why engineers

often fail to perpetuate their name and fame. They are usually satisfied with the thrill of a job well done. The engineers give little or no thought as to who will get the credit. Their profession suffers and the world loses because of their poor instinct for publicity.

By the very nature of his work the engineer must be deliberative. Where the average person may think in generalities the engineer must always think in specific terms. Each minute detail is subject to his accurate and careful consideration. This mode of thinking often handicaps the engineer in social intercourse. The engineer wishes to flee from the light, sparkling and inconsequential talk of society. He does not always see the tears and heartaches and sorrows that society is hiding under its frivolous conversation. He therefore hies back to his club or hermitage.

Society would profit from a wider association with engineers. Perhaps engineers would not be the worse off by such association. The Engineers' Club is no place for the joys of frivolous conversation; for the light-hearted relaxation of trivial pleasantries. Let the engineer come out of his shell and society will come across with a good time.

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A Chat With the Editor

Henry Knight Miller

The Man in the Box

MAN is the product of his prevailing modes and habits of thought. What a man is inevitably is determined by the character of his thinking. We are but the externalization of our predominating thoughts and emotions.

No sane farmer plants corn and expects to reap potatoes. He may be so illiterate as to be unable even to write his name. Yet he knows that like produces like. If he puts corn into the earth he reaps corn; potatoes produce potatoes; wheat brings forth wheat. This law is inexorable.

It is the same law which operates in the field of mental life. Always and always like produces like. Put thoughts of malice, envy and hate into the mind and the entire life becomes poisoned with the harvest. You cannot plant hate and reap love. Neither can you sow seeds of fear, anxiety, doubt and worry, expecting to reap any harvest except in kind. Think constantly of sickness and yours is a harvest of disease. Prevailing thoughts of health tend to objectify themselves in a strong, healthy body.

THE IMPRESS ON THE FILM

ONE of the most illuminating demonstrations of this law of mental control is given by Dr. Kelley, a pioneer in the field of Applied Psychology. It is a picturesque form of reasoning by analogy.

Let us imagine ourselves in a moving-picture theatre. In front is the screen. To the rear is a fire-proof box. In the box is the projection machine, electrical connections, various films, and an operator.

The lights in the theatre are turned off, but there is nothing on the screen. Why? Because

the electricity has not been turned on back in the box.

Now a flood of light is seen upon the canvas, but there is no picture. Why? The electricity is turned on but there is no film on the projecting machine.

Almost instantly, however, we behold a drama unfolding on the screen. Tense passions, lust, jealousy, murder are depicted. We object. We came not to see tragedy, but comedy.

MIND IS LIKE THAT

THE man in the box changes the film, and we see Charlie Chaplin swinging his cane and strutting about.

What made the change in pictures? Is there any difference in the electricity? No—that is always the same. Is it a different screen? No, the same screen shows tragedy or comedy impartially. Is it a different machine? No, the machine likewise is indifferent to the character of the pictures.

The difference results from but one factor—the impressions on the film. Whatever the impression on the film, the picture on the screen will be faithfully reproduced in kind. Like produces like here and everywhere.

The Analogy has doubtless suggested itself. The screen represents the field of our activity, where we enact the drama of life. Electricity is life energy. The machine is the physical body, or that which is given to us thru heredity. Our man in the box represents the conscious mind. The film is the subconscious mind, and the impressions on the film are the thoughts implanted in the subconscious.

Where you are in life and what you are depends not upon the screen. In an identical

ALEX KURFISS

environment one man succeeds, the other fails; one is well, the other sick; one exemplifies the spirit of love, kindness and good cheer, and his friends are legion; the other is morose, unkind, selfish, filled with hatred and malice, his enemies are legion, and friends are lacking.

The screen is impartial. It does not care. The picture is up to you. You can make environment do your bidding. You can triumph over every external factor. You can create your own picture and determine whether it shall be good or ill.

Likewise you cannot blame life energy. It also is indifferent to the character of the picture. It simply supplies the means. You determine the type. The same forces which will build you up if you work in harmony with the law will tear you to pieces if you violate the law.

If you do not like the picture of yourself, where you are and what you are, do not blame God, society, environment, life. Look within. Have the conscious mind, the man in the box, put a different type of picture into the subconscious mind. *Change the impress on the film.* As surely as you do, the picture on the screen will change.

THE PICTURE IS UP TO YOU

WHAT do you want in your picture? Is it health? Two things are essential. First give heed to the machine. If it is "out of repair" have it put in order. The motion-picture machine may require a mechanic. Mother Nature is the great machine who repairs our human machine. She does it with simple but essential factors which form the true basis of health.

Fresh air is vitally important. Most of us are oxygen-starved because we are too lazy or careless to breathe deeply and fill the entire lungs. The best way to do this is thru a succession of short, sharp breaths, like pumping a bicycle tire. The oxygen thus taken into the lungs is absorbed into the blood stream and carries new life and health to every part of the body.

The machine must be kept clean. All bodily wastes must be scrupulously eliminated. Laxative medicines are not only unnecessary but harmful. Eat plain foods, plenty of fruit, bran, whole wheat, drink abundance of water and

establish regular habits of bodily cleansing.

Sensible diet with abundant green vegetables, exercises and relaxation complete the physical aids to health.

THINK HEALTH AND BE WELL!

GRANTED proper consideration of these factors as essential, the mind is the other determining factor. Constant thoughts of sickness produce weak, sickly bodies. Thoughts of health crystallize in robust physiques. Negative emotions of fear, worry, jealousy and hate poison the blood stream, retard the vital functions and bring premature decay to the cells. Thoughts of love, courage, cheer and optimism are reproduced in conditions corresponding in kind. Cheerfulness is a health-builder. Faith is a great physician. Love has positive therapeutic value. Auto-suggestions strongly made, affirming perfect health, have been known to cure even the most chronic and obstinate cases of disease. Think health and be well!

Self confidence is the true beginning of success. Expect to win. That glow of expectancy will add vigor to your efforts, clarity to your thoughts, and all-conquering force to the impact which you make upon society. We cannot agree with the extremists who urge that mere thinking success will produce it. You cannot sit idly and visualize a million dollars and have it materialize out of thin air. A lot of freaks and fanatics have taught this fatal fallacy, and most of them have died in the poor house. Success takes red-blooded effort. Keen powers of observation must be developed. The imagination must be constantly utilized. Memory must be improved. Critical powers of reasoning must be evolved and applied relentlessly to the solving of some particular problems.

Only the man who thinks success and then equips himself to succeed and labors unremittingly to that end can win in the struggle of life. You must think before you can succeed. Your mind first creates some vision glorious, and as that impression becomes emblazoned on the subconscious and colors all of the activities of life, our dream of success becomes objectified on the screen of life. Mold your behavior to match your thoughts, and a new world for you will come into radiant and triumphant being. It is up to "The Man in the Box."



Barney stood inside the brass railing thru which the punch-hungry current eddied. He held his right hand aloft,

By *James R.
Crowell*

The Gate-

The Story of a Head-on Collision

BARNEY SMATHERS had no use for cops. Inherently, no use. When he was a dirty-faced, shifty-eyed kid down on the East-side they used to run him in because he'd swipe apples from Nick's fruit stand at the corner. "Aw, let me go, I didn' do naw-thin'—go on, yuh big stiff, let me go," Barney would squawk. Whereupon the big stiff would take such a grip on Barney's flailing arm that it would leave a black and blue mark there for eight days. Which was Barney's count number one against the majesty of the law.

Some ten years later when Barney had joined the

gang which met every night in Pete's smelly gin-mill, opposite the gas-house, six husky bulls crashed the joint one evening looking for Benny the Coke, wanted for the payroll stickup at Sussberg's X-L-N-T dress factory. A bull crowned Barney with the butt of a gat as he tried to beat it, and the judge sent him up the river for a year for having a pair of brass knuckles in his possession. Which was Barney's count number two against the forces of law and order.

The caterpillar sprouts wings and becomes a butterfly. The rat Barney sprouted fat and became a hog. At fifty-two he flashed a bankroll that would choke a



palms forward, to bar Dan's way. "What the hell do you coppers think this is—a free show?"

Crashers

Illustrations by
H. Winfield Scott

Between Two Raw Spirits

horse, wore \$175 suits made by Haskins, the zippiest custom tailor on the Avenue, and bought all the wine the show girls from *Tut, Tut, Tutankhamen* could drink, which was enough.

Fate and fat had treated him well. Before him was the world, back of him a string of down-and-out fighters whom he had robbed and cast adrift. People forgot about his earlier misdeeds. Except one. There was that poor little coon, a sweet scrapper if ever one lived, he had gypped right down to his last cent. Now and then the crowd would bring that up against Barney. They couldn't forget it. The little coon died dead

broke; fat Barney lived on the fat of the land, growing fatter all the time.

Money is the thing. Barney Smathers, fight promoter, knew all about the miracle of money from A to Z. He had all the jack any guy could want, but he wanted more. His dollar thirst was insatiable. The public paid and paid for ringside seats at his shows. Why? Because Barney had the knack of getting the big fellows to sign on the dotted line—and because he never gave away anything unless certain his bounty would come home to roost on the credit side. To his old cronies looking for Annie Oakleys he would give

the fish eye and say in effect, "Nix; I'm a dealer in ducats, and you have to file your application at the box-office for my merchandise." Nothing in it for Barney to help an old friend.

The newspaper bunch was wise to Barney. They hated the man, but admired the genius. Whatever they wanted they could have—bounty coming home to roost. They knew that was a sop to them because they gave barrels of free advertising to his shows, all in the line of duty. Nor were they a captious crew. Sometimes they would lace it into Barney, saying it was such high-minded methods as his which had ruined the fight game once before. But the fat promoter didn't mind. Much better to keep his name and his enterprises before the public than to get the silent treatment—he was a member of the school which believed in that principle. A master publicity hound.

In all his affluence you might have thought Barney would have got over his boyhood hatred for the police. But he never did. The one thing he could not reconcile with his new sphere of power was the habit the cops had of crashing the gate at the shows he put on. "Why in hell should the nickel-plated badges they wore on their vests and displayed with that cock-sure flip of the coat lapel get them anything that wasn't coming to them?" Barney couldn't see it—not for a second could he see it. These requests for Annie Oakleys from the higher ups were bad enough—he had to come thru with 'em, that's all there was to it—but what right had a common, everyday cop to expect any favors? It riled him. Back in his crop, deep-seated in his heart, ingrained in every fibre of his soul, was the slumbering remembrance of what they had done to him in his youth. Yep, no mistaking, Barney hated cops.

II

BIG DAN FLINN strolled into the Smathers cauliflower mart the night Jack Spivins and Red Rati-gan were contending for a chance to take a whang at the heavyweight championship. Everybody knew Big Dan, the behemoth of a flattie, who stood at the hub of the universe and helped motherly old ladies across the street when he wasn't bellowing at taxi-drivers or kidding the short-skirted flappers. Liked him, too. That devastating, ear-splitting laugh of Dan's was something nobody could deny, not even the worst sour-belly that ever dawdled thru life with a slug of bicarbonate on his hip. When Dan laughed he laughed from stem to stern, eyes, ears, body, arms, legs and feet all joining in the guttural blast. He won the tabloid's popularity contest that way. Laughed himself right into the driver's seat of the six-cylinder sedan, a swanky job, with everything complete, including bumpers and a spare.

Fate often gets its puppets in exact juxtaposition to start something different. So it happened the night Big Dan Flinn, exerting the prerogatives of his blue-coated calling, went a-gatecrashing at the Smathers cauliflower nursery. The show was a sell-out. Inside the brass railing thru which the punch-hungry current eddied, with the smell of battle filling its nostrils, Bar-

ney stood at the head of the runway taking in the scene. Smathers was in a mellow mood, for Smathers. It wasn't often he permitted himself any such self-indulgence; life was too short to kid yourself into believing you were getting away with anything, unless you actually were. Tonight he was. The smashing ballyhoo had brought the suckers out in droves. The biggest gate of the season—and the deadhead list cut to the bone.

Out of the corner of a weasel eye Barney caught sight of Big Dan flipping back his coat lapel to show his nickel-plated badge of admission. Something snapped inside of Smathers. He saw red. He saw black and blue, the color scheme of his arm when the coppers used to pinch him for stealing Nick's apples. Wabbling down the aisle as fast as his fat legs would carry him, he arrived in time to intercept the entrance of Big Dan.

"What the hell do you coppers think this is—a free show?" he puffed out of the corner of his thick lips, with rage written on his red and beefy face. He held his right hand aloft, palm forward, to bar Dan's way.

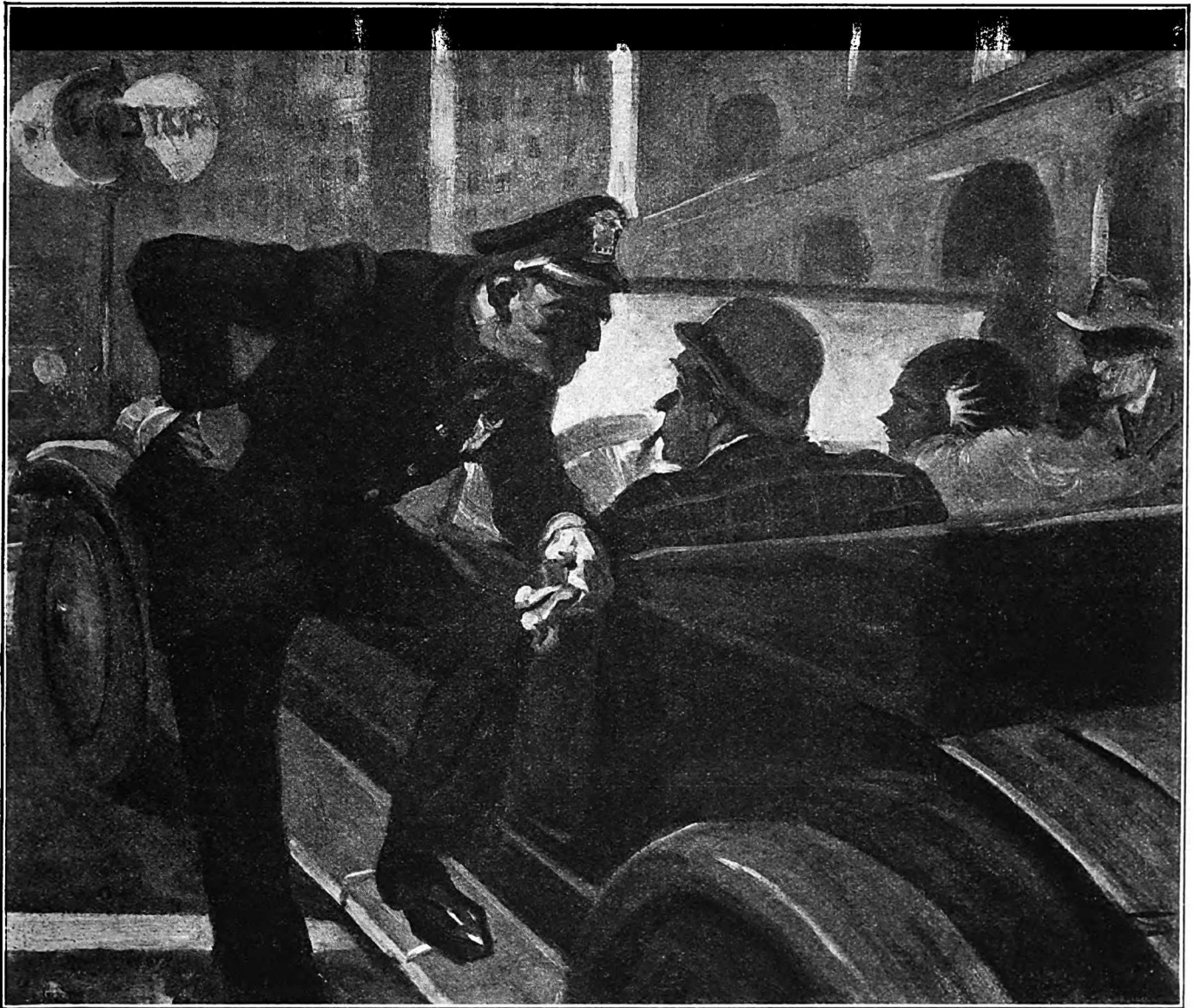
The jovial countenance of Traffic Policeman Flinn went blank, the crashing peal of laughter died on his lips. He who could halt the mightiest with that motion of the hand now found the traffic signals set against him. And the belligerent poise of the tubby promoter assured him it was no joke—Barney didn't mean maybe.

"What's the big idea?" Dan started to say, but Smathers cut him short with a tirade against the force which everybody could hear; and the lantern-jawed mugs who had the same use for cops that Barney had, laughed at Flinn's discomfiture. It wasn't often the chance came to stick it into a copper this way. Publicly, too.

"Attaboy, Barney, tell the big ham where he gets off—make him show his ticket—how do yuh get that way, wantin' to crash the gate?—Beat it back to your beat while the beatin's good." The plug-uglies missed no bet at Dan's expense.

That laughing flash in the Flinn eyes which the regulars about the traffic hub knew and loved was replaced by a steel glint when his mind recovered at last from the haymaker of this unexpected assault. Sure, Big Dan could be as good a cop as the next one when occasion required—or perhaps you ought to say, as bad a cop. Remember, he had spent twenty-seven years on the force, and authority was a habit. He was all cop now.

"Break it up, you bums, or I'll run you in," he roared at the taunting group. And they being creatures of habit, too, reverted to type. Before the threatened charge of this burly flattie they melted thru the gates and sought the security of the half-lighted arena, where the preliminaries were going on. When they had gone Flinn turned a level gaze on the squat, irate figure of the fight promoter and said: "Smathers, you think you're putting something over, don't you? Don't forget that two can play at the same game. Wait." With which Big Dan Flinn, pride of the traffic



It was a solid posture Dan assumed, an enduring sort of thing, suggestive of permanent boarders, stationary engines and fixed posts. Barney felt like the mouse the cat was playing with.

squad, buttoned up his civilian coat, brushed off each sleeve as tho straightening himself after a scrap and strode forth into the night, with relentless anger in a heart to which laughter was chiefly known.

III

IN his early rat days Barney Smathers skulked. When the evolution came which made him a hog he wallowed in the light he had formerly feared. The dark lantern had been succeeded by the spotlight. Nothing gave Barney a greater thrill than to crash into a night club with a string of fillies in his wake and listen to the buzz of conversation his appearance started. It was more than worth the price of admission to hear the whispered words, "that's Barney Smathers, the big fight promoter." When one of the girl entertainers would trip over to his table and sing to him, while the night owls at the other tables smiled in a manner which as much as said they knew who the distinguished visitor was, Barney's slit eyes blinked contentedly. He liked flattery. In his lexicon it ranked next to publicity and power.

The week after the Spivins-Ratigan go took a quarter of a million away from the wise birds of the big town Barney sat behind the wheel of his sport roadster with Jeannette, the little dancer from the Club Applesauce, by his side. Barney liked Jeannette—a good, sensible little kid, he called her. If you wanted proof of Jeannette's sparkling intellect all you had to do was to ask her (in his presence) what she thought of Barney Smathers and she'd tell you he was the biggest mucky-muck in town. The Binet-Simon test for intelligence couldn't produce results like that.

Jeannette cooed and cuddled. Wasn't it nice to ride in an elegant motor car like this—oh, such a big, big roadster it was, eight cylinders and everything, and all done in the prettiest colors, olive green, burnt orange and red? And wasn't it nicer to slip thru gaping lanes of humanity and have the people stare at you and say, "there goes Barney Smathers and his sweetie?" Jeannette, watching the flurry they caused among the pedestrians, was proud of Barney. If she had any misgivings on this score when (Continued on page 86)

When W. C. COLEMAN Smiles

The Story of a Great Co-operative Industry that Grew Out of a Young Man's Glowing Faith

By Roy Buckingham

"THE most valuable asset we have here is one you can't see," W. C. Coleman, president of the Coleman Lamp and Stove Company, at Wichita, Kan., told me as he proudly pointed out the intricate mechanical devices which turn out a growing list of products.

"It's the interest of these fifteen hundred men and women in making our product just as good as it possibly can be made."

Back at his desk with its customary row of push buttons but not so highly polished but that a screw-driver could repose on it, this soft spoken, smiling executive who has won the sobriquet of "Get-It-Done Coleman" gave me a new appreciation of the editorial "we." What Lindberg's plane was to him, Coleman's "family," as he terms his shop personnel, is to him.

"Everyone is a part of the works here," he said as if he meant it. "Everyone takes a personal interest in his part of the job. Our plant problems are family problems. We don't have much red tape in getting

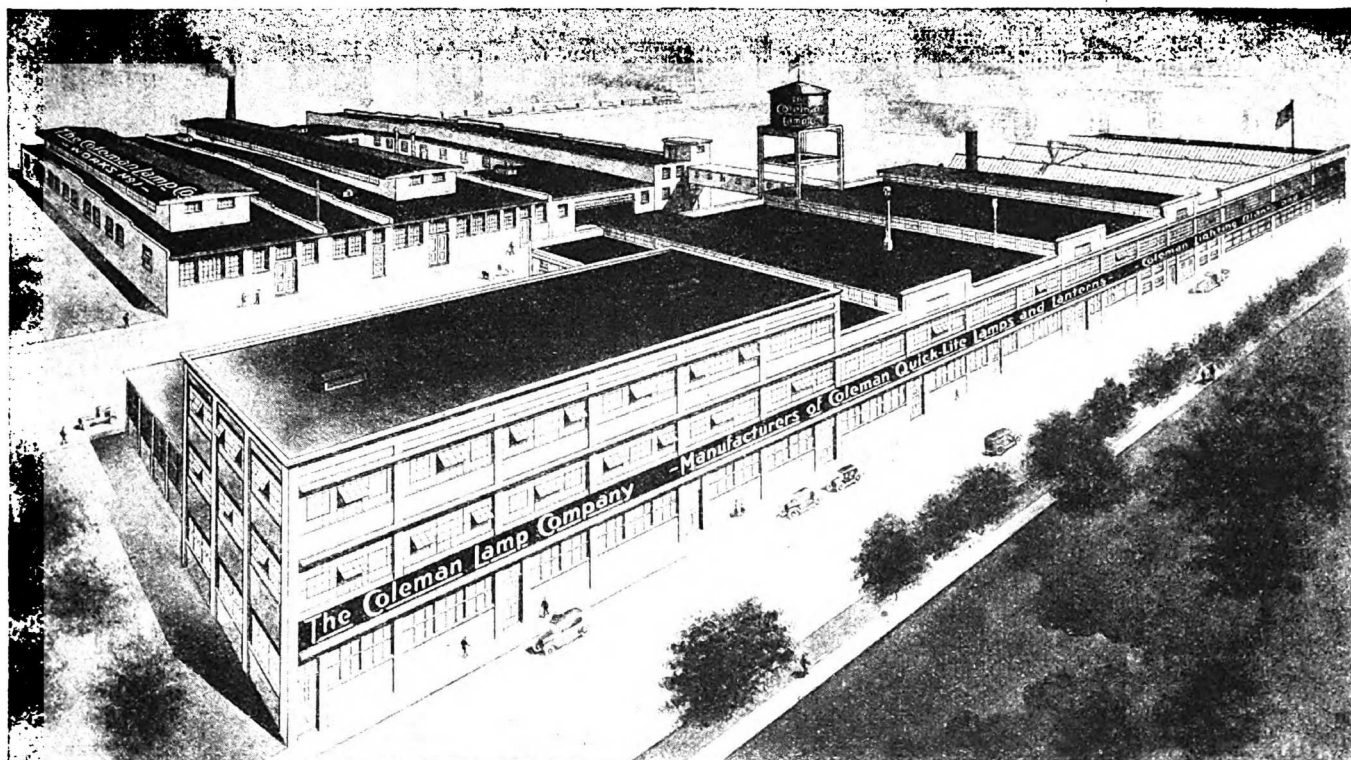
at differences—and we have them, too. But we are honest with each other and we go right to the mat whether it is a labor condition or a new production problem. With this interest and loyalty it is no wonder this plant has expanded."

With Coleman the important pronoun is "We." "We" have grown to a ten-million-dollar business in less than thirty years; "we" have tried to make working conditions as ideal as possible; "we" have recruited the junior executives from the rank and file; "we" have faith in satisfied workers.

Too altruistic? The business like machine shops with their batteries of lathes and automatic machines did not appear altruistic. The plant is as business-like as straight-line efficiency can make it. If a labor-saving device can be purchased, it is installed in the Coleman plant. There's nothing namby-pamby about the way the various departments produce or the plant increases its earnings. There is the usual factory hum from the engineering department to the



There is the usual factory hum—from engineering room to the shipping floor.



The Coleman Lamp and Stove Company is as businesslike as straightline efficiency can make it.

shipping floor; smock-attired women almost magically wrap mantles and truck after truck glides to assembling rooms or bridge-like conveyors monotonously deliver their loads.

"We have not done anything remarkable," Mr. Coleman insists. "We have worked on the philosophy that the best working conditions are better all around. We are enthusiastic about the manufacturing and sales game ourselves and we have tried to pass it on to those who are doing their share of the work.

"If there is any one thing that has helped this company grow to its present size it is the splendid morale of the employees. They have caught the spirit of the game."

Some of Coleman's executives started with him thirty years ago in a cubby-hole of a shop on North Main Street in Wichita. At that time Wichita had a population of about 25,000 and the booster who talked about 100,000 was not sent to a hospital for observation. He was believed as is customary in these Western cities. Coleman's three-man shop has grown to a plant that covers more than a block. It might be noted also that Wichita has grown to more than 100,000 in the same time. The foreman he employed then at twelve dollars a week is now plant superin-

tendent with an annual salary of five figures. The other employee is retired with income from Coleman stock keeping him on easy street.

Mr. Coleman does not call it the Golden Rule in business.

"Just being fair," he puts it.

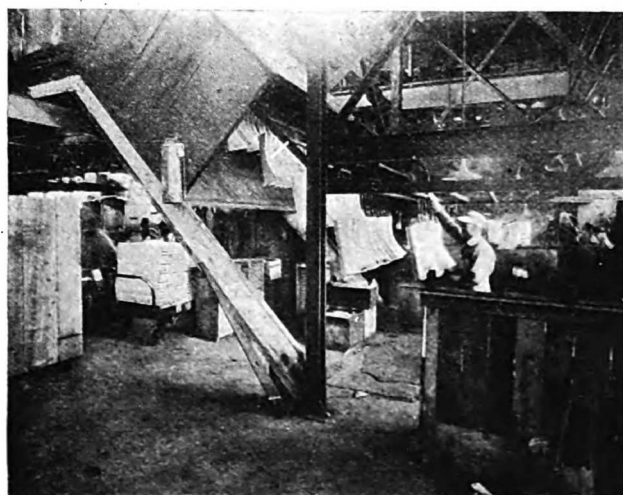
"We pride ourselves on the service we give our customers," he pointed out. "As nearly as possible, everything we turn out is perfect. Why not give the same service to our employees? We expect them to do the best work they can. We should surely be as fair with them as we are with our customers. That is why many of the junior executives here have stock which will make them wealthy some day. Many of the young fellows who started here fifteen years ago, saved and bought stock and are now worth \$100,000 or more."

If the "boss" hands bouquets as well as sick and life insurance, bonuses and educational facilities to his employees, the employees return a larger bouquet.

One veteran told me that "W. C. is human." They all refer to him as "W. C." and he knows most of them by their first name.

Another told me he would stick to Coleman for life because "there's a lot ahead for the fellow who works."

(Continued on page 82)



An interior of the Coleman factory.

The Psychology of Jesus

By Charles
W. Wood

Illustration by
L. Kimmel

I CAN not speak as a theologian or even as a Christian. Nor do I wish to speak especially to those who are committed to any particular theory as to the Man of Galilee. Readers, I hope, whatever their religious commitments, will think of the writer as a mere inquiring heathen who has become fascinated by the story of Jesus as it has come down thru the ages in the Christian Bible.

It does not matter, for the purposes of this discussion, that some may doubt the historical accuracy of the New Testament, or have become convinced that Jesus was a myth: just as it would not matter, if we were discussing the psychology of Hamlet, whether we believed or doubted that such a man as Shakespeare portrayed ever was in reality a Prince of Denmark.

This man, Jesus, expressed a unique point of view—unique, at least, in Western literature. If one can find the same point of view in Buddha, or in the teachings of any other Eastern religion, I shall not debate the point. But it was not in Judaism, it was not in the Greek or Roman traditions, and it was so alien to the peoples who eventually “adopted Christianity” that the Christian Church itself has never given evidence of accepting it.

Christians have found it easy until very recent times to believe that Jesus was God. They have likewise found it easy to believe that he performed all sorts of miracles, healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind, walking on water, feeding the multitude, calling Lazarus from the tomb and eventually rising from the grave himself and ascending bodily into heaven. All this constituted no tax upon their credulity: if they could believe, in fact, that Jesus was God, it was fairly easy for them to believe the details of the narrative.

But it was never easy for them to believe what Jesus believed. The history of the church, in fact, from the earliest days to the present, has been a continuous negation of the “mind which was in Christ Jesus.”

I am not saying this in criticism of the church. No one can fairly be criticized for not believing that which he can not believe. Some Christians, to be sure, do criticize some scientists because they can not believe in miracles: but no true scientist can criticize Christians

who can not believe the teachings of Christ. They, like the scientists, believe what they can believe. They believe things that the scientists can not believe, and the scientists believe things that they can not believe, for the simple reason that they have very different types of mind: but neither Christian nor skeptic, until very recent years, has found it possible to believe the things which Jesus believed.

One of the most amazing transitions in human evolution, it seems to me, is the transition which is just now in progress, in the course of which both devoted religionists and inexorable scientists are alike finding it possible to grasp this Jesus point of view.

The point of view of which I speak is not found in some hidden and debatable text such as the one, for instance, upon which churchmen so often base their opposition to divorce: nor is it deduced from some single incident, like that of the feast at Cana, upon which many others base their opposition to prohibition. It is, rather, the very central theme of all of Jesus’ teachings. It is in the Sermon on the Mount. It is in the so-called Lord’s Prayer. It is dominant in all his intimate talks with his disciples and it is in his last recorded words upon the cross.

It is the attitude of infinite love and pity. It is the negation of all the accepted theories of greatness and the exaltation of service as the only true ideal. And it is the defiance of all existing theories of justice and the declaration of the one-ness of all human life.

“Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” . . . “Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.”

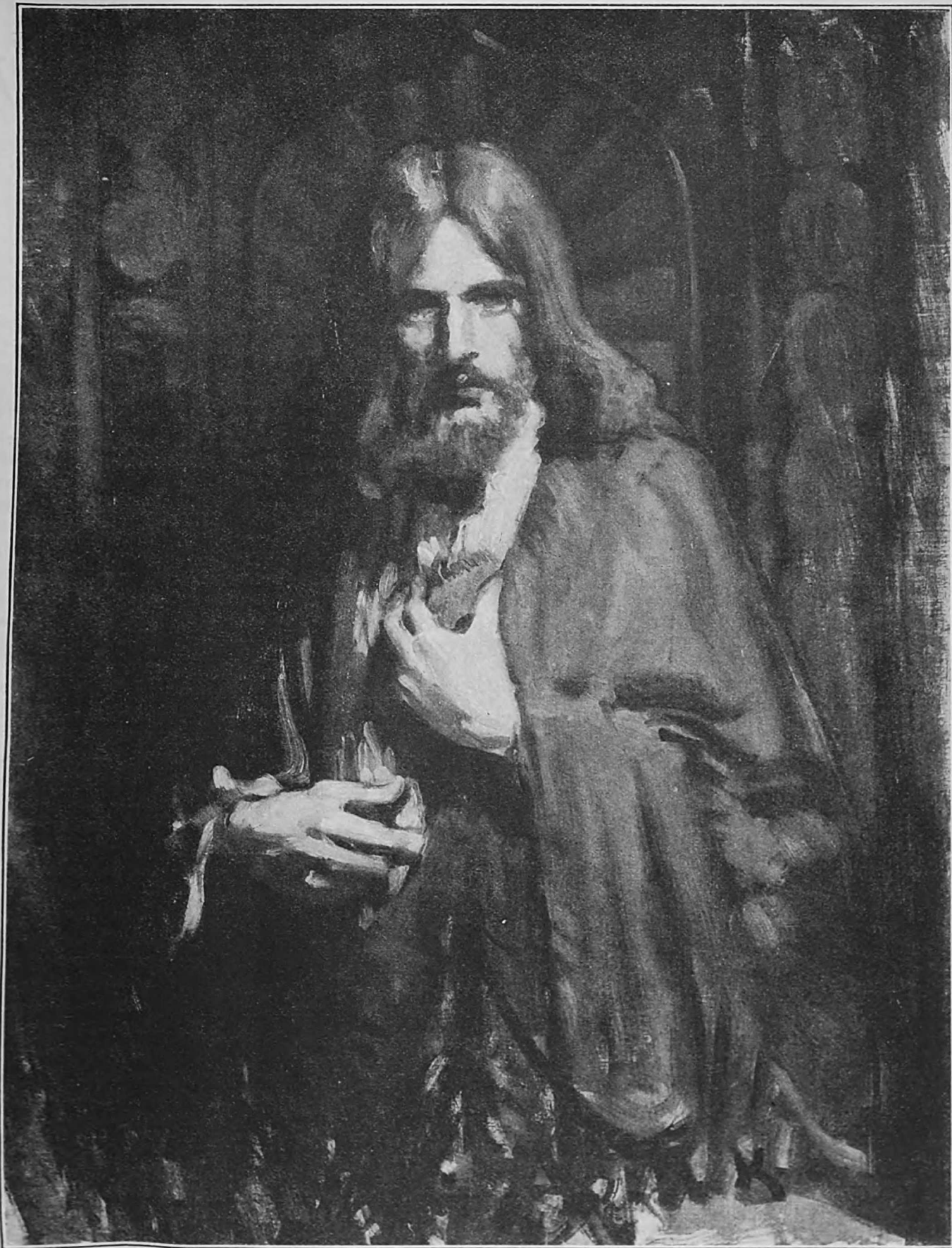
“By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples,” not that ye believe this or that dogma, nor that your body has been healed of sickness nor even that your sins have been forgiven, but “that ye love one another.”

“Love your enemies.”

“If any man smite thee on one cheek, turn him the other also: and if any man compel thee to go with him a mile, go with him twain.”

“Give to every man that asketh thee, and from him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again.”

“Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.”



There is something terribly fascinating about the idea of Jesus.

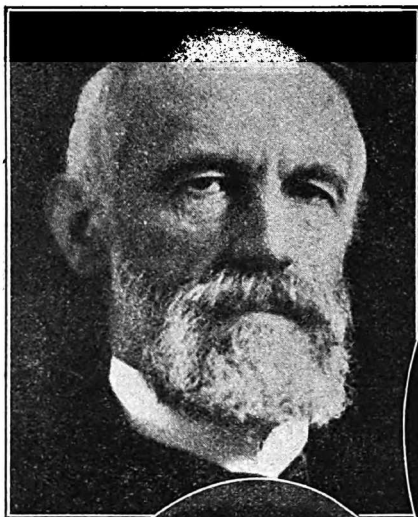
"Our Father . . . forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us."

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

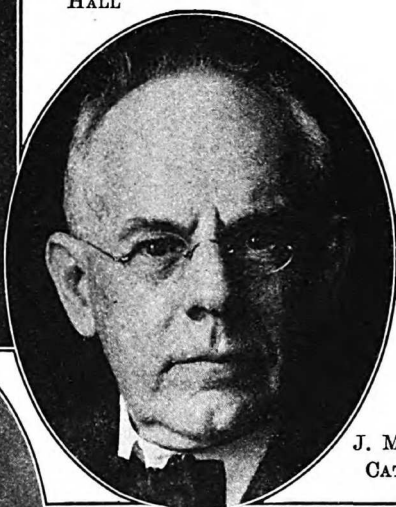
There are occasional texts, to be sure, in the recorded words of Jesus, which are sometimes interpreted as out of harmony with this theme of universal love. I have no desire to "expound (*Continued on page 74*)

The Progress of

A Review of Principles



G. STANLEY
HALL



J. McKEEN
CATTELL



JOHN B. WATSON



WILHELM WUNDT

AN old negro found scarlet fever in his family. When asked by the doctor whether he had taken all precautions to prevent spread of the disease, he answered: "Absolutely, doctah, we done bought a sanitary drinking cup and we all drink from it." The old negro's comprehension of science suggests the instability of psychology as a science today. It has been too susceptible to quackery and opinion. Some theory has too often been made the drinking cup which is to prove a saving grace. Let us not be too skeptical, however, for we may produce martyrs. It is well here to remember the case of the Austrian Professor Semmelweis, who anticipated the work of Lister. He discovered how lack of antiseptic cleanliness produced puerperal fever, and saved the lives of thousands of mothers in maternity hospitals. Semmelweis received only shameful treatment from the medical profession and finally died in an asylum.

The name psychology is itself derived from the Greek words *psyche* and *logos*. *Psyche* means the soul and *logos* means word, so psychology indirectly means the science, study or theory of the soul. This derivation is far from adequate as an explanation of present-day psychology. The term may be defined as the study

of consciousness and mentality, as related to behavior of living creatures. Such a field of study appears not only fundamental but enticing. But it is an infant science.

Curiously enough, man's early scientific investigations were of the stars and the heavenly bodies. Next he explored the earth's surface and the treasures beneath. Later he studied the human body, but in only late years has he really been scientific with the forces which control our minds and actions. Of course men studied personality thru the ages but the reducing of such studies to a science has been a recent development. While psychology very appropriately became the work

of many different men with differing viewpoints, the differences have led to chaos in doctrines of the science.

Psychology is not new except in the sense that it has been made a science. When does a study become a science, and who transformed psychology into a science? Study becomes

science when methods are devised which produce accurate and systematic measurement

and analysis, apart from interfering factors. In 1889 Wilhelm Wundt turned psychology into a science at the University of Leipsic. Wundt, a young physiologist, secured permission from the rector of the university to give a new course in psychology. The distinguishing characteristic of this course was that it required actual experiments in the laboratory. Thus was psychology transformed from pleasant armchair specula-



ALFRED BINET

Psychological Science

By Everitt
S. McHenry

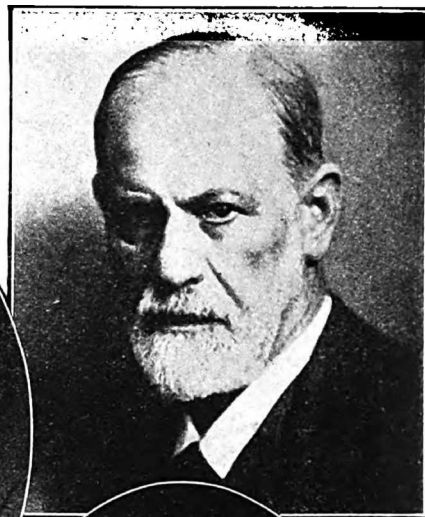
tion or dreaming to an organized labor.

Wundt's influence was carried to America by two of his pupils: James McKeen Cattell and G. Stanley Hall. They both established laboratories here. Cattell became professor of psychology at the University of Pennsylvania and later head of the department of philosophy at Columbia. Hall was professor of psychology and president of Clark University to within a few years of his death, in 1924. Thus an important definitive tendency to American psychology came from Germany.

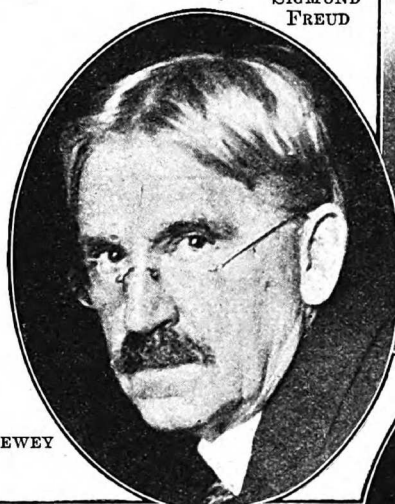
Wundt's plan was to dissect the workings of the physiological mechanism of man and explore the thought connections between this apparatus and behavior. He studied the senses and the mental processes of memory, reasoning, learning, and judgment. One of his discoveries which was to be widely utilized later was "reaction time" or the period elapsing between a happening and our response to it. Some people react more slowly than others. Wundt was the pioneer in the laboratory school of psychologists which has exerted profound influence.

