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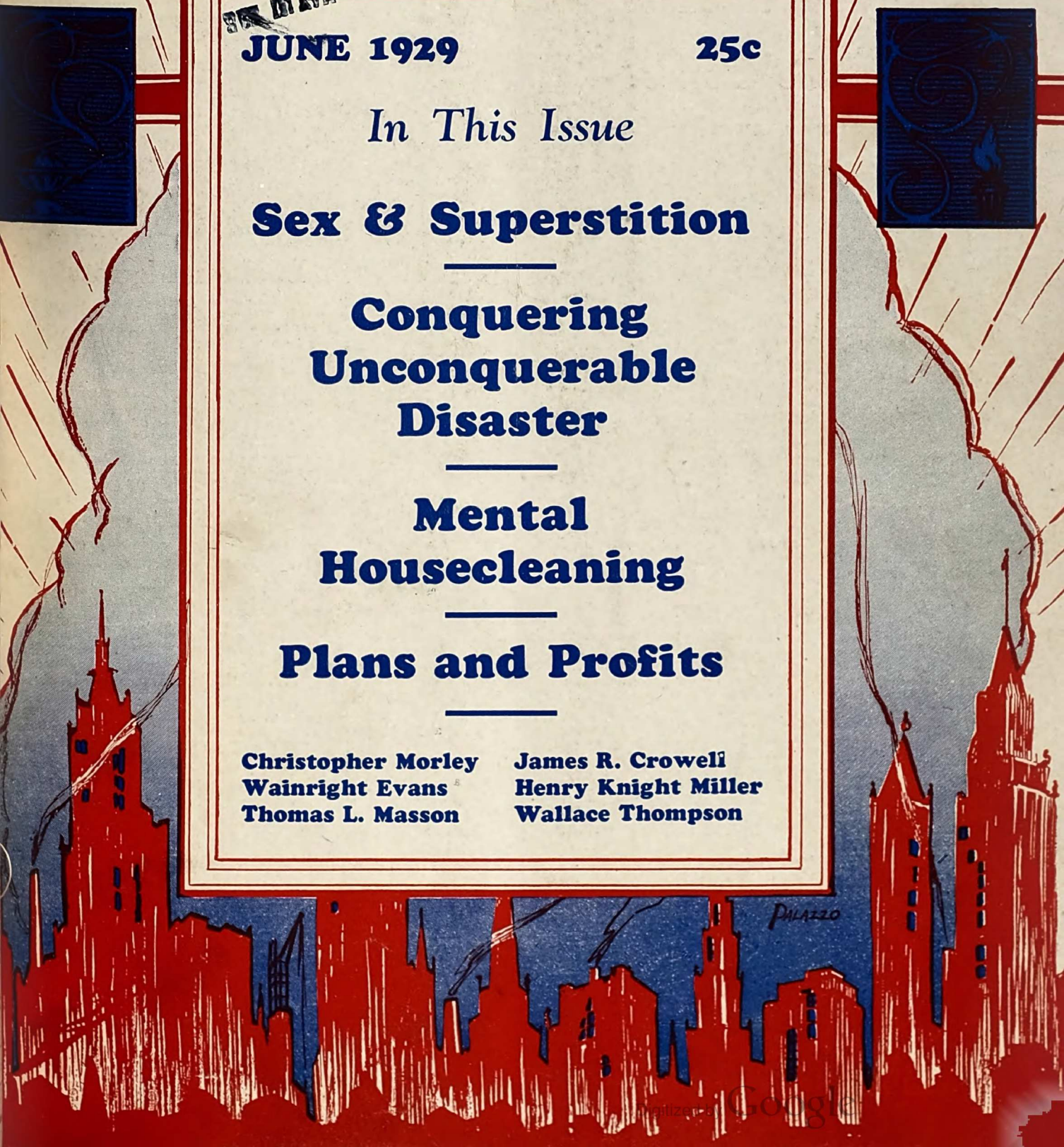
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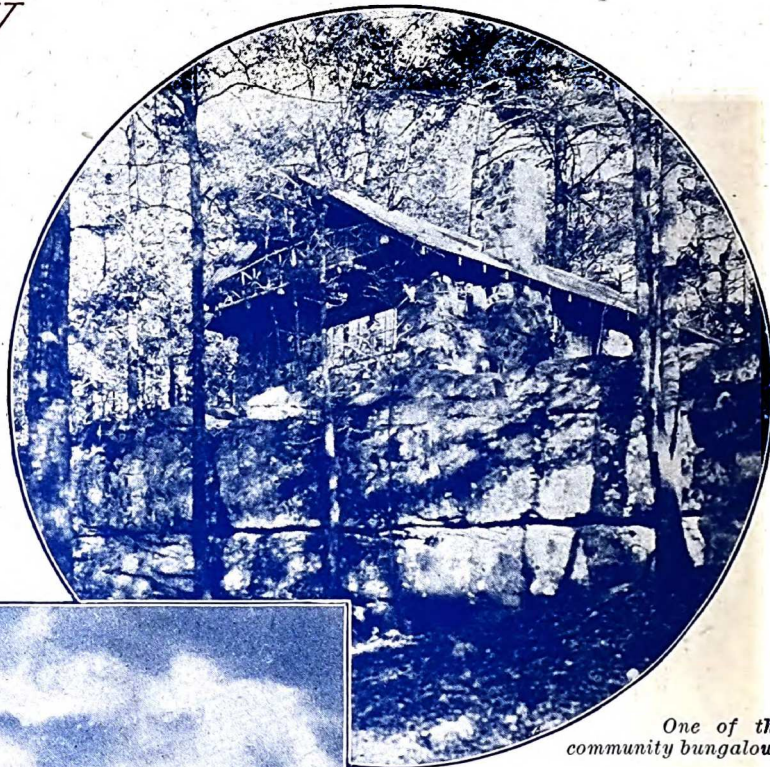


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VOL. XII. NO. 6

JUNE, 1929

Founded and Edited by Henry Knight Miller

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I HAVE been engaged in psychological work for many years—not exclusively, for I am now, and for more than fifteen years have been, one of the judges of the highest trial court in my state; but my spare time has been largely devoted to the study and application of the principles of the new psychology, not only in my own life and affairs, but in the lives and affairs of thousands of other people all over the world whom it has been my great privilege to know in the relationship of teacher and pupil.

These pupils have reported a great many marvelous achievements as the result of their study and application, including miraculous healings of stubborn diseases, large increases of income and personal efficiency, phenomenal achievements in business and social and professional life, notable successes of plans that had theretofore failed, the coming into possession of things that had long been desired but never obtained, changes of unhappy conditions and unpleasant environments, and the attainment of a wonderful state of peace and self-understanding which makes every hour of life a pleasure and every future day a joyously happy prospect.

Through all these years of study, and work, and teaching, and writing books and magazine articles, and evolving new and simpler means of applying the liberating truth in human lives and affairs, I have come to realize that so-called modern psychology is not modern at all, but that its true authorship runs back nineteen hundred years to the peaceful hills and dales and crowded marts of Judea, and to the

Man Christ Jesus, the Greatest Teacher the world has ever known.

Having made this discovery, I have learned that the promises of Jesus may literally be fulfilled in human lives—that men and women may get the things for which they pray just as He said they could, provided they will pray in the manner He prescribed; and that if one will seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all physical things will be “added” to him, just as Jesus promised.

I have found the kingdom of God just where Jesus said it was, and have had the great good fortune to bring many others into the kingdom and its great rewards.

Within the kingdom there is joy and success and health and love and peace and happiness beyond description.

And the kingdom is not far to seek: it is “at hand,” just as John the Baptist said it was, and not in some far off place. It is but a step from the sordid things and idle thoughts of everyday life to the throne room and the presence of the Great King, whom to know is everything that makes life worth living.

And so it is that I have come into a work that seems to me to be larger and more important than any work I have ever done before—the work of leading men and women, through simple and thoroughly tested scientific means, into the kingdom of God and its incomparable riches of more abundant life, health, success, achievement, love, service, peace and happiness.

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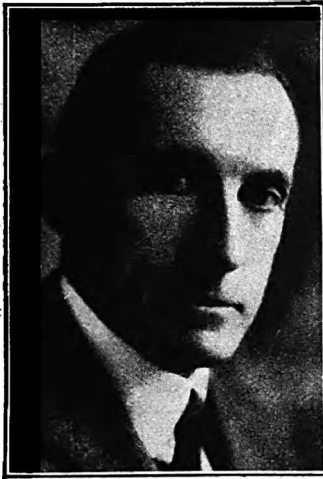
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Prayer for a Little Home

God send us a little home,
To come back to, when we roam.
Low walls, and fluted tiles,
Wide windows, a view for miles.
Red firelight and deep chairs,
Small white beds upstairs—
Great talk in little nooks,
Dim colors, rows of books.
One picture on each wall,
Not many things at all.
God send us a little ground,
Tall trees standing round.
Homely flowers in brown sod,
Overhead, thy stars, O God.
God bless, when winds blow,
Our home, and all we know.

—*The Spectator*

* * *

No Guinea Pigs!

THE wife of the great botanist beamed at him across the supper table.

"But these," she exclaimed, pointing to the dish of mushrooms that had been set before her, "are not all for me, are they?"

"Yes, Mabel," he nodded; "I gathered them especially for you."

She beamed upon him gratefully. What a dear old husband he was! In five minutes she demolished the lot. At breakfast the next morning he greeted her anxiously.

"Sleep all right?" he inquired.

"Splendidly," she smiled.

"Not sick at all—no pains?" he pressed.

"Why, of course not, Archie," she responded.

"Hurrah, then!" he exclaimed, "I have discovered another species of mushroom that isn't poisonous."

* * *

"Some whine for their childhood again,
Some pine for the quiet of heaven;
But my tent, I have no mind to strike it,

'Tis a wise, wicked world—and I like it."

Misunderstood

The waiter was taking the order of a pretty young lady who was accompanied by a florid, pudgy, middle-aged man. "And how about the side dish?" the waiter inquired.

"Oh, he can order whatever he pleases," came the startling reply.

—*Central Lines Magazine*

* * *

Annoyances

Perhaps there is nothing so annoying as to be roused from sleep, especially when it seems to us to be unnecessary. A story from London proves this, we think.

A resident of that city was roused from his slumber one night by a ring from his telephone. Taking down the receiver he heard a voice say:

"Hello. Is this—"

"No!"

"Isn't this—"

"No! Wrong number! And, what's more, you've dragged me out of bed at 2 in the morning. Who the deuce do you want?"

"Isn't this the college librarian?"

"What? Yes! . . . Goodness, has anything gone wrong! Is there a fire?"

"No, everything's all right. But I'd like to know, when do you open in the morning?"

"Half-past eight. Why—"

"Couldn't you open earlier? Maybe eight o'clock?"

"No, I can't and I won't! And what do you mean by disturbing me at this time o' night? Are you a student?"

"A freshman, sir."

"Well, of all the nerve! Where in the deuce are you?"

"Locked up in the library, sir."

* * *

Ducking the Jawbreakers

"How is Viola Vacuum getting along in the talking pictures?"

"Oh, all right, I guess. She has a double for four-syllable words."

—*Toledo Blade*

That Chocolate Language

Rumor has it that one of the faculty has been trying very hard to correct the many errors in speech made by his five-year-old daughter. The other day he took her to call on her aunt, and at tea the little one was given a large piece of cake.

"Oh, I just love chocolate cake!" she exclaimed. "It's awfully nice."

"Muriel, dear," corrected Daddy, "it is wrong to say that you 'love' cake, and I've frequently pointed out that 'just' is wrongly used in such a sentence. Again, 'awfully' is quite wrong; 'very' would be much more correct, dear. Now repeat your remark, please."

Muriel obediently repeated: "I like chocolate cake; it is very good."

There was a pause.

"But, Daddy, it sounds just like I was talking about bread."

—*Boston Beanpot.*

* * *

A priest offered 25c to the boy who could tell him who was the greatest man in history.

"Christopher Columbus," answered the Italian boy.

"George Washington," answered the American lad.

"St. Patrick," shouted the Jewish boy.

"The quarter is yours," said the priest, "but why did you say 'St. Patrick'?"

"Right down in my heart I know it was Moses," said the Jewish boy, "but business is business."

—*Feist's News*

* * *

Literary Triumph

"Hurrah! Five dollars for my last story."

"Congratulations, young man. From whom did you get the money?"

"From the express company. They lost it."

