PSYCHOLOGY

·Health · Happiness · Success·

MAY 1929 25c

In This Issue

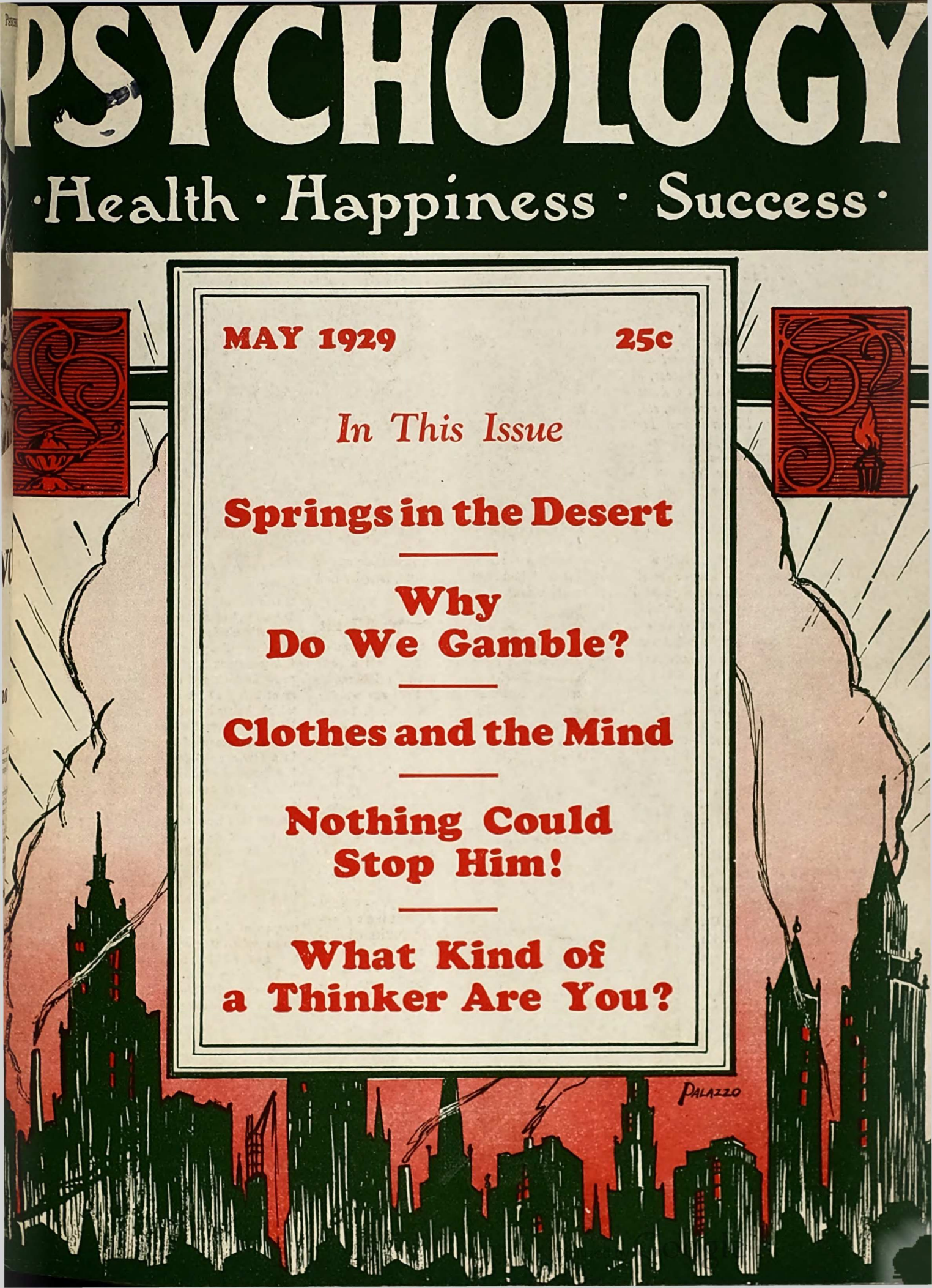
Springs in the Desert

Why Do We Gamble?

Clothes and the Mind

Nothing Could Stop Him!

What Kind of a Thinker Are You?



"Your glands are starved!

"You need the vitamin force of these revitalizing fruits."



"I tell you it's the greatest discovery of years—and it's drugless, natural food! Look what it's done for me. . . . I've been remade, stopped worrying, sleep like a baby. It will make a new man of you, Tom. Remember the name—Lukutate. It's from the Hindu for 'come back'—and I'll say it makes you do just that!"

WHAT is Lukutate? Let a distinguished scientist answer you! Dr. Emil Carthaus, one of the great living botanists, in an article entitled "Rejuvenating Plant Substances," writes thus of the Indian fruits contained in Lukutate:

"These fruits show an almost unbelievable difference in taste and aroma and contain numerous chemical substances entirely absent from the fruits of our northern hemisphere. There grow no other fruits on this entire globe which affect humans and animals in the way these fruits do."

In what way do they affect us? Another scientist, Dr. A. Bramer, Ranking Military Staff Physician of Berlin, Germany, writes: "Lukutate actually invigorates the glands and acts favorably upon the general physical condition. . . ." Professor Dr. S. G. Lipliawsky of Berlin says further: "Lukutate acts directly upon the functions of the glands and inner secretions. It accelerates and promotes digestive changes. All life functions are invigorated. Lukutate makes the individual more ambitious, happier and more vital."

Vitamin Content of Lukutate a Natural Element

Fascinating indeed is the suggestion of experts that Lukutate must contain a new, uncharted vitamin—one which laboratory tests indicate will be called the **revitalizing or life-renewing element.** Dr. F. Lange, of Stuttgart, Germany, warmly sponsors this theory—he calls Lukutate "the revitalizing medium par excellence."

Lukutate



. The first preparation to contain these remarkable fruits of India, known to savants as affecting the ductless glands and thus controlling physical health and vigor.

The Lukutate Principle

For the principle on which Lukutate works is an entirely natural one—no "grafting" of a foreign substance, no artificial stimulation! Those who have seen wrinkles disappear, muddy skin clear, flabby tissues become firm, gray, thin hair grow in dark and thick, know that Lukutate must bring about a genuine inner change, which, being based upon natural, unforced, lasting invigoration, is bound to endure.

But the story of Lukutate cannot be told in a few words—it ranges from the trackless jungles of India to the busy, efficient laboratories of modern Europe. . . . It tells of natives living in strength and beauty to a hundred years and more . . . of eminent medical authorities whose experience with Lukutate proves it a *gland factor of the first magnitude.* This story is presented to you in the fascinating little booklet which we will send you free, at your request. Just fill in and mail the coupon at the corner of the page—you will learn what it means to have youth and beauty the Lukutate way—the natural way—the lasting way.. Lose no time! Fill in the coupon NOW—mail it at once. The booklet will reach you by return mail.

Lukutate Corporation of America, Dept, 3-E
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Please send complete information concerning Lukutate.

Print Plainly

Full Name .....

Address .....

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

FREE---32-page booklet

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3. What the Doctors think
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6. Youth and Beauty the Lukutate Way
7. Medical Praise of Lukutate
8. Is it worth a Trial?



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I Turned My Back On Them Forever After I Raised My Pay 600%

Thanks To This Amazing Book

Now—for a Limited Time Only This Remarkable Man-Building, Salary-Raising Volume Is Offered FREE to Every Ambitious Man! If You Ever Aspire to Earn $10,000 a Year or More, Read It Without Fail!



Where Shall We Send Your Copy--FREE!

I WAS just like thousands of other men—perhaps like you. I was ambitious. I wanted to make good. I wanted success—and I started out with all the confidence and hope in the world! But somehow things didn't work out.

The years slid by until I suddenly realized that I was caught in the hopeless tread-mill of a low-pay job. My hours were long—the salary was so small that I could not afford the really good things in life—and the outlook for the future was gloomy indeed. (Oh, yes—I had had plenty of "promises," calculated to rouse false hope that would "keep me in line," but they never materialized.)

A Lucky Accident

But one day something happened—something that enabled me to step out and make real money—600% more than ever before! Every dollar of my old salary became six dollars—and all the good things in life I had been missing began to come my way with a rush. My friends could hardly believe I was the same man they used to know!

The secret? . . . It all came about through a lucky accident. One day a certain little book fell into my hands—and changed the whole course of my life. It wasn't a very big book—just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contained the most inspiring message any ambitious man can read. It revealed facts and secrets that opened my eyes to things I never dreamed of! No wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed!"

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 3 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.

Remarkable Salary Increases

But I am not the *only* one who has multiplied his salary beyond his fondest expectations after reading this remarkable book. 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 Neenach, 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!

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.

FREE to Every Man

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. Find out about the N. S. T. A. employment service which is free to both employers and members. (Last year this department received over 50,000 requests for N. S. T. A.-trained salesmen from leading firms all over the country.) . . . You do not risk one penny or incur the slightest obligation by sending for this free book. 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 ASSOC'N
Dept. E-111, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Assn.,
Dept. E-111, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation, send me your free book, "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship." Also include a free copy of the new N. S. T. A. money-back bond that assures me a definite addition to my income within three months after completing training—or a complete refund of tuition fee.

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Age.....Occupation.....

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The Standard Publication of Practical, Inspirational and Applied Psychology

PSYCHOLOGY

Health! Happiness! Success!

VOL. XII. NO. 5 MAY, 1929

Founded and Edited by Henry Knight Miller

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IMPORTANT NOTICE: Due to the unprecedented growth of Psychology, we have moved to larger quarters at 101 West 31st Street, New York City.

IN JUNE

BROADWAY MOVES TO HOBOKEN. A sprightly interview with Christopher Morley *about his surprising Hoboken adventure. Critics and producers are trying to find out precisely what has happened. There are lots of side lines to the story, and Mr. Morley is going to discuss the psychology of the whole situation in an interview with James R. Crowell.*

BRINGING DOWN A FAMILY. Another of those gay, almost shocking satires by Thomas L. Masson. *In this one he shatters some of the old conceptions about what is involved in bringing up a family, and shows that a lot of this effort has resulted in degrading rather than elevating households. Mr. Masson feels keenly the new spirit of this restless age, makes certain concessions to it, but holds fast to certain fundamentals of culture and conduct, of which the world needs to be now and then reminded. An article that will help many parents to adjust themselves to the rebellious spirit of youth.*

LET'S CONQUER THOSE NERVES! A breezy true story of a splendid victory over rebellious nerves. A tonic for the depressed. By Doris Baker.

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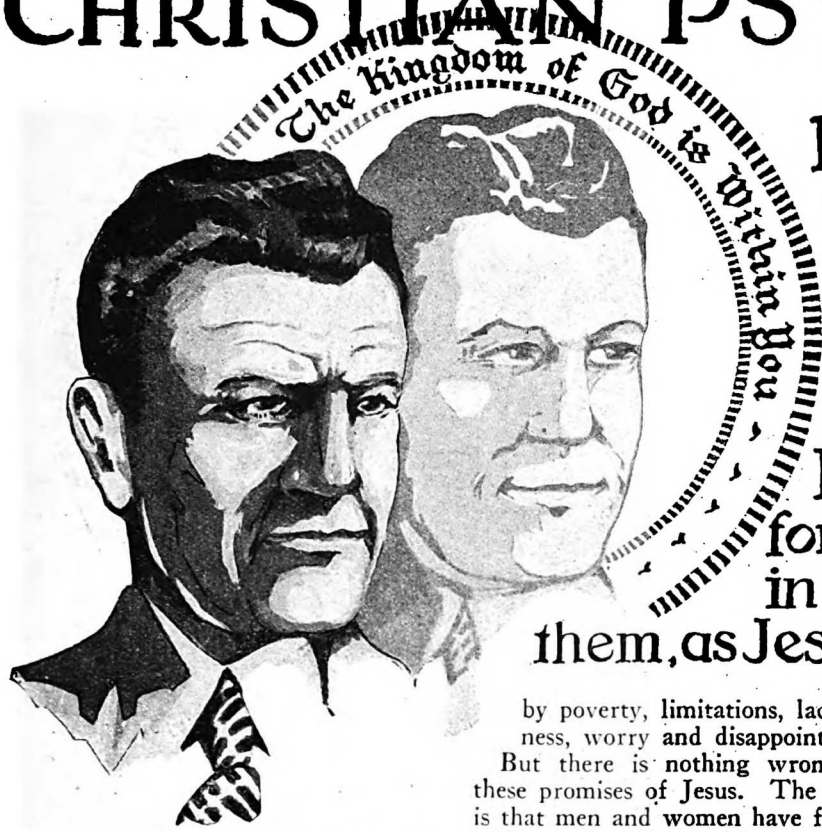
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CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY



Leads Men and Women to the Kingdom of God and adds unto them the Things and Conditions necessary to their Happiness, as Jesus promised. It teaches them to pray for the things they want in such a way as to get them, as Jesus said they should.

For nineteen hundred years the world has sought a better understanding of the teachings of Jesus, which would enable men and women to have the more abundant life and happiness which He promised.

He said to some of His followers (Mark 11:24): "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." It is a promise that *anyone* may get *anything* he wants, by praying for it—that is, by praying for it in a *certain* way.

Again Jesus said to certain followers who were worrying about their physical and financial affairs (Luke 12:31): "But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you." There can be no doubt about what this promise means—especially if we read the context beginning at verse 22. It clearly and simply means that if one can find the kingdom of God, his physical and financial problems will solve themselves—that there will be "added" unto him the things necessary to his happiness.

The tragedy of it is that these promises are not generally fulfilled in the lives and affairs of Christian people. Millions have diligently sought the Kingdom of God for years without finding it—without having anything much added to them. They have prayed earnestly for things and conditions they desired, without getting them. Millions of these good people, in the churches and out of them, are cramped and hampered by poverty, limitations, lack, sickness, worry and disappointment.

But there is nothing wrong with these promises of Jesus. The trouble is that men and women have failed to understand and use them correctly. They have thought the Kingdom of God is a place or condition outside of themselves, whereas Jesus said (Luke 17:21): "The Kingdom of God is within you." They have understood Him to say, in reference to praying for the things they want: "Believe that ye shall receive them," *and that is not what He said,* nor will such belief get what Jesus promised they should.

CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY now comes forward with a great flood of the white light of simple scientific truth. Under the illumination of this light men and women are finding the Kingdom of God and having added unto them the things necessary to their happiness—they are learning how to pray for the things and conditions they want in such a way as to get them, as Jesus promised they should.

CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY is a simple scientific system of Christian life and thought which gives Christianity the power of godliness as well as the form, and puts into it the living, vibrant force which brings prosperity, love, achievement, health, happiness, peace, and more abundant life. It is not a religion, nor a sect, but a movement within the churches, loyal to their work and ministry, and based squarely upon the teachings of Jesus as verified, explained, simplified, and practically applied by modern scientific Psychology.

CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY is given to the world by Judge Daniel A. Simmons, whose gifts to the world are already so rich and full. He is widely known as a psychologist, author, teacher and lecturer. He is now, and for more than fifteen years has been, one of the judges of the highest trial court in his state. He is the founder of The American Institute of Psychology, with its thousands of students all over the world, and highly prizes the great mass of marvelously happy achievements that these students have reported as results of his teachings.

CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY is Judge Simmons' crowning work—a work in which the Christ-light shines forth as the true light of the world, leading men and women on to higher, nobler, happier and more abundant life. He has set forth its fundamental principles in a marvelous, soul-thrilling lecture of 6,000 words entitled "The Kingdom of God," in which he tells just what the Kingdom of God is, where it is, and how to set out to find it and enjoy its rich rewards. A manuscript copy of "The Kingdom of God" will be

Sent Free and Complete

to anyone who will fill out and return to us the coupon printed below. The sending of this remarkable lecture is a work of loving personal service, rendered in the name and spirit of Him who said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Fill out and mail the coupon *now.* Let nothing crowd it from your mind.

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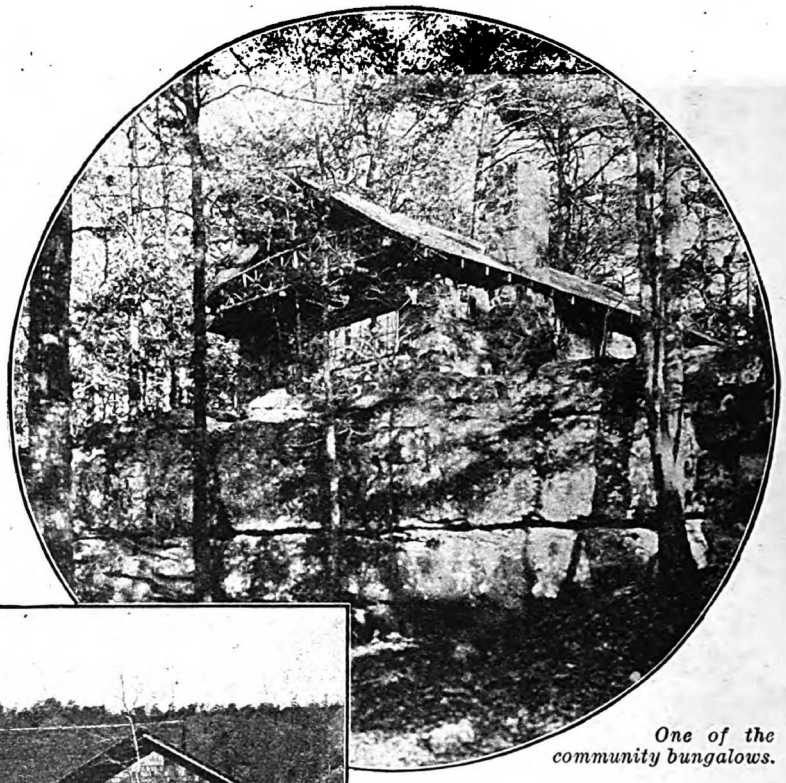
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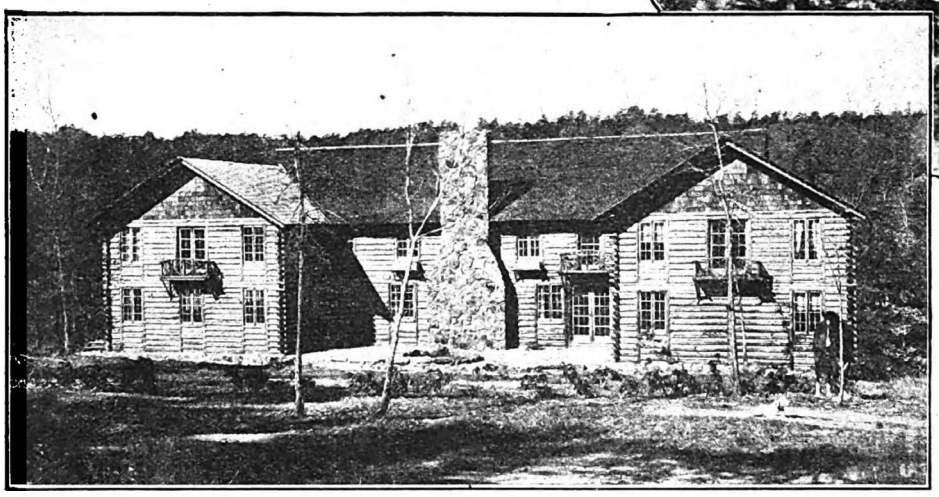
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July 1st to 31st

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Take your vacation this year at Lookout Summer School of Psychology, where you will be in daily personal contact with Henry Knight Miller and a number of other great teachers whom you have learned to know through their writings in PSYCHOLOGY Magazine—Arthur H. Howland, Managing Editor, Dr. Alfred J. Fox, Lawrence W. Rogers, and, perhaps, Edwin Markham, Ralph Waldo Trine, Edgar Guest, Henry Gaines Hawn, John B. Watson, Judge Ben Lindsey, Donald Laird, W. J. Robinson, A. A. Brill, Wm. A. White, William MacDougal, Harry Overstreet, C. Franklin Leavitt, Judge Simmons, all of whom are being invited to attend and lecture.

Lookout Mountain Summer School of Psychology, under the personal direction of Dr. Henry Knight Miller, Dean, is for all who wish to combine *learning-more-about-psychology* with the *vacation of a life-time.* There will be courses by Dr. Miller and his chosen faculty on (I.) Academic Psychology: Elementary, Child Psychology, and Abnormal Psychology. [Professor to be announced.] (II.) Applied Psychology, *by Henry Knight Miller.* (III.) Problems in Religion; (IV.) Problems in Ethics. [Professor to be announced.] (V.) Psychoanalysis, *by Arthur H. Howland.* (VI.) Psychology of Sex, *by Arthur H. Howland.* (VII.) Business Psychology: General Business Administration; Scientific Salesmanship, *by Lawrence W. Rogers.* (VIII.) Psychotherapy: Physiology and Anatomy; Suggestion and Autosuggestion, *by Alfred J. Fox.* (IX.) Dietetics, *by Miss Noles,* N. Y. University. (X.) Conscious Rhythm and Functional Exercise (Mensendieck System), *by Sophia Milthack.*

There will be classes all day, every day, and lectures in the evening for those who want to get the maximum of intellectual profit out of the thirty days.

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BOARD—Bounteous, well-balanced meals, under the supervision of Miss Noles, Dietician-in-Charge of Cafeteria at New York University.

CLASSES—None compulsory, but all courses open to every student.

LECTURES—Several nights a week.

RECREATION—As you want it—the best you've had since childhood days.

Lodging—board—all classes and lectures—all recreation facilities—for the entire month—only $150.00 per person—*no more than you'd pay at an ordinary vacation resort.*

Enrollments now being received. Send your reservation at once to Miss Irene Kenney, Registrar, Lookout Mountain Summer School of Psychology, 101 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.

Lookout Mountain

is 100 miles long and from two to ten miles wide. Sixty-five per cent. of it is in Alabama; the rest of it is in Georgia and Tennessee.

is rich in HISTORICAL interest . . . the "Battle Above the Clouds" fought between the Union and Confederate soldiers in the Civil War at POINT LOOKOUT, Chattanooga, Tenn., made the spot hallowed and world-famous.

has an altitude of over 2,200 feet, and at RIVER PARK it is cooler in Summer by 8 to 10 degrees than at Asheville, N. C. The mornings and evenings are delightfully cool and invigorating. Blankets are necessary every night.

has magnificent palisade walls of marvelous beauty along the crest of its brows. Great sculpturesque boulders rise like castles, silhouetted against the sky, oft draped with passing clouds.

has wonderful diversity of scenery, numerous mountain streams, waterfalls, cascades and springs; caverns and caves, and a "grand canyon" gorge of wild beauty, several hundred feet deep. There are ravines and cliffs and plateau where wide, sweeping vistas reveal gorgeous panoramas of valleys and far-flung ranges . . . the distant Cumberlands of Tennessee.

Dr. Miller's Summer School of Psychology

will be held at *River Park,* atop Lookout Mountain, on the thousand-acre estate (Vagabondia) of Col. Milford W. Howard, former Congressman and himself a lecturer and author of note. Col. Howard and his brilliant wife (Lady Vivian), *real folks both,* will be host and hostess to our students and guests. COME! *We want you to be there July 1st.*

Reservation and Enrollment Blank

To Miss Irene Kenney, Registrar,
Lookout Mt. Summer School of Psychology,
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Please make reservation for..... persons. Enclosed find check for .....

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Write additional names on margin or separate sheet of paper.

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"I GAMBLED 2¢ *and* WON $35,840 *in* 2 YEARS"

A Story for Men and Women who are dissatisfied with themselves

THIS is the story of a gamble—a 2c risk—which paid me a profit of $35,840 in two years. I am not, and never was, a gambler by nature; in all probability I never would have taken the chance if more money was involved. So even if you, too, are against gambling, you will feel like risking two cents after you've read my story.

Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But this sort of luck I had everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

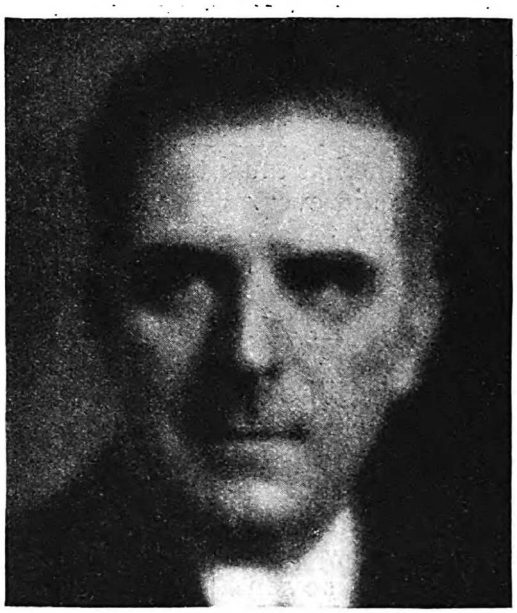
Almost any $40-a-week wage earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two years ago, I too, was in the $40-a-week rut. My earnings were $2,080 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money—a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be on a par with people I then looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatterbrained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising costs of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of $20,000 a year. That's exactly $17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of $35,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do.



When I am old I will not be a millstone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I look forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the *will* to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a $5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a $100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused the change in my circumstances? How did I, a $40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word—Pelmanism. I gambled 2c on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old $40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to concentrate—how to observe keenly. Initiative, resourcefulness, organizing ability, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared. Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten, there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2c as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism, called "Scientific Mind Training." Reading that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the Course because of the Institute's guarantee. All I gambled was 2c and I am $36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

* * * * *

The Pelman Institute will be glad to send a copy of "Scientific Mind Training" to any interested individual. This book is free. It explains Pelmanism. It tells what it does to the mind. It tells what Pelmanism has meant to others. For over 25 years Pelmanism has been helping people to happiness. Over 650,000 others have studied this remarkable science. Among those who have praised it are such great world figures as Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Harry Lauder, T. P. O'Connor, Major Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, H. R. H. Prince Charles of Sweden, and many others. Your whole life may be altered as a result of reading "Scientific Mind Training." Send the coupon. You have nothing to lose. If Pelmanism does not help you it costs you nothing. There is no obligation in mailing the coupon. No salesman will call on you. Decide for yourself what to do after you read the free book about Pelmanism. Mail the coupon NOW.

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You Who Earnestly Want—

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Their Partnership

Charles and John had been given a kitten, but they did not agree on the ownership. Finally the mother persuaded them that Charles should own the kitten's head and fore feet, and John should own the hind feet and the tail. Then each could stroke his own cat. All went well until John accidently stepped on the cat's tail and it cried. Charles demanded, "Who stepped on my cat?" John quickly answered, "No one stepped on your cat. I stepped on my cat, and your cat went 'meow.'"

—Youth's Companion

Who's to Blame

Jane had been unusually naughty one day and her mother found it necessary to scold her before putting her to bed. After she had put out the lights and left the room she heard Jane saying her prayer, and as she listened she heard her say:

"Dear Jesus, if you make me as naughty tomorrow as you did today, I'm never going to ask you to make me good again."

—Indianapolis News

The Trouble

The car had broken down and the pair of legs protruding from underneath seemed to indicate that repairs were in progress.

"Had a breakdown?" inquired a passerby.

"Oh, no, only playing hide-and-seek with the works," came a muffled voice from underneath the car. But the questioner was not easily daunted.

"What power car is it?"

"Forty horse."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Well, as far as I know," came the answer, "thirty-nine horses got balky, and the remaining one is too upset to answer questions."

—The Catalina Islander

Desperation

Mother—No, Bobbie, absolutely no. For the third time I tell you that you can't have another chocolate.

Bobbie—Oh, gee, I don't see where dad gets the idea that you always are changing your mind.

—The Forester

Expensive

"Dear John," the wife wrote from a fashionable resort, "I enclose the hotel bill."

"Dear Mary," he responded, "I enclose cheque to cover the bill; but please don't buy any more hotels at this figure. They are cheating you."

—The Forester

We are indebted to *The Philadelphia Record* for the following rollicking review of Edna Bryner's "While the Bridegroom Tarried":

A sex-ridden hero
  Decides he will wed,
But promptly regrets
  Once the service is said;
Two children are born
  Then he flees from his wife
And fifteen more women
  Enliven his life;
Thru three hundred pages
  He's sadly perplexed,
In action he tarries,
  In thought oversexed;
He passes some years
  In a pleasant exile,
Then back to his wife
  He returns for a while,
But soon his wife dies,
  And once more he starts out
Propelled by his urges,
  Restrained by his doubt.
At last he decides,
  But his lady has married,
Which leaves him still yearning,
"The Bridegroom Who Tarried."

—Dutton's Weekly Book News

Those Caddies!

Tyro—Do you think I stand too near the ball when I strike it?

Caddie—I think you are too near the ball after you've struck it.

—The Catalina Islander

A Long Story

"What did your wife say to you for getting home late last night?"

"I haven't time to tell you. I must catch the 8.10."

—N. Y. Central Lines Magazine

An editor who started about twenty years ago with only 55 cents is now worth $100,000. His accumulation of wealth is owing to his frugality, good habits, strict attention to business and the fact that an uncle died and left him $99,999.

—Personality

Mumps!

A small boy went to a neighbor's house and inquired if his little playmate didn't have the mumps. When the mother replied in the affirmative, he asked to be allowed to come in and catch 'em. The mother asked why he wanted the mumps, and he replied that he did not want them—for himself, but that he was going home to give them to the cook, the cook would give them to his father, his father would give them to his mother, and the mother would give them to the preacher, and *that was the guy he was after.*

—Personality

Dear Father: Please send me a cheque:
I dallied last night with a deque;
  What little I knew
  Didn't carry me threw,
And I got it, alas, in the neque!
Dear Son: I am just out of cheques:
Pray consider the physical wreques
  That probably knew
  A heap more than yew
Of cards and the opposite seques!

—Personality

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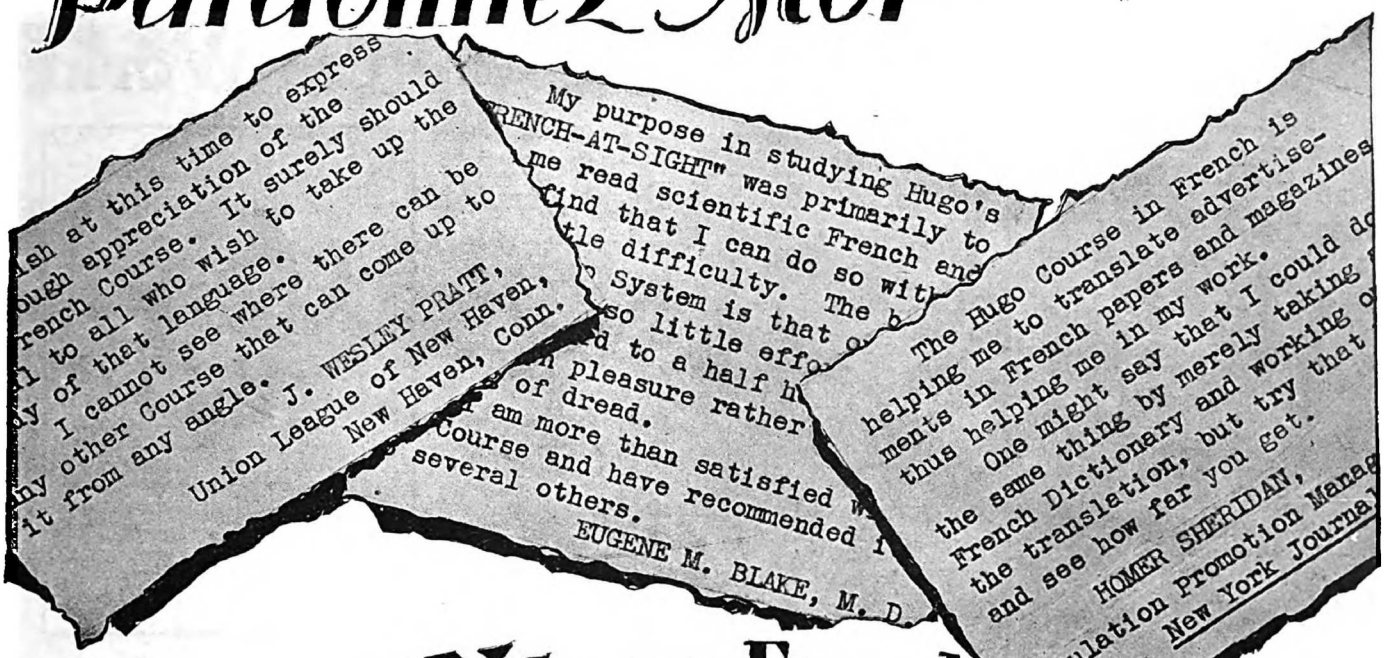
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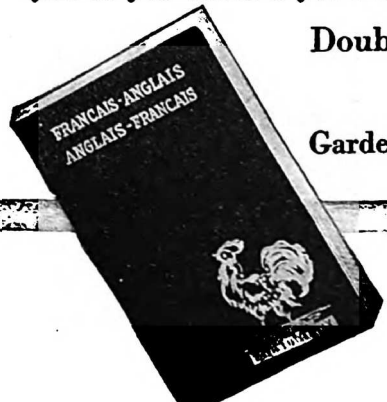
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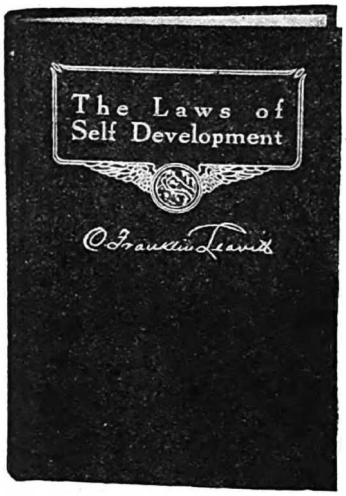
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Teaches How to Train Our Forces for Health and Advancement

This is a work of very high order dealing with the causes that govern conditions and clearly setting forth principles controlling our realization of life and its truth. It deals conscientiously with the metaphysics of being, giving directions for control of the mental and a course of illustrated physical exercises. It teaches how to train our forces for health and advancement. Bound in de luxe cloth, stamped in gold and white. Price $2.00, postpaid.—The Progressive Teacher, of Nashville, Tenn.

"It Is Full of Facts—Not Theories"

After an introduction concerning the question of Self-Healing the author adopts the letter form of treatment for the presentation of the important subject of self-help. These are forty-two letters dealing mainly with positive facts rather than theories, and being kept well within the lines of demonstrable truth. The book contains a large number of artistic illustrations of physical exercises, and several fine anatomical charts; there are almost 400 pages.—Naturopath Magazine of New York.

A Proof That It Really Gives Material Aid

Dear Dr. Leavitt:—I have just finished reading your book, "MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EASE AND SUPREMACY." I have never known a time when words seemed so small and insufficient just to say that I thank you. Thank you seems so small.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Bert King.

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SLEEP WITHOUT 'DRUGS' SAYS EMINENT SPECIALIST

Former Battle Creek Sanitarium Physician States Amazing Flaxolyn Discovery Relieves Constipation Condition Naturally and Brings Sound, Restful Sleep by Perfecting Digestion

Thousands of people who formerly suffered nights of sleeplessness and days of agonizing stomach distress due to constipation—now feel fit, eat with keen appetites, and sleep serenely since taking Nature's own formula, Dr. Luntz's Herbal Flaxolyn.

According to Dr. A. W. Herr, formerly physician at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, "Flaxolyn relieves in a natural way that dreaded condition called constipation. In many cases where auto-intoxication prevented sleep, the use of Flaxolyn has been the means of so cleansing the colon that natural sleep is now the usual thing and life has taken on a different—a brighter—outlook for these people.

That is the unique feature of Flaxolyn—it is a remarkable

"TONIC LAXATIVE, NOT A DRUG"

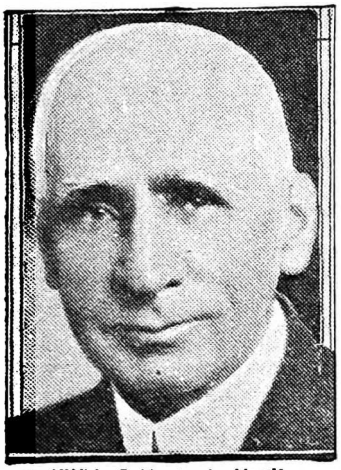
Hundreds of other doctors and health sanatoriums all over the world have used Flaxolyn in the treatment of such symptoms as dizzy spells, liver disorders, indigestion, sleepless nights, kidney and bladder troubles, and have already written in praise of Flaxolyn.

Dr. George Starr White (M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.A., London) tells how "Flaxolyn helps to eliminate the irritants from the intestinal and urinary tracts, and by so doing makes possible quick, sound, restful sleep."

Los Angeles Minister Says "Flaxolyn Saved My Stomach and Health."

After 15 Years Suffering

Dr. Middlekauff writes as follows: "Some years ago when I was in personal need of Gastro-Intestinal help, I used your Flaxolyn with most excellent results. I am enclosing $10 for a quantity of Flaxolyn to help my patients, as I am now a Naturopathic physician. I am a retired Baptist minister. I broke down in health completely 15 years ago, but on Nature-cure lines (and with the help of Flaxolyn) I have gotten back my health. I am sure of helping many people with Flaxolyn because it pays proper attention to STOMACH NEEDS—which ordinary laxatives do not."



Dr. Middlekauff of Los Angeles, himself benefited by Flaxolyn, now highly recommends it to his patients.

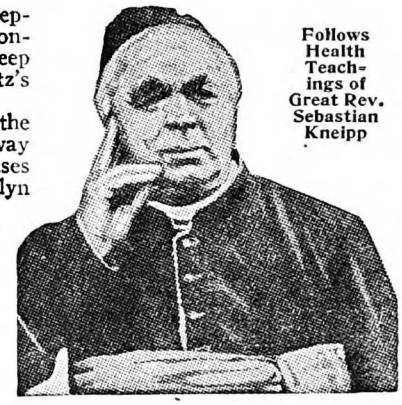
Dr. Middlekauff's experience with Herbal Flaxolyn has been more than duplicated by doctors and patients all over the world.

Gas Quickly Relieved

Nothing could be greater testimony to the effectiveness of Herbal Flaxolyn than this statement of Dr. J. A. Royer (N.D., M.E.), of Montreal, Canada.

Dr. Royer says: "I was recently called into the home of a lady patient and found that she suffered from an acute attack of gastritis. Instantly I gave her a Flaxolyn herb powder. This treatment I repeated in 15 minutes and again in 30 minutes. In one hour the patient was recovering rapidly and surprisingly. The following day when I called, she had spent a good night's rest and was positively normal."

Flaxolyn is highly endorsed by the London Health Centre; Academy of Physical Reconstruction of Los Angeles; Houston, Texas, Health Food Clinic; Sanitarium Health Baths of Olympia, Washington, etc.



Follows Health Teachings of Great Rev. Sebastian Kneipp

The following from Dr. Benedict Lust (M.D., N.D.), of New York, the well-known editor of "Nature's Path," speaks for itself:

"I have been using Flaxolyn in my treatment of a number of my patients at the Butler Sanitarium. I consider it a most modern and natural adjunct and find it a great help in assisting the process of elimination of irritants from the system. It helps bring the body back to its normal stage. It is certainly a natural remedy and complies with the teachings and tenets of such teachers as the great Father Kneipp and other authorities for natural healing. I advise every drugless believer to give Dr. Luntz's Flaxolyn a fair trial."

Renewed Energy, New Grip on Life

A box containing many treatments costs but $1, and may be the means of starting you on the joyous road to health.

Don't wait. If you suffer from stomach distress constantly, if toxic poisons and constipation are causing poor blood, weakened condition, loss of sleep and vitality, act at once.

Start taking Flaxolyn. It does not gripe because it is natural. You will feel the tonic change at once. You will enjoy renewed vigor, a new grip on life. Full treatment sent post-paid on receipt of $1.

FLAXOLYN "OPEN FORMULA"

Not a Secret—Nothing to Hide Says Dr. H. H. Luntz (M.D., D.O.), Stomach Specialist.