Important beginnings along other psychological lines were made in other countries in the years immediately following Wundt's pioneering achievement. Even before Wundt started his new course the Italian criminologist, Cesare Lombroso, presented his findings on crime as hereditary in family lines, and on the genius as a degenerate closely approaching insanity. His

SIGMUND
FREUD



JOHN DEWEY

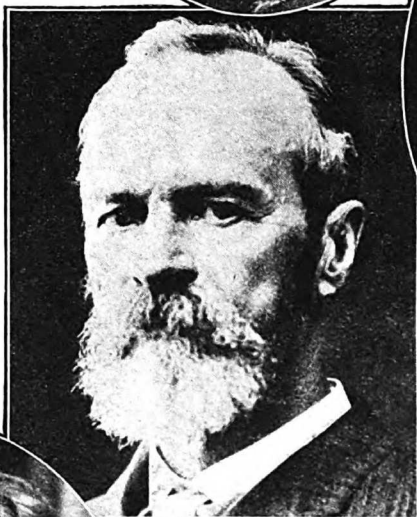


WILLIAM McDUGALL



work was continued by Sergi, who studied child life with the purpose of understanding and preventing criminal tendencies. Out of these labors sprang the Montessori method, a phase of

WILLIAM JAMES



the Froebel kindergarten system.

The tendencies producing the French beginnings were rather speculative compared with Wundt's laboratory methods. A group of scientists, of whom Janet was the outstanding figure, directed their attention to the problems of the personality as a whole and to causes of derangement in the unit of personality. Such features were taken up as hallucination, hysteria, dissociated personality and hypnotic suggestibility. Janet maintained that with certain healthy energies failing in a person, the personality becomes divided—breaks apart.

Janet's theory would explain some of the so-called "student suicides." Say, for instance, that a young man develops an intense affection for his mother from boyhood. The mother accuses the father of infidelity. She is met with counter-accusations of the same sort. The young man becomes aware of the truth, develops a distaste for the sensual in love, fails at school, becomes ill. He is unable, it seems, to make a transfer of love from his mother to a (Continued on page 80)



E. L. THORNDIKE

Photos by
Keystone
View



Photo copyright by James Wallace Pondelicek, Chicago

I WILL ride on the wings of light
will dance with the winds in their play
I will dart to all corners of earth
I will illumine the heart of a friend.

The Ego's Cry

Theodosia
By Grosse

for Beauty

IN contemplating the subject of beauty we must at once recognize that there are two divisions of this theme. Beauty that manifests thru objective phenomena, and still greater beauty that is held in subjective form. One may and often does correspond with the other. Thus we find extremely beautiful women who possess charm, grace, and exquisite delicacy of feeling; and virile, strong, well built men with appropriate moral characteristics—courage, integrity, purpose; but the objective and subjective do not *always* correspond; in fact, they may be quite divergent. Not infrequently the greatest subjective beauty is met in maimed or limited physical form, while glowing eternal beauty may be animated by a dwarfed and selfish ego. What appeals to one as beautiful may seem quite the contrary to another, and we are confronted with the fact that beauty is always relative, never definite.

Nowhere do we find a universally acknowledged standard for beauty even in its physical form, how much less can it be stereotyped in its subjective aspect?

We must conclude, therefore, that concepts of beauty are as multiple as the brains that conceive them and that no person or circumstance can be so abhorrent that room may not be found for beauty to creep in thru cranny or crevice to make radiant the interior with her light. Such hideous emotions as fear and hate can produce beauty.

Who has not seen dull, dead eyes spring into brilliant life and color under fear, while anger may cause them to sparkle like flames dilating the pupils and revealing rich depths of blackness unsuspected before. Sorrow has a beauty all her own when drooping lashes form creeping shadows moving across the iris made limpid with unshed tears, while suffering introduces into the eyes of its victims such mirrored pools of pain, that altho physical charm may be obliterated, the subjective beauty of compassion in the sympathetic beholder becomes so poignant that his heart bleeds at the glance and his energies are aroused to responsive action in an attempt to alleviate the misery. This pleading look for sympathy is often seen in wounded animals' eyes as well as a man's—and sometimes touches wellsprings of response even in callous breasts of seasoned slayers. There is no phase of life but has some beauty in it.

Even that mysterious condition known as Death has a marvelous beauty of grandeur and placidity preceding disintegration, and decomposition itself may be

glorified by poetic artistry. Nowhere do I remember to have read a more exquisite perception of this process than that expressed in Edith Thompson's poem, *The Romney Burial*. Soul, upon being released, says to Body:

"Tiptoe I'll go past
all thy comprehension,
Freer than wind,
more instant
than the light,
Past all restraint
and reach of
dull subjection



Doing the things I could not do
With you."

the body answers (and this is the part to which I allude)

"Should you return in loneliness to find me
No longer mine—
I will by then be purple of the iris,
I will be then a whisper in the pine."

Could there be a more perfect conception of the body's transition to its native elements? It is like a shimmering amethyst, delicate, elusive, radiant.

Recently a woman dwelling in the outskirts of a great metropolis was waiting for the slow scheduled suburban car. As the minutes dragged wearily by there appeared to be nothing of interest in the sun-baked, glaring street, except near where she stood a rough, crudely fashioned stand massed with fresh potted plants that were for sale. It was the one touch of beauty in an otherwise colorless view. A bit of human scrappage came mincing down the avenue in her imitation alligator pumps, showy bangles and shoddy dress. She conversed in staccato accents and affected speech with a companion similarly attired. Suddenly her eye caught the flash of color from the flower stand and with a squeal of delight she rushed toward it. "How pretty! Say Jen, ain't they sweet? Wouldn't Ma love that pink one? I've a mind to send it to her."

And a real beauty illumined her face as her nicotine-stained fingers fluttered for a moment over a lovely geranium blossom. From her gaudy purse she drew forth part of her sadly gotten earnings and bought the flower that was to satisfy her mother's sense of beauty and her own glowing spark of love—still left in the burned-out ashes of her life.

Musing upon the psychic revelation of this pathetic incident and forgetful of her car the woman saw a begrimed tired laborer toiling slowly up the street. With heavy step and drooping head he reached and almost passed the stand. Moved by some thought, he raised his eyes; they rested on the flowers. He stood transfixed—instantly his apathy vanished—his eager glance ravished each bud and blossom, his nostrils quivered, his lips parted. For a moment he did not move—every cell of his body was breathing in the beauty of those flowers. Suddenly with an impulsive gesture his hand shot toward his pocket, but was arrested and suspended, while his eyes continued to glow and his breath came quickly, his feet were immovable—he was oblivious to

all but the blossoms. Altho his glance feasted on each it lingered with loving tenderness especially on the pansies—velvety, rich, varied. Three times his hand essayed to clutch the money that would have made their glory his, as many times was stopped. It seemed to the onlooker that a subconscious force blocked his intention. Apparently his conscious mind was centered entirely upon the flowers. She to whom the cost of all the plants on the stand would have meant nothing, started to open her purse with the intention of buying the pansies and handing them to him saying, "We are friends because we both love beautiful things!" But before the act was accomplished, conventionality laid a cold hand upon her shoulder whispering, "Absurd! You would meet only with rebuff, he would not understand. Pride keeps guard there, be sure—and besides it isn't done."

Her good intention was checked. The rumble of the approaching car for which she waited broke his absorption, and with a pathetically dazed expression as tho his whereabouts had been forgotten, he sighed, his arm fell inert, the light of anticipation died from his face and he turned to plod up the avenue, the specter of necessity stalking at his side, and his beauty-hungry soul unsatisfied.

In the mart, on the street, here and there, wherever men and women pass, is heard an echo illusive, faint but incessant, of the Ego's hungry cry for beauty. How is it possible to leave this want unsatisfied? "In every soul is a store of beauty that must find expression." Some waste it on unworthy objects, others develop it into magnificent grandeur. There should be no scarcity manifested.

Sense beauties dance and whirl about us each moment of each

day. The flight of butterflies, the swift dart of humming bird, the dreamy drift of clouds across the moon present the poetry of motion. The grace of flowers, of sighing winds, of rising smoke and swaying trees is available to all. No one needs money or position to revel in these joys. The humblest drudge can mitigate dull monotony by recognition of such charms. The plutocrat can do no more. His enjoyment comes thru the same senses possessed in common by all mankind, and in this he is no richer than the drudge. There can be no "corner" on beauty; she is as constant and diversified as life itself.

Beauty is that which (Continued on page 84)

Then Came You

MY life was like a desert, lonesome, stretching far,
As if there were no end to all its burning reach;
Wild sand winds moaned, and ended in a screech.
Sometimes I thought I heard a music bar
Which lifted into silvern words of speech
And sang enchanted love-songs to the morn.
A woman, radiant, singing me to her feet
I'd follow till the sand hurt like a thorn,
When out of sight and hearing, with footsteps fleet,
She'd leave me, lorn and lonely, in the noon
Whose moaning winds were screaming out of tune.

* * * * *

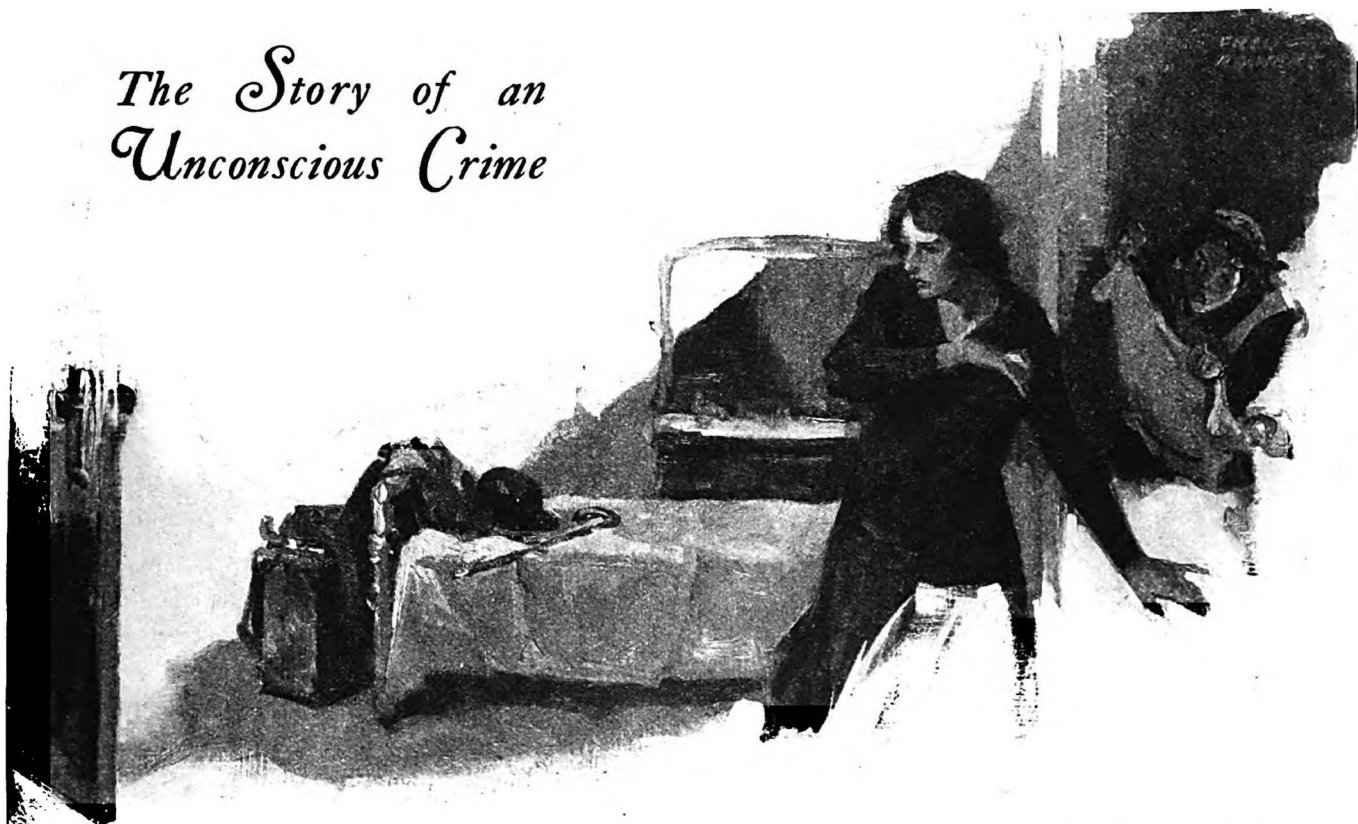
Then came You, Lady, and your sweet voice seemed
To rise from the soul of which my heart had dreamed.

—John Milton Scott

The Man Who Slept

By Louis E.
Bisch, M.D.

The Story of an Unconscious Crime



As Nellie looked in the direction of the bathroom, she backed out of the room, shrieking.

"If you didn't have one foot in the grave I'd choke you to death, you damned scoundrel!" John Mace, a young business man from Chicago, shouted the words to William Myrick, a former business associate, who had entered Mace's suite at the Hotel Metropolis in New York at midnight, claiming that he had done so by mistake. He was occupying the suite directly below Mace and declared the elevator boy had carried him past his floor without his knowledge.

The men had quarreled violently, Myrick striking Mace a glancing blow with his cane, which Mace seized and broke over his knee. He had drawn his revolver when he heard the sound of Myrick's key in his lock.

Mace himself was a fugitive from an Illinois sanitarium and had come to New York to look up a nerve specialist. His unusual actions and requests had aroused the suspicions of the hotel employes and on the morning of the day of his quarrel with Myrick he had disappeared from the hotel. His disappearance had been reported to the police and Detective Eagen, detailed to trail him, had located him, followed him about the city, returned with him to the hotel and spent the evening with him and, after making an appointment to take him the next morning to consult Dr. Embury, a local psychoanalyst, left him, believing that he would spend a comfortable night.

After his quarrel with Myrick, Mace slept for an hour, then got up, opened his door and walked steadily down the servants' stairway, clutching his revolver in his hands.

CHAPTER V

A Case for the Coroner

THE night-watchman came upon Mace standing on the service staircase, at the rear of the hotel, between the seventeenth and eighteenth floors. Naturally, he was surprised to find a guest in the servants' quarter of the building and afterwards, when requested to describe in detail just how the man was acting, he recalled that Mace was going upstairs, that he moved slowly and hesitatingly, that he stopped several times putting his hand to his forehead, and that finally he entered his room.

The watchman was off duty next morning and it did not occur to him until much later in the day to report to the authorities what he had witnessed.

The following day broke crisp and bright. Snow in glittering ridges rimmed window-sills and branches and lay in drifts along the asphalt. The atmosphere was unusually clear, the sky a dazzling blue. Cold and crackling, the air seemed surcharged with electricity.

Eagen, by habit and conviction an early riser, had this morning waked fully an hour before his wonted

time. His unusual "case" at the hotel, tho it had failed to keep him up, came imperatively, demanding attention the moment he opened his eyes. Arising to close his windows he went back to his warm bed for a mental review of the events of the past twenty-four hours.

"Jim Burke would call me a softy, I suppose," he concluded, "but I think I'll hike it to Mace's hotel and take him out to breakfast. Then I'll tow him around myself to see Embury—I'm not going to take any more chances."

Before starting, he called up the Metropolis, heaving an unconscious sigh of relief when Mace's voice, sounding rather sleepy, came over the wires.

"Are you O. K., old man? Good. . . . Slept well? Splendid. I want you to breakfast with me. . . . That's fine. I'll be there inside of three quarters of an hour. . . . Be good!"

He hung up, beaming. His confidence in Mace had been justified; the ugly job of arresting him had been avoided. A pretty good old world after all!

It was a two-mile walk from Eagen's apartment to the Metropolis Hotel and he relished every minute of it. The exhilarating air had not only created a wolfish appetite, but had made him boyishly gay and talkative—a contrast to his usual quiet, thoughtful self.

He found Mace nearly dressed. His cheerfulness exceeded Eagen's fondest expectation.

"Well, well," Eagen greeted him enthusiastically. "You look a different man already. I'm mighty glad to find you so chipper."

Mace turned in the act of tying his cravat and actually smiled.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Eagen. Do you know, I slept like a regular fellow."

"I'll bet you don't remember what did it either," laughed Eagen.

"Well, I do really," Mace's expression had become suddenly very serious, as he turned back to the mirror.

"Booze, my boy, booze! My little flask did the job for us both."

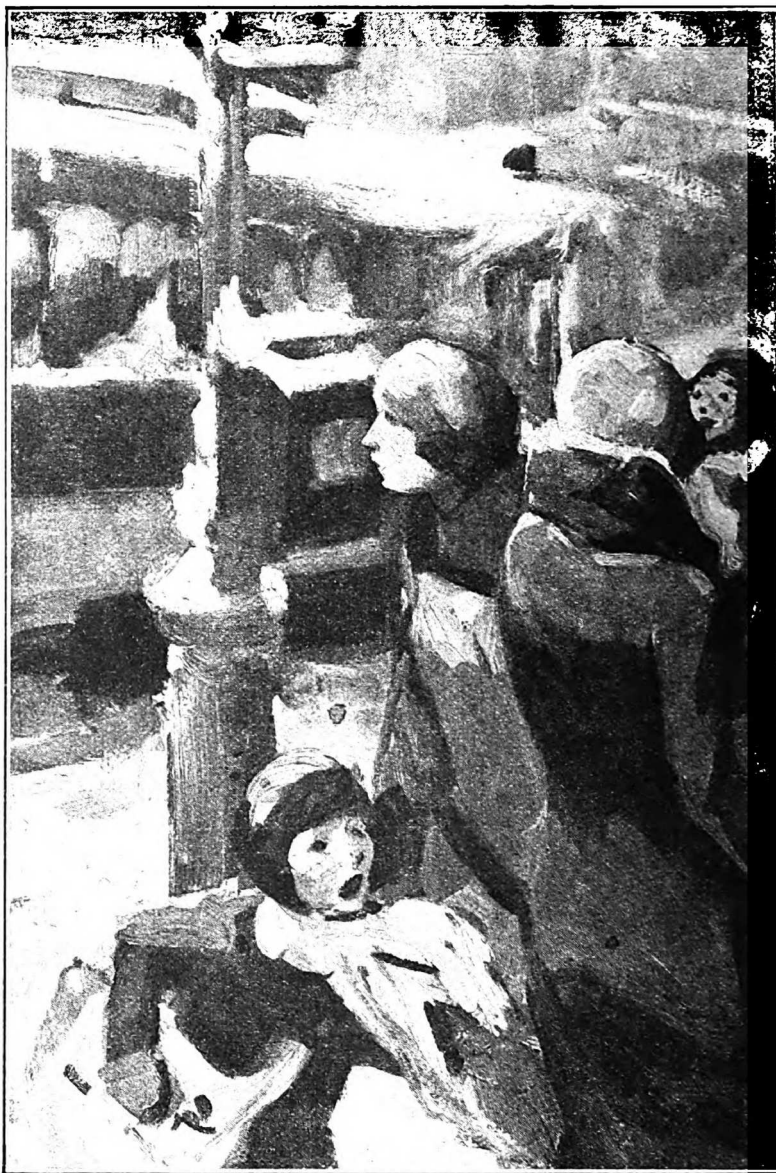
"Perhaps you're right," agreed Mace. His good humor had disappeared.

Altho the brilliant sunshine seemed to stimulate Mace somewhat, he proved a glum breakfast companion.

"I suppose you're wondering why I looked you up again this morning," began Eagen, trying to keep the ball rolling, despite his guest's silence.

"Yes and no," replied Mace, after a pause. "You said you wanted to land me on that specialist's doorstep so as to be sure I'd get there. That's why, isn't it?"

"Correct!" Eagen felt there was no crookedness in that admission.



"Murder at the Metropolis Hotel!" As hands clutching

"Something's very wrong still. Even tho I slept well, my nerves are ragged as the deuce. I can't stay in a decent temper for ten minutes at a time."

"You're a thousand per cent improved over yesterday. I'm not kidding you. It's a fact."

"Maybe so. You're very kind to be so interested. I appreciate it more than you know."

"Rot! that's nothing! I want Embury to straighten you out. I know he can."

"There's a hitch," objected Mace, his expression clouding. "Those nerve men ask you a thousand questions and say they can't help you unless you tell all you know."

"Well, why not? As long as it works!"

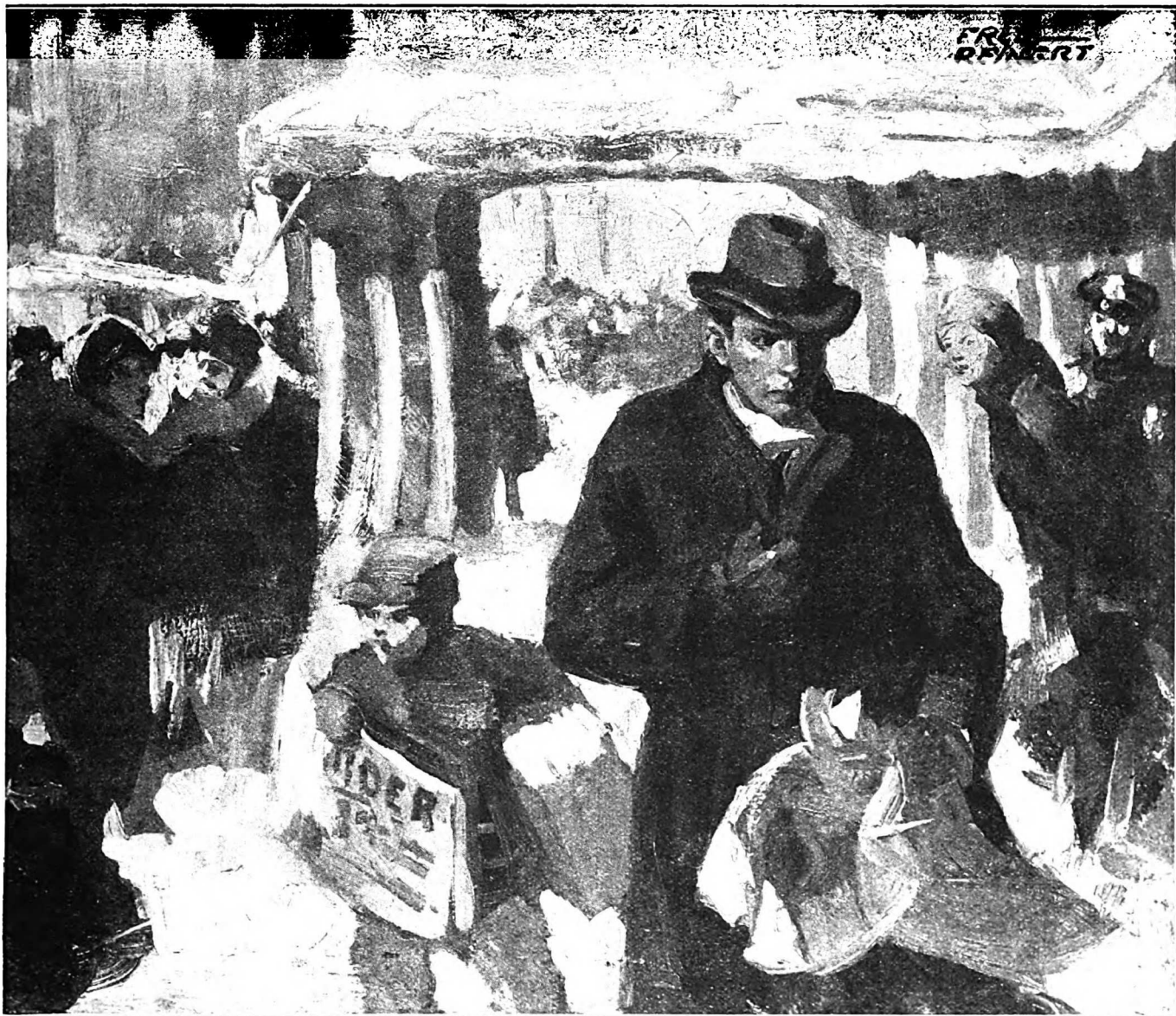
"But there are things I don't want to tell—couldn't."

"Why, may I ask?"

Mace shook his head. "Sorry, but I can't tell you either."

"You must have faith in yourself, Mr. Mace, and faith in your doctor—you must."

The eyes of the two men met full. The kindness



Mace's eye caught the headlines, he stopped stock still and turned ghastly white, his and crumpling the white sheet.

of Eagen's look was genuine and heart-warming.

"Perhaps you're right. I'll do my best, anyhow."

"Fine! Now let's be off."

They left the restaurant and turned toward Madison Avenue. Mace was wrapped in thought and spoke only once as they were mounting the steps of Dr. Embury's office.

"I've been thinking, Mr. Eagen," he suddenly broke out, "it wasn't the whiskey altogether that made me sleep. By a curious coincidence I got something off my chest last night that's been penned up for years."

The fixity of his look, when he said this, as if visualizing some scene of poignant interest recurred to Eagen later.

MEANWHILE, at the Metropolis, the customary morning routine was in progress. By nine o'clock a few scattered guests on the upper floors were either breakfasting in their rooms or still slumbering peacefully. The floor maids were instructed to knock gently, and, unless bidden to enter, to pass along to

another room. They must never disturb a guest.

Thus it happened that nine-thirty and ten o'clock came and went without the maid on the seventeenth floor suspecting anything. She had knocked twice on the door of 1756 at irregular intervals without getting an answer. This had roused no uneasiness in her mind because at ten-ten, when she inquired at the desk, the day-clerk told her that Mr. Myrick was still in the building, that he understood the old gentleman had been late in coming in the night before. So for another hour she went on with her task of straightening up the other rooms.

At last her work was finished except for room 1756. It was then about eleven. She had knocked several times more but without result. Then she began to wonder.

Afraid to trust her own judgment any longer, she went to the housekeeper.

"I've a queer feelin' that somethin's gone wrong in '56," she quavered nervously.

After the housekeeper had heard her out they both

went to the room and began pounding on the door with their fists.

There was no response. The housekeeper bent down and listened, peering thru the keyhole. All was quiet inside.

"We mustn't get panicky. Nellie," she said reassuringly, "but this wants looking into, sure. Use your pass key and we'll see."

Nellie obeyed with shaking fingers. She opened the door as ordered, but drew back, white and tearful.

"Come, come, this won't do," scolded Mrs. Leonard mildly. "Somebody's got to be brave." Whereupon she boldly entered the room, Nellie trembling in her wake.

The bed had not been slept in. The guest's valise and steamer trunk and a few of his personal belongings were in their proper places. There was no sign of disorder anywhere.

But as Nellie looked in the direction of the bathroom, the door of which stood ajar, she threw her apron over her head and backed out of the room shrieking.

A pajamaed leg protruded. The foot was bare, its toes turned upward.

Mrs. Leonard had seen this also, but managed to maintain her composure. She crossed the room and gently stirred the foot with her own. As it didn't move she pushed the door back and looked in. There William Myrick lay, crumpled in a heap between the bath tub and the wall. His head rested in a pool of blood. A revolver lay on the floor beside the body.

He was dead, unmistakably dead!

CHAPTER VI

Self-Convicted

FOR two weary hours Mace waited and fumed in the reception room of Dr. Fitzhugh Embury's office until the doctor was free and able to see him. During all that time Eagen remained with him, for he feared, and justly, that Mace might seize any pretext to escape the ordeal of examination.

At last Mace's turn came and the secretary ushered him into the inner office.

Dr. Embury was a man approaching fifty. Well-groomed and with an air of good-breeding he carried his tall, squarely-built figure easily and with distinction. What struck one at once was the blackness of his close-cropped moustache in contrast to the thick iron-gray hair of his head. His eyes were gray too, with a direct, piercing quality of gaze that seemed to read one's very soul, tho when turned away and reflective they softened to a rich hazel and expressed the wide sympathies of the true man of science. His nose was rather broad and prominent but not out of proportion to the general squareness of his face. When deep in thought over a perplexing problem his nostrils dilated, his forehead wrinkled, and intense concentration moulded his face in rigid lines. When relaxed, the sympathetic sincerity of his manner and the sense of reserve power he conveyed inspired immediate confidence in the patients that flocked to consult him.

The doctor, after a courteous greeting, motioned Mace to a large comfortable chair beside his desk, so placed that the light from double windows fell directly on the features of the occupant, while the doctor had his back to the light and his own face in the shadow.

In his tense, suspicious state Mace noted this arrangement of the furniture at once. As he took the proffered chair he remarked, with a nervous laugh:

"Well, doctor, here I am in full view."

Dr. Embury smiled appreciatively.

"Ah! . . . so you've seen thru my little ruse. . . . Good! Then point one of the history shall be, 'a keen intelligence, but wary'."

"I don't know about the intelligence," parried Mace. "but I certainly have developed caution and uncertainty in meeting people. I feel . . . I feel . . . as if I were a haunted animal." He took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. His eyes, unnaturally bright, watched the other's expression narrowly. "You must excuse me; I'm afraid that sounded rather rude."

"Never mind," said the doctor soothingly. "That feeling will soon pass, I hope. Tell me about yourself."

His voice was gentle, his manner unhurried. He gave the impression of having put all his resources at his patient's service. Mace drew a deep breath and plunged into his story.

"I'm a married man and live in Chicago—in the wholesale jewelry business. I'm forty-two. Up to six years ago I was perfectly well, and happy. . . . God, yes, we *were* happy. Everything was going well with us. Then something happened that changed it all. Ever since I've been like this—tormented, afraid, haunted. . . ."

His words trailed away into silence. He half rose from his seat and then, as if realizing where he was, sank back, burying his face in his hands. Again the doctor's voice came—calm, kindly, reassuring.

"Please go on, Mr. Mace, what happened to bring about this change in you?"

"Doctor," he went on, after a moment. "I have come to you for help. I can't bear this torture any longer. Tell me what is the matter with me, if I am insane . . . if I can be saved. Personally, I don't care much what happens, but I have a wife. She's the only thing that makes me want to live. Her happiness is so bound up with mine, that I know if I broke down mentally it would kill her. It is for her sake I am here, and it is on her account that I hesitate making a full confession."

"I understand your position thoroly, my friend," said Dr. Embury. "I can assure you that you need feel no hesitancy in making a clean breast of everything. You see that I take no notes—I write nothing down. I have trained myself to keep all my cases distinct in my memory. The only record will be your name, age, address, diagnosis, prognosis, and the advice I hope to be able to give you. Surely you can rely on my discretion. Be frank. Remember the old adage that confession is good for the soul." (*Continued on page 76*)

That TIRED FEELING

BY Theodore Wilcox



Courtesy of Fox Films

That tired feeling in the morning is nothing but a mental aversion to getting back to work.

ARE you one of those people who are always feeling tired?

Are you tired when you arise in the morning? Are you too tired to do your daily work efficiently? Too tired to play with the children in the evening? Too tired to appreciate the finer things in life? Too tired to have a pleasant smile for your friends? Too tired to express your personality in a winning, pleasing manner in your home, in your office and on the street? Too tired even to plan during your spare moments for bettering your position, that some day you may have more of the comforts and luxuries of life?

Be frank with yourself! Analyze yourself! If it be true that you are habitually too tired to do daily, those things which your better self whispers that you should do, don't be afraid of the disclosure. Most everybody has that "too tired" feeling at times. The only thing of which you need really be ashamed is a failure to find the cause, and to apply a speedy and effective remedy for the same.

Tiredness is largely a mental condition. It is more a case of boredom than of actual mental or physical exertion. The normal man and woman can work almost indefinitely when his work is a source of personal pleasure.

That tired feeling in the morning is nothing but a mental aversion to getting back into routine work. Do

you feel the same upon arising to go to work, as when arising to go on a day's outing in the country? The chances are very much in favor of there being a vast difference.

That tired feeling at the office disappears as soon as you hear that the boss has had a spasm of generosity, and as a consequence is going to let you have the afternoon off. Or, if after having worked in the office for several years with a staff of old men and middle-aged ladies, the boss has a sudden change of heart and hires a bunch of flappers just out of business college. Man! What a difference it does make in the amount of work you can do without becoming tired.

That tired feeling around the home fades as soon as some outside diversion, such as congenial company, appears upon the horizon. The company may want you to show them all over the new house, or to dance, or to do many other things which require an expenditure of energy, but if you like to do these things, it is a personal pleasure, and instead of tiring you further, the exertion becomes a tonic to your lagging spirits.

In ninety cases out of one hundred, you would be surprised at the amount of physical or mental energy you can draw upon after you have seemingly reached the breaking point, if that which you set out to do at this time will afford you pleasure in the doing, or in its accomplishment.

The man who is too tired to do a few simple chores

around the house after a day's work, can swim, play golf or engage in other forms of physical exertion which require the expenditure of much more energy than would the chores have done, and yet with no after-effects other than exhilaration of his faculties.

Even the laborer who comes home "too tired to move," can use up more energy in a few minutes of playing rough-house with the children than he used in nine hours of manual labor, and yet he feels fine afterwards.

The woman who is too tired to do her house-work up any better than is absolutely necessary in the name of common decency, can spend the same evening in dancing and visiting, and feel like a new woman.

The high-school boy who is too tired to walk to the store for his mother, can play "tackle" for four twelve-minute quarters—coming home with a sprained ankle, a black eye and a cracked nose—and yet have so much pep that it becomes necessary right after supper to go over to Mary's to discuss the plans for the coming house-party.

Did you ever know a person who was too tired to do the thing which would mean a lot of fun for himself? Not meaning actual physical exhaustion, but merely being "too tired." Did you? Take your answer as an object lesson for yourself. Neither at any time in the past have you, nor at any time in the future will you, ever fail to do anything that you really *like* to do, and really *want* to do, just because you are too tired. Think this over! Apply this rule to yourself! Apply it as a form of analysis towards your friends and acquaintances!

Your subconscious mind serves a double rôle. It acts both as an accelerator and emergency brake. When the body is engaged in the performance of activities in which the individual can neither anticipate nor find any pleasure for himself, the subconscious mind then acts as a brake, and the body tires itself out in the struggle to make progress

while the brakes are being steadily applied.

When, however, the type of activity is changed to one in which the individual does find some degree of pleasure, or when the individual's mental attitude toward the formerly boring type of activity becomes changed, then the subconscious mind automatically releases the brakes and steps upon the accelerator. When this happens, it is a matter of common experience that the more energy we use, the more that is seemingly supplied by nature for us to use.

Whenever you feel too tired to do some particular thing, seek the mental cause! Why is there no personal pleasure to be derived from the performance of the proposed type of activity? Why does it bore you?

Answer these questions, then set out to find some way,

as suited to that particular type of activity, in which you can find some degree of pleasure.

Stimulate your interest! Find a source of pleasure in the activity! *Want* to do it! Then you will have energy

enough to perform all of your daily duties, and still be full of pep morning, noon and night; in the office, in the home and in society.

Activity is the only pepping up process known to Nature, for while slumping down in a chair or sprawling on a davenport may bring sweet relief to a person who is bored with his activity, the result is stiffness of the muscles and a body devoid of energy. People often erroneously term this "resting."

Sleep is a natural and necessary function to enable the body to rebuild its worn out cells and tissues, but pep and energy come only thru activity.

From the one view-point all the rest that is really needed is a full night's sleep.

From the other view-point all the rest that is needed is a change of activity, or a change of mental attitude towards the activity in which you are engaged.

The secret of possessing abundant energy is to want to do, or to find pleasure in doing, all of the things that you have to do—and then in doing them!



Too tired to do willingly a few simple chores around the house.

How to

By G. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

*Keep Well**First of a Series of
Lessons in MENTAL
MEDICINE*

IN writing on this subject it is not my intention to try to force my opinion on you, but merely to present it for your acceptance or rejection. I do not wish anyone to accept a thing that fails to appeal to his reason. What I shall write is the result of long years of experience and much study.

There are theories concerning which I content myself with the opinions commonly held, because I am in no position to put them to a practical or rational test. Until I can do better I shall accept the testimony of those who are qualified by position and study to give them suitable consideration. The same is true of many of the sciences intimately associated with medicine. But when we come down to certain of the beliefs involved in daily life and action, such as those of theology and medicine, being in a position to test the theories and study their alleged phenomena, I find myself in many respects divergent from the mass in my concepts, my inferences and my convictions.

This state does not proceed from an innate perverseness, for I would far rather join the common voice were I able conscientiously to do so. Disagreements are apt to engender ill-feeling, to carry one away from those who should be confreres, and consequently to sever friendships, a result ever to be shunned. In traversing a new country the pioneer wheel usually lays what becomes the commonly traveled route; but you have observed that this route does not always represent the most desirable course. There are shorter and smoother and safer lines. After a time there comes along a non-conformist who has the resolution and courage to lay out a new course for the convenience, the comfort and the safety of all who follow. In the mountains and on the plateau of the West they have now set themselves the task of laboriously straightening and otherwise improving nearly all the great thoroughfares. It will not be long before we shall be able to travel by auto from coast to coast on a well-built cement highway.

For example, in theology I cannot longer believe that the world was made in six days; that the luminaries in space were all set there for our convenience; that the Eternal ever revealed himself more fully to humanity than he does today; and that only those who believe that the physical and mental sufferings of another satisfy the demands of an angry God will be saved, while all others, constituting the overwhelming majority of

mankind, are to be subjected to eternal torture. I cannot believe these things because they do not appeal to my sense of justice and reason. I once placidly avowed my belief in them and tried to convince myself of their "sweet reasonableness"; but broadened and deepened thought ultimately led to their rejection.

If men, generally, would only have the courage and resolution to consider the foundations of their beliefs—the caissons and concrete on which they have built—there would be a most profound revulsion set up in this old world. The tenets we hold are received and adopted like the stock resolutions of our large assemblies. We cry "aye!" scarcely knowing the substance of the submitted motion. In medicine we accept "guiding symptoms," some of which bear well-known names and some no names at all, many of them as unreliable as the unknown, or even the known, authors of them.

We are too apt thoughtlessly to accept the dictum of leaders, instead of thinking for ourselves. *What we need to do in all departments of life is to throw theories into the crucible of reason and accept only those that bear the test.* It is this sort of thing that I have been doing for many years, with results to my conviction as astonishing to me as to my friends. No man can submit his opinions to the test of reason and have all of them come out unchanged.

There is an intimate relation between mental and physical phenomena. The modern philosopher insists upon the unity of all things. The rationale of medicine is more or less interwoven with that of theology and ethics. He who resolutely submits his theories and practices to strict censorship will for a time find himself "at sea." There ensues a period of know-nothingism. Old foundations slipping away leave him stranded. But if true to himself, he will soon get under way and will ultimately luxuriate in a sense of *clear concepts and true convictions.*

It would do us all good to reason more, and we should give one another the utmost liberty along rational lines. What we seek is truth. Truth alone can set us free.

I am putting this out as a mere "foreword" of what I propose to set forth in the different lessons of this series. Our reasoning is vague and purposeless unless it brings us to proper inferences and conclusions. As for me, I am no longer at sea. My ideas of what constitutes rational and effective curative methods are distinct and relatively clear. Moreover, they have been put to the clinical test. To those who read to learn it will be a pleasure to submit them.

Theology and medicine have always been close companions. It is still believed by some that devastating disease is often sent to a people as a chastisement for sin. Sickness and death in the family are by many looked upon as coming from the hand of a loving Father, who, by such discipline, seeks to develop patience, trust and other virtues. Even if they do not accept the sickness and death as coming directly from him, they say that he permits it, in order that, as in the instance of Job, the devil may have an opportunity to demonstrate, if he can, their instability. Incidentally, in such cases, I have observed that these same religionists, when the trial begins, often rush off after the aid of an unbelieving doctor, and offer every possible resistance to the expression of what they assume to be the Divine Will.

Physical ailments are often classified among the "evils" of life, and evils are supposed to originate in the fertile brain of a menacing devil.

The reader knows as well as I do that this is about the attitude of the average person of mediocre intelligence toward disease. The deity is believed to play fast and loose with us, at times preserving us from the Great

Adversary of souls "who goes about seeking whom he may devour," and at other times turning us over to his unfriendly care for purification from the perverse tendencies of the flesh, and from whose power we are sometimes saved by the very "skin of our teeth." It is evident that theology and medicine are in an inextricable tangle from which so-called "revealed religion" is utterly unable to deliver them.

We cannot be good members of society, we cannot be true healers of the sick, without an adequate conception of a Power behind us, invisible, inscrutable, but omnip-

otent, omnipresent, inexhaustible, and available. Call that power what you will, it matters not so long as the idea conveyed to the mind is that of *energy* everywhere present, of unlimited and immutable capacity and unvarying radiation.

I cannot conceive of one proceeding far with an intelligent study of cosmic phenomena and still holding archaic concepts of a supreme being like those which filled the old Jewish mind. Nor can I conceive it possible for a sane mind to accord supremacy to such a being and yet give to him the character of an antagonist to the very interests that a benefactor should subserve.