—*Lowell Citizen*

"Unaccustomed as I am—

"I...er, er...a...don't know just what to say on the subject."

"I wasn't expecting to be called on to speak."

"Mr. Bell can tell you more about the idea than I can."

"Er...that is not very clear, but that's the best I can do."



...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure... when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble, dear?"
"Oh... nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

"I don't think so. But Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit?"

"They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine?... Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free booklet entitled *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of

this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method in 20 minutes a day, would train him to

dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought after speaker for civic, banquet, and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words*.

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TEN LAWS OF PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY

By Henry Knight Miller

Here is the whole of Applied Psychology in a nutshell. Read carefully every word. Re-read and commit to memory. Repeat constantly. Concentrate on these great laws, exemplify them and you will become a physical, mental and spiritual giant.

1. Thou shalt fill the lungs with fresh air. (The law of oxidation.)

You can live weeks without food, days without water, but only a few minutes without air. Pack the lungs with a succession of short, sharp breaths. The breath is life. If you only half breathe, you are only half alive.

2. Thou shalt not eat too much sugar and starch nor too rapidly. (The law of nutrition.)

Dr. Julie La Salle Stevens, who was Sarah Bernhardt's nutrition advisor, urges that one pound of sugar per month is enough for an entire family. We are all sugar poisoned. Cut down three-fourths on sugar. Eliminate candy. Avoid too much starchy food, such as excessive white potatoes and white bread. Eat whole wheat bread and more green vegetables such as lettuce, celery and spinach. Chew your food thoroughly. Be cheerful while eating. Never eat when angry, worried or in fear. Better fast than poison yourself.

3. Thou shalt drink plenty of water daily. (The law of elimination.)

It is more important to clean inside than out. The body must be flushed with plenty of water. The body is four-fifths water. Every function even requires the use of water. The proper elimination of poisons and waste matter is largely dependent upon keeping the system daily flushed with plenty of water. Drink two quarts of water daily and be clean.

4. Thou shalt exercise. (The law of motion.)

Lack of motion leads to atrophy or death. To the extent you fail to keep in motion the various parts of the body, you are a dead one. Walking and running are better than the gymnasium. Walk at least three miles a day. Most of the numerous systems of exercise are beneficial.

5. Thou shalt learn how to rest.

Work never killed anyone—fatigue thru the most arduous labor—relax. Rest for 10 minutes. Think of something pleasant. Fill the lungs with fresh air. Sleep eight hours nightly. Mental bath. Let your last thoughts be happy.

6. Thou shalt control thy thought.

The mind is master of destiny. We are our success or failure. Think wholesome, health—your diseases will tend to vanish. Fear will banish unrest.

7. Thou shalt control thy emotion.

The emotions are not to be despised—they without these man is an automaton. But cells and kill the body tissues. Envy, hate, wreck and maim more than all organic diseases. "Psychic murder" you also commit yourself.

8. Thou shalt love. (This is the law of life.)

Love is the great cleanser, the divine fact sweetens life. Love is the essence of civil luminous life's darkest night, speaks peace experiences and makes the desert places to friends, your enemies. Love is not only to love. Live the love-tinctured life and you of a mighty oak in summer's noontide.

9. Thou shalt have faith. (The law of power.)

Faith turns defeat into victory, fear into impossible—we are Gods because we will. We are organized for triumph. We are Therein dwells our secret divinity. Bre- stance and environment, to the source of Believe in yourself, your mission, your plans, the Power behind all objective man- lies. Faith is soul health—faith can cu-

10. Thou shalt work. (The law of achievement.)

Health, happiness and success belong to the paid for. Glory in your work. Work purifies and keeps life sane and whole of Labor. Ring it ye bells of the kirk.

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Parents should install the *Psycho-Meter* in the home for themselves, as well as for the adolescent members of the family, and note the improvement as the weeks go by. No one could possibly use this device without soon starting to realize a radiant and triumphant life.

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How to Operate

1. Commit to memory and put into immediate daily practice the Ten Laws of Practical Psychology.

2. Each night, before going to bed, go to the *PSYCHO-METER*, which may be hung in a convenient place on the wall, and concentrate first on Law 1. Review the day mentally with conscientious care and ask yourself whether you breathed properly all the day thru. If you can honestly answer in the affirmative, turn the movable indicator opposite Law 1 so that it points to 10, the highest score. If you breathed correctly for only half or five-tenths of the day, point the indicator at 5.

Next, concentrate on Laws 2, 3, 4, etc., each in turn, using the same method of self-questioning, and giving yourself an honest score for each Law.

Then add up the ten scores to get your total Daily Score and turn the Daily Score Indicator at the bottom of the *PSYCHO-METER* (center) until it registers 64, 73, or 96, or whatever your total for the day happens to come to.

Leaving the present day's score up until the following day, relax and fall asleep with the auto-suggestion that TOMORROW'S Self Mastery score will BETTER today's!

The *Psycho-Meter* is the invention of an eighteen-year-old boy who made it for his own use and found it so transforming in his own life that he brought it to the attention of Dr. Henry Knight Miller, who is now offering it exclusively to readers of *PSYCHOLOGY Magazine* in a special combination which includes the *Psycho-Meter* and a full year's subscription (new, renewal or extension) to *PSYCHOLOGY Magazine* at \$3.50. The price of the *Psycho-Meter* alone is \$2.00.

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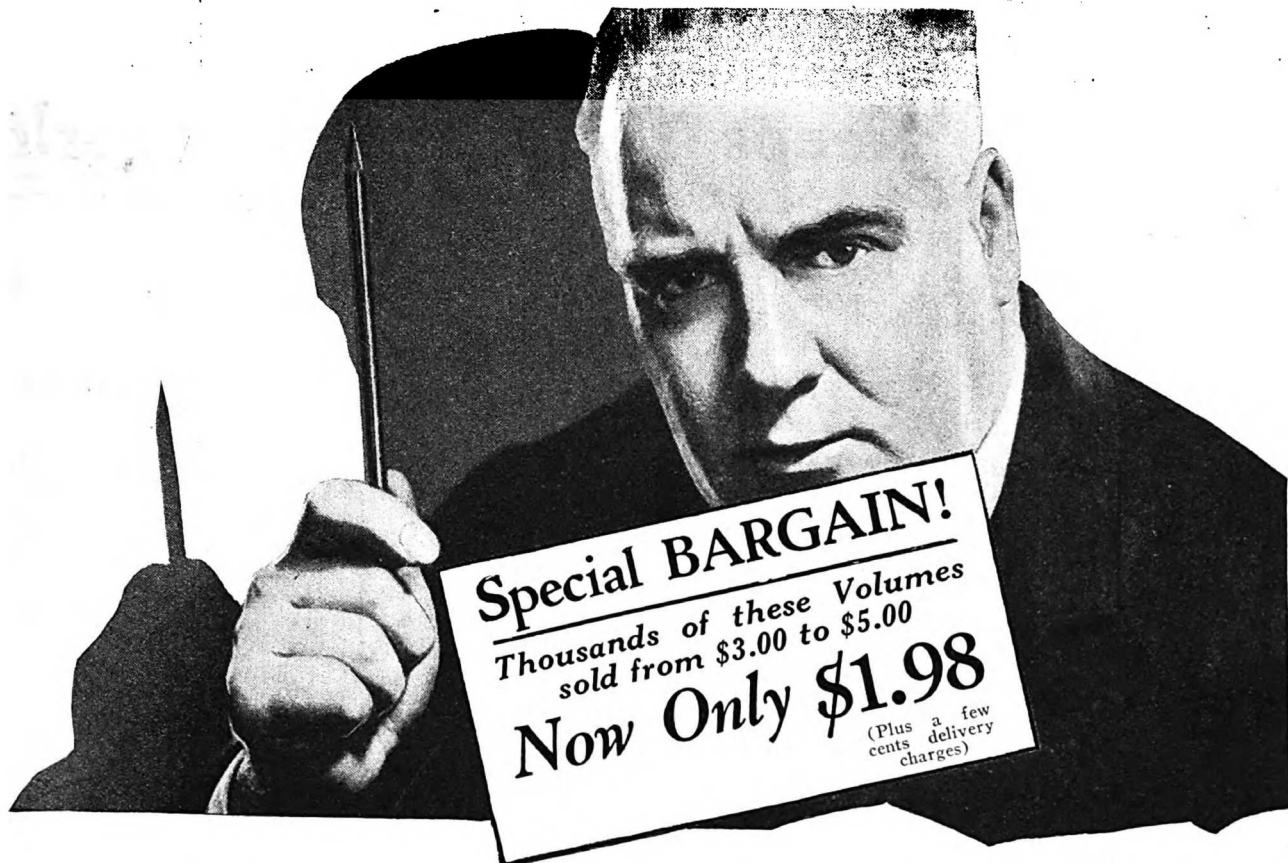
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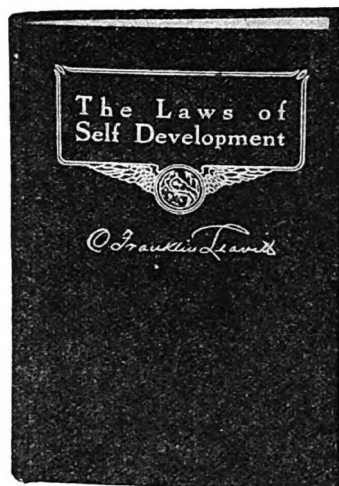
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We want Dr. Henry Knight Miller's enthusiastic readers and boosters, new and old, to take advantage of this opportunity to share with him, the future profits of the magazine thru their participation in this our final offering of the limited number of shares of common stock at the old price of \$10 a share. We feel certain that big profits will be divided, and want you to be right on the spot, getting your share. It should only be a short time now, before this common stock will be placed on the market, and probably offered to the general public at a much higher price.

Regardless of the number of shares you now own and at what price they were purchased, your best interests demand *now*, that you take advantage of this our final public offering of this stock and avoid future regrets. The number of shares available is small, and indications point to a very rapid participation. We therefore advise you to immediately fill out the enclosed application blank, *ACCOMPA-NIED BY YOUR CHECK FOR 25%*—you can pay the balance in four equal remittances—or, should you prefer to pay in full, mail your check with the acceptance blank.

We reserve the right to reduce the number of shares purchased by any clients.

This Special Campaign Ends With This Announcement in the Magazine

Last Offering

(ACCEPTANCE BLANK)

E. A. SPEIER & CO., INC.

Suite 1006,

9 East 46th St., New York, N. Y.

I accept the invitation to buy shares of Common Stock in PSYCHOLOGY at \$10.00 a share.

Enclosed find my check for \$..... in full-payment.
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The Standard Monthly Magazine in the Field of Applied Psychology

PSYCHOLOGY

HEALTH: HAPPINESS: SUCCESS:

PSYCHOLOGY PUBLISHING CO., Inc.

101 WEST 31st STREET

NEW YORK CITY

April 8, 1929.

E. A. Speier & Co.,
565—5th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I have your letter of recent date in which you state that some of your clients have requested information as to the progress which PSYCHOLOGY Magazine is making.

I am happy to say that we regard the situation as very bright. Profits for the last four months of 1928 averaged \$5,000 a month net, making these four months the best consecutive months in the history of our magazine.

The February issue contained \$14,000 of advertising, which made it the best issue from an advertising standpoint we have ever put out. A comparison for the four months of 1929 as against the first four months of 1928 shows a net increase in advertising revenue for the 1929 period of \$17,241.17.

There is a healthy increase in our news-stand sales quite generally throughout the country.

We are planning to send out in the neighborhood of a million circulars to prospective subscribers each month and to continue this circularization campaign until we have secured at least 100,000 additional readers, thus doubling our circulation and getting the magazine into major profits, and justifying my prediction that with 200,000 circulation our profits would be approximately \$250,000 a year, thus placing a market value on our common stock of \$25.00 per share.

As soon as we have reached this state we will apply for the listing of our stock on one of the New York markets so that shareholders who for any reason find it necessary to part with their holdings will be able to do so without delay.

Trusting this will give your client the desired information, I am, Sincerely yours,

HENRY K. MILLER



The Library of Columbia University.

The Tragedy of a College Education

By Robert Engler

WHO has not seen the Harvard graduate toss mental growth to the discard when he doffs his cap and gown? The story goes the rounds in the South of a Vanderbilt graduate who propels a peanut stand thru the streets of Nashville. College is a positive tragedy in the lives of many men, a bitter and costly tragedy.