1. BAKED FLAXSEED—Relaxes congestion; acts as astringent.
2. VEGETABLE CHARCOAL—Aids digestion, sweetens the stomach, overcomes acid and gas, purifies undigested, fermenting food.
3. JUNIPER BERRIES—Cleanse, purify, stimulate kidneys and bladder.
4. AFRICAN GINGER ROOTS—Quicken flow of vital digestive juices.
5. DANDELION ROOTS—Purify the liver and blood.
6. CARDAMON SEEDS—Act on the stomach lining. Aromatic tonic.
7. CHINESE RHUBARB—Invigorates the stomach and the liver.
8. SPANISH LICORICE ROOTS—Remove mucous that may be clogging and poisoning the digestive organs.
9. CULVER ROOTS—Stimulate natural bile-flow and so purify the liver.
10. GENTIAN ROOTS—Create a healthy, normal appetite.
11. BELGIAN VALERIAN ROOTS—Tone the nerves and induce the restful sleep of health.
12. CALIFORNIA BARK—Cleanses the colon and removes foreign matter from the intestines.

Great Chicago Health Institute Lauds Flaxolyn for Constipation

Dr. Victor Hugo Lindlahr and his associates who operate the remarkable Lindlahr Sanitarium in Elmhurst, Ill., and in addition the Lindlahr College of Natural Therapeutics and the Lindlahr Pure Food Shop in Chicago have given to Dr. Luntz's Herbal Flaxolyn the highest possible approval by recommending and endorsing it throughout their famous health organization.

They declare it the natural way to overcome constipation.

FREE Diet Advice

Personal Health Advice

Health and diet advice given free with all Flaxolyn purchases.

Each and every letter from Psychology readers given the personal attention of Dr. Luntz.

Make your questions plain and as brief as possible.

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DR. H. H. LUNTZ (M.D., D.O.), Dept. P-M,
1170 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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($1 per carton) to cover all costs. Also include FREE—"14 RULES OF HEALTH."

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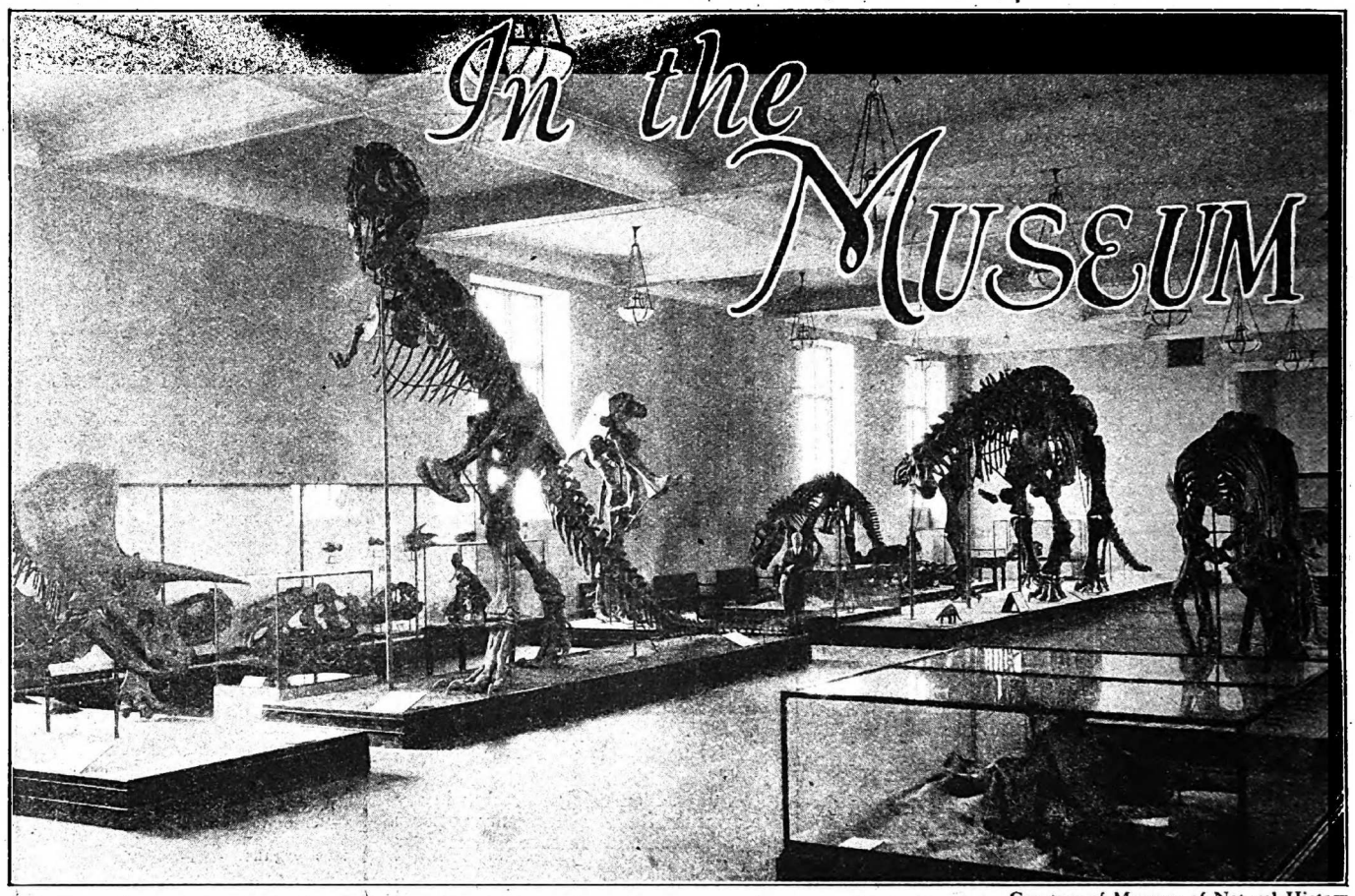
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REMEMBER—Dr. Luntz will try to help you with your diet and health problems WITHOUT CHARGE. Write questions plainly.

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Courtesy of Museum of Natural History

Mammoth skeletons in the Museum of Natural History in New York City.

A Discussion of Brilliance

By Robert Engler

THE great winged reptiles back in the Mesozoic age were brilliant creatures. Their wings made them secure masters of all they surveyed. Food and drink and luxuries abundantly hovered under the wide reach of their powerful wings. Everything came easy to them. And ease is deadening, enervating, disastrous.

Awe-inspiring skeletons are the only monument extant of those brilliant reptilian birds. These you find housed in our museums of natural history. Their inferiors, the earthbound mammals, however, have come up in the world. Your biology professor will tell you that man is but a thinking ape metamorphosed.

"There is more promise to humanity in a man having been able to fight himself up from an amoeba and think himself up from an ape," the cynical biology professor continues, "than to have been created at one sitting by an almighty God. Not brilliant, without wings, the ape had to use his brains to fill his belly and save himself from the winged reptiles swooping over him. Now look at man and behold the noble handiwork of the wingless, stolid ape who had but four feet, a brain and a mad desire to master the world!"

What happens to your brilliant student? Almost without looking at a book he hoodwinks his professors into giving him high marks. Ten years after graduation look up your brilliant students and your grinds. It will often surprise you who is boss and who is complaining of a raw deal.

The wings of brilliance are frequently wings of wax. The first hot test in the crucible of life melts them, leaving their high-flying owner in a sad situation. But your brilliant man who hides his irritating brilliance under the hood of hard work is a master of men. Your brilliant man not satisfied with getting by on his brilliance, goes far and does much. Your brilliant man who adds to his quick grasp of things a ready and steady effort is a man of surpassing success.

Brilliance is fraught with the potentialities and pitfalls of wings. You may die a victim to their enervating ease. Or you may fly on them to glorious victory.

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They call her "KILL JOY"



THEY came to ask her to go on a party—and it ended in a fuss instead. Pepless, depressed much of the time, more and more irritated by the people she comes in contact with and by trivial things, by unintended slights.

Before her mirror, in the secrecy of her chamber, she wistfully says to herself: "I'm still young—and *not* homely—why in the world can't I be as popular as other girls?"

But—"She used to be pleasant and a lot of fun, but now she's always making cutting remarks, flaring up, trying to be sarcastic—better invite somebody else"—that's what her acquaintances say.

She doesn't know it—but FAULTY LUBRICATION *is to blame*

The Insidious Thing About Faulty Lubrication

One of the most unfortunate things about faulty lubrication is that it creeps upon you unawares. Scientific research shows that practically everybody suffers from it at different periods; that a great majority of people suffer from this unnatural condition in some mild degree nearly all of the time. Too often it is neglected or its symptoms attributed to other causes. When allowed to continue, faulty lubrication grows into constipation, then as the system becomes poisoned, sick headaches, dullness of mind, mental irritability, depression, hardening of the arteries and even paralysis constitute the later stages.

Let Nature Show You How

The mechanism of the body can be kept in prime condition only when the internal poisons are properly and regularly eliminated. The *natural* way is the way that brings permanently satisfactory results. Nature provided man with a variety of foods that take care of this daily cleansing of the internal system. Primitive man did not suffer from this curse of modern, lazy, indoor life. In the blustery fall and winter months when his active outdoor life changed to close, cramped quarters in caves—Nature gave him an abundance of the fine, pure, wholesome oil of nuts—Nuts and powerful teeth to chew them.

PECANO—The Miracle of 1929

Science has now found a way to pulverize the nut that contains 68% natural nut oil—the Pecan nut. The result is PECANO. Not ground or mashed into butter—literally pulverized, powdery fine—so fine that each particle literally melts into a delicious and tasty morsel the moment it touches your tongue. No chewing, and digestible by everyone, even children and the aged.

PECANO provides the most natural, ample and permanently effective lubrication for the entire system.

Hundreds of Ways to Serve PECANO

Now you can really eat your way to health and enjoy every mouthful. Eat PECANO right from the package—notice what a wonderful difference two or three tablespoonfuls a day will make in the way you feel. Or serve it on salads, fresh fruits, fresh vegetables. Sprinkle it on ice creams, puddings and other desserts. Whether eaten in its natural form or cooked it adds inimitable flavor to food and is worth its weight in gold from the point of view of health.

Don't Wait—Use Coupon

Send $1 today for your introductory package of PECANO (8 ounces). With it you will receive, FREE, elaborately illustrated booklet on "The Miracle Food," containing valuable scientific information on how to keep fit, young and full of vitality. Mail coupon and $1 now.



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The FOUR-SQUARE BUSINESS-MAN

TO BE four square a man must have Capital, Capacity, Character and Courage in his make-up. Capital—the good health, blood, environment of a good home that good parents provide one with. Capacity—the study, schooling and enthusiastic interest one takes in self-development and progress. Character—the sum total of what a man is worth who really applies his God-given talents for all he is able as a go-giver before he expects to be a go-getter. A man who really pays the rent for the space he occupies on this earth of ours. A man who goes the second mile, who lives up to the Sermon on the Mount even to the extent of casting his bread on the waters freely rather than being small in one thing. Distance tests the strength of a horse, time the worth of a man, and only such men as fulfill every promise plus a little extra where called for, can qualify as real men of character. Courage—the poem "If" by Rudyard Kipling exemplifies what I mean by courage:

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too.
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating.
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can make a heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breath a word about your loss.
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on, when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"



If you can walk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch.
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And, which is more, you'll be a Man, my son!"

IT IS that something that makes a man carry on when the breaks go against him. The Good Book has it that a live dog is better than a dead lion. In those days the lion was respected as the king of beasts, while the dog was the jackal, the lowest creature that could be thought of, and yet there is more hope for a live dog than for a dead lion. A man is never down until he stays down, and a winner never quits and a quitter never wins. Thoughts are things. Wishes make dreams come true if we but have faith that vivifies, love that sanctifies and work that justifies. All things are possible for those who pray for strength to do right according to the best light they have and for enthusiasm to make use of every talent to make our ambition come true. To move the heavens and the earth in so far as it is in our power before we pray for Divine help—that constitutes the right kind of a man. A religion of deeds rather than one of creeds—kind in our aims, in our acts and especially kind in our judgment of the deeds and creeds of others.

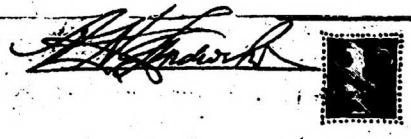
If we do all we can to make our dreams come true then whatever is, is best for us; we may not see it so at the time, but it is the Just Law of Compensation that he who gives all receives all that is best for him. The same test that breaks the weak builds the strong.

"One ship drives east and another drives west,
With the self-same winds that blow,
'Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales
That tell them the way to go.

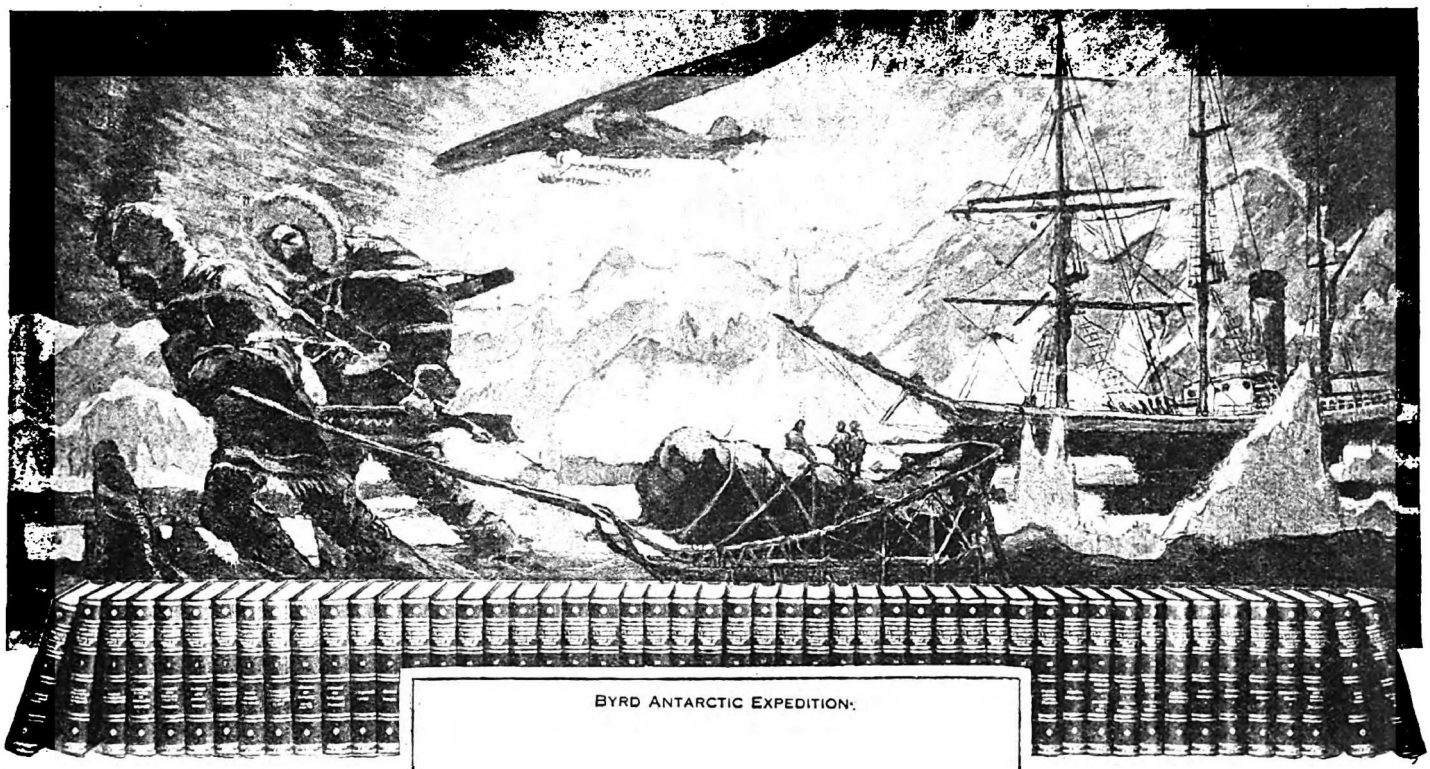
Like the winds of the sea are the winds of fate,
As we voyage along thru life,
'Tis the set of the soul
That decides the goal
And not the calm or the strife."

Let us see how much we can make our capital, capacity, character and courage count for the year 1929.

Warmfriendly yours,
A. H. LINDWEHR



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The Byrd Expedition

COMMANDER BYRD and his men go into the unknown regions of the South Pole for a year—possibly two. The stupendous voyage has been planned with the greatest of care and foresight. During this long period these men will be lost to the known world, conquering the yet unconquered expanse in the interest of science and progress.

The men who prepared for this history-making expedition knew that something more than food, warmth and scientific equipment must be provided. They also anticipated the endless polar night when active, intelligent men will be confined to ship or camp.

The letter shown on this page was written to P. F. Collier and Son Company by the Manager of the Expedition, asking that the Harvard Classics be added to their very limited library. The Publishers were pleased to serve Commander Byrd and his men.

The selection of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books is typical of the vision with which the whole voyage has been planned. Men of the highest type need the best possible reading recreation, and the Harvard Classics have brought inspiration and pleasure to hundreds of thousands of readers.

Men in the ice floes of the Antarctic need be no more remote than the people in our civilized urban world, so far as their reading is concerned. Although the explorer is limited to the few books he can take with him, we of the busy world may be so hopelessly lost in the millions of books around us that we miss the truly great ones.

The explorer *must* choose. And the Byrd Expedition has chosen the Harvard Classics.

Because Dr. Eliot, forty years President of Harvard University, recognized the need for easy access to the best books, he assembled in one convenient set the works which have everlasting value, the books that stimulate, inspire, and advise. In these volumes are included the writings of 302 immortal authors.

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BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

P. F. Collier & Son Company,
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Gentlemen:

In fitting out the Byrd Antarctic Expedition for a two year scientific research of the Antarctic, members of the expedition have suggested that we include in our library Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf of Books.

Books will play an important part in the contentment of the personnel, particularly when the expedition winters on the ice barrier through the six months of total darkness during the Antarctic Night.

We should like to carry into the Antarctic, along with your good wishes for the success of the expedition, a set of the Harvard Classics.

You can appreciate too, aside from the indorsement value of our including the Harvard Classics in a library necessarily restricted in size, that the sixty men who will accompany Commander Byrd on this expedition will while away many hours of enjoyment and profit immensely by the fund of information contained in your volumes.

Trusting that we may have your cooperation.

Yours very truly,

BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

Richard E. Brophy

Richard E. Brophy,
Business Manager

—chooses these books

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A Chat With the Editor

Henry Knight Miller

Springs in the Desert

IN all the secular and sacred writings of the East, the desert looms an ominous figure of desolation. These writers experienced the harrowing hardships of long desert marches, endless stretches of sand, radiating burning heat like some monstrous furnace, with scarcity of water leaving parched throats and aching bodies. An oasis with a few shade trees. A fountain of clear, cold water. Relief from the scorching desolation of a relentless sun. Rest for tired, fever-stricken bodies. Life again—and hope—and cheer!

To the optimist, idealist and those whose days have been crowned with the luster of friendship, love and plenty, life is a garden outrivaling fabulous Eden. To the pessimist, cynic and the weary multitudes who have found only disillusionment, life is a desert, a barren waste, an aching, dreary march thru burning sands. To these latter I address myself.

Don't Blame Fate

WHAT is it that determines whether a man finds life a garden or a desert? Some say it is fate. But fate is a misnomer. It exists for the most part only as an alibi in the mind of the individual. We are not playthings of fate but masters of destiny. A certain part of the events which crowd us may be relegated to that uncertain sphere called fate, chance or luck. But for the most part we determine our own fate by our degree of mental alertness by employing our powers of imagination, a rugged will to achieve, and unremitting industry and toil. The quality of our prevailing thoughts colors the entire world of our being and determines to a nicety what we are and where we are. If you do not like the results change the cause. Do not blame fate. We create our own deserts. Change your thought and feeling habits and you will change the entire aspect of your life.

Whether life to a man is a flowering place or barren waste is determined by the inner consciousness of man. It does not even depend upon material factors in the objective world. If it did, all millionaires would be happy and all poor men miserable. But this is not the case. Many of life's most restless, discontented and unhappy men and women are to be found in marble palaces, while in homes of rustic and frugal simplicity is found content, peace and happiness, the atmosphere of springtide, music of song birds, the aroma of sweet-scented flowers. It is not the *without* but the *within* that determines the aspect of life.

"I Did My Best—and Will Sing!"

I KNEW a man of fabulous wealth. He built a palatial home and furnished it in a manner which would have paled the luxurious grandeur of a king's palace. I visited him and congratulated him on the sumptuous magnificence with which he was surrounded. He heaved a heavy sigh and said, "What good is it? It brings me no happiness. I sometimes envy my gardener's simplicity of life and freedom from care. There is nothing in all this material splendor but tinsel and show."

On the other hand when I was a freshman in college I knew a man of simple habits but beautiful life. He had little material wealth but a wealth of soul that made him a Croesus among the immortals. He had invested all his money in a peach orchard and patiently cared for his treasure for three long years. At length came the fruitful spring when the young trees were heavy ladened with blossoms. In high spirits he rubbed his hands and told me that his sacrifice was to be rewarded, that there was a fortune in fruit on his trees. That night the blossoms were destroyed by a fierce frost. It meant financial ruin. Yet the next day when I expected to

ALEX KUREISS

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see him dejected and despondent, I found him with a peaceful expression. "It can't be helped," he said. "I did my best and will sing and be happy just the same." In this case where there might have been a desert to any man of less triumphant inner consciousness, the desert "bloomed and blossomed as the rose." There were springs in the desert!

The Need of Faith

LIFE is turned from garden to desert by wrong thinking and negative emotion. Thoughts and feelings of fear, worry, hate, inferiority and failure, wither the garden of life and make it arid and desolate. On the other hand, thoughts of confidence, aspiration and love turn the desert places into flowering garden spots.

Let us consider some of life's bitter experiences that tend to make life akin to a desert march unless the individual rationalizes and rises superior to these conditions. Perhaps the most common is a general sense of disillusionment. Youth is a period of natural idealism. All of life is looked at thru rose-colored glasses. With the advent of maturity there comes gradual awakening. Life is not as kindly as it appeared from the eyes of youth. Hard knocks and bitter experiences come. Friends turn false. Love grows cold. In the hour of despair no kindly hands reach out to help. Economic failure lays its chilling hand upon the man eager to work. Then also there is loneliness, depression, failure, sickness, bereavement, and life appears indeed a desert place.

Now what are some springs in the desert that tend to make glad the desolate places and restore the balmy fragrance of a springtide garden to life?

Faith is one spring that creates an oasis in life's desert places. If a man is urged on by an unfaltering faith, discouragements will but strengthen his will to win, obstacles will but challenge his best endeavors, and even defeat will be accepted not as final but rather as a needed lesson in order that final victory may be achieved. A man needs faith in the Cosmic Power which pervades all, designs all, and brings all things to pass. Call this infinite presence God, Allah, Cosmic Urge, Eternal Principle or Superconscious Mind. It matters little what name you use. You stand alone in the universe in that hour when you cease to believe that somewhere, somehow, there is a Power, greater than ourselves, yet resident in ourselves, that maketh for righteousness and leadeth to victory.

Then a man needs to have faith in himself, in his fellows, and in the essential justice and goodness of life. Believe in yourself and others will tend to share your faith. Doubt yourself and none will believe in you. Believe in others. Many may disappoint you, but they can harm you little unless they destroy your faith in mankind. Then only do they injure you vitally. Believe also in the general rightness of life. We need not blind ourselves to the many maladjustments and imperfections of life. We may bravely seek to create fairer conditions. But we will do this with enthusiasm and joy only if we believe that in the main life is good, and our efforts are expended to help eliminate all that is not good, that perfect social life may be realized.

Friendship is another spring in the desert. Fortunate is that man or woman who can retire from the sting and surge of life into the warming and cheering atmosphere of a loyal friend's genuine concern. Many are the coveted possessions of life, sumptuous estates, precious stones, gold, silver, luxurious furnishings, beautiful cars, stocks and bonds, but none of these even begins to equal in value a true friend. In the comradeship, sympathy and loyalty of a kindred soul is wealth beyond the touch of Midas.

The Cultivation of Friendship

IS life a desert march for you because you have no friends? Look within for the possible cause. You will have friends only if you yourself are friendly. Sincerity is a foundation stone of friendship. Unselfishness is the cardinal principle. That fine type of loyalty that sticks to the end, in good repute and bad, in prosperity and failure, in health and sickness, is the final test of friendship. Happy is the man who claims one such a friend, while he who has ten such is richer than Croesus.

If you would quench your soul-thirst at this precious spring in the desert, set about deliberately to cultivate friendship. Forget yourself in a passion of sincere devotion to the welfare of others. Lend a helping hand. Cheer life's weary pilgrims with a smile. Speak a good word when others condemn. Forgive and forget. Cultivate a sense of humor and do not expect too much. One, two, ten, twenty, may disappoint you and return a stone of betrayal for the bread of kindliness. But in time men's hearts will warm toward you. A score of defenders will spring up to fight your battles. A hundred kindly thoughts will radiate vibrations of love, appreciation and loyalty, and you will live no longer

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in the desert, for the springs of friendship will have turned your desert into green pastures and still waters. There shall be springs in the desert.

The Spring of Service

AN unfailing spring which adds luster, meaning and divinity to life is the spring of service. Those who know no desert are the great hearts who minister to the needs of their fellows. The great teacher proclaimed, "He who saveth his life shall lose it, but he who loseth his life shall find it." Give freely of your life in unselfish ministration to your fellows. Seek to make happiness, health and prosperity contagious. In serving your fellows you clothe your own life with cosmic significance. Jesus is most divine of the sons of men because he served most largely. Call the roll of the immortals, those who turned life's desert places to rose entwined bowers, and you will find that they are those who gave most.

Finally, and in a sense of inclusive of all, there is the spring of right thinking. The mind is supreme. It determines with inexorable exactness what and where a man will be in life. Low, mean, unworthy thoughts blight life like a scourge. High, generous, courageous thoughts change the whole aspect of life. Tell me a man's thoughts and I can tell you where and what he is. Change his thoughts and you change his place in life. Those who languish in the desert do so because of negative thoughts and emotions. They are obsessed with fears that leer forth at them out of darkened corners. They are depressed with worry about the past, which is dead; the future, which may never come; and the present, which calls not for worry but faith, cheer and work. They are poisoned with jealousy, envy, hate, these fatal venoms that blister and burn, eating like cancers in the soul. Or perhaps they thrust themselves into the desert thru permitting a sense of inferiority to defeat their every ambitious thought before even their psychic embryo is born.

Now it is not nearly as difficult as it may seem to change one's prevailing habits of thought. Do a thing once and you make an impression on the brain. Do it again and the impression deepens. Again and again and again. Each time the impression deepens, forming a motor groove in the nervous system called a habit. What is a habit? A tendency to respond to any set of stimuli in a manner fixed by a series of former responses. Habits are formed by persistent repetition. Very well then. Build habits of constructive thinking. Offset thoughts of inferiority by constantly hammering into the subconscious thoughts of confidence, faith, courage. Say "I can, I will, I do!" until thru constant repetition it becomes a great growing conviction, a spring in the desert, an inspiration that leads you to victory.

The Dignity of Divine Life

IF thoughts and emotions of jealousy, anger, hate, have made a desert out of life, you have only yourself to blame. Change your mental and emotional habits. Form habits of tolerance, forgiveness, love. Whatever others may do is up to them. Refuse to permit your soul to become sullied by petty hates and stupid grudges. Develop a sense of humor. Pity those who seek to hurt you. If you refuse to let them hurt you they but harm themselves, and fall dead of the wounds intended for you. Be supreme in the security of your own inviolable inner consciousness. Thus will you rise to the dignity of divine life, and there shall be springs forever turning every desert place into luxurious verdure and unending delight.



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The Lure of Lookout Mountain

Psychologists Plan to Assemble for Inspiration and Instruction in July

Announcement of Faculty and Courses of Study at Lookout Mountain Summer School of Psychology

PLANS for the great gathering of students at the Lookout Mountain Summer School of Psychology are well advanced, and it is expected that July first will find enrollments completed and all classes well organized and ready for intensive work.

Dr. Henry Knight Miller, editor of PSYCHOLOGY and foremost exponent in America of Dynamic Psychology, is Dean of the school and will teach the classes enrolled for Practical and Applied Psychology. Dr. Miller's books, editorials, and lectures have made a profound impression on American life, and many of his big family of enthusiastic readers and students will seize this opportunity of coming into immediate and personal contact with this outstanding figure in the cultural and educational life of America. He is not only one of the most erudite and practical teachers in the field but his reputation for eloquence has made him one of America's favorite lecturers. The largest auditoriums in all sections of the country have been filled to overflowing to hear his inspirational lectures, and those who enroll at the Summer School will have the opportunity of hearing him every day thruout the entire month of July.

His associate, Arthur H. Howland, Managing Editor of PSYCHOLOGY, has become recognized as an authority on the special subjects of Psycho-analysis and the Psychology of Sex. Mr. Howland will be present at the school during the entire month and will conduct daily classes in these subjects.

Dr. Alfred J. Fox is the leading exponent in the United States on Suggestive Therapeutics and will give daily lessons in Suggestion and Auto-suggestion for health and efficiency. In addition to these courses Dr. Fox will give instruction in Physiology and Hygiene, covering all the essentials of healthy and buoyant physical life.

Lawrence W. Rogers, of the faculty of the College of the City of New York, one of the most popular and successful lecturers on the subjects of Business Organization and Efficiency, will conduct daily classes in these subjects, with special and practical courses in Effective and Productive Salesmanship.

Sophia W. Milthack, graduate of the famous Mensendieck System of Physical Education, will be in charge of all the work of Physical Culture and Exercise, and will give special courses, open to all who are enrolled as students of the school, in Functional Muscle Education. The Mensendieck system is famous the world over for its marvelous results in building new and perfectly articulated bodies. Miss Milthack is one of the best known and highly successful teachers of this system in the United States and her presence at the school offers a truly remarkable opportunity for everyone who is ambitious to build a graceful and efficient physique.

Other outstanding names will be added to the faculty, and in addition to the regular staff of teachers who will remain for the whole session, arrangements are being made to bring world-famed experts for occasional lectures to the members of the school and community.

Lookout Mountain offers unparalleled attractions as the ideal spot for a summer outing. The lofty altitude assures coolness and comfort, and the beautiful expanses of its forests and fields promise new health and invigoration to all who will answer the call to this paradise.

Colonel Milford W. Howard, famous author and lecturer, and his gifted wife "Lady Vivian" Harper Howard, have opened the gates of their precious Vagabondia, a tract of a thousand acres of the loveliest lands of the area, for the use of the Summer School and will be the host and hostess of the community of students.

Thru the cooperation of Dr. Miller with Colonel and Mrs. Howard, the arrangement of terms for tuition and for board and lodging have been brought to a remarkably low figure, within easy reach of those in even moderate circumstances.

Miss Mary Noles, dietitian at New York University cafeteria, will, in association with Mrs. Howard, be in charge of provisions.

Students will be accommodated in the bungalows built on Vagabondia, and a community dining-room will provide bounteous meals, to the accompaniment of gay and congenial companionship. (*Continued on page 89*)

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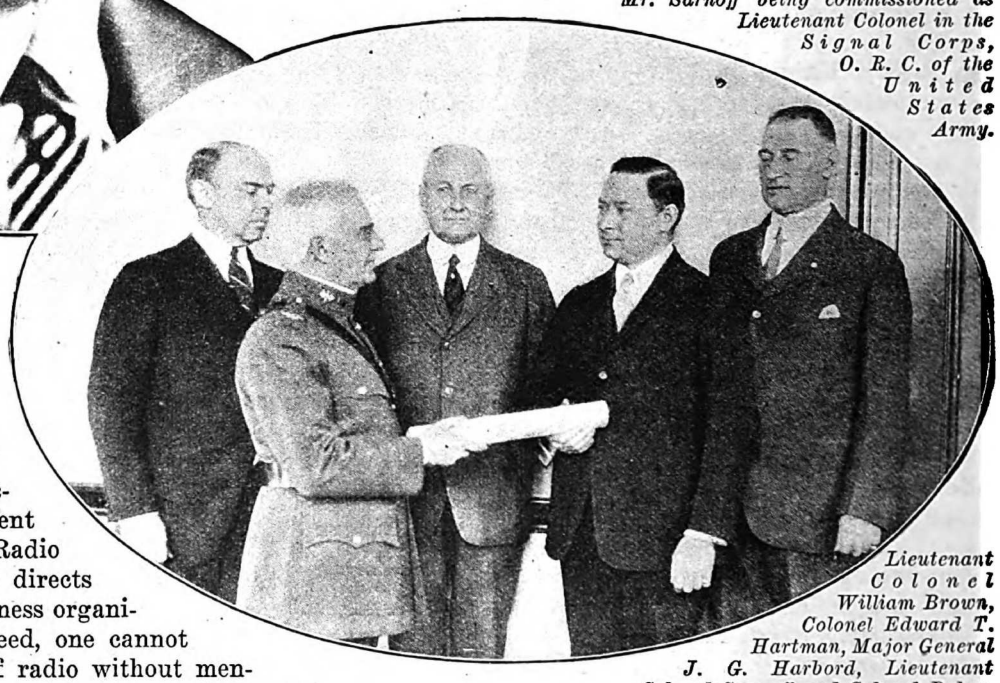
By Lillian Genn

Nothing Could Stop Him

The Thrilling Story of David Sarnoff—Radio Master



DAVID SARNOFF



Mr. Sarnoff being commissioned as Lieutenant Colonel in the Signal Corps, O. R. C. of the United States Army.

Lieutenant Colonel William Brown, Colonel Edward T. Hartman, Major General J. G. Harbord, Lieutenant Colonel Sarnoff and Colonel Rober.

TWENTY odd years ago David Sarnoff came to the United States an immigrant boy, unable to speak a word of English. Today, in his capacity as Executive Vice-President and General Manager of the Radio Corporation of America, he directs one of the most powerful business organizations in the country. Indeed, one cannot speak of the great growth of radio without mentioning David Sarnoff, who is recognized as having been one of the prime factors in its astonishing development.

On a recent afternoon I talked with him—in his offices high up in the Woolworth skyscraper. He relaxed from his many duties, and consented to relate some of the high points of his career. Occasionally his glance strayed toward the window which overlooked a magnificent view of the harbor—the very one where not so long ago he first entered as a bewildered immigrant boy. Just as the far-famed skyscraper itself, rising like a beacon light out of the mist, stirs the imagination of all who come to these shores, so also does Sarnoff's story serve to inspire those who have yet to win their spurs.

Picture a little boy of six leaving his home in Uzlian, Russia, to travel alone to the tiny village of Korme, a thousand miles away, spending the next few years there in the drab home of a grand-uncle, studying twelve hours a day from difficult Hebrew books, never once indulging in play, and one has a fair idea of what David Sarnoff's childhood was like. For generations the men in his mother's family had been rabbis, and it was her desire to have her eldest son follow in their footsteps. So young David's early training was rigorous in the extreme. Those years were none too happy, but later in life Sarnoff was to be grateful for them. The difficult studies served to sharpen his powers of memory and concentration to a high degree and they proved to be valuable assets in helping him reach the niche for which he is so ably fitted.

"The big thing that helped me to keep going at that time," smiled Mr. Sarnoff reminiscently, "was the fact that my father had gone to America and had promised to send for us just as soon as he had the money. I

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therefore lived in great hopes, awaiting every day the magic word 'Come.' The moments not devoted to studying were spent in weaving beautiful dreams of what I was going to do in America. If it had not been for these dreams, the daily routine of twelve hours of studying might have been unbearable."

But many years were to pass before those dreams became a reality. For when the elder Sarnoff finally sent for the family, he did so at the cost of his last ounce of strength and energy. They had not been in this country many weeks when he took to his bed, leaving the burden of support on David's shoulders. At the age of ten, with no knowledge of English, and no money, he had to go out and seek a livelihood for his parents and four smaller children.

The first job that he obtained was some part-time work as a delivery boy for a butcher. A little later he started a newspaper delivery route, and with these two jobs, as well as other odd ones that he picked up at times, he was able to earn enough to pay the rent and to provide food for the family.

"I was kept so busy," Sarnoff related, "that I began to wonder when I would be able to go to school. From the moment I had arrived in this country, my one ambition had been to study at the public school. I realized that I would not be able to fulfill my plans to accomplish something worthwhile unless I received an education. Besides, my family had always been esteemed for its learning, so that my intense desire to study was rather innate. I talked it over with my mother, who shared my hopes, and she agreed that I must manage to go to school.

"I decided that if I got up at four in the morning and sold my newspapers until it was time to go to school, and then worked at odd jobs after school hours, I could earn enough to take care of our needs and at the same time acquire an education."

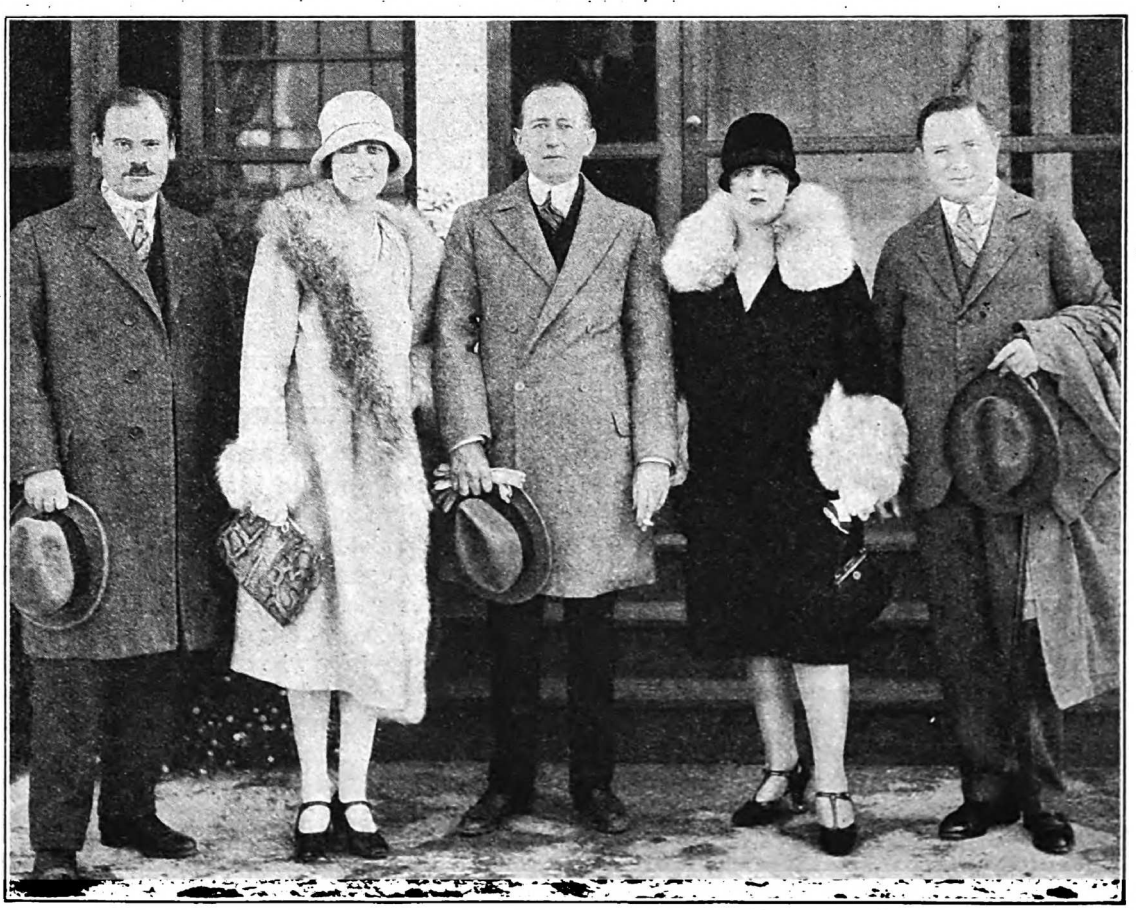
This was a strenuous program for such a young boy, but it was the only one possible. Since he did not know the language and there was no one to help him, his first year at school was a very hard one. But as soon as he mastered the language, he progressed quickly. The long hours of study at Korme had disciplined his mind and enabled him to bear up under the grind.