I do not mean to dip deeply into theistic hypotheses, my only purpose being to show that our conceptions of the possibility of the cure of disease, as well as the means of cure to which we resort with confidence, are largely determined by our ideas concerning the character of the presiding Divinity. My own conception of God is that of Power, without personality as commonly understood, a power expressing the very essence of intelligence and love, a power omnipresent, unchangeable, eternal. Such a Divinity is not only with us, but we ourselves, as well as every other thing that touches human consciousness, are an expression of it. This is essential unity, and gives to mankind a divine nature. With the birth of such a conception of the Infinite, the old notions concerning the nature and origin of disease, and therefore of its cure, must be displaced.

In studying the phenomena of human life one observes that they arrange themselves into two distinct

orders. There are phases of experience that are conscious, giving to us our distinctive individuality. I am differentiated from the rest of mankind by the senses which appeal directly to my mind in the form of consciousness. The cat looks at its curling and swaying tail without realizing that it is a part of herself, and accordingly pounces upon it much as she would upon a mouse. You look down at your feet, as one leg rests carelessly over the other, and only by a process of reasoning can you know that it is yours, unless by being touched its identity becomes (*Continued on page 98*)

One Talent

By Cyrus C. Johnson

ONE priceless boon life grant to me,
I pray at noon and eventide.
One wish I cherish ardently,
With one I shall be satisfied.

Oh! Grant me cunning, then, of hand
To work some task of magic spell,
A heart and mind to understand
And do at least one good work well.

Not fame, nor pomp, nor gaudy show,
Nor gold to hoard at setting sun;
If only one joy I may know
Let it be that of work well done.

My tools are poor, and dull, and crude,
But worn with labor, none the less.
And if tonight comes solitude
And blissful stars—or nothingness—

What matters to this dust of mine
Tho I play not immortal parts
If only I may work so fine
As to give strength to human hearts?

This be my joy and liberal pay,
When life shall toll my evening bell
If parting friends shall come and say:
"One task he loved, and labored well."

How Intelligent are YOU?

by
ARTHUR MYERS



Underwood & Underwood

THAT the layman should make a somewhat uncritical use of intelligence tests is to be expected. It seems to be assumed by the man on the street that the psychologist has access to some occult knowledge not available to the uninitiated. Because of the trusting attitude on the part of many people who make use of intelligence tests and who at times have consigned to the scrap heap those individuals who did not pass certain tests, it would seem a word of caution in regard to their use would not be amiss. I should like to make a plea for the individual possessed of certain traits of character, who may fall below some critical score in some so-called intelligence tests which may be used as an entrance requirement to a job.

One of the best ways to develop a healthy skepticism about intelligence tests is to ask psychologists what they mean by intelligence. In nine cases out of ten in my experience the answer has been that it is "something" which manifests itself in various ways. One way is the ability to score high in certain tests, it seems. But mental tests are made up of a few specific questions

Here's a new way of getting at your I. Q.

Not how quickly can you draw a certain line or locate a misspelled word—but are you

Open-minded, adaptable, courageous, imaginative and socially conscious?

that call for particular concrete answers, and perhaps William James' "tough-minded" individual who is not willing to go beyond the facts is justified in concluding that whereas a particular test measures one's ability to answer these questions, it measures nothing else.

It is my contention that intelligence is an abstraction, made into a thing to conjure with, but I will limit myself here to an attempt to bring out some of the traits vital to success, which intelligence tests do not measure.

The intelligent person, I believe, is *open-minded, adaptable, courageous, imaginative, and socially conscious*. I might say further that intelligent behavior may be characterized as straightforward, frank, fearless, tolerant, sympathetic, and emotionally sincere, but I think the latter terms are covered under my five main points.

Open-mindedness, which is the fundamental point of view of science in its search for truth, forms and constitutes the essence of intelligent behavior. It is fearlessly experimental and based upon the vigorous conviction that there are no absolutes and that new

truth is coming in every day. It is delicately adjusted so that it is sensitive to fine shadings and subtleties in human experience. It acts as the chief counter-balance for dogmatism and intolerance. To those who have not had the privilege of sitting at the feet of a real scientist and being gradually won over to this humility of mind as an attitude toward life, this general statement no doubt means very little.

But contrasted with the narrow-minded, bigoted individual, consider the scientist with a mind open to new truth, who does not allow his ideas to crystallize and harden, but holds them in solution so that they may be used at any time to form ingredients with other ideas. Talk with such a man and you will be amazed at his dynamic, eager, buoyant interest in life. And the epithets of "childish" and "unsophisticated" hurled by the cynic do not effect him, for his interest is centered outside himself in the fascinating phenomena of nature which go relentlessly on, without consideration for his own little consciousness. The scientist is no mere spectator of life, he does not stand on the side lines and jeer, but is caught up in the joy of the search for truth. This spontaneous attitude which is typical of youth, may be retained by all of us, but only against the invidious pressure of public opinion, which calls you infantile, and against the crushing tendency of age, which tends to set your mind as it sets your muscles. An open-minded attitude is retained by the scientist thruout life, and to him, life is indeed a great adventure.

Adaptability, which is my second test, has a biological connotation that covers a wide variety of response. We are all continually adapting ourselves to the environment so as to keep our organisms in a somewhat stable equilibrium, and you will readily agree here that the intelligent response is the one which makes for a smooth and adequate adjustment. And it would seem from the very nature of the case that the organism would adapt itself instinctively to its environment, just as the paramecium withdraws itself from the acid placed in its path.

The reason for the inadequacy of instinctive behavior here may be found in the complexity of the environment. Whereas primitive man was principally concerned with simple wants, chiefly food, sex and security, civilized man must adjust himself to a complexity that staggers the imagination. In an attempted adjustment

with a wide variety of possible response, it is not easy to discover the adequate type of behavior, and very often we take the easy way out of a difficult situation when the more straightforward conduct would lead to a more satisfactory adjustment.

A faltering adjustment may be the result of many causes, but I should like to emphasize only one and that is failure to face the facts of life. Confronted with a cataclysmic change in our lives we fail to adjust immediately to things as they are, but build for ourselves a fantasy that more nearly coincides with our desires than does the real situation. Intelligent behavior accepts a fact as a fact, without evasion and without mental reservations.

The intelligent person makes an immediate adjustment to an unchangeable fact and proceeds at once to make progress along some line of possibility. No valuable time is lost in lamentation. Most of us find it

necessary to kill the old desire by inches before starting on a new line of endeavor. During this time of inactivity, of stasis in behavior, the intelligent person has made steady progress along a new pathway and has achieved, possibly, even beyond his original plan of action.

It is not necessary, I believe, to develop the idea that intelligent behavior is courageous behavior. It takes a strong character to face the disagreeable facts which sooner or later confront us all. And the result of lack of courage becomes positive in the grip of fear. Fear is one of the most devastating influences in the life of man, fear of security, of disease, of accident, and one's ability to succeed. Fear cramps and warps and constricts behavior and obstructs the development of personality. It is not possible to elucidate the concept of personality here but suffice it to say that the strong, virile personality has the courage to advance fearlessly and confidently to meet whatever life has to offer. Such an atti-

tude wins victories and great satisfaction where many fear to tread.

Intelligent behavior closely involves the use of imagination. This means the ability to try out in the imagination several lines of action before any step is taken that will involve physical consequences. It is a mental experimentation before we "leap." Confronted with a specific problem which is too difficult to be solved without thought, we consider several possibilities before we act, and check (*Continued on page 74*)

What To Do

IF YOU'RE feelin' tired and blue,
And you don't know what to do,
Do nothin'.

If your appetite's not right,
And your waistband's gettin' tight,
Stop stuffin'.

If your plans are all awry,
And you feel you want to cry,
Go fishin'.

If you can't see far ahead,
And wish that you were dead,
Stop wishin'.

If you know you talk too much,
And your neighbor's feelin' touch,
Stop talkin'.

If your nerves are all askew,
There is one good thing to do,
Go walkin'.

If you're runnin' into debt,
And can't pay for what you get,
Stop buyin'.

If you'd like to reach the top,
And are just about to stop,
Keep tryin'.

—Grenville Kleiser.

"Psychic"

By Vesta Wills
Hancock

A Story of Bondage and Escape

"HERE'S the stuff you eat up, Gordon," said the city editor. "I want a human interest story about Veda, the beautiful young psychic that is being exhibited at the convention of the Leagues for Psychic Research."

"Exhibited" proved to be the right word, for she sat like a still white statue, her long slender hands motionless in her lap, while the psychic followers plied her with queries. It was as tho her spirit dwelt thousands of miles away and was drawn reluctantly back to earth at each fresh contact.

Gordon played her for a big story—her beauty, calm, dignified and remote as a Greek goddess (in this age when women are far from remote), her extraordinary powers and the lack of vanity over them. Her father gave him the details. He supplied them limitlessly, from the date and hour of her birth (so that the astrologically inclined might see that the time was not propitious) thru details of the arduous training she had followed from babyhood. Never a taste of flesh,



No wonder her eyes were sad—someone had fastened all the sorrows of the world upon those slender shoulders.

Illustrations
by
L. Kimmel

or spiced or seasoned food; never an experience of high excitement or ruthless wasting of energy—her whole being had been conserved, directed toward one end.

The convention was over. Veda's story had grown stale, and other "human-interest" items crowded the front pages. Still Gordon haunted the home of Veda and her thin-lipped, cold-eyed father. Since he managed with fair regularity to use one of the steady stream of publicity stories the father passed to him, Gordon's presence was tolerated, altho he had long noticed that intimacies were not encouraged in that household. Perhaps Veda's cool, serene indifference and calm acceptance of his presence aided him.

Gordon had outgrown the surprise he felt at first when thru the elaborate living-room passed statesmen and financiers, kings in their own realms, humbly begging bits of knowledge from a still, white-faced young girl who greeted each with a detachment, a soft intentness, and a sympathetic voice that seemed forever to bear an undercurrent of pity.

Certainly he wasn't in love with Veda, Gordon told himself angrily, as he raced thru a change of clothes to meet her at the end of her visit to Mrs. Van Loeden, who was chained to her bed and dying torturously, despite her millions. It was seldom that he saw her away from the tall, white father, and Gordon was amazed to find himself trembling in anticipation.

Yet certainly he couldn't be in love with her. He would as soon lose his heart to one of the Siamese twins, or the tattooed girl in a side show. The girl for him was one of those clever college girls who had played at business long enough to settle down to wifehood, or some adorable little actress who would serve him heaven and hell, highly spiced, for the duration of a brief and vivid romance. Certainly no sane man would lose his heart to a woman who seemed scarcely to be of this world.

Gordon waited for her for several moments, but his heart began to do odd tricks in his throat when she finally came down the high brownstone steps, swaying softly to the light spring wind like a flower. A curtain was pushed back at an upper window and he saw Mrs. Van Loeden following this girl with eager, worshipful eyes.

For some time they walked in silence, then she asked, "Can you not store up these moments of quiet happiness and hold them in memory to balance the feverish turbulence of your life?"

"How shall I hold the memory," asked Gordon puzzled, "how be sure it will come to mind when I need it?"

"Have you not the power to live as much or as little in the moment as you choose? A day of routine—events to report, a bored evening—do you live in it at all?"

"You are right. Memory stores the moments we live to the fullest. By being willing to live more deeply in the calm and beautiful we might be able to hold it to us. I suppose you practise that. It is the reason for sweet and lovely self."

It was as tho the sun had suddenly been banked in clouds, so deep was the shadow that fell across the wide, blue-gray eyes. "Oh, no, my friend. Do you not know yet—if I appear sweet and lovely to you it is because the flame of my being burns so straight and singly, but I hold to me no lovely moments? I hold to me *nothing*. It is because I do not live as others live that I can know what they know not."

A sudden shudder which he could not control passed thru young Gordon. It was as tho his eyes fell suddenly upon an open grave. Her low, sad voice thrilled and entranced him and wakened in him a longing to lift from her whatever burden it was that she so strangely accepted as inevitable.

"How do you mean you do not live as others live?"

"If I felt as you feel, if I gave myself in liking and disliking, in loves and hates, could I bear the knowledge that is mine? I have seen you thumbing the books on my father's shelves, but you did not study them as he has, or you would know that only as I walk thru the

world, and not of it, is it possible for me to bear my great gift with sanity. I know no love or hate; no hope or fear. When people lay their hearts open before you as they do to me, one knows that all life lies in loving and hoping, striving against the hating and fearing."

"But have you no feeling for friends, for the parents that bore you?"

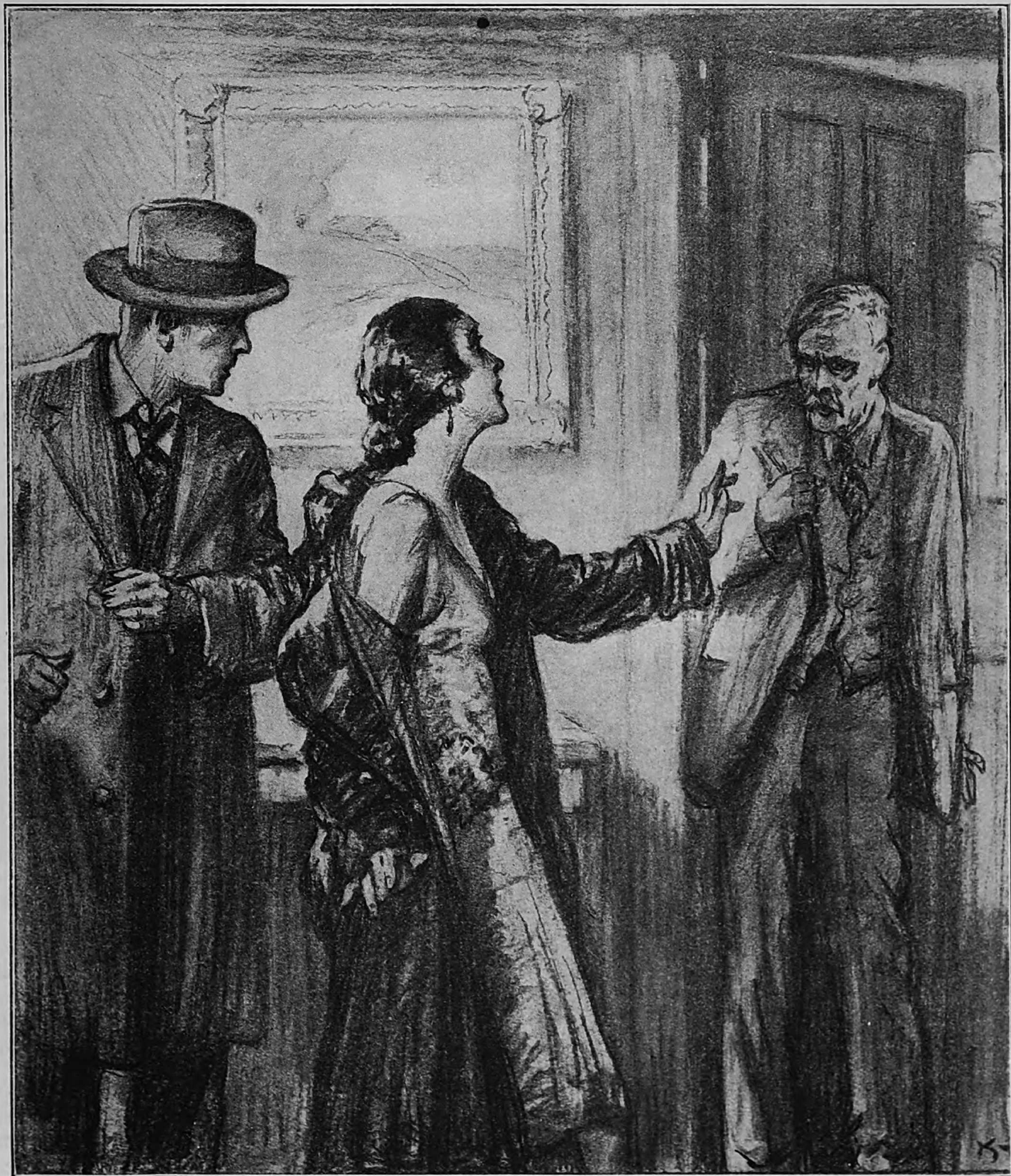
There was pity and understanding in her gaze. "I take your friendship as I take a gift of flowers. It is beautiful to have, but if I had it not, I would not miss it in the midst of my busy days." There was a deep insistence in her voice as tho much depended upon obtaining his understanding. "I could not go on otherwise. My father has told you he began training me from the moment they laid me motherless in his arms. I was like Samuel whom God claimed for his sacrifice. My father took me from the world. I do not die to enter eternity. I live in eternity now. *That* is the psychic gift." Her voice was like the sob of the oboe dying away at the end of the concert.

"I cannot bear it," Gordon suddenly cried in a loud voice, to the high edification of three young girls who were passing. They were sure he was being refused and walked slowly, with heads turned, for half a block, dreading and hoping to see him draw a gun or throw himself beneath the wheels of a passing bus.

"I must tell you, my friend, for I see you turning toward me, while all the time you think my difference will protect you from love. It protects me but not you." Gordon marveled that he did not tell her what a hardened bachelor he was, heart-whole and free. But the thought of trying to bluff her brought no satisfaction. Somehow there was growing upon him the conviction that he was passing thru a fairy tale of his childhood's reading. He had found the beautiful princess, and she was under some horrid enchantment, from which he must rescue her. The only objection to this was that she had been making it quite clear that she neither expected nor desired to be rescued.

"But you are a woman grown, an intelligent and beautiful woman. Do you mean that you have never thought of love for yourself—the great and consuming love that makes and unmakes history, that builds empires and homes? You have all things to bring to love. Has it nothing to bring to you?"

"Do you see those two boys playing on the lawn? Both are doomed to be *takers* of life. One as a great scientist in a score or more of years will be putting out of life the human beings that civilization shall no longer support. He will sign his name to the passes to the great Lethal Sleep which he will prepare for the criminally insane, and the hopelessly unproductive crippled. The other one, with the soft, red mouth, will kill for hire and die by the hand of the one he loves. That smiling policeman helping the children across the street has but few more months to smile. His wife betrays him even now. That shabby, furtive Jew at the cigar stand once controlled the drama of our city for a decade, and not to the betterment of the drama. The slim young girl who just passed us has left the business



Her eyes were blazing. "Father—you never told me that by giving myself to life I might become as others, a real human being."

of thieving to live by an older trade. The doorman here is thinking of his son in college. He feels the lad will achieve so greatly that all who pass here would be honored to know him. He will, but the father will never be able to rise above a coarseness of mind and expression. He will dwell as an honored guest in his son's house, but in the heart of the younger man will grow an almost unbearable secret longing for the day

that rids him of the father. Lucky for him his skin is thick; he will not know.

"That is how life appears to one who knows no present, the past and future all crowding it to insignificance. How can I long for love when I see so much of love's ending, see so much that is high brought low? I have never known what it was not to be psychic, to know. I do not see for (Continued on page 102)

Speaking of ORANGES

by Delle B. McFarland



Orange Inn, at Pasadena, where everything in an orange is turned into sweets, utility and money.

The Story of Frank Chandler Who Dreamed of Oranges Until He Made a Fortune

*"We eat too much of patent things,
Of victuals cooked upon a stove;
And still the golden orange swings
Out yonder in the sunlit grove."*

—Walt Mason.

FRANK CHANDLER knew railroading; he knew it so well that he feared sometimes he would never know anything else. He had started in as messenger boy and worked his way up to secretary and purchasing agent. He and his wife lived in Toledo, Ohio, but they managed to see a bit of the world on their yearly vacation trips. And one of these "bits" was California. It was a pretty large "bit" for it stuck in their minds and they couldn't get away from it.

Sometimes when the thermometer was skidding toward zero they would play with the idea of moving out there. "Of course we can't," Frank would say. "Why, it would be a crazy stunt to give up a steady salary and go chasing off on a wild goose hunt like that."

And yet, when he was bent over his books, the shadow of an orange tree would slip in and blur the figures before him. It persisted in getting in his way. So finally, he decided to meet the issue. He settled back in his chair and had a heart-to-heart talk with himself. "It's like this," he said, "you're getting into a rut. You

know railroading, but what else do you know? Now the question is, do you want to be a railroad man all your life or do you want to break away, go out to California and do something with oranges?"

"But," his other self answered, "you don't know a thing in the world about oranges. You're a railroad man."

Of course, that was true. But he *wanted* oranges. As he sat there conning the matter, his mind went back to the days of his boyhood when cellars overflowed with their barrels of apples, and strings of dried peaches adorned the rafters; when jar after jar of fruits, preserved, pickled and jellied, weighted down the shelves—a tribute to the wear, tear and imagination of the housewife—and when the orange was thought of simply as a decoration for the Christmas table or a filler for Johnny's stocking.

As the picture of that cellar floated before him, he felt that there certainly were as many possibilities in an orange as in an apple or a peach. Anyway, he wanted the orange. He wanted the year-round sunshine. And he was tired of the railroad business.

One of Frank's outstanding characteristics was a streak of stubbornness; if he wanted oranges, he was



*Mr. and Mrs. Chandler amid their oranges.
(At right) Tourists stopping to enjoy the
Chandler products.*

going to have oranges. And another was imagination. So, with a reckless gesture, he resigned his position, took his savings—which amounted to several thousand dollars—and, with his wife, started for California.

He had that kind of a wife. She was game, and was blessed with imagination, too.

Today, beside the Foothill Boulevard east of Pasadena, is to be found one of the unique inns of the world. As you approach it, the first thing to catch your eye is a huge, golden orange—so huge that you think your brain is getting a little “woozy” from seeing and smelling your way along the teeming orange groves. But as you get closer, you discover another orange, companion to the first, snuggled cosily under a big, live oak. Segments have been cut out for doors and windows and the peeling turned and braced for canopies over them; while from beneath, a girl’s bright face looks out at you.

The sun is hot and you are tired from your long ride, so you pull up in the shade, and at the girl’s pleasant suggestion: “Some frozen orange juice?”

“Yes, a large glass, please; it looks so refreshing.”

While you are waiting for your drink your eyes stray around the place and come to rest on the sign, ORANGE INN. A row of buildings along a crescent drive-in form a picturesque background for two great oranges; and you wonder what are all those things on walls and tables in the open front rustic shop. As soon as you have drained the last drop from your glass you feel so refreshed that you get out of your car and wander around, bent on seeing what it’s all about.

Colorful baskets and rugs adorn the walls, and all around are tables loaded with the most intriguing looking things—“Everything made of oranges,” a sign reads. You look up rather skeptically as you ask the girl—another vision in orange—“Why, these things are all made of oranges, are they?”

“Yes, everything. Not a bit of the orange is wasted; even the seeds are used.”

“This, this perfume?” You turn a tiny, golden bottle in your hands and finger the stopper.

“Yes, the perfume, too. Everything here comes from the fruit, the tree or the flowers.”

You have been hunting for “something dif-



erent” to take to Winnifred and Jane, back home in Michigan; so two of the cute, little vials become your property. Next you sample the ice-box cookies and orange spice cake. You hold a jar of orange marmalade to the light and wonder how they ever kept the rind from cooking up “mushy”; it looks like a picture in an advertisement.

And here’s orange candy! Candied orange juice, and fudge—who ever heard of orange fudge! Oh, if you could just buy everything. And then you come upon the unique gift boxes and your problem is solved. You write down addresses of your friends back east; and as a last temptation you succumb to the lure of the Kumquat preserve—a miniature citrus fruit about the size of a cherry, with the skin of an orange and the taste of a mild lemon. They are (Continued on page 96)

The Words and Silences of Havelock Ellis

The Story of a Visit with the Great Humanist

By Kenneth M. Swezey

“IF THE TEST of the personal culture of a man be the degree of his freedom from the banal ideas and childish emotions which move the great masses of men, then Havelock Ellis is undoubtedly the most civilized Englishman of this generation.” This eulogy by the usually caustic Mr. Mencken, upon the publication of the second series of Ellis’s *Impressions and Comments*, is indicative of not only a personal opinion but of the general change in attitude toward a pioneer whom for forty years the public has been trying to catch up with. Thirty years ago Ellis sat in an ante-room of famous Old Bailey waiting to be questioned on charges of writing obscene literature. Today he is recognized in the fields of both science and letters as one of those very few men whose researches in life and sex have become integral with the bases of our modern thought.

Our broadening and saner attitude toward love and marriage, our gradual disentanglement from prejudice and superstition in matters of sex, our fuller recognition of the rights of woman; all these things, however confused and imperfect our understanding still may be, owe largely their germination to Dr. Ellis. Houston Peterson, in his recent fine biography, *Havelock Ellis: Philosopher of Love*—which anyone interested in the growth of a philosophic mind should read—remarks that Ellis has, to an immeasurable degree, taken the leer out of love’s language. That alone is a vital achievement.

What sort of a man could be so conscientious and so patient as to collect the vast amount of data contained in the seven large volumes of *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, so inspired and clear-minded an artist as to write *Affirmations, Impressions and Comments, The Dance of Life*, and so versatile that he could turn around and write a scholarly introduction to Ibsen, or Marlowe, or Heine? I myself had wondered. Because Ellis, with a great disdain for personal prestige, had succeeded to a high degree in keeping himself out of his work.

It was with a bit of skepticism that I first wrote him, asking an opportunity for a chat. But a reply was

prompt and friendly. Ellis was fortunately spending a month in his London flat, and on the following Wednesday he would see me. He gave the specific numbers of buses from Oxford or Piccadilly Circus that I could take to his home, which he finally informed me was “opposite the Police Station!”

I had no difficulty in following the directions. The flat—or “mansion,” as they call it in London—was in the quiet and economical district of Brixton; which suggested that Havelock Ellis lived as temperately as he wrote. He came personally to the door, a man wiry, bearded, clear-skinned, and rather high-voiced, with the modest cordiality of a real gentleman. His appearance gave me a first impression as it once gave Edward Carpenter—“a fine free head and figure as of some great god Pan, with distant relations among the Satyrs.”

In his study we talked for several hours. Ellis would speak when questioned or in particular mood, but he seemed fundamentally a listener. He seemed to listen and weigh. He was never crude, never antagonistic, never pedantic. Wherever it was possible he would lead the conversation merely by suggestion. Altho he trusts psycho-analysis only in its broader phases, he is in a sense a master analyst.

One notices above any mere peculiarity of character that Havelock Ellis is a well-proportioned man. It is evident in his poise. No fact is outlawed, no experience is too grotesque to be given consideration, no theory is too sacred to be changed. His mind lies open. He seeks first perception. This attitude is stated in his own words:

“We cannot remain consistent with the world save by growing inconsistent with our own past selves. The man who consistently—as he fondly supposes, ‘logically’—clings to an unchanging opinion is suspended from a hook which has ceased to exist. The world is various,

of infinite iridescent aspect, and until I attain to a correspondingly infinite variety of statement I remain far from anything that could in any sense be described as 'truth.'"

Unlike a propagandist obsessed with a handful of ideas upon which he believes rests the salvation of the world, Ellis has never solicited converts. Instead of trying to ingraft foreign thought, he simply fertilizes the germ of that thought which is already there. "I have never written," he said, "but with the thought that the reader, even tho he may not know it, is already on my side. Only so could I write with that sincerity and simplicity without which it would not seem worth while to write at all."

Altho Ellis's life has been preoccupied with the study of his fellow-men, and he has maintained many firm friendships, he has always preferred the life of a recluse. He has viewed the mob always from a distance, and has the distinction of never having delivered a lecture. Perhaps this instinct of his to meet only with the individual, in quiet, and stripped of disturbing environmental proprieties, is part of the secret of the fundamentalness of his message. To know the deeper arcana of a single person is to understand the foundational secrets of all persons.

The basis of this philosopher's message is that life must eventually be considered as an art—or, more specifically, he likens it to the art of the dance. "Consider the performers of a choral dance," wrote Plotinus; "they sing together, tho each one has his own particular part, and sometimes one voice is heard while the others are silent; and each brings to the chorus something of his own; it is not enough that all lift their voices together; each must sing, choicely, his own part in the music set for him. So it is with the soul." And Ellis has taken the quotation as a motif for his attitude toward the world and life. There may be differences of characteristics between this person and that, but these differences must finally be judged, not one by the other, but only as they affect the harmony of the whole.

In order to become an artist of the dance one must first stretch himself, get out all the kinks that bind his

action, and learn to coordinate feeling with thought. All about us we find ethical and religious tradition clashing with reason, and instinct conflicting with both. Perhaps the friction is caused by the improper functioning of our minds. Our friend thought so.

"It comes about that abstract moral speculations, culminating in rigid maxims, are necessarily sterile and vain. They move in the sphere of reason, and that is the sphere of comprehension, but not of vital action. In this way there arises a moral dualism in civilized man. Objectively he has become like the gods and able to distinguish the ends of life; he has eaten of the fruit of the tree and has knowledge of good and evil. Subjectively he is still not far removed from the

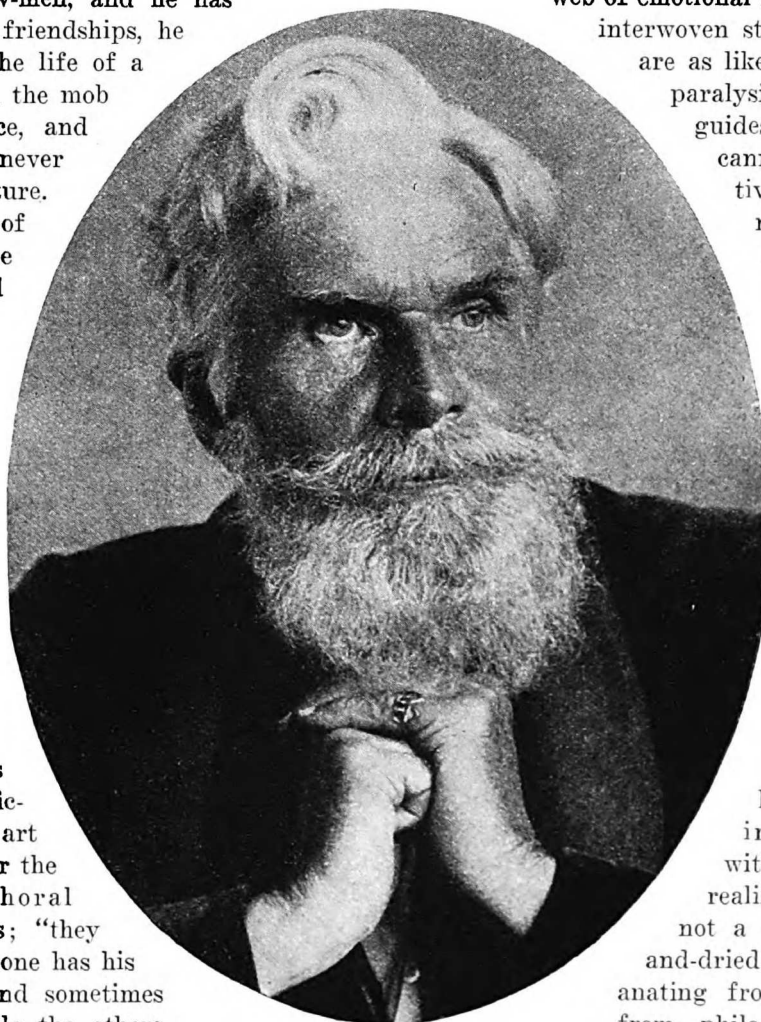
savage, oftenest stirred to action by a confused

web of emotional motives, among which the interwoven strands of civilized reason are as likely to produce discord or paralysis as to furnish efficient

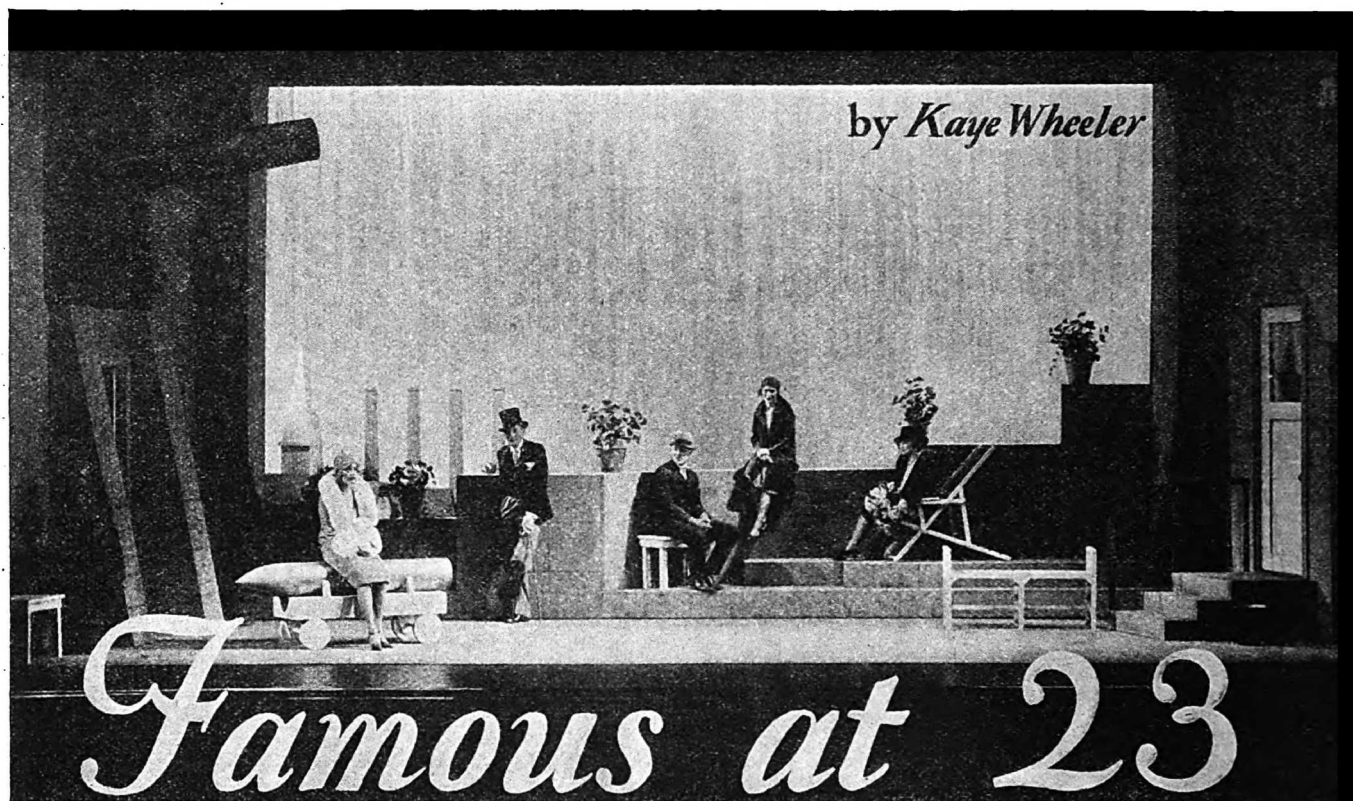
guides. On the one hand he cannot return to the primitive state in which all the motives for living flowed harmoniously in the same channel; he cannot divest himself of his illuminating reason; he cannot recede from his hardly acquired personal individuality. On the other hand he can never expect, he can never even reasonably hope, that reason will ever entirely hold in leash the emotions. It is clear that along neither path separately can the civilized man pursue his way in harmonious balance with himself. We begin to realize that what we need is not a code of beautifully cut-and-dried maxims—whether emanating from sacred mountains or from philosophers' studies—but a happy combination of two different ways of living. We need, that is, a

traditional and instinctive way of living, based on real motor instincts, which will blend with reason and the manifold needs of personality, instead of being destroyed by their solvent actions, as rigid rules inevitably are. Our only valid rule is a creative impulse that is one with the illuminating power of intelligence."

With the cultivation of the freedom and the genius of the artist, Havelock Ellis anticipates a complete change of outlook, of our attitude particularly toward those things which we now (Continued on page 91)



HAVELOCK ELLIS



Sharpe designed this set for the third act of Shaw's "Major Barbara" for the Theatre Guild.

The Story of Redington Sharpe's Sudden Success in the Art of Scene Designing

WHEN a boy, not yet twenty, in the face of protests, gives up a good job in his chosen line of work and, with his meagre savings and a little money he had inherited, sets sail for Europe to learn and develop by understanding other people, the world is likely to hear from him.

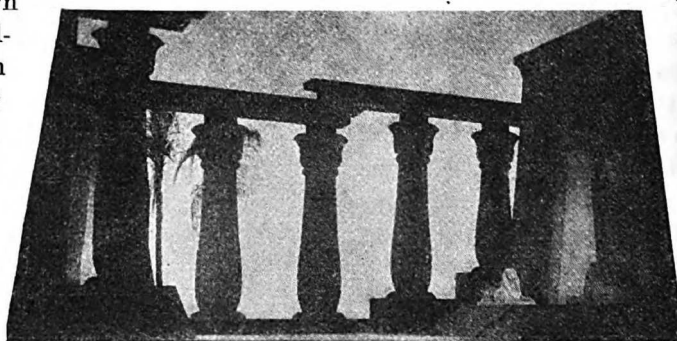
Redington Sharpe at twenty-three got his first assignment on Broadway to design the settings for Shaw's *Major Barbara*, the second offering of the Theatre Guild this season, because he was well-equipped. A life packed full of experience is the background of this tall, handsome person who has just turned twenty-four.

At nineteen he was Art Director of the Pasadena Community Playhouse in California, the well-known little theatre headed by Gilmer Brown. He held down his job of directing older and more experienced minds because he was able to do the work at hand. Mr. Brown had faith in the work of Redington Sharpe and during the summer of 1923 created a position in his theatre for him. So capably

did he handle the job, so eagerly did he invest it with his energy and vividness, that in the fall he was re-engaged for a year on a somewhat more livable salary.

He did the settings for such plays as *Peer Gynt*, *The Swan*, *He Who Gets Slapped*, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *Hedda Gabler*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and many others. Play producers in Los Angeles were attracted by the work he was doing, and he was engaged to design the melodrama, *The Lady*, for Pauline Frederick. He also did *The Clinging Vine* revival for Peggy Wood, *Lady Be Good*, and *Little Nelly Kelly*. He gained still further recognition when Robert G. Shaw, Curator of Harvard, requested the designs for the last play he did in Pasadena, James Elroy Fleckers's *Hassan*, for Harvard's theatre collection. His future was assured but after two successful years he threw up his job and went to Europe.

"I left Pasadena because everyone said I was good. I thought I might continue to be good, but I wanted more than that. I felt I lacked a true appreciation of the art of other countries. I



Sharpe's idea of the Temple of Isis at Karnack, which he made for "Pharaoh's Daughter."

wanted to make my own comparisons and form my own opinions. I knew so little. Everyone advised me against giving up my job and spending all of my savings on a few months' travel, but I had to do it. I had to go on. I had to know what other people were like, what they did, how they felt, how they lived."

Sharpe's youth had been that of the son of a prominent and well-to-do advertising man; his father was the first president of the Advertising Club of New York. His mother had been an actress in Maude Adams's company, but had given up the stage at the time of her marriage. Sharpe's love of the theatre began early. Possibly it was his mother who sowed the seeds of her first love in the emotions of her elder child. But the gift for pageantry was his. He first used building blocks, and before he was ten years old he was doing original dramas for the children of the neighborhood.

Tiring early of toys, he next evolved a model theatre. Father's ties made excellent curtains and draperies for this purpose. He dramatized his fairy tales and *Arabian Nights*, but he was not particularly interested in stories unless they lent atmosphere that would make effective scenery. When he could not find stories that required adequate settings he wrote his own! He made and dressed pasteboard characters, and by mounting them on small metal stands he could move them about the stage by the means of a strong magnet used beneath the stage flooring.

He began as a realist. Before he was ten years old he wanted real trains; he searched the shops by the hour for trees that looked like trees — sponges seemed to him such poor substitutes. He wanted rocks



A setting for "Peer Gynt."

to look like rocks, and found that matchsticks of varied length under a cloth were most adequate. Eggshells, he discovered, answered the problem of suggesting domes for Oriental palaces.

He attended Pratt Institute in New York but his family soon moved to Cleveland. When he was fifteen he



The lawyer's office which Sharpe designed for "The Makropoulos Secret."

A set for "The Lady of the Lamp."

was given a two-year scholarship in the Art Institute there.

"Father wanted me to go to Harvard after I finished high school, but I wanted to go to New York and make my mistakes while I was still young.

Mother was sympathetic with my ambitions and at seventeen I was studying with Norman Bel-Geddes, one of the great geniuses of the theatre. Not even in Europe have I seen anyone to compare with him. While I was his assistant in actual production work I learned to tone down my too-fantastic streak.

"I found, tho, that my first models and sense of color were better in my early work than when I finished art school. Instinctively I put colors together when I was a kid that later I didn't dare mix. But my old freedom is coming back, and with my improved technique I should be able to get some good effects.

"I had to learn, as any writer or artist must, the formulæ of my profession; but that after they are learned they must be relegated to the subconscious.