The lack of a college education to the non-college man is not always the real handicap. Feeling inferior to those he looks upon as his more fortunate fellows is the rub. A college education is not the thing that shackles the owner of the sheep-skin. His struggles for success are often strangled by an unwarranted sense of superiority.

Men who never sat inside college walls are among the most learned and best informed. Men who boast several University degrees are

frequently helpless and without color. One very learned man holds the lack of a diploma the tragedy of his life. Nothing convinces him that he is more cultured than many college men. This inferiority complex is his keenest incentive. He keeps on keeping on; ever filling his mind with finer things.

Which is the more fortunate: the non-college man who all his life pursues paths of knowledge; or the self-sufficient son of college who lays down his books when he takes up his workaday life; who sees no further need to enrich his mind; who builds no great structure of culture on the mere outlines of knowledge come by in school days?

It works both ways. A college education may be a tragedy to the man who lugs one or the man who lacks one. Get one if you can—but avoid letting it make a mess of you in either case.



One of the buildings on the campus of Princeton University.



Just 15 Minutes a Day

What it will mean to you is told in the **FREE BOOKLET** below

HERE are two men of equal position and business income. Which of them represents you?

They read about the same number of hours each week. But one has no plan for his reading; at the end of the year he has little or nothing to show.

The other talks like a man who has traveled widely, though he has never been outside of the United States.

He knows something of science, though he had to stop school at fifteen. He is at home with history, and the best biographies, and the really great dramas and essays. Older men like to talk to him because he has somehow gained the rare gift of thinking clearly and talking interestingly.

What's the secret of his mental growth? How can a man in a few minutes of pleasant reading each day gain so much?

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, from his lifetime of reading, study,

and teaching, forty years of it as President of Harvard University, answered that question in a free booklet that you can have for the asking.

"For me," wrote one man who had sent in the coupon, "your little free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me, besides, the way to a vast new world of pleasure." This free booklet describes the contents, plan and purpose of

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

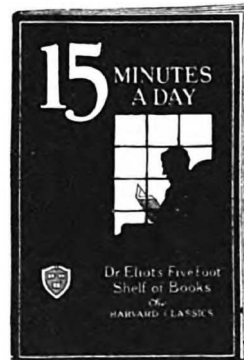
Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about this famous library.

The free booklet tells about it—how Dr. Eliot put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal

education," how he so arranged it that even "fifteen minutes a day" are enough, how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.

Every reader of this magazine is invited to have a copy of this entertaining book. It is free, will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any sort. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to-day.

This Free Booklet gives
Dr. Eliot's own plan
of reading



P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

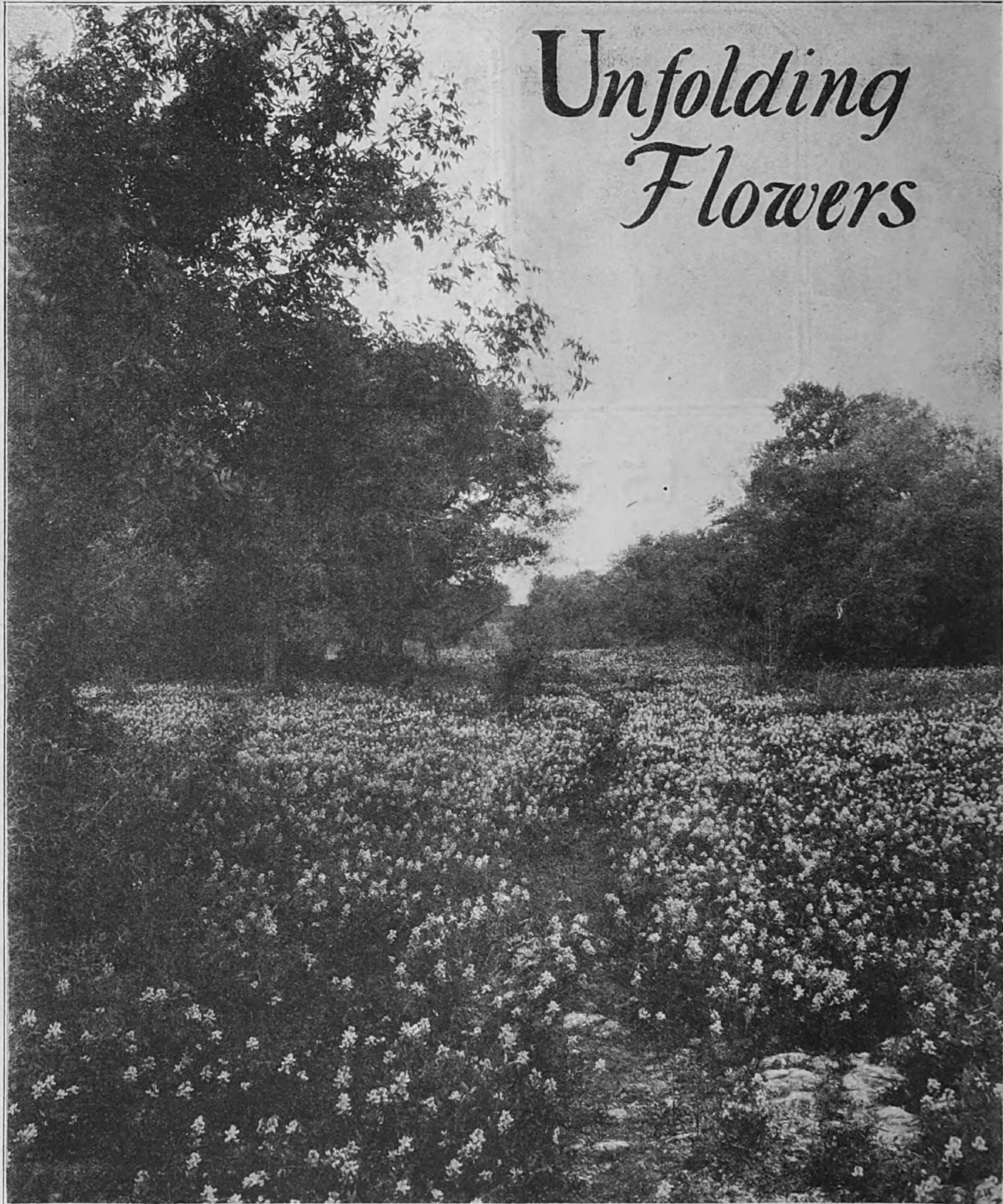
Name { Mr. _____
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7061-HCC



Unfolding Flowers



"**W**HEREVER we strayed, the same tranquil leisure enfolded us; day followed day in an order unbroken and peaceful as the unfolding of the flowers and the silent march of the stars. Time no longer ran like the few sands in a delicate hour-glass held by a fragile human hand, but like a majestic river fed by fathomless seas We gave ourselves up to the sweetness of that unmeasured life, without thought of yesterday or to-morrow; we drank the cup to-day held to our lips, and knew that so long as we were athirst that draught would not be denied us."

HAMILTON W. MABIE: *Under the Trees.*

UNTO THEE I GRANT

If someone were to formally present you with a document granting you a **NEW LIFE**—a **NEW START**, a chance to make good, and a few simple rules to make your dreams become facts—would **YOU** accept? Of course you would. Although life does not owe you success, **YOU** owe it to yourself. You have struggled daily with obstacles of home and business, and have tried, thought, and planned, all without avail. Perhaps you are not asking for luxuries, **BUT** you are **ENTITLED TO** freedom from debt, worry, and **PEACE OF MIND**.

YOUR INHERITANCE

You do not need an X-ray to show you that there is some force working **WITHIN YOU**—something that does the **RIGHT THING** at the **RIGHT TIME**. Call it a hunch, or intuition, it is there, and it is your Divine inheritance. It is the **REAL YOU**, the subconscious power lying asleep within. Occasionally it advises you and pushes you ahead. Just think what a mighty factor for success you would control, if you understood this great power. **REALIZE NOW** that you can use it and make it work for you.

The sun always rises in the east. A kernel of corn always brings forth corn, not rye—these are dependable laws of Nature. The psychic faculties within you are just as dependable. Is it worth an hour's time once a week, spent in reading, to find your place in the great scheme of things? Remember, a few simple rules can unfold the reserve power of your inner self.

FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

The teachings of the Rosicrucians, mentioned for centuries by all of the great writers of various times, have helped sincere students to make miracles out of their personal affairs. If you can give a few minutes each day to the study and application of principles that will bring you untold happiness, then you are ready to receive this most profound knowledge of life that has come down through the ages. Write a personal letter (not a postcard) and ask for a copy of the free book called "The Light of Egypt," which will explain the wonderful aid extended by the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. No books will be offered for sale. Address your letter carefully as follows:

LIBRARIAN O. C.

San Jose

(AMORC)—Rosicrucian Order

California

Come—Study, Live and Play with Us

A Chat with the Editor

Henry Knight Miller

THE thrill of anticipation already stirs several million children and young folks. School will shortly close and the summer vacation begin. There will be relaxation from routine duties and repressive discipline.

On the other hand, tens of thousands of more mature students are awaiting the opening of various summer schools, where their hunger for knowledge may to some extent be satisfied.

Other millions who labor in the busy marts of industry are already considering the claims of rival resorts in an effort to find an ideal place to spend their vacation.

To all students of Psychology the founding of a new cultural center on the summit of historic Lookout Mountain, which will include all of the best in both Vacation Resort and Summer School, will prove an event of momentous interest.

AMERICA'S FOREMOST PSYCHOLOGISTS

THE personnel of faculty and lecturers include some of the foremost psychologists in America. Dr. William McDougall, who was successor to William James at Harvard and is now Professor of Psychology at Duke University, one of the outstanding psychologists in the world, will deliver a series of lectures.

Dr. Donald Laird, who, with his experimental laboratories at Colgate University has stirred the scientific world with his findings, will lecture, revealing thru stereopticon slides the methods of his Colgate research work.

Dr. Joseph Jastrow, formerly Professor of Psychology at the University of Wisconsin and ex-president of the American Psychological Association, is expected to be present and give a course of lectures.

Dr. Durant Drake, professor of Philosophy at Vassar College and author of many important books, the most recent, *The New Morality*, will present two courses in Problems of Ethics and Problems of Religion. These courses alone would well prove a revelation to all whose privilege it may be to take them. When the writer was

an undergraduate at Wesleyan University Dr. Drake was on the faculty, and these courses of Dr. Drake's more profoundly influenced his thinking than all his other courses combined in his collegiate studies.

Henry Gaines Hawn, prominent dramatic coach, who has trained many of America's leading actors, ministers, lawyers and readers, will give invaluable instruction in the art of public speech.

Hon. Daniel A. Simmons, Judge of the Circuit Court in Florida, whose "Realization System" has been studied by over a hundred thousand students, will lecture on Christian Psychology.

The Editor of PSYCHOLOGY Magazine will offer a course of lessons in Practical Psychology. Thousands have testified that this course has transformed their entire lives.

Alfred J. Fox, M.D., who since the death of Boris Sidis and Quackenbos is probably the leading practitioner of hypnotic therapy in America, will deliver a series of lectures and healing demonstrations. He will also be available for individual treatments.

Dr. Arthur Howland, Managing Editor of PSYCHOLOGY, formerly Professor at DePauw University, will present courses in Psycho-analysis and Psychology of Sex, in both of which fields he has carried on extensive research.

FOOD FOR SOUL, MIND AND BODY

COURSES in Business Administration, Industrial Efficiency and Salesmanship will be offered by Lawrence W. Rogers, of the College of the City of New York faculty.

Corrective exercise and recreation will be conducted under the direction of Sophia W. Milthack, graduate of the Mensendieck System, an internationally famous system of Physical Culture, thru which beautiful, healthy and graceful bodies are developed.

Miss Mary Noles, dietitian at New York University Cafeteria, will supervise menus and give advice on diet.

This summer conference will be held for one month, starting July 1st. There will be classes five days a

week and evening lectures, entertainments, recitals and moving pictures. A Music School, conducted by Ferdinand Dunkley of the Woman's College of Alabama, will offer its facilities to our students. There is also an artists' colony located at Vagabondia River Park, and our students will have an opportunity of meeting and studying the work of these interesting folks.

Think of spending a month with these great leaders of thought, studying from various angles the great dynamic Science of Human Life, and at the same time combine with cultural activities, care-free play and stimulating companionship.

To spend a month with these great scholars and teachers, studying various phases of the most fascinating and productive of all sciences, would seem the supreme privilege of a lifetime. To absorb something of their collective knowledge and go forth to live a larger, freer, happier life is an opportunity which would seem to justify almost any sacrifice.