As if these various tasks were not enough, the boy soon added another. Some one discovered that he had a good singing voice and obtained a place for him in the synagogue choir. For this he earned a dollar and a half, but it was necessary for him to attend rehearsals four evenings a week. Working from four in the morning to midnight proved to be so great a strain on him physically that his growth stopped until he was about sixteen.

He had not been going to school long when he heard the story of Abraham Lincoln. He was deeply stirred by it, and felt that if one of America's great presidents had won in spite of every obstacle, he himself need never be discouraged again. He read voraciously every book on the life of Lincoln that he could obtain and even cut out pictures of him for his walls. Today a very fine portrait of Lincoln hangs in Sarnoff's office.

When David was about twelve years old, he embarked on a larger business enterprise. He learned that there was a newsstand for sale, and with the help of a few people, was able to borrow enough money to buy it. This stand required even more of his time, but the additional money was badly needed by the family.

Despite the many hardships involved, young Sarnoff graduated from public school at the age of fifteen. Shortly after this his father died, and since the boy now became in reality the male head of the house, he decided that the time was ripe for him to procure a regular position in the business world.



Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson and Mr. and Mrs. Guglielmo Marconi with Mr. and Mrs. Sarnoff.

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"I had no definite idea as to what I wanted to do," Sarnoff said, "but since it was expedient that I get something and the only thing of which I had any knowledge at all was newspapers, I thought I would go to a newspaper office.

"I went up to the old Herald Building and on the main floor noticed the office of the Postal Telegraph and Commercial Cable Company, which handled work for the newspaper. I asked the manager where I could go to apply for a job, and looking me over very carefully, he told me that he needed a messenger boy. The salary was five dollars a week.

"As I stood there thinking it over, the clicking telegraph sounder caught my eye and it occurred to me that perhaps I could learn to become a telegraph operator if I took a job in the office. I therefore accepted the man's offer. Since the salary was insufficient, I continued to sell newspapers early in the morning, and my brothers were now old enough to take care of the afternoon business. For the next few months I saved every penny I could and when I had two dollars I bought a telegraph sending instrument and a book of instruction in codes.

"Within six months I knew the Morse code and was able to operate the instrument. Occasionally the manager would permit me to try my skill on the office instrument. I sent messages to a man in the main office and it was thru him that I learned that the Marconi people were advertising for a man. I went to the office to apply for a job, but I found that what they wanted was an office boy and not an operator. I took the job as I was sure I could prove my value as an operator."

But Sarnoff did not remain idle while waiting for the chance to become an operator. He began to read every book he could borrow on radio and allied technical subjects. He never went any place without a book in his pocket and every spare moment was utilized in reading. He found that the company had a small experimental shop and every Sunday he went there to do odd jobs and to add to his fund of information. The men were only too ready to teach him. When therefore an opportunity arrived, Sarnoff was ready. The company was asked to send two operators to an electrical show in Louisville, Kentucky. Sarnoff asked for permission to go as an assistant, and since those in the office knew of his outside studies, they gave him the chance. He did so well at Louisville that upon his return he was accepted as a full-fledged operator.

Sarnoff found that the field was so vast, that he still had a great deal to learn. And when he heard that an assistant was needed at Siasconset, Nantucket Island, a dreary, lonely coastal station to which no operator ever wanted to go, but which happened to boast of a splendid technical library, he applied for the position. As he was very young and comparatively inexperienced, the officials did not want to send him out to that lonely station, but finally they consented.

He stayed there for two years, working at his job eight hours of the day, and spending the rest of the time studying in the library. Every waking hour was devoted to his work and when he thought he had learned as much as he could at Siasconset, he asked to be transferred to the Seagate station in New York. He was already known as one of the fastest wireless operators in the country and he was well qualified for a better position. The officials, tho, knew it would not be easy to get another man to go out to Siasconset, and since they did not want to let him leave that station, they told him he would have to accept a reduction in his salary if he came back to New York. Sarnoff did not hesitate for a moment. He knew he had gone as far as he could in his present position and his eyes were on the future.

Opportunity, however, again favored him. For no sooner had he returned to New York than the manager of the Seagate station left and the position was given to him. At the age of nineteen he was managing the most important and the busiest station the company had. But he was only there for a few months when he learned that John Wanamaker was equipping his New York and Philadelphia stores with radio stations that would be more powerful than any that had as yet been installed. The fact that he would have his evenings free led Sarnoff to apply for the position. As soon as he was settled there, he registered at the Pratt Institute for the special one-year course they were offering in electrical engineering. This was only intended for technically trained men and it was designed to cover three years' work in one. Of the fifty who entered the class, thirty-eight were unable to stand the pace and dropped out. At the end of the year only twelve were graduated and Sarnoff was among them.

On April 14, 1912, a tragic event occurred that gave a tremendous impetus to the radio industry and later led to a great opportunity for Sarnoff. The giant steamship *Titanic* crashed into an iceberg and sank four hours later, with terrible (*Continued on page 64*)

Success—a Result

WHAT is Success, anyway?

Success is nothing but getting what you go after.

Have you a plan to work? Work it—that's success. Have you a duty to perform? Perform it—that's success. Have you a dream to realize? Realize it—that's success. *Success is not a happening; it is a result.*

There is no secret, no mystery, no marvel about success. It is doing instead of doubting, working instead of wishing. It is nothing far off and terrible. It is simply having some definite purpose and carrying it out. It is repeating this process day after day *until the successes of hours have made a success of Life!*

ARTHUR J. FISCHER.

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It PAYS *to Repeat*

New Thoughts about the Value of Old Plans

By Frederick C. Russell

"I'VE heard that one before," said the man beside me at the theatre the other evening. "It's a good one, tho, and I always laugh at it."

"That's why they tell it," I ventured to remind him. "It's sure-fire. It always gets over."

It did not occur to me until several weeks later that one of the secrets of a comedian's success—and you have to be a success to make people laugh—is the valuation he places on repetition. If one of his jokes brings a response from his audience he knows enough to try it again. There may be a slight variation to fit a new scene, but seldom does he scrap a sure-fire thing in favor of something that merely represents his effort to do something different.

It was a successful merchant who suggested to me this essential feature of getting on in the world, and he made no reference whatever to the theatre. I had asked him why he made it a rule to hold a "Dollar Day" every other month and why it was that he did not try to obtain some new results by adopting some new sales plan.

"'Dollar Day' always gets over," he reminded me. "Why should we try for something different when, merely thru repetition, we can turn our stock into ready cash? Repetition is the simplest rule of success but I know of no rule that is ignored more systematically. You see this demonstrated everywhere you turn, especially among young men who are trying to make their marks in the business world. For some strange reason they abhor the process of repeating, preferring to experiment with new schemes and new tactics. It is about as logical as a musician taking up the violin just as he is making his first concert tour as a pianist and winning his first following.

"Repetition makes reputation, as the advertising experts express it. When you make a good reputation for yourself you succeed as a natural consequence. In advertising you do not try to think of new things to say, but rather you concentrate on endeavoring to tell your story in a better way. Occasionally you attract special attention with your copy because you happen to tell your story in a little more effective manner, but the success of the complete campaign is largely a matter of the effect of the repeating of the message.

"Just translate this into the everyday business of trying to get along. Or, better still, let me tell you of a young man here in this store whose request for a raise I have just refused. Two years ago this chap came to me with a study that he had made of his department in his spare time. His effort not only showed me that he was genuinely interested in his job but the research proved to be a genuine benefit to the concern. I was glad to give him an increase for I believed he was the sort of man we cannot get along without.

"Yesterday he asked for another increase, but for an entirely different reason. It was costing him quite a bit to buy the necessities of life, he told me, and it was only by denying himself the minor luxuries of the day that he was able to get along at all. Several of his contemporaries were getting better salaries, he explained, with the result that he was finding it quite a problem to keep up appearances. I listened patiently, and with more interest than I revealed, because he was illustrating the folly of overlooking the value of repetition.

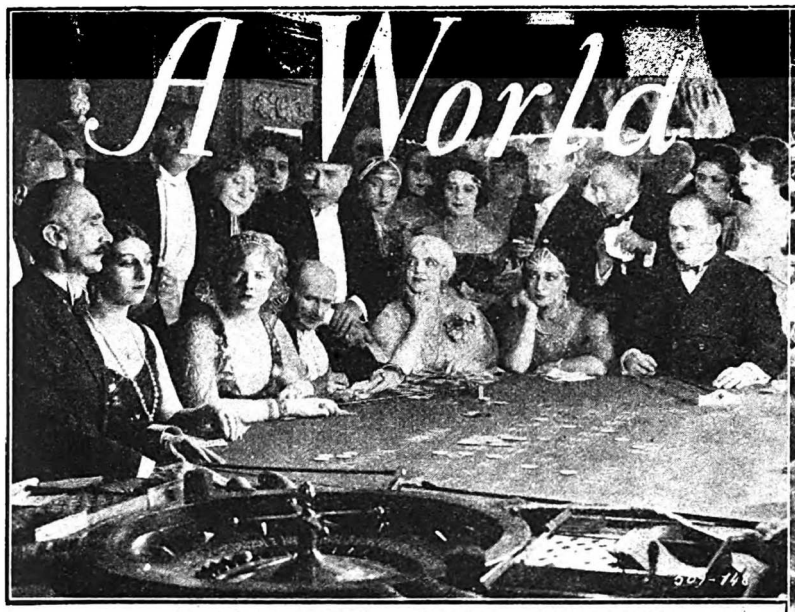
"I pictured him planning his attack. The business of making the special study of his department had 'worked' once but he was skeptical of his success on a second attempt. I could almost hear him saying to himself that his chances of getting by with a plan that already had been worked were slim, indeed, and that if he was to make any headway he would have to think of a different idea. In desperation he seemed to have turned to a particularly poor plan and one that never gets across with me. Now that he knows this, I suppose he'll have the good sense to give his former plan a second try, but I am just wondering why it is that he shied at repeating a method that produced results."

Business can profit by repetition as handsomely as can the individual. Several years ago one of the leading manufacturers ran an advertisement that was a sensation because of the space it consumed and the brevity of its copy. Ever since the concern has been trying its best to duplicate the effectiveness of this printed message but without success. Yet the goal could be reached by the simple process of repeating that original piece of copy with any slight change that present conditions might demand.

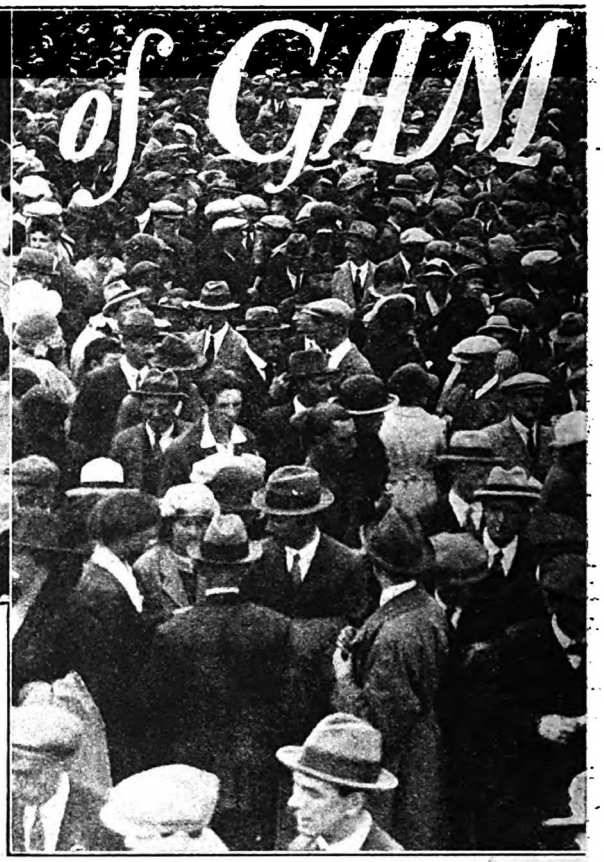
What the public likes once it is very apt to like twice, or as often as it is offered without seeming to appear "stale" or old fashioned. If you can sell a man something along lines that seem to appeal to him it is almost a certainty that within a reasonable length of time you can sell him again along those same lines.

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A World of GAM



Monte Carlo—hectic heart of the gambling world.



A horse-and-guinea-loving crowd

A FEW years ago I saw the English Derby, most famous of all turf classics, run at Epsom Downs, the historic and beautiful race-course outside of London. An enormous crowd was in attendance, such a one as would have delighted the heart of the late Tex Rickard. Automobiles by the thousands were parked alongside the rails guarding the grass track. There were parties of every hue and description. Some of them had come in tally-hos, some in antiquated carriages, some in family carryalls and some on foot. There were mothers with babies in their arms, fathers with the cares of the world on their shoulders, grandparents, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews, cousins and in fact every known member of the *familia,* "social order", altogether about 100,000 strong.

Tho it was not the first time I had visited an English race-course, I had never before been on hand for Derby Day. And the thing that impressed me most was that everybody seemed intent on making a bet—everybody except possibly the babies in arms. Bookmakers hawking the betting odds lined the infield and the outer edges of the track. In the period allowed for placing wagers on the great race they were deluged. Bets in denominations of from one shilling upward—but not greatly in excess of a pound or two—were literally flung at them. It was a striking demonstration of that great human weakness we sometimes refer to as the gambling fever.

An English friend remarked to me: "There are no people in the world so utterly batty about gambling as the English. It amounts almost to lack of patriotism for an Englishman not to have his bet on the Derby. Those who can't come here put their shillings down with the bookmakers in town."

In France I visited Longchamps, Auteuil, Saint Cloud and Maisons-Lafitte, accompanied by a Frenchman who knows his Paris thoroly and his own people perfectly. We watched the crowds storming the *pari-mutuel* booths to support their favored horses.

"Frenchmen," he said, "are born to this sort of thing. They love to bet. It's a madness with them. There are no people who equal them in this respect."

I was a passenger on board a ship steaming down the Brazilian coast toward Rio Janiero. My fellow passengers consisted entirely of South Americans. I did not speak their Portuguese or their Spanish, nor they my Yankee. Yet somehow or other we managed to get along in the card games played in the smoking room, for I have found that an international language is spoken at such times.

The ship's captain was an affable chap. He understood, as I recall it, fifteen words of English, and my knowledge of his Portuguese was about the same. After dinner each evening we would stretch our legs and

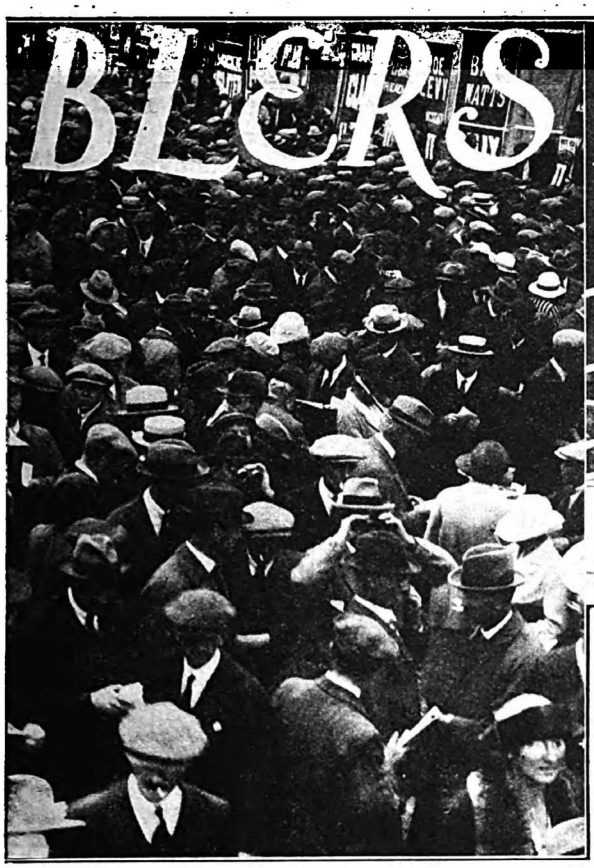


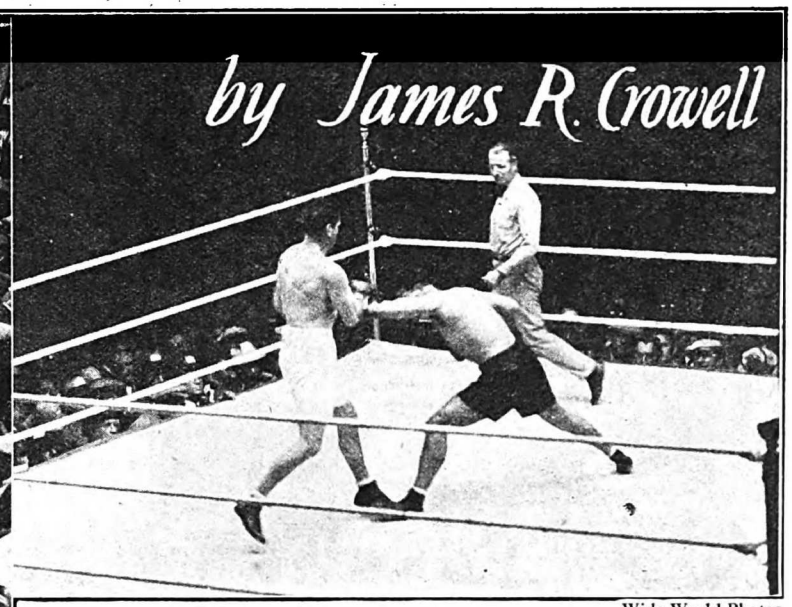
Even the Arabs do it, calling upon Allah to guide their casts.

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BLERS

by James R. Crowell





Wide World Photos

Tunney blocks a swift one. Barrels of money changed hands in his historic battle with Dempsey at Chicago in 1928.

at the Brighton Races, England. **Four Photos by Keystone View**

digest our heavy meals by means of thirty minutes or so of steady walking around the promenade deck, if that portion of the small vessel may be dignified by so high sounding a title. At one point of our evening constitutional we were compelled to proceed single file thru a narrow passageway abaft, to be nautical, to the smoking room. Each time we emerged on the starboard side we were met with shouts of laughter from a group of native passengers who had assembled there. I didn't know whether the captain was "It" or whether it was I who brought forth this merriment. So in my pigeon Portuguese, plus a few words from his Yankee vocabulary, I asked. In his pigeon Yankee, plus a few words from my Portuguese vocabulary, he answered.

"They are betting on which one of us comes thru the passageway first," is the interpretation of what he told me. "South Americans will bet on anything. They're always at it. They're the most ardent gamblers in the world."

I could relate similar experiences in other countries. The idea which the people of each nation seem to have that they are possessed of a superabundance of the gambling spirit, excelling anything to be found elsewhere, has always interested me. Furthermore, from the universal prevalence of the gambling urge, I am convinced that it comes most closely to approximating our sixth sense. Or perhaps it would be better to describe it as a combination of four of the other five senses. In gambling one sees, hears, feels and, yes, smells—as per the faculty of some poker players to smell a situation ripe in quick profit for them and the ability of gentlemen of the race track to smell an impending *coup*. The only sense not exercised is that of tasting, unless we should take into consideration the bad taste it sometimes leaves.

One watches his fellow man gamble and wonders what is the inspiration of it all—the psychology of it. Why do men play poker with money they can ill afford to lose? Why do others persist in carrying on a losing battle at the race track when the weight of evidence gathered thru generations clearly establishes that they cannot win? Is it the fascination for the game that leads them on, or is it the ambition to reap profit without work?

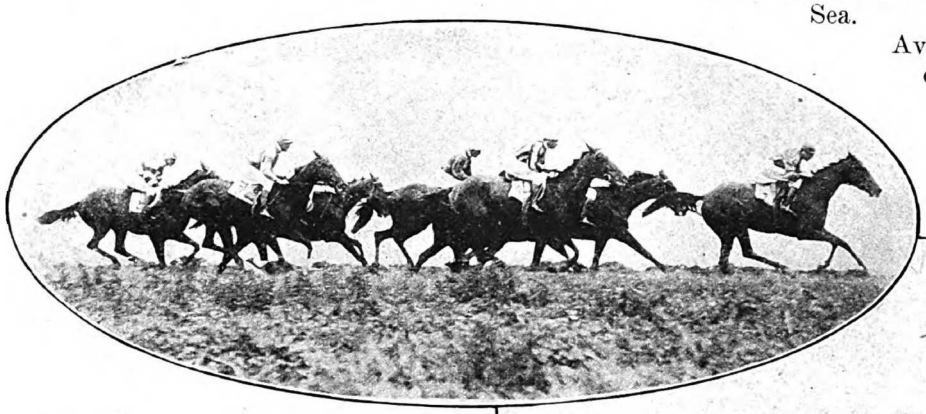
Gain is unquestionably the transcending thought which keeps the gambling instinct alive in most of us. I don't care how much a man may love horseflesh or how deep seated one's fondness for poker may be or what amount of mental relaxation the bridge player may get from his favorite diversion, if he mixes gambling with them you may rest assured that his chief aim is a simon pure desire to win the other fellow's



The lucky Spanish citizen who, after a life of penury as a newspaper vendor, won a prize of approximately $50,000 in the State Lottery.

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money. When you hear a man say that he bets on the races simply because he is a keen lover of the thorobred you are listening to hocum of an unadulterated brand,



Silhouette of runners in the Goodwood Races in England.

even tho the man himself may not know it. He may think he is telling you the honest truth, but he isn't. The same applies to poker players, bridge players, roulette followers, faro hounds, baseball pool addicts, stock market speculators and all the rest.

I am not saying that it is impossible for anyone to have a genuine fondness for horse-racing, poker or bridge. Indeed, no. I personally know a few men who own racing stables and who go to the tracks for the sheer exhilaration the sport affords them—and I know of many more of that type. In my circle of friends and acquaintances are also men who do get a real kick out of poker on its own merits and are not interested in the mercenary side of it. As for bridge, the woods are full of fanatics who derive their zest in the same manner, without having as much as one thin dime at stake. I shall even concede that there may be a few human monstrosities at large who take occasional flings at games of strictly a gambling nature, such as roulette and faro, and find the excitement of it more important than the question of winning or losing. But they are the exceptions, and it is not the exceptions that prove this particular rule. And that is entirely aside, too, from the fact that I have never had much faith in the gag about exceptions proving rules. As far as I have ever been able to observe, their chief function is to disprove rules.

If you know anything at all about human nature, one visit to any race track will be sufficient to convince you that at least ninety-nine out of every 100 persons who bet on the horses are actuated by no other impulse than the old familiar one of trying to get rich quick. The average collection of race-goers consists of as nondescript an assortment of the *genus homo* as any one of normal sensibilities might wish to encounter. I have never been charged with being hypercritical concerning my fellow man, yet I never go to the races without feeling that it would be a decided boon to society in general if the sharp-featured gentlemen who infest the lawns could be transported far beyond the Northern Sea.



Photos by Keystone View

It amounts almost to a lack of patriotism for an Englishman not to have his bet on the Derby.

Avarice, greed and cunning are the outstanding qualities of the typical race-track gambler. If love of the horse did exist in the halcyon days of our grandfathers, it doesn't any more, and make no mistake about that. Among the rank and file of the turf there is only one cry—"Get the money!" Nothing else counts. Phooey with that talk about the noble equine family and that drivel about the sport of kings. Who cares? Not the bookmakers, not the gangsters, not the bootleggers, not the "sure-thing" gentry, not the boobs, not the painted dolls up in the stands. Oh, yes, I forgot the old darky stable hand who stands tense at the finish line and forgets his "misery" in the thrill of a hot finish—perhaps he cares.

You may not believe it, but it actually hurts to make these acknowledgments to myself. Tho I am not sure in which of the aforementioned categories the admission puts me, I say frankly that the race-track has always had the strongest kind of appeal to me. More than likely I qualify for the boob division, as the appeal has proven an exceedingly expensive sort of hobby. It is the excitement of the betting I like. And winning a nice, juicy sum of money from one of the bookmakers is second to nothing in the way of high-powered diversion. Of course, I'd feel genuinely sorry if I saw Reigh Count or Blue Larkspur *faw down and go boom,* but there's no telling to what length my anguish would go if I happened to have $100 on the nose at that calamitous moment. No. I'm not deluding myself with any of the silly chatter I hear certain of my friends indulge in. When I bet on a horse the motivating wish is to win as (*Continued on page 64*)

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The Credit Value of a Good Name

Second of a Series of Lessons on Business Organization

By Edward Earle Purinton

A NEW YORK business man recently sold the trade name and good will of his concern for two million dollars. He had built up a reputation worth several times more than the material assets of the business. Now he can retire and live in comfort the rest of his life.

What is your business reputation worth? What could you sell it for? What are you doing to make it more valuable?

This man, starting out in business thirty years ago, resolved to do certain things that would make his good name worth a fortune to him later. He did them.

He filled a popular need better that it was ever filled before.

He offered services and products that soon came to be recognized as the best in their class.

He located where the largest possible number of potential customers would learn his name and spread his fame.

He delivered the goods, with satisfaction always guaranteed in every least particular.

He kept his word to the letter, and saw that his employees did the same.

He employed psychologists, artists, engineers and other experts to piece out the knowledge he lacked and render his name authentic.

He radiated optimism and enthusiasm, so much so that people were convinced of his claims against their will.

He felt and showed real friendliness to his officials, employees, customers, even competitors and critics.

He charged a good price for his products, but gave more attention to his customers than they paid for and expected.

He foresaw the trend of the times, and beat his rivals not by under-pricing them but by outwitting them.

He refused orders that would not benefit the buyer as much as the expenditure warranted.

He worked twelve to fourteen hours a day, but had so much fun he forgot he was working.

He spent millions in advertising, to keep his name before the public every day in the year and hour in the day.

He studied advertising mediums and methods till he knew where to find the best publicity at lowest cost with largest results.

He advertised more when others advertised less, and thus gained many floating customers who later became permanent.

He specialized in knowing human nature, adapting his approach and appeal to the minds, hearts and purses of the customers.

He put his name to everything and featured it boldly always.

He heard complaints and criticisms gladly, making right anything wrong.

He followed his own convictions and intuitions, regardless of what anybody said or thought, regardless of custom or precedent.

He made his business the embodiment of a real man, thus winning and holding the favor of all real men.

The foregoing twenty points may help you judge how fast and far you are building a good name worth great riches. On each point test yourself and your concern. Are you plus, or minus? Measured so, are you gaining or losing the business reputation that is every business man's most valued possession?

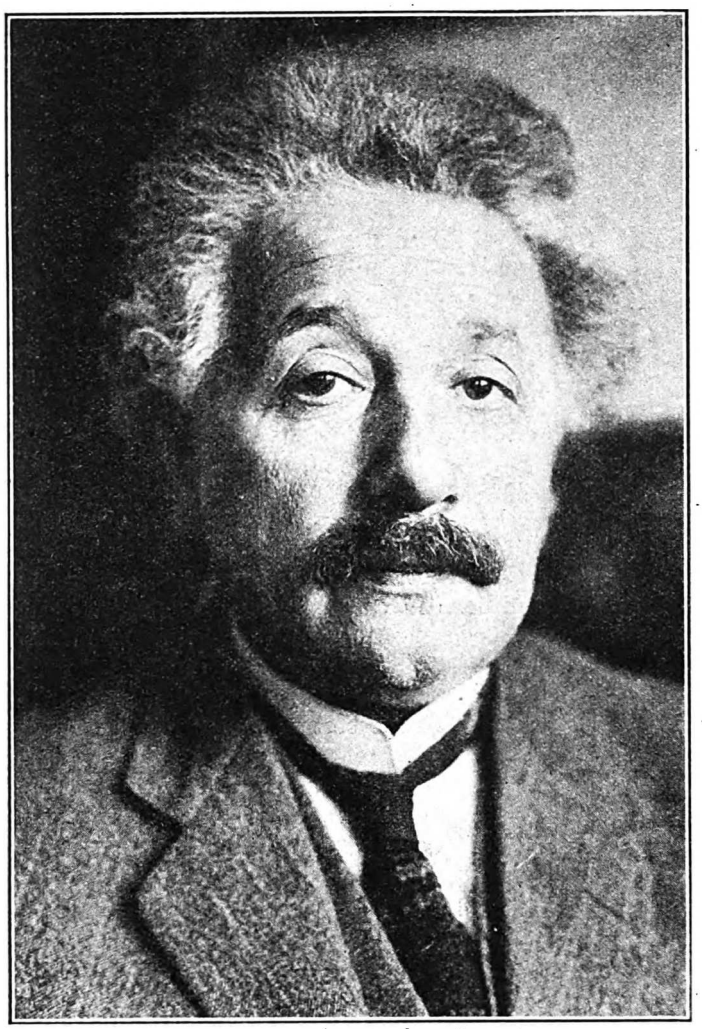
The Builders

By Eliot Kays Stone

WE are the builders,
We, who are workers,
Spinners of sunbeams,
Weavers of rainbows,
Hewers of hoar-frost,
Sprinklers of dew,
Hurlers of lightning,
Crashers of thunder,
Kindlers of fire.
We raise up mountains,
We level valleys,
Gouge out the ocean-beds,
Plow great, green fields for man,
Fill earth with loveliness.
We, who are workers,
We are the builders.

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Einstein MADE Easy



ALBERT EINSTEIN

A Simplified Analysis of the Theory that Has Simplified the Universe

By Kenneth M. Swezey

Many writers on both sides of the Atlantic have tried to put the new Einstein theory into understandable English. But it remained for one of America's youngest writers to perform this almost impossible journalistic feat. Mr. Swezey has made Einstein not only comprehensible but fascinating. By this achievement he has not only established himself in the foremost ranks of America's literary craftsmen, but steps brilliantly into the ranks of scientific experts. THE EDITORS.

THE already famous paper which Professor Albert Einstein presented to the Prussian Academy of Science a few weeks ago brings to a conclusion this great physicist's attempt to provide a single measure for the entire universe. By providing a set of mathematical formulae uniform for both gravitational and electro-magnetic fields—phenomena that had previously resisted all attempts at correlation—Einstein has created a new conception of the world, in which all "matter," from the infinitesimal electron to the largest star, is merely a more or less complicated *event* in a great field which he calls *space-time*. With a pencil and paper, a genius for mathematics, and an extraordinary sense of essentials, he has taken that mental leap which rule-of-the-thumb scientists have always been suspicious of, yet from his deductions has already made predictions which such science has confirmed.

Altho Einstein's theory does not change the universe, it simplifies our *understanding* of it. The mystic has long voiced the belief that beneath the surface the universe is one. Science has surmised as much. But it has remained for Einstein to demonstrate mathematically how this is so. And upon achieving this, he has given the scientist, and even the humanist, a new and vastly more comprehensive point of view.

Contemplation of the universe may not enable one to circulate among the atoms or to propagate oneself thru interstellar space, but it gives perspective. The little mental tangle which seems enormous in a furnished room, quite naturally vanishes under the influence of a starry sky and even the faintest consciousness of a few billion years. Political campaigns, wars, revolutionary discoveries, the earth itself, become merely sad or amusing—as we choose to look at them—disturbances in space, of consequence hardly worth noting. On the other hand, the knowledge that the basis of dirt is the same as the basis of gold or the basis of the human body, gives one a different conception of the comparative value of matter.

Before considering some of the facts of Einstein's theory let us briefly consider the range of phenomena that it correlates. First, the smallest particle that is known. If we take what we know as matter, and keep subdividing it until we at last obtain a fragment that cannot be further subdivided without destroying its

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identity with the mass, we have obtained a molecule. Such a particle can be isolated and detected by certain tests, but no microscope is powerful enough to see it. It has been estimated that some 480 million million million molecules are contained in a cubic inch of gas.

Still, molecules, in an ultimate sense, are not small. Nor are they even "matter", in the solid sense that we give that term. Their solidity is an illusion, comparable to the illusion of a disk given by a rapidly revolving airplane propeller. They are really portions of space in which whirl, at comparatively great distances, particles of energy, or electricity, or what-not, called electrons.

Physicists have even broken down the electron. The centers of disturbance which enter into Einstein's calculations are, according to Sir Joseph Thomson, comparable to the electron in about the same proportion as the size of the smallest particle visible under the most powerful microscope bears to that of the earth itself.

Now, by way of astronomy, let us take an excursion into the realm of the other extreme. We discover that the earth—a tiny portion of which is ample for the life and travel of most of us—is, according to size, almost negligible. Over a hundred earths could be lined up side by side thru the center of that little yellow globe which we call the sun. So large is the sun that it would take 10,000,000,000,000 years to entirely waste away, dissipating itself at its present seemingly enormous rate of 4,000,000 tons a second. But scattered thru space are millions of stars that are larger. Betelgeuse, the bright star in the shoulder of the hunter Orion, could hold twenty-five million suns.

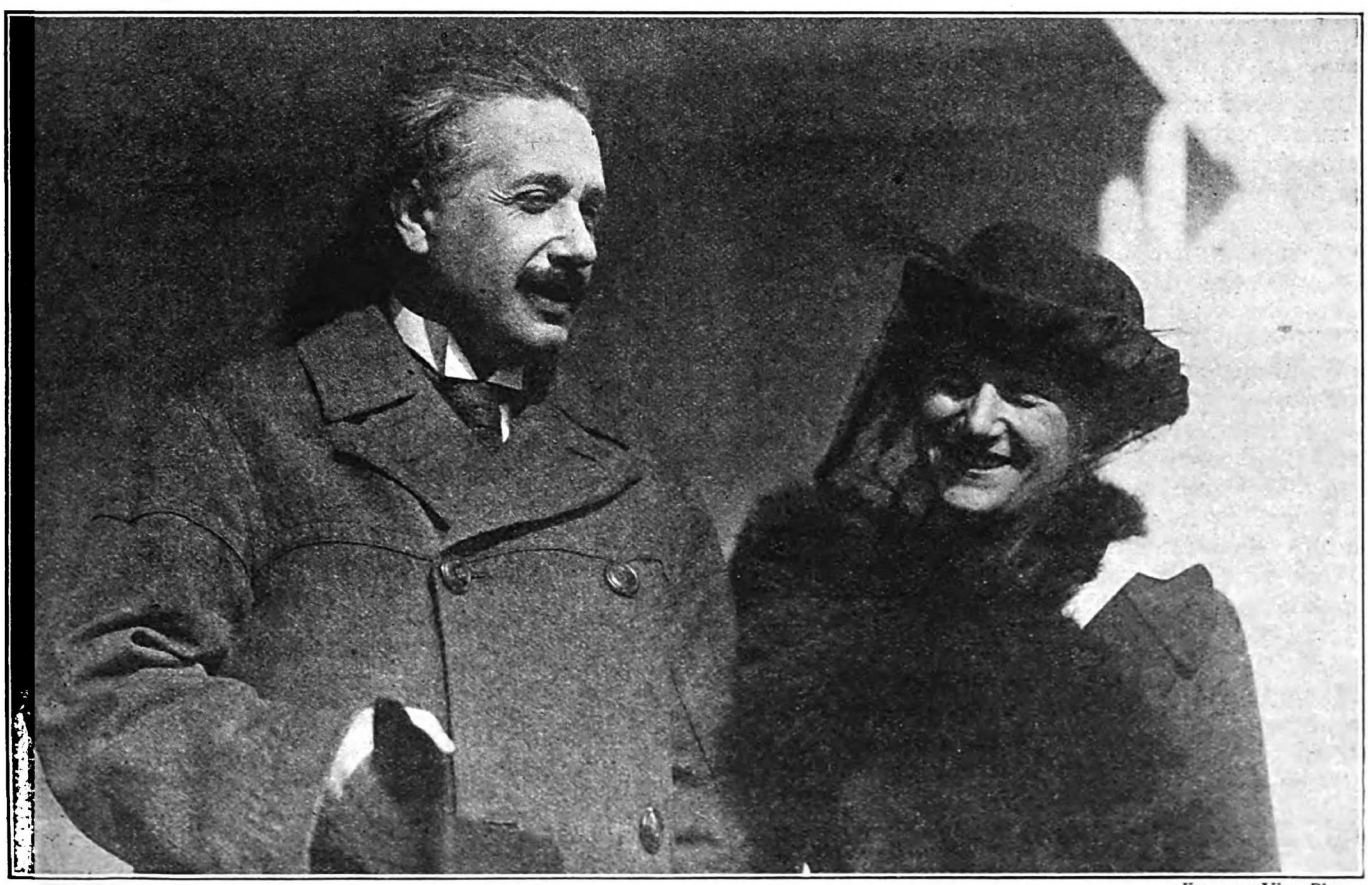
On a moonless night in the country, when the sky seems packed with stars, the naked eye observes not more than a mere 5,000. Astronomers who look into the great telescope at Mt. Wilson are sure that there are altogether at least 10,000,000,000. And these stars are nowhere packed together. We could travel millions of miles thru space, and the general appearance of the universe about us would be the same.

The reason for this is that the universe extends to distance beyond imagination. It takes a ray of light from the sun eight minutes to reach us. But the light from the faintest nebulae which we see in the most powerful telescope—travelling at the rate of 6,000,000,000,000 miles a year—started on its journey 1,400,000 years before Christ!

Yet, if there is a limit to space, it must be still farther removed. According to Dr. Shapley, director of the Harvard College Observatory, astronomers have penetrated telescopically only a fraction of one per cent of the Einsteinian universe.

Having reviewed these facts we get a slight idea of the magnitude of what Einstein has achieved. He has surveyed this universe and discovered that everything within it may be represented by a single set of equations, can be described by a single law. He has taken such phenomena as electricity and magnetism, gravity, inertia, matter, light, which on the surface seem decidedly different, and proved that after all they are brothers under the skin.

Einstein's theory is particularly important to the student of psychology in that (*Continued on page 75*)



Keystone View Photos

The smiles on the faces of Professor Einstein and his wife indicate that he could also announce authoritatively the Mathematics of Marital Happiness.

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Wings of Eagles

By Emma Gary Wallace

Stories of Dauntless Souls Who Soared High Above Their Hindrances



A PROMINENT editor said recently to a young woman caller, "I have always been tremendously interested in your manuscripts because they have such virility, such buoyancy. They read like a challenge. I'd like to have you tell me about your own training and background and education. Whatever it may have been, it was evidently just right to fit you for the work you are doing."

The editor leaned back and listened.

As the modestly told story of the young woman's life unrolled, he sat up—quite straight at first—then gradually leaned forward, more and more astonished at what he heard. Then he settled back at last to listen to the conclusion of the recital.

It was the story of a girl born in a remote and under-privileged location, of a life handicapped, overburdened with countless limitations and obligations. When she finished, her hearer smiled.

"It seems to me," he said, "that you have had the happy faculty of changing every obstacle into wings. That is why you have been able to soar above conditions which would have discouraged a less courageous soul."

We cannot know just what was in the heart of that young woman from time to time, as she wove a beautiful fabric out of commonplace and even ugly threads, but we do know that all along the line there must have been a happy disposition—not merely to make the best of things, but rather to make something beautiful and useful and enduring, regardless of time or place.

This is the secret of being able to change obstacles into wings: it is the knowledge that to give—even to give all—is to gain not temporarily but permanently, not in grudging measure but abundantly.

The girl who surmounted her limitations, looked about her, and seeing greater need than her own, ministered to those about her.

"This remote place," she cried, "is where I am needed, and so badly needed that I can do a great work here."

And she did it. When she found that she had not great talent for the thing which it was her ambition to do, she was not sullen, but she said rather to herself: "If I have not that great talent, others have, so I can be satisfied to leave that work to them. But here I can do a homely but a much needed service and do it well. After all, what more can I ask?"

If a situation can be improved upon or changed, then the case is a little different, and our initiative and courage and resourcefulness and ability to persist even in the face of obstacles are all challenged. To fail to do our best is to be a weakling.

But there are times and places when duty makes certain demands upon us, or where limitations of some kind are imposed upon us. Then we have an even greater chance to show the mettle of which we are made.

There are physicians and surgeons who, located in small and little known places, have done their work so well as to bring people flocking to that spot from all over the world, and who have literally placed their towns on the map.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago a fashionably dressed young lady in one of our large cities paused before the counter in a store of modest size. She addressed the young woman back of the counter who was about her own age.