"My next job was with an (Continued on page 99)

A Day with **Those Who** *Walk in Shadow*

By *Ida*
Mellen

A Story of the Care and Cure of the Mentally *Ill*

IT was one of those rare, beautiful days when all the world is permeated with the divinity of the sunshine: when human souls put on their wings and take flight into the realms of what it pleases us to call the Sheer Joy of Living, when we visited the Hospital for the Insane, to learn something of those whose wings are crippled and who walk in shadow.

As we approached the grounds, groups of men and women, sitting contentedly under the trees, created a pleasant illusion of normalcy, which was, however, almost immediately dispelled by two things: the sound of loud voices from a nearby building, as of people drunken and quarreling—it brought to our mind's eye instant visions of the strait-jacket and the padded cell—and the approach of one of the patients on the lawn, who, observing our party, arose and announced to her companions, "Another murderous jubilee!"

Thus introduced, we felt prepared for anything. The lady, however, showed no excitement, and one might have inferred that murderous jubilees—whatever they may be—were common affairs in her existence. Perhaps they might be, were she at large. Some of the patients looked interested and asked if we had come to stay, and the curiosity of a few caused them to follow our party, admonishing us almost threateningly to take them away.

The kindly psychiatrist in charge met and greeted us at the door, offering personally to conduct us thru the various departments and wards. In the office, tiers of records caught our eye, and the files proved so interesting that we almost forgot their many underlying tragedies. The history of each case is recorded systematically under the patient's name, and cross-indexed under the name of his malady; so that in the latter file one can see at a glance the proportion of mental disorders of various types and causes. There is dementia praecox (precocious insanity) which constitutes the chronic material of the insane asylums because it is considered incurable; paranoia (delusional insanity); senile dementia (the insanity of old age); epilepsy, which is of but three kinds—hereditary, traumatic and syphilitic; paresis (disintegration of brain tissue); dementia from alcohol, of which there are more than half a dozen forms; dementia from child-birth, and so on.

We visit the laundry and the kitchens, the dormitories, the parlors, the work rooms—all scrupulously clean and appropriately furnished. A reception wing has just been added, and as we enter, we come upon an elderly man of splendid physique, who is decorating the panelled walls with beautiful inlaid paintings. At the piano, a patient is amusing himself and his associates with instrumental and vocal music. Another is busy caring for a large aquarium in the center of the room, with all the nice attention of a born naturalist. We watch his gold fish, and the doctor tells us that this patient is cured and will take his leave on the morrow. He takes our congratulations rather soberly, yet with apparent appreciation.

Our artist is beginning a new painting, and with unconcealed admiration we watch him laying out the plan. He bestows a somewhat pitying look upon us, accompanied by the statement that he has written a work on logic—the fundamentals of a New System—which is far more wonderful than these pictures. We beg to see the book, but he avers that we would not understand it. We assure him of our acquaintance with Jevons and other logicians and of our abiding interest in the subject, but coaxing is futile. Dubiously he shakes his handsome white locks, and repeats "You could not understand my Logic."

His trouble is Senile Dementia, rarely occurring before the age of sixty, and brought on by a deterioration of the nervous structure. Whether his book is a verity, we do not learn, but console ourselves with a sour-grapes view of the matter, deciding that probably, as he says, we could not comprehend his logic.

Some of the inmates, busy at carpentry and other occupations, stop to stare at us. One comes briskly forward and volunteers the remarkable news that he has just returned from the North Pole with four million dollars. How did he go? By automobile. It is beautiful up there, he says, all grass and flowers and gold on this side, and all ice on the other. Where is

the money? He deposited it in "the bank across the street." We cannot help reflecting that there are far less pleasant delusions than imagining oneself fabulously rich. "You must have gone with Dr. Cook," suggests the physician. "Yes, sir," assents the patient.

The Suicide Ward comes next, and we pass thru it rapidly. Mental disease is so much more painful than physical disease, that a major proportion of its victims constantly seek the Great Release and special ward and watch must be provided for them. Here are the most difficult patients to fare for. The instant an attendant's back is turned, one may attempt to jump out of the window; another may pull a picture from the wall and speedily extracting the glass, cut his throat; a third may whisk a sheet off the bed or a towel from the rack, and have himself hanging to the door or bed-post in a jiffy; another may enter the bathroom unobserved, fill the tub with water, jump in and drown. There are some sad instances of curable cases succeeding in putting an end to their lives, but the efforts of demented persons at self-destruction are usually futile.

From here we pass into a pleasant place—one of the women's sitting rooms. At the windows are palms and blossoming plants. Many of the patients sit sewing, writing, or weaving baskets. Their quiet, intelligent expression is suggestive of anything but madness. Indeed, we remark that they look as calm and sane as any of us. But again, the illusion is soon dispelled, when one patient, rising hastily with her basket, takes one of our party aside. Will he not help her recover her property? She is heiress of a large estate in ——— They are all thieves and liars at the institution. "That doctor," she concludes, with a pretext at whispering but really in a loud voice, "is lying to you."

Then, as the phonograph at the end of the room strikes up a popular melody, she slowly walks away,

humming the tune, the subject of her riches vanishing into the deeper shadows of her disordered mind. Another smiles amiably at the physician and begs that "Doctor, dear" will post a letter for her. He takes it with a nod. She stands looking after him in the most affectionate manner, murmuring audibly, "Thank you, darling."

With whose loved image has she confused his in the shadow that obscures her consciousness? After all, isn't it merely an exaggerated complex?

Unfortunately many of the patients' letters are too obscene to be posted, and this is one of the saddest phases of alienation, sometimes most noticeable in persons refined and chaste in their normal state.

But it seems evident that their subconscious minds knew well all that is now coming to the fore. And in the light of psycho-analysis, one is impelled to ask if some phases of insanity are anything more than a turning *inside out* of consciousness so that the subconscious is on the exterior instead of in its customary hidden chamber.

The music, we observe, is much appreciated. Yet one patient, a mere child, walks up and down the corridor, disinterested and aimless as an idiot. We marvel, knowing this to be an up-to-date institution which carefully excludes the feeble-minded and treats only the mentally sick. The doctor, noting our astonishment, explains that the little girl is twelve years old and was born insane. The case is hopeless. Will she live long? He designates a woman of seventy farther down the corridor who, he informs us, was also born insane and has been in the institution for sixty years. We cannot help but wonder—all of us—if the State is humane in preserving lives like these two.

We pass into another ward. Here a man sits rocking, idly unconcerned about the (*Continued on page 78*)



More About Nerves

Says Mary Bayley Noel

They Work All Right If You Keep Them Working

NEURASTHENIA is a very familiar word with us today. Yet it is comparatively a new word. This word has been coined as a sort of "scrap heap" to take in the numerous nervous disabilities, the physical character of which doctors are unable to understand. And what is neurasthenia?

Generally speaking it is a state of excessive fatigue, due to exhaustion of the nerve cells. The vital forces of the mind and body are depressed and a vicious circle is established. The mind acts on the body to its detriment and the body reacts on the mind. And what is the real psychology of neurasthenia?

First, we know that our normal tendency in life is to seek things expressive of self-preservation and perpetuation. While we may be seeking different things—some power, some fame, some love, some wealth—they all tend toward the same end—self-preservation, production and endurance.

Then we are all endowed with certain energy. And this energy is constantly seeking in one way or another to express itself. The reason why some of us get "nerves" is because we are unable to utilize this energy. We are not all alike. Our environments are different and our opportunities are not equal. The great majority of us, therefore, fall far short of the things we are seeking. In other words disappointments come into our lives. These disappointments are handled by different people in different ways. Some of us, by transforming it into something else, are able to use this energy which is seeking to express itself.

It is when we fail to divert this energy into some other form, in other words, when we allow disappointments to crush our ambition, that we become lame here and there. As long as we can divert this energy, as long as we can transform it into something else—into work, into philanthropy, into religion, into politics, into public matters, into a hobby, even day-dreaming, we are all right. We have found a safety valve. But when we are unable to transform this energy into anything, when it cannot find a way to express itself, when we seek only to suppress it, then we become nervous. Now what does all this mean?

It means that inactivity is discordant with life. It means that nature resents it. It means that the busiest people are the happiest people. It means that if we are disappointed with one object in life, we should turn

our attention to another. It means, above all, get *interested in something*.

Of course, there is a kind of nervousness having its origin in physical causes. It may be due to faulty hygiene, such as bad air, constipation, over-eating or insufficient food, or to poisoning of the nervous system by strong coffee, tea, drugs, or tobacco.

Barring these things, in other words, barring nervous maladies not having their origin in actual tissue changes, tissue injuries, or tissue infection, nervousness is generally *just backing down when we ought to be standing up and fighting*.

The fundamental conditions for the preservation of health and strong development of nervous life are a normal disposition, the avoidance of noxious agencies, constant exercise and the furthering of the development of life during its whole duration. It is false to believe that youth is the only time to learn. For it is a fact that some of the world's most priceless possessions have been produced by those who have reached the mark commonly known as old age. It has been proved repeatedly that age is not so much a matter of years, as it is of point of view—habit of mind.

From a perusal of the life of some of the "grand old men and women," it will be found that an energetic life both mentally and physically is the formula they have followed as a means of achieving the master-work.

A wholesome interest outside of one's home or business will go a long way toward keeping the thoughts from troubles and grievances. Time and again it has been proved by both men and women that a continual reaching out for new interests to form a part of the mental and physical geography makes for physical and mental vigor.

We love that beautiful thought of Sir Isaac Newton—that he was "like a child who had picked up a few shells from the shore, more beautifully colored than the others, while the whole ocean of truth lay before him."

There are always those barren places of life to be made beautiful with kindness for others. Look at those rare old men and women who, while doing the really big things of life, have given freely of their lives to others, and have reached the very fullness of life—a ripe old age. We cannot always understand them. For theirs is "a peace which passeth all understanding."

You, too, Can Make Money

Says Pauline Cleaver

THE easiest way to make money is to learn to express yourself—your ideas. Try out every talent, no matter how modest it may seem. Theory without practice is lame. You can never tell until you have tried into what paths it may lead you.

"I can do almost anything: sew, mend, make my own and my children's dresses, but I don't know how to sell anything. How is it done?"

There is the question that is asked me an infinite number of times: *how is it done?*

Thousands fail, not because they have no talent—this writer had expressed her talent in her own family—but the information she needed was how to commercialize these abilities?

Remember first of all that what you need others need. What you do for your family others want done for theirs. And not all have the gifts for doing the same things. Therefore, with money as our symbol of exchange value, we offer our gifts and receive money.

As you read these stories of others who have succeeded let them sink into your subconscious. Dream about them. They will inspire an idea in you. And interpret that dreamy idea into *doing*.

Thousands fail, not because they have not a salable article, but because they do not understand the fundamental principle of marketing it. It is necessary, therefore, to ask yourself what general need there is for the thing you make, how you can create a desire for it, and how you can get into touch with those who need what you have to offer.

You must be confident of the value of what you are offering. No one will believe you if you are timid. One young woman increased her income by making permanent magazine covers and desk pads from odd bits of leather. Some were dainty sets for guest rooms. They were covered with white kid and painted in blue, rose and gold designs. Others were set off with a little black edge. They were very lovely; but few people knew about them, so the sales were not large.

At last this girl wrote me. She had hesitated for months. I told her how to obtain a list of college girls. She mailed notes containing sketches of these novelties to them and this soon multiplied her sales. The girls were delighted with their purchases. Certainly this applies to other things. What would busy college

girls like to have others do for them? They are not out to watch the market for novelties; yet they wish many things. Some of the

novelties now being shown are most unusual, attractive and easily sold, and best of all, they are things you can easily make.

Study the methods used by persons of imagination. Is imagination not one of the qualities for success preparedness in your Cleaver-Chart?

I have told repeatedly of my *prosperity leagues*, of the exchanges that women in a town would start for the readers of these Money-Making Stories. Maybe your town needs that. I will tell you how to do this in the next issue.

A certain young lady who wished more money was clever in improving on popular-selling novelties. She observed that cigarette lighters sold well, and she found one for twenty-five cents that worked as well as the ten-dollar ones. The cheap one did not look so well, but the mechanical part was quite as worthwhile. What did she do?

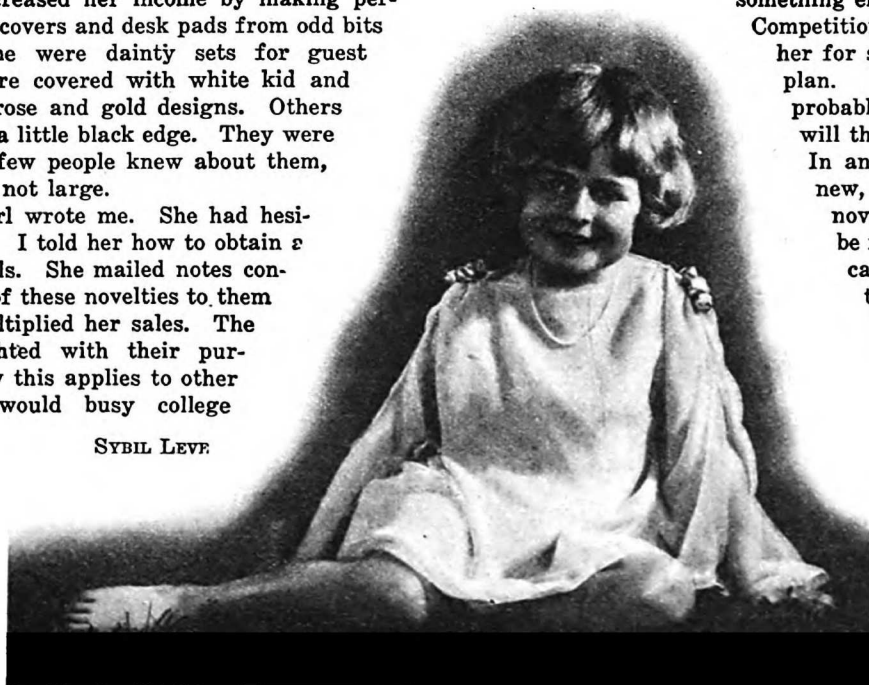
She covered the base by tightly pulling a piece of heavy grosgrain ribbon around it. This took only four inches of ribbon exactly one and a half inches wide; so out of a yard nine could be covered. This ribbon was tightly whipped in silk thread of the same color at the edges. The thread was so tightly drawn that there was no chance of ripping. In fact the finish was perfect and the lighters were more beautiful and more appropriate to certain costumes than the more expensive ones. Lovely boxes were made especially for these and they sold easily for three dollars—the original cost was less than one dollar. Is this not something simple that you could try? When this young woman has supplied all of these she cares to—or, until some one

else makes them equally well and sells for less—she can just as easily turn to something else. For she is observant.

Competition will not annoy or upset her for she works on the *creative* plan. Many other ideas and probably more appropriate ones will then be used by her.

In any city one finds so many new, imported and expensive novelties that may easily be made, and almost in every case improved on and profitably sold for about a fourth the price of the imports. I saw some stunning tiny arm-rest pillows of taffeta. They were not over nine inches wide or long, and about two inches deep, with wool padding. Some were cut the shape of hearts and diamonds and made of

(Continued on page 105)



SYBIL LEVE

Imaginary Diseases

*You're Ill if You Think You Are—But
There IS a Way Out*

By **Alfred J. Fox, M. D.**

THE doctor is called upon to heal all sorts of ailments, from a broken leg down to a "broken heart," or a shattered ego. His tasks are anything but simple, for he has to minister to minds as well as bodies, and no two personalities are alike. That being the case, the treatment applied must be individual rather than systematic, or general.

The most scientific physician is not necessarily the most successful practitioner. After all, from the patient's point of view, what use is there for accurate and exact diagnosis if the treatment applied as a result fails to give relief? As a matter of fact, one frequently doubts whether an accurate and truly scientific diagnosis is even possible. For instance, one cold or pneumonia attack, or whatever the disease might be, is not like another. The symptoms manifested are merely the individual reactions of a certain body or personality to some general disturbing condition or poison.

Let us take a disease like tuberculosis, for instance. It is a fairly well established fact that the tuberculosis germ is universally present even in our own bodies. We cannot escape it. Our safety depends on our own power to resist its attack. It is quite obvious, therefore, that there is something inherently wrong with the individual who contracts tuberculosis. How naive it is, then, to administer medical or chemical remedies to destroy the germs which have already gained ascendancy over the body's defensive mechanisms! The microscope, X-rays, the test-tube, have taught us a great deal about the nature of the injury inflicted on our organisms by this venomous microscopic pest, as well as some of the physical and chemical characteristics of the bug itself, but the ideal treatment must be based on the discovery of ways and means to render the potential patient immune to the infection itself.

This process of deduction can be applied all along the line, no matter what the ailment be. Diseases are not all the result of microbic or even physiological, biological, or chemical causes. A large percentage of

Dr. Fox has undoubtedly reached the position of America's foremost medical practitioner specializing in the method of hypnotic suggestion.

In this brief article he lays down the fundamental principles underlying the whole method of healing by suggestion. It constitutes at once a challenge to the medical fraternity and a message of hope to countless sufferers from baffling mental and physical maladies.

patients applying to the private medical practitioner for relief would be, and generally are, dismissed from hospitals and even by medical and nerve or mental specialists, as malingerers, and considered sound and healthy. But are they?

It is so easy to reprimand and scold a patient, and advise him to "buck up," and pull himself together. But how? Is there not

something back of this condition that your ultra-precise and scientific neurologist or alienist has overlooked?

There are millions of such cases. And most of them eventually abandon the hope of ever obtaining relief from the old school of "orthodox" medical practitioners, and join the ranks of Christian Science, New Thought, osteopathy, chiropractors, naturopaths—even voodoo worshippers.

How can these sufferers be reached and saved?

In order to be able to cope intelligently with purely mental, emotional, or psychic disorders, psychological methods of treatment must first be understood and then intelligently applied.

Imaginary diseases are diseases of the *imagination*, characterized by intensely distressing emotional disturbances that interfere with and arrest even the purely physical functions of the body. There may be loss of appetite, insomnia, constipation, and even functional disturbance of the heart and circulation, in addition to the purely subjective feelings of fear, anxiety, hyper-irritability, general weakness and exhaustion and disinclination for physical or mental exertion. Such patients are primarily discontented with their lot and consequently very unhappy and may even longingly look forward to death as the only means of relief from distress. Many develop grave organic diseases thru the general debility their mental distress has brought about. Many cases of melancholia, epilepsy, goitre, tuberculosis and even cancer can be traced back to some mental state that was primarily dismissed as an "imaginary" disease! (Continued on page 104)

The Kingdoms of Satan ^a_nd God

Dramatic Reviews

MIMA

"MIMA!" Scintillating, alluring "Mima," pouring into the ears of Janos, the most perfect man on earth, sweet honeyed words and making him hesitate, wonder and finally succumb to committing the many sins, one after the other, the human spirit can commit. This devil infected and created siren decoys, maliciously and with hell-directed malevolence, this young man who has been brought from earth to prove the efficiency of a soul-destroying machine built for the purpose of turning the best man on earth into all sorts of a criminal within an hour.

The machine, a huge contraption, is the brain child of one Magister, an inventor who has promised the King of Hell, Satan, that he can accomplish this feat with anyone the "King" may choose. And to further the project he creates the tool in the form of Mima.

Ethel Barrymore
in *"The Kingdom of God."*

Lenore Ulric in
"Mima."

(Above)
Lynn Fontanne
and
Alfred Lunt in
"Caprice."



And it seems he will prove his point to excellent satisfaction until nearly the end of the play, when in great humility and sweetness Mima pleads for forgiveness for a misdemeanor and reminds him of his mother's (Continued on page 107)

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

ETHEL BARRYMORE is starring in one of the most significant plays of her long and brilliant dramatic career, *The Kingdom of God*. Convincingly interpreting the rôle of Sister Gracia, she encounters the stern opposition of her family to her entering the service of humanity and the church as a novice of an order of nuns, in which the vows are taken, not for life, but renewed year by year at the option of the individual.

Her first assignment is to an Old Man's Home where her infinite patience, sympathy and tact win for her the adoration of all of the inmates.

Next she answers the call of service in a maternity



Walter Hampden is reviving his always popular, "*Cyrano de Bergerac*," which has passed its 500th performance at the Hampden Theatre.

hospital where are vividly depicted all the heartache, despair and hate associated with the birth of illegitimate children. While ministering with infinite kindness and charity to the unfortunate girls, she seems less concerned with their unenviable plight than with the tragic misorganization of society which makes motherhood a crime and casts a blight upon the unoffending infants of extra-marital relationship. She visions that the Kingdom of God will really be present and will right all such iniquitous maladjustments so that every child shall have a fair chance.

Finally our heroine appears as an old lady of seventy in charge of a Home for Orphans. The home is inadequately financed and the unfortunate children are rebellious with hunger. They organize an insurrection, planning to go out and steal the needed funds. The insurgency is quelled by a long speech delivered understandingly by Sister Gracia, which is one of the great moments of the drama. She pleads with her wards to be patient and to grow to strong manhood and womanhood, and go forth to battle in the name of God for the establishment of a kingdom of justice and righteousness where poverty, cruelty, ignorance and intolerance shall have no place, but where love and justice shall rule supreme. It is a touching and dramatic scene and brings to a noble conclusion one of the most powerful sermonic dramas of many seasons.

Miss Barrymore is in very bad voice, but her otherwise sympathetic and at times brilliant treatment of her part soon leads the audience to forgive and forget her evident difficulty in vocalization. Her high place in the ranks of American dramatic stars is further enhanced by her fine interpretation of this appealing part.

CONGAI

HELEN MENKEN of *Seventh Heaven* fame is starring in an absorbing play of Indo-China setting, *Congai*. She plays the part of a half-breed girl who is sold by her mother as a Congai—a sort of temporary wife of a French writer. She becomes greatly attached to her man only to have him leave her to return to his fiancée in Paris. We next find her living with a French officer, giving him the utmost wifely devotion in the face of most abusive treatment. In the next act she is Congai to a General and living in luxurious state, entertaining his friends in regal manner. Her son by a native lover kills the general accidentally while protecting his mother, but the governor agrees to cover up the murder under an agreement that he is to be the general's successor.

Miss Menken is always exotic and exquisite. The piece is done with superb finesse, the Indo-China atmosphere being convincingly created. There are moments of melodramatic intensity, saved from becoming maudlin by the splendid reserve of Miss Menken and her exceptionally good company.

CAPRICE

LOVE flashes brightly triumphant from that scintillating play of Sil-Vara's, *Caprice*, which the Theatre Guild is producing faultlessly at the Guild Theatre. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt endow it with their charming personalities.

Not the love of father and son, nor the dutiful affection for the mother of that son, but brisk and fiery love for one that comes unasked and stays unbidden is the story of *Caprice*. Mutual spontaneous affection engrosses naturally, while dutiful bonds are often hampering:

(Continued on page 108)

Helen Menken and Charles Trowbridge in "*Congai*."



End Sickness This New Way

Remarkable Discovery Brings Curative Powers of Radium Within the Reach of All

No medicine, drugs or dieting. Just a light, small, comfortable, inexpensive Radio-Active Pad, worn on the back by day and over the stomach at night. Sold on free trial. You can be sure it is helping you before you buy it. Over 150,000 sold on this plan. Thousands have written us that it healed them of Neuritis, Rheumatism, High Blood Pressure, Constipation, Nervous Prostration, Heart, Lungs, Liver, Kidney and Bladder trouble, etc. No matter what you have tried, or what your trouble may be, try Degnen's Radio-Active Solar Pad at our risk. Send coupon today for FREE Trial offer and descriptive literature.



How it is Possible for a Moderately Priced Appliance to Contain Actual RADIUM

While Radium is the rarest and highest priced substance in the world, it is also the most powerful, consequently a little goes a long way. It is difficult to form a conception of the vast amount of energy stored in even the most minute quantity of Radium.

A one-hundredth-millionth milligram will throw out one hundred thousand combined rays in twenty-four hours at a velocity of 12,000 to 180,000 miles per second. Radium will give out light, heat and other forms of energy for an estimated period of 2500 years before total disintegration takes place.

The Los Angeles Times, March 2, 1923, in a special article stated: "From a bit of radium no larger than the head of a pin, millions of electrons are being erupted continually and these eruptions will continue so long as the radium lasts."

Radium is usually produced from Carnotite ore by a very expensive process. From two hundred to four hundred tons of ore have to be treated to produce one gram of Radium. The Laboratory of the Radium Appliance Company has succeeded in working out a scientific process whereby Carnotite ore of the highest grade in Radium content is stimulated and fortified by the addition of actual Radium. Several coats of this very expensive mixture are then applied on the surface of a light, comfortable pad, 4 1/2" x 11" in size.

These pads are thoroughly tested as to Radio-Activity before being sold, and being covered with the same Radio-Active compound, there can be no variation in the Radio-Activity which they emanate continuously through a period of years.

This process, combined with the almost inconceivable power of an atom of Radium explains why these pads can be manufactured and sold at a price within the reach of practically everyone.

Thousands Have Proven the Marvelous Effects of Degnen's Radio-Active Solar Pad Without Risking a Penny

Tens of thousands of people have tried out these pads, with the privilege of returning them if not satisfied. Read what people are saying—these are extracts from just a few of the many thousands of letters we are receiving all the time:



INDIGESTION

Philadelphia, Pa. "I tell you I was near death's door. I did not know what it was to go to bed and sleep, and in the day time I would almost walk like a drunken person for the want of sleep. Now I get a good night's sleep again and am not bothered with indigestion."

STOMACH TROUBLE

Chicago, Ill. "After suffering from stomach trouble for 11 years, I wore your pad for a week. I have gained my health back. I am never tired any more like I used to be and I am full of pep. Never in my life did I feel as good as I am now feeling."

SIX AILMENTS GONE

San Francisco, Calif. "Upon the recommendation of a physician, I purchased one of your Radio-Active Solar Pads, with the following results:

"For seven years past I have been afflicted with chronic lumbago, frequent attacks of pleurisy, neuritis, neurasthenia, rheumatism in the left knee, and indigestion which caused ulcers in the mouth."

"Thirty days after applying Pad, I had scarcely any symptoms of any of the foregoing disorders and most of them have been entirely eradicated. I will add that I am over seventy years of age and that I feel as young as I did at forty."

ASTHMA

Rock Island, Ill. "He had had asthma since he was a young man and he is now past 75 years old. He bought one of your Pads. He began to get better right along—has no more cough and sleeps right along."

BLOOD PRESSURE

Pittsburgh, Pa. "I have been wearing your Radio-Active Solar Pad for 45

days. It has done me a world of good. I am a woman 44 years old and had a blood pressure of 245. My blood pressure could be brought down to very near normal, but would not stay down. The reason it would not stay down was because it was brought down too fast. Then I got the Pad, knowing that the wearing of this pad continuously would bring it down slow but sure, which it is doing."

CONSTIPATION

Madison, Wis. "I am feeling a whole lot better and have more ambition and my bowels move more natural every day now, that is something they have not done for several years."

NEURITIS

Athens, Ga., June 10, 1925. "I suffered from neuritis of the spine, shoulders, hips, chest and arms for twenty years, and I spent a fortune trying to get relief. At the end of twenty years I was worse. I ordered one of your Radio-Active Solar Pads; after wearing it five days I had no pain to amount to anything. I have been wearing it night and day since January 15, 1925, and I have never felt better in my life."

PARALYSIS

San Francisco, Calif. "When I received the Pad I had been paralyzed all on one side of my face—couldn't close my eyes. When I would laugh, only one side of my face would laugh and I looked terrible. I saw your ad in the paper and thought I would try it. I had been that way for five weeks. In two weeks my face began to move. Now when I laugh I can laugh on both sides. And I love to laugh and when I couldn't laugh it was a terrible feeling. Thank you over and over for what you have done for me."

ARTHUR BRISBANE says: "Radium is the one hope of unhappy thousands. Radium is destined to open many closed doors to science."

MADAME CURIE, the discoverer of Radium, says: "The most important property of the rays is the production of physiological effects on the cells of the human organism."

DR. HENRI LETILLION, of the Institute of France, says: "The body of man can be transformed by Radium into a machine of perfect health, vitality and beauty."

PROF. LAZARUS BARLOW, of London, says: "I was never more confident that Radium is one of the greatest agencies in the treatment of disease ever discovered."

DR. E. STILLMAN BAILEY says: "The rays seem to work miracles. One of the principal causes of old age is hardening of the arteries due to increased blood pressure. The radium prevents this. Acute pains disappear as if by magic. Jaded appetites become alive again. Red blood corpuscles have increased by 250,000 within 48 hours."

DR. C. EVERETT FIELD of New York, says: "That is what the radio-active treatment will do—stimulate the glandular secretions, the chemical composition of the body, eliminate the danger of the accumulation of poisons and carry us on in health and vigor over many more years than are now considered the normal span of life."

The discovery of radio-activity has to an extent revolutionized the theory and practice of modern

medicine, for it has shown the existence of an entirely new and very efficient element or source from which healing power may be obtained and which has proven itself to be a powerful accessory in the treatment of various diseases. Numerous ailments and maladies have been treated successfully with Radium emanations.

Radium has a distinct physiological effect upon the human system. Clinical and laboratory tests have absolutely proven this. There is a decided beneficial effect upon the circulation. The Radium rays carry energy into the depths of the body, vitalizing every organ and tending to make every cell in the body full of health and vitality.

The natural result of this condition is not only to overcome and banish existing diseases but to increase the resistance of the body to disease attacks to such an extent that one is almost immune. Considering the basic effects of Radium upon the very life cells of the body, it is apparent that the nature of the disease is not material, because Radium puts the body in condition to overcome any disease.

Therefore the makers of Degnen's Radio-Active Solar Pad offer it to the sick upon the unqualified agreement that you can try it in your own case and if it does not produce an improvement in your condition during the trial period to your entire satisfaction, it will not cost you anything for the test.

REMEMBER, no matter what your ailment may be, you can try this Pad without expense.

It is conceded by recognized medical authorities that sluggishness of blood circulation is the cause of nearly all human ailments, and that where there is a perfect circulation, disease in any form cannot long exist.

When you stop to consider that the one underlying cause of nearly every known malady is CONGESTION—the one remedy CIRCULATION—all claims made for the Radio-Active Solar Pad are not only reasonable, but in strict accord with modern medical science.

RHEUMATISM

Whitmans, W. Va. "Some time ago I ordered a Radio-Active Solar Pad for my right side. I had been suffering from Rheumatism and could not work. About two weeks after I began wearing the pad I began to feel better and can now say I am a healthy man. I am working every day and do not have any pain."

GUARANTEE

We Positively Guarantee

First, that Degnen's Radio-Active Solar Pad contains actual RADIUM in sufficient quantities to be highly radio-active;

Second, that you may try the Pad for a liberal trial period;

Third, that if it fails to give you satisfactory relief from your trouble, whatever it may be, it will not cost you one cent for the trial. Send COUPON Today

DEGNEN'S RADIO-ACTIVE SOLAR PAD

RADIUM APPLIANCE CO.

1308 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

COUPON

Radium Appliance Co.,
1308 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Please send me, without charge, full information how Degnen's Radio-Active Solar Pad is helping sick people, and how I can try it in my own case without expense.

Name.....

Address.....

By G. Arthur
Gayer

Don't Stop Living!

A Discussion of the Question "Is Life After Fifty an Error?"

I READ in the papers the other day that Sir Arthur Keith, one of the greatest living scientists, thinks it a most foolish thing for any man to want to live to the century mark.

"Forty-five is nature's ideal for man," he says. "It is at this age that one can say that human life begins to age."

I do not pretend to understand the dark windings of Sir Arthur's mind, but when he says that man's sojourn on earth should be limited to forty-five or fifty years, I am inclined to think that he does not know what he is talking about. My experience with many men and women of that age is that they have scarcely commenced to live. History relates plenty of instances in which superior ability and genius failed to manifest themselves until their possessor had passed his fortieth or fiftieth year. What better illustration than the life of Ulysses S. Grant?

History proves that the greatest philosophers, musicians, writers, actors, judges, inventors and merchant princes arrived at the peak of power long after they were forty or fifty years of age. Most of the leading positions in our banks, factories, laboratories and offices are held by men over fifty. There are no finer examples of this fact than such men as Morgan, Ford, Edison, Rockefeller, Schwab, and others, all of whom are still engaged in work which would test the mental and physical strength of much younger men.

John R. Voorhis, president of the Board of Election of New York City, whose one hundredth birthday will occur in July, tells us that he intends never to retire. He has found his life as interesting in the last decade as when he was in the hey-day of youth. Thomas Edison, eighty-one years old, puts in eighteen hours of hard work every day. Dr. Charles Eliot, when he was eighty-eight years of age, devoted twelve hours a day to constant study and research.

Dr. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, was still as active and full of enthusiasm at seventy-five as are most men of forty or fifty years of age. Dr. Carlos F. M. Donald was still engaged in medical work and played golf on his seventy-fifth birthday. Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay, when he was in his seventy-ninth year, was a picture of ruddy vigor,

unwrinkled, and as hard as steel. The late Chauncey M. Depew, at eighty years of age, said: "I am infinitely more healthy, more happy, more satisfied with life, and I expect the same to be more true when I am ninety and more than ninety."

The span of Alfred Russel Wallace's life covered almost a century and from the beginning of his active years until his death it was full of work. He retained his mental and physical vigor until the end of his long and wonderful life. In his ninetieth year he wrote *Social Environment and Moral Progress*.

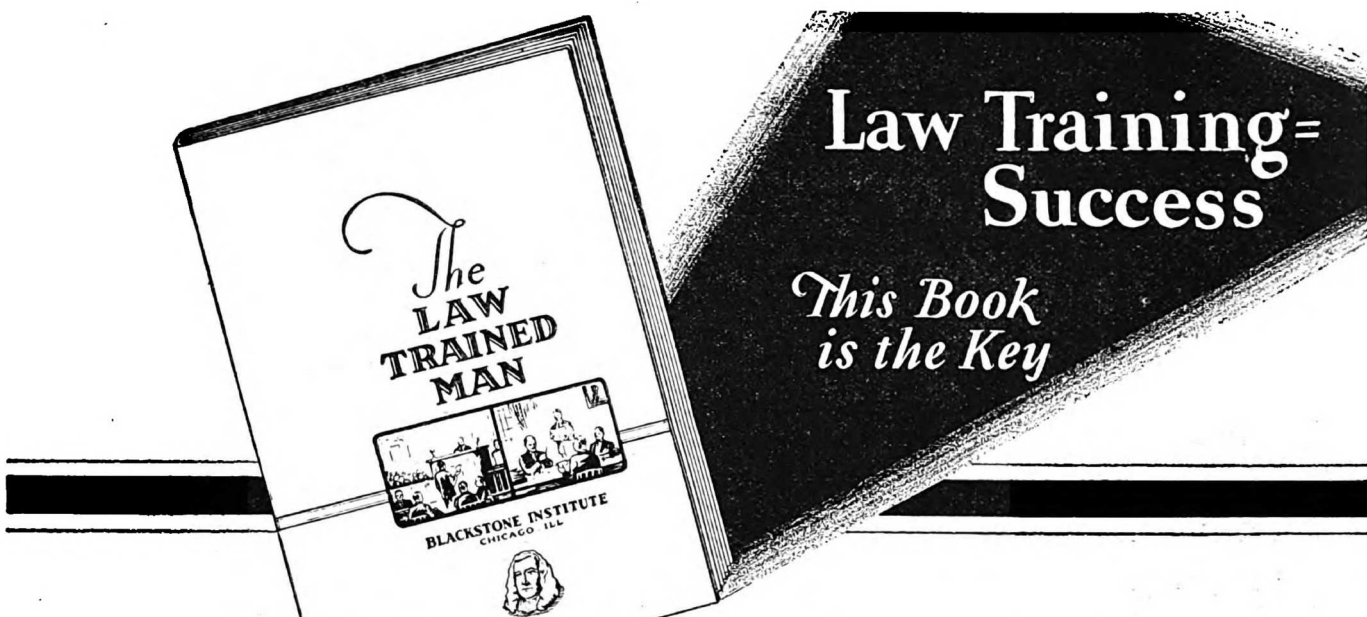
If we go a little further back in history, we find that Plato learned and taught in his eightieth year, Sophocles composed the *Oedipus Coloneus* in his old age, Cato in years equally advanced was delighted with life, Isocrates is shown as an orator in his ninety-fourth year, and Fleury as a statesman in his ninetieth.

The foregoing examples of longevity are a complete refutation of Sir Arthur Keith's theory that man should not seek to prolong his life into old age. Instead of being a barrier to the advancement of the younger generation, as he claims, they may well serve as a help and an inspiration to the entire youth of the world. Truly, youth may possess the greater physical strength, but age owns the larger experience and wisdom, and wisdom and experience accumulate only with the years.

Cornaro says in his book on *The Art of Living*, that "he who dies before the century mark, dies too soon." Up to the present time, however, most of us have not advanced sufficiently in the science of longevity to reach the century mark. Nevertheless, many of us are younger today at sixty than we were at forty.

Not so many years ago it was the custom for ladies of forty-five and fifty to put on lace caps and go in for genealogical reminiscences and theological speculations. A man of fifty was supposed to devote himself to canes, crutches, gout, rheumatism, drugs, pills, retrospection, introspection and retribution. Any one who would have the temerity, nowadays, to call a man or a woman old at fifty or sixty, had better assure himself of the nearest exit.

Many of our fashionable dancing floors are frequented, these days, by men and women of sixty and seventy, and even older, whose greatest dissipation, about twenty or thirty years ago, consisted of attending Sunday morning or Wednesday (Continued on page 93)



Send for this FREE book

THE LAW-TRAINED MAN—that is the name of an attractive book the Blackstone Institute has just published for complimentary distribution among those to whom a knowledge of law would be a business asset. YOU may have a copy if you desire, FREE, upon request.

All the questions you ever asked yourself about the money-making opportunities for the man trained in the law are answered in this authoritative book. Partial list of chapter headings which follows gives some idea of the scope and value of the contents:

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Frankly, we published *The Law-Trained Man* for the sole purpose of creating an interest in the Institute's internationally famous home-study law course. One section of the book, therefore, deals with a detailed description of the course—its authoritative text and case books (delivered complete at the time of enrollment) and its fascinating lesson material and effective instruction service.

Another section deals with the successes of the Institute's students, many of whom have gone on record in the book so that you might read and profit by their experiences.

More than 50,000 ambitious men and women have already enrolled, among them being corporation officials, bankers, business executives, accountants, doctors, teachers, lawyers, and others. Hundreds of these students have elected to enter the practice of law. Thousands of others have secured substantial business benefits. Graduates are awarded the LL.B. degree.

Money-Making Ideas

Blackstone Law training offers immediate money-making possibilities to business men by showing how to cut costs,

facilitate sales and collections, reduce taxes, collect damages, protect against unfair competition, safeguard contracts, and 2083 other practical money-saving ideas.

The application of one idea alone will more than cover the modest fee the Institute asks for its services, which fee, by the way, may be paid on a monthly basis.

The Nation's Best Legal Talent

The business-building ideas incorporated into the Blackstone Law Course were developed by a group of 80 of the most prominent law authorities in the country. Among them are two justices of the United States Supreme Court, the deans of eight leading resident law schools, university law professors, State Supreme Court judges, practicing lawyers and practical business men.

These men know law. They know how to make legal knowledge pay rich dividends and they present their ideas to you through the Blackstone Course in understandable and workable form. A small amount of your spare time for a few months will enable you to master these methods and learn how to apply them intelligently in your daily business affairs.

Investigation Costs Nothing

Law training equals success. The book, *The Law-Trained Man*, illustrated in miniature above, is the key. This book is not for boys or mere curiosity seekers, but there is a copy available for every man and woman of serious purpose. Send for your copy at once while the present edition is available for complimentary distribution. Write a letter or use the convenient coupon below. Mail your request today. It may prove to be the shrewdest business move you have ever made. Address Blackstone Institute, Department 423, 307 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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Our Difficulties

By Edward Earle Purinton

WHAT is a difficulty? We have to know the nature of it before we can handle it properly.

The dictionary calls it "a serious obstacle or hindrance." But alas, the scholars who compound the dictionary were misinformed. A difficulty is a hillock on the highway to opportunity. So we should think not how "serious" it is, but how auspicious. And we should proceed at once to climb over, walk around, push thru or dig under it.

The only people who don't encounter difficulties are the ones who aren't getting anywhere. Life is easy only to persons who are stationary. Destiny always rises out of difficulty. And the road to greatness leads just as high as the difficulties were many.

Most of the winners of the world have been difficulty experts—they specialized in learning how to meet and overcome obstacles. Famous bankers, authors, educators, musicians, statesmen, other notables, are distinguished by the fact that their outcome and income form the grand total of what they have overcome. And they didn't talk or worry about their troubles. They kept serene, quiet, thoughtful, purposeful, brave.