But that is not all. If the school were being held in New York, Boston, Chicago or some other great city, it would still be of priceless value, but its greatest lure would be lacking. Think of an isolated Mountain Paradise, primeval and picturesque, far removed from the artificiality and restraint of city life, where one can not only sit at the feet of these masters and learn but come to know them in care-free, happy hours of comradeship.

River Park, the gorgeous mountain retreat of Colonel and Mrs. Milford W. Howard, is six miles from Mentone, Alabama, on top of historic Lookout Mountain. Colonel Howard is an ex-Congressman, writer of note and an orator of no mean ability. Mrs. Howard is herself a writer and lecturer and before her marriage was a social worker among the mountaineers of the Southland. They are a gracious and noble couple whose rustic mountain and forest retreat is satu-

rated with their own superb and beautiful spirit.

Mrs. Howard, who is known as "Lady Vivian" at River Park, writes in one of her letters describing the glories of her mountain estate. "It has an indescribable charm that cannot be put into words—one has to come under the spell of its enchantment to experience the peace, relaxation and joy that delights the soul of every comer. Then, too, there is a spirit of hospitality at Alpine Lodge that cheers and blesses with a sweetness of simplicity and naturalness seldom found out in the ultra-modern world. It is refreshing to jaded nerves. It is a haven of rest and renewing for many and inspiring to all."

In addition to the serious business of the school, there will be abundant recreational features which will make this a vacation never to be forgotten. Swimming in the clear, cool mountain streams that flow musically thru the retreat; horseback riding thru mountain trails of indescribable beauty and inspiring primeval richness; hikes and mountain-climbing; fishing; games; organized exercises of the Mensendieck System; sunbaths in the glorious freedom of the open air, far removed from the intrusion of morbid and vulgar eyes which makes this most beneficial of all nature therapies prohibitive at the average resort, camp-fire discussions where life's deep problems will be earnestly and

frankly discussed amid the crackling of burning embers, rippling waters, murmuring trees and thrilling closeness to the throbbing heart of Mother Nature.

Thousands should want to "come, study, live and play" with us in this Southern Eden. Only about one hundred can be accommodated. The first to enroll will be those who will be certain to share in the rich feast that the "Lookout Mountain Summer School" offers.

The editor will be pleased to hear from his thousands of warm friends and know their reaction to this innovation.



Rainbow Basin, the picturesque setting of Mountain Alpine Lodge.

Broadway Crosses the Hudson

*An Appraisal of
Christopher Morley*

By
James R. Crowell



Christopher Morley. (Right) The curtain on the inside of the Rialto Theatre which the crowds at "After Dark" see nightly. The photograph was taken from the second balcony.

IF prizes were being awarded for distinguished and meritorious service in the cause of psychology, I should seize this opportunity to present for consideration of the judges a candidature which I am quite sure would otherwise be overlooked. My ticket would be Christopher Morley, Cleon Throckmorton, Conrad Milliken and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. The basis for the nomination would be that these men have not only achieved remarkable results in their first experiment in the science of the mind, but that they have been using as a laboratory the last place in the world one would have thought desirable for such research work. It required prodigious mentality and stupendous foresight to pick on Hoboken.

It seems to me especially noteworthy that the brand of psychology used by Mr. Morley and his associates has been of that elemental kind which any person of moderate intelligence understands. Stripped of complex explanations and reduced to terms of garden variety truth, the key to the amazing success of their theatrical venture on "the other side of the Hudson" is that they possessed the faculty to recognize a great psychological moment when it arrived and the shrewdness to take full advantage of it. Scientifically, there is nothing much more basic than the psychological moment. Yet one of the scourges of mankind is that it has



an exceedingly provoking way of eluding us, or better, we of eluding it.

The psychological moment which presented itself was that the world had become fed up with hokum. Morley and his associates realized that we were staggering under a terrific burden of theories and isms and unsound doctrines. A few years ago, undoubtedly the aftermath of the war, somebody had the idea that what the United States needed was not a good five-cent cigar, as the late Vice-President Marshall had put it, but an abstruse, complicated platform of life, utterly different from what we had always known. Highbrowism was in the ascendancy. There had been a major cataclysm—the war. People were talking about how different it had made us. The course of human events had been altered; the simple truths of the past were no longer good enough.

Christopher Morley—to speak collectively of the quartet—sensed the situation which a series of abnormal happenings had forced upon the public. It impressed him as being artificial and unenduring. The market was glutted with a new kind of literature—did it spring from a genuine demand or was it a passing vogue? A new school of human problems had crept into the theatre—was it something the people really desired or something being put across by the sponsors of it? Was it true that mankind had changed so violently in a brief span from what it had been for millions of years?

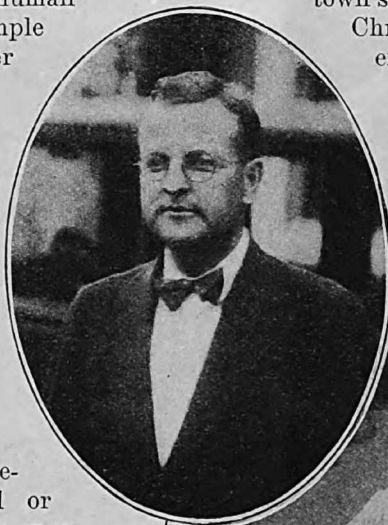
Morley thought not. It seemed to him

that while customs are plastic and readily changed, people are more disposed to remain stationary. He doubted there had been the violent upheaval which appeared on the surface. The history of the expansion of intelligence and culture is that the transformation they bring is after all a pretty thin veneer to the impulses nature has been building for countless centuries. And he believed that people were ready to dispense with the bunk with which they had been sating an abnormal appetite for ten years or so.

Standing within the shadow of the city that personifies the high pressure tendencies of recent times, Hoboken strikes one as an exceptionally primitive sort of place. It was there, in a rendezvous typical of the town's plain and unspoiled character, that I sat with Christopher Morley recently and listened to him explain how he and his three partners had performed the miracle of transplanting the glory of Broadway to this community.

I was glad the subject had come up for discussion there, rather than on the other side of the river.

James R. Crowell



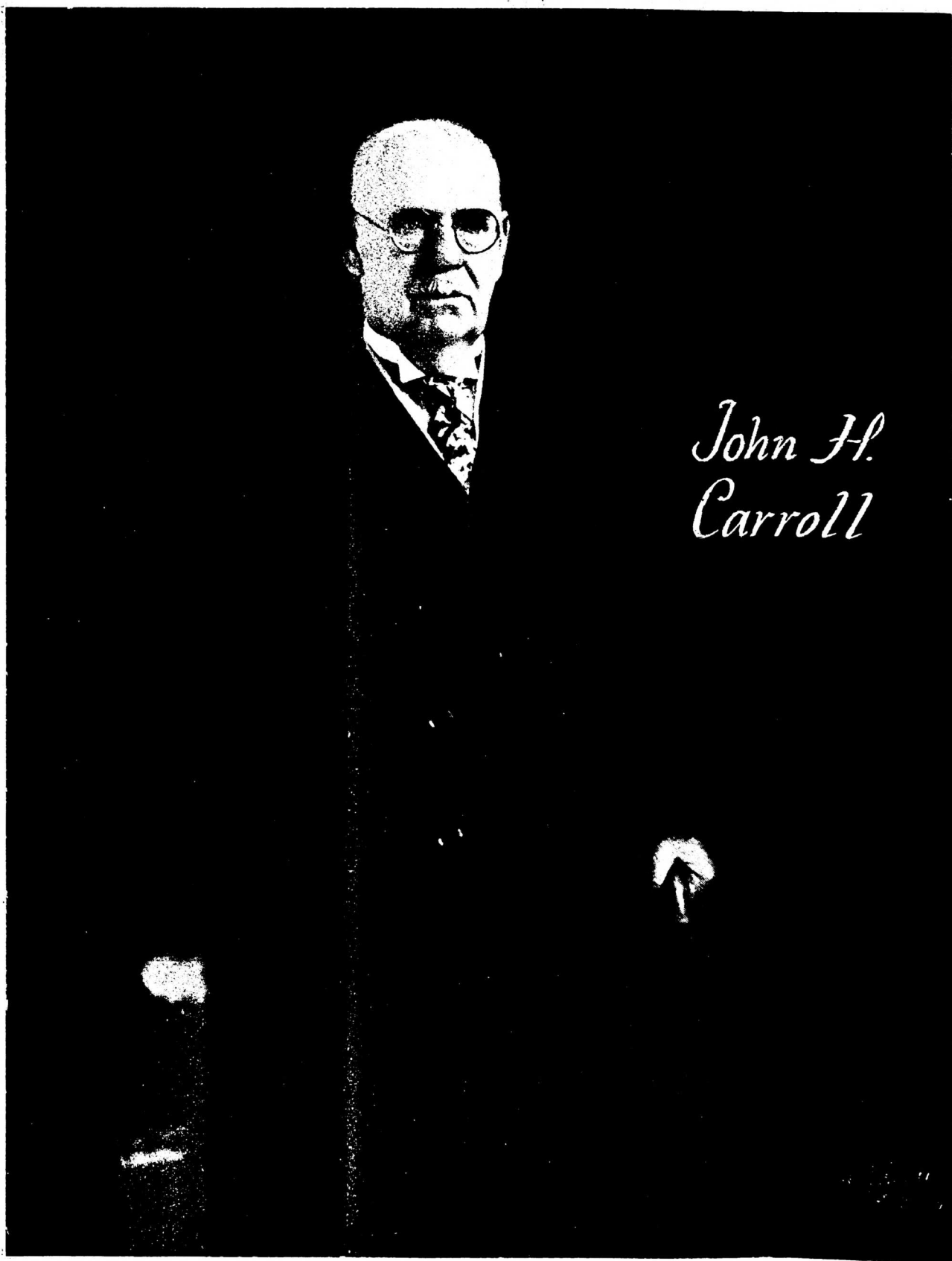
A scene from "The Black Crook."



Fashionable Broadwayites flock to Hoboken.

It gave a touch of realism which would have been hard to understand with the lights of Broadway flashing before your eyes.

"The story of the adventure is quite simple," said the man, who overnight has developed into one of the most talked of theatrical producers in the world. "We had an (Cont'd on page 64)



From Dry-Goods Box to Palace

*In Spite of Life's Greatest Handicap
(the Story of John H. Carroll)*

By Beatrice Stevenson

HOW does it feel to live from the time you are five till you are thirty-five, not knowing who your parents were?

Suppose one day some mysterious force had unexpectedly taken your mother from you, which implied desertion, would you have held her blameless thru the years?

What are the sentiments which an adopted child cherishes toward good foster parents?

These were some of the questions we were eager to put to John H. Carroll, a prominent lawyer of Washington, D. C., a man of wealth, position, distinction, possessing family happiness and a host of near and dear friends.

Yet Johnny Carroll, as he called himself, was left homeless and forlorn when he was only five, and never knew till he was a grown man of thirty-five why fate left him to begin life under the handicap of a deserted child.

But let us tell the story from the beginning. The father of this little tot was a soldier in the Union Army. His wife's people were called "Copperheads," that is Southern sympathizers in the North. The husband became wounded and his wife was to join him as he lay in a Kentucky hospital. She took Johnny, and in passing thru Cincinnati, stopped at a modest hostelry called "The Indiana House." The next morning she left the five-year-old in the hotel waiting room and evidently went to get railroad tickets. *She never returned.*

"All I remember," says Colonel Carroll, who reluctantly gives the details of his past, "is that I was in a big city and mother left me, promising to return soon. When I found myself all alone I got acquainted with a boy about two years older, named George Wilson, who took me in charge. For the next year and a half I lived with him in a dry-goods box near where the Sinton Hotel now stands!"

The waifs, in the stress of war, were as leaves in a

storm. No one heeded them. George Wilson, resilient, self-reliant, foreseeing, planned their way, largely, as became a man of seven and then eight years old. He managed to get a bootblack's kit for his young partner. Two couldn't sell papers in the same neighborhood, but one could sell papers and one could blacken shoes. They pooled their profits and had enough to eat, mostly, tho when the days were wet and the streets were filled with slush or mud, Johnny's earnings were scanty. But on fine sunshiny days in spring and summer, and even winter, the little fellow reaped a harvest from staid respectability and young bloods. He went about his work in a business-like manner which satisfied his clients.