"We were talking about *you* last night," the customer smiled, "and we all agreed that it was a terrible

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Illustrated by William Fisher

She delved gaily into the secrets of the kitchen and dining-room—and is now a world-famed diet expert.

shame you were here doing such commonplace things as this work calls for, and we couldn't help but wish that you might have your chance."

The young woman behind the counter flushed and her eyes flashed with considerable spirit.

"I'm sorry," she laughed, "that you wasted your time and sympathy. I'm right where I want to be, and I'm having my chance—a splendid chance, and I'll show you some day how much I can make of it!"

Time has passed and the fashionably attired patron of that store of other days has developed into a slatternly, incompetent, shiftless, self-pitying, whining, middle-aged woman. She is discontented with life. She feels that she has had a raw deal.

"Isn't life dreadful?" she wrote to a friend not long since. "I can't see why we cling to it—but we do!"

The other young woman has grown older with the years also, but older in a different way. To her every day is a joy—an adventure to determine how much progress may be made, and at the present time she is cashing in, in actual money, to the extent of a good, annual income, thru using the experience she gained in other days and has been gaining ever since. She has many interests—all of them alive and vital.

In writing to a friend of hers not long ago, she began her letter: "Isn't life wonderful? So full of priceless privileges! It teems with things to learn and to do. I feel that I must not waste a minute, and especially now that I have so much invested capital in the way of knowledge of many things, so many friends, and so many for whom I am anxious to render some service."

Wings are great things to own. Sometimes they help us move so swiftly along life's pathway that old age doesn't have a chance tc overtake *us*..

A little girl who was not allowed to range about the country and keep late hours decided not to sulk about it, but to study the various problems in the kitchen of the big farmhouse where her people lived. So she began studying efficiency methods, and counting steps and learning food values. It was as if she said to her surroundings,

"You might as well tell me your secrets, for I am going to dig them up anyway!"

Today this women has taken such a prominent place in the improving of home conditions, that she is rated as one of a few outstanding women of the world. She is placed ahead of many women who wear crowns and who boast great wealth.

The young man or the young woman who cannot go on and get the education wished for, or who for some reason is hindered in the entering of a special career, may well take a little time for thought.

Possibly present-day judgment is immature, and that girl or that boy may be mistaken as to their capacity for making a success in that field. There are already too many mediocre workers everywhere. So instead of mooning or wasting time lamenting over what might be but plainly is out of reach, (*Continued on page 68*)

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In McDougall's Class-room

A Harvard Experiment in Hypnosis from the Point of View of the Subject

By
Paul Horst, M.A.
Fellow in Psychology, University of Chicago

"YOU can't move your head! Try!"

I was standing rigidly erect with my back against the blackboard, my hands clasped in front of me. The eminent psychologist, William McDougall, then of Harvard, was standing near by. My eyes were shut. In front of me sat an indefinite body of students of abnormal psychology. I was indifferently conscious of their presence. The professor seemed to be making some remarks to the class relative to my condition. I do not remember what they were. I had no particular concern about them at the time. Then he turned to me.

"You are stuck fast to the wall," he declared. "You can't move. Try to walk away. You can't. Try. You are stuck fast. Try. You can't."

But the harder I tried the more tense became the extensor muscles of my legs. I could not move an inch. The other muscles of my body were comparatively relaxed. My head was resting easily against the blackboard. I believed that if I cared to do so I might shift it about in various positions.

The professor had ceased challenging me to move away from the wall and was again addressing the class. Then I heard him advancing toward me. Placing his hands upon my head, he gently pressed it against the blackboard.

"Now," he announced, "your head is stuck fast to the board and you can't move it away. Try. You can't. It's stuck fast. Try. You can't." Involuntarily the muscles at the back of my neck set and increased their tension as I strained to draw my head forward.

After directing a few comments to the class he spoke to me once more, "I'm going to count three presently, and when I do you will open your eyes, but you will remain fixed to the wall. When I put my hands in my pockets you will sit down in the chair near you. When I put my hands behind my back you will relax, will feel perfectly yourself in every way and will take your seat. No one will be able to put you into this state again without your consent in writing."

For a moment nothing but a blank of silence. Then the professor's voice deep and clear:

"One." I felt no different. "Two." I was rather anxiously wondering whether it would be as he had said. "Three."

Another second, perhaps two. Automatically my eyes opened. The professor was looking at me with a sort of professional amusement. He walked slowly to and fro in front of me. After a brief lapse of time his hands eased into his trouser pockets.

With the automaticity of a mechanism I felt myself leaving the wall and taking the chair near it. He withdrew his hands from his pockets.

"Now, do you feel any different?" he asked.

I murmured a negative between my teeth.

"What will make you feel different?"

"Your hands behind your back," I managed to mumble.

Turning to the audience, "See, he understands everything I say to him."

He folded his hands across his bosom. "Now, do you feel any different?"

Again a mumbled negative from me.

For a little while longer he continued to walk back and forth before me. Then he brought his hands behind his back. Again that same irresistible urge. My hands unclasped themselves and I arose easily from my chair, my face relaxing into a smile at the novelty and strangeness of the whole situation.

On the way to my seat the professor shook my hand, thanking me for volunteering as a subject for a scientific demonstration, while the class cheered at the success of the experiment.

When I took my seat the girl on my right greeted me with a smile, congratulatory and at the same time mingled with an expression not unlike that which one would register upon witnessing the return to earth of a departed loved one. The man on the other side whispered to me in a tone which was forcedly casual. "You should take down your introspections at once on this experiment." There was a sort of strained and awed enthusiasm in his voice and manner.

Well, that is hypnotism—the first stage of it. A most unusual and remarkable sensation. As for the deeper stages, I can say nothing experimentally. For several years I had been studying various phases of psychology under different professors. Among these was the psychoanalysis of Freud, with its intricate theory of dream analysis, its unremitting emphasis on the importance

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of the sex element in the total behavior of men, its theory that we do the queer and unaccountable things we do because of the irresistible action of complexes, of long-forgotten experiences of an unpleasant nature, repressed into the unconscious and emerging again in the most grotesque and weirdly phantastic dramas in our dreams, and in all sorts of freakish symptoms in our waking states.

I had absorbed the essence of the popular behavioristic psychology, which got its impetus from the Russian psychologist, Pavlov—the experimenter who made dogs secrete saliva, first by showing them food, second by ringing a bell just before the food was given, and eventually by the mere ringing of the bell. Conditioned reflexes these are called. I had studied Dr. Watson's experiments with babies and learned how, by striking iron bars behind their heads at the same time white rats were shown them, the fear of the clang from the iron bar would be transferred to fear of the rat, and finally to the fear of furry objects in general; how that the fear of a white rabbit once established in a baby could be "unconditioned" by presenting the rabbit at a remote distance while the child was being fed, this process being continued for a number of times, the rabbit at each presentation being brought a little nearer until at last the child would be eating his food with one hand and petting the rabbit with the other.



WILLIAM MCDOUGALL

I had watched rats run thru complicated mazes in their efforts to find food at the end of the correct route, and had worked with human beings blind-folded, who explored finger mazes, the paths of which were beset with numerous blind alleys, observing how many trials were required before the complete journey thru the maze could be made without a single entry into a blind alley.

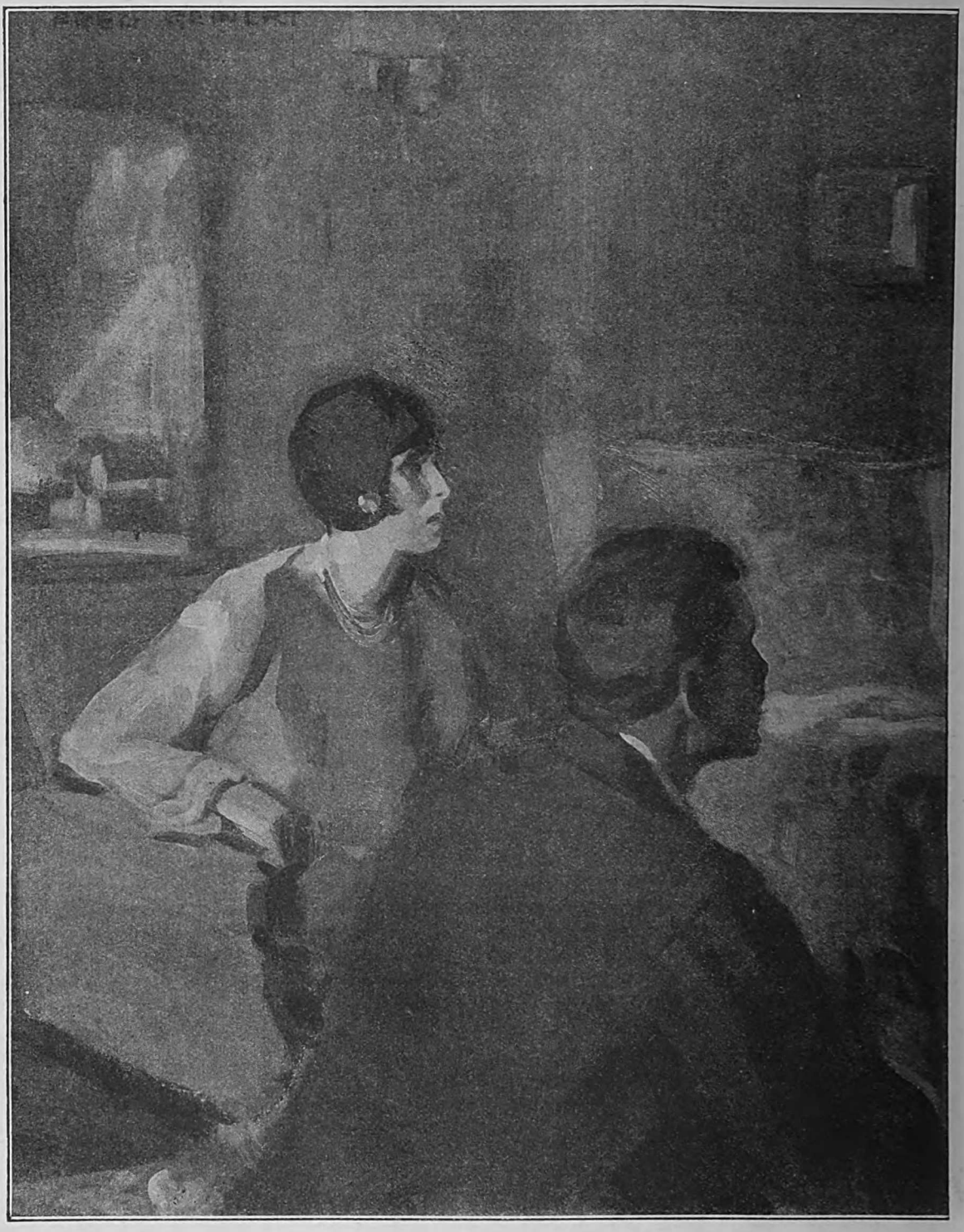
Monkeys, too, were in the game. A young man working for his Ph. D. degree would establish a monkey upon a chair while I placed fragments of bananas under one of two tins several feet apart and two or three yards from the monkey. I would then erect a screen between the monkey and the tins, while the experimenter would detain the monkey, attempting to discover how long it could be held in its chair without causing it to forget under which tin I had put the bananas.

I even attempted to delve into the somewhat abstruse theories of the new and revolutionary school of psychology in Germany, which declares that mental processes can not be analyzed into single elements, that the behavior of the organism is not based on the simple principle of stimulus-response mechanism, and that the whole of man's reactions to his environment is far more complex than a simple mechanistic process. I had even read of the remarkable achievements of Professor Köhler's apes in South Africa; the apes which could get food by means of joining sticks together like extensible fishing rods, and by stacking boxes on top of one another, thus making them serve the function of a step-ladder.

I had gained fair insight into the modern methods which attempt to measure the intelligence of an individual in black and white figures as pounds measure his weight and inches his height.

I had learned how the emotions are influenced by the functioning of glands within the body; how too much activity on the part of the thyroid gland (the gland which when abnormally large is known as goitre) makes us feel nervous, excitable, restless, irritable, sensitive, and when functioning below normal makes us feel sluggish and listless; how the secretion of the sex glands causes pressure in appropriate parts of the body and gets into the blood stream, thus arousing amorous emotions and making us fall in love on slight occasions; how when some one threatens us with a punch in the nose the two little adrenal glands just above the kidneys begin to secrete adrenalin into the blood, which, in turn, causes sugar to be released from the liver; and, together with making the heart beat faster and the arteries to constrict in the digestive regions, gives us the general feeling of either fear or anger. (*Continued on page 86*)

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"What are you all doing here?" said Mace. He looked like a man who had gone thru a terrific struggle—and had gained the mastery.

The Man Who

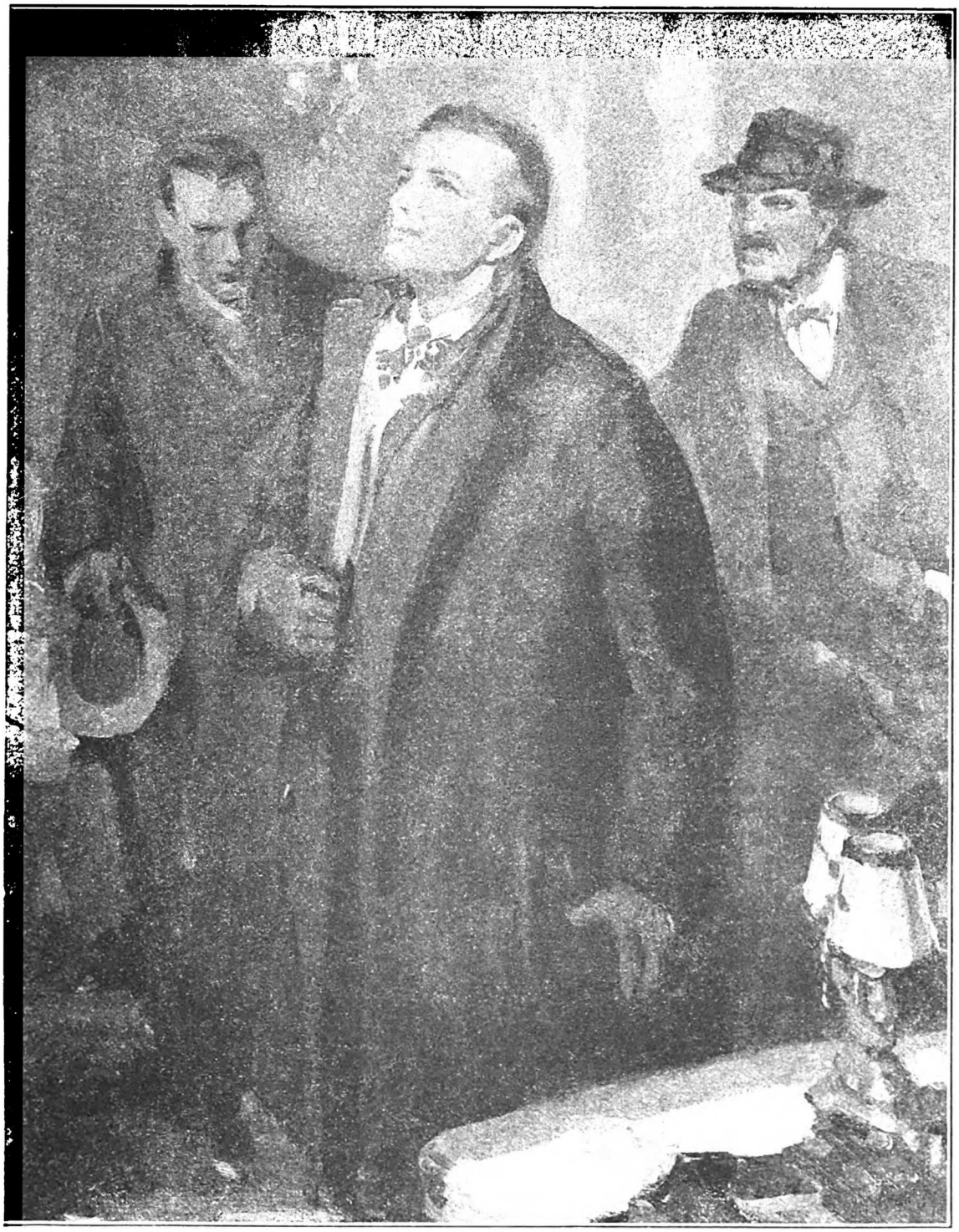
CHAPTER IX

An Unexpected Visitor

HELEN MACE was resting in preparation for her husband's coming. She had made a pretense at lunching with Professor Sylvester, but had found it impossible to eat. She was so worn out, yet so tense, that when she tried to swallow a nervous contraction seemed to close her throat. But to please her companion, she had managed to drink a cup of hot tea, which had refreshed her somewhat, and by his advice had gone up at once to the room he had engaged for her, two doors down the corridor from her husband's.

Now she lay on the couch by the window, trying to shepherd her scurrying thoughts and to relax, if possible. She had been parted from her husband for more than a fortnight, during his stay at the sanitarium, and separation from him at this particular time, culminating in the unnerving anxieties of the past few days, had tried her almost beyond bearing. She longed, how

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The Story of an Unconscious Crime

Illustrations by Fred Reinert

Slept

By Louis E. Bisch, M. D.

she longed for sight and touch of him! A sense of weakness and loneliness swept over her, and the tears came, sudden as a spring shower, cooling her burning eyes and loosening the band about her forehead.

The death of their baby . . . at the thought her heart contracted with the old, unbearable pain . . . their money troubles and William Myrick's treachery, the loss of their home . . . how uncomplainingly John had borne it all, trying only to support her thru those months of anguish and anxiety. And now that she was quite well and strong again, John was ill, ill in mind, separated from her by impalpable veils of depression and mental suffering. Yes, that was what was breaking her heart. He seemed to be living in a sad world of his own, withdrawn from her. His soul, tortured by thoughts he refused to share with her, looked sadly out of his eyes. hopeless and despairing. And with all her loving effort, she had been unable to reach him, to help him!

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She turned her hot cheek against the cool linen of the pillow, trying at the same time to divert the current of her thoughts. John had done a wise thing in leaving the sanitarium . . . Dr. Embury would help him . . . perhaps he had been able to already . . . she pictured her darling free from that sad aloofness, that terrible strangeness . . . his old, gay, laughing, loving self again! She seemed to feel his lips on hers, the comforting warmth of his arms around her. Her taut and jangled nerves relaxed to calm and trust, and sleep came softly, sleep deep and healing.

She woke, an hour or so later, greatly refreshed. Her mirror told her that rest had done wonders—the lines of anxiety were smoothed away. Her color had returned; her eyes were bright. She dressed carefully and quickly, choosing her husband's favorite frock, a soft greyish-blue crêpe that intensified the color of her eyes. So impatient were her eager thoughts that she had taken less time in dressing than she had supposed. It still lacked three-quarters of an hour of the appointed time.

She tried to read, but her attention flagged and she found herself going over and over the same sentence. Only five minutes had gone by. How the time dragged! It must be gotten thru in some way. She would take a walk. The fresh air would do her good. She put on her outdoor wraps and stepped into the corridor. The floor maid who happened to be passing smiled a courteous greeting. A happy idea occurred to her and she put it into execution at once.

"I am Mrs. Mace," she said, stopping the girl. "My husband, Mr. John Mace, is occupying room 1856 on this floor. I am to meet him there at five o'clock. Would you mind opening his door for me?"

"It's against the rules, Madam, but I can ask the desk."

"I should be much obliged if you would."

Since Professor Sylvester had explained, when they registered, that the lady with him was the wife of John Mace, no objection was made. On attempting to turn the pass key in 1856, the maid found it unlocked.

"I'm not surprised," said Mrs. Mace, dismissing the maid with a smile and tip. "He is always terribly absent-minded."

The room was in order. Signs of her husband's occupancy gave Mrs. Mace a pleasant impression of familiarity. His suitcase stood by the bed, the toilet articles she had given him were ranged in an orderly row on the dressing table.

She laid aside her coat and furs and sat down near the window. Her watch told her it was still only four-thirty. Perhaps she would have been wiser to go out.

Then, while gazing downwards meditatively, her eyes fell upon a strange-looking object lying on the floor under the bed. It was short, curved at the end, and had something shining on it. She crossed the room, and, bending down, drew it out.

Without a doubt, it was the handle of a cane, a bamboo cane—that had been broken off. The end was splintered. The shining thing she had noticed was a silver name plate, and on it were engraved the letters "W. M."

While she was wondering what the significance of all this might be, a knock came at the door.

She knew it could not be her husband, and instinctively she concealed the cane handle in her muff. The initials and the object itself did not as yet mean anything to her.

HARDLY waiting for an invitation to enter, a blue-clad, thickset man pushed open the door and entered noisily.

"This is Mrs. Mace, I believe," he said. He closed the door behind him.

"I'm from Headquarters, Madam Have you heard from Mr. Hawkins?"

"No, I have not," replied Mrs. Mace, astonished.

"Or from that Professor—Professor——?"

"Professor Sylvester, you mean?"

"Yes, that's him. Where is he?"

"At Mr. Hawkins' laboratory, I presume," she replied, still wondering what it could all mean.

"My name's Kilner—Inspector Kilner." He turned back a coat flap and displayed a gold badge. "I've got to ask you some questions, Madam."

"Don't you think you had better wait? I expect my husband in a few minutes. He is to be here at five."

"I know all about that. It's about him I want the information."

"Isn't there some mistake, Inspector?" said Mrs. Mace, rising to her feet.

"No mistake! It's all clear, and you'll make it a lot easier for yourself if you confess all you know."

Kilner had put aside his assumed decorum and was talking in his habitual rough, domineering way.

"I don't understand you," protested Mrs. Mace indignantly.

"Where's William Myrick?" Kilner suddenly asked.

"William Myrick?" repeated Mrs. Mace. Consternation was evident in her face. "He's in Chicago, I suppose."

"You must know him well if you know his whereabouts?"

"He was my husband's partner."

"Not any longer?"

"That is true—they separated years ago. . . . There's no reason why I should not tell you about my husband's relations with Mr. Myrick," said Mrs. Mace. "Only I don't understand just why . . ."

"When did your husband leave Chicago?" interrupted Kilner.

"Two days ago."

"Why did you communicate with the police?"

"I did not. Professor Sylvester thought it best to do so. Mr. Mace left a sanitarium there without telling where he was going. He was not well and we were naturally alarmed. Won't you tell me where he is now?" asked Mrs. Mace appealingly.

"That's neither here nor there. We'll get him!"

"I cannot understand your tone. He has done nothing."

Fear was in her voice—fear of the terrible spectre that had haunted her so long.

"When you see him, ask him who murdered Myrick."

The words were intentionally brutal. They had their effect.

Mrs. Mace repeated the phrase, "Murdered Myrick!" She stared fixedly ahead with glassy eyes and presently murmured in a scarcely (*Continued on page 69*)

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Illustrated by
Ben Klein



Cupid is prompting me, but I can't make the bank book jibe with the bills.

A Memory-Course Fiend

He "Took" It— But Neglected to Study, Understand or Apply

By
F. P. Pitzer

I HAVE just finished a memory course in twelve lessons. Or was it ten lessons? I can't think. Seems to me it was eleven, at that. I forget. It isn't important, anyway.

But it's a great course. All my creditors, I guess, must be graduates. They never forget. I can never make my bank book jibe with the bills. And I've got to do something about it quick because I'm going to be married next month, and Cupid is prompting me to speed up on the bank deposits. That's one reason I took the memory course. It was great. It's simple, too. All you've got to do is to make mind pictures and fit them to. . . . Let's see, what is it you fit them to? Oh, yes; fit them to key-words! No; it's key-pictures. Well, it don't matter.

But you've got to awaken your visual faculty. That's the sum and substance of it. You've got to get imagination! And pay the five dollars every month, of course. That's one thing they will not allow you to forget.

As you know—or maybe you don't know—memory is what brings up impressions on your mind, when you want them. If you can't bring up impressions, then you forget them. Naturally.

To go further. There are three lines of mental operations. Let's see, what were they again? Oh, yes; exaggeration, motion and—I forget the other one. Never mind, it will come to me later. Maybe. Oh, yes; it's proximity. No; that's not it. Association? Yes; that's it—association.

And this is how it works out. Glance over any advertisement. Look at that tricky picture of some Scotch. But that don't have anything to do with this case. It's neither here nor there. Well, it might be there . . . if you have the price. What was I writing about? Oh, yes; that Memory Course.

Let's put the thing together—exaggeration, motion, association and the sixth instalment.

Imagine an average-sized head. Enlarge it. Enlarge it some more. To this head we'll add hair. Let's say red hair, just to make it plain. Now picture this hair jumping up and down like the photos you see of lightning. You know the kind, zigzaggy. What next? Guess I've forgotten.

Oh, yes—Let's say your wife asked you to stop at the market, or wherever you have to stop, and get a snag. I don't recall what a snag is, but she asked you to bring one home, anyway. She wants a fresh snag, too, for company's coming.

Now comes the test. Close your eyes and picture the big head. See the lightning? What else comes to you? And I ask it in all sincerity. What's the lightning striking? Right! It's striking a snag. This helps you to remember that your wife wants you to stop at the delicatessen-store and bring home a fresh can of kippered herring. Easy? We'll say so.

Of course there are other examples better than that, but I guess I have forgotten them. If I think of them, I promise to tell you—provided I remember I promised to tell you if I thought of them.

At the finish of this course, I got a beautiful sheepskin, or diploma, stating that I passed one-hundred per cent in memory culture. But I forgot just what I did with it.

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Third of a Series of Articles on Mental Medicine

Nature and



Photographs Courtesy North Carolina Park Commission
The Twinkling Falls in the Smoky Mountains.

"WE must recognize only Nature," says John Burroughs, "the All; call it God if we will, but divest it of all anthropological conceptions. Nature we know; we are of it; we are in it. But this paternal providence above Nature—events are constantly knocking it down. Here is this vast congeries of vital force which we call Nature, regardless of time because it has all time, regardless of waste because it is the All, regardless of space because it is infinite, regardless of man because man is a part of it, regardless of life because it is the sum total of life, gaining what it spends, conserving what it destroys, always young, always old, reconciling all contradictions—the sum and synthesis of all power and qualities, infinite and incomprehensible."

We have learned a good deal about the phenomena of matter, but our knowledge is by no means complete. Science is following a rational course. Paul was quite right when he said: "First the natural man and then the spiritual." We have to begin at the material end of the route and work upward. That there is a Cosmic Energy, all-pervading and all-wise, few will deny. And this inference has been arrived at not from revelation but from a study of sensible phenomena. Certain scientists have attempted, by ingenious hypotheses, to exclude immaterial influences from the field of causality, but without avail. In all their investigations they have come face to face with an unknown force or principle that lies behind all phenomena and seems to say to the experimenter, "Thus far and no farther." Accordingly the physicist becomes more or less of a vitalist in spite of himself, contenting himself with a definition of force based on experience, which says nothing of the nature of the unknown quantity but is limited to a recital of mere effects.

Energy evinced in the phenomena termed "electrical" is now a common example of what I have been discussing. Concerning it I quote from an excellent article in a journal of electricity:

"What electricity is we simply do not know, but we do know what to do and how to do it to get the greatest and most useful amount of the same for our purposes. We have here the name for some kind of energy, an energy which thru the medium of ether gives us radiation, motion, heat or a sensation caused by the action of ether-waves on the eye, namely, light. We know that a certain energy must be imparted to the radiometer-vane by the sun. To the sense of touch it appears to be heat, in the eye it produces the sensation of light, and in certain substances it has the power to produce chemical changes. Those chemical changes under the radiation from the sun have been going on for years and years on our earth, and we know that what we receive from the sun, whether it affects the sense of touch or sight or produces chemical changes, is in reality some form of energy and is one and the same form whatever the effect."

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the Mind

By C. Franklin Leavitt, M. D.

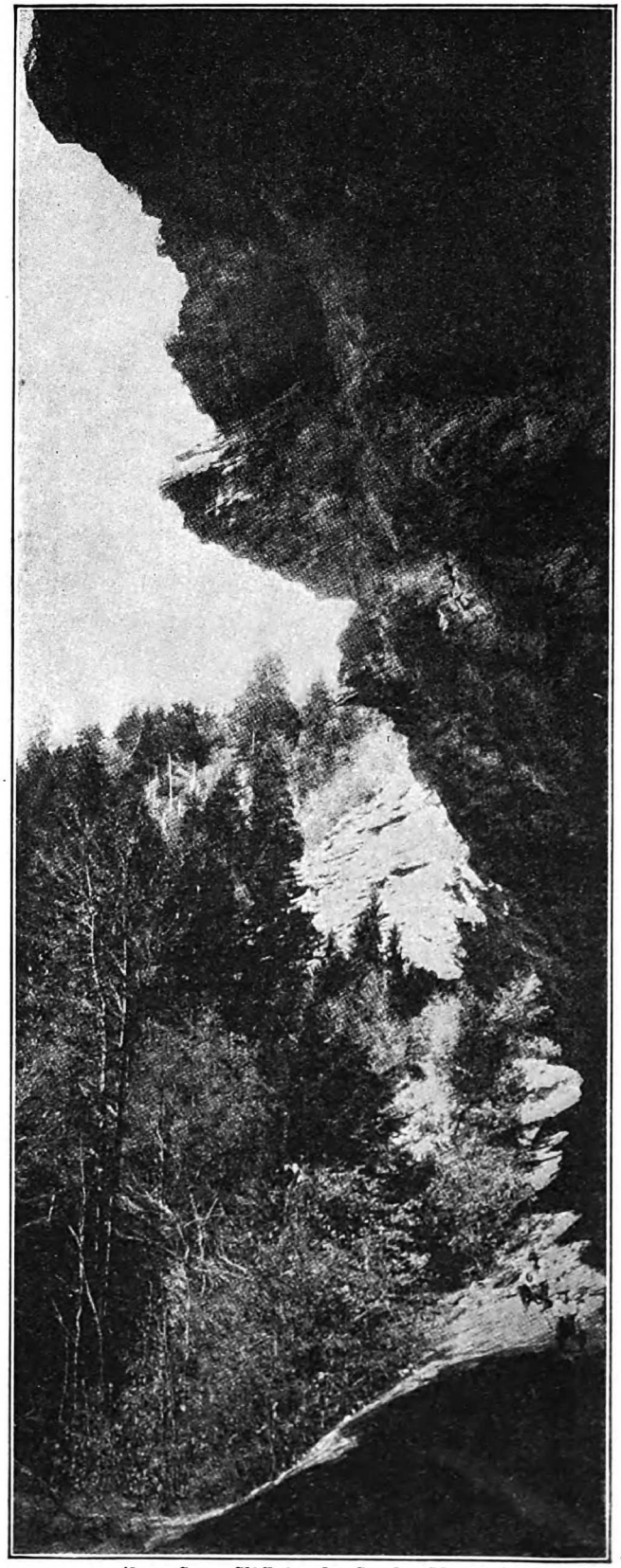
Different ways of expressing this Universal Energy are being discovered frequently. The radio is a comparatively new way of using it, and this, too, is today but little understood. It is known that certain things produce certain effects, but just why it is so is still quite a mystery. And this energy will undoubtedly be developed to a wonderful degree, perhaps to the extent of taking the place of the materials we use today for locomotion, heat etc.

The what can be shown;
But the why is unknown.

Energy has its *laws of action.* Investigation has shown that universal energy manifests according to law. There are no mistakes, no accidents. We speak of "luck" and "chance," knowing full well that they are relative terms, invented to accommodate our ignorance. Some of these laws we have learned, but they are so few that we are like children playing with dangerous chemicals, and, like them, we often suffer for our ignorance. As far as we have gone in our researches it has been demonstrated that channel and direction may be given to energy and that it is turned on and off by the simplest means, like that of making and breaking a current of electricity. And in connection with directing energy we now find scientists studying the laws which will permit them to direct radio energy so that heat may be supplied at a distance, the ammunition magazines of ships touched off while far out at sea, and many other incredible feats accomplished. It appears to be clear that with added knowledge, we shall be able to avail ourselves of the power of resistless energy for all needs, mental, physical and commercial, by processes as simple as those by which we now regulate the temperature of our rooms with a thermostat or illuminate our rooms with the mere touch of a button.

Definite conditions control the direction of energy thru the physical organisms. In order that electrical energy shall manifest itself a circle has to be formed. If there is a small break in the circle the current will jump it, provided a heavy charge be turned on. It will leap across the gap as tho a force back of it said, "Bridge that chasm! Don't let the obstacle interfere with our work." But why metals and not glass are good conductors, and why the carrying power of certain metals is better than others, or even how the current moves at all, we may never know.

The New Psychology has taught us that, in the physical organism, energy can be turned on and directed by the MIND. This theorem is susceptible of proof by all who will approach the question without prejudice and give themselves to honest experimentation. But the experimenter must remember that he is dealing with metaphysics, the operations of whose processes are not open to physical inspection, results (*Continued on page 81*)



Alum Cave Cliff in the Smoky Mountains.

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Florence Cane

By Constance Macdonald

Apostle of Freedom—in Art and Education

FLORENCE CANE'S unique gift for building the creative impulse, the creative consciousness, into personality is the outcome of a new method of approaching the whole problem of art instruction. It is in line with that trend which thruout the entire field of the new education movement, is finding a broader and more significant place for art teaching in the life of the child. The old idea worked toward the development of painting for its own sake. The new idea makes the development of facility in painting a secondary aim. If great talent is there, Mrs. Cane points out, it will always, by any method of teaching, go on to a surpassing development. If, however, the main aim be the development of personality, all will be gain in any case, whether painting or some other art or occupation be the ultimate channel of expression.



Florence Cane, Art Director of the Walden School.

Perhaps more than any other art teacher on this side of the Atlantic, Florence Cane is alive with a sense of the supreme importance of imagination as the *sine qua non* in the teaching of art. With one throw she inverts the whole theory of the representative school. Instead of aiming first to develop the child's ability to represent exactly what he sees before him in some assigned object or scene, he is encouraged to work from within, to select for his painting some imaginary or unseen object or some idea which he wishes symbolically to portray.

This gives, perhaps, one main clue to the astonishing success of Florence Cane's method. Not only as he progresses does this choice of an imaginative or symbolic, or remembered subject develop the child's powers of observation and his memory to a degree that momentary copying could never do, but the free choice of subject quickens his interest from the start. Furthermore, from the standpoint of the child's personality, the very subjects chosen give remarkable revelations as to the needs of his developing life.

Of course it is important that he be in the hands of a wise interpreter. Mrs. Cane believes that a thoro grounding in psychology is essential for the teacher, if the work is to fulfil its profoundest function.

As an instance of the therapeutic value of art teaching along these lines, take the case of Teddy Ripley. Teddy was a small boy who labored under a profound inferiority complex. He had an older brother George who in every way was Teddy's opposite. George was athletic. He did well at school. He was the apple of his father's eye. As his brother progressed, Teddy withdrew more and more into himself. He fell into bad habits—lying, pilfering. He had always shown a fondness for painting, and his mother, in despair, brought him to Mrs. Cane. Could something be done for him thru her method of awakening and developing the inner life of the child? Mrs. Cane consented to undertake the problem. She discarded completely the methods by which the child had heretofore been taught—the cramped task of accurate reproduction of an object or model. Instead, she drew him out as to what of all things under the sun he would most enjoy drawing or painting.



Katherine Cane—daughter, pal and colleague.

The boy was sensitive, imaginative, a delightfully communicative child when handled in a way to give him confidence in himself. He went right to work with

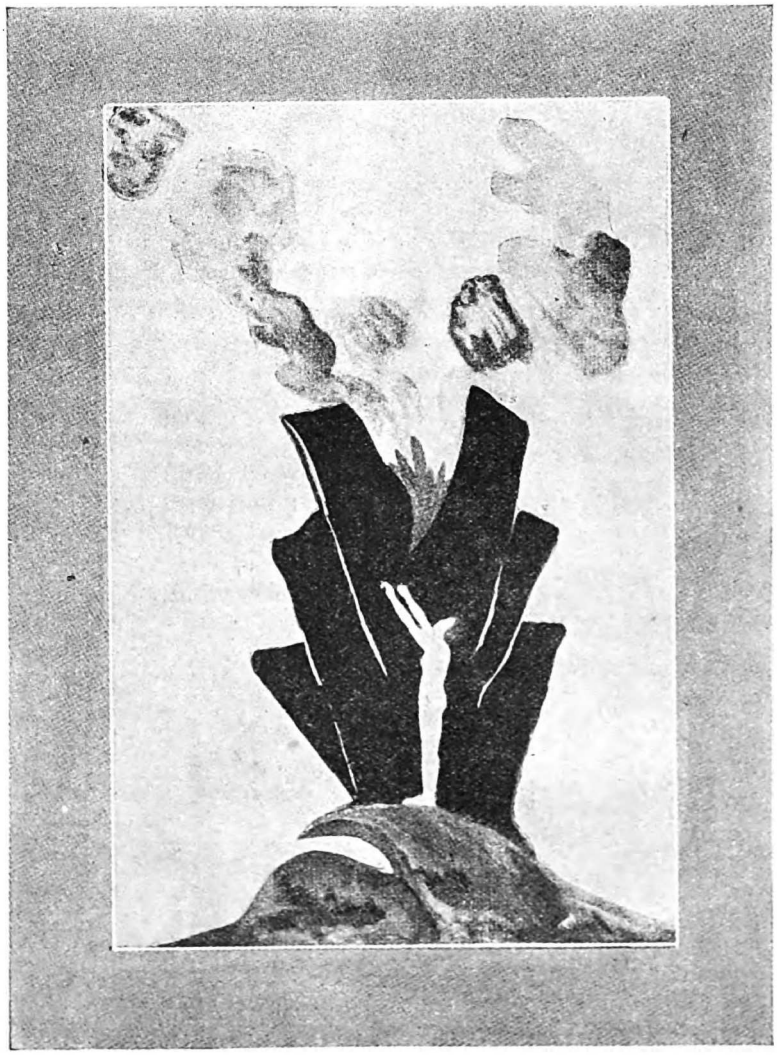
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oils. The definite progression in his choice of subjects was too illuminating to go unmentioned. For his first painting he chose a dreary, lifeless scene—a sawed-off tree in the center, with two dead trees on either side, and a house in the remote distance. By the time he was ready for his second picture, life had obviously begun to take hold. He was ready to stand on his own feet, and no longer worrying about what his older brother would think. This painting showed a picture full of life and color; a boat in full sail, in blue water. The next canvas was still more full of life and action. It was, in fact, a series of similar pictures, showing horses and more horses, first on a small scale, but growing larger and larger. Then came the portrayal of a large grasping hand, a huge hand. Teddy, the weak and forceless, was becoming conscious of his growing strength and eager for more power. Finally, and it was his last painting with Mrs. Cane, came a woman in white, with long golden hair, walking towards the sunset, with trees, full of life and luxuriant foliage, on either hand.

During his period of painting, Teddy's whole personality blossomed out. He was now doing something he could feel proud of—something for which his family and others, too, admired him. From being weak, pallid, indirect, he became vigorous, cheerful, ruddy. He is now at boarding-school. He no longer paints, but the painting did its work. He is an integrated, adjusted personality.

From as far back as she can remember, Florence Cane has had a veritable passion for children, for understanding them, winning their confidence, and for helping them to develop. She distinctly recalls when she was ten, and her baby sister three, the motherly interest she took in this young lady.

So completely did she mother the little sister that when her own lovely twin daughters came, she felt as tho they were, in her own words, "her second crop of children." With them she has lived and played and worked, with an understanding companionship still rare between mothers and daughters, even in these days of intensive "child study." With the twins, her ideas were first worked out.