What makes a difficulty? Chiefly our habit of calling it that, and fussing, fuming, grumbling over it while we halt impotent in the presence of it. Briefly, and generally, by our mental attitude we make the difficulty that unmakes us.

Nothing can harm or hinder us but our misuse or non-use of ourselves. The important thing about a difficulty is not the impediment of it but the import of it. Where is it leading and how are we facing? The viewpoint means everything. A difficulty faced calmly and viewed clearly becomes an aid to extend or improve our capacity. Then it ceases to be a difficulty.

We can often look back over a harsh, painful or calamitous experience and see just why and how it was good for us. We needed the impetus, education or evolution proceeding from it. Whether it was hardship or privation, illness or infirmity, opposition or abuse, loss of friends or money, or something else equally trying, the lessons it brought more than made up for the temporary hurt and disappointment.

Why haven't we sense enough to appraise, and therefore appreciate, our difficulties while they are close at hand? A lot of useless worry would be saved. Here are some of the valuable things our difficulties do for us—or would if we would let them when they try so hard to benefit us.

They prod us into action.

They strengthen our mental eyesight and moral backbone.

They bid us pause and take personal inventory of ourselves.

They make us look with care in all directions—inward, outward, backward, forward, upward.

They show us what fools we have been, to get caught in such a mess; and how to avoid similar plight hereafter.

They supply a great courage and endurance test, fitting us more completely for the duties, battles and opportunities of life.

They stimulate growth of high moral qualities and spiritual powers—faith, will, hope, silence, caution, resourcefulness, tact, honesty, thoroughness, patience, fortitude, persistence.

They reveal our true friends, and help us to prize friendship more.

They fit us to appreciate what others have gone thru and so to render a finer quality of sympathy and service.

They prepare us, thru adversity, for the harder tests of prosperity.

They lead us to the heavenly highway of progress in the kingdom of grace, where souls are the rulers and serenely dominate all the trivial occurrences of life in a human world.

They endow us with a measure of cosmic consciousness ample to cover and crown every mortal need with treasures of eternal wisdom.

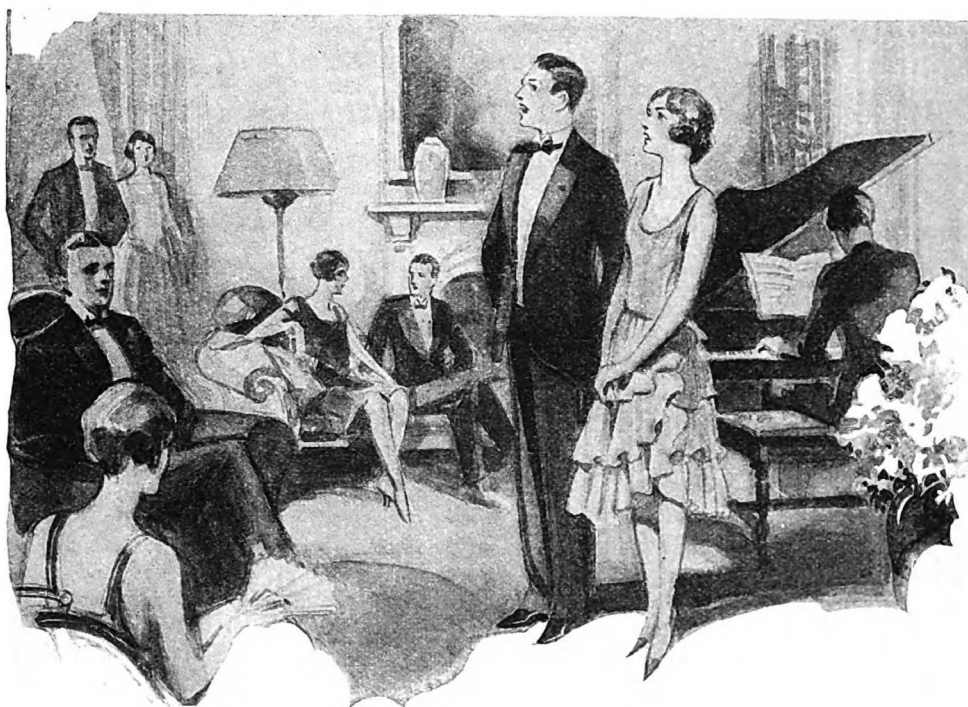
Now let's be practical—we have been philosophical long enough. When a difficulty looms ahead, what are we to do about it? First analyze it, then organize ourselves to meet it right and make the best of it. The act of putting our mind on it clears it away.

Studying the nature of difficulties, we conclude that they have a threefold function. They serve as punishment, as preventive, as incentive: punishment for past mistakes, preventive of future mistakes, incentive to new thought, effort, achievement. Wherein shall our greatest difficulty serve us in its triune capacity?

The way to analyze our difficulty is to adopt an impersonal attitude, regarding the whole matter with cool, calm deliberation, as void of emotion as if we were considering a problem in higher mathematics. Feeling is to want with and work with—not to think with.

But the query *method* should be as personal as the *viewpoint* is impersonal. A (Continued on page 90)

"Hasn't he a marvelous voice," they exclaimed—



How Harry Corbin suddenly became popular through an amazing new method of learning to sing

WHAT a wonderful thing to be popular—after one has been an outsider all his life. Always sitting at the edge of parties—never really "one of the crowd."

All that's over for me, now! I can be the "life" of any party, if I want to.

For now I can sing! I can harmonize and carry tunes. I can sing songs for the crowd—the kind they all like—popular or classical, it doesn't matter. Yet only a short time ago I wouldn't have dared to sing—my voice was so poor.

Only a few nights ago I had the supreme pleasure of astonishing my friends. It was at Claire's party; and it was the slowest party you ever saw. Poor Claire was trying her best to get things started. Everyone was bored. Why didn't someone *do* something?

No one paid any attention to me when I asked Sid Baxter to play the ballad. But in another moment the whole room was hushed. They were listening to me in amazement. And I knew it was not so much the selection that held them enthralled as the richness and clearness of my singing voice.

Before the last note had faded away there was a burst of applause.

"Hasn't he a marvelous voice," I heard someone exclaim. "So rich, so clear, so resonant!"

I Reveal My Secret

Later on Sid cornered me and demanded that I tell him how I had learned

to sing so quickly. With an air of great mystery, I said: "My teacher is Frederic Freemantle."

"But he's a well-known concert artist," exclaimed Sid. "Your lessons must be very expensive."

"Their cost doesn't average more than a few pennies a day," I said.

"Impossible!"

I felt that it would only be fair to tell them my "secret," and so I explained about Frederic Freemantle and his remarkable home-study course in Voice Production which in hundreds of cases has proved that anyone can quickly develop a singing voice of richness and quality.

I told him how he had condensed all his valuable concert singing experience and years of training into a simplified course of twenty-four letter lessons.

I told them of his unique method in "voice production" and of his lectures conducted at the Steinway Hall in New York.

I told them how Frederic Freemantle has trained speakers and singers to develop voices of richness and clarity. Beginners and advanced pupils have improved their voices a hundred percent through his complete simplified, home method of voice development.

You, Too Can Develop a Rich Singing Voice in a Short Time

Through the famous Frederic Freemantle School of

Singing you can teach yourself to sing well, to develop a full, clear, resonant singing voice in less than half the usual time. At home, during your spare moments, you can train yourself in the fascinating art of singing. For singing is an art—and is recognized as such in every company. The man or woman who can sing well is always popular—he is always in demand—he is invited everywhere. Not only do you derive new pleasure, but many of Freemantle's students are highly paid concert, stage and radio singers.

Here is a pleasant, easy, inexpensive way to develop your singing talent. No tiresome drills and exercises. No classroom tactics. You are your own teacher. You teach yourself quickly and easily how to master every phase of correct singing, and also your speaking voice.

Coupon Brings FREE Details

If you are in earnest about wanting to sing—if you really want to gain new happiness and increase your popularity—send off this coupon at once. We will send you an interesting free book which fully explains Mr. Freemantle's work and the unique method of voice culture which he has just perfected after years of study and experiment.

Act today. Clip and mail this coupon NOW, and the fascinating free book will be sent to you at once. No obligation. **Freemantle School of Singing and Voice Production, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th St., New York, N. Y. Studio 410-C.**

**Freemantle School of Singing and Voice Production
Steinway Hall, Studio 410-C, 109 West 57th St.
New York, N. Y.**

Please send me your free book which fully describes Frederic Freemantle's home training course in Singing and Voice Production. No obligation, of course.

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Address.....

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

What Delighted Students Say

"Since my study with Frederic Freemantle I have advanced steadily with my art. These same vocal truths as taught me are in the *Letter Lessons*, and are the same helpful ideas that have been the foundation of my successful vocal career."

Maybelle B. Marston,
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Your methods of teaching voice are effective and bring about results that others fail to get."

Mrs. L. H. Brown,
Logansport, Ind.

"Having studied Voice Production and Singing for several years under Frederic Freemantle I am thoroughly familiar with his methods of teaching. I am pleased to find that the principles given in his *Letter Lessons* are the same truths he taught me years ago and which I have found so beneficial to my voice in my business career and in public speaking."

Hugh E. Wallace,
Omaha, Nebraska.

The Salesman's Conference Table

Discussion and Counsel on Practical Problems of Salesmanship

Conducted by Lawrence W. Rogers

Author of "The Psychology of Life and Success," "Concentration," etc.
Lecturer upon Sales Promotion and Personality Development Before Local and National Business Firms. Special Lecturer in Salesmanship at the College of the City of New York

WE are glad to observe that the *Conference Table* shows signs of developing into a placement bureau. Problems of personnel and position are a most vital part of the selling field. If you want a job, write us; if you want a gilt-edge man or woman write us. We'll try to bring the job and the man (or woman) together.

CORRESPONDENCE

M. J. O., Oklahoma writes:—
I note in the *Salesman's Conference Table*, December issue of PSYCHOLOGY, a lady addressing herself as G. H., Oklahoma, asking for a position as saleslady and am very desirous of getting in communication with her.
I could offer her a good proposition, much better than the average wholesale house would offer. Would you kindly send me her address by return mail.

ANSWER:—

It goes without saying that this department appreciates both this letter and the privilege of bringing these people together. It has complied with the request and forwarded the desired address.

It seems to us that fitting misfits is of paramount importance to the business world.

And G. H., writes again.

I received your letter today stating that a firm who read my letter published in the December issue of PSYCHOLOGY has written to the magazine with an offer of a position for me.

First, I want to thank you for your answer and advice given to my plea for help. I have not as yet obtained a position, but I still have faith in the plan you outlined for me.

I am very anxious to hear more about the firm you mentioned and the position they have to offer me. If you care to give my name and address to any person or persons inquiring about the girl who wrote that letter, you may do so.

Mr. Rogers, I am very grateful to you for the consideration and interest given my problem. Yours sincerely,
G. H. Oklahoma.

We say again that we are glad to contribute something of practical help to the cause of the eternal trinity of business success, the man (or woman), the opportunity and the right job.

C. L., Rhode Island, writes:—

I have been traveling on the road for a mercantile house during the past few months, on my first selling position. While I am getting on fairly well in so far as I can judge, there is one thing that puzzles me.

In my territory, there are a number of big accounts that I am not allowed to call on; they are being left to an older man who makes periodic jumps over my route. The question I want to ask is what determines the salesman's right to call on big customers?

ANSWER:—

While it is natural for you to feel impatient and anxious to sell the big accounts, our best advice to you is to be patient and get your hand in a little more. Your house undoubtedly feels that you must first show your mettle in dealing with and holding the smaller accounts.

If we were in your place we would not worry if an older salesman came into our territory, nor have any idea other than that in due time we would get the big accounts. Prove your ability on the small ones and you will eventually be delegated to look after the big ones. And why not build up some big accounts of your own in the meantime?

A. R. D., Ohio, writes:—

"When the dealer insists I promised him something I do not remember promising at all, what should I do, should I give him what he claims I ought to?"

ANSWER:—

Here again is a situation in which

the situation alters the case. It is generally a wise business policy to maintain that the customer is right, whenever you can. If what he wants is trivial, and you will not set a dangerous precedent that you will be expected to repeat and repeat, then give him what he wants.

But it is important that you discriminate carefully between the customer who has a better memory than you have, and the one who works this stunt as a regular gag to trip the salesman. Also, it may not come amiss to suggest that you had best not make promises unless you expect to fulfill them to the letter!

H. D., Pennsylvania, writes:—

I too am a booster for the *Salesmen's Conference Table* and have gotten much good out of reading it. With best wishes for your success, I would like to ask if the salesman should always get advance information about a prospect before calling on him. If so, how much is necessary?

ANSWER:—

We appreciate your good wishes for our welfare. As to your question, it is generally a wise plan to get advance information about a prospect whenever you can, and you should not let any chance to do this, slip past. Yet advance information is not always necessary. In fact, when a salesman gets to the point where he is not afraid and doesn't apologize for calling on people, he makes the discovery that many of his best sales are made to total strangers about whom he knew nothing!

Some salesmen make so much of getting the advance information that they lose a lot of valuable time. In these cases such practice militates against success.

Get the information about the customer beforehand when you can, but if you don't get it, just plunge in and sell him anyway!

R. T. C., New York, writes:—

I have been reading *The Salesman's Conference Table* for some months and have received great benefit from the suggestions it has carried. Now I have decided to ask your opinion about something which is not clear to me. The gist of it is this, if a salesman changes houses, has he a right to customers already established which he has previously sold for the other house?

ANSWER:—

In the game of competition, the salesman has a right to try to sell anybody that he can as long as he maintains an ethical principle toward his competitor. That is that he does not indulge in any double dealing, misrepresentation, nor running down of the competitive line. In the situation such as you mention, we would hold that you have a right to make a fair bid for your customers with the previous house as long as you maintain the same ethical spirit toward them as you did when you were in their employ.

H. G., New York, writes:

I have been a reader of *PSYCHOLOGY Magazine* for some years and lately have paid particular attention to your very interesting *Salesman's Conference Table*. Being a traveling salesman myself, I have decided to submit a serious problem for your counsel. Briefly, I have difficulty in getting my goods moved by the retail dealers as rapidly as they ought to move. My competitor's goods are in many instances sold out, while my line, which is really of superior quality, remains on the shelves unsold. The result is that I do not get the re-orders I should, and as a consequence, my sales sheet does not please either the house or myself. What can I do to remedy this condition?

ANSWER:

Is it possible that you do not unconsciously "high-hat" the retail dealer's sales people? It is very probable that having a superior line, you leave too much to the fact, and lose sight of the human equation involved. Such an error is a very common tendency. It is probable that your competitor has gained a jump on you by taking the clerks of various stores into his confidence and enthralling them with the idea of selling his merchandise instead of yours.

The suggestion would be for you to get a greater grasp of the selling appeals in your line, and impart your enthusiasm to everyone who handles it. Put in a little extra time back of the counter, if necessary, and find out what the resistance is to your goods. But in our opinion, if you will start out on a campaign to make all the dealers, and their salesmen and saleswomen, just as enthusiastic about your merchandise as you are, that your troubles will largely be over. If not, write us again in more detail.

How would YOU learn to WRITE?

ARE successful writers born—or made? What is "genius"? Is writing ability a gift—or the fruit of hard work?

Here at the institute, we freely admit that we are not able to teach everybody and anybody "how to write in six weeks." Frankly, our sincere belief is that writing is not to be taught, in the usual sense, but that it must be gradually absorbed by practice. The N. I. A. idea is that intelligent men and women teach themselves how to write. *They learn to write by writing.*

Certain influences—certain environmental factors—have proved to be particularly favorable to the development of literary ability. These influences help you find yourself—help you to learn more rapidly—give you confidence and self-reliance. What are they? Where may they be found?



Mrs. Grace L. McMillan, 1345 Willameth Boulevard, Portland, Oregon: "Here's how I'm putting into practice some of the teachings of the N. I. A. Two weeks ago we drove down the coast to Newport for a week-end and while there I saw a very remarkable dog. I decided to write my first news story. I sent it in at regular rates and it was accepted and published in the *Sunday Journal*."



Wainwright Dawson, 60 Squanto Road, Quincy, Mass.: "I've landed a job on a newspaper, Quincy News, Quincy, Mass. If I crash through in good shape in this job, the credit belongs to the N. I. A."



Edgar Williams, 111 Abbott St., Plains, Pa.: "I want to let you know that I am acting as Plains correspondent for the *Evening News of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.* This affords me the opportunity of writing brief news items daily and occasionally a real news story."

The newspaper approach to professional writing.

Nobody has time to do any formal teaching in a newspaper office. Yet how quickly a man or woman picks up writing skill in the give and take of newspaper life! About 90 per cent. of our successful authors and playwrights did their first real writing as newspaper men and women.

Newspaper work starts you writing—and keeps you writing. Every assignment you write up is rigorously revised. "Tell Jones not to write such blankety-blank long sentences," growls the copy-desk man. Or—"This is beautiful—but it doesn't mean anything." And soon—another capable writer has been whipped into shape.

Can we duplicate this newspaper office atmosphere? Yes! Not the noise—the dirt—the smell of printers' ink. But the discipline—the assignments—the constructive criticisms—the friendly advice—and the final results . . . all these we can bring to you in your own home. Let us tell you more about the New York Copy-Desk Method.

Test Your Chances

As we said in the beginning, we do not teach so much as we help people learn. Only a relatively high type of man or woman, therefore, can benefit by N. I. A. training. For this reason, we advise every prospective "learner" to take our Writing Aptitude Test. It saves us—and you—from wasting time. This interesting test will enable us to give you an unprejudiced report on yourself. Send for it today. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in *Psychology*—March.

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss }

Address.....
(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you)
27C139

What Can We Do For You?

Conducted by C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

QUESTION: — "Weakened" writes:—

I am a different man, with different ideas; my last twelve years have been stormy ones. When I was a child my parents spoiled me, with the result that I ran away from home when I was fourteen. Since that time I have been on the wrong road of life. I realize that I am no good, never was, and maybe never will be. By tramping thru many countries I have learned to read and write the four leading languages. Fighting and all sorts of bad experiences in my past have roughened my body and mind. Love and faith both are gone. A strong, positive, revolting "thing" took place in my soul: a desire to break everything around me and to punch my way thru somewhere—which I cannot see nor explain.

Many boys and girls call me their friend and I feel that they like me, but I am nobody's friend and I like no one, not even myself. If I send you this letter it is not for myself, but for a girl's sake whom I should love, but cannot, and why I don't know. I met her two years ago. She was young, nice and happy. I loved her for a while, then I forgot her. But she didn't forget me and since then she went to hell for me and she is willing to die for me. She will do anything and everything to gain my love, but I cannot love no matter what she does. I wish I could love her, it would save her and me too. I am twenty-six and if it's not too late to quit this way of living, let me know what you really and truly think about my case.

ANSWER:—

"If it's not too late!" Of course it is not too late, my friend. You have committed the greatest sin possible, a sin against yourself—which is, to fail to believe in yourself, to really believe you are weak, no good, to be despised by men and women. You have just lost your faith, nothing more. And this puts your weaker and baser self in control. You know we are all made up of a sort of dual personality—a good and a bad; a weak and a stronger self. These two often come into conflict, and at times, thru lack of understanding chiefly, this weaker self gets the upper hand and we seem to hit bottom. But that stronger and bigger and better self is still there—right there in you—just waiting for expression, if you will but give it a chance. But as long as you believe yourself no good, believe yourself weak, you shut the doors against that stronger self and thus go on suffering.

Just remember that even today you

are just as good as the best. Thru the force of habits and past unpleasant experiences, you have an outer expression of weakness. But this is a false self, something not a real part of you, but something that has attached itself to you. Just gradually develop more faith in yourself and you will find this outer shell of weakness dropping from you, like an old cloak or coat, and that real self continually crowding and pushing until it is in the foreground instead of the background. The faith and love shown by the girl who loves you should be an example of what the human is capable, and an incentive to make you bigger and more wonderful to match such faith. Such a girl is often cast aside by those who strictly adhere to conventionality, but those who do this do not understand the bigness and strength of real love—plus emotion.

Some years ago the Salvation Army used a slogan in one of their drives which read—"A man may be down, but he is never out." This is a great truth, and absolutely true in your case. Now begin to be a real man. It is just habit that has you bound, and you can break habit I assure you. Get a new interest in life, begin to make some plans, and then do everything possible to make your dreams come true. Thousands who read this will be back of you in thought. *You cannot fail.*

QUESTION:—A. T. L. writes:—

I am contemplating having an operation performed later on of rather a serious nature. Will my mental attitude before, during and following the operation have a real effect on the results?

ANSWER:—

Your attitude will make all the difference in the world with the results. One who holds a confident, positive, strong mental attitude is almost sure to come thru with flying colors especially where the operation is a serious one and the mental attitude likely to turn the tide one way or the other. Fear and depression tend toward functional inaction and the body often fails to respond under such circumstances, for the resistance and bodily fighting forces have been materially lowered.

The thoughts of others about us also make quite a difference in recovery.

Haven't you noticed that when a prominent person is taken seriously ill, or is operated on, that he frequently dies when we feel he should have pulled thru? I believe this is due to a wave of thought which is usually pessimistic. And too, such a one is likely to be doctored to death thru numerous consultants being present and suggesting this, that and the other thing. Under such circumstances one has but little chance.

QUESTION:—B. A. S. writes:—

I am a young woman of thirty. Have done office work off and on for thirteen years. Have never married, tho I have had some friends of the opposite sex and have had several opportunities to marry young men whom I did not care for in that way. Some I have liked a lot were not in a position to marry. After each of these cases I experienced a general let-down, caring nothing for anything in particular, feeling a dreadful discouragement and lack of interest in life. This always results in my leaving my home and going to other parts of the country where I have relatives or friends—(I have been orphaned since a small child). As a result I have been to the four corners of the United States, and at the present time, despite efforts of others to help me, the only thing that will do me any good is greater confidence and a goal to work toward. Now when I try to obtain positions, my hand trembles so I can't make any impression and I experience a general discord. Instead of getting better I get worse. I have been considered a good business woman, but when one trembles so that one can hardly write nothing can be obtained. What can I do? I am of an affectionate nature but have repressed myself most of my life, having been reared in a careful manner, but not with affection. This has been against me whenever I wanted to show that I cared, and something would hold me back and wouldn't let me express my real self. At present I am rather unhappy, unable to make up my mind what to do or where to go, but I want to prepare in some way for the future. Could you help me?

ANSWER:—

You have analyzed your case correctly in stating that you lack confidence in self. You are too afraid of criticism, of being misunderstood, of making a mistake. You do not trust your own judgment or reasoning power. And when in such a state you are unable to judge whether a man is the right or wrong one, for doubt brings confusion and you are unable to reason well at such times. This doubt and

repression you have suffered from has acted on your nerves, and now thru their being in a supersensitive state you find your hand trembling and are unable to write in the presence of others, and perhaps even while alone.

Being emotional and affectionate and repressed means that these powers have accumulated within you, not having an outlet, until you now find yourself in the same state as a boiler full of steam, without a safety valve. You are just about at the breaking point.

You say you know you should have a goal to work toward, and you should. Here again "doubt" gets in its work. You are afraid to decide. You wonder whether you should do this, that or the other thing, but end up by doing nothing. I would decide on something and try to move ahead, even tho I made a mistake, for that is far better than standing still. And you know we learn thru experience.

There is a way out of your trouble I assure you. It is quite possible that you may require some outside assistance, for you are now in a very negative, depressed state. You must develop sufficient confidence to give fuller and freer expression to your nature or you will continue in your present depressed, negative mood. It will mean a fight, but it will be a fight well worth while, for thru it you will materialize these desires you have held so long. I trust my words will awaken a new hope and faith in your future.

QUESTION:—J. L. H. writes:—

I am wondering if you will be kind enough to help me with a problem which has ruined three years and more of my life. I consider them wasted years. I have been in love with a woman who is married and not divorced, while I am divorced. I love her deeply, in fact, all my thoughts, plans, etc., are centered about her. My mother and father, however, advise me not to marry her, for she is not the woman for me. I am twenty-eight and she is twenty-six years old. The reasons they give are these: She has a violent temper; makes no real effort to get a divorce, tho she says she is no longer interested in her husband; she is fond of nagging and extremely jealous, even to the point of embarrassing me before my friends. It has been our plan for her to get a divorce and marry me, as she has been separated from her husband for over three years. I feel that I would be better off to give her up, but I lack the will power to do this. I love her deeply and care for no other woman. I am very jealous, tho I do not display it. To even think of another man possessing her fills me with fear and makes me nervous. Yet she lacks many points of refinement I desire in a mate. It was thru her love for me that she left her husband. She was very young when married and did not know her own mind. I would very much desire to marry her if I thought I would be happy, but we now quarrel

(Continued on page 108)

A mystery of the Orient revealed



*Dance? Yes, indeed—
and enjoy all the pleasures
of youthful energy.*

*Marvelous revitalizing fruits stimulate
ductless glands which control physical
vigor and youthful health and beauty.*

Lukutate

the first preparation to
contain these amazing fruits

THE age of discovery is not yet over! In darkest India explorers found some marvellous fruits which they brought back to civilization. They also reported the phenomenal physical strength and beauty, long life and vitality of natives who habitually ate the fruits.

At once leading scientists and physicians of Europe—

BUT READ FOR YOURSELF the thrilling story of LUKUTATE, the health food which contains unchanged, these fruits of India. Ask for the free booklet which gives the unbiased opinion of famous doctors who have tested LUKUTATE.

Your glands make you what you are

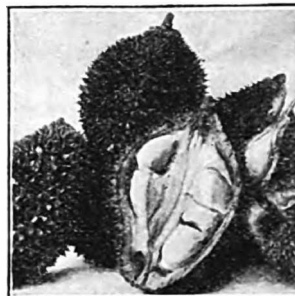
A clear skin, a clean blood stream, sound sleep, steady nerves, vitality in every organ and function of the body—these all depend upon the condition of the ductless glands. And LUKUTATE (the word derives from the Industani for "come back") feeds these starving glands and stimulates them.

Actual experiences tell the story. Read what these famous physicians say:

*Dr. Victor Fischer,
Physician-in-Chief,
Vienna Hospital, Austria:*
"One may account briefly for the success of LUKUTATE by saying that a gradual rejuvenation of the entire organism takes

place. This is manifested particularly in a harmless strengthening of the vitality."

*Dr. Ludwig Sternheim, Specialist
in Blood Diseases, Hanover:* "When LUKUTATE first appeared, I was most sceptical about it. Due to experiences of patients, who tried it independently, I decided to test LUKUTATE myself. I soon found it effected an agreeable and easy unburdening of the intestinal channels; after use for several weeks, I noted increase in vitality and efficiency, more cheerfulness and greater self-confidence, improved sleep and better blood tests."



Professor Dr. F. Lange, of the University of Stuttgart, after extensive scientific research into the effects of Lukutate, suggests that, besides the known vitamins A, B, C, D and E, a "revitalizing vitamin" may occur in the Indian fruits and that science is on the eve of sensational discoveries based on the vitamin principles of Lukutate. He says: "Medical science today is not far from the realization that all illnesses are fundamentally nothing but ill-functioning glands. In Lukutate, medical science possesses a natural product which supports the living energy of digestion through regeneration of the glands and through the renewal and purifying of the blood. The Indian fruits are the revitalizing medium par excellence."

Send for this fascinating story today.

It's free—the 32-page, illustrated booklet telling of this great discovery. You will find what may be a new road to youth, to strength, to beauty—through the influence on the ductless glands of these remarkable Indian fruits.

Dept., 2E
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Please send complete information concerning Lukutate, made of the revitalizing fruits of India.

Full Name

Address

City

State

What the Other Magazines Are Saying about Psychology

*A Department of Criticism in the Field
of Scientific Psychology*

Conducted by A. K. Weinberg, M. A.

TO many people, one of the most interesting essays in recent psychological literature will be the very keen and scholarly contribution of a distinguished clergyman to *Mental Hygiene* (vol. 12, no. 3), the analysis of the moral and religious life of the individual in the light of the new psychology. Like Pfister abroad, Padre Grant is particularly interested in psycho-analysis, the psychology which has made an attempt at the direction and measurement of the progress in socialized living. In illuminating the problem of personality in this enterprise, psycho-analysis has touched every vital interest in some way; and particularly religion, because religion seeks to inform social progress of some ultimate goal and meaning and must understand for that purpose the raw materials of life and progress described by psychology.

Psycho-analysis focusses the same element in character most conspicuously that is focussed by religion—the emotions. Unfortunately, however, religion has not studied realistically the emotions, and it has taken psycho-analysis to point out to us that the emotional disposition to sin is essentially of social rather than purely individual cause—a reaction to social environment, background and conditions. By studying the social causes of sin, psychology can determine certain broad principles of education which will support the moral development of personality—adaptation or adjustment, integration, resolution of unconscious conflict. It also studies the various stages by which the child emancipates himself from his narcissistic fixation on self and develops to a healthy social relationship in sexuality and other phases. Thus the newer psychology, according to Padre Grant, illuminates the darkness and the haze of mystery that have shrouded character and personality, and enables religion to translate its thought and activity into the terms of personality and to adapt it to the conditions of human living. It has no quarrel with religion, creating no

values of its own, but offers to religion a foundation upon which to build.

AGAIN—WHAT IS PERSONALITY?

NUMBER 2, Vol. 23, of the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology* is largely a diversified presentation of the present psychological approach to the problem of personality. This problem in psychology has recently come to the forefront, first popularized by the dramatic researches of Freud, and later subjected to a more objective and conservative treatment by other investigators. In the present number most of the studies take up the problem of leadership, which clearly involves the issue of personality and to so great an extent that it is principally that trait which we mean to denote when we use the word "personality" in its popular sense.

Gordon Allport undertakes to supply a test for ascendance-submission—that is for the possession of one or the other of these characteristics in preponderant degree. These are, of course, two traits, but since they are the alternatives of a single social situation, one's profession of either has as its obverse aspect a deficiency in the other. We may overlook here the objective method which Allport works out, consisting in the presentation of a questionnaire in which one's reactions to situations of ascendance-submission are comprehensively envisaged. What is most interesting about the article is his theoretical insistence upon the existence of such things as traits, and his confidence that objective tests for the measurement of traits can be developed.

He believes that a trait of personality is a characteristic form of behavior more generalized than the single reaction or simple habit. Furthermore, it is suggested that higher traits exist which form *consistent sets of habits*. This viewpoint may seem to the ordinary layman to emphasize a banality, but the acceptance of traits is going quite far for the most biological and neurological kind of psychology. It was supposed for a while that traits

have only a nominal and not a real existence. Allport believes they can be neurologically and behavioristically established and his finding that each individual possesses either an ascendance or submission characteristic experimentally determinable is in strong support of his theory.

Following Allport, Irving E. Bender attempts to establish whether there are very definite relationships between the ascendance or submission characteristic and other factors in personality. For example, does a man's height or weight have any effect in making him either dominant or weak among his fellow men? It might seem that tall and heavy men would be the leaders, but the tests did not bear this out. We do find, however, that the dominant person is the more extroverted, the more living in externals—a finding which is hardly surprising. On the other hand, achievement in scholarship goes more to the submissive type than the ascendant. There are three possible interpretations of this: first, that one reason for high scholarship is a submission or a conformity to the established standards of education; second, that the submissive person's scholarship is a compensation for his deficiency in social relations; third, that being given to scholarship he does not feel the demands of social achievement.

LEADERSHIP

THE study of leadership made by W. H. Cowley in the same issue of the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology* is primarily an essay in definition and it is unfortunate that more psychological issues are not so carefully defined. Most abstract terms do not mean one thing but a number of things, all of which are confused one with the other. Leadership means any one of six things, which the essay describes detailedly in turn. In the first place there is the distinction between headmen, who are leaders in a purely nominal sense, and leaders in a psychological but not necessarily official sense.

Second, there is the distinction between the situational and the individual emphasis in the leadership trait, that is between the leader who is on top because of his excellence for a particular situation, and the leader who is so-to-speak all-around. Third, there is the distinction between two hypotheses, one that there are traits common to all leaders, general traits of leadership, and the other that there is only the situational leadership, distinct in each case, such as we spoke of above. The author comes to the conclusion that leaders in different situations do not possess a single trait in common and that leadership is a function of a definite situation. We cannot therefore speak of leadership in general but only about leadership in particular situations. Roosevelt may be a leader in politics but he is not necessarily—and probably was not—a leader in the discussion of a philosophical seminary.

A VERY significant study of the *Journal*, which, however, is too technical for us to do anything but note in some of its conclusions, is that of Gilbert J. Rich entitled, "A Bio-chemical Approach to the study of Personality." It illustrates the trend which would find a more objective and scientific understanding of personality than even that of statistical and experimental psychology. The bio-chemical study of personality is one in which we can avail ourselves of quantitative measurement and is therefore more practical than the morphological study such as we have in the investigation of the glands. Recently there have been a number of bio-chemical studies of the insane, which in some cases have yielded negative results and in other cases positive.

Rich endeavors to correlate personality traits with bio-chemical determination of certain features of body metabolism. He finds that the least excitable individuals tend to have the most acid urine and saliva, while more excitable persons tend toward neutrality or alkalinity of their fluids. The least aggressive subjects seem to excrete the greatest amounts of acid and to have the highest alkali reserve of the blood, while more aggressive persons appear to show opposite characteristics. Phosphorus metabolism appears to be bound up with personality in some way, but the details of the relationship are not yet clear.

The neurological approach to personality is represented by J. Ramsay Hunt's study of the erethitic and kolytic types. The erethitic is the excitatory function of the nervous system, the kolytic is the inhibitory. Excitation indicates an increase, or the setting into action of a process, and is the response to a stimulus; inhibition is the

(Continued on page 110)

Have You Ever Taken An INTERNAL BATH In The Right Way?

IF you have, you well know what quick, glorious, lasting relief it brings in cases of chronic or occasional constipation, auto-intoxication, headaches, nervousness, colds and grippe and many other ailments—by thoroughly flushing out the colon or large intestine.

But if you haven't tried scientifically administered internal baths you should at least investigate the J. B. L. Cascade method and learn how it has brought vibrant health, vigor and vitality to nearly a million people.

What Is An Internal Bath?

It is nothing like an ordinary enema which does not and cannot reach more than the lower one-third of the five foot long colon. The only similarity between the two is the employment of water in each case.

A scientific Internal Bath consists of the introduction into the colon or large intestine of 4 to 5 quarts of warm water purified by a properly medicated cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it, is the J. B. L. Cascade, perfected by an eminent physician with long experience in treating Colonic disorders.

Now here is where the genuine "Internal Bath" differs radically from the ordinary enema.

The colon or lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus $\cap$. The enema cleanses but a third of this $\cap$ tube—or only to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses its ENTIRE LENGTH—without pain or discomfort.

Why We Should Take Internal Baths

The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft, refined foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay) and constipation. The elimination of waste matter is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills, are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are usually the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Therefore it is of utmost importance that your system be free of these poisons. And a sure and effective means of getting and staying rid of them is proper Internal Bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each

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How Intelligent Are You?

(Continued from page 46)

off each one as likely or unlikely to succeed. Finally, on the basis of our own experience and the experience of others, we adopt a plan of action. If our plan works out according to our prognostication it is true, we say, and we have used the pragmatic method. As we experiment freely in our imaginations and withhold judgment until we have carried our experimentation as far as we can go, are we truly intelligent.

An executive of my acquaintance, a former state superintendent of schools in an eastern state, a man who I believe is highly intelligent, typifies this capacity to a high degree. His ingenious mind constitutes a storehouse of solutions to problems and he can see more "hidden Indians" in the underbrush than anyone I know. I have known this man for several years and have taken many problems to him for advice. Invariably he shows a broad-minded, broad-gauged, all-conclusive response which covers possibilities that have not occurred to me. His imagination wanders "far and free" and comes up with data that cover every conceivable contingency. He obviates mistakes by experimentation along wide lines before he adopts a plan of action and makes fewer false moves than ten ordinary mortals. Of course, a wide experience, which is the basis for all true knowledge, is an essential here—the wider the experience the more profound the intelligence,

other things being generally equal.

An intelligent behavior is, in my opinion, based upon a strong *social consciousness*. In order to eliminate certain implications which may be brought up here, let me say that our very survival depends upon the acknowledgment of our dependence upon others. In our Twentieth Century civilization let no one believe that he is an independent entity, sufficient unto himself. The integrated life is possible only upon condition that we recognize our dependence upon others and the necessity of considering the interest of our fellowman. We are dependent upon others for food, clothing, and practically all of the necessities of life. We are social organisms related and associated with others in a multiplicity of ways. Because of this relationship our interests are sure to cut across the interests of our fellowman, and inasmuch as we cannot ride rough-shod over his interests and stay out of jail, it is expedient that we take thought of and have consideration for his interest as well as our own. In this clash of interests, the intelligent organism comes to a realization that there must be a give-and-take in order to build up a harmonious adjustment.

Such a social consciousness, I find, is all too rare a quality of behavior, yet lack of it accounts in large measure for many of our most perplexing social problems. Such a point of view becomes second nature to the sincere

social worker and develops, according to the presence of other items of intelligence, to the point where we admit the interest of the other fellow to a par with our own. A culmination of this point of view comes when we take vicarious pleasure in the success and happiness of our fellowman. Of course, these words mean little unless backed up by experience, but it would take me too far afield to develop this concept here.

In order to be classed as intelligent I believe that behavior must meet the test of open-mindedness, adaptability, courage, imagination, and a social consciousness. With the help of these five tests, I believe it is possible to pick out the intelligent person. A judgment on a particular individual will involve answers to the following questions:

Is he open-minded and sensitive to changes in his environment, or is his mind closed to new truth?

Is he adaptable when confronted with a new situation, or does attempted adjustment proceed haltingly, accompanied by emotional stress and strain?

Is he courageous or is he afraid to face squarely what life has to offer?

Is he imaginative, or is he held down to the immediate situation?

Is he conscious of his interdependence with his fellowman, or is he indifferent?

Answered in the affirmative, I believe you will discover the intelligent person and intelligent behavior.

The Psychology of Jesus

(Continued from page 31)

these texts here. It is more interesting to note that isolated phrases such as "I came not to send peace but a sword," or isolated incidents such as the story of the expulsion of the money-changers from the temple with a whip of small cords, have been seized upon by Christian teachers down thru the ages as not only limiting but cancelling all these teachings of love.

The modern psychologist, of course, will have no difficulty in understanding why. This character of Jesus, whether real or fictional, was full of love for everybody: while other characters, whether they pretended to be his followers or not, were full of hatred for somebody; and it is only natural, if they did pretend to be his followers, that they should cull from his recorded words only such phrases as could be twisted into a justification of their hate.

The inquiring heathen, of course, will

not be fooled. Let him hear of Jesus thru Jonathan Edwards, and he may visualize a weird fanatic so interested in everybody's becoming theologically correct that he perceives no injustice in condemning the incorrect to countless aeons of unspeakable torment. But let him hear of Jesus thru the New Testament story and he will get no such picture. He may wonder here and there what certain parables mean, but he can not escape the central theme that all round love is the one answer to the problem of human life and that passionate service is its truest expression.

To judge of Jesus by some of the sermons which one hears even today, one might think that he was peculiarly interested in what we think about his miracles 2,000 years after they are supposed to have been performed. But one can get no such notion from the Gospels, unless he carries the notion

with him and goes to the Gospels for the sole purpose of getting it corroborated. In the Gospel story, Jesus did not say much about his miracles, and asked those who were the beneficiaries of those miracles not to say anything at all.

However skeptical one may be as to the authenticity of the New Testament story, the peculiar psychology of its central character is clearly drawn. Jesus, according to this narrative, was a man with one idea, and that idea was the organization of human life about the principle of love. Whether he was a fanatic or not is a fair question for psychologists to ask: but its answer must depend upon whether the man was large enough to embrace all human relations and whether the man was large enough to apply it universally.

The fact that he alone held the idea, while all the rest of the world, includ-

ing his followers, did not accept it, does not prove that he was a fanatic. Conceivably, he may have been the only sane person alive, and he may have been put to death by an insane world because of his sanity.

Such things can happen. A whole society may be crazy; and to judge of a person's sanity by the degree to which he conforms to the average man's standards is utterly unscientific. Just as a neighborhood may be worked up to such a frenzy that it may lynch an utterly innocent person, so may a world become mad.

Concededly, it is madness to lynch an innocent person. But how about punishing guilty persons, instead of forgiving them to the seventy-and-seventh time—may that not conceivably be madness too?