If the boys were crowded in their alley house it was not such a bad thing in winter. Johnny soon learned the warmth there is in newspapers. Of these, and of the gunnysacks they had gathered, they made their shelter, and snuggled close when the nights were cold and snow and sleet drove down upon their tiny roof. They learned, of course, something of each other's histories. George Wilson was grave and responsible. Sometimes he worried about church. The parents of the little waif had been religious. He was, too, in his groping way.

December arrived and with it Christmas. The youngsters applied themselves to a general cleaning-up process. With their faces shining from the evening's scouring, they attended the festal celebration at a Sunday school, concerning which George had read in the papers which he carried. There was the Christmas tree gleaming with candle light and fancy festoons, and dowered with gifts wrapped in packages. Before it sat the children, eager-faced, wide-eyed in wonder at its beauty, and a round and merry Santa Claus twinkled his eyes behind great white whiskers. George and John had heard the Bible story of the Babe in Bethlehem's stable and the shepherds and the kings, so they felt at home and happy when all joined in singing hymns and

carols. Then Santa Claus began to hand out the gifts to those who were the children of that Sunday school. And one by one old Santa passed the packages across—to others. With sinking hearts two little boys left the party empty-handed.

"Do you suppose old Santy made a mistake?" asked tearful Johnny. "Do you s'pose he couldn't read?"

"But that wasn't Santa Claus," protested George bravely. "That was just somebody dressed up, maybe the preacher. Santa couldn't have stayed there that long, for he's got to get around everywhere."

"And will he come to us?"

"Sure he will."

"But we ain't got no chimney to our house."

"He can get in. He never forgets good boys that hang up their stockings, and we've been good."

So Johnny Carroll, lacking a stocking, hung up his shoe at the opening of the dry-goods box. He wrapped his naked foot in some paper. It grew cold and stabbed with pain. He never said a word, and it numbed itself to sleep.

When Johnny awoke he had a frozen foot, and his empty shoe hung outside the old box. Santa had failed him. It was almost as bad as when his mother did not come back. Almost, but not quite. He didn't cry, for he was now a man of six! They did what they could for the foot. George rubbed it with snow, as he had seen men do with frost-bitten ears. It hurt a lot, but there was no crying. It got better for a time, and then with spring got worse again as the frost came out of the ground. Because Johnny could not walk, George had to make the living for both. He slung the bootblack kit across his shoulders when he went out to sell his papers. Sometimes the foot would be a little better and then Johnny would hobble out. On one such day, in early spring, the foot ached and throbbed with stabbing pain. Try as he would not to, the little waif must cry. A tall, grave, solemn man, with kindly face, came by and saw him.

"Why is thee crying, my son?"

"My foot is froze."

"Why does thee not go home to thy father and mother?"

"I ain't got none."

So Johnny Carroll told his story to this man who asked so many questions, and who chanced to be Murray Shipley of the firm of Shipley, Hoover and Company, one of Cincinnati's leading business houses. After the boy had told it the grave Quaker said:

"Come with me, my son." In that way Johnny came to the new Children's Home which Mr. Shipley had just founded and in which as yet only four girls were residents. And George also was not forgotten, for the charity of the Friends extended even "unto the least of these."

Altho John was placed at several different farms during the next few years, he nevertheless loved the Home better than private life as he saw it in those various households. He ran away each time, until the final good fortune came which influenced his life constructively.

A whole carload of these charity children was taken out to certain Quaker homes in Morgan County, Indiana, and George Wilson numbered himself among those included with little Johnny Carroll. The custom was to assemble the children on First Day among the Friends at their meeting, and on Second Day for picking of candidates for private homes.

"All the children were chosen except the girl first in the Children's Home, and myself," says Colonel Carroll. "We were thinking we'd have to go back to Cincinnati

after all, when something unexpected happened to me on the farm of Thomas E. Hadley whose property adjoined the Monrovia Quaker Meeting House. As I was sitting on the stairs, that kind man noticed me crying and inquired the reason. On learning it was because of disappointment that I had not found a home (it was the sting of not being wanted that hurt), Thomas Hadley put his arm around me and said:

"Thee shall not want a home evermore!"

Johnny was now ten years old and he had a place to call his own, with kind and loving foster father and mother and their children. What were his feelings then? He cannot repeat those words of Hadley without tears in his eyes today, as the memory of that well-spring of gratitude comes back to him. To be adopted into a good home means to

a friendless child a haven of refuge and protection, such as children in normal homes little know of. He who reads of the forlorn boys in stories by Dickens realizes something of the pathos which often permeates the lives of little people placed in obscure and humble walks of life.

Yet in his satisfaction over his foster home, was Johnny forgetting his own mother, who had seemingly deserted him?

"That thought always troubled me," says Colonel Carroll. "Did my mother *desert* me? Upon that point hung so much of honor and (*Continued on page 77*)

A Prayer for Beauty

By ANNA M. PRIESTLEY

In The Churchman

GIVE me, O Lord, a little bit of beauty
To lift my eyes to when my tired brain
Turns for a moment from the day's
endeavors,
Or when my body seeks release from pain.

Give me a glimpse of snowy mountain
splendor
Or leafy coolness in the noonday heat,
The sound of waters for my soul's refreshing,
From din and tumult some calm, close retreat.

Give me, in moments when all life seems
bitter,
A store of tender memories at my call;
Or, if my mind be weary past remembering,
Give me at least a picture on the wall.

Rodolla

The Story of a Dream and an Awakening

By
Ray Merrill

THE vision of her haunted him day and night. Her perfumed presence was ever by his side. His every waking moment was spent in a rapturous adoration of her mystic beauty. In his dreams he sped with her to distant planets and there in her amorous embraces whiled away the enchanted hours of night. There he lingered beside her, listening to a song of Egypt; to a song of love, when love was an art as well as a passion.

He sought this imaginative creature day after day, night after night, until finally she had become a glorious personality, a thing apart from his own being, an embodiment of all things beautiful. It was then that he named her . . . Rodolla . . . his phantom mate—glorious Rodolla.

Fame and wealth meant nothing. Distinguished persons who sought him out to sit for their portraits before his easel were turned away. He had no time

*Every effort
to transfer
her dream
image to his
c a n v a s
ended in dis-
appointment.*

Illustrations by L. Kimmel

to give to portrait painting while his soul was being summoned to worship at the altar of Rodolla.

Time after time he tried to make her dream image so vivid that he could transfer it to his canvas. But every effort he made to paint her ended in disappointment. The attempt seemed an act of sacrilege.

In the waking of the morning he saw her image carved in the new day. He saw her charms reflected

20
in the flowers, the sun, the stars. Everything that his eye beheld reminded him of Rodolla.

It was not until his imagination had created Rodolla that he felt the quickening of love. His whole soul was now craving for an earthly body for this creature of fantasy.

Years passed. The once famous artist was in poverty. Wealthy people no longer sought him out to have their portraits painted. He did not care, for his soul still hungered for Rodolla.

His desire to converse with others was gone. Thoughts of food became repulsive to him. He would be sustained by his love for Rodolla. People heard him muttering to himself when he passed them on the streets, and they solemnly shook their heads. He took no notice of them, for was he not with Rodolla in some far away place; beside some enchanted pool, hungrily admiring her perfect form as she poised on the daisy-lined bank? He saw her leap like a frightened fawn high in the air, hover for an instant and then with the grace of a bird in flight, plunge into the crystal water. What did he care for reality when he could steal away and feast his eyes on the sublime beauty of Rodolla?

One day he fell on the streets; he had fainted for lack of food. The city ambulance took him away and a doctor ordered him taken to an asylum. But he did not care; they were crucifying him for his love for Rodolla. In his resurrection he would find her.

The doctors at the asylum examined him, asking questions that made his face burn. He answered very guardedly. He felt angry that they were making his beautiful Rodolla into mere imagination and what was more blasphemous, he heard one doctor say that his fancy of Rodolla was really based on a physical sex craving. The blood rushed to his head. He could have murdered this man who had dared to defile his virtuous Rodolla.

For only one instant had his love for Rodolla wavered. That was when he stood before the board of doctors who had torn into his soul unmercifully, seeking every nook and corner of his being; who, when they had beheld Rodolla, identified her with brute desire.

He was ashamed of that moment of perfidy now that he had left their presence. He must be true to her, for he alone had the right to see her heavenly beauty and he felt pity for those doctors who had not the eyes to see her in her crystalline perfection.

He knew now that people were crucifying him for his love, for did they not lock him behind barred doors and take away his liberty? But no power on earth could separate him from his Rodolla. No punishment nor torture that humans could devise could kill his love for pure Rodolla, his glorious, heaven-born mate.

In a ward with a hundred other men he made his home. He was treated kindly and fed well. In the mornings he was sent out to plant and cultivate flowers. At first he suffered physical torture, for his muscles were soft and his hands blistered easily. The monotony of the life bored him, but he had Rodolla. True, she did not come to him with the vividness of her former appearances, but he could hardly blame her. He felt selfish that he should even think of wanting her to defile herself by coming to a place where the stench of many men living together would offend her nostrils, or where the lurid curses of men would fall on her

delicate ears. Yet he sought her, as always. But her image was vague; her personality was diminishing.

Being brought into constant contact with growing things, he began to feel an interest in them and look forward to going out to work each morning. He came to know the joyful surprise of seeing a barren plot of soil spring into full bloom, almost overnight, under the wistful call of a warm spring rain. He felt a maternal love for a sickly plant that had miraculously lived thru a bitter winter and then under the warm rays of the spring's sunlight burst into a brilliant shower of fragrant flowers.

In a way these flowers reminded him of Rodolla. But it was strange that her visits were becoming rare. Perhaps, he thought, it was his fault, for he was tired when he came in from the day's work, and instead of seeking her, would fall into a sound sleep. Then, too, he thought, she might be jealous of his love for the garden.

To the extent that his interest grew in the flowers, to that extent he began to forget Rodolla, his creature of fancy. Occasionally he thought of her and wondered why he never felt the nearness of her presence as he did before coming to the asylum. Her personality, once possessing the reality of a physical object, was now like a half-forgotten dream.

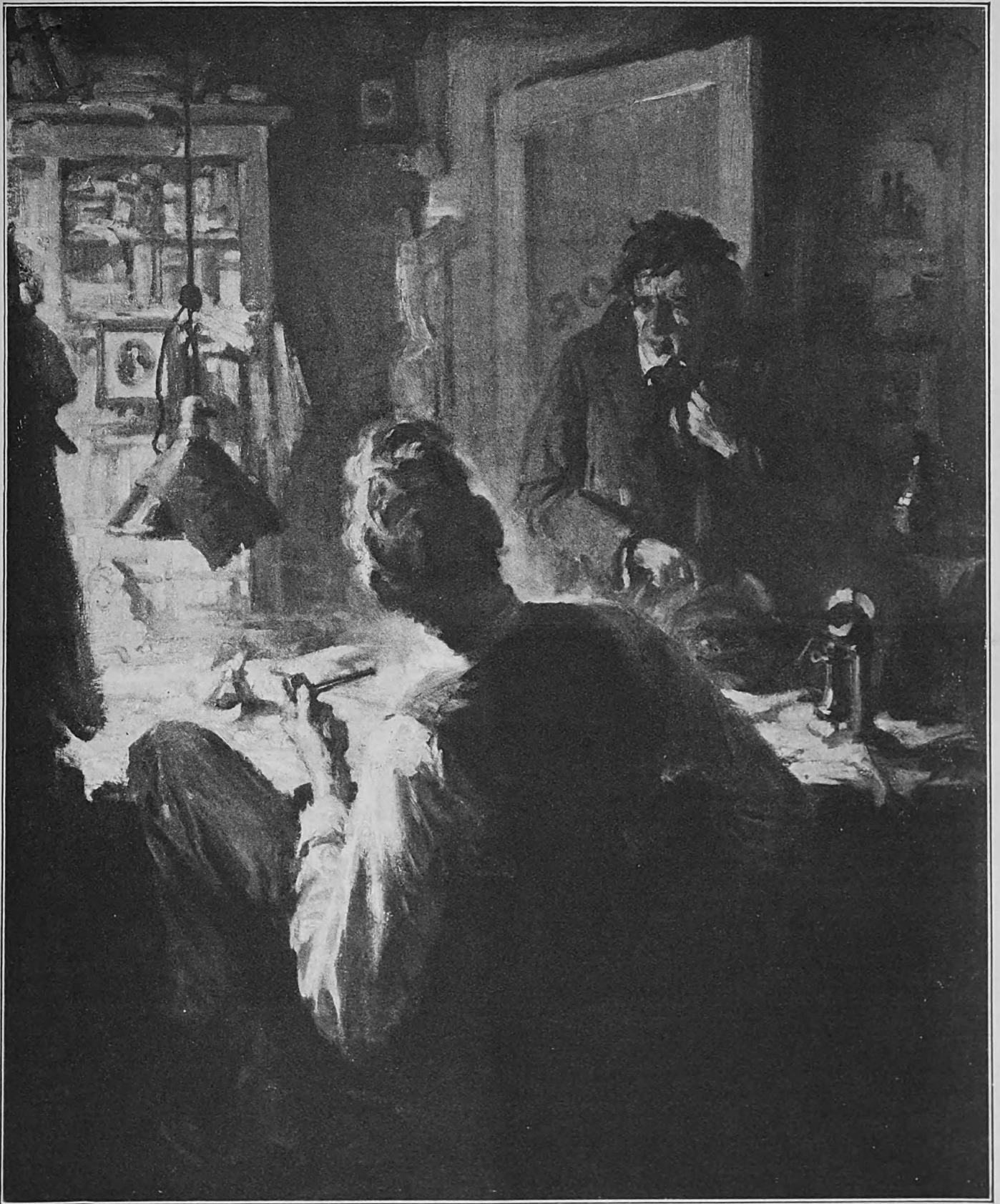
ONE day he was presented to the board of physicians and was surprised when they handed him his discharge. He was supremely happy, for he believed that in his liberty he could find Rodolla again. It was this thought that instantly swept aside bitter memories of the years he had spent in confinement, working like a day-laborer. The only pleasant memories he retained of the asylum were those of the flower garden, but even these were forgotten in his impatient desire to meet Rodolla again in his world of fantasy.