FLAMES—*drawn by a thirteen-year-old child at the Walden School.*

Should Florence Cane be classified as a psychologist, using art as a medium to attain her ends? Or an art teacher with a genius for understanding and remolding human nature? There seems here to be a dual function at work, producing surpassing results in both fields. Her success in teaching children to paint is so well known thru exhibits, thru art and educational magazines, that I feel drawn to stress here the less tangible, still more significant side of Florence Cane's genius. Whenever she speaks, and she is a frequent speaker, she wins both conservative and progressive, not only by her lucid, modest setting forth of her ideas, but overwhelmingly by the exuberant evidence of her rich store of children's canvases. And how obviously are they the work—or play—of the child. Mrs. Cane will under no circumstance touch them, any more than she will dictate or even suggest the subject to be portrayed. There they are, gay and sad (sometimes comically sad, sometimes touchingly so); cheerful and gruesome; concrete and fanciful, with a fantasy that never was on land or sea. And where else can one see such joy in the use of color, color gorgeous, delicate, rioting, restrained; color in every conceivable harmony and contrast of design?

All these convases display, in their childlike way, a surprising degree of technical mastery, a grasp of the laws of design that suggest an age years in advance of the actual. Yet technique, in the usual understanding of the term, has never been studied as a preliminary step. First the imagination, the emotional urge to portray is cultivated, and above all the confidence that achievement is possible. Later, as the child experiences the joy of telling things on paper and on canvas, comes the natural thirst for greater mastery. Technique is learned, not by a process of information superimposed by the teacher, but rather the teacher responds to the child's initiative; to his eager questioning when he reaches the point of keen curiosity to know how this thing may be better done.

So technique should be learned by the child in all the arts. By the child? Even the adult, curiously enough, re-

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sponds more readily and more fruitfully to this method of teaching than to the old time plan. Futhermore, it is possible in this way to intrigue into the study of painting grown-ups who ordinarily would as readily undertake the project of flying to the moon. One thing that holds the uninitiated back, whether child or adult, from attempting to draw or paint, is the knowledge that he cannot do a good piece of work in the representative field; cannot, that is, paint even a respectable, recognizable, representation of the things he sees about him. The very technique of perspective offers difficulties that seem insuperable. If, on the other hand, he is encouraged to work along imaginative lines, with no dread of failure to reach an obvious standard of resemblance, he soon loses his fear in the sheer joy that comes with the free use of color. This, even in the case of young children, presently develops into more and more facile if unconscious handling of the laws of design, producing effects so lovely that one marvels. Confidence in the inner self grows by leaps and bounds. Here is what we mean by the gain that comes from "release," release from the bonds and inhibitions of technical striving imposed too soon.



Courtesy Creative Art Magazine

RHYTHM—*A pastel by a fifteen-year-old pupil of the Walden School.*

Not a few adults, chiefly teachers and students, have found their way to Florence Cane's studio. Here again, interest in her pupils is directed just as definitely toward their personal development as towards their development as painters. I have seen her accomplish in this way what neither friends nor relatives nor psychoanalysts could do. And not alone in problem cases does she achieve significant ends.

One instance I might quote where the student in question was a young woman in the mid-twenties, highly successful in her professional work, yet really dissatisfied and restless. Something within was starved. Mrs. Cane came in contact with her during a summer in the hills. They grew more intimate, and Mrs. Cane, explaining her ideas, extended an invitation to this charming and successful young woman to take lessons with her in her summer studio. The suggestion was unhesitatingly, uncompromisingly, declined. "I could never do anything in painting." However she finally did succumb to persuasion, with astonishing results in changing the tenor of her life.

This young woman had in all her working years held to the thought that her forte was that of an expert organizer, setting the stage and pulling the strings for the promotion of the ideas of other people. For the first time, after meeting and working with Mrs. Cane, she realized that she, too, had something creative to give. So intense, so inescapable was that realization that within a few months her whole plan of life was reorganized. The transformation came about directly thru the medium of those painting lessons. She wrote to a friend: "I long to embody in my whole scheme of life a new sense of power that has come to me. . . ."

The enthusiasm for painting in this case was not carried beyond the summer's leisure. But as with Teddy Ripley, it had done its work. A whole plan of life had been revolutionized. She is now holding a position of leadership in the field in which formerly she was merely an organizer and secretary.

With all her feeling and reverence for the intuitive, the spiritual values of life, Mrs. Cane has a tremendously strong balancing sense of the part played by the physiological instrument in its effect upon the psychological. She has, in the course of her work, discovered and utilized certain significant psychophysiological

(*Continued on page 72*)



Courtesy Creative Art Magazine

PORTRAIT FROM LIFE—*An oil painting by a seventeen-year-old pupil of the Walden School.*

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Foods and Feelings

By Edward Earle Purinton

Practical Hints on Eating for Health, Happiness and Efficiency

HERE is a new question, with a new answer, in the new realm of practical psychology.

What do people eat with? Somebody says, "Teeth, of course." Wrong. Guess again.

Eating, broadly defined, is the process of consuming food as nourishment. The process only starts in the mouth. People chew with teeth—but eat largely with emotions. If they have no teeth, still they are able to eat. But if they have no emotions, or the wrong kind, their eating stops short of digestion, failing thus to provide nourishment.

A word of caution. Let not the hasty conclusion be drawn that teeth are superfluous and may be slighted. Almost were it better to hold the delusion that one eats with his teeth, if thereby he chews his food long and well.

Teeth are the primal instruments of nutrition, but feelings are the forces that operate the instruments. The quality of mastication, digestion, assimilation, depends to a large extent on the quality of emotion at meal-time.

A jolly person is apt to feel and look well-fed. A sour person is likely to have sour stomach, and to become at last a miserable nervous dyspeptic.

The modern scientists on the staff of great nutrition laboratories have proved the relation of emotion and nutrition. They have generously fed cats and dogs, but during the feeding process had the animals teased, irritated, angered, to an emotional boiling point. Then the chemists analyzed the contents of the animal stomachs, and discovered that the food had turned to poison. The bad emotion had ruined the good food.

Ladies are not necessarily cats, nor men dogs. But if cats and dogs can't digest a meal in the presence of wrong feeling, certainly human beings can't.

Cheerfulness, happiness, quietness, confidence and peace are first aids to powerful digestion. Whoever keeps a poised mind before, during and after meals promotes to a large degree his health, longevity and efficiency. He maintains, consciously or unconsciously, an erect posture, allowing room for the stomach, heart and lungs to work freely and fully. He enjoys his food, stimulating a fine flow of the gastric juices. He lets his nerves relax, lifting all tension that impairs or inhibits digestion.

The feelings are closely connected with the alimentary glands that secrete the digestive fluids. Bad feelings make bad juices, and they in turn make bad digestion. A gloomy consciousness is almost as unhygienic as a guilty conscience. Wise folk refuse to admit either of these into their mental domain.

Every doctor, teacher and preacher who knows his job is an expert in food psychology—a vital factor in health, education, religion. There is many a dyspeptic or neurotic taking bitter medicines when he ought to be making better feelings; pills and potions are often penalties for too many wrong feelings or too few right ones. Even cases of stupidity, or crime, have been traced to faulty methods of eating as initial causes.

But we must not regard the matter too solemnly. How funny people are when they eat! Let us note some of the peculiar types of mortals, and their strange conduct at meal-time.

The grouch has glum feelings. They sour his food for him. Whenever he complains the food is bad, he makes it worse.

The hustler has impatient feelings. They put the stomach all in a panic, and won't give the poor thing time or strength to do its work properly.

The chatterbox has explosive feelings. They pour out loose words all around in a volley of waste energy, and thus rob the stomach of its vital forces.

The gourmand has hoggish feelings. They incite him to eat on and on, till he is stuffed so full of excessive edibles that his digestive organs protest, groan, and give up the job in despair, afflicted with nervous prostration.

The ascetic has undeveloped feelings. They affirm it is indelicate to enjoy food, and the affirmation destroys the digestion.

The fusser has finicky feelings. They peck at the food, absorb a trifle in a mournful manner, but reject most because it isn't cooked or served according to specifications.

The faddist has prejudiced feelings. They insist on the dutiful and direful consumption of one particular diet forever and a day, which dumb notion would keep, or make, almost anybody sick.

The worrier has fearsome feelings. They make every meal disagree with him, because he thinks it won't digest, and dare not eat robust food at all.

The scientist has dried-up feelings. They stuff his mind with facts on the chemistry of nutrition, leaving no room for the food itself.

The occultist has symbolical feelings. They judge

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food by its color, name or other esoteric aspect, denying to a hungry man a perfectly good meal because of a doubtful symbology.

Oh, for a generous helping of luscious emotion at meal-time! How rare and auspicious a sight would it be to observe a whole family sanely and sweetly supplied with proper feelings at the dinner table.

A healthful and delightful combination of gustatory feelings would be as follows: the hunger of the child, the leisure of the philosopher, the wisdom of the dietitian, the freedom of the poet, the discipline of the soldier, the enjoyment of the epicure, the devotion of the idealist. All this panoply of right feeling surrounding an array of wholesome food would make of a common meal a repast for the gods.

Now as to method. What can be done to have the meal hours regular occasions for more gladness in every home? This question is one of the few directly concerning each member of the family.

The first move is to arrive at an understanding of the causes of emotional disturbance or distress. They may be subjective, or objective, or both. If subjective, they may have originated in heredity, childhood, habit, pathology, or some other peculiarity of the individual. A thoro diagnosis by means of psychoanalysis would be most effective; and that, of course, would be impossible in a magazine article. But the objective causes for bad feeling can be located and removed by anybody with a little scientific knowledge on the subject. We offer the data, secured by investigation of the methods of eating practiced in the best homes and health institutions. The chief aids to good feeling are noted in the following items:

Pure air to breathe. Ventilation adequate, scientific. No drafts. Windows open at top only, excepting in warm weather. A stuffy room is both irritating and stultifying.

Temperature comfortable. That means never lower than 65 degrees, and preferably not higher than seventy. An electric fan for the hottest days in summer will keep the air circulating and the family more at ease. And for zero weather an electric heater may be essential to comfort in the dining room.

Light ample, yet not too brilliant. When the evening meal requires artificial illumination, a high-power drop lamp, well shaded, is advisable for the center of the table. The owners of high-priced restaurants have learned how this radiant emissary adds brightness and coziness to the psychological equipment of a dinner table.

Colors and pictures on the wall cheerful. No dark tints, no saddening photographs, no gloomy scenes. A dining room should be planned with advice from a color expert, who knows what shades combine best and are easiest on the eyes. Paint has connection with emotional capacity and moral vision.

Table arrangements convenient, immaculate, artistic. Possibly two experts on these matters should be consulted: the efficiency engineer, and the artist. But we would utter a stressed caution against inviting them to the same meal; each expert, observing the other, would get his feelings so ruffled as to blight the occasion and defeat the whole purpose of their august presence. Art and efficiency both belong in the dining room—but they mostly aren't on speaking terms.

Plenty of elbow room. No crowding. No danger of spilling things because of impeded or colliding motion of arms and hands. Often the addition of a leaf to the table increases amiability.

Chairs at the table inviting, restful, anatomical. Erect posture favors digestion, but need not imply a stiff and severe back. There is no virtue in sacrificing ease at the dinner table.

Meals always on time. This rule obviates the sour looks and surly remarks likely to emanate from the awfully busy and consequential male persons in family who can't bear to wait a moment longer than expected for their nourishment. And, incidentally, the habit of household promptness is good for everybody.

Menus planned, foods cooked, scientifically. Human feelings are involved in the chemistry of nutrition. Abnormal emotions result from abnormal foods. The excess of meats, starches, condiments and sweets consumed by the average American tends to make his disposition fretful. A wholesome variety of natural fruits, vegetables, cereals and non-flesh proteins helps to keep one fit, brave, hopeful, serene. Food facts of great importance may be secured from the national bureaus and laboratories of nutrition, or from government agencies; any good doctor should be able to furnish the addresses of these organizations.

All the family neat in appearance. Costly clothes are not required, but clean clothes are, at the table. Even little children can be taught to take pride in looking their best and striving to beat the grown-ups at the game of neatness in the dining room. Any slatternly person is short on self-respect, and feels mean accordingly. Psychology holds that eating, to be delightful, must be ever a dainty process.

Company manners habitual. (*Continued on page 85*)

Failure Thoughts Paralyze

THE man who succeeds sheds disappointments, thoughts of failure, as a duck does water. He knows that if he lets them penetrate they will become a part of him, they will change him. He can't afford to make a part of himself such elements of weakness. He can't afford to keep with him the things that neutralize and even paralyze his powers.

Do you take comfort in counting up your difficulties and hardships? Does it seem to you that no one else ever had so many obstacles to contend with? You are cherishing the things you ought to cast from you. You are on the wrong track if that is your state of mind. There is no thorofare that way. You are groping in a blind alley, a cul de sac.

When you catch yourself dwelling on the obstacles that block your passage, pull a tight rein on yourself, for whining is a sure sign of failure. Whining means a will too weak to push ahead and conquer hardships.

PERSONALITY

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Sick Little Well Girl

A Story of Minds and Medicines

By Margaret Searle



All that evening the emotional barometer registered "unsettled."

Illustrations by Corinne Dillon

SOME are born ill, some acquire illness, and some have illness thrust upon them.

Elaine Lord was in the category last named, for at the very start her mother had decided she was to be delicate. Of course, no one could have exactly blamed the poor woman, she had had plenty of cause to distrust the human anatomy. A delicate creature herself, she had made things worse by marrying into still more ills and pills. Mr. Lord had taken an aspirin just before the ceremony and had gone on taking them ever since.

Naturally, the marriage had not been ideal. Along with his other ailments, Mr. Lord had developed curvature of the disposition, and as for Mrs. Lord, her love had soon been cooled by daily contact with ice packs. The two had lived scrappily ever after, and everything had seemed to conspire against their happiness. The first child, after one look at this world of draughts and germs, had closed his eyes forever, and everybody had expected the infant Elaine to do the same.

She had fooled them and lived to survive her father, but her mother was never entirely convinced. Elaine just must be frail—that was all there was to it. No one with such parentage could possibly be otherwise.

As a matter of fact, she was a perfectly healthy child and showed promise of having a ninety-nine year lease on that schoolgirl complexion. But her mother, when reminded of this, would just shake her head, murmur something about tubercular flushes and order more codliver oil. As for Castoria, it was always on hand—the child didn't need to cry for it. Mother was very generous.

When the garden variety of ailments was exhausted, the fancier ones were taken up. While other children were still having undistinguished cases of measles and mumps, Elaine was taught to lisp *"mathtoiditith"* and *"arterio thcclcrothith."*

Naturally, the family doctor didn't object. Mr.

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Lord had left plenty of money and the medico had no qualms about helping to spend it. When Mrs. Lord couldn't think up a new disease he could. With his list of human ailments he made the Mayo brothers look like Christian Scientists. Did he need a new car? Well, wasn't it about time for Elaine to discover her thyroid? Did he want to go abroad? There was no reason why Elaine's appendix shouldn't send him.

Odd that the girl grew up at all—but nature was more powerful than man. And by twenty, in spite of a head full of medical terms and a body full of medical compounds, she was not only alive but attractive. With pale gold hair, cameo features and a whipped-cream skin, she was the sort of girl the tenors sing about. It was, perhaps, because she would have made such a good-looking angel that no one expected her to live long.

Obviously, she was just the kind to break hearts—a lovely clinging vine that would be an ornament to any sturdy oak. And at first there were prospects on every hand.

But unfortunately, modern love requires a strong constitution, a thorogoing affair equipped for lots of dates and dancing, a minimum of sleep and a maximum of action. And this is where Elaine fell down.

Just when a good party was planned, Mrs. Lord would order an early bedtime. Just as an affair got well under way, it was time for another operation. Gradually, the girl got the reputation of being a bit peculiar; a young man taking her out hardly knew what to do with her. At dances she would have to sit out most of the time, and athletics were supposed to do something to her glands or her heart—she couldn't always remember which. Back in the croquet age she would have been called a good enough sport; but in the present she was a bit too fragile for everyday use.

So, as time went on, she found herself more and more alone, and grew a little wistful, like the girls in the Listerine ads. But her case was not so simple as theirs. It was, in fact, quite complicated. All doctored up and nowhere to go! It was a situation, indeed, appalling, and the girl began to lose all her natural interest in life. When one spring her mother broached ideas for the summer, she showed about as much enthusiasm as a teetotaler over plans for New Year's Eve.

But Mrs. Lord, undaunted, insisted upon going away somewhere "for Elaine's health."

"I wonder what would be the most wholesome place," she pondered. "The seashore is out of the question—so bad for thyroid trouble. The mountain air is too rarefied and going abroad is always so strenuous."

Elaine emitted a wisp of a sigh. "Oh, let's go abroad anyway," she said, with a dim carbon copy of defiance. Then, as a tremendous surprise to her own ears—"Sometimes I—I think perhaps there's—not so much the matter with me after all."

Mrs. Lord gave a gasp. "My child, are you feverish?" she cried.

In the end, it was decided that they would go to some peaceful inland lake, provided it was guaranteed against malaria-bearing mosquitos.

So it was that about two bottles of codliver oil later, the girl was ensconced with her mother and a couple of maids at Lake Crystal. It was a quiet but pleasant resort and seemed to live up to the recommendations, with the breezes blowing as advertised and the sun shining as guaranteed.

The two settled down for an uneventful summer and Mrs. Lord was sure that it was just the thing "for Elaine's health."

But little did she know!

The very first



"If I go down," he cried, "just remember that I loved you."

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day, so it happened, the girl walked out and bumped square into—romance.

It all started, appropriately enough, in a drug store. Mrs. Lord had soon found out about the only one around and sent Elaine down for some fresh medicines.

The girl did as she was told and with a long list in hand, walked into the little store. Codliver oil was, of course, her first order, but the clerk shook his head.

"We just sold the last bottle," he said.

Elaine's mouth dropped open. Life without codliver oil! It was like a wild dream.

"Why, does it make such a terrible difference?" asked a voice behind her.

She turned around. Confronting her was a tall, good-looking young man with friendly brown eyes, who was apparently quite alarmed over her alarm.

"Why—yes," she murmured, "it surely does."

"Well, as it happens," he said, "I have several extra bottles at my cottage and I'd be only too glad to let you have some."

"Oh, thank you so much," she replied, her face lighting up with relief.

The young man took out a pencil and a little pad. "Just tell me where you're staying," he said, "and I'll be around in a few minutes."

HIS word was good, and shortly he appeared with a large bottle of the familiar fluid. He seemed to be a friendly fellow, and the two fell into conversation.

"Do you find codliver oil very helpful?" he asked—since that was thus far all they had in common.

"Oh, my, yes! I've taken it ever since I can remember," replied Elaine.

The young man appraised her lovely person. "Are



you delicate?" he ventured.

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed. "I've had mastoiditis, appendicitis, arthritis, pneumonia and heart trouble, and my adenoids, tonsils and appendix have been removed. And the doctors say I'm decidedly a tuberculous type."

"Why, you must be as badly off as I am," said the young man with interest.

"Are you delicate too?"

"Am I! Well, I should say so! You see, in the war, I was gassed, shell-shocked and what not—and ever since I've been feeling pretty rocky."

Elaine looked at him in some surprise, for his color was good, his nice eyes clear and unwavering. He looked so perfectly healthy—still, you never could tell.

"I've brought several appliances along with me," he went on. "A stethoscope, an electric pad and some other things. Anything you'd like to borrow at any time I'd be only too glad to bring over to you."

"Oh, thank you," said Elaine with enthusiasm. "Do tell me about your stethoscope."

IT was the beginning of a great friendship. Anyone could see that the two were made for each other. In their ailments they had a real bond, and what was more a never-failing subject of conversation.

With similar tastes in all things as well as diseases, they got along beautifully together. At dances Phil was only too glad to let Elaine sit out, for the doctor had given him similar orders. And when they walked or went boating, he was always considerate about taking it slowly.

They began to see each other every day. And as usual, propinquity did it. Both fell head over heels in love, and it wasn't long before a definite whiff of orange blossoms could be detected.

Under the spell of the well-known emotion, Elaine's beauty became more than ever pronounced. Her eyes grew big and shining and the rose of her cheeks seemed to deepen. Doubtless it was all very bad for the heart and the nerves would have to pay later—but even so, the girl couldn't seem to worry much.

So the two became engaged, and this should have been the end of their story. But once more the course of true love was to prove its crying need of paving.

It was this way. As time went on Elaine found herself wondering a little about Phil's ailments. She had a faint suspicion that what trouble he had had after the war was by this time cured and that it was just because he was so much in the habit of being ill that he didn't know he had gotten well.

Whereas Phil, on his part, began to feel much the same about Elaine's ailments.

The first definite hint of trouble came one fine evening as they were strolling down to a dance at the Casino. Elaine had just been thru a perfectly spectacular attack of nerves and she had looked forward to giving Phil a long and vivid account of it.

But unfortunately Phil got in ahead. "Do you know," he said, "my nerves don't seem to be any better after all? This morning someone down at the beach shrieked for help and I had a regular full-fledged attack. Just shook all over for several minutes. People talk about nerves! Lord! I don't think most of them know what nerves are!" He looked distinctly superior.

Elaine was silent for a moment, then spoke up. "Well, you needn't think I don't."

"Is that right?" murmured Phil, politely but without enthusiasm,

"Yes, it's right. I had a perfectly terrible attack myself this afternoon." She paused, then blurted out, "Just because you were in the war you needn't think you have all the troubles."

"Why, dear, I never did think so." By way of mollification he tightened his caressing hold on her soft elbow.

But Elaine only stiffened the more. Phil had failed in sympathy!

All that evening the emotional barometer registered "unsettled." Coming back to Phil after a dance with a certain big, athletic youth, (*Continued on page 66*)

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Courtesy Arnold Genthe from "Isadora Duncan - Twenty - Four Studies" (Mitchell Kennerley)

The flowing garments of Isadora Duncan bespoke her interest in rhythm of movement and line.

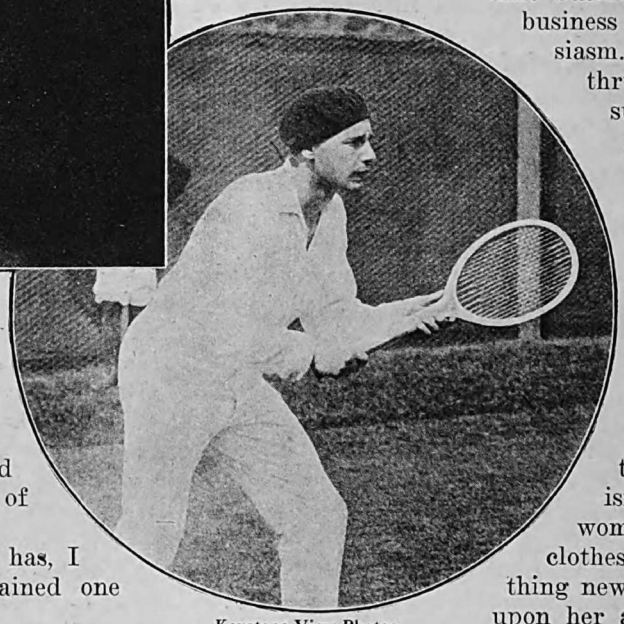
By Virginia Vincent
(*Modish Mitzi*)

Clothes and the Mind

How to Fit Your Outer Costume to your Inner Self

"How well you look!" complimented a friend of mine one day when I was wearing a becoming blue hat. Immediately my spirits soared! What had been a drab, discouraging morning became a glorious adventure. I powdered my nose and noticed in the tiny mirror of my compact that I did look well. It was an important day with an important business conference. I went to business with confidence and enthusiasm. I carried the enthusiasm thru the conference and any success that resulted sprang from my friend's remark about the blue hat. A state of mind, a viewpoint, may be fixed by a sunshiny day or so small a matter as clothes.

"I'm feeling blue, so I think I'll buy some new clothes," has been reiterated a thousand times by women who are seeking to change their moods. It isn't actually the clothes a woman needs. It is what the clothes bring her. She buys something new, wears it, is complimented upon her appearance, and her heart, warmed by the praise, feels better. Clothes may not make the man or woman, but they do a great deal toward making successful careers and drawing forth admiration that makes life happier.



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On the tennis court Jean Borotra's colored berets reflect the warm Basque country.

"HIS personality got him the job," one man said to another in telling of his friend's good fortune.

"If I had the personality she has, I could have done it too," explained one woman to another.

These are not complete explanations by any means. Everyone has personality. Few, however, develop it. A true expression of personality is within the reach of everyone who will give himself or herself thought and study.

The important outward mark of personality is clothes. What to wear matters so much in self expression and in every-day life that department stores offer their patrons the service of a stylist. Other more exclusive people go to a clothes counselor to be told what to wear in order to make the best appearance possible. It has been proved that a professional clothes advisor can do better at the job than family or friends in analyzing a personality and selecting clothes to express it.

Do you remember the story of a well-known bard who won a reputation for spelling in the locally conducted spelling-bees? Someone noticed, however, that when he spelled a word he twisted his finger round the middle button of his coat. With demoniacal intent his most earnest competitor, in order to defeat him, cut off the button. A difficult word was given him, he reached for the button of his coat and discovered its loss. The shock was too great! Without feeling the customary button in his hand he could not spell, be-

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cause his attention turned from the word to the loss of the button.

Perhaps a button off your coat might not affect you in this manner, but it might affect someone you were talking to on more important subjects than spelling-bees.

Soiled gloves, dirty fingernails, the need of a haircut, a conspicuous spot on your coat, may do a great deal to spoil the impression you would like to create. Clothes do not have to be new, but they do have to be in good condition to win respect.

Consult your mirror—a full-length one, too. Let it be your kindest friend and severest critic. Look at yourself not with your own eyes, but with the eyes of those with whom you come in contact and in whose judgment you have faith. What would the president of the company think of this tie? Too flashy? What would your buddies think of it? O. K.? What would the girl you like best think of it? Whom are you trying to please? Compound these opinions, select the one you think is most reasonable and which fits you. You'll make a lot of mistakes for a time, but in the long run the points of view of other people on your clothes will broaden and educate your own.



Leginsky, the famous pianist, likes starched collars and cuffs. Marie of Roumania, whether in royal or peasant costume, always looks the Queen she is.

Your personal upkeep, your selection of clothes and your posture, count in your appearance. The best-fitting clothes will fit none too well over drooping shoulders. The most beautiful silk stockings look none too well twined around the rungs of a chair. Use the full-length mirror to catch yourself in poor postures. You'll be surprised at the unconscious awkward attitudes you take. Don't expect the most expensive coat in the world to stand up under the habit of stuffing and bulging the pockets with odds and ends. Clothes never look well on a clothes horse and you have to give them a chance to take the form for which they were designed.

Know your type and stick to it. Don't try to be a Mary Pickford if you are a Pola Negri. If you really look like Gene Tunney (who, by the way, dresses very well), don't grow the sideburns of Jack Barrymore.

Clothes do not have to be expensive to be right for you. What is right for one person may be wrong for another. Men do not need to wear a custom-made suit to express their personality. Women do not have to wear Paris gowns. Personality comes in ready-mades and ginghams just as effectively.

Do you remember the flowing draperies always worn on the street or on the stage by the charming dancer, Isadora Duncan? They bespoke her interest in the rhythm of movement and line.

Queen Marie wears the jeweled crown, the peasant costume, the mourning weeds of a dramatic queen. She plays her royal rôle in many changes of costume all designed to please her subjects and draw attention to Roumania as a colorful country.

Leginsky, that great pianist, for many years appeared on the concert platform in a severe dark dress relieved only by a starched collar and cuffs.

Jean Borotra, with his change of many colored berets on the tennis court, reflects the warm Basque country. Whether he is on the high seas or on the court, a beret covers his head.

There are women of the tailored type who are seen only in tailored wear—woolen suits for street, a satin Tuxedo for evening with the addition of a jeweled monocle, perhaps.

These are extremes, of course. If one wishes to call attention to one's personality, it can be done by hitting upon a certain type of costume, a certain color or an individual style. But for the less extreme persons who wish to be dressed more in the mode of the season—that is a more difficult problem.

A man's personality is expressed more by the way he wears his clothes than by the clothes themselves. The way a hat is worn may lead one to suppose you are as careless or careful in your mental attitude as you are in placing the hat on your head. Your taste in neckties or scarfs indicates whether

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I Keep my Shoulder Free from Chips



By

Louise Fazenda

In an Interview with
Uthai Vincent Wilcox

OUR philosophy shapes our work and our work shapes our philosophy. A comédienne of the screen, perhaps, should have the most serene and untroubled of philosophies, but on the contrary the life of the professional laugh-provoker is anything but complacent. For behind that smiling countenance there may be considerable worry, contemplation, or grave thought such as is seldom associated with the life of a comédienne. Often the comédienne of the screen is the tragedienne of real life. And so it is vital to the comédienne's scheme of life that she formulate a practical philosophy which will successfully overcome the troublesome whirlpools we are apt to encounter in life's stream.

When disheartening troubles come to me, I simply tell myself that these seemingly insurmountable difficulties, which appear about to crush me, will probably prove of little potential danger tomorrow, and next year will be scarcely a memory. The chief fault is undoubtedly with ourselves. We permit our imaginations to conjure up fantastical bugbears, frightful handicaps, and almost unbearable grievances, when as a matter of fact they are nothing more than figments of the imagination.

There is another fact to this practical philosophy of mine. I *make* myself look on the bright side of life even when everything appears to go wrong. I have found that one way to combat successfully this evil influence and pull one's self out of the chasm is to watch one's personal appearance.

There is an intimate relation between the surface of a life and the depths beneath that bears out a psychological law as immutable as the laws of nature. If your features are tense and all set in a downcast look as if gloom were your parents, then this will be transmitted to the nerves and telegraphed, as it were, to the whole organism. But if you will relax those features, force the smile and laughter if necessary, then you will note the faster flow of blood, an exhilarating sense of feeling, and a rising of your spirits.

Literally speaking I "pep" myself up. When troubled my natural tendency is to fling myself down, let my hair get frowsy and not care a bit about what kind of a dress I am wearing. The time it takes to prepare a careful toilet must divide honors with the trouble gnawing at my heart. There is the start.

I always endeavor to keep busy, but when there is nothing to do, I seek a diversion that will bring a change of scenery which must react on the thoughts, on the disposition, and on the general outlook on life.

There is a precious line from Nietzsche in which he discusses woman and comments on one who speaks of longing for death. "Such a one when she has arrayed herself in her best doesn't want to die at all. She lies!" Altho that isn't the exact quotation it nevertheless carries the idea, a most potent one which has always impressed me greatly.

Then I like to pretend that I have a magic-wand in

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my hand. In fancy I wave it bravely when I am in the midst of unpleasant surroundings and endeavor to change them into pleasant ones. This can be accomplished, too. I also try to believe that the unpleasant things are for my own good; that I must turn them to account; that I shall get something constructive instead of destructive out of them. I believe absolutely that not a single experience is lost; that no matter how painful it may be, some good will surely come from it.

I realize, too, that there are no two people on this earth exactly alike, that they are subject to different reactions, and that they are victims, perhaps, of certain vanities and pet idiosyncrasies. Therefore I know that I have different experiences from other mortals, altho in general the main experiences of life are common to all. If something seems like bitter medicine, however distasteful it may be, I reason that I doubtlessly need it and will recover by taking it gamely and not making a wry face. I am surprised how magically this works in dealing a death blow to the unpleasant surroundings.



Johnnie Arthur and Louise Fazenda in "The Desert Song."

I firmly believe we are on this earth to develop, to progress and to produce something worth while. For if we fail to do these things we will stagnate, develop shortly into harmless drones, and eventually disintegrate. When I hold to this thought, I can meet each day as it comes. I don't picture what tomorrow will bring forth, nor mourn every yesterday. I plan and build for the future, but I will not worry nor borrow trouble. I sincerely believe in minding my own business, keeping my own counsel. I don't intrude my advice. When it is solicited, however, I endeavor to make it constructive and give it judiciously.

One outstanding desire of mine is to keep my shoulder free from chips! I find that the most disagreeable people I meet, in and out of the pictures, are those who always have a chip on their shoulders. I believe it is poor philosophy to be combative unless it is absolutely necessary in order to prevent people from walking over you. There is a diplomatic way of meeting all petty annoyances.

It may be a long time coming, but that bread will be returned to you after many a day, altho quite often it will be in a different way and in a different form from which you gave. This is true of the soft answer that turneth away wrath. Petty things I scorn, as well as malicious gossip. This latter frightens me, and I don't care to encounter it. Truly, it is a dreadful, devastating, and injurious element in our scheme of life.

My working philosophy has for its foundation the simple creed: "that we love our neighbors as ourselves." I believe that is sound philosophy too. While I might not carry this out literally in every case, I am certain that many misunderstandings could be avoided if all would acquire such a perspective thru which to view their neighbors. I recently experienced a trial of getting such a new perspective that changed my feeling of antagonism. I admit that I had been irritated and completely lost my patience. Then a friend pictured the life of the other person, delineating his

(*Continued on page 82*)



A relaxed body helps one to gain a placid mind.

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What Kind of a Thinker Are You?

By Albert Walton

Second of a Series of Five Lessons in PERSONALITY BUILDING

IT is essential in all the affairs of life to know which of the three types of thinking described in our last lesson is your type and to which type those belong whom you contact in business or with whom you live at home and associate with socially.

The three types are: the Feeling-Thinkers, the Non-Feeling-Action Thinkers, the Word-Thinkers.

The Feeling-Thinkers are the emotional type. Most women are of this type and over half the men. Their first reaction to anything and everything is a feeling reaction. They are impulsive, enthusiastic, loving, happy, gay, full of pep and go. That is, they are when everything is going right with them. When things go wrong they are depressed, gloomy, despondent, and weepy. Their feelings come close to the surface ready to be pleased or hurt. They do not stay gloomy and depressed but change back to joy as soon as things straighten out for them.

They do not think things over. If they *feel* that they want to do a thing they do it and think about it afterwards. They are artists and musicians often enough, but never students of the dry subjects like mathematics and abstract sciences. When they are happy they are the adorable people of the world, the kind you want to be with. They are the life of the party. They bubble with joy and if there is a good time on foot they will keep going until they drop in their tracks and after ten minutes are ready for another ten dances.

They fall in love at first sight and when they fall in love that is the greatest thing in the world to them. They are wildly happy if their love is returned and utterly miserable if it is not. Either way they must tell somebody about it. They are not the secretive sort. They must share their joy. Usually they know the man or woman they can like as soon as they see them. If you ask why they like some one they will not be able to give a definite reason. They will say they think "He is just great", or "She has a certain something", or "She is so attractive". It they do not like someone it is just as indefinite. They don't like their personality, or "He grates on my nerves". It is a feeling reaction and not a reasoning one.

Never expect such a one to be reasonable. They live by their feelings and in their feelings and depend on their feelings to guide them. And that is what they should do. This does not excuse them for letting their feelings run away with them but it is their greatest virtue and charm when they temper their emotions with common sense. They will think the non-feeling motor type are brutes and that the word-thinking type are cold fish. They cannot understand anyone who is not guided by feelings, unless, indeed, they have made this question a study. The other two types think these people are unstable and hysterical, because they are judging them by their own reactions.

If you live with them remember that their feelings are the whole of them and must be considered. If they feel weepy let them cry it out. It is good for them. If they repress the emotion it will accumulate until they get hysterical when it bursts the dam and you have a real flood of uncontrolled emotion to deal with. Let them cry on your shoulder and when the worst of it is over and the pressure is spent make them laugh and they are happy again. Don't offer too much sympathy but offer enough to get them to spend the energy back of the woe and then straighten them out and turn their thoughts into happy channels.

You can tell them from the others because they are usually softer and pinker; the blood shows thru the skin. They make sweeping gestures away from the body, with the whole arm or the forearm or just with the hand. They seldom pound with the fist or tap with the fingers in gesturing.

They never reason about religion but they are the most religious of the three, taking their belief as a matter of faith or emotion. If they are not orthodox church-goers they take up with some mystic or metaphysical cult. They are never atheists.

To live with them, work for them, make them work for you, sell to them, influence them, in fact, get the most from them in all ways, remember that the emotional appeal is the only one they understand and respond to. Never try to handle them by cold reason or by force. Play on their feelings.

They may become "in-turned" if misunderstood, especially in childhood. Then they get self-pity and inferiority complex or they become the whiners and naggers. They will rule a house by the pose of injured innocence and martyrdom, the tyranny of tears. They get what they want by having their feelings hurt and then demanding that they be smoothed out by being given what they want. (*Continued on page 83*)

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Piety and Gaiety on Broadway

Reviews of Current Dramatic Productions

THE BROKEN CHAIN

PROTESTANTS, Catholics, Jews, Freethinkers, and all others interested in religion can learn more about the root and essence of religion by attending a performance of *The Broken Chain*, William J. Perlman's play produced at Maxine Elliott's theatre by Jacob A. Weiser, than from a dozen ordinary sermons. Here one sees religion at its best—and at its worst: deep and beautiful piety, coupled with intense and intolerant cruelty. But in the end, tho it must be confessed that the end here is rather too lovely to be real — forgiveness and gentleness triumph, and both romantic and religious love are allowed to have their way.



Francine Larrimore as the charming allurer in "Let us Be Gay," which John Golden is producing at the Little Theatre.



Hope Williams is the clever and rebellious daughter of "Holiday" at the Plymouth Theatre. Charles Hopkins is the producer.



Frank McGlynn, as the Tzadik; Sara Biala as Razele, his wife; William Johnstone, as Gabriel in "The Broken Chain."

As a drama *The Broken Chain* is rather slight and superficial. But as a thrilling, vivid glimpse into the hearts of those who are compelled by the religious motive and the curious fashion in which religion is entangled with other human drives, it is profound and valuable. Probably not since Walter Hampden played *The Servant in the House* has so moving a presentation of a saint been portrayed on the stage as Frank McGlynn gives in the rôle of Reb Velvele, the gentle, priestly devotee of Chadism, who, in bitter anguish, curses his erring daughter, and in the end grants her a divine forgiveness.

As a historic, psychological study of religion the piece is priceless. It is something new to find a Broadway theatre program devoting two close-typed pages to definition of religious terms. But the glossary is needed to make the play intelligible to all but the initiate. Chadism, we are told, is a branch of Judaism, in

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which are found strange mixtures of magic and fanatical superstition with unquestioned devotion to the Tzadik or rabbi. It is significant to note, again from the program, that the Chadist movement began at the close of the eighteenth century, and thus becomes an interesting counterpart in Poland of the Wesleyan movement in England and the Moravian movement in Germany. It seems to be a pietism, a mysticism, in which a profound sense of the divine presence is linked with great joy, a joy manifesting itself in happy songs and dances.

Frank McGlynn is the holy father, resplendent in white robe and golden mitre, the sweet, serene gentleness of his nature not marred by the sacerdotal trappings. His daughter, Esther, is in love with Emanuel Sutro, pal of Benny, her renegade brother, who has broken the rabbinical tradition of his fathers by becoming a prizefighter. All the scenes are laid in the living-room of the priest's home—the men of the congregation coming and going—up the stairway to the prayer room above, or into the dining-room adjoining the living-room; members of the "community" drifting in and out to consult the Tzadik on their domestic and spiritual troubles. The rabbi wishes Esther to marry Gabriel, his young assistant. She loves "Manny", but because the intriguing congregation is about to depose her father, yields to his wish that she marry Gabriel.

A year later the locality is writhing under a plague; the congregation mourns, and doubts its priest, saying that the plague has come because of his daughter's sin, accusing her of adultery with her former suitor. First she denies; then before her father's insistent command, she confesses, and, because she is now the double sinner, adulteress and perjurer, he denounces, disowns, curses her, stripping off his priestly robes and falling in torment upon the floor.

Three months later, the good priest is recovering from a blighting illness. His crafty successor to the priesthood, Beryl, adroitly played by Seldon Bennet, is accused of injustice and of accepting bribes. Esther has been divorced from Gabriel and married her lover. The congregation turns to Reb Velvele again, but he refuses the priesthood and names Gabriel for the place, Gabriel the unhappy husband, who was just about to renounce religion because it could not heal his broken heart. He saves the Torah from the synagogue which is struck by lightning; Beryl is deposed and Gabriel made priest. The young priest reminds Esther's father that "he who labors in the Law must forgive," so the stern and holy heart relents and the daughter is taken back to his love.

The chants; the prayers; the ceremonies—all combine to make *The Broken Chain* an impressive and impelling performance.