Only time, of course, can tell. If it should ever be proven that punishing the "guilty" is utterly futile—especially if it should ever be proved that no one is innocent and that no one is guilty but that what we have been calling guilt and innocence is simply the difference between hearts that have been warmed by love and those that have been distorted by hatred—well, if that should be proved, it would utterly exonerate Jesus from the charge of fanaticism.

We used to punish witchcraft and insanity. Whether hanging witches was a sane proceeding depends somewhat upon whether there ever were any witches: and since no modern psychologist believes that there ever were, he is rather forced to think of the witch-hanging societies as mad, and the occasional queer characters of the times who doubted the existence of witches as after all the sanest members of those societies.

Jesus was undoubtedly queer. He was positively unique. He may have believed in witchcraft, but he did not believe in killing witches. He may have believed in demoniac possession, rather than in modern theories of insanity, but he did not believe in torturing the insane. And he may have accepted the prevailing notion of his time as to sin coming into the world by the way of personal devils, but he did not believe in punishing nor in hating sinners. He believed in loving them. He believed in organizing them into a Kingdom of Heaven, right here on earth, where all should share its bounties, where there would be no more poverty and no more fighting to get ahead of each other, where those who would be great should become the servants of all, where the last should be first and the first last, and where each should love others as himself because that is the law governing human life.

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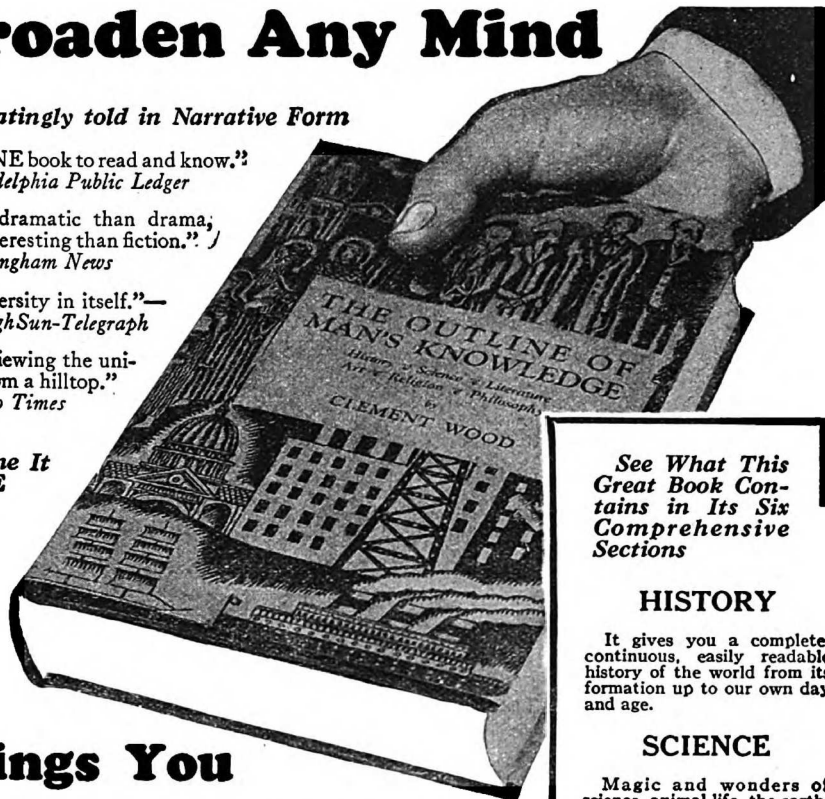
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there was something terribly fascinating about them just the same—something strangely appealing to human aspiration and human imagination.

What the Western world did was to put the theories on ice, while it went about applying its old accustomed principles. It put them in a book and then worshipped the book, which was ever so much less effort than would have been required to give the theories a test. It worshipped the Cross on which the Son of Man expired and proceeded as usual to crucify the sons of men: and in the Church, as in the State, they set up formulas of belief and of conduct by which to distinguish the righteous from the sinners, while all scrambled to secure the places of honor in each institution and make

the other fellows do the dirty work.

Incidentally, the worshippers of the Prince of Peace glorified war, and wealth became the mark of honor among the followers of him who had not where to lay his head. History records no such Magnificent Failure. The Divine Christ, it seemed, had not only been crucified, dead and buried; but had risen from the dead only to ascend to a place among the wooden idols of conventional morality, while those who cried "Lord, Lord" went on after the manner of the Scribes and Pharisees.

But time will tell. In fact, time is telling. War has failed. Hatred has failed. The struggle of man to get ahead of his fellow man has failed and conventional morality, with its accom-

paniment of punishment for the "guilty" has failed. There is only one way out of the mess into which all these notions have landed humanity. That is the way of co-operation, the way of service, the way of universal love. Not only the new psychology, but the New Economics is making this plain. Each is declaring, from different angles of scientific research: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. For human life can not be lived alone. Human life is social in character and consists of an infinite network of human relationships. In a world in which everybody is so intimately related to everybody, and everybody's welfare is so dependent upon everybody else's welfare, it is only in love for others that one can express oneself.

The Man Who Slept

(Continued from page 40)

He reached over on his desk for a humidifier, and offered his patient a cigar, taking one himself. Both smoked for a few moments in silence. The charm and magnetism of Dr. Embury's personality were having effect. Mace's confidence in him was growing.

"I did have a shock—a terrific one," began Mace at last. "It happened six years ago—six years in June. My father, Warren Mace, was also in the jewelry business and in partnership with an old, and at that time, trusted friend. I was an only child and by the terms of his will I inherited half of my father's share in the business, the other half going to my mother. Unfortunately, up to the time of father's death, I had taken no interest in the jewelry line. On graduating from college I went in for salesmanship in a dry goods house and made good money on the road. Were my father still alive—he died suddenly of a stroke—I should probably be still selling dry goods. But after his death it seemed wiser to change over and become a partner in the old firm, especially since I was growing tired of constant traveling, and, in fact, wanted to settle down and have a home of my own."

"How old were you then?" inquired Dr. Embury.

"When father died I was just thirty. My mother wanted me to look after her interests too, so, to make a long story short, I stepped into father's place and worked very hard to master the details of the business. I soon saw that altho we were making money, we could do much better if we expanded by sending a salesman to canvass the larger cities. My partner really put that idea into my head and insisted that no one was better fitted to handle this end than I. I was married by that time, and I didn't at all like the idea of being so

much away. However both mother and my wife backed up my partner's ideas, so off I went on the road again. From the start I did well and our business grew by leaps and bounds.

"After a year or so we agreed on a division of labor. I took care of the outside work and my partner ran the home office. He also controlled the finances. I drew a modest salary, and the rest of my share of the profits and part of my mother's as well, went back into the business. In the course of time Myrick. . . ."

Mace stopped abruptly and his face turned deeply red.

"What's wrong?" inquired Dr. Embury.

"Nothing except that I didn't mean to tell my partner's name. It's out now, so never mind." Mace seemed fairly calm and collected in spite of his access of color.

"Names in themselves mean nothing anyway. Do go on. I am very much interested."

Apparently Dr. Embury had paid little heed to the name Mace had been so keen on withholding.

"My story's about done," Mace continued. "This partner whom father had trusted and in whom mother and I at that time had entire confidence, suggested that I build myself a larger house than the one we had started in—'more in keeping with your future position,' as he put it. He volunteered to supply the funds by himself taking a mortgage on the property and so investing a surplus he had lying idle. This was done."

Mace's cigar had gone out in the interest of his talk. He stopped for a moment to relight it.

"About ten months later I returned from an eastern trip. As we were just closing a fiscal year I suggested having

the books audited. They had never been gone over as my partner had always objected on the ground that it was a foolish waste of money. Knowing that he was used to older ways of doing business my suspicions had not been roused. But this time something told me to insist on the audit.

"The books showed that my partner had not only defrauded mother and me, but also father before his death. It was astonishing how cleverly he had hidden his tracks and how much he had appropriated. We couldn't arrest him or recover even a part. And to cap the climax, when I tried to bluff him with threats, he foreclosed the mortgage which was then due on my house. Being unable to raise the money at such short notice, we lost our home. Of course I got out of the firm at once, selling my share and what mother had left of hers. Then I started out for myself. It's that business I'm in now."

"You mean your mother died?"

"Yes, doctor, she died within six months after the break, and we have always believed that all this disappointment and worry sent her to the grave before her time."

"It must have been a severe shock, indeed," said Dr. Embury, sympathetically.

"Oh, but that wasn't all," went on Mace sorrowfully. "My wife was pregnant at the time of the crash. The child was born dead. Our physician believed this was entirely due to my partner's misdealings. My poor Helen nearly lost her mind. We are unlikely ever to have another child."

Mace had to stop speaking to gain control over his emotions.

Dr. Embury sat silent, watching Mace's convulsive movements with evident compassion. His patient had won his instant sympathy in spite of

the fact that the tragedies of human life were a sad commonplace to him.

"I am glad you are able to let yourself go, Mr. Mace. Nothing is more harmful than to suppress emotions. Let them come out!"

"There's a lot suppressed I haven't told you yet, doctor," Mace finally resumed. "I have a terrible fear that. . . ." He hesitated.

"Speak out! Don't be afraid!" urged the physician.

"Only one person knows what I'm going to tell you, and that is my wife. Have I your promise that you will never, never tell this thing unless I give my personal consent?"

"Certainly, Mr. Mace, the occasion will probably never arise."

"But if it should? Have I your word of honor?" insisted Mace.

"Yes, I'll give you that too. Don't be afraid. I will respect that promise until you release me."

"The fact is, I walk in my sleep. I'm a somnambulist!"

If Mace had expected Dr. Embury to show astonishment he was disappointed for the specialist merely remarked in a casual manner:

"I've treated a number of such cases."

"And cured them?" asked Mace eagerly.

"Certainly."

Mace relaxed in his chair as if a ton had been lifted from his heart.

"I feel so happy at what you say, I could shout for joy." His face was radiant.

"But why should somnambulism worry you?" questioned the doctor, watching him covertly but intently.

"Because, in reading up on the subject I learned that a sleep-walker may do harm to someone towards whom he bears a grudge." He leaned forward and his voice dropped almost to a whisper. "I'm afraid I may in my sleep kill that man."

Dr. Embury made no reply. He seemed to be thinking deeply.

"That would be possible, would it not?"

Dr. Embury's answer to this question came slowly. He was weighing each word with the utmost deliberation.

"Theoretically, yes, but practically and actually, it still has to be proved. During a somnambulistic trance consciousness is submerged and subconscious mechanisms come to the fore and control muscular action. A deep-seated hatred such as yours, which you have been trying to fight down, might, of course, try to assert itself. There are other channels, however, thru which it might act. Don't you dream?"

"Yes, every night—that is, when I sleep. I always dream about him in one way or another."

"And talk in your sleep?"

"Oh, yes, yes. . . ." Mace's manner

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had again become agitated. His cheeks were flushed, the muscles of his face twitched, and his hands kept closing and unclosing automatically. "When my wife told me that I not only walked in my sleep but that she had heard me actually threaten to kill Myrick, I . . . well, I lost my nerve completely."

"I understand now, thoroly," said Dr. Embury, with reassuring calm. "Your case is by no means unusual, and is quite curable. Stay at my sanitarium for a month or so and a psychoanalysis will straighten you out."

"I have just been in a sanitarium but they didn't give me that. They tried to dope me with opiates to make me sleep, and sleep was just what I was fighting against. Of course I got steadily worse instead of better."

"You certainly need sleep badly. You could have a room with bars on the windows, if necessary, during the course of treatment. Then it wouldn't matter whether you walked about at night or not."

"You can cure thru—what did you call it?"

"Psychoanalysis. That simply means an analysis of the mind. I'll tell you more about it later. There'll be some other questions to put to you, and the physical examination of course. When would you like to enter?"

"If you can help me, the sooner the better."

"Very well, be here at four this afternoon, ready to start. My place is in the suburbs, and I'll send someone out with you in my own car."

"I'll be here," agreed Mace enthusiastically. He looked like a different person from his former care-ridden self as he shook Dr. Embury by the hand.

Outside, the secretary told Mace that Mr. Eagen had been unable to wait, had remembered an engagement, but would call for him at the hotel at five.

Mace had really forgotten that Eagen was waiting. In fact, he was glad to be alone with his hopeful thoughts. He looked at his watch. It was nearly one o'clock.

"Now for a wire to Helen," he said to himself, "and then, a good luncheon. I feel made over already."

As he turned the corner, several newsboys came running, shouting, "Ex..tra! Ex..tra! Murder at the Metropolis Hotel."

He bought a paper simply because the name of the hotel had roused his curiosity. He felt no other interest.

But as his eye caught the headlines, he stopped stock still and turned ghastly white, his hands clutching and crumpling the news sheet.

William Myrick, he read, had been found dead in his bathroom from a bullet wound in the head. It went on to say that suicide was regarded as possible but that murder was suspected.

Instinctively Mace thrust his hand in his pocket to feel for the revolver which he remembered was still there. On examining it, he found it was not his own revolver. On the butt of the weapon were the initials W. M. . . . One cartridge chamber was empty.

(To be Continued)

Those Who Walk in Shadow

(Continued from page 57)

little world around him. His case, our host advises us, is alcoholic insanity and he has been there eight years. His mind is almost a blank, and to hope to impress a thought upon it would be like hoping to retain one's image in a mirror. He hears the question put to him, answers, and instantly forgets.

"How long have you been here, John?" asks the doctor.

"About three weeks," John cheerfully replies.

The doctor waits a moment, then, "How long is it since you came here, John?"

"I think it's about two weeks tomorrow," smiles John.

"You can't live very long, John."

This statement would be brutal if the patient had any memory, and is made particularly to illustrate the almost complete atrophy of that faculty. It elicits only the response—so casual as to be merely polite—"Is that so?"

"You don't care, do you?"

"Well, I guess so, I don't know."

And he resumes his listless rocking, in a manner indicating more plainly than words, that the conversation does not interest him. At least he knows no pain and he hasn't enough brains left to think of suicide. Alcoholic dementia is progressive and its progress covers years of excesses. The memory undergoes retrograde amnesia, judgment is impaired and the patient becomes indifferent to all about him. His life is literally a sensate, pulsating thing of promise upon which a corroding acid has been spilt, and it wilts and

shrivels like a flower stricken with blight.

It is dinner time, and our host stations us at a doorway of the great dining hall, where we may watch the patients filing in to the noonday meal. A brass band (composed entirely of the inmates) plays a stirring march and everybody looks happy, especially one gray-haired old negro who quick-steps to his place at table, waving time with a tinsel cap in one hand and a baton of paper in the other. They all seem to enjoy their food.

We dined with the staff, talked and rested for awhile, and then adjourned to the garden. Here we were joined by a lady, gracious as tho we were her personal guests, who assured us that she could speak in any language. Infinitely joyous and animated at sight of strangers willing to converse with her, she began to rattle off rapid-fire greetings in English, French, German and Spanish. We learn that she is familiar with the theory of metempsychosis.

"You see," (this time in English) "I was John the Baptist in the time of Nero and I got—zip!" (A quick motion of the forefinger across the throat indicates decapitation.) We put a few questions, just to prove to ourselves the truth of the saying that cross-examination never baffled a lunatic.

"I was very rich at one time, but now I am so poor—would you believe it?—I'm obliged to wear the cast-off clothing of the gods and goddesses."

And then, in French, "Now it is my

business to ferret out things." She rushes from one topic and one language to another, with restless brain and tongue—a grievous example of a finely stocked mind shattered by trouble and worry. In a very young person, complete depression would have resulted; but in those past thirty, shocks of this kind produce an inflated egotism that carries them blithely on.

A young lady draws near, and confides to us that she is the Virgin Mary, but we notice that she fails to recognize the former John the Baptist, and we wonder what she would say to Elijah over in the other ward, who stands hour after hour twirling a shoe, and who would have hung for the murder of his brother had it not been discovered, just in time to save him, that he was an epileptic.

Many murders are committed by epileptics, who are almost invariably given also to religious mania and often to hoarding money and other valuables. Epilepsy, however, does not always affect the sanity of the victim, and some of the brightest stars in the human galaxy of intellectuals have been hereditary epileptics—Cæsar, Mohammed, St Paul, Flaubert, and others.

There is on record a most interesting instance in which a cure of religious mania in a non-epileptic patient was effected by a simple but clever expedient. A gentleman conceived the notion that he was the Savior and literally proclaimed the tidings from the housetops. He was, of course, promptly in-

carcerated, but the superintendent of the asylum that was to receive him, planned an experiment beforehand. He caused the patient to fill out his own commitment blank. When the signature line was reached, the applicant, as expected, wrote "Jesus Christ."

"Why, how is this!" exclaimed the doctor, with a great show of anger and indignation, "I am Jesus Christ."

"Are you Jesus Christ?" asked the man apologetically and considerably bewildered.

"Of course I am Jesus Christ."

"Well, then," he replied, "if you are Jesus Christ, I can't be." And he very sensibly returned to his original identity.

Of course this was a case of incipient alienation, or such a wonderful cure would not have been possible, for as old Dr. Winslow observed many years ago, the cure of mental disorders (when any cure is possible) depends upon three things—speedy recognition of symptoms, accurate diagnosis, and immediate application of remedial treatment.

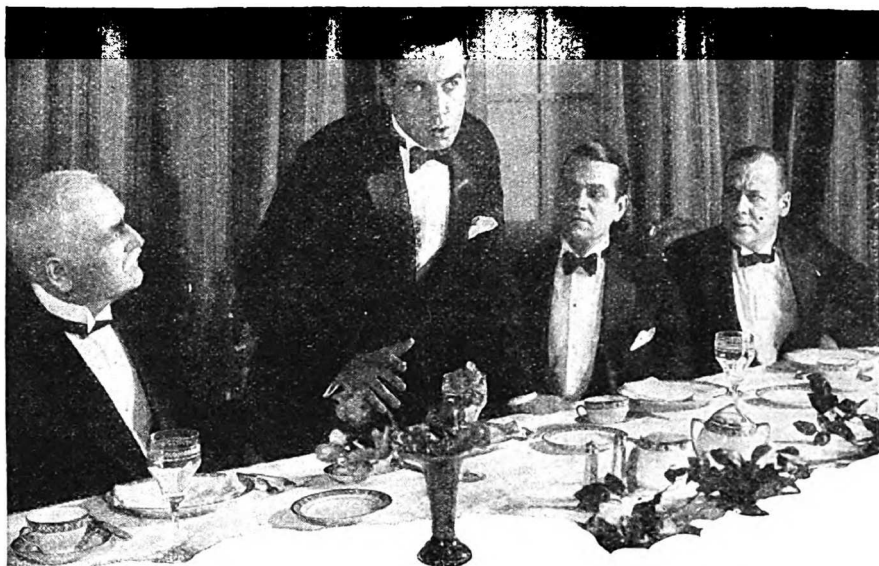
Ribot has pointed out that early development of mental disease is indicated, not by intellectual disorder, but by changes of character. This truism was vividly illustrated in the case of Leopold and Loeb, where dementia praecox existed in both boys—with an epileptic tendency in one and paranoia in the other—and yet their intelligence was keen.

Often insanity is brought about by mental strain, and the cure (if any) is effected by removal of the patient from all causes of worry and a substitution of occupation and environment that will make him forget. In cases of excitement, where patients once were treated with violence and cruelty, they are now put quietly to bed or given continuous warm baths, or quieting drugs if the case is severe.

Finally we came to the last ward. Here was a girl of twenty-two, a virgin, afflicted with the pathetic hallucination that she had been outraged and was approaching maternity. This was the fourth attack of the kind, which recurred about every two years. No amount of reasoning as to her mistake on the three preceding occasions could convince her that she was in error, even tho she admitted she was wrong previously. Her face, careworn and wrinkled, gave mute testimony to the fact that imaginary sorrow can sear as deeply as actual disaster.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. A brother and sister were brought together, and neither could recollect the other. Is their disease progressive, or will a day arrive when they shall clasp hands in the joy of perfect sanity? The doctor divines our unuttered query. "Insanity," he explains, "is not a unit, and hereditary

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alienation frequently occurs in different forms—even in twins. This young lady's case is progressive; her brother, however, is curable."

The delirium of insanity has been likened to a bad dream. For some there is no awakening, others wake permanently, and still others wake only to dream again. Sometimes the future casts its shadow before, as in the well-known case of Dean Swift, who became lost in meditation at sight of a stricken tree and remarked prophetically, "I shall be like that tree. I shall die at the top first."

As we turn to leave the building, we almost collide with a woman and young girl passing briskly arm in arm. They stop to exchange greetings.

"This is Mrs. Brown," introduces the doctor.

"And this," pipes up Mrs. Brown, "is my daughter, Millie Jones."

She launches upon a lively conversation, punctuated by that species of loud laughter which proverbially bespeaks a vacant mind. Occasionally, like Kipling's *Kim*, she "stops thinking and remembers," cuts her story short, hurries away ten or fifteen feet, and then returns to begin on a new theme. She tells us of the musical ability and the violent temper of her grandchild; of the fine position her son has; how smart her daughters are and how good to her, often paying her visits.

"How is it that your daughter here has a different name from yours, Mrs. Brown?" asks the doctor.

With perfect equanimity Mrs. Brown explains that she went to John Jones's to be housekeeper for a year, and then she had this child. Here, with an earnest look at the doctor and apparent unmindfulness of the company, "I don't want you to misunderstand me, doctor—it was an accident."

This revelation is lost on her offspring, whose obtuseness automatically parries every thrust whether it pertain to past, present or future; and, grabbing her merrily by the arm, Mrs.

Brown trots off with the accidental, apathetic Millie.

Our host invites us to remain for the dancing and theatricals in the evening. In these, as in every other art, he assures us, the insane excel. But we feel that we have encroached sufficiently upon his hospitality for the present, and defer that pleasure for another visit.

At the door we are treated to an interview with the most fascinating woman we have ever met. Easy and graceful of manner, beautiful in face and form, and a college graduate, she represents the highest type of intellectual culture. We were certain that she was sane and some of the party became suspicious that designing relatives had committed her illegally.

This is the kind of case that brings one form of mental abnormality home to nearly everyone, for it is so common that perhaps no one has escaped contact with it in friend, neighbor, or relative. Manic-depressive insanity, it is, characterized by alternate periods of exhilaration and depression, the latter, generally of briefer duration. While in the elated state the patient is perhaps one of the most charming of people, vivacious, witty, considerate, kind, affectionate and thoughtful. The depression is experienced in different degrees in different cases. It is perhaps no more serious than a fit of sudden ugliness; perhaps of a materially destructive character; perhaps amounting to homicidal mania. It was from this type of dementia that the famous and gifted Mary Lamb suffered when she drove a bread knife thru her mother's heart. Always after that horror, she was able to recognize the symptoms of a pending attack, and would walk across the fields to the hospital, asking to be placed in a strait-jacket.

So also with our lovely entertainer. For years, we learned, she had been voluntarily committing herself just prior to the attacks of depression. It

was difficult to believe that only a fortnight before, this gentle creature, in a wild outbreak, had demolished a room full of furniture—bed, chairs, dresser and mirror shattered into atoms.

It is a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde transformation, and as the paralysis seizes upon larger or smaller areas of the brain cells, while others are set aflame, your erstwhile angel turns devil in your presence.

Since it is certain that many instances of settled insanity in some milder forms exist around us, often without our even suspecting their presence until something dangerous happens, it seems inevitable that for the protection of home and community a time must come when a compulsory psycho-analysis will be made of every citizen.

Some psychiatrists believe that everyone at some time during his life experiences an incipient alienation in some form. Others go farther and, like Taine, believe that there are the germs of so many evil possibilities in all our souls that we preserve our sanity only by offsetting one with another, or "by an equilibrium or balance between many lunacies."

From every angle the future is being made safe for normal people, and most of all by our present-day efforts to understand the abnormal and the cause and the possible cure of their abnormality.

The insane have been treated as possessed of demons; they have been treated as inspired of God; they have been treated as criminals worthy of terrible punishment; and now they are treated as the sick people we know them to be. This is one of the reasons why the world is looking upward and why we have the privilege of calling ourselves civilized.

It was not Christians, however, but Mussulmans, who erected the first lunatic asylums and thus gave the impetus to the present intelligent care of the mentally sick.

Progress of Psychological Science

(Continued from page 33)

sweetheart. The baffled instinct becomes a separate entity, becomes unmanageable, turns on him and destroys him. Here we see the sex element entering in also, but split personality would appear to be a regular associate with suicides.

For a view of the Austrian beginnings we must deal with the internationally famous name of Sigmund Freud. A young physician and teacher of physiology in Vienna, he became a student of Jean Martin Charcot, professor of pathology, in Paris. Charcot had made investigations into nervous

forces and hypnotism, for which he was bitterly criticized by the doctors of his time. Freud's mind was opened to new possibilities, and tho he abandoned hypnosis he formulated a new method called psychoanalysis, on the basis of the subconscious mind. Freud desired to cure cases of mental trouble by tracing conflict in the subconscious.

To pass from European movements to that of our own country, we must note the publication of *Principles of Psychology*, by William James, in 1890. This book largely defined the tendencies of American psychology. Its

author held professorships of physiology, philosophy and psychology at Harvard University thru many years. In the *Principles* he set forth his analysis of emotions, instincts, habits and the stream of consciousness, which served as a guide-post for further study. James was an attractive personality and, with his clear and interesting style of writing, became a tremendous influence in America.

With these important beginnings in mind we face the bewildering details of a mass of later developments. One branch of psychology explored into the

field of mental measurement. Some gauge of mentality was needed in educational work and was to prove useful in recruiting soldiers for the World War. In 1904 France appointed a commission to examine mental defectives in the schools. The examiners became aware of a lack of proper means of gauging mental defectiveness. In the emergency, Alfred Binet, director of physiological psychology at the Sorbonne, formulated sets of questions and tests which, applied to children, were supposed to determine their mental age. With the aid of another Frenchman, Simon, the Binet-Simon tests, which became a standard, were produced.

Binet's objective was to determine the average performance of the average person at a certain age in mental tasks requiring memory, reasoning, comprehension. It was found, for instance, that children three years of age can repeat three digits or figures of a number. At four they can repeat a number of four figures and at seven, five digits. This so-called "memory span" is about eight figures for the adult. Psychologists have concluded that since adults in general make no better scores than children of fifteen or sixteen, adults have an average mental intelligence age of about sixteen. This is not so difficult to understand when we remember that young people are often as large physically at twenty-one as their parents. The distinguishing mark between adults and younger people is largely knowledge and experience. Tests disclose that a child of twelve may have a mental age of six or a man of thirty may have a mental age of ten, facts vital to study of crime. Various tests have been devised to measure ability or aptitude in certain activities such as mechanical or type-writing ability. Some business firms use tests for selecting help.

Freud gave to psychology another vital slant when he delved into the mysteries of the subconscious mind. He regarded life as a struggle between two principles: the reality principle and the pleasure principle. In other words, the realities of life force us to suppress many of our desires, some of which are traceable back to earliest childhood. A major type of suppressed desires consists of sex desires, according to Freud. He uses the term sex not in any narrow sense, however, but to signify the whole love life. Some of these desires or wishes war against each other, while others are impossible of expression in the environment which the individual finds around him. He therefore suppresses them but they gather beneath the level of consciousness, forming "complexes" or mental tangles which influence behavior. A complex may evidence itself to its victim in a disguised form, so evident

appearances of the mental life are not always dependable. Severe cases of mental disturbance may result from a mental shock or distasteful occurrence of earlier life, later hidden from consciousness.

The process which Freud originated to discover the mental content in order to uncover troublesome thought combinations has gained the well-known name of psycho-analysis. Sleep is the period when complexes are least hampered by consciousness, so Freud gave much attention to dream content. He admitted what is known to all of us: that dreams are, at least on their face, only jumbles of unrelated imaginings. Most of us will continue to hold this impression, I believe. Many dreams are caused by biliousness merely. To attach to them romantic explanations seems a little far-fetched. Freud says, however, that we must look underneath the appearance of the dream for symbols of hidden meaning. There are no doubt times when we may safely interpret a dream. One might easily dream of being in the polar regions and awaken to find himself cold, or being stabbed and find himself against a pin or sharp object. In the mass, however, dreams appear to consist of a crazy-quilt of scattered, confused impressions.

Besides using interpretation of the dream life, the psycho-analyst has sittings with the person analyzed. Preliminary to treatment the patient is supposed to make a "transference." That is, he or she is to "fall in love" temporarily with the analyst so as to avoid conflict between their personalities. The analyst questions the sitter, attempting to obtain a picture of the backgrounds behind the person's life. He may make a special effort to put the patient at complete ease and induce him to proceed in free reverie. He may use hypnosis. Still another method used is termed free association, in which the analyst mentions a list of suggestive words, to each one of which the patient responds with the word which the analyst's word brings to mind. A hesitation on the word *black* might indicate a complex connected with a person possessing black hair. Psycho-analysis has offered possibilities to dangerous quacks but it promises unquestionable good, particularly in treatment of children.

Other schools of psycho-analysis have arisen with Freud's. Dr. C. G. Jung of Switzerland, a friend of Freud's, diverged from him in his view of sex in the subconscious. Jung holds that the subconscious, instead of being a mass of repressed desires, forms the normal stream of our imaginative life, our vital energy. Another doctor who was associated with Freud, Alfred Adler of Vienna, finds the key to nervous conditions in the desire for power and in the feeling of inferiority which



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results when such desire is thwarted. Adler, in a very common-sense manner, deals with the natural desire of a person to measure up to the standard of his fellow men. Domineering of husband or wife in marriage is a prime cause for marital troubles. If the mother, for instance, is bullied, a daughter will think twice before marrying. Dr. Adler maintains that the spoiled child or youthful failure here in America, seeking to compensate himself, often turns to banditry or other lawbreaking. Some people, according to the Adler theory, even feign sickness in order to demand the attention which they crave. Others, conscious of apparent inferiority in some respect, battle tenaciously and may overcome a natural weakness as Demosthenes conquered his speech difficulties. One of the most dangerous crimes today is, in Adler's eyes, the implanting of a feeling of inferiority in a school child. Thus he believes in regulating environment instead of seeing the environment in ceaseless conflict, as Freud does.

One of our own countrymen, Dr. William McDougall, criticizes Freud for attributing too much to sex. McDougall argues that a desire to protect someone could come, not only from sex, as Freud would say, but from parental instinct. He maintains that Freud's conception of respect and friendship as sexual is not borne out in our regard for a great historical character such as Lincoln.

Dr. McDougall was one of those who in this country elaborated on James's conception of instincts or inborn forces which drive us in life. Professor Thorndike of Columbia University had presented a list of instincts which psychologists considered too long, and McDougall brought out a shorter list which caused much discussion. One peculiarity of McDougall's listing of instincts presents itself in the fact that each new book he writes has a different list, due to simplification or further study. Two other American psychologists of note are Hall, whom we have mentioned, and John Dewey, professor of philosophy at Columbia University. Hall's special activities proceeded along the line of child life, his book *Adolescence* marking a unique advance in that

field. Out of child study grew a strong movement of educational psychology here and in Europe. America, with John Dewey as an outstanding figure, led in the movement.

Those who championed instincts found a formidable opponent in the school of psychologists who hold the center of the stage today: the behaviorists. The founder of this school is Professor John Broadus Watson, formerly of Johns Hopkins University. He maintains that individuals are controlled by built-in emotions and motives from their environments. In essence he challenges: "Give me the child of two and I will make the man," thus giving practically no credit to heredity. One interesting experiment of the many made by behaviorists dealt with fear in babies. The infant seems to show fear under only two conditions: when a dishpan is struck near him or when his blankets are suddenly withdrawn. The baby could be placed in dark rooms, his hand placed in jars filled with slimy frogs or fish, or a snake could even be released and the child never whimpered. This leads Watson to the conclusion that fear is built in. In other words the individual becomes conditioned or habituated to fear something or to be immune from fear of it. Such a principle speaks volumes on the training of children.

Extreme behaviorists go so far as to say that: "We think with our muscles"; "we have no mind as mind was formerly thought of"; "thinking is movement of the throat and chest"; God is the "behavior of the Universe." Here they have gone too far, probably to the length of ridiculousness. But behaviorism undoubtedly is on the right track in many directions. It aims to capitalize on the human material presented. Certainly there is something in heredity, else negroes would be born of white people. But heredity should not be made to loom up as a stumbling block of fear to humankind.

No sketch of the history of psychology would be complete without some reference to the popular movement in applied psychology which has swept the country during the past decade. Several hundred popular lecturers have addressed vast audiences in cities and towns all over America. Un-

fortunately the majority of these persons have no academic training, have mixed in a great deal of metaphysics, occultism and other departments of thought far removed from valid and scientific psychology. Each one of these lecturers poses as "The World's Greatest Psychologist." It is doubtful whether one out of fifty of them could pass a test in the most elementary psychology in any reputable university.

And yet here was a problem in psychology. Here was a large group of lecturers who at least thought they were teaching psychology. And here, also, a vast group of eager men and women groping for light, who thought they had studied psychology. Into this clash and confusion came Dr. Henry Knight Miller, with his *PSYCHOLOGY Magazine*. He has performed the difficult task of interpreting the principles of scientific psychology in terms adapted to the understanding of the general public, setting forth a sane, sound message, inspirational in spirit, acceptable in the main to the orthodox psychologist, a unifying standard to the popular psychologist and a dynamic message of new hope to mankind.

Much could be said of social psychology, the psychology of the crowd—of man as a creature of herd suggestion. One could write at length on psychical research, which has delved into the occult, but which is unsettled as science. The treatment of abnormals, in view of principles mentioned here, forms a subject by itself. The hopeful trend in psychiatry, the study of mental disease, lies in its recognition of the oneness of mind and body, of the whole personality. Insanity was once only a legal and moral problem. Its treatment was fatalistic but is now becoming rational.

The high mission of psychology should be to build better lives by a double process: by improving people and at the same time improving the environment for future generations. The Adler ideas of self-respect and inferiority take us back to the age-old religious ideas of faith and doubt. We want to believe in ourselves and in the life around us. Woe unto us if we cannot. Psychology's proper goal, by means of any and all clues, is more understanding and sympathy.

When W. C. Coleman Smiles

(Continued from page 29)

Wichita capitalists told me the Coleman concern was their worst competition for man power.

"Coleman has got some sort of a system down there," a manufacturer said, "that gets the pick of the young executive talent in this town. I don't know what mesmerism he uses, but once Coleman gets a youngster, sends

him thru the plant and then places him in the work for which he is best fitted, you can't pry him away with salary inducements."

This satisfied working personnel also reduces the Coleman man power turnover to the minimum. Altho plant expansion calls for the continual training of new workers, he does not have the

necessity for continually training new department chiefs and foremen. His plant executives have been with him for more than fifteen years.

Altho Coleman runs an open shop in a well unionized city, there are no labor problems. Labor delegates have conferred with him in the hope of unionizing the plant.

"We know exactly where we stand on working conditions and wages," Coleman said. "That is our mutual problem. We have work for organized workers if they are good workmen. A man's membership in the union does not bar him from our plant. Anyone can work for us who is efficient. And by efficiency I mean more than production. I mean he must fit into our family group as well."

Coleman has grown wealthy in developing this big business from a small concern. But the wealth has brought no swank observable to a visitor. Salary increases are numerous. Executives are promoted as rapidly as they can handle the work. Deserving employees are put in line for special training. There is no holy of holies in the Coleman plant. Important experiments and production programs are the property of those who should know about them.

When we go farther back into the scenes, we find that ideas have played a conspicuous part in this man's life. When he was graduated from normal school in Labette County, Kan., he asked for the worst school in the county. He wanted the severest training for teaching he could find.

In the fall of that year, the inexperienced teacher found himself the object of considerable sympathy because he had drawn the "toughest" school in the county. The school's reputation for making quick work of teachers was due to the ability of three overgrown girls to lick any teacher who dared to question their right to misbehave.

"That was a poser," Coleman chuckled. "I wasn't a heavyweight. Those girls were older than the teacher and they looked as if they could do what they set out to do. It was my first school and I had to make good."

"I was so attentive to those three girls that term that I kept them guessing as to the one I liked the best. That kept them in good humor and I had no trouble."

From then on, Coleman never went in another direction when a problem faced him. If there was none handy, he could conjure up one. For instance, the World's Fair in Chicago. He was attending the College of Emporia and along with other young men faced the problem of trying to make a slim pocketbook carry him to the exposition. There was possible carfare but no wherewithal for lodging and food after he reached Chicago.

Coleman suggested they pool their funds, buy a tent and co-operatively attend the exposition. That was fine, and Coleman fell heir to the job. It was not easy to raise five dollars a head. And a tent for sleeping—the price of a tent equalled their fund. Coleman decided the best plan was to make one. He studied tent-making.

He visited the medicine show tents. He walked fifteen miles to a circus to look over the tent. He saw how it was done, returned to Emporia and with the help of the young fellows in the pool, made a makeshift tent that at least hung together and provided sleeping quarters for his bunch in Chicago.

As master of ceremonies at Chicago, Coleman got jobs for his friends, managed the commissary, looked after the finances and finally returned them to Emporia without casualty with the exception of the tent, which was blown away.

"But of all my experiences, the toughest proposition I ever got up against was the one that got me into the lamp business," he said. "I first had come across a type of gasoline burning lamp in Alabama. I was selling typewriters from house to house and doing pretty well. I thought I was a good salesman because I was selling typewriters to folks who couldn't read or write. But that lamp took my eye as it blazed in front of a drug store. I borrowed a ladder and went over that lamp, seam by seam, until I was certain I knew the principle on which it was operated. I thought then that here was a lamp that ought to sell because it supplied splendid illumination apparently at slight cost."

"A few days later I met the salesman who had this lamp. He was trying to sell stock in the company which made the lamp instead of the lamp. The lamp was his advertising medium. He was down in the mouth. Rottenest business he ever saw. He couldn't understand why I could sell so many typewriters in that neighborhood. I told him I thought he was trying to sell the wrong article."

The upshot of Coleman's conversation with this stock salesman was that he quit the typewriter canvas, contracted for the Middle Western agency for the lamp, contracted for sixteen and landed in Kingfisher, Okla., a few weeks later, convinced he had the world by the tail.

"I surely was enthusiastic when I landed there," he laughed. "I always had been able to sell and with this excellent piece of merchandise I figured that in a month or two I would make enough profit to complete my law course at the University of Kansas. I since have believed that I imagined myself then one of these supersalesmen you read about so much. The next morning I was up early with my sample lamp, primed with my best sales talk and convinced that now I was started."

"That night a sadly disillusioned young man looked at the wall paper in his room. I hadn't made a sale. I hadn't even found a nibble. The sad fact had been discovered that a salesman for a lamp that wasn't as good as mine had sold the merchants about

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one hundred per cent. The lamps didn't work, so when I breezed into their stores with a convincing story of what my lamp would do in the way of revolutionizing the illumination problem, they looked at me sadly and some even did not listen patiently.

"There I was with sixteen lamps, a good salesman. I knew I had a good lamp. I knew the town needed that lamp. Just then the idea popped into my head that I, too, was off on the wrong foot. What I had to sell really was illumination, not a lamp. I sat up most of the night figuring a scale of rentals for my lamps. The next day I placed every lamp on a monthly basis. I was to supply the lamp, the fuel and service it."

That quick thinking when his back was to the wall marked a turn in the road for Coleman. Kingfisher merchants liked the illumination so well and the service that Coleman cheerfully gave that he doubled his order. Other cities heard of it and he installed lamps as rapidly as he could get them. In Kingfisher he rented a small building where he slept, tinkered with the lamps and kept two or three in readiness if a merchant should report trouble. When a faulty lamp was reported Coleman would hop on his bicycle and whiz down the street with his lighted lamp. The customers liked this bang-up service.

If the lights had not been faulty Coleman probably would never have gone into the manufacturing end. His repair bills began to mount. Soon the repairs were eating up the profits and he had to do something about it. He was able to acquire the material on hand of the company which made the lamps at almost his own figure because it was planning to go out of business.

With no mechanical experience except what he had since he sold illumination, Coleman moved his repair outfit to Wichita. An uncle lent him \$2500. With two helpers, they started the

Coleman Lamp Company. As they repaired lamps, they experimented with this and that invention. The persistent "know why" in Coleman's system, which he attributes to an ancestry of tool makers and millwrights, brought mechanical innovations to light. The first thing they knew a new type, mantle-burning gasoline light was patented.

"At first we thought in terms of places of business for our lamps," Coleman said, "but we gradually looked for a larger field. We thought of the housewife. Why not a pressure light system for the residence. That led to the development of the central tank and the wiring of the house. This increased production. We saw the field and built accordingly."

The young manufacturer won the confidence of capitalists in Wichita. His enthusiasm for the future of the company was so logically predicted on sensible finance that money for expansion was forthcoming. The enthusiasm of his co-workers also was communicable. Coleman was on the alert to demonstrate his lamp. No road was too muddy or storm too severe to prevent a Coleman lamp from illuminating a school-house party or a Sunday School lawn sociable. Whenever light was needed, almost by magic the Coleman lamp turned up.