Ten days of idling around the city consumed the money that had been given him at the time of his discharge. Instead of trying to find work, he had spent the time in trying to re-create Rodolla. Several times he felt the warmth of her as on her former spirit visits, but she only lingered for a moment, then hastily departed. He felt keenly disappointed and tears came in his eyes. Whenever he would try to create her in his mind, there would come thoughts of those flowers he had planted, and he wondered if they were being properly cared for. He felt a slight resentment against the flowers, for he believed they were keeping Rodolla from him.

It was icy winter now and he began to feel the cold as it swept thru his thin clothing. He had not eaten for three days, and he felt guilty that he had not looked for work before his money ran out. He must find work immediately or else he would starve, possibly even freeze to death during the night.

For the first time in years he thought of his talent for painting. Strange that he had not thought of it before. Of course, people would not know him now; he had grown thin, and a week's growth of beard covered his face.

Pangs of hunger were cutting him. He must either find work or beg. The latter he could not do. He would rather starve to death. Where was Rodolla, she with her magnificent beauty?



The editor was surprised when this half-starved, unkempt man asked for a chance at the vacant position.

In his wanderings he passed a newspaper office and found himself glancing over a "Help Wanted" sign, posted in the window. His glance lingered for a moment on the line that read "Comic Artist Wanted." His soul shuddered at the possibility of being forced to draw comic pictures and grotesque cartoons. What

a contrast between work like that and the portraits that had once brought him fame and wealth!

But he must get relief from the hunger pains that were gnawing at his entrails. He slowly passed the newspaper office. No, he would not prostitute his talent to the drawing of raw, (Continued on page 76)



Let's Conquer those Nerves

By
Doris Baker

I KNOW a lot about nerves. For many years they have driven me to tyrannical lengths.

It is only because at last I stand on the mountain-top and can look back with jubilation at the rocky pathway over which I have struggled, with faint hope and troubled sigh, that I am able to write this article, believing, as I do, that it may prove of practical assistance to those countless hundreds who are in bondage to one of the most torturous conditions known to man.

For a much longer time than I like to admit the subject of nervousness has been uppermost in my mind.

I have sought the aid of specialists both in this country and abroad. I have spent months in various sanitariums especially recommended for nervous disorders. I have undergone the usual treatments consisting of baths, massage, diet, exercise and rest. I have turned earnestly and open-mindedly to those religious cults which promise panacea. I have a complete library of well-thumbed volumes, ancient and modern, covering the entire subject of nerves. My book-shelves contain titles from the discourses of Epictetus to Clara Clemens' *Why Be Nervous?*

I have compared symptoms and remedies with every other person I know who has suffered from nerves. I have prayed. I have sworn. I have despaired. Hours upon end I have devised attractive ways and means of committing suicide. I have been afraid. I have been miserable. And always I have been ashamed.

UNTIL finally from the whole method of combat I have arrived at a philosophy of my own which enables me to lead a normal, contented and useful life.

I can not say that I will bring to you a magic mantle that will waft you into rose-tinted heights, but rather will I show you how you may weave for yourself a sturdy, warm overcoat

which will shelter you from tempests within and without.

This, by the way, will be in the nature of a last will and testament to nerves, because one of the first and foremost rules that I have laid down for myself is never to mention or, if possible, think of the word, "nerves," or any of its equivalents.

At the beginning of this article I said that I knew my subject well. Let there be no mistake about that. I had come to the point where the only time I was not nervous was when I was asleep—and Heavens knows those peaceful hours of unconsciousness came seldom enough. I was ridden by a thousand fears. Armies of devils camped on my trail. The giant, Melancholia, hovered ever in my wake. In short, I had all the earmarks of a thoro-going nervous wreck. I, who had been used to dancing half the night thru and arriving at my desk, fine and fit, at seven o'clock in the morning on a large metropolitan daily where for years I served as its chief feature writer, was now afraid of everything and nothing.

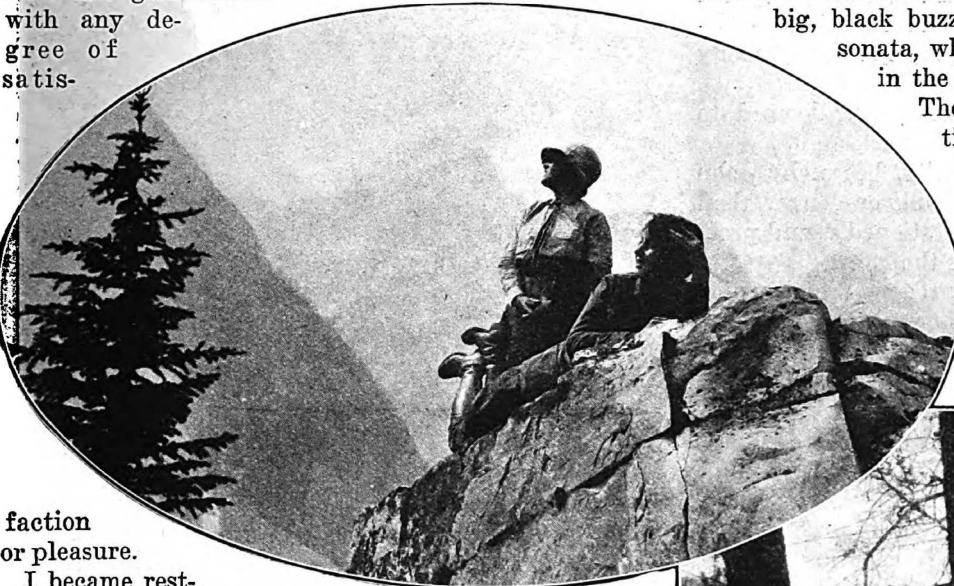
I became panicky in elevators, when in the old days I had been the first girl in my part of the country to go up in an aeroplane and go thru the whole bag of tricks. I became self-conscious at a dinner table with only a few close friends, when I had been accustomed to reading my poems before strange audiences with the utmost confidence and poise. I became fidgety and uncomfortable at a bridge table when I used to sit

without turning a hair thru the most harrowing murder trials and once got a streamer story for my paper by occupying the electric chair at Sing-Sing!

In the theatres I became smothered and obsessed with the idea that I would scream and tear my hair if I did not run away. Where to I did not know because, once outside again, I was equally afraid. I was always wanting to be where I was not. I felt at times as if the only relief I could possibly get would be to start out and run as fast and as hard as I could—and yet a brief stroll left me utterly spent.

Each day the legions of fears and phobias increased. I was afraid of closed places. The very thought of a subway made me tremble from head to foot. I was equally as uncomfortable in the contemplation of too much space! Once an ardent golfer, the idea of getting off somewhere in the middle of the links with nothing but space around me made it impossible for me to go near the golf course

with any degree of satisfaction.



faction or pleasure.

I became restless at home and felt that I was a caged lion in a trap, yet I was afraid to go away. A few hours' train ride left me limp as a rag. My nerves told me that I couldn't be in any place where I couldn't get out! I had a vague idea that I would perhaps sneak to the rear platform in the middle of the night and leap off—perhaps to certain death—tho, for that matter, I was afraid to die!

I couldn't consider motor trips, tho this was one form of recreation from which I had derived a great deal of pleasure when I was a normal human being. My nerves warned me that I couldn't get that far away from help. It was the same thing with boats. A trip to Europe, an event which I had contemplated with ecstasy all of my life, now filled me with unnamable desolation.

After five years of uselessness and grave concern on the part of myself and those whose lives touched mine, I set myself as a warrior to engage in a single-handed combat against my nerves. I realized that I must get the upper hand before they completely mastered me. I was also convinced that what permanent help I would be able to get would have to come entirely from within. I made a few resolutions and was determined to carry them

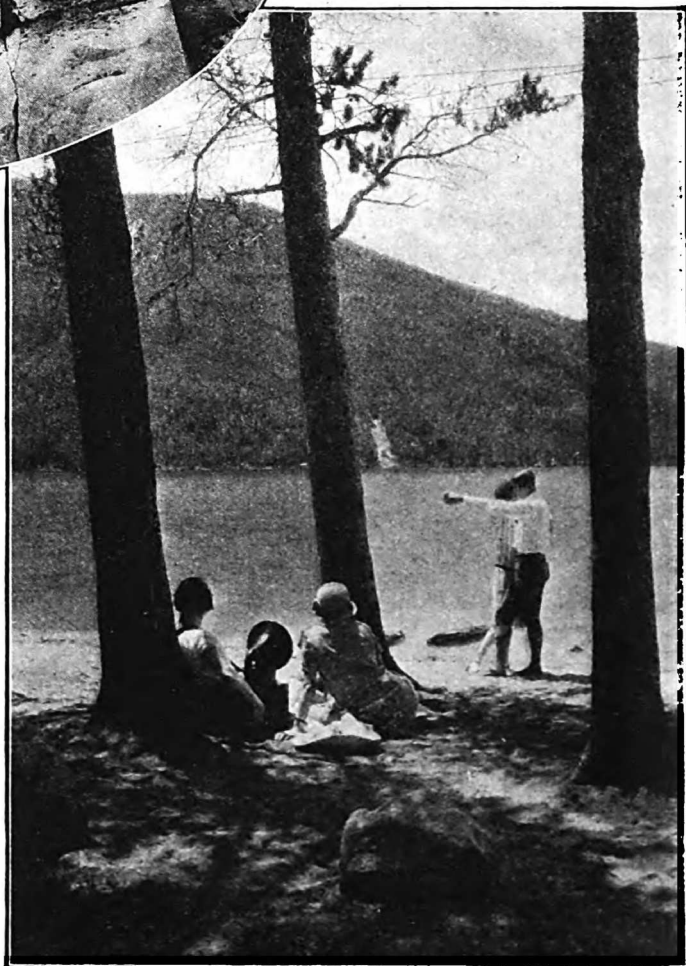
out—come what may. I argued with myself that anything that might happen to me was preferable to pampering my nerves and becoming a hypochondriac.

I would begin by accepting invitations to go wherever I was asked. I would do all the things that made me panicky even to contemplate before.

I never shall forget the first concert I attended after making up my mind to follow this new regime. The pianist, a very fine performer, was in the middle of the hushed adagio movement of Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. I haven't any reason to believe that anyone except me in that entire audience was not soothed and exalted by the pleasing, soulful touch of the artist's fingers upon the keys. But all I wanted to do was to shriek to the top of my voice. First my legs began to twitch. Then my hands became alternately hot and cold. I felt that I was attracting undue attention to myself because one moment I would get into my wrap and the next moment begin to fan. The minutes like big, black buzzards sailed by. Oh, would that sonata, which had been one of my favorites in the old days, never, never end?