Holiday

PHILIP BARRY is the author of the delightful comedy, *Holiday*, produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre. The play portrays the tragic boredom and ennui of a typical very rich family in which the children are made to feel the weight of social traditions and where money is worshipped as God.

One member of the family rebels and most of the laughs are over the "wise-cracking" of the rebel, Linda Seton, superbly played by Hope Williams. Linda's sister, Julia, is engaged to an unspoiled "commoner" who rebels at the worship of Mammon, refuses a town and country home as a wedding present, insists on taking a year or two holiday in which to find himself, and is "given the air" by Julia. He starts for Europe and finds the much more suitable Linda on the boat—if we correctly interpret the final curtain. *Holiday* is one of the best offerings of the current theatrical season.

Let Us Be Gay

JOHN GOLDEN has bolstered up the waning theatrical season by producing Rachel Crothers' *Let Us Be Gay* at the Little Theatre. Bright, happy comedy is this play of Miss Crothers.

Meddling in the affairs of others isn't usually satisfactory, and old folks who insist in interfering in the love affairs of the younger generation are generally annoying, but in this comedy the interferer, Mrs. Boucicault, is saved by her sense of humor and because she doesn't take herself too seriously. And then she works on a practical psychological foundation—and in the end all come thru unscathed—or at least little the worse for the storm.

Transference of affections is the method on which Mrs. Boucicault relies to keep her niece, Dierdre Lessing, from falling desperately in love with a man she feels is not interested in Dierdre seriously and returning the wandering affections of her niece to her fiance. And to get the unintentional intruder to cast even his modified feelings from her niece she adds to the situation another attractive and alluring young lady well qualified for the job. The only hitch is: that the two who are "fixed" to become enamored of each other happen to be man and wife of past standing. The comedy is built on this fact—and their wish to keep the others from knowing that they have previously met.

Charlotte Granville as the meddling and devoted aunt pronounces the pithy and crisp lines of Miss Crothers with zest. Francine Larrimore as the allurer is a sensitive and natural actress. They are supported by an excellent cast who help to put Miss Crothers' play among the best of the season's entertainments.

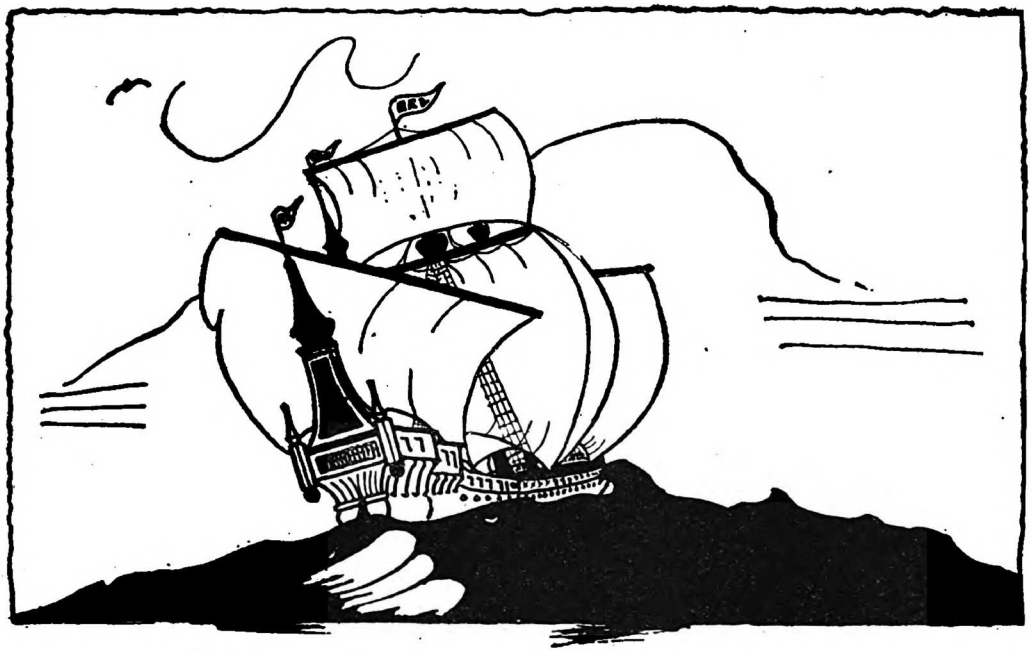
Boom-Boom

THE Messrs. Shuberts' *Boom-Boom* is just too good to condemn and too mediocre to praise. There is hilarious burlesque-show comedy, catchy music but not of the contagious variety; few, if any, of the girls are really beautiful. The settings are good.

Frank McIntyre is very funny as the fat philanderer, while Harry Welsh, of burlesque fame, is worthy of a comedy all for himself. Jeanette MacDonald is unhappily cast as the leading lady. She is notably deficient in her spoken lines. Jackie Hurlbert does some clever dancing and has a pleasing personality.

The story concerns the activities of a fat man who has a fatal weakness for the fair sex. This delicate theme is handled without offense and with many harmless laughs.

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You, *too*, Can Make Money

Says Pauline Cleaver

HAVE you heard of the old gentleman—an invalid—who sat at his window in a wheel chair watching the children coming and going from school; observing their habits, seeing them stump their toes and scuff their shoes continually? The result of his observation was an invention which he had patented: a metal piece to put on the tips of children's shoes to save the toes and shoes. He became wealthy.

This is a true story as are all the stories given here. When you find a plan that suits your needs or talents use it. Or these ideas may suggest others which you can work out on a practical basis. Make your hobbies make money for you.

A boy clerk in a hotel noticed that many young women—or young men—wished to buy bouquets of flowers at six o'clock in the evening. He arranged with a florist to deliver to his desk a dozen bouquets every night. He sold them for twice what he had to pay for them. It took little time away from his job—but it did take observation.

Co-operation Works

CO-OPERATION usually works for the good of all, as our big business men are beginning to find out. A nurse noticed that most patients, after the first ten days' care, required only a small part of her time. She discussed a plan with doctors. Eventually with four other nurses she rented an apartment and sent out notices to hospitals and physicians stating that the five nurses were prepared to "clock time" for *several* patients a day. The idea succeeded: the doctors were benefited, the nurses made more money and the cost to the patients was less.

One woman who needed extra money made a tour of the shops and department stores of the town and carefully watched the counters which seemed popular. She made notes of the things which sold in volume, and several she found were articles she could make easily. Even after her business was launched she continued her tour of the shops always on the lookout for new suggestions, and soon she had more work than she could handle. She engaged a "green" girl at a small sum weekly and gave her a home. Now they are doing a flourishing business together. Cards were sent out informing women and bachelors that they would handle all mending, darning and alterations, a "Jack-of-all-sewing" for others at a nominal sum. It can be done with a small outlay.

Another woman needed money—she was divorced, there was no alimony and she wondered how she could live. She had never done anything but take care of her house. She borrowed enough money from a friend to pay two months' rent in advance on a seven-room apartment she leased. She rented five rooms which paid the rent twice over. In her own two rooms she did many kinds of "paying" jobs. Today she is well known for her work and has all that she can do. She is independent, has paid for her home and her furniture and seems to be happy.

These plans were the result of careful observation. Most of us never observe. We do not realize one-tenth of what is going on about us daily. You know the saying: There is none so blind as he who will not see. I receive letters from many "blind" ones. I see often thru the first letters of my readers many ways of making money thrown to the winds. It is easier to see ideas for others, of course, than for ourselves. These stories are to help us see the abilities we possess. It costs nothing to observe and it is a habit that makes life more agreeable, more pleasant and besides it has paying value.

In my book, *You, too, Can Make Money*, there are one hundred plans for making money, plans used that have made money, plans that were successful thru observation.

Suicide and Matches

I READ a story of a man who had decided to kill his wife and child and then commit suicide. All of this, he had written in a note, was due to financial trouble. He had failed to get a job. But as he was sitting on the edge of the bed thinking of the most "human" way to murder his wife and child he noticed a burnt match on the floor. He picked up the match, without any apparent reason, and while looking at it thought of its usefulness. "Millions of matches are used. Everybody uses matches. Everybody buys them." His thoughts continued: "If I had 100 boxes of matches and sold them at a profit—almost anyone will buy five or ten cents worth. . . ." He managed to get four dollars and went to a wholesale house and bought all that he could—and sold them for twice that sum. He then put his mind on direct selling—buying at the lowest wholesale price and selling direct to the consumer. He forgot about suicide and murder and concentrated on selling.

May I invite some of you to send in ways and means of your own which have made money for you—telling me at the time if I am free to use your name. In this way the readers of PSYCHOLOGY will be helped mutually.

Details or Plans

ANOTHER question which I should like to have answered by readers: Would you prefer that I tell only one or two actual stories in my department and then go into more detail of the money-making plan, analyzing the characteristics of the persons, giving the exact *how* and *why* of their success? Or do you prefer to have me continue with numerous shorter suggestions leaving you to work out the details? I shall be happy to hear from you.

When I receive a first letter from most of you, you have noticed that I have had to send you a form, a questionnaire. This is necessary as few of you ever give me the information most essential before I can make definite suggestions. Therefore, if you wish, you may simply ask for the form before writing me long letters concerning your work. It is necessary to know more than just what you can do. It is necessary to know something about your environment, the time you can give to the new work, your temperament. When the blank is filled out it is easier to turn to it for quick reference rather than searching thru a long letter for an answer to a particular question.

Now let me tell you of quite a young woman, as many of you may have a similar problem. I want to tell you of different kinds of people I have worked with—until YOU find one with a case so similar to yours that you will be able

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with a bit of your Imagination—also find a similar solution. Well, this young woman (we will call her Miss Barnes), was a girl of talent, culture and intelligence.

It became necessary for her to earn her living. She lived in New York City. She had studied singing, so she found a position in a church choir. But she soon felt that this was not her real work. She was not a GREAT singer by any means. She studied the piano, but she made no claims as a musician. She studied art—but was no wonder at art. She read a great deal—wrote a bit—but she felt she was not great enough in ANY of these lines to excel sufficiently in any ONE of them. Yet, she appreciated all of these artistic lines, and loved them. However, she was determined to work—and not only work—but to make a good living. She required more than a pittance to keep up her varied interests.

Then she tried having a "Gift Shop." In this she succeeded, but Miss Barnes did not feel this was yet "her work." All the time she found herself most congenial with artists—writers—actresses and actors. (Let me remind you—there is great value in keeping in touch with your friends. In fact, it is always an asset—to enlarge your acquaintances—and meet the kind that are congenial to your interests.)

One day Miss Barnes met a great singer. He was making a concert tour. He asked *her* to do his management work—that is, to book his engagements. She did this. Then others added their names to her list. This work appealed to Miss Barnes—it also kept her in touch with the persons she most enjoyed. This gave her just the "fling" she desired.

Today she has some of the most famous artists on her books. How did she obtain her lists—the places where she tried to place her artists? She found this from her brother's Base-ball Guide. Queer? Yes—but she used Imagination—and it worked. In this Guide all the colleges were listed. To the music departments of these colleges Miss Barnes sent her clever announcements and descriptive literature of her artists' work. And—her personality and intelligence radiated thru her style of literature on this subject.

My object in telling you of Miss Barnes is this—she did not find exactly what she wanted at first. But was she discouraged? No—she made the most of all she studied. She kept on—and she analyzed herself and her needs. She kept close to her friends—and made more. She lost no time moping. Then—she found exactly what she wanted.

Action is always better than waiting. By action new habits of thought are formed and the idea you need will come more easily.

He denounces people's pet notions and makes them like it!

"If the majority were with me I'd think I was wrong."
—Clarence Darrow

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What Can WE Do *for* You?

Conducted by
C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

QUESTION:—P. M. I. writes—

I am an auto mechanic, twenty-seven years old and single. I smoke a good deal, but very seldom take a drink. I dance and like to mix with people, and pass for twenty or twenty-three years old. Was sick five years ago with the "flu." Ordinarily I feel fine, but I'm mentally depressed a great deal, and am always worrying about something which doesn't amount to much. I find it very difficult to feel at ease when talking with strangers. I may have a correct answer, but find it difficult to express it. I want to become a good mixer.

ANSWER:—

Begin thinking more about people and their conversation and less about yourself. There is nothing wrong with you, except your viewpoint. You permit everything to associate with self and lack the confidence a normal person should have. You wonder what the other person is thinking about you, how you will react to certain social things you contemplate, whether you will feel at ease or be greatly embarrassed, etc. Your thoughts are all of self. This leaves little room for you to think of anything else to talk about and you feel rather "tongue-tied" when in company. You just don't think well enough of yourself, that is all. Mix a lot and gain a natural ease and confidence thru experience. Practice makes perfect and we can develop only thru use.

QUESTION:—G. M. writes—

Even at my age, thirty, I need advice about love, and I need it badly. I am a single girl, holding a good office position; I am not beautiful but I am considered very good looking; I am refined, intelligent, tactful, rather clever, have a good character and am well liked by those who know me. With all these qualities, it is surprising that I am single, isn't it? What is the matter, do you suppose? I am always pleasing, cheerful and smiling. I've never been given an occasion to become angry at any man, and I come in contact with many married men. I am sure I act naturally for I immensely dislike being otherwise. How is it then I am not asked to be taken out? It is true I do not know many single men, but quite a number have seen me. Could they not ask for an introduction? I am very popular with the women and it could easily be arranged. Is it possible that I do not know how to act with men, never having been out with them? And now my worst trouble! On March the third I attended a public social affair, being invited there by a couple (middle aged) for whom I did a favor at a club meeting some time ago. At this affair I met a man about forty, single, a society man and very rich. I knew who he was, but had never met him. He, too, had heard many nice things about me but had not met me. Of course he was very courteous to me, and since he was a relative of the people I came with, he took me home. At the door he said that he was glad that he met me. I mumbled something about enjoying the evening and hoped to see him again soon. To that he replied: "You know, I will be there Friday," meaning another affair given by the same club the following Friday. That was all. I did not go to this affair because my elderly aunt, with whom I live, does not know the people of this club, and I did not want to go alone, and especially I was afraid he would think I was running after him. Should I have asked him to call at my home some day or was it up to the man to make that inquiry? My home is very modest. I have an inkling that he liked me and so I wish I knew how to get him more interested. Is there a way? He is very much of my type and I like him a lot.

ANSWER:—

I am sure you are too retiring and are afraid that you will overstep, and thru this fear you do not act cordial enough or make men feel that you care for them. You are undoubtedly too retiring and must have a sort of "do-not-touch-me" attitude, or I am sure after working in large offices all these years that you would have had some man speak in a way that you would have to resent. Of course there are many men who would be perfect gentlemen under all circumstances, but it is hard for a lot of them, even tho they are married, to resist saying flattering things about and to a pretty girl, and even occasionally overstep in their remarks. I am sure it is a wrong attitude that you assume and that you are too modest. Show a little more nerve and life, and act as tho you were wide awake and not too unworldly. Don't be too puritanical in your attitude.

I would call up that friend who took you home and tell him you were sorry that you could not get to the Friday affair. Tell him again that you appreciated his taking you home, and if an opportunity arises tell him you would be very glad to see him again. And don't be afraid to talk and act as tho you did care a little. How is he going to know that you would be glad to see him if you do not show it in some way? I think you need a little coaching. Let me know how you come out.

QUESTION:—F. E. N. writes—

Will you please, Dr. Leavitt, help a victim who feels doomed? I'm a mental criminal. My mind is generally a frenzied mass of: why can't I possess this—I want that—why am I not brilliant—why am I belittled by my superiors—why must I do that—and this and that? I think, think, think, until my mind becomes ablaze with pain. The word "why" is uppermost in my mind; it has become fearful to me. I was born of poor stock and received many a beastly lashing. Courage and confidence were entirely unknown to me. I lived in open fear—feared I might oversleep—feared I might burn the steak—feared I might find the door locked—if I did I shook like a lone autumn leaf for I readily knew what to expect! People frightened me. I was found alone always. Even now, doctor, I am so often alone. Sleep alone, eat alone, go to work alone and return from work alone. And I adore people! They are so fascinating and interesting, so big and fine—and at times I actually hate them! I have brought up the question of leaving home to live with one of my girl friends. Mother cries and says she wants and needs me home, but I am so very unhappy, so very unhappy. And I've battled life pretty much alone. Yet I am self conscious, supersensitive, cry very easily and often an unkind word brings me to tears. At night I lie awake and think and even "cry myself to sleep." Am very stubborn and irritable together with a temper of a hyena. During one of my fits of temper I attempted suicide and generally hurl anything within reach without thought of anything or anyone. How can I break away from this? The incident leaves me weak and shaky, with a violent headache. Telegraphy is my line of work. I am a physical culturist, called beautiful and am very emotional. Should I toss everything to the winds and marry? I am twenty-one.

ANSWER:—

You have a wonderful lot of power if you had it under your control and direction and backed it up with more

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confidence. Your trouble dates back to childhood and the fears which were developed at that time. Your childhood experiences robbed you of your personality, of your confidence, and left you struggling with these intense emotions of yours, without experience or understanding to help you untangle the mass of complexes. A nature like yours could do truly wonderful things if you just made the necessary mental adjustments, stopped your present line of thinking, and with confidence swing into strong, well-directed action. It is doubt which creates the constant thought "why." You are sensitive, impressionable, emotional, with a tendency toward nervousness, all of which represents power—life, and if directed wisely would carry you to the heights.

You are badly in need of a course of training. The present habits of weakness must be destroyed by your having a better understanding of yourself, your powers, of life, and thus your viewpoint would be changed and your confidence developed to a normal state.

QUESTION:—"Anxious" writes—

Do you believe that medicines are proper in cases of "nerves" where the nervousness is caused by unpleasant surroundings and an atmosphere of fear? My home conditions are just horrible and I have gone down under it until I have reached a point where my state seems just unbearable. My parents have called in physicians who have administered bromides and other nerve remedies, but I cannot see that they help me in the least. What would you advise?

ANSWER:—

Your nervousness is due to your state of mind and I am sure that drugs will never cure you. If it is possible it would probably be well for you to get away from this atmosphere for a time and thus get yourself in hand. But the real cure must come thru a process of training and development which will change your viewpoint. Surroundings affect us according to our attitude toward them and to the extent we let things in. We see some whose surroundings are extremely unpleasant but are cheerful and controlled in spite of it. This is due to a poise and "don't-care" feeling that such an one has either created or come by naturally. A sensitive person, of course, finds it a little more difficult to shut out the unpleasant and irritating things with which they come in contact.

If you will refuse to recognize feelings, build up a goodly degree of control and poise, develop a great confidence in your ability to meet your trying situation, and then just ignore as much as you can, you will find the nervousness disappearing. Add to this

(*Continued on page 93*)

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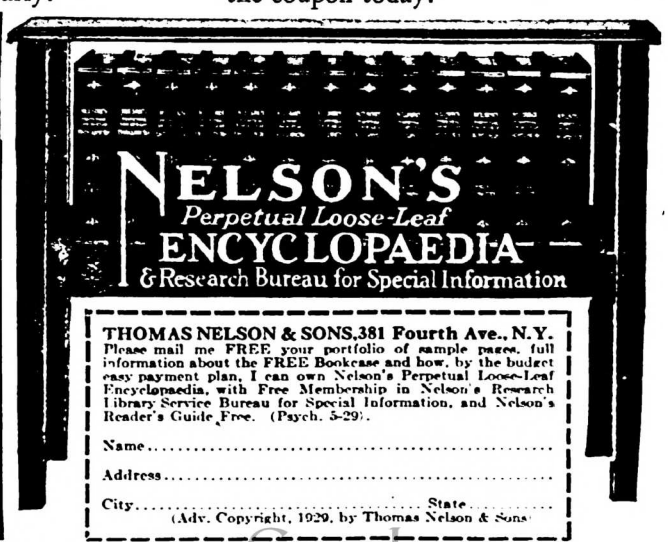
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Under the Reading Lamp



HOWS AND WHYS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR. *By George A. Dorsey, Ph. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.50.*

DR. GEORGE A. DORSEY'S *Hows and Whys of Human Behavior* will be the handbook of every man, woman and child who has an optimistic outlook on this too-often pessimistic world and who believes that applied and practical psychology is the hope of humanity.

Dr. Dorsey has written this book in a more popular and breezy style than his *Why We Behave Like Human Beings.* There is scarcely a line of technical or so-called academic psychology in the book. It is inspiring from the first page to the last and packed full of useful advice.

Dr. Dorsey does not ignore the trials and tribulations of this world—nor does he believe that we are living in an Eutopia. Far from it. But he does point to the routes whereby he thinks faults may be corrected to make civilization and happiness compatible. His book is in a way a psycho-analysis of the whole human family. Psycho-analysis works under the theory that if we know what and why is the matter with us it is a comparatively simple process then of untangling the kinks and working out of the maze to happiness. He insists that we get out of the maze or civilization will perish, but we feel sure Dr. Dorsey is sure we will.

The author considers the many foibles and weakness that "flesh is heir to" from poker to unhappy marriages and explains, on a wholesale scale, the causes. Excessive gambling he decries as beast-like. "The man who does not behave like a human being in a gamble is the man who as a boy has not learned to take chances, who has not learned to profit by experience, and who has not learned to use his brain to get him out of difficulties, but has hung on to his mother's apron strings or sought refuge in flight or blustered his way out like a beast.

"And so, while we are all natural-born gamblers, we are not necessarily all good gamblers when the stake is high or the situation dangerous. . . . There is such a thing as character. It is not *born*, it is *formed.* And it can become so ingrained that nothing can wash it out, so craven that nothing can ennoble it, so fine that nothing can tarnish it. . . ."

He places a heavy responsibility on the mothers of the world. "Biologically, the mother is responsible for so bringing up her child that when adolescence comes that child can fly from the nest and start one of its own—and start it on its own economic, social, moral, and physical resources. But the mother who assumes this responsibility wisely must realize that the child learns to walk alone *only by walking alone!* . . . Conceivably, if the mothers of the world were to conspire to rear their sons for the professions of peace and decency, fair play and give-and-take, war on earth would become as extinct as dinosaurs."

The author believes that human behavior is made and not born in us. "All human attributes covered by such terms as wisdom, intelligence, decency, fair play, self-reliance, shrewdness, miserliness, and selfishness, are made and not born. . . . Man became human not because he was born that way, but because he learned to act like a human being." Dr. Dorsey believes he could predict the future of a five-year-old more correctly if he could spend a day with the mother than he could from the "family stud book even if it went back to William the Conqueror."

Further on in the book Dr. Dorsey jumps completely into the class of the inspirational psychologists who have long been the targets for the bitter arrows of some academic professors:

"Any normal person can learn to do practically anything within reason.

(*Continued on page 90*)

MIND IN THE MAKING. *By Edgar J. Swift. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE DAY'S WORK. *The Use of Psychology in business. By Edgar J. Swift. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*

HOW TO INFLUENCE MEN. *By Edgar J. Swift. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.*

THESE three volumes by Dr. Swift, who is professor of psychology and pedagogy in Washington University, form together a valuable addition to the everyday psychology library.

Of the three, *Mind in the Making,* not to be confused with James Harvey Robinson's excellent book of the same title, is the most fundamental, dealing as it does with the difficult problems of the relation of mind and body. The chapter, *The Racial Brain and Education* gives graphic presentation of the method for developing unused areas of the brain. To quote:

As the sole source of the mature nerve-cells in the brain of the adult is the undeveloped cell-elements present at birth, the future brain development consists in the change of these original cell-elements into functionally active cells, and in their improved organization. Von Kolliker considers the nerve-cells as the sole seat of psychical activity. The total productive efficiency of this activity would, of course, involve the perfection of their grouping. Intellectual capacity depends in large measure upon the number of functionally active, vigorous cells, and the perfection of their physiological organization and development in both of these directions may unquestionably be furthered or impeded by environment and education. The protoplasm becomes enriched and the cellular connections are multiplied by the growth of innumerable nerve branches, collaterals and fibrils. In this way the nervous paths already formed are strengthened and new ones made. Other things being equal, the greater the number of intercellular connections, the greater the intellectual power, and it is beyond question that these intecellular connections increase according to the demand for them in the environment.

There is a valuable chapter on *Reflex Neuroses and Their Relation to Development,* in which the author narrates cases of apparent mental vagaries which were traceable to physical defects. The first chapter, *Standards of Human Power,* points to notable cases of rare achievement on the part of those who were considered dull at school, and the author makes this the approach to a criticism of our present methods of education, which has been, he finds, far too rigidly standardized, summing up his findings in the paragraph:

Forced attention accomplishes little. Intellectual effort is most effective when it springs from an irresistible impulse in the individual to do the thing, and that impulse can never be stirred by external constraint or restraint.

Again—this from the chapter, *School-mastering Education.*

What is education to do? It is required by society to preserve democracy, and the economical order that has grown up forbids us to do so. Plainly, its duty is to correct the economic order until education has its rights and can do its work; until education can reach

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all in full measure; until it can preserve the foundations of popular government.

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE DAY'S WORK is a helpful study in practical psychology, full of sparkling word pictures of real cases, which lighten the otherwise somewhat technical phraseology. Of particular interest are the chapters on *Fatigue and Its Psychology, Curiosities of Memory, Memory and Its Improvement, The Psychology of Testimony and Rumor,* and *Our Varying Selves.*

In the discussion of fatigue Dr. Swift recommends reasonable exercise for the creation of anti-toxins to neutralize the poisons of fatigue and a general toughening of the entire organism to resist shock and strain. The chapter on *Testimony and Rumor* shows the unreliability of most testimony and the difficulty of the average individual to report accurately anything seen or heard.

HOW TO INFLUENCE MEN, is a revision of Dr. Swift's volume, *Business Power thru Psychology.* It's chief topics are Salesmanship, Personnel Management and Leadership. Like his other volumes, this is full of anecdote and example which provide delightful reading as well as scientific and practical instruction.

After referring to Theodore Roosevelt's methods while Police Commissioner of New York City, of which recognition of merit was a prominent phase, Dr. Swift writes:

No one is so disinterested as to be insensible to praise. If such a man existed he would be worthless in any organization. Recognition of good work not only draws out the best that is in one, but, in addition, the conviction that real efficiency receives attention spreads thru the force.

This volume, as well as the others mentioned in this trilogy, contains wholesome, not to say scornful, warning against the weak mental make-up that accepts current opinions and current methods as authoritative and correct. Careful perusal of Dr. Swift's volumes will give the student of psychology stimulating and incalculably valuable information and counsel for the living of an active and efficient life.

AN OUTLINE OF AESTHETICS. Edited *with Introductory Notes by Philip N. Youtz. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $5.00.*

TO the readers of PSYCHOLOGY Magazine who from lack of time or training feel the need for a clear, comprehensive, yet condensed introduction into the complexities of Art I heartily commend this five-volume set published under the above general heading. The make-up, cover, and general appearance of the separate volumes are in keeping with the high character of the contents, making them a valuable and attractive addition to any library. Each subject is treated

(*Continued on page 90*)



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Nothing Could Stop Him

(*Continued from page 24*)

loss of life. Sarnoff was at the Wanamaker station when the first word of the catastrophe was flashed. Every other station in the country was ordered closed in order to avoid interference. *For three days and three nights, without once moving from his post, Sarnoff sat there with the receivers clamped on his ears, straining to hear any signal that might come thru the air.* After an interminable wait, the list of the survivors began to come in and not until he gave the name of the last person rescued, did he go home.

As a result of this disaster, Congress enacted a law requiring every seagoing vessel to be equipped with wireless. Over night the Marconi Company became a great industrial organization.

The broad program of expansion was a tremendous undertaking and the one man fitted to supervise the work, was Sarnoff. He became in turn Chief Inspector, Traffic Manager, Commercial Manager and General Manager. His executive qualifications won the recognition of the members of the Board of Directors of the Radio Corporation of America—composed of leading figures in American industry—and they awarded him the vice-presidency at the age of thirty-one.

He has since been honored by many engineering and scientific societies, and two years ago, his contributions in guiding an infant art and an infant industry were recognized by the St. Lawrence University, whose faculty conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

One of the most striking features about Sarnoff's career is that whenever opportunity arrived, he was more than ready to meet it. He said:

"Business in this country is run on merit alone. The man therefore who equips himself so that he knows every angle of his job, who is not afraid to work hard and to accept responsibility, who visualizes and plans ahead, will never lack opportunity, especially in a country of this size, of this wealth and of this great resourcefulness.

"Radio is a young industry and an industry of young men, and were it not for that fact, the developments which have taken place in the last few years would have been impossible. Already it rivals industries that are twenty and thirty years old, and I see the day when radio will take its place, in size, alongside of the automobile industry.

"As for the future of radio, it has already traveled so far afield that there is no telling where it will end. Since its original establishment as a wireless communication, it has gone into the home and into the entertainment field. It has brought new life to the phonograph industry, it has entered the motion picture industry and brought sound to the screen, thru developments of the radio art, and now radio television is beginning to tap on the window-pane. In the future we may have an organized and dependable radio service for the communication of sight as well as sound. I may say that once this is accomplished, it is but reasonable to expect the transmission of objects *in their natural colors.*

"The regular exchange of broadcasting services between nation and nation will make for greater variety of entertainment, education and cultural features, and it will help to bring about a more solid and a more sympathetic understanding between various countries. Who knows, therefore, but that the radio may be the final effective means of establishing world peace?"

A World of Gamblers

(*Continued from page 28*)

big a bet for myself as the odds permit. I speak in averages. When you hear a man say that he likes to play poker for the fun he gets out of it and that he's really—hum—not much interested in its financial benefits, put him down either as a nature-faker or a fellow who has an extraordinarily large bump of pomposity. You know the breed, I know 'em, we all know 'em. The loudest squawk the eminent professors of squawkology have ever succeeded in isolating comes from these gentlemen when somebody holds four of a kind against their ace full. It is the habit of many high-sounding principles that they scuttle out of the back door when Truth enters the front. As a pastmaster in the art of scuttling, the poker fiend of this singularly offensive species is respectfully commended to your attention. I don't know what you can do about it, either. I have seen gambling of all sorts, big and little. None of it succeeds. The man who bets money which should go to the support of his family is one of the unhappiest mortals on the face of the earth. It is doubtful if there is any evil quite as vicious as gambling. That is a large statement, but my observations on the effect of human weaknesses convince me it is supported by fact.

No habit grows more rapidly or more extensively than the gambling habit. I know a man who had all the potentialities of becoming a brilliant writer. Seven or eight years ago he visited the race track with a party of friends, won something in excess of $100 on the day's "sport," became inoculated with the racing fever, abandoned everything else for this suddenly created mania, and the last I heard of him he had degenerated into a rag-tag follower of the thorobreds. A mutual friend met him at the Tia Juana track in Mexico and staked him to a loan he knew would never be repaid. He was at that time eking out a precarious existence as an employe of a gambling house.

George A. Dorsey in his book, *Hows and Whys of Human Behavior*, gives a vivid description of the utter despair and misery which gambling has brought to persons of his acquaintance. The only reservation he makes is the implied one that the professional gambler escapes the gamut of torture because he is wise enough not to overextend himself. I do not dispute the theory that the canniness of the professional gambler makes him better fortified to avoid the pitfalls, but I am ready to aver from contact with many of them that exceedingly few extract from life any more than does the veriest tyro.

The late Ed Cole, a well known racing judge, was one of the closest friends of "Pittsburgh Phil," spectacular race-track plunger, and his biographer. Judge Cole told me that "Pittsburgh Phil" would never blink an eye while watching a race on which he had some enormous sum at stake, possibly $100,000 or more. For this characteristic of indifference he was the marvel of the turf world and the envy of his comrades who were incapable of such superb self-control. But what the admirers of "Pittsburgh Phil" failed to realize was the fact that his outward calm was all a pose, that inwardly he seethed with excitement. And eventually it killed him. An eminent physician who attended the gambler on his death-bed—he was still a comparatively young man—told Judge Cole he had died from suppressed emotion.

If there ever existed a convincing exhibit of how little gambling has to offer its votaries, Arnold Rothstein was it. In spite of his enormous wealth and his great power, I doubt whether Rothstein in his whole life knew what it was to experience one moment of genuine hap-

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piness. Such things were simply not in his sphere. He lived in constant fear of the vengeance of those who had reason to hate him. A shining symbol of gambling—the gambling king of the United States— he was living proof of the futility of his own calling. And it seems to me that if the man who scaled the loftiest peaks of gambling could get nothing of it except furtiveness and eventually violent death, there is not much to recommend it to the man or woman incapable of playing more than a supernumerary part.

Whether, as the old proverb says, a burnt child dreads the fire, I do not know—and as most maxims are merely half truths, I am inclined to doubt it. But I do know that the burnt gambler does not take his lesson to heart. The more men are burnt at gambling the greater their enthusiasm for it seems. It is this paradoxical phase of gambling which lifts it out of the realm of habit and makes it an integral part of the human being—our sixth sense, perhaps. I asked one friend of mine who plays the races regularly how he happened to become such an ardent follower of the game. He said: "I think it was because I won the first bet I ever made." I put the same question to another friend and he said it was probably because he had lost his first bet. And there you are. The correct answer would undoubtedly be that we are all more or less born gamblers. The gambling element figures pretty much in everything we do. It is only the sensible people who don't let the spirit run away with them.

We use the term "professional gambler" to describe men who make a business of gambling. Well, I suppose we have to have some phrase to differentiate them from those who gamble without depending upon it for a livelihood, but that doesn't alter the fact that it is essentially a misnomer. Show me an amateur gambler and I'll reciprocate the favor by showing you something equally as extraordinary, say a flying hippopotamus or a four-legged whale. As soon as we start to gamble, our amateur status goes bam, blooey and flop. It can't be done—that is, we can't remain amateurs in good standing and gamble. The only difference between us and the professional gambler is that he admits it. Being out to win, he's professionalized; hence it would seem that the only way one can retain his amateur rating it to go out to lose. Write your own ticket on how many of us do that.

If I've grown cynical regarding the motives which prompt people to gamble, I am still ready to acknowledge that there are various kinds of gamblers, divided in the main between good and bad. In fact, I've known both varieties. I knew Arnold Rothstein—slightly—

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and thought that he typified everything that was evil about gambling. Rothstein introduced me to a man known the country over as "Nick the Greek" (Nicholas Dondalis is his correct name), and from what I heard his comrades say about Nick I thought he typifies a spirit which, if not actually commendable in the Sunday School sense, is at least relatively lofty.

Nick seems to be the solitary figure of modern gambling who in any way reminds one of the picturesque characters of the past, Richard Canfield, "Pittsburgh Phil," Riley Grannon and Charley Ellison. It is not in any sense a direct resemblance, but rather a shading of similarity based on the fact that he is far less of a machine-made business man than are the others of the so-called professional sphere. He reads books most of them do not even know exist. He is a man in the early forties, mild of manner and soft of voice. It is legendary that he has never refused a bet flung in his direction, as long as he has had the money to cover it. When accepting wagers of a staggering size, his invariable expression is a drawling, "you got bet." The phrase is known over the length and breadth of the land wherever gambling men congregate.

There is no form of gambling Nick eschews. One of his favorite games is low-ball poker, which differs from regular poker in that the low hand wins. Several years ago he won $2,000,000 playing this game with a mixed group of fellow professional gamblers and motion-picture men on the Pacific Coast. Later, on his way to Philadelphia for the Dempsey-Tunney fight, he lost $200,000 at stud and auction bridge to three traveling companions, who frankly admitted to him that their total assets were not much in excess of $5,000.

Two years ago he dropped into New York with $675,000 in cash. That night he won $170,000 in a crap game, making his stake $845,000. Four nights later he had I. O. U.'s out amounting to $50,000. He returned west, but in a month was back in New York for another sortie against the Rothstein clique with a new roll of $675,000. But again the smart gentlemen of the Roaring Forties were too much for him, as they always have been, and the money quickly slipped thru his fingers. Counting in the $170,000 winnings of his first night's play, he had lost $1,495,000 in a little more than two weeks of actual gambling.

He borrowed $500 to pay his expenses back west; he could have had many times that amount, but it was all he wanted. A friend commiserated with him as he was saying farewell—at least for the time being—to the city.

"Tough luck, Nick," said the friend, "the breaks were all against you."

"Breaks, hell," Nick replied. "If they'd wanted to take a chance they could have had the whole bankroll in one night."

My excuse for relating this incident is, first, that it strikes me as being interesting, and, second, that it sheds light on what an extensive thing gambling has become when a single individual can drop $1,495,000 at it in a few nights' play. And Nick's attitude toward his losses—what of that? Is it not a peculiar mind that can view such a catastrophe with the utmost complacence? But that is what the gambling spirit does to us when we make no effort to put the brakes on it. It makes our minds peculiar.

Sick Little Well Girl

(*Continued from page 49*)

Elaine took a malicious joy in saying, "My, but that Bill Carse has a wonderful physique—and he's so nice, too. I told him I was tired and he was so sort of protective. Just insisted that we stop dancing and go out on the balcony."

Phil gave her a disturbed look, but his "come-back" was as quick as you could say Jack Robinson—or even Jack Dempsey. "That little Wren girl is darned sweet, too. She asked right away how my nerves were getting along and seemed so interested when I told her about them."

Elaine smiled faintly.

Later, as they strolled back thru the moonlit woods, both succeeded in being politely distant. The night looked like the cover on a popular song—but the two acted more like a husband and wife in a comic strip.

When they said goodnight, Phil did not ask for another date and Elaine retorted by slamming the door with a violence quite surprising from so frail a creature.

The next day the estrangement continued, and it looked as tho the romance had really gone on the rocks. Elaine told herself about once every five minutes that she didn't care; and renouncing Cupid's orders for the doctor's, turned once more to early hours and unruffled rest.

But along toward evening, just as she was performing the solemn rite of unwrapping a new bottle of medicine, who should appear in the doorway but Phil!

With determined step he strode into the living-room.

"Look here, Elaine," he said, "there's no point in our falling apart on account of these—these silly ailments of yours."

"What!" Elaine jumped to her feet, with face livid.

The young man stood his ground. "I mean what I say. You've been coddled to death, that's all. And just because I realize it, you go and get sore."

"Why, you beast! I never heard anything—anything so—so—" She trailed off in a series of dashes, too much perturbed for periods.

Phil winced just a trifle as he saw the tears well up in her lovely eyes. But realizing that they were merely tears of anger, he plunged on. "I'm wild about you, God knows—but we've got to have some sort of understanding about this matter. With my nerves the way they are——"

"Your nerves!" muttered Elaine—but Phil wasn't even listening.

"Look here," he said, "why don't you throw away all that darned fool medicine of yours—and forget it!"

"And die!" cried Elaine tragically.

Phil threw back his head in a laugh of pure amusement.

Whereupon Elaine's face grew even whiter. "Yes—and die!" she repeated vehemently. "Just see if I don't!"

And seizing the bottle of codliver oil she dashed it to the floor.

Then she shrank back with a little cry. "Oh, what have I done!"

There was a look of positive terror in her eyes as she watched the precious fluid soaking into the rug.

Tensely she turned and faced Phil. "The doctor has often told me," she announced, "that I'd die within a week without my codliver oil. I hope then you'll be satisfied."

Phil only smiled. "I'll be back at the end of the week to see," he said—and was off.

IT was with an odd mixture of fear and malicious satisfaction that Elaine faced the future. She would take absolutely no care of herself. Long, tiring exertion all day, indigestible foods and black coffee at bedtime, no naps, no medicines, no treatments. And if she weren't dead by the end of a week, she would at least be so far gone that Phil, seeing her, would be overcome with contrition.

So began the new regime. Mrs. Lord was mystified, then terrified, but the girl refused to listen to entreaty.

The new daily routine began early every morning. She would appear at an unwholesomely early hour and rush thru breakfast without a single regard for her well-known indigestion. Then she would be off for the golf course, the

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tennis courts or the bath houses, and would not appear again until the end of the afternoon.

Under her influence the Lord cottage began to look less like a residence than a Spalding sport shop. There were always golf sticks strewn about the porch, tennis balls lurking in stray corners, paddles leaning against the walls, bathing suits dangling from the backs of chairs; while gone as the snows of yesteryear were the pill boxes, the hot-water bottle and the late lamented codliver oil.