In all of the exacting details of this uphill battle to get his start, Coleman adhered to his early adopted business rule: make your business Christian. Coleman taught a Sunday School class, served on the Young Men's Christian Association board, assisted in community enterprises and in whatever he did displayed the follow-thru of thoroughness that has become synonymous with his product. As his business became larger and he was forced to add to his staff he hand-picked many of the men who have grown gray in his service.

"I believe the world needs more Christian principles in business" he

told me toward the close of his term as president of the Northern Baptist convention. To answer this call of Christian service, Coleman gave three weeks of every month for a year, traveled thousands of miles and made three and four addresses a day.

"I believe therein lies a solution for much of the discontent we read about," he continued. "I believe this Christian attitude on the part of business will make better employers and then naturally will come employees at once more contented and more ambitious. Expressed in another way, Christianized business is nothing more than being as fair and square with those who work for you as with your customers. The greatest asset the Coleman Lamp Company has is an intangible. We have a wonderfully well mechanized plant and the last word in efficient production but without the *esprit de corps*, the morale or whatever you wish to term that loyalty and devotion of our workers, we would not do much.

"I have faith in them and they have faith in me. There is an honesty of purpose. In this atmosphere we develop the ability to do great things."

And in the case of the Coleman Lamp Company "faith" has paid a rich dividend to Wichitans who matched Coleman's enthusiasm with their checks for \$200 and \$1,000 and \$3,000. One loan of \$1,000 has grown to \$100,000 and that Labette County uncle who contributed \$2,500 to his enthusiastic young nephew has the income from \$250,000 to keep him going in California.

Just then the phone rang.

"Sorry, but I'll have to leave," Coleman said. "I've got to be back here in time tonight to referee the basketball game between the Platers and the Punch presses. Why, man, I wouldn't miss that game for grand opera!"

No wonder the Coleman Lamp and Stove Company is unique. The boss cheers the workers and the workers cheer the boss.

Ego's Cry for Beauty

(Continued from page 36)

appeals to one as something desirable to contemplate or attain, and while often translated thru exterior organs is not entirely dependent upon them. Thus music may not be heard at all by the physical ear of the composer while still losing none of its perfect balance and rhythm. The finest works of Beethoven, greatest of all musicians, and sometimes named among the six most illustrious men who have thus far lived, were created after he was entirely deaf. He never actually heard one tone of their perfection with his auricular sense, but with the "mind's ear" he knew and enjoyed each minute shade of variation. Thus can physical

impressions be transferred or sublimated. It is true at some previous time he must have been familiar with sense sounds to enjoy them later in pure theoretical form, but the knowledge thus gained was, at need, inculcated into subjective moods and made the possessor of "inner hearing" rich in personal enjoyment and the power of giving others unbounded delight. Wordsworth has expressed wonderfully in his *Daffodils* the possibility of retaining the joy of sense impressions long after the immediate stimuli have ceased. Speaking of the pleasure he had in observing a field of these flowers, he says:

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
The waves beside them danced, but they

Outdid the sparkling waves in glee.
A poet could not but be gay

In such a jocund company.
I gazed and gazed and little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye
That is the bliss of solitude.
And then my heart with rapture thrills
And dances with the daffodils.

Bulwer Lytton causes one of his characters to be deeply stirred by the

memory-odor of a flower wafted to him after a lapse of twenty years. Subconsciously these beauties never die. They are always waiting, to be used by recollection, anywhere, at any time in any place. If beauty has once been your companion, thereafter she allows you the power of recall.

Thru the marvel of reproductive imagination one's consciousness may relive the minutest detail of any condition or experience enacted in the past; and thru the still more wonderful powers of creative imagination it can so project itself into the future that untold beauties cluster round its concepts, and if rightly used give impetus for constructive endeavor. This is the way great things are accomplished—overwhelming in their magnitude. It is also the way infinitesimally small things are made perfect in design. Imagination is the greatest single factor for creating unblemished beauty. We never have that which we cannot imagine ourselves to possess!

Thru age, illness or accident our faculties are liable to impairment, but as long as normal consciousness is maintained, the subjective powers are undisturbed. Beauty never can depart from the mind that desires to hold her captive or in which she may find a pleasant home. She willingly stays to enrich the lives of any and all who welcome her. This is what Longfellow meant when he said:

Childhood is a bough where slumbers
Birds and blossoms many numbered,
Age that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather then each flower that grows
While the young heart overflows
To embalm that tent of snows.

When opportunity affords accept all of beauty's treasures, whether you see an immediate use for them or not. She is a lavish giver—lock them in the stronghold of Memory. No sorrow or vicissitude can filch them thence. They will be yours continually to contemplate, revert to and enjoy. The marooned Arctic explorer, adrift on an ice floe, whose ego in despair is calling for the beauty of human companionship, even tho he may be lost and impervious to her attempted ministrations has beauty in multiple surrounding him. Beauty of Nature, beauty of Friendship, beauty of Prayer for his deliverance, and the great beauty of Courage displayed in his attempted rescue. Some one or more of her myriad forms must comfort him, and if he has the crowning beauty of Faith he is never alone tho physically isolated.

Beauty's mantle envelopes the world and is felt in every place.

How obvious it becomes that when someone does a peculiar or even reprehensible act it is well to go back of the mere surface manifestation and search for the hidden motive. This will often be found in the Ego's Cry for

Beauty, an absorbing desire to possess the rare and elusive quality that touches us as delicately as a thistle-down or trumpets thru the incomparable glory of a storm, or beckons with golden shades of sunset over prairies vast. Wealth, fine raiment, perfect service are but the cosmic forces caught in material form and woven into the deep-hued tapestry of life.

A blind man who had longed for many years to travel thru a certain mountainous district that had tender mental associations for him, was at last given the opportunity to accompany a considerate companion who described as they journeyed the scenic beauties that met his view. Hundreds of details were given form and color for the sightless one—who afterward remarked to an interviewer, "I love the beauties of your mountains, and am glad to have seen them in their untouched native glory." This remark so impressed the correspondent that she wrote for her paper a long article about a blind man coming South "to see" the mountains. It was widely read by the kindly mountain folk who everywhere thruout the entire district waited eagerly to greet the two travelers with courtesy and consideration wherever they appeared. This made of the journey rather a triumphal procession from one delightful experience to another and the blind man's storehouse of memory was filled with numerous beauties, unsuspected before—which he will be able to enjoy all his life. In this case the physical sense of sight had once been known to this young man, otherwise form (unless contacted thru touch), and color would have had little or no meaning to him, but, as mentioned elsewhere, beauty once known is never lost, even tho the ordinary faculty of response is destroyed. It is merely translated to subjective instead of objective form.

The crushed, broken petals that baby holds up to mother in his moist and pudgy hand are redolent with beauty in his eyes, and to his vision this votive offering is without flaw or blemish. While externally the happy mother knows their limitation and sees them marred and broken, subjectively they are glorified and perfect because they are the symbols of her baby's love.

The painter, exquisite artist who embodies in his works all that is loveliest in form and color, is as varied in his concepts of what constitutes real beauty as any other creator of material ideals. Recently in a charming exhibit a marvelously gifted painter of trees displayed a splendid variety of these majestic creations in almost unlimited diversity. There were tropical trees with brilliant blossoms, northern pines with dusky cones, feathery birches, drooping willows and sturdy storm-swept, massive oaks—a perfect pro-



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fusion of beauty in this one branch alone—each blossom, twig and stem lined with utmost fidelity and the surrounding scene so cleverly sketched that the trees appeared actually growing in their native environment. Yet an Oriental might find greater satisfaction in a single flower delicately placed upon a background of soft tone, while a modernist would derive incomparable delight in the chaotic piled-up mass of line and color which, correctly understood, is rich in beautiful meaning to the initiated in ultra-modern art. Thus endlessly we note even among authoritative interpreters of nature's moods that beauty depends upon the minds and ideals of the beholders.

In like manner poetry may be sensed in a single flash of inspiration, such as Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, the record of a dream, or in modern phraseology, a cross section of subconscious thrown onto the mental screen. How shall we adequately speak of the beauty of words—those brilliant vehicles of thought that reveal the innermost secrets of the mind ready at any moment to spring into dynamic power? They are to be had for the taking, strewn about like shells upon the seashore waiting to be gathered. The mass pass them by unobserved; the connoisseur collects with discrimination and care. He is rich, they are poor, the difference being only in the state of the mind.

These are simple illustrations chosen from artistic experiences, but corresponding snatches of beauty manifesting in divers ways may dart across the consciousness of the most prosaic and businesslike mind in the mundane, everyday affairs of life. While all the arts are a means of translating and keeping beauty alive in the hearts of the people, they are not the only means, and each individual can create for himself the most esthetic subjective beauties merely by thought. Every normal

human being is master of his own mental realm if he chooses to be, and what he creates and contemplates in that kingdom is a matter of his own dictation. No one, therefore, need ever live without the companionship of beauty, and it is a curious truth that if she is entertained long enough in a subjective aspect she will eventually emerge in material form in the immediate environment of the one who cherishes her.

Subjective beauties are expressed in deeds of kindness, sympathy, love, philanthropic, uplifting movements, friendships cherished thru years, sublimated endeavors for assisting mankind, alleviation of others' miseries, dispensing of material comforts and creating inspirational ideals. Unselfish parents denying themselves for the welfare of their children; the teacher giving of her best to guide the groping mind; the doctor and nurse ministering to the suffering; the explorer discovering unknown regions of earth; life's soldier fighting for his worthy ideals; the scholar revealing the mysteries of the mind; the spiritual leader clarifying the great truths for the understanding of the multitudes—all represent various phases of subjective beauty brought into material manifestation thru action. That we may not agree with certain ideals need not impair their beauty, for beauty is not necessarily a matter of similarity, it may be the outcome of diversity.

We would tire if nature's expressions were universally the same. We long for variety, it is in her manifold aspects that she shows her richest beauties.

It should be thus in human understanding. Only those whose eyes are closed to real beauties believe that they possess them in entirety. Every one may have *part*, no one *all* of her riches. She distributes to high and low, rich and poor, good or bad, with impartial

hands. There are hundreds of millions of variations, for each one postulates his own beauties and each differs in quality, degree and form from his neighbors. This complexity of expression is one of the marvels of the universe and is as apparent in manifesting beauty as in any other form of self-revelation.

The Taj Mahal, reputed to be the most exquisite building in the world, is a fitting symbol of beauty in her twofold aspect. Perfect in line, color and design, placed in a setting of entrancing loveliness, it but commemorates the undying love of Shah Jehan for his favorite wife. All over the world in magnificent edifices, wherever cathedrals rear their graceful spires or mosques look down on kneeling multitudes, or in the lonely heart that adores—the spirit of beauty hovers, for the attitude of worship in whatever land or clime is the ego reaching out to ideals higher than self, that its ethereal vision may be purified. This is the ego's greatest and most vital cry.

None should, therefore live without Beauty—beauty in abundance—and no one can escape her glowing form. It is everywhere present, at all times divulged in a multitude of ways. The only possible means of avoiding her caress is thru repulsion—choosing to deliberately ignore her advances. Even then she stands faithfully, waiting for ultimate recognition.

"Life should be lived artistically"—lived with beauty as a daily, hourly companion. Scintillating points of light should be encountered, luminous, radiant, without deep shadows. Objectively this is not always possible of realization, but subjectively it is, even in the humblest and most sordid surroundings, for beauty is not a matter of form or feature, it is a child of understanding—a reflection of the light.

The Gate-Crashers

(Continued from page 27)

she looked at Barney himself she didn't show them. In fact, being a practical sort of kid, she didn't look at Barney.

"Gee, Barney, ain't it grand to have a swell bus like this and be the big noise and have the whole works know you? Gee, just think, everybody ain't famous like you."

Philosophy was always gurgling from Jeannette, just like that. You can see why Barney admired her mind. She was so different from the regular run of Janes, who had nothing under their hats.

Barney was no slouch on his own account at high-brow palaver. "You

said somethin', bright eyes," he flipped back at her, without even a moment's hesitation. And then he jammed on the four wheel brakes so suddenly that Jeannette was almost plopped thru the windshield. A series of shrill blasts from a cop's whistle had brought him down to earth from the heaven to which he always soared when Jeannette began her favorite line.

Big Dan Flinn, pride of the traffic squad, winner of the tabloid's popularity contest, strode over to the side of the Smathers olive green, burnt orange and red sport roadster, now protruding ten feet over the stop line in the hub of the universe. On the

running-board of Barney's roadster he planked one commodious foot, on the door of Barney's roadster he planted one ample elbow, on the flaccid features of Barney's map he leveled one disturbing gaze.

It was a solid posture Dan assumed, an enduring sort of thing suggestive of permanent boarders, stationary engineers and fixed posts. A post-impressionist would have interpreted it as, "Massachusetts, there she stands." Knowing nothing about post-impressionism, but believing in signs and postures, Barney interpreted it simply as bad news. He felt like the mouse the cat was playing with.

Leave it to the nimble wit of woman to find the way out. Jeannette had something up her sleeve which would knock this dumbbell of a cop for a row of surprise packages. "Shake your head, Barney, your brain's all dusty. Just tell him who you are and he'll let you go."

Her big mucky-muck blinked at that one. "You're all wet, cutie," said he, in his gallant fashion. "He knows damned well who I am, which is just why he won't let me go."

"Slip him a ticket for your next show," countered the resourceful Jeannette.

"If I'm not mistaken it's him who's goin' to slip me the ticket," said Barney.

Crowds, to Barney Smathers, were ordinarily a good sight for slit eyes. It was crowds which made the wheels go round in that ennobling art of sock to which he had dedicated his life. It was crowds which had made him fat and opulent. So as the general thing he liked crowds—but it can't be said his heart warmed to this crowd which stood in the hub of the universe, gaping at him and Jeannette and Big Dan Flinn. Something whispered to him that he was on the receiving end of a free show.

"I guess you must be a stranger in this town, bub," said Big Dan, after he had fried the fat promoter into a succulent pork chop under that scorching gaze. "I guess you thought this was Main Street and I was a cigar store Indian the village cut-up put out there to make folks laugh. If you ain't as dumb as you look you get what I mean, don't you, bozo? See this badge—that means I'm a policeman. The town constable, follow me? Do you know what I can do with this badge, Hiram? By hicky, Hi, I kin run you right into the cooler with this badge, and I don't need no search warrant from Squire Perkins, nuther. Reckon you never knowed how all-fired pert a policeman's badge was afore, now did you, Silas? Well, take a good look, and next time you see a policeman's badge, stop, look and listen. Get me?"

Oh, yes, Barney got him—only too well he got him. It was quite apparent that Traffic Policeman Flinn, in retaliation for the thumping Barney had given him a week before, was now giving Barney a neat and artistic kick in the pants. With each impact Barney shivered and Jeannette squeaked. This public razzing of her rotund escort was most painful to the loyal little Jeannette. She felt terribly sorry for herself.

Dan rolled on. "Tryin' to crash the gate, hey, wasn't you—answer me that? Shut up and let me talk; who asked you to say anything, Mr. Gatecrasher? Do you know what we do with gate-crashers in this town? Pull your vest

down, your shirt's sticking out. We give 'em the bum's rush—that's what we do with gatecrashers. Fix your necktie. When you want to bust in on a show in this town you gotta have ducats. Ducats, understand? You gotta have ducats to get by in this town. Put your hat on straight. Who's tin lizzie is this, any way? Is this little girl your granddaughter or are you just her chauffeur? How old are you and what's your father's first name? Wipe your chin off. If I run you in you'll have to show your income tax receipt. There's a general alarm out for a guy who looks like you; he was a draft dodger in the civil war. Not so loud, not so loud; give me a chance to say somethin'."

Dan detached himself as an accessory of the olive green, burnt orange and red roadster. "You thought I was goin' to give you a ticket, didn't you? Did you ever give anybody a ticket? I bet you never gave anybody a ticket. Well, just for that, I ain't going to give you any ticket. Now, Reuben, beat it and tell the folks back home what a good time you had in the big city. Come on, speed up, or I'll turn the bloodhounds loose."

Barney, requiring no second invitation, stepped on it and quickly put lovely space between him and Big Dan Flinn. He wondered how things registered with Jeannette, the girl with the cultivated ear for big noises.

"Guess I put it over on that fat-head copper all right," he declared. "You noticed he didn't dast pinch me, didn't you?"

"Yeh," replied Jeannette, a little drearily, "I noticed you had that cop so scart he didn't dast do a thing—Hiram."

IV

BIG Dan Flinn was a man of generous dimensions. Everything about him was sizable. He had a bulky body, large hands, big feet and a long memory. We are concerned here chiefly with his memory. He was a man who never forgot, friend or foe. At the top of his enemy list stood the name of Barney Smathers. He could never forget the time the fight promoter had called him a gatecrasher and kicked a dent in his badge of office.

It was Barney's misfortune that force of circumstances required him frequently to cross Flinn's path. But the hub of the universe was—well, the hub of the universe, and if you lived in the big town you couldn't avoid passing thru it. And the czar of the hub was Big Dan, pride of the traffic squad, winner of the tabloid's popularity contest and special jinx of Barney Smathers, the ex-rat who turned hog—smug, fat, selfish and soulless. At a toot from Dan's whistle the world

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paused, at the sight of his uplifted hand it stopped.

After that lamentable occasion when he vented his hatred for police in general upon Dan Flinn in particular Barney Smathers never drove his multi-colored roadster thru the hub without tasting of the prodigious memory of the man he had publicly vilified. Dan's keen eyes seemed constantly to be scanning the kaleidoscope of vehicles for one particular motor car—Smathers'. Spotting it as it approached from north or south, east or west, he would wait until it had reached the crossing before putting his hand up against the current of traffic in which it was proceeding. Barney's car was always at the head of the line which had been severed. And Barney, the blustery, the self-sufficient, was always the poor boob who just missed getting over the dead line.

The years rolled on, and Barney rolled on in new multi-colored cars, but he never rolled past Policeman Dan Flinn in that unobstructed way in

which motorists like to roll. Always he was going to have Dan broke—he told innumerable cuties that—but he didn't. Then one night he got an Annie Oakley to the biggest show of ail—the show to which ducats are rarely sought. So it was too late to have Dan broke.

V

THE sporting fraternity, forgetting the evil side of Barney Smathers, gave his spirit a great send-off. Six large touring cars, preceding the hearse, carried the floral offerings, and some forty closed cars were in the procession which threaded its way between the lanes of curious citizens who lined the sidewalks. Too bad Barney couldn't have lived to see what a big man he turned out to be when he was dead! In the spirit he was a bigger noise than he had been in the flesh.

In the hub of the universe a shrill blast from a police whistle split the air when the cortege reached that vortex

of traffic. The six floral cars had passed on, but Big Dan Flinn stood with upstretched hand before the sombre hearse in which Barney Smathers now rode. He had cleaved the line with the accuracy acquired in long years of practice. And there, like Massachusetts, he stood, solid, resolute, impassable.

A brother officer moved quickly over to Dan's side. "Dan, Dan, have a heart," he said. "Let him thru, just this once."

"He was against deadheads, and so am I," Dan mumbled.

"Sure, Dan, you're right; but let him crash the gate this time. It's his last trip; he won't bother you any more."

Policeman Flinn meditated solemnly for a moment. "All right," he agreed, "I'm willin' to call it quits, but take it from me, kid, he's goin' to have one grand time crashin' St. Peter's gates." He blew his whistle for traffic to resume.

Every man is the big noise in his own domain.

Gland Rejuvenation Thru Tropical Fruits

By Edwin F. Bowers

IT is now generally conceded that hardly a disease, or a disturbance of any of the physiological functioning powers—except possibly acute infections from germ invasions—but have their endocrine factors or complications.

Most important of all, it is now proved that the advance of age and the appearance of the symptoms of debility, lack of endurance, decreased functioning power in all the organs concerned in nutrition and elimination, failure to coordinate mentally, and the progressive enfeeblement characteristic of senility are due, in large measure, to the failure on the part of the endocrine glands to provide the body with their secretions and hormones (or chemical messengers) in amount sufficient to maintain the body in normal functioning power.

This failure on the part of the aging gland to function as it normally should is generally conceded to be brought about by the diminished nutrition of the gland, as well as by the effect of toxins, originating in cell decay.

Many scientists have contended that, some time and somewhere, there would be found a *natural* means of feeding starving glands, and of ridding the glands themselves and the blood stream generally of those poisons that were insidiously dragging the organism down to dusty death. They predicted that, when this substance was found, it would undoubtedly turn out to be some harmless food material—possibly used for centuries by some primitive peoples.

How accurately they guessed (or maybe they divined) the truth is proved by the fact that now, for the first time, there comes from those lands of scientific achievement—Germany and Austria—news that must cause a jump of joy in the heart of every ailing or aging person in the world.

This news comes in the form of carefully-written, scientifically-considered reports from many of the most eminent *savants* of the Germanic Republics. They deal with studies concerning combinations of certain Indian fruits which grow in elevated areas in the Malayan Archipelago, Java, Borneo, Sumatra, Malacca and adjacent countries.

The Germans have given to this combination of fruits the name Lukutate, from the Bengalese, meaning "Come Back" or "Come Again." That this name is highly appropriate is attested by thousands of aged and ailing men and women who have *come back again* to physical health and mental vigor, as a result of taking these marvelously effective fruits.

It was established that birds and wild animals of all kinds, including the carnivora, repair to the districts in which these fruits grow, and at the time of their ripening feed avidly upon them. It was noted that sick animals became well after partaking of these fruits and that animals in apparently good health developed almost a frenzy of physical exuberance as a result of their indulgence in these products.

The plumage of birds and the pelts of animals turned bright and glossy and became more lustrous and heavy, following this regenerating feast.

Dr. C. Mohnicke of the Dutch Colonial Army, familiar with conditions in the Indian Archipelago by virtue of his many years' residence there, writes:

"All native tribes of this great island territory, some of them living entirely upon these fruits when they are ripe, claim that they thus become healthy and strong and that their bodies are rejuvenated. I myself met fine looking specimens of natives over one hundred years of age in a little village near Blitar, East Java. This fact is especially remarkable, considering the damaging effect of the intense tropical climate. I am convinced that the miraculous effects of these fruits upon the life functions of humans and animals are due to their high content of vitamins."

The vitamin content in tropical Indian fruit is naturally very much higher than that of our domestic fruits, by reason of stored-up sun energies and influences, caused by the effects of the ultra-violet rays of the sun. The rich tropical flora, created thru the intensely strong tropical sun, its light and heat, supplies certain peculiar life activities not found in our more moderate climate.

New vitamin research has resulted in the discovery of five different vitamins, known as: A, B, C, D, and E. The Berkeley Institute of California discovered recently a new vitamin called vitamin F, "The Rejuvenating Vitamin." University Professor Dr.

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Lange and Prof. Dr. Gewecke claim the presence of a new vitamin in Lukutate, which they designate as Vitamin V, or the "Vitamin for Rejuvenation." It would appear that these two discoveries involve the same vitamin.

It is contended by the German and Austrian scientists that this newly-discovered vitamin in this product has a direct stimulating effect on the glands of internal secretion, altho there is also evidence of its stimulating powers upon the metabolism itself. There can be no question but that its substance enters all cells in the interstitial tissues of the glands in which secretions or hormones are formed, causing these glands to form more of their life and health-giving secretions, while at the same time the glands are stimulated to rid themselves of the accumulating poisons of degeneration.

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Our Difficulties

(Continued from page 66)

series of questions like the following would help any clear thinker to size up and straighten out the worst difficulty ever.

Why did this come?

How was I to blame for letting it come?

What lessons am I to learn from its presence?

Wherein may it prove a great help to advancement?

Do wrong habits of thinking, working or living stand in the way of achievement?

Can I adopt and preserve a mental attitude that will improve my control of circumstances in the case?

Whose co-operation do I need, and how shall it be gained, guaranteed, made most productive?

To what sources of knowledge should I look for means of solution of the problem or mastery over the obstacle?

Would any book on the practice of psychology or efficiency open the way to success and happiness?

How can I, viewing my greatest need, learn to make religion a mighty power in everyday life?

Any difficulty, confronted by sure answers to all these questions, would just naturally shrink up and vanish, outwitted and defeated by the rare generalship of a mind in command of itself. No difficulty can survive the active presence of a real thinker.

Great men habitually follow some such method of inquiry and recovery as that outlined above.

A misfortune is but a marker to a fortune we have missed; following the marker, we arrive at the fortune. A straight and sure path to success.

Why, then, do most people dodge difficulties, and refuse to take advantage of them? Because most people are willing to be fools and cowards. Only the rare individual, combining reason, courage and strength, hails difficulties as prime challenges to the most and best in him. He experiences a thrill of adventure in tackling the obstacles.

It is a great feat, in this matter, to be serious without being solemn. When the world looks dark and everything seems lost, a fine soliloquy would be something like this:

"Praise be, I'm in trouble! No matter how bad it looks, it can't hurt me. And the worse it appears, the better it is for me.

"Thank you, trouble. Stay around, please, till I get over needing your kindly presence. And if I should forget to smile at you, and start to groan or moan or sigh or cry, or otherwise



Can We Talk with Spirit Friends?

"Easily," Says This Great Mystic

NO other problem has been so fascinating for mankind as that age old mystery, "Can We Communicate with Our Departed Dear Ones?" And now one of the great masters of Psychic Powers declares that the ability to talk with spirit friends can be developed under the proper guidance. Not only that, but he gives definite rules and instructions for discovering and cultivating psychic powers.

This famous seer is Swami Bhakta Vishita, a Hindoo Master, noted as an authority on Psychic Manifestation. In simple, everyday language he reveals the long hidden mysteries of Clairaudience, apparitions, spirit guides, telepathy, Voodooism, Crystal Gazing, and Black Magic.

All the different methods through which spirits talk are carefully explained—Writing and Drawing Mediumship, Trances, Inspirational Speaking, Impersonations, Spirit Rappings, and Table-Tilting, Materializations, Trumpet Talking, and Slate Writing. Not only are these methods fully explained, but complete instructions are given for developing these various powers, and conducting the Spirit Circle. This great book is also filled with fascinating incidents and thrilling accounts of actual incidents of spirit return.

Swami Vishita also takes up, besides the methods of communication with the dead, the subject of the development of our personalities through harmony with the finer vibratory forces of Nature. From the infinite wisdom of the East, he tells us about the great mental currents and Psychic Vibratory Waves, which, when we understand them, can be used to bring us a fuller, richer, happier life.

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act like an idiot, just hurt me more till you've waked up my conscience and intelligence to the point of masterful action!"

A broad humor and a high purpose, acting together, can sweep the landscape clear of almost any difficulty, leaving us glad, and free to move ahead.

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Havelock Ellis

(Continued from page 53)

may consider as unlovely, or "bad."

"The mother who seeks to soothe her crying child preaches him no sermon. She holds up some bright object and fixes his attention. So it is the artist acts: he makes us see. He brings the world before us, not on the plane of covetousness and fears and commandments, but on the plane of representation; the world becomes a spectacle. Instead of imitating those philosophers who with analysis and synthesis worry over the goal of life, and the justification of the world, and the meanings of the strange and painful phenomenon called Existence, the artist takes up some fragment of that existence, transfigures it, shows it: There! And therewith the spectator is filled with enthusiastic joy, and the transcendent Adventure of Existence is justified. Every great artist, a Dante or a Shakespeare, a Dostoevsky or a Proust, thus furnishes the metaphysical justification of existence by the beauty of the vision he presents of the cruelty and the horror of existence. All the pain and madness, even the ugliness and the commonplace of the world, he converts into shining jewels."

To many people there is the suspicion about freedom that it is merely a guise for license. Take away barriers and rigid laws, these say, and a man will ruin himself and the world. But one who has been cut loose from tradition knows too well that this is not so. Ellis's conception of the dancer of life includes no rose-strewn path. He advocates no slackening of responsibility. Indeed he wishes simply to transform the easy-going code-bound Robot into a man with possession of all his faculties.

"It is a complete mistake to suppose that those for whom life is an art have entered on an easy path, with nothing but enjoyment and self-indulgence before them. The reverse is nearer the truth. It is probably the hedonist who had better choose rules if he only cares to make life pleasant. For the artist life is always a discipline, and no discipline can be without pain. That is so even of dancing, which of all the arts is most associated in the popular mind with pleasure. To learn to dance is the most austere of disciplines, and

She LIES and He KNOWS It



This young lady's letter reads sweetly enough — but her fiancé knows graphology! He has studied her handwriting and knows that she is deceiving him. The engagement will be broken off.

Handwriting is the mind on paper! To one who knows a few simple facts it reveals the truth as well as if a full, honest confession were made.

AM Yes
 My Darling—
 Every night I am
 longing for you, wishing
 you were here I
 have seen no one since
 you left - do not care
 for anyone but you—

HAND-
 WRITING
 CANNOT
 BE DIS-
 GUISED

TRY THIS TEST

Thing is coming
 I would most like
 A
 when I will be B
 but rest assured
 would be the last
 as the man I
 has done before C

The three specimens of handwriting shown above were clipped from the original letters of applicants for a position of trust. One is a crook and thief; another is insane; the third is an intelligent and capable person who was engaged and is regarded favorably. Which one would you engage, if they all applied by letter?

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"Character Analysis from Handwriting" teaches the science of applied graphology. The 300 examples, rules, tables and alphabetical index make it easy for anyone to learn this amazing new science. After 10 minutes' reading you can begin to know the truth about people from the way they cross their "t's."

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IS IT HARD FOR YOU TO FORGET YOURSELF?

Have certain fear thoughts become such an obsession in your life that you find it impossible to forget yourself, and in consequence you are unhappy and miserable? Are you constantly looking on the dark side of life and expecting something terrible to happen? This is due to your possessing a sensitive nature and not being in command of it. It is dominating YOU, instead of you dominating IT. It means you lack confidence and the proper understanding of yourself and your powers.



Today all such states of mind CAN BE ADJUSTED. Your viewpoint is faulty through "doubt" being present. This is a form of inferiority complex. You have become TOO conscious of self. It is not enough for one to tell you that your trouble is imaginative and to FORGET IT, for that is easier said than done. Yet, if you go about it in JUST the right way your limited, unhappy life can be changed. HABIT is at work in your case.

I have written a 100 page book, based on my experience of over twenty years service in helping people cast fear from their lives. It has been a most interesting experience and has made it possible for me to be of the greatest service to YOU. This book is called by many people, and is full of truths which will be of the greatest service to YOU in YOUR life. Don't fail to procure this book. To those who purchase it I offer an opinion by letter WITHOUT CHARGE. The cost of the book and this analysis is

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even for those who have attained to the summit of its art often remains a discipline not to be exercised without heroism. The dancer seems a thing of joy, but we are told that this famous dancer's slippers are filled with blood when the dance is over, and that one falls down pulseless and deathlike on leaving the stage, and the other must spend the day in darkness and silence. 'It is no small advantage,' said Nietzsche, 'to have a hundred Damoclean swords suspended above one's head; that is how one learns to dance, that is how one attains "freedom of movement."'

But it is worth any effort, he proves, to experience the greater and final joy of adequate expression.

Havelock Ellis is probably known chiefly by his sexual studies, and those are what he is most willing to talk about. In this slandered and obscure field he brought a serenity and healthiness which shall always stand as a monument to his name. After fifty years of consideration of this subject it is not strange that he has emerged with the broadest possible viewpoint. Going beyond the biologist, he takes the attitude of the psychologist and humanist and observes the play of polarity in every human activity. "The functions of sex on the psychic and erotic side," he maintains, "are of far greater extension than any act of procreation; they may even exclude it altogether, and when we are concerned with the welfare of the individual human being we must enlarge our outlook and deepen our insight."

Indeed, in what he calls "erotic personality" he places the future care of love and marriage. By the expression he signifies a personality in which has been cultivated affection and sex-love far beyond the point of mere sex acts to the place where it has been made a beautifying and motivating force behind all action. Love must become a play and an art before it can really satisfy the demands of the psyche. Changing the marriage laws will help but little, nor the loosening of any kind of external bars. The depths of the individual must be reeducated.

In the chapter, "Love as an Art," of *The Book of Marriage*, Keyserling combines two of Ellis's best essays; and in one of them Havelock Ellis enlarges on the "play-function of sex," and treats erotic personality at some length. Summarizing, he says this:

"The longer I live the more I realize the immense importance for the individual of the development thru the play-function of erotic personality, and for human society of the acquirement of the art of love. At times one feels hopeless at the thought that civilization in this supremely intimate field of life has yet achieved so little. For until it is generally possible to acquire

erotic personality and to master the art of loving, the development of the individual man or woman is marred, the acquirement of human happiness and harmony remains impossible.

"In entering this field we not only have to gain true knowledge but to cast off false knowledge, and, above all, to purify our hearts from superstitions which have no connection with any kind of existing knowledge. We have to cease to regard as admirable the man who regards the accomplishment of the procreative act, with the pleasurable relief it affords to himself, as the whole code of love. We have to treat with contempt the woman who abjectly accepts that act, and her own passivity therein, as the whole duty of love. We have to understand that the art of love has nothing to do with vice, and the acquirement of erotic personality nothing to do with sensuality. But we have also to realize that the art of love is far from being the attainment of a refined and luxurious self-indulgence, and the acquirement of erotic personality of little worth unless it fortifies and enlarges the whole personality in all its aspects. Now all this is difficult, and for some people even painful; to root up is a more serious matter than to sow; it cannot all be done in a day."

Regarding marriage, Ellis feels that the sexual bond is only one of many bonds, and that the initial vow of the church, especially the Protestant church, the promise of exclusive and permanent love, is not only an impossible one for any human to make, but stands in the way of a fuller conception of the union. "Such a promise in the union of any couple," he says, "even of the most devoted lovers, is a transparent fiction which can never be kept, and if it is taken seriously as the foundation of marriage it inevitably casts a drop of poison, if not a fatal dose, into the marital cup. It is certainly within the power of every sane and honest husband and wife to avoid having actual sex intercourse with other persons, and it is unnecessary to say that a vast number of husbands and wives have avoided it. But there is a large gradation of acts short of that final act, which permit the intimate expressions of love.

"There is no doubt about this: the promise of mutual exclusive and everlasting love is a promise that cannot be kept and should not be made. It cannot form a permanent basis of marriage, and good marriages subsist by being shifted to other foundations. Yet there has been a general conspiracy not merely to preserve this fiction but to put it at the front as the primary condition of marriage. 'Promise that you will never love any one but me.' Lovers are not taught to look upon the demand as wrong and silly. They are expected to make it; and expected to

accept it. If they fail to do so the general feeling has been that this is not likely to be a 'happy marriage.'"

Then he goes on to explain what he considers more essential than the ordinarily-conceived notion of "love"; believing that when this wider outlook is attained, jealousy, among other prevalent evils, will be diminished. "The preliminary vow of everlasting and exclusive mutual fidelity at the outset rendered difficult for all, and for many impossible, the exercise of a quality which is even more necessary than love itself: the quality of sincerity. The initial vow needs to be so enlarged that its essence can be summed up in erotic comradeship. That may well include an exclusive mutual erotic attraction, if, and in so far as, that proves possible. But it goes beyond such limited devotion; it means that the two lovers so love each other, and so trust each other, that it is natural and instinctive to tell each other of their feelings toward other persons. They are able to share in sympathy, if not actually, the new affections that come into their lives, and thereby to increase and to affirm their affection for each other. Under such conditions, jealousy, in

well-proportioned natures, even if it arises, can do no hurt, and even the ground for it to arise is unlikely to be found, for where the new affection is seen and acknowledged at the outset the lovers are able to control and guide it together, and keep it within the established bounds of their own love. Marriage, however convenient it may still remain, is without any high mission unless it brings those who contract it into many-sided contact with the greater world, and the contact cannot be real and intimate if it excludes at the outset the possibility of other relationships that are affectionate."

Ellis has personally achieved, I think, the goal which he has here presented. His whole life's work has been inspired by this real sense of love which has saturated his personality—a special intimate love for one or two, and a broader, all-embracing, love for the world. I remember much of what he said to me that day at Brixton, but I remember more distinctly the complete peace of the silences that occurred in the lapses of conversation. Havelock Ellis was always alert, clear-eyed, but possessed the serenity of one who was at home in the world.

Don't Stop Living

(Continued from page 64)

night church service, at the close of which some solicitous relative would see them safely home. At the present time the same kind of men and women fit from supper club to supper club, from ballroom to ballroom, from speak-easy to speak-easy—in many cases with a niece or nephew for an escort.

In the early morning you find grandpa on horseback in Central Park; during the day he is piling up dollars in Wall Street, and in the evening he takes granddaughter to a fashionable café for dinner and later to the theatre or opera. In the afternoon you find grandma playing bridge at her home, and at night she delivers a lecture before the members of her favorite club.

Whether Sir Arthur Keith likes the new order of things or not, it is certainly a fact that life nowadays is a very long-lived and youthful game.

A great many women of sixty and seventy years of age, no longer look upon life as being prosaic, commonplace and uninteresting.

They have ceased to turn to orthodox religion for consolation, or to inquire about details concerning an early departure for heaven.

There can be no question that a vast host of young men and young women of sixty or more have given old Father Time a pretty fair wallop, and at the same time cheated the doctor and undertaker out of a neat bankroll.

One thing seems to be certain, if we cannot live forever on this old earth, we can at least lengthen our span of life by many years.

The experiments of Dr. Alexis Carrel at the Rockefeller Institute have apparently demonstrated that death is most unscientific—there is no reason, so far as the constitution of matter is concerned, why it should take place.

Dr. Jean Frumusan calls age "only a prejudice." He declares that if we would simply make full use of the intelligence we have and the powers we possess we could easily double the length of life.

The main reason why so many of us wear out long before our time is because the idea of wear and tear is implanted in our subconscious mind from the cradle to the grave.

The sundry observations in the Bible on the vanity of life and the fleetingness of time; and especially the reference therein to the fast approaching days "when the keepers of the house shall tremble and when strong men shall bow themselves," is in no small measure responsible for our fears and dreads of the approaching end.

The danger lies in the subconscious mind accepting and executing these destructive thoughts and feelings as to disease and death.

Many women will feel the weight of approaching age as soon as they find



Seven Years Ago \$40 a Month

—now he heads his own business!

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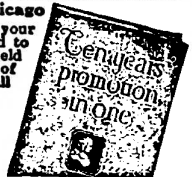
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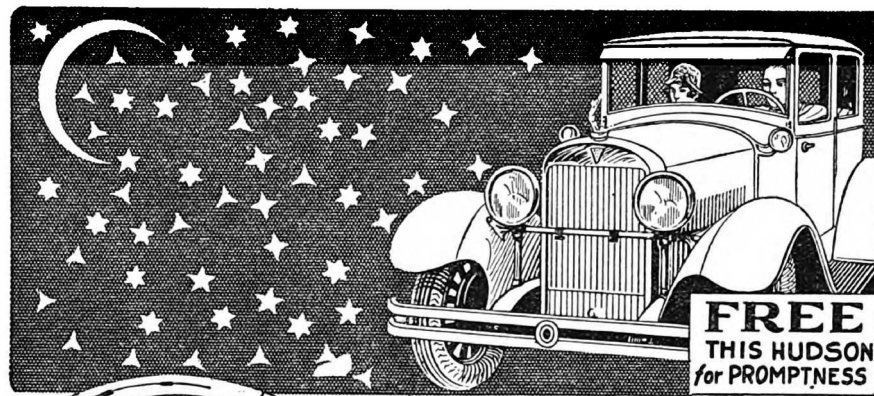
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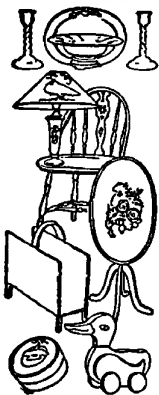
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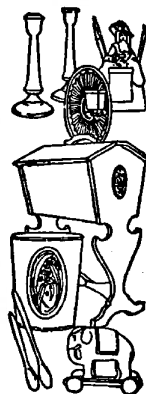
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the first gray hair in their heads. They may use all the hair dyes in the market to hide this awful calamity from other people, but they cannot keep the terrible shock from the subconscious, and behold! they age over night. Now, gray hairs have nothing to do with either youth or age. There are girls of twenty-five whose hair is silver white, and there are women of sixty whose hair is raven black. There are women who are old at thirty, and there are women who are young at eighty.

Most men and women when they begin to notice the crow's-feet around the eyes feel a little pain here and there, get out of breath easily, or pass thru a sleepless night; which may simply be the natural result of sedentary living, wrong food, overwork, lack of exercise, etc., immediately jump to the conclusion that they are sick, that they are growing old, and that their usefulness will soon be over. And if they persist in this thought, it may not be long before they will make the acquaintance of all the doctors and druggists in the neighborhood, and if it doesn't include the embalmer and undertaker it is not their fault.