Then I recalled my new set of resolutions and I determined then and there to put them into use. I spoke to my tortured senses silently but as one in command.
(Continued on page 71)

I stand on the mountain-top and can look back with jubilation at the rocky pathway over which I struggled.



A Discussion of the Danger of Bringing Down a Family

By
Thomas L. Masson

ENGLISH fiction since the war has been filled with novels showing the decay of families. Galsworthy, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Mackenzie and many others have done it.

Great families, like great nations, are doomed to perish.

In this country the Adams family, begun by John Adams, slowly deteriorated but hung on longer than most. Indeed, Henry Adams if questioned would probably say that it has risen, he being the latest.

Napoleon never produced any progeny worth while.

Solomon, who had unlimited opportunities, never left descendants who set the world on fire.

I know several strictly normal people whose children have been below par. Doubtless so do you.

Some of the greatest men in the world have had half-wits for brothers and sisters: Charles Lamb and Mark Twain, among others.

Sparta had the most definite system of practical eugenics the world has ever seen. Where are the net results?

The descendants of the ancient Egyptians and Arab patriarchs are still going strong—many of them still plowing the fields of Egypt and Palestine, practically



unchanged today. We have forgotten the Spartans, except that in the hill fastnesses of Hellas a few shepherds linger. The Spartans raised their children by system. Both system and children have vanished.

The Aztec civilization of Mexico bids fair to absorb the lingering strains of high-caste Spain.

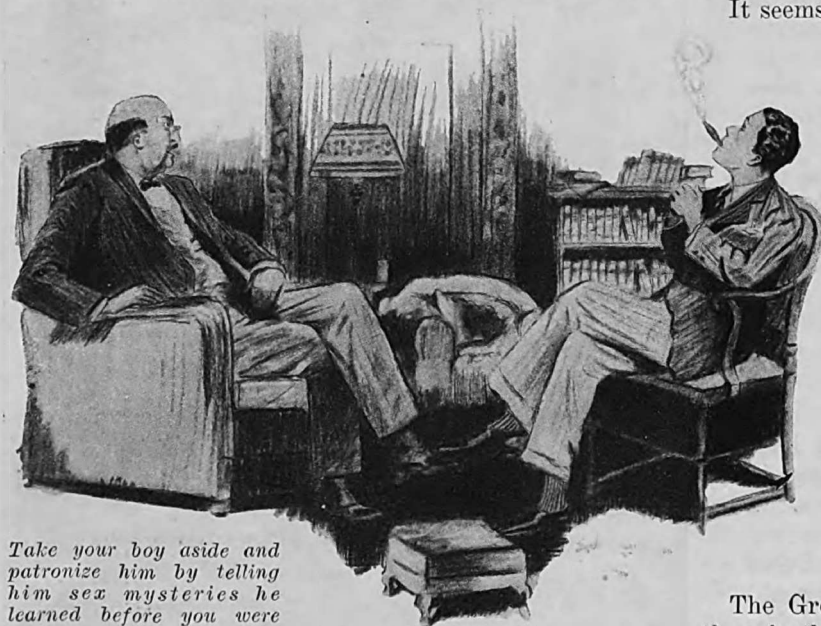
It seems to be true that races which live close to the soil; and have the leisure to think, present the longest line. Thus we have the ancient Egyptians, Burmese, Arabs, Indians, and in particular Chinese, who thru long periods reached the highest development. Still going on.

The Esquimaux, forced to be intensely active fighting the elements and short on food, rapidly perish of disease when brought into lower civilized areas. The American Indian wilted rapidly in the face of Anglo-Saxon thought elements.

Climate counts, but not so much as Mind. Tropical people mature rapidly and die colorlessly, surrounded with color. Their religion is scenic.

The twin conditions which make a stabilized race are first, leisure and second, curiosity; from these sires rise culture.

The Greeks had enormous curiosity, which enabled them in the short space of about 500 years to cover the



Take your boy aside and patronize him by telling him sex mysteries he learned before you were born.

So's Your Old Man!

Illustrations by S. Bransgrove



When you get into a row with your wife, always do it so the children can group themselves in the hall outside and listen in.

entire range of the intellect—architecture, philosophy, science, mathematics, music, comedy. But they had no sense of leisure and exhausted themselves. Paul said they all talked at once.

The Chinese had both leisure and curiosity, and begot tranquility, which is the sire of permanence. Thus they have held out longest.

Remember, the right kind of curiosity is not meddlesome.

If you have the leisure to know and the urge to *think it out*, you are bound to go out beyond the range of the senses (in thought anyway), beyond mere brain exercise and adopt a spiritual faith. The form it takes does not particularly matter. Some of the most advanced rationals of today are essentially mystics. I have said before that Henry Ford is a mystic. The arid abstractions of the higher mathematics lead to the same ultimate tranquility which Lao Tse—one of the world's greatest thinkers—pointed to in *THE BOOK OF THE KING*.

In practical life and census reports we find those who live longest are those who do the most thinking—philosophers, ministers, savants generally—while the manual workers die early.

What has all this to do with bringing up (or down) a family?

Everything.

You can wipe all the problems of today completely off the slate—politics, government, laws, prohibition, sex, war, divorce, crime, newspapers, literature, insanity, etc., and all the rest of the Pandoric brood so long as you leave these three things: LEISURE, CURIOSITY, THOUGHT.

And if you are going to bring up a family successfully, you will succeed only in bringing them down unless—in the right proportion—you have these things.

If you can bring up one family right, you can bring up a million families right.

If you can bring one family down, a hundred million families may also be—and probably eventually will be—brought down.

It is a great error to assume (as so many writers do) that the human brain of today is not at its best. There never was a time when it was any better.

Every day I meet men and women (especially women) who are so smart that I want to have a steam roller iron me out so flat I can hide under the nearest rug to conceal my mortification.

The art of expressing oneself—as developed today—has never before been approached in such perfection. It's the limit. You cannot throw a doughnut out of the window without hitting a super-salesman.

It is true that some recent memoirs are masterpieces of mediocrity and that hack-writing flourishes like a forest of green bay trees.

But the highest craftsmanship in any department of thought is always flanked with failures. One supreme wit will be tagged by a flock of bromides and bores. Greece produced four or five comedies and during that period fragments of 800 others have been discovered. The number of obscure dramatists who wrote plays contemporaneous with Shakespeare is staggering.

Ring Lardner, Harry Leon Wilson, A. A. Milne. Will

Says T. L. M.

What my children know they got from doing the opposite of what I told them.

I did everything I could to bring down my family, and how they all lived is a miracle. I taught them, nagged them, educated them, stuffed them, speeded them, sentimentalized them, bullied them, and made them what they are—God help them!

But bringing down a family is not so easy after all. You have to practise all the time. If you let up for a minute and obey your natural human instincts, they may go right on you!

Rogers and P. G. Wodehouse are among the greatest humorists the world has ever seen, but think of the hosts of others who can scarcely raise a glimmer on the anticipatory mug of a cheshire cat. Look at me.

There never were such sculptors, painters, writers, dramatists. We are too close to realize it.

Of course to our shame there are illiterates (6,000,000 of them in this country over ten) and of course there are half-wits. But men like Joseph Collins, H. C. Mencken and others who attempt to indict us for having a child mind, don't know what they are talking about.

As for intelligence tests—the best one I know is the ability to understand and appreciate satire. No one, I think, will dispute that Bernard Shaw is one of the greatest if not the greatest satirist in the world. It is estimated that he takes out of this country over \$100,000 a year in royalties on his plays and books. Go to see his *Androcles*, in which the Christian Martyrs are held up to ridicule in one of the most impudent pieces of blasphemy ever produced in a so-called Christian country, and you will realize how tolerant and how appreciative we are also of merit. And the people who flock to see Shaw are not sophisticated Algonquins, but come from all over the country. We have enormous crudities, vulgarities and so on, but the myth that we are a nation of nit-wits should be wiped off the slate with the rest of the fantasies.

Our negroes, take them as a whole, are mentally much more highly endowed than the yokelry of most European nations.

Look over the titles of the articles in one month's issue of our leading magazines and at the same time make the discovery that, in the midst of interminable areas of bunk, our newspapers are daily and weekly

publishing the utterances of the greatest writers and thinkers in the world, and you will be thrilled at the result.

It is true that we are deluged with indecency, with terrible fiction, with floods of ugliness. But do not forget how big we are, do not forget that you cannot judge anyone by the worst in him.

Fifteen years ago I couldn't have gotten an article like this published. Now I have to think like sixty and touch only the high spots, and even so too many will say they know more than I do. They do. I learn more now in one week from my children than I taught them formerly in a month.

NO! That is not the trouble.

The real trouble is that, having acquired more leisure thru the increase in facilities by scientific development, we are wasting our leisure, frittering it away. And unless we can learn to use it properly, it will destroy us.

We try to sublimate our energies thru artificial channels, as golf, motoring, etc. But these things are only a sop, and our girls must read luridity, our boys must shoot people up, our married folks must divorce themselves in order to get out of life what we have come to term a "kick."

Yet it isn't exercise we need, but right mental direction. Watch the fiercest animals and you will see that they are quiet most of the time. It isn't our bodies, it is our minds that are out of hand.

We have curiosity and intelligence, but no tranquillity.

Leisure is the only way in which tranquillity—and thru tranquillity spiritual poise—can be acquired.

The Arabs, confronted by the desert and close to the stars, discovered God, which is more than the Lick telescope did.

The shepherds of Palestine pondered in silence and worked out the problems of the spirit.

We are an excited people, not badly balanced, but drinking jazz where we can find it.

Think of the difference between some solitary herder of Judah sitting silently on a crag meditating on red Antares and a flivver family of today, with the mudguards loaded with tent-poles and canvas, speeding for camp HULLABALLOO.

Would you change places with the herder? I wouldn't. But all the same, you can be a herder and road angel at the same time—if you like.

The reason Adam fell was because Eve didn't give him time to think. He has been listening—and falling—ever since.

Excitability, impatience, and restlessness are the
(Continued on page 90)



A man said recently, "If I could take the phone and radio out of my home and stop the jazz and the bridge and poker I might get a little rest."

Don't Be Sorry for Yourself!

*Third of a Series
of Lessons in
Personality Building*

By
Albert Walton

HOW did you get that way? How could it come about that you could form a habit that makes you do things which your common sense tells you are against your best interests in life?

Recall now the instruction of the last lesson in which you learned that the three systems of thinking are entirely separate developments of entirely separate cell systems of your body. The whole situation is explained when this fact is fully understood.

Remember that the thinking of the feeling-system was developed ages before the word-thinking system even started to develop and that the word-thinking system is really a late acquisition of the race. Similarly, in the history of the individual, feeling-thinking was developed before word-thinking. You used your feeling-thinking before you learned to talk. Even after you learned to talk your feeling-thinking was still predominant for many years. Even those who later become strictly word-thinkers were first predominantly feeling-thinkers for many years, usually up to and thru adolescence at least. With Abraham Lincoln the feeling-thinking was supreme until he was about thirty when he finally became predominantly a word-thinker.

This being the case, our feelings developing first and our word-thinking being a late acquisition, it is only natural that the habits of the feeling-system are exceedingly powerful influences in our lives. During these early years we form habits in this feeling-system which the later logic and reasoning of our newly acquired word-thinking are unable to uproot.

This is made more difficult because we do not realize that we have these habits and that they are dictating our acts and our reactions to the happenings of everyday life. We have these emotional habits and they are so strong and so unknown and so natural that we do the things that conform to them and never know that it is the habit that is driving us. An emotional habit will guide an entire life without its possessor ever guessing that he has it or that any such influence is at work.