Meanwhile, with an eagle eye, Elaine watched for the final decline of her health. Anxiously she studied her mirror. Were her eyes perhaps a bit hollow? Was her hand perhaps a bit shaky? Was her face more pallid than usual?

She tried to tell herself so—but mirrors are more honest than man. All she really saw were two eyes much brighter than ever and cheeks that glowed with a new health.

But ever urging her on was the shining goal at the end—the incomparable human pleasure of saying, "I told you so."

Just once she caught sight of Phil—lounging on the Casino veranda in conversation with the plump Wren girl of the china blue eyes and the built-in smile.

Elaine's heart gave a queer little jump.

"There!" she thought. "I knew all this exercise would affect my vascular action."

PHIL RETURNS

AT length, the last of the week arrived—the day that Phil was coming around to see if she was still alive. Well, she would have to admit that she was. She had never expected to survive the regime, and the fact that she had, and so well, puzzled her vastly.

Phil should know nothing of this, however. She would tell him she had never felt so ill. When she arose that morning she donned instead of her sport clothes a clinging black frock that would have made an Amazon look ænemic.

Instead of faring forth as usual, she lingered about the house; while Mrs. Lord, overjoyed at the reversion to type, hovered over her, as devoted as a hen with one chick.

Sure enough, at about half past ten, Phil appeared.

"Hello!" he cried gaily, strolling up onto the porch.

"Hello," murmured Elaine, in the still small voice of exhaustion.

Phil stood irresolute for a moment, then frowing a little at the sight of Mrs. Lord hovering in the background, said, "Suppose we go out in my canoe? I have it right down here."

Elaine hesitated. "I'm really too

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weak to leave my chair. But—I suppose I couldn't get much worse."

With infinite languor she rose and together they started off.

"Well, now tell me," said Phil, after they were seated in the canoe and pushing off, "tell me, how are you anyway?"

Elaine leaned back wearily and let her lids droop weakly over the sapphire of her eyes. "I guess my looks tell the story," she murmured.

"Good," said Phil. "Because I've never before seen you looking so well."

The girl's eyes sprang open. "Why, Phil Coburn, how dare you?" she began—then collecting herself, fell back again and closed her eyes.

For many minutes they were silent. The only sound was the splash of the paddle as the canoe glided off over the dimpling surface of the lake.

Then Elaine, unable to control herself, spoke up again. "I suppose you thoroly approve of that fat Wren girl."

Phil nodded brightly. "Yes, I do. There's a real girl—never a word about her own aches and pains, and plenty of sympathy for others."

Elaine gave him a murderous glance, but disdained to reply.

Again the silence fell, while the boat glided farther and farther from the shore.

Then once more Elaine felt an impulse to speak. "I think we'd better turn back," she said, "I'm feeling a little faint."

Phil only grinned. "Pardon me for saying so," he said, "but you're looking the picture of health."

This time the tears of anger sprang up in Elaine's eyes. "You beast!" she cried.

Phil sat quietly regarding her. Then, on a sudden impulse, he drew in the paddle.

"Look here," he said, pleasantly but firmly, "I've decided not to take you back to shore until you admit there's nothing the matter with you."

"Why—" gasped Elaine, and with a sudden vigorous gesture, she reached out to grasp the paddle.

But Phil held tight.

Elaine looked around wildly. There were no other boats in sight and the shore seemed nearly a mile away.

"I'll jump out and swim," she threatened.

Phil gave a great laugh.

Again the girl's eyes blazed. "All right—see if I don't!"

And kicking off her pumps, she leaped up and sprang into the water—at the same time upsetting the canoe.

Confusion followed. Phil, sputtering and beating his arms, turned wildly from the capsized boat to see what had become of Elaine, and saw her swimming rapidly off toward the shore.

"Come back and hold onto the boat!" he yelled. "You'll never make it!"

Elaine made no reply, but swam grimly, steadily onward.

Too much confused to try to right the canoe, Phil began to swim after her.

"We'll never make it!" he sputtered. "You can't—and my heart will never stand the strain!"

The girl refused to answer.

Phil, coming neck and neck with her, twisted his head about to see how she was faring. Her breath was coming quickly, and as he watched her, the anger in his face turned to anxiety.

"Are you tired?" he called.

No reply.

"Won't you put your hand on my shoulder and let me tow you?"

Still no reply. So they swam on in silence, both breathing quickly but showing no signs of faltering.

Phil tried just once more. "If I go down," he cried, "just remember that—I loved you!"

Meanwhile the mile stretch was diminishing. The shore which at first had looked so appallingly far away was beginning to loom nearer and nearer. Just a few rods away—just a few yards away——

"Ground!" cried Phil. "I can touch ground! Lord, I never expected to make it!"

A few moments later the two were trudging up out of the water. Panting, dripping, but thoroly alive, they stood still and gasped.

"Whew!" whistled Phil, dashing a cascade of water off his chin. "To think I made it—and in my condition!"

"To think I made it in my condition!" breathed Elaine.

Suddenly, in a gush of primitive relief, they caught each other's eyes and burst out laughing.

"I guess we both have to admit it!" cried Phil. "We were both regular huskies all the time!"

"I—I think so too!" said Elaine.

Phil eagerly caught her hands in his. "Don't you think," he asked, "that two such splendid specimens positively owe it to the science of eugenics to be married immediately?"

Elaine's laugh rang out, and for an answer, she threw both her round, strong young arms around his neck.

Today the Phil Coburns are the talk of their town. Tennis and golf unsparingly; plenty of hard work—and many a late and merry party. And the fattest baby in town thrown in.

"How do they do it?" gasp their friends.

Nobody knows—for they never pay the slightest bit of attention to their health!

Wings of Eagles

(*Continued from page 33*)

it is vastly better judgment to say to yourself:

"Well, if I am limited—at least I'll not have to spread myself all over the place! I can be like a good healthy yeast or baking-powder biscuit. If I am crowded into a smaller space, I can rise up higher. What's my job? Whatever it is, let me at it so I can get as much done here and now as is humanly possible!"

An older woman who had achieved an enviable position in literature, found that thru a rapid succession of circumstances, her lot was entirely changed, and from a great metropolis with a position on one of the country's largest and most influential publications, she was changed to a cottage home in a rather small town and compelled to keep the home and care for the motherless child of her brother, a quiet but efficient small-town druggist.

Some one said to her, "What a pity to sacrifice everything!"

She laughed disdainfully.

"What a queer idea," she exclaimed. "I am right where I ought to be, and I'm as happy as a lark! I'm having time to do many things I never had time to tackle before, and I am learning something every minute from my brother. He is so thoro, so painstaking, and insists that everything be done in his place of business so well that I believe I will climb higher on the literary ladder right where I am than I ever could have done in the big city."

And time has proved her right, for from her pen have come finished productions which have meant much to herself and to others, and incidentally, the cash return has been greater than she would have ever dreamed possible.

"You see," she said, not long ago, "I had the chance of my lifetime here, to see not how much but how well I could express myself."

Marjory has two grandfathers. One lives in a constant atmosphere of objection. As he says himself, he is out of joint with the times. The corners of his mouth droop down, and his more than threescore years and ten are a burden. He feels that the family is tired of him, and will not mourn too deeply or too long when he is laid away. He frequently says that it seems a pity that people have to grow old.

The other grandfather often laughingly remarks that the young and tender green of spring is lovely, but scarcely to be compared, in his opinion,

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with the beauty and mellow richness of autumn and the dignity of winter. He is always interested in what the young people are doing, and never too occupied to give them advice and suggestions on their own particular problems.

"Dear me," Marjory sometimes says, "I don't know what we should ever do without Grandpa! I don't know of anyone who enjoys life more than he, and he's so understanding. Every morning he smiles and says, 'Something lovely is going to happen today'—and it always does. He sees that it does!"

We are told that if anyone would take our coat, to give him our cloak also; or if he would compel us to go a mile with him, to go twain. That is, we are to over-flow compulsion with our own constructive, genial willingness to be helpful and friendly and neighborly.

The truly great soul uses as stepping stones, the rocks that would block his progress. The one who is wise is not a prisoner of circumstance, because he knows that thru harmony and effort he can grow the wings which will enable him to soar upward into the sunlight.

The Man Who Slept

(*Continued from page 38*)

audible whisper: "It has happened." She staggered slightly but supported herself clutching the back of the chair.

"What'd you say, eh? What'd you say?" shouted the Inspector in a menacing voice, coming closer.

"Nothing—I said nothing," repeated the wife, steadily, her lips pressed close together.

CHAPTER X

Mace Faces the Issue

MRS. MACE had taken refuge in dignified silence, and Kilner was at a loss what to do next. A man he could handle. He could threaten him, bully him, if necessary use physical force, but things were quite different when it came to trying to make a pretty, delicate woman talk against her will.

The Inspector paced up and down restlessly, casting an occasional irritable glance at the slender, erect figure, seated by the window with face averted. He realized he had been too rough in his manner, and wished for once he were more of a ladies' man. He had to admit to himself that Eagen could have managed better. "Eagen's a smooth guy," he thought, "but believe me, he'll trip up some day with his cagey ways, and then I'll can him." Eagen had put thru many a clever piece of detective work which had gone to the honor of Kilner's department, yet Kilner was always churlish about giving his subordinate due credit. As a matter of fact, he was bitterly jealous of Eagen's skill and high standing.

What a cinch it would be, if he could prove Mace guilty when Eagen had been hobnobbing with the criminal all day, as unsuspecting as a new-born babe! He chuckled to himself, and his eyes narrowed viciously. That would show him up for a rotten detective sure. Well, there was a chance of it still. He had a hunch that Mace was tied up somehow with the Myrick case.

Professor Sylvester's arrival broke in on Kilner's thoughts. The Professor was evidently disturbed about something, and his surprise at finding the Inspector in possession could not be wholly concealed. He crossed at once to Mrs. Mace's side, paying no attention to the detective, who was now lounging in a chair, watching them narrowly.

"Is anything wrong, Helen?"

At sound of his gentle, friendly voice she turned from the window, and lifted her face to greet him eagerly. She was very pale, her brows knit in painful thought, her lips compressed to hide their trembling.

"Oh, Sydney, I'm so glad you've come. They say Mr. Myrick has been murdered."

"Yes, I heard that," he answered hesitatingly. He was reluctant to tell all he knew, but anxious to get at the facts in her possession. Above all he didn't want her to give way before Kilner.

"They suspect John." With a gesture of appeal, she laid her hand on his arm. Her whole body was trembling.

"That's absurd—absolutely absurd," said Sylvester loudly and emphatically. He spoke as he did with the intention of impressing the Inspector.

"Well, why don't he show up then?" drawled Kilner insolently, without moving from the chair he had tilted back against the wall.

"It's up to you people to tell us that," retorted the professor, angered by Kilner's manner. "Your man Eagen is supposed to be in this room with Mr. Mace in about ten minutes."

"We'll get him, don't worry, whether he shows up or not."

"It's incredible that John Mace should be charged with killing Myrick. The whole thing is an outrage."

"Nobody's said he killed him," retaliated Kilner curtly.

"No, but you're working on that theory, and you're going to try and detain him."

"That depends on how he behaves. If he comes across clean, it won't be necessary."

"You can't arrest my husband for

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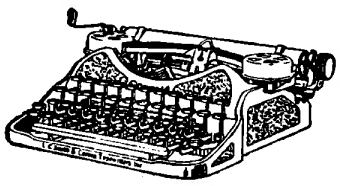
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murder without evidence, Inspector," broke in Mrs. Mace.

"Don't have to. We've got a warrant against him for jumping a hotel bill. I may have to serve that, unless—well perhaps you'll advise him to loosen up and give us a few facts. I ain't so keen about nabbing him."

Kilner was again hopeful of getting valuable information by pressure on the wife. His manner had grown a trifle more conciliatory. Before Mrs. Mace could answer, Professor Sylvester spoke again.

"I can easily quash that warrant by paying the bill."

"No time—no time. Eagen'll be here with his man at five."

It was then that Eagen entered the room—alone!

For fully a minute the three stared at the newcomer in dumbfounded silence. Kilner had jumped up from his chair, dropping his cigar in his excitement. Mrs. Mace and the professor were breathlessly waiting for Eagen to speak. He, in turn, amazed by the expressions, looked from one to the other questioningly.

"Well?" burst out Kilner finally. His chest was heaving, his face congested and purple. The whole of his long-standing grudge against Eagen was summed up in the furious, envenomed utterance of that single word.

"Well, what?" answered Eagen calmly.

"Where's your man?" snapped Kilner.

"You mean Mr. Mace?" asked Eagen, still unruffled.

"You know damn well who I mean. Where is he?"

"On his way here," Eagen took out his watch in a casual manner, adding, "he's due within five minutes."

"Where'd you lose him?"

"I didn't lose him."

"You didn't leave him sleeping on a park bench, did you?"

"I left him at Dr. Embury's office at twelve, noon."

Eagen's tone was deliberate and a trifle defiant as tho to forestall criticism.

"Good Lord!" Kilner almost shouted. "I knew you'd soak us some day. You've fixed it this time for fair." He came close up to Eagen, his chin thrust out, his eyes red with rage. "You damn fool, Mace is wanted for murder."

"Murder?"

"Yes, murder! Myrick and he were enemies."

Eagen was plainly disconcerted. His assurance of manner weakened and he began to fire questions in his turn.

"You mean that case of last night? The old man downstairs?"

"Sure I do. You ought to read the papers, at least when you're on duty."

"Hold on, Inspector, that's not fair. I reported in at Missing Persons myself. Burke gave it his O. K. I'll bet Mace shows up on time."

"Burk's a simp."

"I can't believe it's possible. I was with Mace continually until late last night. He never mentioned he knew Myrick."

"His wife here will admit that much," Kilner retorted, with a jerk of his thumb toward Mrs. Mace.

"Yes, Mr. Eagen, it is true."

"John Mace is innocent—I'm positive of it," put in Sylvester, solemnly.

"He certainly didn't act this morning like a man who had done a killing," replied Eagen. "I can't believe it's possible."

"Everything's possible—everything! That's the first rule a detective ought to get in his head."

Kilner was pacing up and down again; he seemed to find his only relief in motion. A cigar, unlighted, was in one corner of his mouth, and he was chewing it vigorously. Suddenly he stopped in front of Eagen, and a fresh volley of questions began:

"Where'd you find Mace this morning?"

"Right here in this bedroom."

"Hump! Asleep?"

"He was just finishing dressing."

"Who put him wise about Embury?"

"I did," answered Eagen.

"You have helped him tremendously by that, Mr. Eagen, I feel sure of it!" said Professor Sylvester.

"We owe you a great deal, Mr. Eagen," seconded Mrs. Mace.

Kilner wheeled about, scowling at the interruption, then turned again to Eagen.

"Here, you . . . did Embury say anything about Mace walking in his sleep?"

Mrs. Mace started nervously, and the Professor who stood beside her laid a warning hand on her arm.

"I didn't talk with Dr. Embury myself," was all that Eagen would say. He felt himself rather in a hole, and was reserving his ammunition.

Then Kilner with a shrug of exasperation beckoned to Eagen, and the two left the room.

Mrs. Mace sank down in a chair and buried her face in her arms. She was fighting to still the nervous shuddering that from time to time swept over her. The professor stood by helpless and pitiful.

"Oh, Sydney, Sydney, do you think John walked in his sleep last night?" she moaned at last.

Dr. Sylvester could not answer.

"Tell me—tell me the truth," she pleaded.

"Yes," said the professor in a broken voice. "So the hall boy, Philip Watson, said in the association test. Philip claims he found John in the hall, and helped him to bed."

"Philip? . . . yes, yes, that boy . . .

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the boy they suspected. Oh, tell me what did they do to him?"

"He denied any part in the matter, but he is being held for further questioning," answered the professor, guardedly.

"That boy is innocent," she cried, starting up in great agitation. "I tell you he's innocent. He mustn't go to prison . . . he mustn't. I know who is guilty."

"Come, come, Helen, this has been too much for you," said Sylvester tenderly, laying his hand on her shoulder.

"No, I'm sure of what I'm saying—I know who is guilty."

"Hush, my dear," interposed the professor, trying to quiet her.

"But if I save Philip, I convict my husband," she went on, trying to control her emotion. Then, in a strained whisper:

"Philip told the truth, I know it. For . . . in this room . . . just now . . . I found this."

And she drew out cautiously the cane handle she had concealed in her muff.

"W. M.," repeated Sylvester impulsively. "Why that stands for William Myrick."

"You see . . . Mr. Myrick must have come here . . . to John's room . . . they quarreled . . . and then . . . in his sleep . . . only in his sleep."

She stopped, pressing her hand to her lips to stifle the cry that was swiftly mounting.

"Oh, my husband, that it must be I! . . ."

At that very moment John Mace entered the room followed by Kilner and Eagen.

"What are you all doing here?" he demanded.

Fierce determination was stamped on his features. He looked like a man who has gone thru a tremendous struggle and gained the mastery. He hardly glanced at his wife, but seemed to take in collectively the faces that confronted him. The great decision he had made had rapt him to a higher plane, where smaller things no longer counted.

"We're holding an investigation into the murder of William Myrick," announced the Inspector.

"Let them all go," said Mace calmly. "Arrest me. I killed Myrick."

CHAPTER XI

Eagen Loses His Job

WHETHER Mace realized his wife's presence when he announced that he had killed Myrick, is doubtful. If he did, he gave not the faintest sign of recognition nor did he appear to notice Professor Sylvester or Eagen. After his astounding avowal he stood motionless, his arms rigid at his sides, his eyes slightly raised and fixed as if he beheld some far-off vision, his face livid with the grayish pallor that commonly marked his state of trance or mental exaltation. At last, with a mechanical jerky motion like that of a waxwork, he turned—Kilner and Eagen on either side of him—and walked toward the door. It was the sound of its closing that shocked Helen out of her dazed stupor. With a strangled cry she threw herself across the couch, burying her face in the pillows and giving way to the long repressed agony of grief. Professor Sylvester, himself well nigh overcome, walked to the window, and stood looking blindly out. He knew well he must not try to stem the torrent of her emotion so he waited quietly until the heavy, convulsive sobbing had quieted; then came nearer and spoke her name softly.

Helen lifted her head, making a pitiful effort to smile at him. She was a touching sight in the abandonment of loving grief, her soft curly hair in disorder, her eyes drenched in the rain of tears, the pretty dress she had donned with such happy expectation, crushed and rumpled.

Yet with characteristic courage she soon had herself in hand again. She was not the type that bewails her fate and sits wringing her hands while precious moments are passing. The terrible blow had fallen—nothing apparently could have averted it. Her love and loyalty were directly challenged. She must not give way again to futile weeping. Her husband was in critical danger, in peril of the death penalty for an act of which she knew he must be ethically if not actually innocent. Her duty and her devotion to him ran together in one channel—simple, direct and straight. She must find a way to save him.

The stricken wife dried her tears and rallied her faculties. She was done with brooding and romancing. What she wanted now was action.

"Sydney," she said, "something must be done at once. Is bail acceptable in mur . . . in cases like these?"

"I'm afraid not," he answered sadly.

"Can you suggest anything that would help John—for the present at least—to make him more comfortable?"

"I'll see that he gets every attention the authorities will allow. What should you think of my interviewing Dr. Embury?"

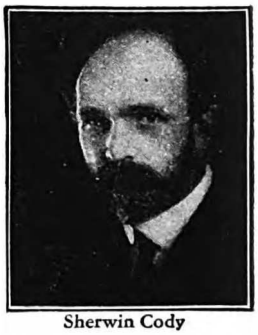
"By all means—as soon as possible."

"Helen." He hesitated, averting his eyes from her face, then spoke out clearly. "I advise you not trying to see John until I have made certain inquiries."

"Oh, why, Sydney?"

"Because of his reason, dear child. I fear for his mind. He did, of course, what we should have wished him to do—he's a hero, every inch of him . . . but it must have used up his last reserve of courage and self-control."

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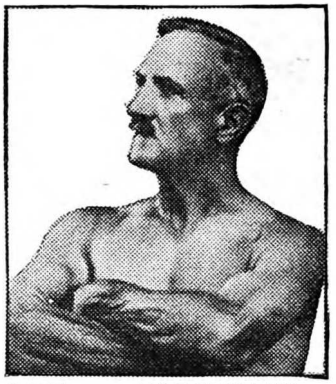
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"Perhaps that's why he wouldn't look at us."

"Undoubtedly. He was not himself. He was in a condition of the highest possible nervous tension—when the mind automatically shuts out everything but the goal toward which it is straining—you could tell it by his expression and his strange color."

"Yes, yes, . . ." she turned her thoughts inward to visualize any association that might be helpful.

"You are right, Sydney. He looked just like that when I woke one night and found him walking about the room in his sleep, muttering to himself. . . ." She pressed her hands to her eyes to shut out that terrible memory, which had haunted her sleeping and waking thoughts ever since.

"Don't let your mind dwell on that, don't, my dear. . . ." For a moment she had given way again, bowing her head on her hands and shivering uncontrollably.

"Oh, Sydney, I can't tell you what a comfort you are!"

"Tut, tut, Helen. You're the bravest woman I know, all gold with just enough alloy to make you indestructible." He spoke lightly to veil his deep, affectionate feeling. "Of course you may depend on me for any service."

Mrs. Mace made no spoken comment to his words—she took his right hand in both of hers, grasping it firmly, and looked up into his face. It was as tho they were tacitly pledging themselves to the fulfillment of a common purpose.

"We shall win—I am sure of it," she said. "John may be a criminal in the eyes of the law, but you and I who love and understand him, know the overshadowing fatality he was powerless to withstand. He fought a brave battle single-handed. I am sure that Providence will come to our rescue."

(To be Continued)

Florence Cane

(Continued from page 44)

laws which open up an entirely new field of possibilities in respect to freeing the nervous system to work with greater vigor, ease and effectiveness.

It was after one of the Bach festivals in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, that the first suggestion in this direction came. The divine music of the *Credo*, so structurally perfect, voice upon voice coming in till all climax in the lofty chorus, sent the teacher artist home aching somehow to portray the majestic thing on canvas. She attempted it, again and again, but could not get satisfaction. Some time later, still haunted by the music and her desire to make it visual, yet quite unconscious of any definite effort in this direction, she began to draw in char-

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coal on the walls of her studio, great curves rising from the floor to as far above her head as she could reach. Curve upon curve she drew, as large as the height and stretch of her body. Instinct, intuition, was taking the place of mental activity. Presently she realized what was happening. The aspiring, Gothic lines of a great cathedral, rising from the ground, narrow at the base, and widening at the top, till all climaxed in the pointed arches overhead, were being built in with her charcoal.

Bach's *Credo* had come to life. The inspiration she had sought in vain thru the medium of pencil and paper and definite mental effort, was now before her ready for development.

Since that time whenever other problems have resisted solution, Mrs. Cane has put to the test the answer that thus came along the path of intuition, and it has never failed her. She has now embodied in her technique of teaching the invariable preliminary of first bringing the large muscles of the body into play; above all the shoulder muscles. Dr. Mensendick, well known in the field of physio-therapy, who is greatly interested in Florence Cane's work, has confirmed the scientific basis of the theory; stating that in the nerves of the shoulder there exists a very definite connection between the brain and the nerves of the hand. Whether the artist be a novice, or mature, inspiration will flow more freely if both before and in alternation with the work the muscles, and therefore the nerves of the shoulder as well as of the hand are brought into active rhythmic play. Nearly everyone, Mrs. Cane points out, needs help in using the body in a more vigorous and powerful way. There is therefore a many-sided gain in these vital rhythmic movements.

The resulting element of release may be consciously applied to the benefit of all creative work, of whatever kind.

One of her first steps with a child, then, is to take him to the black-board, and let him make on it circles as large as he can draw them. They must be cartwheels, done from the shoulder. Nothing smaller will satisfy her. Then a series of perpendicular lines; not the weak gesture of the bent elbow, but vigorous verticals, from the shoulder once more, the hips firmly based on feet stretched wide apart.

This plan is followed with adults, as well. Nor is it only a preliminary. At any time a pupil is found working in the cramped, tense fashion apt to come when the mind is deeply preoccupied over a knotty problem, she will call for loosening up. "Let's get to the board and unscrew those tense muscles." Release follows immediately in the wake of the big circles, the strong lines and angles. The large, free type of motion has done its liberating, strengthening work. The problem seems less of a problem. The work flows like a brook undammed, along easier, more productive lines. More than this, the large swing, the comprehensive curve, are at the same time giving vigor and vitality to the physique of the student, enriching and vitalizing the whole being.

We hear so much these days of tied-up personalities, where the knots of inhibition seem to frustrate all efforts to get away from the narrow groove of a cramped life. I know of no method which seems to have worked so successfully, in so many cases, toward freeing the individual, as this method of Mrs. Cane's.

Another story may help to illustrate. This time it concerns a problem case, sent to Mrs. Cane by a well known New York psychiatrist. The boy was in the difficult adolescent period, not husky, somewhat neurotic. He had already done some painting at school, and it seemed likely that Mrs. Cane would be able to help him to a more balanced, wholesome attitude towards life. The story of his development is illuminating.

Florence Cane first suggested that the boy do something entirely alone, in order to have a record of his work before he started under the new plan. He fell in with the idea willingly enough, and did a small Pueblo painting, using a nice sense of color but showing no remarkable development. Then she gave him a larger paper, and put him thru some releasing exercises. She then suggested that using the same free motions he make some design of his own choosing. The child responded, doing first a design in curves, and then in angles. "Now what shall I do?" Mrs. Cane suggested that he take the same subject he had first chosen, working it out on a twenty-by-thirty sheet. Beyond all expectations came the result. A Pueblo painting again, but with what sudden release of imaginative power, what richness and daring of color and design! It was the most convincing demonstration yet given of the power of this simple physiological principle. The fact that the boy had already done considerable work under another method, with so much slenderer results, with so much less evidence of creative personality back of them, brought out with startling emphasis the growth which took place merely thru first helping him to get a strong rhythmic use of his body, and relating the resultant release immediately to his art.

"It seemed to me as tho there were revealed to me there and then," said Mrs. Cane, "the crux of the most distinctive thing I am doing. More clearly than ever before do I see the possibility of releasing a human being's creative power in plastic art by this method. It seems as tho there is some cosmic

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rhythm which the body is swung into by this means, which releases the power of art expression and frees the imagination. Instead of trying to tell the student what to do, show him the Open Sesame, the means by which his own powers, his own creative, intuitive judgment, may be released. The obstacle that has blocked the channel of expression seems somehow to roll away."

Is it possible to analyze the nature of that blockage, which so constantly frustrates free expression, in art or in life itself, of the individual's noblest aspirations; which dwarfs and stultifies inspiration itself? Mrs. Cane believes that a clear answer is open to us. Again an illustration will be of help. It may be taken from an incident in the development of the same child.

The boy was painting the head and torso of a Negro, the hands uplifted in prayer towards the sun. It was in a big rhythm, fine and simple, with no break in the expression or atmosphere. One of the hands, however, did not satisfy the young painter. Then a common problem arose. In trying to make a better drawing of this one phase of the picture, he seemed to step out of this big rhythm of assurance. He studied his own hand carefully to see how the shape would appear in the same position. What happened? By the time he got thru fussing over the details of that hand, it looked completely out of the picture. As well might it have been done by another person.

This difficulty occurs in art work constantly. The artist, adult or child, will spoil a picture by concentrating on one phase of it. In the case of the child under treatment the problem was critical. What could be done to recall him to himself? Before, he had been courageous, self assured, knew exactly what he wanted to do. Now he was nervous, timid, discouraged, uncertain of his next step. Obviously, the problem was how to bring him back into the cosmic rhythm which had put his whole being into organic relation with the thing he had undertaken—not with its detail, but with the conception as a whole, which for the time being was his world, the thing of all things he most desired to achieve.

What did this teacher do? She took him back to the large circles, curves and angles on the black-board, back to the big vital motions, until his being was completely released from the cramping effect of mental detail. Then, having erased his former attempt, she had him swing a hand freely into the picture. It "came thru" spontaneously, an organic, natural part of the whole. And the child was able to go on with his former assurance, fully related to the bigger rhythm of his work.

So much for the illustration. Does it help us to analyze that frustrating of free expression, that blockage of inspiration which is one of the artist's biggest problems? Just what was it that threw the child artist out of organic relation to his larger concept? Was it wrong to stop and make a concentrated study of the praying hand? Not at all. Every artist must suffer such interruptions, and must also meet the more difficult problem of what shall be done thereafter to recapture, rapidly and effectively, the bigger rhythm, the larger point of view. As Brancusi, the sculptor, has said, *"It is not so difficult to make things. It is difficult to achieve the state where creation is possible."* Perhaps the analysis of the thing is already obvious. It will have been realized that Mrs. Cane essentially approaches the teaching of art thru the gateway of the emotions, rather than thru the mentality. Her basic plan of inviting the child to choose his own subject, imaginative or remembered, rather than copy a model assigned, inevitably opens up first the emotional, and only secondarily the mental. Choice gives free play to desire, and desire is key par excellence to the individual's emotional life, in its stronger positive aspect. The mental equipment finds its place in the technical working out of the emotional demand.

Those who are familiar with the statements of outstanding educators that the supreme weakness of our present educational system lies in its failure to develop the emotional life, with all its capacity for deeper and higher expression, will realize how far Mrs. Cane has gone towards working out a plan capable of enriching our whole concept of what education should be. In the majority of our schools today, art, the great opportunity for emotional development, is very largely mechanized in its educational process by adherence to the representative school, which uses the child's mental processes almost exclusively in its outstanding emphasis upon the technical.

Some people think that because so many of her children work from imagination, Mrs. Cane does not encourage anything else. This is not true. She believes entirely in balanced development, with each child using all functions. But she does not hurry them, waiting patiently for the less dominant mental quality to develop in time thru work. She mentions one young girl of an extremely subjective nature doing one unconscious painting after another; a storm that never was on land or sea, a maiden rising from a purple sea, with blood-red trees on either side, symbolizing very clearly her budding life. Before the year was out however, she was also making a careful self-portrait in the mirror, and painting a delightful study of a flower-

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ing plant, that combined in it all the truth to nature any realist could desire, but also with it the freedom of painting and mystery of life only possible to one who has been able to allow the unconscious to well up.

The life of the child Mrs. Cane divides into two separate psychological periods, calling for entirely different treatment by the teacher. Her analysis is significant in its bearing upon the problem just discussed; that of the mental versus the feeling, intuitive process in its relation to art, and inevitably to all of life. The first stage of a child's development, Mrs. Cane calls the Period of Pure Self-Expression. This period extends to the seventh year. Children in this period are spontaneous, active, joyous, and instinctive. It is a period in which the imagination and the instinctive response to sensation hold full sway. In the second period of the child's life, from seven to twelve years, a well defined change sets in. This might be called the period of Desire For Intercommunication. The child becomes increasingly aware of, and subject to outside standards. He wants the approval of his classmates and of adults. In his desire to adapt himself to the objective world and to the standards of others, the mental side comes strongly into play. Here the teacher's important task is to watch that his imaginative and subjective development, his sensuous delight in color and in form, be not lost, but receive their share of steady development. If we lived in the rich age of the Renaissance there would be little danger of unbalanced development. But with all of its marvellous mechanical advance, our age, from an art standpoint, is admittedly dry and sterile. Constantly the child's rich subjective life is exposed to the cramping influence of the world's standards. Not a lessening of the child's mental development is called for, but a richer setting for the mental life. Only the keeping alive, the reawakening of the dormant, imaginative life can bring this about.

And the result? Potentially, what might this type of art education do for us were it more universally available? There are those of us who dare to believe that following this road we might not only find the child thru art, but eventually find a new world as well.

"The blood of peasants is not red a thousand miles away," sang Noyes in his unforgetable verse. If it be true that we need an age of thinkers in place of Babbitts, if it be true that we need an oncoming generation not emotionally callous to the sore need of social change, then let us by all means pack up our troubles in our old kit bag, and swing out on a new educational adventure, to the land where sensitized emotions will respond to the call of social stress and pressure, and where developed creative minds will rely on their inspiration and their own vital working power to cooperate in bringing about a new order.

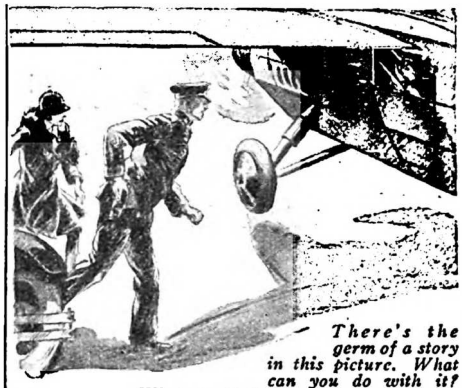
Einstein Made Easy

(*Continued from page 31*)

it stands as a supreme example of the possibilities of the deductive method in the advancement of science. It is almost purely a feat of the mind. He began merely with a suspicion, a sort of philosophic notion, a belief in the relativity of all knowledge. It was his fortune to be able to work his suspicion to its logical conclusion. For those who doubt the value of reason to science, I add a few sentences on the subject from an article which Dr. Einstein wrote recently for the New York *Times:* "The characteristics which especially distinguish the general theory of relativity and even more the new stage of the theory, the unitary field theory, from other physical theories are the degree of formal speculation, the slender empirical basis, the boldness of theoretical construction and, finally, the fundamental reliance on the uniformity of the secrets of natural law and their accessibility to the speculative intellect. It is this feature which appears as a weakness to physicists who incline toward realism or positivism, but is especially attractive, nay fascinating, to the speculative mathematical mind.

"One thing may be said in defence of the theory. Advance in scientific knowledge must bring about the result that an increase in formal simplicity can only be won at the cost of an increased distance or gap between the fundamental hypothesis of the theory on the one hand and the directly observed facts on the other hand. Theory is compelled to pass more and more from the inductive to the deductive method, even tho the most important demand to be made of every scientific theory will always remain: that it must fit the facts."

The first thing that Einstein recognized was that there is nothing in our world—from the electron spinning within the molecule to the planet and the sun whirling thru space—that is physically distinguishable as at "absolute rest." In the whole vastness of the universe there is nothing which exemplifies the static laws which men have made to govern their living. There is no absolute high nor low, no mass



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privileged over any other mass, no motion superior to any other motion.

The state "rest," in a physical sense, is merely a conception. Einstein made clear when he was only twenty-five that if an observer and an object move in a straight line and with uniform velocity—regardless of whether that velocity be one or a million miles an hour—no experiment which the observer might conduct could detect any motion whatsoever, either of himself or of the object, unless the observer made reference to some body outside his own moving system.

This is easy to understand by an analogy. Imagine for a moment that you have boarded a train, and sit by a window reading a magazine. Suddenly you look up and observe that you are slowly moving forward. At least you are moving forward or the train close beside you is moving in the opposite direction. Or, upon second thought, you recognize that you have no way of determining whether your train is moving forward or the other backward, both trains are moving in opposite directions, or both trains are moving in the same direction at different speeds. If, on the other hand, both trains were moving either uniformly forward or uniformly backward, and you could see no posts or other stationary objects for reference, you would have absolutely no way of determining that either train was moving at all.

With everything so in motion, or at least in *relative* motion, no object is in exactly the same position at two successive instants. The three ordinary dimensions of height, breadth, and depth, are being continuously intersected by *time*. In order to describe the position of something that is moving we must gvie not only the spatial location but the particular instant of time. Suppose, for instance, that we want to describe the journey of a shell from a rifle. It is not only necessary to note the forward and sideways motion of the shell, and the height above the ground, but to coordinate these measurements with the instants of time. Only by so doing is it possible to describe the position of the shell at all positions of the path.

Suppose, again, that we wish to locate something in the space above a particular section of the earth. If that something is moving with the earth, it can quite accurately be located by the use of merely three numbers or coordinates. If we say that a man is on the 54th floor of a building on the corner of Lexington Avenue and 42nd Street, we have sufficiently described the position of the man. But if it were a moving airplane which we were to locate, a fourth coordinate, time, would have to be introduced.

Wherever there is motion, space intrudes upon time, and time upon space. Minkowski and other geometers had noted this, and had conceived the universe as a four-dimensional continuity of units, or *continuum*, in which time was fused with the three dimensions of space. The earth revolves on its axis at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour, and whirls thru its orbit around the sun at the rate of nearly 70,000 miles an hour. It is impossible to tell whether our whole solar system is not being hurled thru space at a much greater speed. Hence, every description, in order to be more than locally accurate, must include a combination in some form or other of space and time. Einstein adopted Minkowski's conception, improved its mathematical treatment, and created what he called *space-time*.

This is all a part of the limited or "special" theory of relativity, which Einstein presented in 1905. Incidentally, this theory showed that there was an essential identity of the electric field and the magnetic field—something which had not before been known. It showed that the same condition of space, which in the one moving system appears to be a pure magnetic field, appears simultaneously in another system in relative motion as an electric field, and vice versa. Relationships of this kind which decrease the number of independent hypotheses, and increase the logical self-containedness, are a characteristic feature of the theory of relativity. For instance, this same special theory also indicated for the first time the essential identity of inertial mass and energy.

It was during the following ten years that Einstein's genius really asserted itself. In his "general" theory of relativity he was compelled to make drastic modifications of even the conceptions of space and time contained in his special theory. The universe, upon close investigation, was not constructed according to the straight-line geometry of Euclid. There may be many geometries, each consistent within itself—the geometry of a sphere, of an egg, of an automobile reflector, none of these are Euclidean. Einstein found that the universe had a peculiar structure which could be represented by the geometry of the German mathematician, Riemann.

He found that with this new geometry, and the formulae that could be derived from it, he could obtain an absolute measure for the world. Space and time he had known were variable, depending upon the relative motion of the observer. The space and time units which apply to an observer on the earth, say, may be totally different from the space and time units for an observer on the sun. But Einstein discovered that these space and time units had a definite relationship to each other, and that there was a space-time equation by means of which all ob-

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servers would get the *same* value for the four-dimensional distance between any given pair of events. This four-dimensional distance is called the *separation-interval.* Various observers may disagree as to space separating two events, but they all get the same value for the *interval* separating two events.

A most remarkable feature of the general theory is that in learning the geometry of the universe, Einstein incidentally learned its physical laws. In finding that it possessed a Riemannian instead of a Euclidean structure, he discovered an exact law of gravitation, which accounted for discrepancies long known in Newton's law. And in discovering this law of gravitation he found also the law which governs the motion of matter thru space. The theory also fused inertia and gravity into an essential identity.

It has been known since the time of Newton that if a stone and a feather be dropped together thru a vacuum they will both reach the earth at the same time. The acceleration, or increase in speed, will be constant, at the rate of about thirty-two feet a second. Suppose, now, that a person could drop thru the earth's gravitational field at a rate exactly equal to the acceleration of that field. He would find that the so-called "force" of gravity would no longer affect him. His shoes would not press up against his feet, and if he released an apple he held in his hand it would not fall, because it was already dropping at the greatest rate that the field would permit. If there were a stick above the man's head he could pull himself up on it and remain there.

Suppose, on the other hand, that the man is placed in a sealed room entirely outside of any gravitational field. To the top of this room is fastened a rope which is in turn fastened to a conical drum. If the drum is turned at such a speed that the room is pulled upward at an acceleration of thirty-two feet a second, the floor will be pulled up against the man's feet, and he will experience exactly the same effects of weight as if he were on the earth.

In such a manner Einstein shows how inertia and gravitation are two views of the same thing. Instead of a "force," both are due to a warping of space itself in the presence of motion and matter. Bodies, instead of being attracted by some internal property of the earth, are thrown down to the earth by the distortion of the surrounding space. Instead of being a property of physics, gravitation has become a property of Riemannian geometry.

After achieving this much, Einstein was still not satisfied. Electro-magnetic fields and gravitational fields still required different and distinct mathematical expression. He did not believe that there could be really *two* funda-

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mental laws of nature. Yet the geometry which he had used was not flexible enough to couple the two together. However, after fourteen years of searching, he has invented a geometry between the Riemannian and the Euclidean, which fills the necessary requirements. He has at last produced one law with which he can describe all physical phenomena.