There is created in these cases the dread of the inevitable, a haunting fear, a constant worry, a hopeless resignation, a fatal submission, and a final breaking-up.

The all-powerful subconscious mind having these destructive things impressed upon it, faithfully proceeds to carry them out. *It has no other choice!*

One of the most important things for all of us to remember is that we have a subconscious dynamo within us which is continually generating an enormous amount of cosmic energy, which has either a rejuvenating or degenerating effect upon our mind and body, according to the way in which it is applied.

As the instrument which controls this subconscious dynamo is none other than our own conscious mind or thought, we are responsible for the manner in which we utilize it for good or ill.

Still another important thing for every man and woman to remember is that this subconscious dynamo, as long as there is no negative mental interference, is continually renewing, or striving to renew, the entire body, so that every fibre, cell, nerve, tissue, organ, function and substance thereof is in a constant process of renewal.

In view of these incontrovertible facts, we cannot but conclude that health, strength and long life are at the disposal of every man and woman who lives and moves in constructive and creative harmony with the Universal Life and Power resident within his or her own being.

Anything, therefore, that is in opposition to a healthy, vigorous and

green old age, must simply be the result of wrong mental states, whose invariable tendency it is to poison the cup of our existence, to impair our health, happiness and success, to hasten premature old age.

While the man or woman of sixty, or more, cannot go back to "sweet sixteen," the cosmic dynamo within man generates just as much creative energy after sixty as before.

The spirit of health, happiness and love, of faith in God, man and life, need not abandon us at any age. These precious jewels are not a matter of years, but a state of mind. Every right living man or woman may add a splendid last chapter to his or her life, no matter how old he or she will grow.

There is scarcely any limit to our power of recreating our mind and bodies according to our highest ideals of health, vigor, beauty, loveliness and charm. I refer here particularly to the fair sex, which, in the eyes of every decent man, is the most important and interesting subject of all times. The man for whom the "eternal feminine" has no drawing power is apt to age very quickly. The man who cannot get a thrill out of every good woman he meets is a poor specimen. The plainest woman is beautiful to me. In fact, there are no plain women.

Now, it is my candid opinion that every woman should be far more attractive after forty, fifty, or sixty than before, provided, of course, she has not neglected to store the Empire of her mind with the "oil of joy and the spirit of gladness," and has adorned her heart with the love that thinketh no evil, with the divine tolerance that forgiveth all things.

A woman whose life blazes with the imperial consciousness for her high and holy place on earth is the most precious gift of God to the human race.

Such a woman knows neither hate, fear, worry or jealousy. And the result is that she is free from these mind-and-body-destroying conditions, free from unhappiness, misery, disease and premature or decrepit old age.

If as men and women we would stay in the prime of life, if we would keep our friends' admiration, if we would hold our neighbors' interest, if we would retain the world's regard and esteem, we must keep abreast with the order of today, with the thought of the times, and with the spirit of the age. In the finality of things, it is how *much*, not how *long* we lived, that counts.

Let us remember that nothing within the relative scope of the universal law and power resident within man is impossible. The only reason there are, or seem to be, so many things beyond man's reach is that his knowledge and understanding of his own potentialities are inadequate to convert them into actualities.

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Whose birthday this month?

See page four!!!

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He who wishes to remain young, who desires to take into the ripper years the happy and cheerful spirit of youth, must take constant care how he lives in his world of thought, for everything that he is, or ever will be, either in mind, body or affairs, is determined in this domain of his being. Every thought which we entertain seriously is a power which goes out from us, and each one comes back charged with good or evil effects. Furthermore, every thought we harbor in the subconscious has a direct influence on the weal or woe of the body.

The best prescription for the preservation of youth and the prolongation of life is love. Love of man, love of woman, love of children, love of friends, love of humanity, love of nature, love of God—herein is contained the golden liquid of life.

The man or woman who cannot respond to the beauty and glory of Mother Earth, to love and friendship; song and merriment, the note of a bird, a child's laughter, a bed of roses, a star-crowned night, a moonlit sea, a bugle call across the bay, a tender kiss, a fond caress, a sweet good-night, a glorious morn, a clear blue sky, the golden sun—such a man is nought but a living mummy.

Mere years are as nothing to those whose lives are attuned to these God-given delights. They rise above the years as an eagle rises above the earth, winging his way toward the white radiance of the sun.

To those whose clock of age has struck forty-five or fifty, or even more, I would say: above all things, keep busy. Idleness in the later years of life means unhappiness and rapid decline. Activity, on the other hand, means added years of comfort and happiness.

Keep your heart, mind and thought constantly active. Put joy and sunshine into everything you think and do. Seek the bright and beautiful, and by so doing you will discover the elixir of a long and happy life.

Speaking of Oranges

(Continued from page 51)

called "Chinese Oranges" and from an overflowing box the girl selects one and hands it to you. You taste it doubtfully, then with appreciation, remark: "It's good, isn't it? Sort of an appetizer."

So you decide to look into the tea-room; and have hardly had time to take in its warm, rich coloring and air of hominess, when you catch sight of the proprietor, or is it his wife, who appears? Anyhow, both finally. You are dying to ask some questions, and they look so nice and pleasant you venture. "These oranges out in front are pretty near large enough to be picked, aren't

they?" And the first thing you know they are sitting at your table and you are chatting like old friends.

"When I bought this place," the man tells you, "it was a dingy, little, run-down, orange drink stand, but the location interested me, and the view, looking off into the mountains was something I wanted to own. I had come from the east and every time I passed by here it seemed as if this spot had been beckoning to me across the continent. So one day I stopped and being thirsty, sampled the man's product. I drank half the glass of orange juice, then set it down in disgust. "When did you make this?" I asked.

"Oh, Monday, I think," the man replied; and this was Thursday. "Why, man, it's sour," I told him. "Oh, well, I just cater to the tourist trade; get 'em once and get 'em good."

"So you see," our friend continued, "we not only had to build up a reputation, but we had to live one down. However, we wanted the place so we took possession, as green as two babes in the woods; far from our accustomed environment and in a country where even standards seemed different. We started in by improving the place a little and my wife began experimenting with oranges. We got pretty discouraged at first. We planned and schemed and thought oranges until we were nearly crazy but we just couldn't make a go of it.

"Then one night," he broke off to laugh—"do you believe in dreams?" And at our affirmative nod—not for the world would we break the thread of his story—he went on:

"Well, I had a nightmare. I was picking oranges in a grove, and the trees kept getting bigger and bigger, taller than forest trees; and a big orange fell out of one of them and started rolling down hill toward me, and as it came it kept growing larger 'till I saw it was bigger than I was, and I started running, looking over my shoulder in a panic. But the orange kept growing and gaining on me 'till it was as big as a house; and just when I was being crushed under it—you hold your breath as you drip orange honey over a waffle—"of course, I waked up. The next morning I told my wife about my dream, and she got awfully excited. "That's it! That's it!" she kept saying, "That's what we have been hunting for." I couldn't guess what she was driving at until she said: "Something different—an orange as big as a house!"

"Well, that dream turned the trick. We had these huge oranges built and luck came with them. Of course, now there are a good many unique features at other stands, but this was six years ago and we were the first in California and naturally every one was attracted by them. We became encouraged. Our products were becoming better and



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PART II.

The Application of Suggestion, or Psycho-Therapeutics
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more varied all the time and we kept figuring out new things to make until today not even the seeds are wasted—we sell them to the nurseries," he added in answer to our questioning look.

"From a box of oranges we get four gallons of juice—or ninety glasses. All told, a six-dollar box of oranges is worth, with its by-products, about forty-nine dollars when we are thru with it. Not all profit by any means. Of course, we use everything." He picked up an orange and explained. "First, we halve them; next, we extract the juice and strain it. The pulp is made into orange butter. Then the skin is cut into strips and made into crystallized orange. The orange syrup which is left from this process is made into a refined syrup—you are eating some on your waffles now," he laughed. "How is it? Good?"

"Good! It's delicious!" you enthuse.

"Let me see—where was I? Oh, yes—syrup. Well, we use that in our fudge and other candies; our ice box cookies, spice cakes and other by-products. From the flowers we make perfume. We haven't figured out a way to use the wood yet," he laughed, "but we have thought of something new to do with the juice."

"Something else? Why, what else could you do with it?" You ask in amazement.

"We peddle it." He looked from one to another delightedly. "If you decide to stay out here, just leave your order with us. Our man will deliver your orange juice to you fresh for your breakfast every morning the same as your milk man delivers your milk." Mr. Chandler gets up and going to a case, takes out a queer looking, cone-shaped bottle. "We have had these made," he explains, "they are absolutely waterproof, sanitary and take up no more room than a milk bottle."

Mr. Chandler replaced the bottle. "Yes, we believe in dreams," he laughed. "Our business has grown and grown until now we are shipping our products all over the world. We live in this delightful spot, take pleasure in our work and have perfect health. What more could one ask of an orange? As far as we are concerned we have never regretted trading a railroad for one."

When you finally leave, the memory of contentment and work well done goes with you. Your imagination is agog and you wonder if you can't do something with apples—back home in Michigan.

How to Keep Well

(Continued from page 44)

clearly established thru the sense of feeling. Where there is a paralysis of the sensory nerves supplying the part, you have no other evidence of its being

a part of yourself than that supplied by rational inference.

Then, as you study the body that you call "me," there is found to be a whole world of activity, the identity of which with self you do not sense so long as the natural processes proceed in an orderly and harmonious way. Muscles contract and expand, the blood goes rushing thru vessels that assume intelligent action, the great intestinal tube writhes and twists as required, to send its contents along in the right direction. Looking still closer you will find a real bustle of business among the cells; but all are acting in an orderly and harmonious way to subserve the general interests of this thing we recognize as "self."

One set of phenomena appeals directly to our consciousness and the other does not, and yet both are evidently under the control of our mind. Accordingly we are driven to recognize two distinct phases of mind—the conscious and the unconscious, or subconscious. These two phases of mind are intimately related, one interlacing with the other in a most curious way, and each, while maintaining its own distinctive character and work, responding in a measure to the needs of the other in its own sphere of activity, thereby maintaining a suitable balance.

But in the history of physical experience there sometimes comes a measure of inharmony, which leads to disturbance that may break up the whole confederacy. This inharmony we call disease, the result of which, carried to a destructive extreme, is termed death. Death may be said to ensue only when hope of concrete usefulness of the organism has been lost. To what extent the one phase of mind is capable of communicating with, and thereby affecting, for good or ill, the other, is a study, experimentation and observation yielding, as in every other department of inquiry, varied inferences.

That the conscious mind has a profound influence over the action of the subconsciousness is shown in the formation of habits and in education involving complicated physical movements, as those of the fingers in playing the piano. What is at first executed with difficulty, after much practice is taken up by the subconscious and executed with celerity and precision.

One who has acquired a good degree of self-control can charge his subconsciousness with certain duties, as, for example, the duty of waking him from sleep at a particular hour, with a certainty of their performance. I do not need to multiply examples of this action of the conscious upon the unconscious mind. Anything brought with perspicuity and energy to our consciousness has a profound effect upon those processes of which we have no objective knowledge. These processes are commonly called "reflex" because the primary stimulus is conveyed from one part to another, or from one form of manifestation to another, thru hidden channels and by virtue of an energy not understood.

On the other hand, there comes into consciousness, thoughts and experiences that spring up in what appears to be a spontaneous manner, from sources beyond our conscious understanding and in compliance with laws little understood. They come at times as utter strangers, without being consciously linked with other thoughts, just as suddenly and unexpectedly as a swallow might come to us thru an open window. Their sources can only be guessed. We do not know them. They belong to the unconscious, the esoteric, the hidden realm.

The field of consciousness is circumscribed. Of our real life we know but little. Like the iceberg, by far the greater part of the Ego is submerged. Man is a cosmos in miniature. The same forces we see at work in the universe at large are at work in him, but he knows it not. We have learned to divert certain of the cosmic energies into prescribed channels to do a part of the world's work. What the power is we do not know, but how to control and utilize it is the chief problem. Man is also learning more concerning himself, and the fact that he need not be a plaything in the hands of unseen forces is beginning to dawn upon him. He will ultimately come into full possession of his rightful heritage. It is the unseen things that possess power, and it is to the realm of unconsciousness, palpitating with amplitude of energy, that we should appeal for aid to right the apparent wrongs of life, to displace weakness and to correct inharmony of both mind and body.

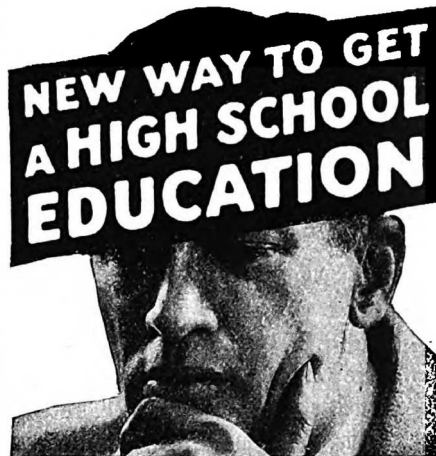
Famous at 23

(Continued from page 55)

architect, but the only interesting thing I did was to decorate booths and design costumes for a fur exposition in the old Madison Square Garden. I tried commercial advertising, but I hated it. Then father died when I was eighteen and I had to go to work in earnest.

"I landed an apprenticeship in a scenic studio, and there at least I learned all of the things I should not do. I joined the Painters' Union, and became a full-fledged painter. But I didn't like the work, altho it did teach me how to paint all of my own settings,

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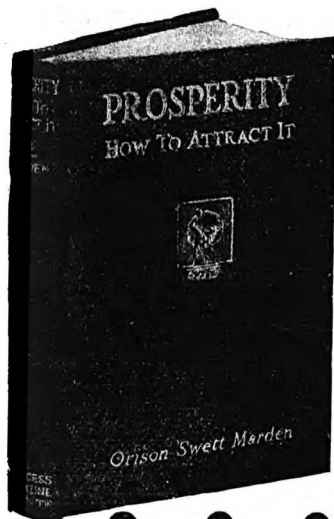
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and I realized there must be practicality to all visions. And it was my affiliation with the Union at this time that made it possible for me to do *Major Barbara*. I had not been fully admitted to the Union of Scene Designers, but they permitted me to do the job because they knew of my previous connections.

"I had already learned that settings were not the major part of a theatrical production. The actor is the dominant note. The lighting effects, the costumes and the settings must be subordinated to him as a perfect accompanist subordinates himself to the master musician. Unity is essential. The true designer must so work as to stimulate the emotions of his audience, yet with a subtlety that makes them unaware of the cause of the stimulation. Settings must carry out the underlying note of the play. I always try to get a complete picture of what I think a playwright means. I react emotionally to a play, and then I subject these emotions to my rationality, and the result is usually workable.

"Sometimes my imagination tends to run away with me, but that job in the studio taught me what could be done and what could not. And rather than have a painter change my sketches I try only to make designs that I know can be used.

"I was glad to give up my job and go to California with my mother when she felt she needed a change of climate. I went into the movies as a draftsman. There was no chance for the play of the imagination and little opportunity for the kind of thing I wanted to do. But I must admit that most of my suggestions were wildly fantastic, misplaced and not applicable for the screen."

It was in California, however, that Sharpe met Gilmore Brown while he was directing a Greek pageant for a college performance, for which Sharpe did the costumes. Brown liked Sharpe's work and created the job for him at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. The salary was meagre but he loved the work. No one knew that he was only nineteen. His height, poise and directing ability placed him in the category of much older men. But when he came to the place where he felt his background limited him, when he felt he had gone as far as he could, he gave up his job for travel and study. He had a horror of growing complacent and satisfied.

His trip to Europe lasted more than two years. His money lasted three months, so he had to earn his way about.

"It was tough sailing, but I did odds and ends. I found starvation rather unpleasant, but it knocked the conceit out of me. And it put me on my

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mettle. I had to convince those people that I could do good work. I finally got a chance to design numbers for the Follies-Bergeres, the Casino de Paris, and the Palace, in Paris. I stayed there nine months and became familiar with the modern ideas of Baty, Dullin, Pitoeff and Gemier, leading French producers, talking with them, watching rehearsals, and assisting in odd jobs back stage.

"When my Paris opportunities were temporarily exhausted, I traveled further. I saw England, spent several months in Italy, and finally landed in Germany one miserable day with no money, knowing not a word of German, and with only vague connections. These were the hardest months. It didn't seem possible I had ever had a job and friends. Hunger is always depressing. But I learned something about the Germans, and eventually landed an assignment to do the settings for a parody-revue at the Theatre am Kurfurstendamm, which is similar to *The Grand Street Follies* in New York."

For four months Sharpe was without a job in a strange country, where even the language was unfamiliar. But true ability was recognized and he achieved recognition there. Eventually he was made supervising art director of the Theatre am Kurfurstendamm, the first American to hold that position in Berlin. He picked up a great deal of German and managed excellently. And it was thru his connections in Germany that he was able to get along after he returned to the United States and had no job. Before he left Germany he was special correspondent for the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag*, and he now sends them an article a week about his impressions of America. He has a dream—perhaps he can combine writing with his art, "But that's far away and only the future can tell," was his modest answer when I questioned him.

"I made it a rule to learn the language of the people in every country I visited. I tried to understand them by knowing their language. The comprehensions of peoples, their lives, their sense of values, are vitally interesting. I tried to be one of them. I never liked the Italians until I went there and knew them."

After Sharpe returned to New York he decorated the windows for Macy's, sold many of his pictures, particularly to *The New Yorker*, and did other jobs to tide him along. Then came the big assignment on Broadway—to do the settings for Shaw's *Major Barbara* for the Theatre Guild.

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Psychic

(Continued from page 49)

myself. I do not see for my father. He says that my association with him is too close. Lately I do not see for you. But I have no desire at all to live as the world lives. It is simply impossible for me to imagine myself being as other women are."

They had entered her apartment house and were in the elevator rising to her apartment. Gordon, who dealt in words, had not a single one with which to answer her. But he knew now that he loved her, and from the love that had made his boyhood home a heaven he had carried deep in his subconscious mind the belief that when real love came the girl he loved would love him. It had to be, for God was good, and all things He created were good. It was as tho his mother whispered in his ear, for certainly his newspaper work did not send him that inspiration. Here was the girl he loved, caught in the deepest net of evil, for it must be that. Was it not worst of evils to feel that all that is high and holy ends, that happiness is not worth grasping because of the sorrow that will follow? No wonder her eyes were sad. Someone had fastened all the sorrows of the world upon those slender shoulders.

Suddenly Gordon had his arms around her, and was covering her cool lips with kisses, touching her eyes, her shadow-arched brows. She stood passive, not yielding, not resisting. Still she seemed a woman, the woman in his arms. There was no vision of the opened grave, no feeling of the other world. Perhaps, after all—

The elevator door was thrown open. Her father stood there, his white face bearing flaming signals of wrath on the high cheekbones. "You fool, you fool, what are you doing to my daughter? You vandal, that would desecrate a shrine! Drop your arms. Leave this house, you would-be destroyer! You are too thick of head to even know the work you are trying to undo. Take down your arms before I kill you!"

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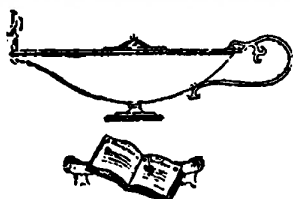
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Lon J. Haddock

Series continued next issue.
Meanwhile, turn to page 102.

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Gordon's arms were locked about Veda. It was as tho to lose her now was to lose her forever. He did not understand anything, except that she made no move to push him from her. If the father had suddenly gone mad, and were really aiming a gun at his head, he felt that his arms would still be tight about her.

Suddenly the bluster left the father's voice. It sounded weak, frightened, and trembly, the voice of an old, old man. "Did you not tell him, Veda, as you said you would, how you do not live as others in today—no love or hate—no desire because you live in eternity?"

"I told him the truth as you taught it to me, father. The psychic sees suffering everywhere, and sorrow. Life could not be borne, sanity would flee, if I should allow myself to live as others, knowing what they do not know, seeing what they do not see."

Again the voice of rage, and the strength of unbridled wrath, as the old man caught Gordon's shoulder, ripping the arm from the coat with the clutch of his convulsed white hands. "Why are you not obeying me?—and her? Have you no decency at all? Must I call servants to throw you from the premises, the police to lodge you in jail?"

Doors were opening down the hall. Several couples were edging their way closer. High words; the angry father—real drama more fascinating than the manufactured semblance. These dwellers in \$10,000-a-year apartments drew forward more slowly, but as surely as the tenement dwellers gather about such a disturbance.

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"Oh, you dunderhead, you chuckle-headed idiot. Of all the women in the world, of all the women you see, why my daughter, why Veda? Fool that I was to allow you here. The greatest of living psychics, the only one to grow up entirely in the psychic realm, to live entirely by the real law, to exercise the gifts that belong to those who follow the law. And you would destroy it all, you would make her as the other millions of limited humans like yourself. You call that love. You—" He fairly screamed the words. His nails had dug red marks into Gordon's hands. The pockets were ripped loose on Gordon's coat, the sleeve was already torn away, but Gordon's arms were still locked about Veda, who was gazing in wide-eyed horror. She motioned to their butler, who had joined the crowd, and he pulled her father back.

Veda stirred against Gordon's breast like a woman waking from a long sleep. She touched Gordon's bleeding hands

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with hers, and at the first gentle indication of her wishes he stepped back, freeing her. Slowly Veda came toward her father, like a bird drawing toward a serpent. She spoke not a word, but one by one she gazed intently at each of the persons gathered around. Her eyes were blazing with emotion. She trembled until Gordon thought she might fall and stepped forward to catch her. Great tears began to stream down her cheeks.

"Father, father, how could you do this to me? You never told me there was a way out of this living death. You never hinted that by giving myself to life I might become as others, a real human being. Father, father, you must have been mad to have done this thing to me. But it is over. It is over, I tell you. Do you hear, you people who have known me? I no longer know your past, your future, your heart's secrets, the skeletons in your chambers. I am free of all lives but my own. Only my own sins and sorrows to bear, my own hopes and happiness to enjoy. Oh, it is great to be human. Gordon, my love, my love!"

"Gordon, you really should be fired for letting every other paper in town scoop us on a story like this," said the managing editor. He was pointing an accusing finger toward the human-interest story featured by every morning paper. "If I weren't a soft-hearted old fool that hated to throw a man out of a job on his honeymoon—"

"I was so busy with the license and the minister, and all the bother," Gordon sputtered, "it never came into my head the paper would be interested."

"Do you hear that, you fellows?" bellowed the editor, laughing. "He draws good money for pretending to be a regular seasoned newspaper man and when something breaks to set the whole town talking, it never occurs to him to call the paper! You better draw two weeks pay from the cashier and beat it to the North Woods and see if you can come back knowing your head from your feet, and a story when you see one!"

Imaginary Diseases

(Continued from page 60)

A thoro exploration of the emotional and psychic history of such cases invariably reveals a subconscious psychic whirlpool of suppressed desire, despair, loss of faith and loss of hope. They seek help, and want to be cured, but do not believe a cure is possible. They are the victims of auto-suggestion, self induced and so deeply imbedded in their subconscious that they actually resent any real and effective method of getting at the root of their trouble.

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BOOKS

Turn to page 10



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must be convincing enough and powerful enough to eclipse and overpower the self-inflicted auto-suggestion.

This can usually be accomplished effectively and thoroly thru the skilful application of hypnotism. The subconscious part of a personality can be likened to an alien tenant occupying and claiming possession of the same tenement, and often making demands that come into open conflict with the will and aspirations of the objectively conscious personality of the individual. This sets up a condition of *impasse*, rendering it impossible to carry out any plans or resolutions, or even to pursue one's customary vocation. A compromise must therefore be effected, which will be acceptable to both factions that compose the individual.

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The indications are that the physician of the near future is to be just as thoro a psychologist as he is a chemist or pathologist.

You, Too, Can Make Money

(Continued from page 59)

red material. Others were cut exactly the shape of the clubs and spades on playing cards, and were made of black taffeta. These novelties would cost less than a dollar and a half, and surely could sell for five, especially if attractively boxed. Aren't these most fit for bridge prizes?

I designed something I have not seen anywhere, and I will pass the idea on to you. I bought a remnant of soft pink silk and made a square, lining it with wool batting, for warmth. The square was sixty inches in length. Then, to hold the sides smooth and even, I basted this all over in large quilting fashion. Then from paper I cut out the silhouette of two cunning kittens about eight inches for the longest measure; then two cunning puppies about the same size, and a Teddy Bear. This made five animals. I traced the paper bear pattern in the center of the material and put the pups and kittens near each corner. Then, I threaded a large needle with wool, using colors to suit the special animals—and made loose loops, which I afterwards cut to look like the fur or coat. The eyes were made of buttons, and the nose of tightly drawn stitches. The effect was stunning, and a very, very unusual gift. It brought much comment, "Oh, why I never saw one of those before. Where on earth did you find this? I'd just love one of those for —, etc. . ."

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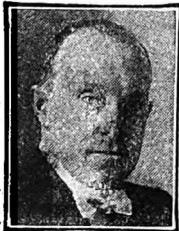
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I know some of you, my readers, could do a similar thing. If you do, let me know. Maybe some of you can do this and make some little kodak pictures of your samples and send them about for orders. Or better yet, sketch them, then color them, or probably some friend of yours will do this part for you. I could be more helpful to you if you suggest in your letters what you can do, and a word about the kind of things you enjoy most. Do not be timid about writing—all letters are confidential—and to express your desires in this way often clarifies your thoughts concerning your wishes.

One woman I knew, who specialized in making cunning play frocks for children, became tired of doing the smocking on the yokes. She wrote me that she wished to use some simpler style that required less time, yet added that her customers wanted something new. I happened to glance at one of the kiddies' handkerchiefs nearby, one that had little colored designs of toys and animals in each corner. I picked it up, folded it, and found that two of these inexpensive handkerchiefs would make a lovely set of collars and cuffs, and if put on a simple little pink, blue, rose, tan, or yellow non-fadeable cotton garment, might answer her purpose. The woman tried them and they sold rapidly, and for just the same price as her other smocks, and she could make three in the same time she did one of the others.

Many of my readers have asked me to tell them more of my radio work. Besides the *You, Too, Can Make Money* talks, I give another group over WABC called *Imagine My Surprise*, which is for children as well as grownups. I tell about a dear old colored woman who first lived with my grandmother. Her name was Clarissy, and we all called her Aunt Clarissy. Her daughter was named Rachel, after my Mother. But we all called Rachel, "Take'm." That is my name now in my radio talks.

The picture used at the beginning of this article is of little Sybil Leve, who takes the part of one of Mammy Take'm's children over the radio. She is a very beautiful and talented child and has often spoken over the radio. She has posed for advertisements. And she is only six years old! She can dance, sing or speak and is entirely void of self-consciousness.

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By Orison Swett Marden

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Dramatic Reviews

(Continued from page 62)

MIMA

eagerness to forgive. This is too much for Janos. In a voice in which there is no uncertainty he booms forth "Yes," and Magister and his imps atop the infernal machine are greatly perturbed. Once more they direct the hellish light upon Mima and she goes thru the part again, and they are confident of the response of "No," that should of course be the correct one. However, a second time it fails and once more in great alarm they try again, but with the third consistent "Yes" the great machine begins to waver, falls apart, and finally topples over. The devils depart in great haste and Janos liberated from the evil spell, goes to his home in time for his supper, which his wife has waiting. Mima makes an effort to find him, to call to him, but without the currents from the devil machine she fails, becomes inert, and dies in the arms of her master, Magister.

The great truth of life—triumph of love, forgiveness and kindness is the basis of the theme behind this mass of machinery and devil machinations. To be able to forgive without thought of personal gain or without holding any bitterness, toppled the plans of the King of Satan into nothing. Love as the first principle of living humanly, the kindly act done in the spirit of love for one's fellowman, seems to this reviewer to be the "moral" of Mr. Belasco's latest and probably greatest effort. These things can overturn all the forces of evil—even Hell itself.

One must speak of the tremendous spectacle of the infernal machine that has been erected at the Dean's instigation. Alterations in the stage and auditorium of the theatre were necessary to install it, and months of arduous labor and careful planning were necessary to achieve its perfect running, not to mention the cost mounting in the thousands. It is a huge, intricate piece of machinery with great wheels and boilers which smoothly rotate and fulfill their functions until at a significant cue and without the apparent aid of any human it falls apart and becomes demolished before the eyes of the audience.

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J. A. EICHWALDT

P 39, Draver R, Fruitvale Sta., Oakland, Calif.

Mr. Belasco has outdone his own illustrious self with probably the greatest sensation in stage-craft in an age. His actors, and the inimitable Lenore Ulric, are given opportunity to display the excellent acting which such a fantastic play calls for to make it "ring true." As "Mima" Miss Ulric lives up to her former characterizations of "Kiki," "Tiger Rose," and not to forget—her never-to-be-forgotten Lulu Belle. Mr. Sidney Blackmer, as "Janos," plays his part splendidly, never overdoing it or forcing the audience to feel his martyrdom. A. E. Anson, as "Magister," makes a splendid evil one and his part in the play is very well done. The entire cast, which is a very large one, play their parts creditably.

Mima is David Belasco's adaptation of Ferenc Molnar's *The Red Mill*, at the Belasco Theatre, on West 44th Street.

E. CAREY

CAPRICE

(Continued from page 62)

Counselor Von Echardt of Vienna is visited one day by a former sweetheart, Amalia, whom he has not seen in years. She brings the news that the product of that old affair, now a sixteen-year old son, Robert, needs his paternal care and is coming to see him. The counselor has been supporting the child thru all the years but has no desire to make his acquaintance. But mother and son descend upon him bodily. And his present sweetheart, Ilsa Von Ilsen, resents the intrusion and moves out. She refuses to return until changes are made in the domicile. Son refuses to stay unless Mother is also made a member of the household. But as the plot unfolds he decides that life without Mother is possible—and even enviable.

Sil-Vara, the Viennese playwright, has written a comedy full of sparkling and effervescent humor. Entertaining thruout, the Guild has worked excellently with the excellent material. Philip Moeller, who adapted and staged the play, has again displayed his artistic ability. Lily Cahill, as the mother of the sixteen-year-old son, is well cast; and Douglass Montgomery does well

the part of the abashed son with well articulate moments.

THE NEW MOON

MESSRS. SCHWAB AND MANDEL have given us another superb operetta, *The New Moon*, which is even more enjoyable than *The Desert Song*.

We have never heard such an array of fine voices in a Broadway show. The entire cast has been intelligently selected with a view of their being able not only to act but sing.

The story concerns the activities of a French nobleman, fugitive from Paris, serving as a bond servant in the home of a wealthy planter near New Orleans in the old days of French rule. He is arrested to be returned to France, but is rescued on the way and establishes a colony with his rescuers on the Isle of Pines.

Robert Halliday and Evelyn Herbert play the leading parts perfectly and Gus Shy supplies the humor. The music by Sigmund Romberg is exquisite; the settings are beautiful. The finest male chorus we have ever heard in a Broadway production gives the operetta a punch which lingers long in memory. If you enjoy good music do not miss *The New Moon*. It is one of the best ever.

THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX

THE River Styx, made famous by Achilles' mother and John Kendrick Bangs, in his delightful satire concerning the shades that assembled there, has aroused the interest of the theatre-going public of New York to investigate the "hunting ground" where some day their own shades may journey.

The *Houseboat on the Styx*, established at the Liberty Theatre, is produced by Ned Jakobs, the lyrics and music by Carlo and Sanders.

Shades of famous men have agreed to make a clubhouse out of the houseboat, and to keep it a purely stag affair. The "ladies in Hades" are much concerned. Among them are many illustrious personages—Queen

Elizabeth, Salome, Lucretia Borgia, Mrs. Noah, Cleopatra, Helen of Troy—and others. Among the men are such notables as P. T. Barnum, Ponce de Leon, Napoleon, Nero, Henry VIII, Sir Walter Raleigh, George Washington, Noah—and old Charon himself, pilot of the Stygian ferryboat.

The music comes near to being the best heard in many a day, and is sung delightfully. The rare tenor voice of Mr. Sam Ash, as Ponce de Leon, thrills his audiences, particularly in the number, *My Heaven*, which, sung with Miss Alice MacKenzie, as Cleopatra, is the song hit of the play. *Red River*, sung by Miss Pauline Dee, as the Queen of Sheba, and the chorus, has a haunting melody, with irresistible harmonies, accompanied by daring and beautifully rhythmic dances. Special mention must be made of Charon, played by Mr. Bertram Peacock; Hal Forde, as Sir Walter Raleigh; and last but not least, the chorus, for its whole-hearted singing and skilful dancing.

For brain-fag or gloom, *The Houseboat on the Styx* cannot be too strongly recommended.

E. CAREY

POPPA

POPPA is an amusing comedy playing at the Hudson Theatre. Jacial Goldsmith, plays the title rôle, that of a Republican lower East Side politician who thinks politics is much more important than working. Ruth, the daughter, is the sole support of the family. She is engaged to a wealthy young boy, Phil, whose mother disapproves of the marriage because Ruth's father refuses to support the family. Poppa is finally elected alderman of his district. When everything is all arranged for the wedding, Ruth's father is framed and sent to jail.

Phil bails her father out and the young couple decide to go down to the marriage license bureau and secure a license before anything else turns up to prevent it.

A great deal of the comedy is supplied by Harold Waldrige, in the rôle of Ruth's brother, who is also out of work.

What Can We Do For You?

(Continued from page 71)

a lot and these fits of jealousy are getting worse.

ANSWER:—

Unless you really enjoy trouble, I feel that it is best for you to give up this girl. She is evidently a dominating type and this will mean that your personality and individuality will be absorbed by her completely, unless you are combative and fight demands that are made on you. Of course the latter would mean inharmony and lots of un-

happiness. You understand her nature and must realize that unhappiness is sure to follow your marriage. She is sure to be far worse after marriage than now. I am sure you will be very glad later on that you did not marry her. Let your reason rule in this case.

QUESTION:—Reader and Subscriber writes:—

I think your editorial, "The Art of Meditation," is very deep and thought-

ful. I, too, believe that meditation is true prayer, our communion with the Divine. But I am a bit at odds with psychologists when they insist upon absolute relaxation for the "silence." When I am utterly relaxed I seldom meditate. Complete relaxation in me usually means extreme fatigue; meditation at such times becomes an effort, a battle with sleep, and my mind has to be constantly alert to keep me relaxed, and consequently meditation becomes a farce. This may be due to some abnormal pressure within the body that brings on nervous tension. I believe my

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(See Brain Glow, p. 105)

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them their way, and do not make a study of the problems to the point of asking others questions. And this slowness and "hard work" really represents habits of thought and action which can be corrected with proper instruction and well-directed effort. Certain types of course can never be quite as speedy as some different type, but a very great improvement can always be made.

I believe that everything we do is a form of self expression. In one case our desire leads us into avenues of service, in the other the expression is a purely selfish one and the only aim is for self gratification. If our desire for certain noble expressions is sufficiently strong, compulsion plays a very small part. As for efficiency, I believe that we should put purpose into and try to do well everything we undertake.

Dr. E. K., Kentucky, writes:

I have been attracted by your interesting discussions and herewith present my problems. In my practice I found many patients battling with mental complications which caused their physical defects. I studied psychoanalysis, but believe I do not progress with the work as I should. At first the churches threw up their hands in holy horror at the mention of psychology, but since seeing some of the splendid results of my work they are slowly overcoming their prejudice.

I enjoy the work but am at a loss to know how to sell this new science to these people, and am coming to you for advice. I have been a widow for a number of years and am very ambitious to make a big success of my work.

ANSWER:

It has not been so long ago that doctors practiced their art as an avocation, having as a vocation barbering, farming or something of the like. Time has changed many things. Today in the larger cities there are as many kinds of doctors as there are diseases. Many doctors who have taken up psychoanalysis use it as an adjunct or auxiliary to their regular work. Few, if any, relinquish their regular practice to follow this new science. Outside of the big cities there are very few independent psychoanalysts.

My advice is to stick to your regular practice and use your knowledge of psychoanalysis whenever the occasion demands. Tell your patients about it and make sure that their impressions of your work are correct. You must educate your patients who in turn will help you to educate prospective patients in the value of your work. All this requires time, persistence and patience.

Other Magazines

(Continued from page 73)

diminution, or abolition of the excitatory state. These two processes in their reciprocal balance regulate all activities of the organism and an indi-

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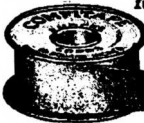
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vidual is of one type or another according as one or the other process predominates. The degree of predominance of one of these two functions is the key to the variance of individuals in excitability and apathy.

HEALTH OF COLLEGE GIRLS

FIVE years ago, write Drs. Riggs and Terhun in *Mental Hygiene*, they left their office bound on an adventure—one that was hoped to contain new experience, uncover scientific material of importance, and offer practical help to sufferers. It was the enterprise of taking care of the mental health of the young women at Vassar College, an enterprise which spells history for mental hygiene. The doctors write enthusiastically tho not unfrankly of the experience of these five years. The pioneer undertaking proved to be even easier than they had anticipated—due to the co-operation of the faculty, the student body and the patients themselves. One hundred and eighty-five girls and six teachers were referred for mental treatment during the past five years. In addition, courses of lectures were given on mental hygiene by eminent authorities. As a result of the contact of the mental experts with college life many suggestions were made by them and adopted by the faculty, both with respect to individual problems and general college situations.

It is not felt by the doctors that college is in itself a medium favorable to the development of mental disorders, but many are naturally there who have had undiscovered disorders before, and with a number the sudden new adjustments demanded by the entrance into college life can bring on difficulties. The lopsided emotional life of a woman's college period is one factor that is noteworthy; also the nervous shock attendant to coming into frustration and failure for the first time.

An interesting point in this article is that college women of today are inclined to be unhealthily serious. They seem to have forgotten how to play and many students were led to lead a wiser daily schedule by the prescription of mixing play and exercise with their other activities; thus living a more balanced and normal life.

The finding of needed jobs; vocational guidance; improvement of physical condition; taking of a vacation; psychological explanation of difficulties; hospitalization; explanation of the trouble to college authorities or parents when these could help in the situation; advice to some that they relinquish the college work, to which they were not inherently suited; all these were ways in which the doctors met the many-sided problem that psycho-therapy in a woman's college presented.

NEURASTHENIA

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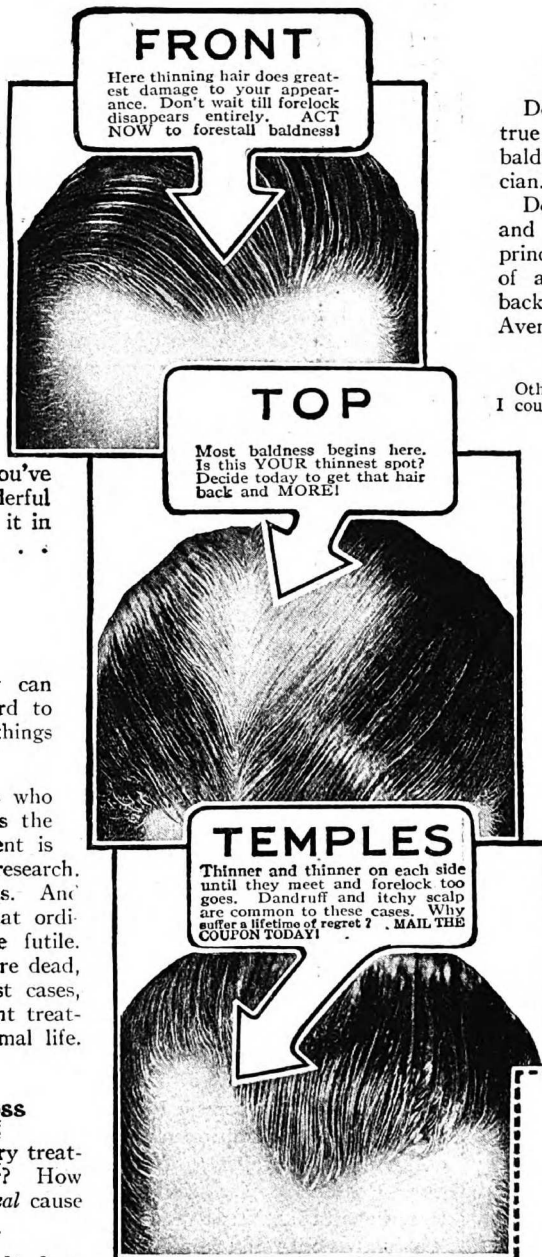
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