It was stated in the opening paragraph that in Einstein's world all "matter" is merely a more or less complicated *event* in space-time. Understanding the fact that everything, down to the electron in the molecule, is in motion, this should not be hard to comprehend. Matter is really not the hard, dead, substance that we usually consider it, but something that is *happening*. It is the life of space. We owe much to Einstein for our idea of it as such.

Einstein has given us a beautiful example of the unity of nature, and the distance thru which the mind can leap in learning its secrets. Yet, there are people who would distort the significance of the facts. Christian Scientists, for instance, might believe Einstein's theory bears out their tenet that there is no matter. This is not so. The whole controversy about whether or not there is such a thing as "matter" is based upon false reasoning. In order to decide the question we must first make clear our point of view. From the mathematical standpoint matter is more or less of a nuisance, but from the human standpoint (which is the standpoint of our living), it is real, just as light is real—even tho it may be ultimately an illusion. For human purposes it is impossible to be governed by mathematical ideas.

Sometimes the announcement of a revolutionary theory in science worries a person who does not sense the difference between actuality and a person's conception of it. Nature simply *is*. It is the goal of the working scientist merely to describe it in the most comprehensive terms. The "laws of nature," which so many still regard as abstract, immutable, universal and eternal edicts, are the creation of the scientist in his attempt at description, and something he considers merely formulas which he can make or break to suit his growing conceptions. We can repeal a law, but we cannot repeal Nature: we simply change our ideas about it. The people who lived on a flat earth, with the moon and the stars revolving above them, and the sky pressing them down, were not precipitated thru space when the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo proved that the earth was not flat, but round, and that at portions of each day they were hanging upside down over an infinite void. Neither will gravitation be altered or annulled because Einstein claims that bodies fall toward the earth not because of some attractive force in the earth's mass but because of the natural acceleration of the bodies themselves caused by a warping of the space about the earth. Whatever the description, the effect remains the same.

The same reasoning holds true regarding "matter." Neither Einstein nor Eddington, nor any other scientist, can "topple the universe down on our shoulders," as one newspaper suggested. What difference does it make to our everyday lives if the basis of everything we observe is only a variable whirl in space? Any more than that a wonderful statuary group is all bronze or all marble, or that a symphony played on an organ is, after all, just a variable gust of air? Knowing that a mountain is simply a pile of billions of particles does not alter or destroy the mountain.

We must still recognize matter, or space whirls, or whatever one wishes to call the basic "substance," by its various combinations. It is not more sensible to call a school an electron, or *psi*, than it is to call it a brick. It is a brick, and *more than a brick*. It has become not only a larger and more complicated physical event, but it has taken on a special and *human* significance, which no physical theory has yet been able to plumb.

Einstein has shown that physically there may be millions of different points of view, all of which may be correct within themselves and measure true by all local measurements, but that there is an equation which blends all of these viewpoints into a standard which is universal. Perhaps someone will eventually find a similar equation that will automatically adjust the discrepancies of human life.

Clothes and the Mind

(*Continued from page 51*)

you are adventuresome, conservative, artistic or inartistic. All these things being right for you, I believe that ambition may sparkle from your eyes. Sympathy may color the tone of your voice. Initiative may strengthen the knock of your knuckles on the executive door. Sincerity may make firm your handclasp. The human qualities will come uppermost in your expressions and leave on the people you meet an impression of you—not your clothes, your hat, your cane or your necktie—but *you*.

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leaves a tree. They make the tree beautiful, changing with the seasons as the styles do. They draw attention by their varying appearance. They should be natural. Colorings should compliment you. Styles should be designed to emphasize your best features and camouflage the less kind ones. Beautiful trees leave a memorable impression, just as well-dressed men or women do.

Think of all the people you don't meet. They all form impressions of you the minute they see you. Some are attracted to you—if the impression they receive is pleasant and are impelled to meet you. Wouldn't you like to be the sort of person that causes others to exclaim upon introduction, "I've always wanted to meet you!" Personality will do that!

As I read this over I am afraid I have given the impression that personality should make one conspicuous. No, a thousand times, no. It should make one interesting, but conspicuous, never! Anyone can be conspicuous, anyone can be noticed. Clowns parade on Broadway. A man on stilts, wearing a pair of trousers several yards long, striding up Fifth Avenue may pause to sit on top of a motor bus in front of the Public Library and draw a crowd. He has no personality—in fact, he has lost his personality in making himself an advertisement. But he gains attention for the moment.

In the mistaken effort to attract attention, men wear flashy ties, girls wear long, exaggerated earrings. These articles may attract attention, but they do not win respect or admiration. People wearing clothes that are loud or in poor taste are looked at curiously as puppets in a passing show. These things do not develop personality.

Think of what you are and what you like to do. Invariably someone who likes sports can wear tweeds. Business people often wear tailored clothes best. Outward expressions are influential in giving characteristics.

The most important guide to clothes selection is good taste. Be sure that your clothes fit well, are becoming in color, attractive in style. If you wear clothes of this description, you will find that they look as tho they "belonged to you." You will find that the president will remember you as well as the office boy. You will find that you have become a hit at the party just as you have become a personality at the office.

Your clothes should give a clue as to what you are, what you want to be, what you like to do! People (and we are all curious) want to know all about you without asking to be told. Your appearance can tell a good deal and tell it more subtly than you can. Let it speak for you. To a great extent, it will be a financial backer, a reference card, a testimonial letter. Let your appearance be a credit to you!

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Nature and the Mind

(*Continued from page 41*)

alone being recognizable. It is thru ignorance of this truth that many earnest inquirers remain unconvinced. The body is the crucible in which the changes are wrought, and the expression of these changes is largely of a character incapable of reaching the consciousness thru the channels of the five senses. And yet we may be sure that the changes have taken place—that energy has been at work. Because the evidence lies in the supersensuous realm it is none the less reliable.

Tho we may not understand all laws, there is good evidence present that all things are regulated by law.

You can get into the way of a natural law and suffer; but you cannot break that law any more than an insect on the rail can break a locomotive. Should you plant yourself squarely against it you will be broken; but the *law* moves right onward as relentlessly as does the locomotive after crushing the insect.

We can inhibit the action of one natural law by bringing a counteracting, or modifying, law into effect. For example, we can enter a cold room and turn on the steam. Heat is the antithesis of cold, and being artificially introduced, it drives out the latter. By virtue of natural law gunpowder is as safe as sawdust so long as it remains in a relatively low temperature; but apply the heat of a match or an electric spark and its molecules become tremendously agitated and there is an explosion. The effect in either case is produced by playing one law against another.

Normal conditions are but the customary conditions, being the conditions that ordinarily prevail. Abnormality, then, means merely something transcending the ordinary. The terms are only relative. What is now abnormal may, an another time, be perfectly normal. The standard of comparison changes, but the essentials remain stationary.

One law is probably no greater than another law; but we are disposed to grade them. We say that a superior law overcomes an inferior. All depends on the object had in view. The law of expansion from heat is no greater than the law of contraction from cold; but if our purpose be to keep warm, heat shows its superiority by driving out cold. On the other hand, if our purpose be to produce ice for refrigeration, cold proves the greater and drives out heat. Likewise, if we seek mere sensory delights, physical laws are far superior to mental laws; but if we seek mental delight, physical laws have to yield the palm of superiority to mental laws. And then, again, when we seek the very height of enjoyment, an harmonious blending of both proves most gratifying.

To proceed further, when suffering from an organic disturbance due to unrestrained action of some physical law, like that arising from a wound, an appeal to physical laws is wise because we know that there are physical conditions to be mainly considered, and the physical laws discloses its advantages. On the other hand, when some profound mental emotion, like that of fright, has created both mental and physical disturbances, mental laws disclose their superiority in bringing relief. But for the most speedy and gratifying results in either case we should seek a co-mingling of both mental and physical laws.

Modern medicine has taken but slight cognizance of the healing virtues of mind, tho I am glad to say that this interest is gradually being awakened today. It has treated the body as a mechanism, repair of whose disorders can be effected only thru the action of physical laws. Many who have learned the curative value of mental laws in relief of physical disturbances have, on the contrary, swung to the other extreme and depreciated physical measures of cure. It goes without saying that both are acting very unwisely. The truth is that if we would get the most gratifying results in our efforts to restore physical tranquility the laws of both body and mind should be brought into action. I know of one surgeon who has recognized this fact to the extent of having an assistant who well versed in the use of Mental Medicine, begin to stimulate and direct his patient just as soon as the patient has recovered from the anesthetic. And this same man gives the patient encouraging and hopeful suggestions before the operation is attempted. And his results are far more satisfactory.

Accordingly I say that surgery has its place in the problem of cure, and so have drugs, and massage, and electricity and psycho-therapy. Some remedies are more energetic and efficient than others. The mental plane is above the physical, the latter in great measure expressing the former. Physical disorder not due to traumatism finds its origin in mind, even tho it may be only thru creating fertile soil for the growth of the physical disorder, and there is, therefore, excellent reason for evoking the powers of mind and giving them first place in grading the value of remedial measures.

I do not mean by this that all troubles start in mind, for if physical



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laws are ignored, such as giving your body proper exercise, partaking of nourishing foods, etc., of course your body can suffer without a wrong mental state being back of it.

Choice of your physician should be given careful consideration. Too often when one is ill the nearest physician is sought without any reference to his qualifications. This may serve a purpose in a case of acute emergency, but where time will allow of it the choice of the physician should be made after carefully weighing his many qualifications. He may be an excellent physician from the standpoint of drug administration alone, but may carry with him a serious air which will have a very depressing effect on his patient; or, he may have absolutely no knowledge of the mind and its effect on physical life.

Have for your physician one who is optimistic and not an alarmist. Possibly one half of the mental patients I receive have been obliged to come to me thru some blunt and depressing suggestion a physician has given him. He has become frightened, has started the foolish habit of introspection and has become so afraid of himself that in some cases he is actually confined to his home without any good reason back of it.

And in procuring mental help try to find one who is well qualified to serve you. Without a thoro understanding of law a practitioner can do great harm. And his knowledge really should be sufficiently complete to render him capable of judging whether a case is purely mental, a combination of both mental and physical, or a case for physical aid alone. The law of omission is a pretty serious one, for there are times when prompt action should be rendered a case in order to save his life. There are hundreds of unqualified persons attempting to render help. I hope you will be able to avoid all ills and increase speedly in abounding health.

Shoulders and Chips

(*Continued from page 53*)

character with such skill that I could see that the horizon of my vision had been greatly circumscribed. I was told of grim experiences necessary to meet certain ends—of some of the hard grinding things of life such as poverty and self-sacrifice. I saw life as the other viewed it and, because I then understood, I was glad to reverse my judgment.

As a child I was taught generosity. If I had a piece of cake, candy or pie, I was told to share it. Sharing soon became second nature. Obedience, the respect for older people, became imbedded in my very nature. Never to intrude myself either in a home or upon

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a mental situation, grew to be a ritual; also, that it is wrong to burst into other people's thoughts when they might be weighing something in their minds, or to dash into a room unannounced. And the idea of gratitude—that we don't deserve anything unless we earn it. I believe that we should not consider a reward until we have earned it.

I cherish that line in Don Quixote: "Where one door closes another door opens." That is kin to my feeling when it is all in the attitude. I know there is nothing good or bad, in my case, but thinking makes it so. I have also found a great power in silence. It is golden where speech is only silver. When we are silent, our thoughts are unclouded, lucid and unhampered. Thru silence one can acquire placidity of mind. Many books have been written about equanimity. It is a secret that carries one far in life.

While a philosophy has been built around harmony, it is not hard to understand why it is so popular. As we become attuned with the universe, the small worries disappear. We feel they cannot menace us, that they don't really exist. And each day should contribute something more to one's philosophy. The mistakes can be analyzed and turned to good account. For more and more I am convinced that everything happens for the best.

To turn the other cheek is a precept which served as a sort of guiding star in my life, I do believe in humility, so when I find myself becoming arrogant, I make myself pay for it in some way. In this manner I can fight arrogance and endeavor to make amends for forgetting that I have nothing about which to be arrogant. Much of my philosophy, undoubtedly, is made up of some of the teachings of our Gospels, but family training in my early childhood really contributed the bulk of these precepts which were expanded later as I grew up and I proved to my own satisfaction, that they are the basic principles that best govern human relations.

What Kind of a Thinker Are You?

(*Continued from page 54*)

On the whole, however, they are the salt of the earth and the people who make life worth living. They are the only ones who really know what love is. If their love life is right they are always sunny and happy, for love is life to them.

The Non-Feeling Motor Type always have a purpose and they accomplish it. They lack imagination and feelings so they never depend on anything but the will-to-do. What they want, they go after. If you get in their way they push you aside and they never know they hurt your feelings. They never have their feelings hurt because they have none to be hurt. So they do not understand what they have done when you tell them or show them they have hurt yours. They do not mean to hurt you. They just do not know what the hurt is.

They are always right. Whatever they do is right. They can have but one idea at a time so they never see but one side to a question and that is their side. Whatever fits in with their purpose is right for them.

Lacking consideration for others and being always on the trail of accomplishing their purpose, they succeed. But, lacking imagination, they never set a very high purpose. They cannot think out their own purpose but they see someone else having or doing something and they make up their minds that is what they want and they go after it. And they usually get it.

They are never sympathetic because that involves both feelings and imagination and they have little of either. For the same reason they are tactless. What they think, they say. If it hurts your feelings they do not know it. You always know just where they stand and where you stand with them. They never pose or dissemble. They are "out-and-out."

They use only one mental weapon and they respect only one and that one is force. You can handle them either of two ways. You can yield every point to them or you can use more force than they use. There is no halfway point. You cannot hurt their feelings so you need have no hesitation in using forceful methods on them.

Never expect them to admit they are wrong. Never expect them to consider your feelings. If they accept your idea they will think it was theirs all the time. Never expect them to give you credit for it. Ten to one they do not know it was your idea even if you have hammered it into them with a rolling pin. If it is theirs now it was always theirs. They are always positive.

They gesture with the fist, pounding the table or the air or jamming their right fist into their left palm. They are always in good health and want action. If they go to a movie they want to see action. If they have nothing to do they are miserable.

They are the easiest people to live with if you know how to handle them and the hardest if you expect them to be like the other types. They are steadfast and loyal and true, but they never do the nice little things because

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Yes, Throw Away My Glasses

My Eyes Will Never Be Crippled Again

"DON'T look so amazed. You know very well that 999 out of 1,000 glass-wearers find their eyes getting worse and worse instead of better. I'm no exception. Several of my friends threw their glasses out of the window after a couple of months of using the Centro-Vision Institute Method, and kept calling me an old moss-back because I still wore mine. They don't josh me any longer. I figured it couldn't harm my eyes and it might help them.

"It did. After a few weeks, I left off my glasses for the first time in years, and that day how overjoyed I was to find that I could see about six times as well without them! It's a few months now that I have been using the Centro-Vision Institute Method and my vision is so perfect that the combined navies, armies and marine corps of the world couldn't drive me to put those glasses on again.

"No, it's not a new method. It has been established for 15 years and has corrected the eyesight of thousands.

"Radical? That's what people said to the leaders of medical science when they offered inoculation as a far better treatment for small-pox than the time-honored but ignorant and criminal method of cutting a patient's artery and letting the 'bad blood' out. Small-pox used to massacre millions; today, with inoculation, the disease is practically wiped out. During the last fifteen years the Centro-Vision Method has become almost as established as inoculation, and soon, wearing glasses will seem as ridiculous as 'bleeding'."

Strained Vision Absolutely Gone by This Amazing Method

No wonder most of us suffer from eye-strain. If we used our legs as much as we do our eyes, they would cave in. Going to work in the rattling subway train with its flickering lights, eight hours in the office or in school, in the subway again as we return home, sometimes while we're eating, after supper and when-not, we are constantly using and abusing our eyes. It is absolutely essential to strengthen them so that they can withstand this added strain. The Centro-Vision Institute Method teaches you to do this in six lessons, that are so easy, a school-child can learn them. You can get rid of your eye strain by properly relaxing and strengthening your eyes, while you are sitting in a chair in your home, or even while riding in a train, or during your other leisure moments. Our records of cases, which we should like to have you examine, show that thousands of people suffering from eye strain, some of them slight, some of them from Myopia or near-sightedness, some from Hypertropia, or far-sightedness, and some even from partial blindness, have completely overcome their eye strain by this method.

Improved Appearance

How often have you heard: "She would be really pretty if she didn't wear glasses," or "It's a shame such a good-looking man has to wear those hideous glasses." When you wear glasses they transfigure your face, and when occasionally you take them off, you have to wrinkle your face in a knot trying to see. What would you not give to get rid of these awful-looking contraptions? Well, thanks to the Centro-Vision Institute Method, you can now throw them into the garbage pail, where they belong, and have perfect vision.

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The six simple lessons of the Centro-Vision Institute are now offered for a limited time at the specially reduced price of $10. But you do not have to pay $10 all at one time if you do not care to. Just send $4 with the coupon below. Keep the course five days. If you do not find a distinct improvement in your sight, send back the lessons and get your money back. If you do decide that the course is all that is claimed for it, mail the balance of $6. While our supply lasts, we will give free with every course, a professional eye-testing chart and sun glass. Act promptly.

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that calls for feelings and they do not see life that way.

Sell them with action. High-pressure stuff and force and slam-bang, positive statements appeal to them. They come back in the same language and will buy only when you browbeat them into it, but then they think you are a wonder and they will be your customers for good.

They do not know the emotional side of love at all but they are good lovers, nevertheless, if you do not expect from them the little attentions and niceties that usually go with love. They do not know the arts of courting but they are steadfast partners once they fix on a mate.

Do not mistake their lack of feelings for brutality or meanness. It is constitutional with them, and they are fine people and solid and successful citizens. Let them be that way and like them for their virtues and they will stand by you to the bitter end.

The Word-Thinker sees all sides of every question. He is the one who analyzes everything. He has emotions just as the feeling-type does but he does not let them govern him. He holds them in check and thinks things over before he acts.

This is his greatest virtue and his greatest defect. He is apt to see so many ways of doing a thing that he can never decide on which way to do it. He starts something and then sees another way of doing it and shifts to that.

He is strong on imagination and fairly strong in feelings but it is reason that rules him. Reason is another name for *thinking in words*. With imagination and word-thinking he sees better ways to live and so he makes ideals out of words and tries to live up to them. This is apt to make him unpractical.

He plans things and knows just how they should be done but he lacks action. He invents, and some non-feeling man puts the invention over and makes the money. He is the mechanical man, the mathematician, inventor, planner, idealist. He is usually ahead of his time with his ideas and ideals.

Being governed by his word-thinking he controls his feelings and does not let them come to the surface. That is why others think him cold and calculating and unemotional.

He always reasons himself out of the church and is either an atheist or an agnostic, which means one who says he does not *know* about the things the feeling-type take on faith. Often he thinks out a religion of his own. He cannot believe unless it appeals to his reason. He cannot help this. It is his way of seeing life.

He gestures in points, with a pencil or by taps of a finger, because he thinks in points, one step at a time, logically. He is seldom "high, wide and handsome" in his actions. More often he is cu-

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tious and conservative. He would call it being reasonable.

Sell to him by a logical step-by-step argument in details. He enjoys a logical demonstration which covers every point in good order and he usually likes mechanical details. After he gets the details you can use the emotional appeal to land him because under the word-thinking control are often strong emotions that are invisible only because he holds them in check.

In love he is not apt to be ardent but he will be considerate and think of the little things. He may appear cold but the appeal of the physical is strong. He will not show it, but it is there.

He is apt to be a reader or a student. He likes to debate and discuss, take ideas apart and turn them over and put them together again. He is easy to live with if you do not demand that he be demonstrative in his affection.

To get the best out of life let each person be himself and do not expect him to act the way you do if he be of another type. Take them as they are and make the most of them. If you know their type you can make them like you and do what you want them to do by your understanding of their virtues and defects. What pleases one displeases the other. Handle each according to his type. Know them as they are and like them all. This knowledge alone will go far toward removing any feeling of inferiority you may have had. In the next lesson we will show you why you have had this feeling, and just what a "complex" is and how it is formed.

Foods and Feelings

(Continued from page 46)

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After making this remarkable discovery, Dr. Bates next used it in curing himself of defective eyesight which the most eminent oculists claimed incurable. They said that because his lenses had hardened, his eyes would never again be able to focus. He wore two sets of strong glasses, for both reading and distances, and could not see clearly without them, yet, by means of the method of eye-training he had discovered, he was able to discard them and now reads the finest print and sees distant details with equal distinctness.

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might well be appointed, to see that smiles are passed around at every meal, certainly at dinner. Viands heaped with the piquant sauce of merriment will be found more delicious, more nutritious. All foods need the flavor of cheer to improve their taste and power of sustenance.

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McDougall's Class-room

(*Continued from page 35*)

providing us with increased energy for either flight or fight.

That was all good and interesting and instructive, and helpful. But occasionally I would run across references to hypnotism. And always in the back of my mind lurked a vague but incessant curiosity about the whole subject. In an indefinite sort of way there seemed to be a faint stigma attached to it—an unexpressed impression of public disapproval hovering over it.

Obviously, of course, the traveling circuses, the side shows, etc., have been responsible for these opprobrious inferences with respect to it. The trouble simply appears to be that the practice of hypnotism has preceded the scientific understanding of its principles. It has been commercialized by unscrupulous, unscientific individuals. For this reason, it appears, college professors of psychology have been more or less timid about attacking the subject experimentally. References enough I had heard from many of them on the subject, but none had ever volunteered to give classroom demonstrations of the phenomenon. I had read and heard various explanations of the theory of hypnosis, many of which seemed quite plausible. But all of these theories were developed from the point of view of the hypnotist. The literature seems to be remarkably bare of introspective accounts of the process of hypnosis, and particularly of accounts by subjects which have had quite thoro training in the subject of psychology in general, and at least a degree of scientifically intelligent insight into the principles of hypnosis in particular.

Thus it came about that my curiosity got the better of me soon after entering Professor McDougall's course in abnormal psychology and listening to a few lectures on hypnosis illustrated by references to cases which he himself had treated. One day after class I asked him whether it would be possible for him to give us a class demonstration of the curious and remarkable phenomenon. He obligingly consented and asked,

"Would you like to be a subject?"

That was bringing it close home. Putting it that way made me feel some-

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what as one who is about to undergo a serious operation under the influence of ether.

"I would rather be an observer first," I told him.

He smiled in a way which put me in the rôle of one who wants a thing but isn't willing to pay the price. But when he announced that he would be willing to give a demonstration there was no shortage of volunteer subjects.

The actual demonstrations were quite simple. Almost too simple and obvious to be convincing. It was difficult to imagine that the grotesque postures into which the subject's limbs were moved and twisted were not merely assumed. With a sort of half skeptical reservation I listened to the monotonous voice of the professor as it droned suggestions to the subject. I watched the rather absurd passes and simple stroking movements of the experimenter with something of distrust. But the genuineness of the dazed expression in the eyes of the subject, the mechanical responses to the suggestions, the automatic reactions to previously specified cues, and the smile of surprised embarrassment of the subject after the spell was broken could hardly be doubted.

The results of these first demonstrations intensified my curiosity. In spite of the fact that I had rejected an offer to be allowed to act as a subject I had the temerity to ask the professor whether he would consider giving another demonstration. I assured him that I was intensly eager to know how it felt to be hypnotized.

After calling my attention to my rejection of the opportunity he had previously offered me, he acceded and agreed to test me out to see whether I would prove an apt subject, provided arrangements could be made thru his assistant.

Accordingly, the next day found me in his apartment comfortably lying on a sofa, and to the best of my ability resigning myself completely to him. His method was simple. I was lying on my back. All his instructions were in a monotonous, soothing, unmodulated tone. His first instruction was that I should relax myself completely. Then followed gentle stroking of all my limbs.

"You are now quite comfortable, quite comfortable. You are now beginning to relax. All your muscles are relaxing. Your muscles are now relaxing—quite perfectly relaxed and comfortable," droning thus in the same even, soothing tone.

Then holding his finger about a foot from my eyes and at such an angle that I had to raise them to the extent of causing a slight strain, he placed the other hand on my forehead.

"You are now getting drowsy. Your eyes are getting heavy. You are get-

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(See Old at 23, p. 92)

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ting sleepy. Soon you will be fast asleep. Your eyes are closing. Closing." Gently, he brought his hand down over my eyelids. "They are now fast closed. You are sinking deeper into sleep. Sleep: Deep sleep. Quite comfortable and relaxed."

Again he worked with my arms, stroking them, flexing them gently into different positions. I was conscious of the beginning of the stage of "waxy plasticity," the stage in which the limbs will of their own accord, without conscious effort on the part of the subject retain any position given them by the hypnotist.

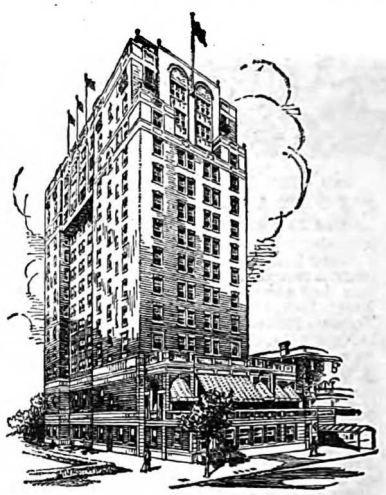
In this preliminary experiment he clasped my hands together and challenged me to pull them apart. He also told me I could not raise my legs and challenged me to try. I did not succeed in either case. At the time I had the feeling that I could have done it if my desire had been sufficiently strong.

The class-room demonstration occurred the next day, and the light stage of hypnosis induced was effected in the same manner, except that I was sitting in a chair instead of reclining on a sofa. I experienced some uneasiness on going before the class for fear I would not be able to fall into the first stage. My eyes were closed and the professor was manipulating my limbs. I was perfectly conscious of his movements, tho more and more vaguely of the presence of the class.

The stage of "waxy plasticity" of the muscles seemed not to be appearing, and I was becoming definitely uneasy lest the demonstrations should prove unsuccessful. My muscles were maintaining a thoroly relaxed flaccidity. I distinctly remember the professor working with my right arm, attempting to get it to remain in an upright position over my head—stroking, suggesting, manipulating. But the flaccid state of the muscle remained. Then he bent it at the elbow and brought the palm of my hand down upon the top of my head, firmly holding it there.

The first distinct sensation of surprise came immediately. I was conscious of the sensation of the professor's firm pressure on my hand upon the crown of my head, when suddenly I was aware of his voice coming from some distance away. He was addressing the class. My eyes were closed, but from the sound of his voice he must have been several yards away. However the sensation of my arm being firmly held to my head continued to persist. From then on I began to find myself doing automatically the things he told me I could do, and being unable to do the things which he said I could not do.

But all the time I could hear whenever the audience laughed or when any questions were asked. The peculiar part of it all was that I did not care.



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Further than that, I had the feeling all thru the experiment that I could have done anything I wished which the hypnotist had said I could not do—that I could have left my chair at any time I so desired, or the wall during those intervals in which the professor was addressing the students. But, I had no inclination, no motive sufficiently strong for doing anything else. And this brings me to the beginning of this account.

Lure of Lookout Mountain

(*Continued from page 21*)

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In a letter to Dr. Miller, telling of the work of Colonel Howard and herself in the development of the Master Schools on their Vagabondia and the wish to amalgamate these with the Psychology movement, Mrs. Howard writes: "We have been students of the ancient Greek Culture, and we love the Truth Concept of unfoldment and development, which was the Greek ideal. An all-round development, no one factor developed at the expense of any other, but a perfect recognition of every side, so correlated as to form a coordinated whole. The Greek lived in an atmosphere that provided the highest stimuli for the glorious unfoldment of his life in perfect symmetry, his own "body-beautiful" being a work of the art-of-right-living and right expression, for the creation of the objective work of his own hands. We dare dream of a place where we can have at least an adaptation of the principles of Greek culture.

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For fuller details of the Lookout Mountain Summer School of Psychology, prospective students are invited to correspond with Miss Irene Kenney, Registrar of the school, 9th floor, 101 West Thirty-first street, New York City.



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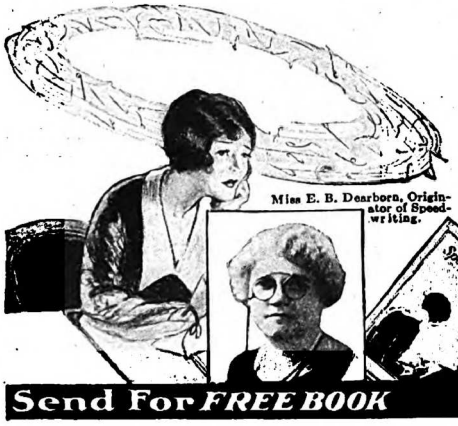
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OUTLINE OF AESTHETICS

(Continued from page 63)

by a master not only of the subject but of choice English, as well, making the perusal of them a perpetual delight. There is not a dull passage in any one of them, and the elucidation of the most prosaic elements of the discussion proceeds like melodic poetry. In addition to this each writer is quick to appreciate the psychology involved in each point he is discussing and this is given full value in his treatment. The introductory notes by Dr. Youtz in the forefront of each volume are an inspiration and an education in themselves. The five small volumes are: *The World, the Arts, and the Artist,* Irwin Edman; *The Judgment of Literature,* Henry Wells; *The Mirror of the Passing World,* M. Cecil Allen; *With Eyes of the Past,* Henry Ladd; *Scientific Method in Aesthetics,* Thomas Munroe.

LON J. HADDOCK

HOWS AND WHYS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR

(Continued from page 62)

There is, of course, a vast difference between what you *could* have learned and what you *did* learn; between what you *are* today and what you *could* or *can* be. . . . And if I can show you how you get the way you are, what is to keep you from learning how to get any other way you want to get—within certain limitation? Nothing—save a lack of enough motive power within yourself! . . . There is no rung in the ladder of achievement you cannot aspire to. Nothing that anyone has ever done is beyond your capacity—within limitations. . . . Your walk in life was not predetermined the day you were born. Let us say you are a carpenter. You were not destined to be a carpenter when you were born, and you don't have to remain one if you don't wish to."

As to the disputed matter of heredity Dr. Dorsey believes: "A normal, healthy child inherits nothing save its physical characteristics, a certain glandular mechanism, and a capacity to *learn*. . . . No form of behavior, no trait of character, no tendency toward specific ability to learn or acquire any specific way, form, kind, or degree of human behavior, has ever been definitely proved to be innately related to any color of skin, shape of head, convolution of brain, size of brain, form of face, or any other inborn physical trait of any *normal* human being. . . . You are in your own hands now; you are your own trainer."

On and on goes the author telling the reasons why we should control our emotions; the harmful effects of jealousy, fear, worry, anxiety, pain, grief. He explains why we "fall for each other," and why we "fall out."

He deals with the subject of the job and how we can tell whether or not it fits us and how we can tell what are our natural "bents."

Dr. Dorsey explains what sleep is and

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its value. He talks about words and why some words "boss" us and affect our life—summed up in "because certain things are being done and others aren't." He explains why we read and what is wrong with our minds—and finally how we can be happy tho married—by stating the reasons for the failures of numerous marriages. "Thousands of modern marriages fail miserably and shamefully because the wife can't, won't, or is not allowed to work."

And in the last chapter the author explains that we aren't the happiest people in the world because most of us take happiness "second-hand." The creative urge makes life worth the living; "sickness is pathologic; to stop 'creating' is also pathologic." *We hunt for happiness, instead of creating it.* We expect movies, and banquets, and picnics, and the lodges and parties to bring it to us. "We have no time to create what we want because we must make money for what we need." Dr. Dorsey thinks the South Sea Islander is happy in his world "because he made it himself and made it to fit himself. He does not get his religion from one source, his clothes from another, his fashions from another. He himself has made all that he uses and made it skillfully, cleverly, beautifully.

"Perhaps our civilization is at fault. Perhaps our brand of civilization and happiness are incompatible. If so civilization must go or we perish—for we are so constituted by nature that happiness is a biologic necessity for the preservation of the race. Unhappiness is impotence—in man or beast. We must choose. . . .

"Our civilization, to endure, must save itself. But it cannot do it with mere words. It must square its ideals with deeds. Work. Free men and women, working for attainable human ends and for humanity's sake, and because of love for and understanding of humanity. . . . Especially let us put blinders on no human being, nor set any limit to human achievement."

The entire field of practical psychologists will welcome Dr. Dorsey's book as an authoritative treatise on what applied psychology is doing—and can do.

KAYE WHEELER

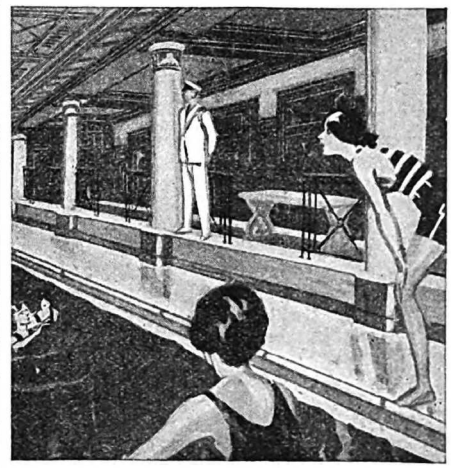
ANTHROPOLOGY AND MODERN LIFE. *By Franz Boas, Ph. D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co.*

"THE idea of the great blond Aryan, the leader of mankind, is the result of self-admiration that emotional thinkers have tried to sustain by imaginative reasoning. It has no foundation in observed fact."

In this one sweeping statement Dr. Boas literally "shoots to pieces" another of our pet conceits with respect to the superiority of the Great White Race! But when he follows up this broadside with the further statement that "the people to whom we are indebted for the

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(See Brain Glow, p. 88)

basic advance of civilization belong to the dark-complexioned human types of the Orient, and *not to our blond ancestors!*" he appears to be carrying the matter entirely too far. It is heresy! The rankest kind of heresy! Haven't the most of our writers heretofore told us over and over again of our Aryan ancestors? Haven't they called attention time and again to the transcendent achievements of the people of the White Race, that marvellous race of men that in the dawn of history came suddenly from somewhere and settled in northern and central Europe, and after building up great civilizations (?) there, gradually spilled over into the British Isles, and from there across the sea to our present America? to establish here the "greatest civilization the world has ever known?" Such heresy! What about Christianity? and 1776? and the Star Spangled Banner? and our Rotary clubs? and our Kiwanis? and our Federal Reserve? and yes! what about how we won the World War?

The only disconcerting feature of the entire discussion is that Dr. Boas has an uncomfortable way of dealing with facts, instead of nice comfortable sentiments and platitudes. He develops in his new book, in masterly fashion what every real student has already become cognizant of namely: that it is not in racial characteristics but in the real culture of the individuals in a community that the basis of true civilization is found.

Dr. Boas says further, "No one has ever proved that all the Aryans of the earliest times were *blonds*, or that people speaking other languages may not have been blond, too; and nobody would be able to show that the great achievements of mankind were due to blond thinkers. . . ." It does not matter from which point of view we consider culture, its forms are not dependent upon race. . . . If we were to select the most intelligent, imaginative, energetic and emotionally stable third of mankind, *all races would be represented.*"

Dr. Boas' book abounds in analyses of facts equally startling with those already quoted. The book will well repay your reading.

LON J. HADDOCK

BOOKS RECEIVED

WHY MEN FAIL. *Edited by Morris Fishbein and William A. White. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.*

PSYCHOLOGY FOR LIFE INSURANCE UNDERWRITERS. *By W. T. Root, Ph. D. Chicago: A. W. Shaw Company. $3.00.*

EDUCATION OF MENTALLY DEFECTIVE CHILDREN. *By Alice Descoeudres. Translated from the second French*

How to Get *What You Want*

By Orison Swett Marden

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What Can We Do For You?

(Continued from page 61)

a reasonable amount of physical exercise and nourishing foods, and I feel sure that you will soon have yourself well in hand.

QUESTION:—G. C. P. writes—

Your article on "Are You An Imitator," in PSYCHOLOGY, reminds me that there are a lot of imitators in this world, and the crime news on the front pages of newspapers is furnishing the material for a lot of imitators these days. A campaign to change the type of matter in newspapers would improve the world.

ANSWER:—

There is no doubt but that the newspapers carry a lot of "scare heads" and descriptions of crimes that are harmful to humanity, but I believe I have noticed a slight change in this respect in the past year or so. For example, during this recent "flu" epidemic the papers here in Chicago suddenly put a stop to their "scare heads." This I presume was due to the influence that some certain groups of physicians and citizens brought to bear, and perhaps also due to the fact that the large papers now have some medical director connected with the organization who supervises this side of the editorials. The papers here, after the first few days, handled the "flu" situation admirably and deserve considerable praise.

It is my opinion that the citizens of the world are the ones in need of a form of reeducation and that the campaign should be waged among them. If the majority did not like the sensational things and the "dirt" that so many papers print, it would stop. They are catering to public taste and when this changes, they will change. So let us try to change those we come in contact with and thus bring about this desired effect.

QUESTION:—C. B. R. writes—

I am a musician, considered above the average, but have never been able to get over stage fright. I am beginning to think that there must be some physical weakness back of this trouble of mine. I have been before audiences a number of times but always experience the same panicky sensations and

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 priceless, and is full of truths which will be of the greatest service to YOU in YOUR fight. 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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tremble like a leaf. Is there any way to get over this?

ANSWER:—

I presume you think that your heart is in some state of disorder because it palpitates, or that there is some unusual nerve condition which is at fault. But this is not true. Your case is not one for drugs I assure you.

The true musician is quite sure to be sensitive, of an emotional, high-strung nature, and this is more fertile soil for the development of fear, in the form of self consciousness or some other phase than the opposite nature. But you probably would not be a musician if you did not have these handicaps. The fact of the matter is your sensitiveness, emotion and tendency toward nervousness represents real power if you just understand it thoroly and gain control over it. The trouble is these powers have you under their control instead of your being "boss" and controlling and directing them. Your lack is along the lines of control and confidence. This can be established thru a process of training and development.

The true musician must feel what he plays, must put emotional expression into his execution, or he will not be a true success. So instead of bemoaning your fate for having such a nature just gain a better understanding of yourself and your powers and direct this energy along more creative and constructive lines. You may need some help in accomplishing this, but I assure you it can be accomplished if you will go about it in just the right way and show perseverance.

QUESTION:—T. E. S. writes—

Will you please tell me what a normal blood pressure for a man fifty years of age is? When it is considered at the danger point? My blood pressure is 110.

ANSWER:—

A normal blood pressure for your age is about 130. By normal we mean what is average. Your blood pressure would be considered low. A dangerous high pressure would be somewhere between 180 and 200, altho the danger point would be determined to a great extent by the cause of the high pressure. If there was a hardening of the arteries or some kidney trouble, then the pressure I have stated would be considered dangerous. But blood pressure is sometimes run up temporarily thru less serious causes, such as emotion and nervousness, and then one might have quite a high pressure without its being extremely serious.

QUESTION:—R. E. M. writes—

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day? I have formed the habit and like the taste of it. I am told that baking soda is not as good as that which one can obtain at the drugstore. Is this true?

ANSWER:—

I would consider it bad practice to take soda in either form regularly. If needed as a drug, all well and good, and it can then be taken in rather large quantities for a time, but to do it just because you like it is indeed wrong and can be harmful. You have probably heard a lot about acidosis. Well soda, or some other form of alkaline, is often employed to counteract the acid. But there can be quite as much harm come from a too alkaline reaction as well. Soda is also employed today in combating the "flu" and at the beginning of a cold. At such times a teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda may be taken three times a day, for several days.

That which you buy at your druggist's is far better to take.

I certainly would give up the habit you have for it may cause considerable trouble in time.

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ANSWER:—

If you have been examined and there is no organic heart trouble present, the fluttering is due undoubtedly just to a nervous state you are in. You probably are sensitive and emotional and thus your heart reacts quickly to things of a stimulating or depressing nature. A nervous heart is in no way serious, but can lead to other complications unless one attends to it.

What is called for is a form of treatment which will tend toward hardening and toughening you so that your sensitiveness is not so much in evidence. You should strive to develop confidence, control and a positive attitude and the power to forget yourself. If you are a smoker this may be the cause of your supersensitiveness. Strenuous physical exercise, along with right thinking, will change you very materially.

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