The result of this invisible force has always been known. The cause has been discovered only recently. In Biblical times it was called "being possessed of a devil." So powerful is such a habit that one feels that that is not a bad name for it. It is sometimes devilish

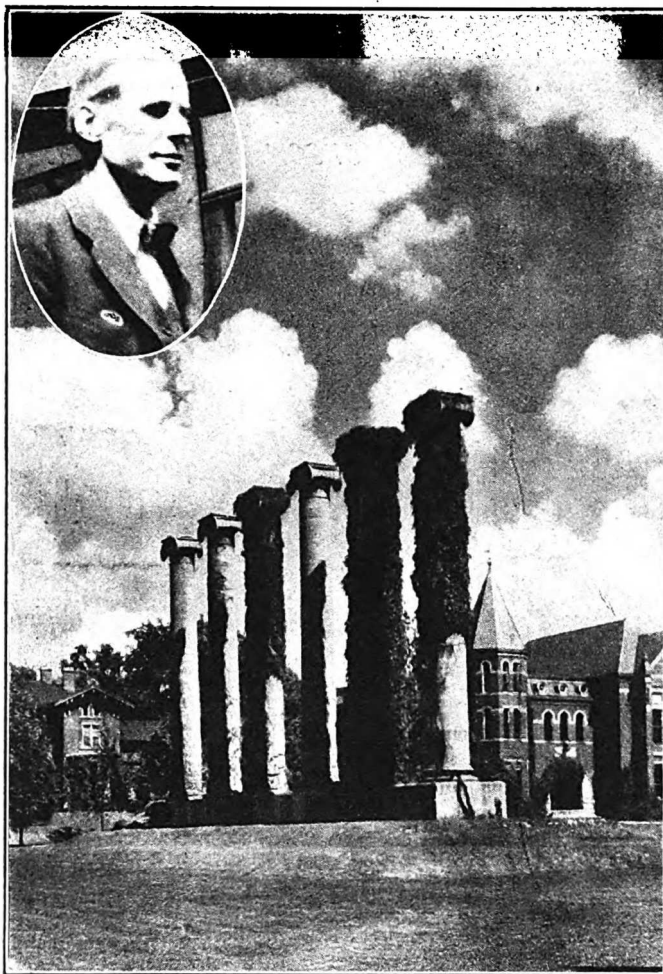
in its power and in the ingenuity and secrecy with which it works.

A complex is merely a habit of the emotional system resulting from an association of ideas or sensations which is in conflict with the habits of the word-thinking system. To put it in other terms, it is an emotional habit which you do not know you have but which works against what you have later learned to be your best interests. The fact that you have learned that the things you do are unreasonable does not in any way change the fact that you still have the emotional habit nor does it rob this emotional habit of any of its power. The power of the feelings is greater than the power of reason. Reason is a word-thinking quality and has only a slender hold in our lives. Its influence is small compared to that of the feelings.

An emotional habit may be formed in either of two ways. It may come by a slow process after many repetitions or it may come in an instant as a result of a sudden highly emotional happening. An example of the slow process is home training in which the habit comes from repeated example or instruction on the part of the parents or other members of the family. An example of the sudden method is a bad fright. There are many causes in each of the two classes. The two examples are merely illustrations to show what is meant.

The strangest part of the process is that when such a habit has been formed in the emotional system the word-thinking part of us tries to ignore it. We say we never knew we had it or that we had completely forgotten the incident or the chain of incidents that caused it. The fact of the matter is if we knew about it and fully faced it it would lose its power over us because we would know what was causing us to do the foolish and damaging things we do and we would not permit the habit to rule us. We would form a new habit and kill the old one.

The reason we do not face the thing is because the emotional habit is stronger than the reasoning and when it comes to a choice between the two the feelings win out every time. We do what the feelings tell us to do. If we cannot stop ourselves from reasoning about it, and usually we cannot, we separate the two systems and let the feelings (*Continued on page 69*)



Famous Columns of the University of Missouri. (Inset) Dr. Max Meyer, deposed head of Psychology Department of the University.

EVERYBODY knows what happened when the fundamentalists of Tennessee added to the gaiety of nations a few years ago by insisting that no evolution be taught in the Tennessee public schools, and that Tennessee young people be encouraged to grow up 100 per cent orthodox. What happened was that even people who could barely read bought Darwin from the book-legger, wrapped him in plain paper, and read him surreptitiously. Naughty youngsters added him to their dime novel hoards in the barn-loft, and discussed their "monkey" ancestry among themselves—not forgetting their more immediate forebears who were making monkeys of themselves over the Scopes trial without Mr. Darwin's help.

In short, everybody read Darwin and drank corn whiskey, which was another prominently prohibited and widely obtainable article; and the result was that Tennessee experienced an intellectual renaissance. Today, almost

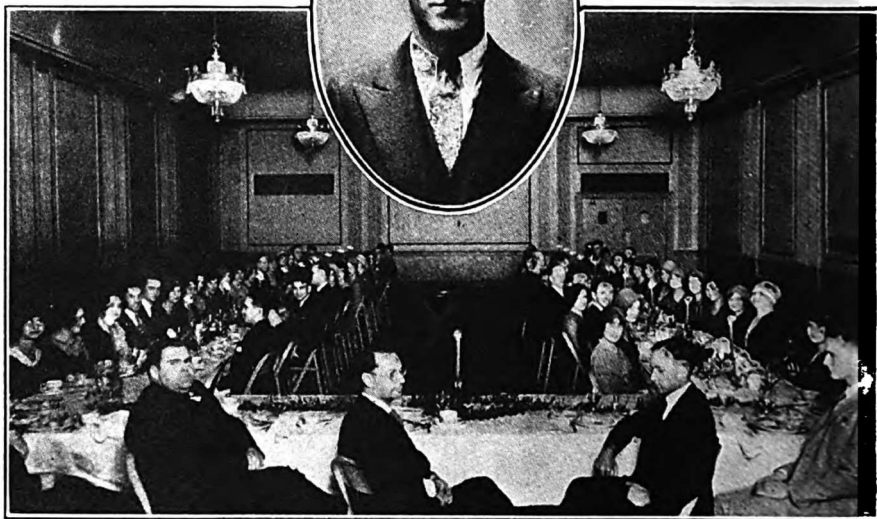
O. H. Mowrer, student instructor and candidate for graduation with distinction from the university, co-author of the questionnaire.

Sex and Superstition

*An Analysis of the
Conflict at the
University of Missouri*

any loafer at almost any cross-roads store in Tennessee can talk Darwin with you, and the average Tennessean is said to have forgotten more about evolution than his fellows, in states which have no anti-evolution laws to fire their citizens with a taste for contraband learning, have ever known.

The reason for harking back to the Scopes trial here is that what happened in Tennessee suggests that some interesting results may be expected from the recent "sex questionnaire" upheaval at



Dinner given Dr. DeGraff by students in his class, "The Family," after he was expelled from the university. Franklin Parker, president of Students' Religious Council; Dr. DeGraff and the Rev. G. L. Waterhouse. Dr. DeGraff cannot be classed with the moderns—he is even opposed to companionate marriage because it reverts to primitive custom, but for the sake of scientific truth is interested in investigation, whatever the nature.

By Wainwright Evans

Co-author (with Judge Ben B. Lindsey) of "The Revolt of Modern Youth" and "Companionate Marriage"

the University of Missouri. Sex, by decree of the curators of that coeducational institution, is now contraband. It has been made so by the abolition of a popular course in sociology known as "The Family," by the summary discharge of three faculty members, by the rebuking of two



The executive committee of the curators: Mercer Arnold, H. J. Blanton, F. M. McDavid and President Stratton D. Brooks—just before they handed out the decision on the sex questionnaire.

(Oval) North Todd Gentry, former Attorney General of Missouri, and supreme court justice of Missouri, who led the fight against the questionnaire.



Lucille Dorff, Missouri University co-ed leader of the student fight for the instructors involved in the sex questionnaire.

others, and by the confiscation of all replies to the questionnaire and its exclusion from the local Postoffice.

In view of these sweeping measures on the part of the board of curators, the students of the University of Missouri are expected from now on to be 99 44/100 per cent pure. They will continue in their present state of innocence, undisturbed by any more of these troublesome courses that encourage people to think; and they will doubtless accept till their wedding days the good, pure, "innocent" teaching of their parents that the doctor brings the new baby in his satchel or else finds it in the garden; and that tho little boys and little girls are made differently, genteel people don't talk about it, especially in university class rooms.

All of which is as much as to say that the board of curators, by eliminating "The Family" from the curriculum, has enrolled the whole university in it; and that instead of a few score students considering from all

angles the problems of family life and of sex morality in connection with it, some four thousand are now hard at it. Sex becomes under such circumstances a standard topic for discussion. The resentment of the student body toward what they regard as an attempt to treat them like children has afforded the greatest possible stimulus to free and open discussion of the forbidden topic in mixed companies, together with a candor and a matter-of-factness that would doubtless crinkle the hair of any moralist, but which is far more healthful than the unclean silence which those moralists would impose.

But let's begin at the beginning, and consider what happened at the University of Missouri, and precisely what it was that the learned curators decided to make contraband, and therefore popular.

The trouble started in Missouri when "The Family" class attempted to make a laboratory experiment with 500 men and 500 women students of the university as subjects. They wanted some data on the sex views and the sex life of these students, and then set about obtaining it by means of the so-called sex questionnaire. The questionnaire dealt frankly and intimately with matters of sex and marriage. The persons to whom it was sent were urged to give serious consideration to the questions asked, and to answer them as truly as they could. Answers were to be anonymous, so that those who made

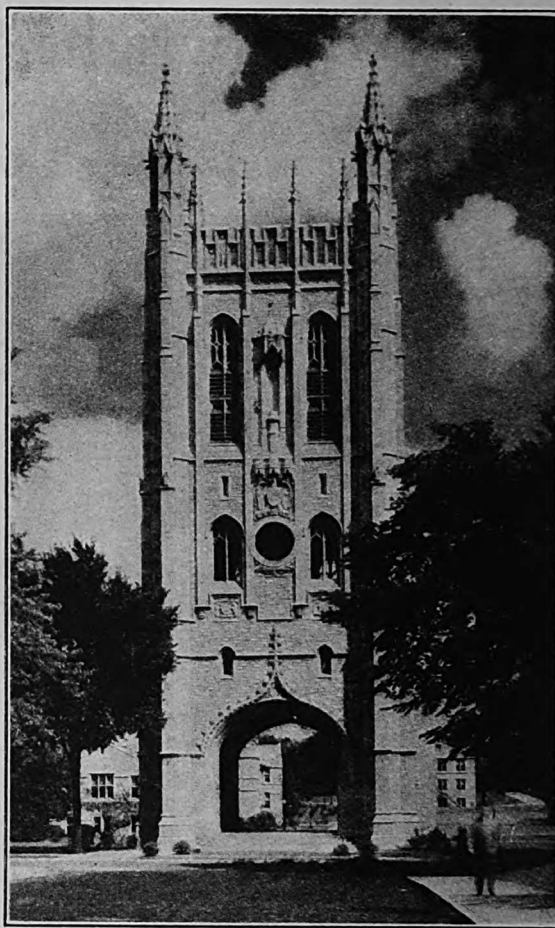
them might be able to tell the exact truth about themselves without fear of embarrassment.

For a time the questionnaire created no disturbance. Apparently most of the persons who received it, or who knew about it, took it for granted; for such questionnaires have been sent out by other classes in sociology in other universities, and so far as can be learned, the students survived the shock.

But before long some parents got hold of the document; then some ministers pricked up their ears and looked into it; then a few editors began to take notice, and it was just no time at all before there rose, from one end of the state to another, an uproar that has seldom been equalled even in Missouri. The document was denounced by press and pulpit and by women's clubs as a vicious attack on the morals of the young. North Todd Gentry, a former attorney general and supreme court justice of Missouri, led the people of Columbia, Missouri, where the university is situated, in a move to take summary disciplinary action; and this move received ample vocal and moral support from every part of the state.

Dr. Stratton Brooks, president of the university, had previously pronounced the questionnaire as "a fool idea," but he had not denounced it. Now the pressure was so great and the uproar so deafening that he hastily called a meeting of the executive committee of the board of curators, and, with a sigh of relief, turned the situation over to them.

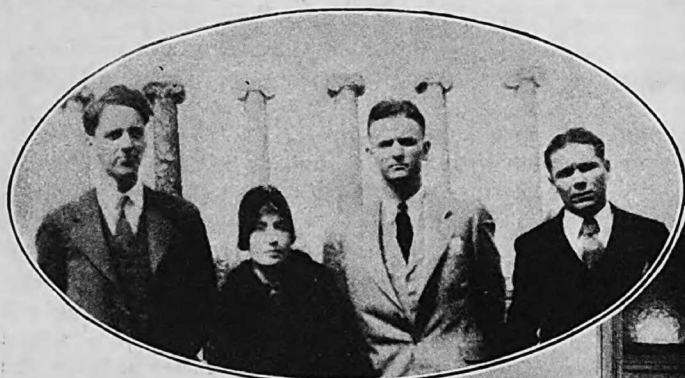
The curators went into a session that lasted some eighteen or twenty hours; and wound up by dismissing Max F. Meyer, professor of experimental psychology, Harmon O. Degraff, assistant professor of experimental



The tower erected by the students in memory of former students who lost their lives for freedom.

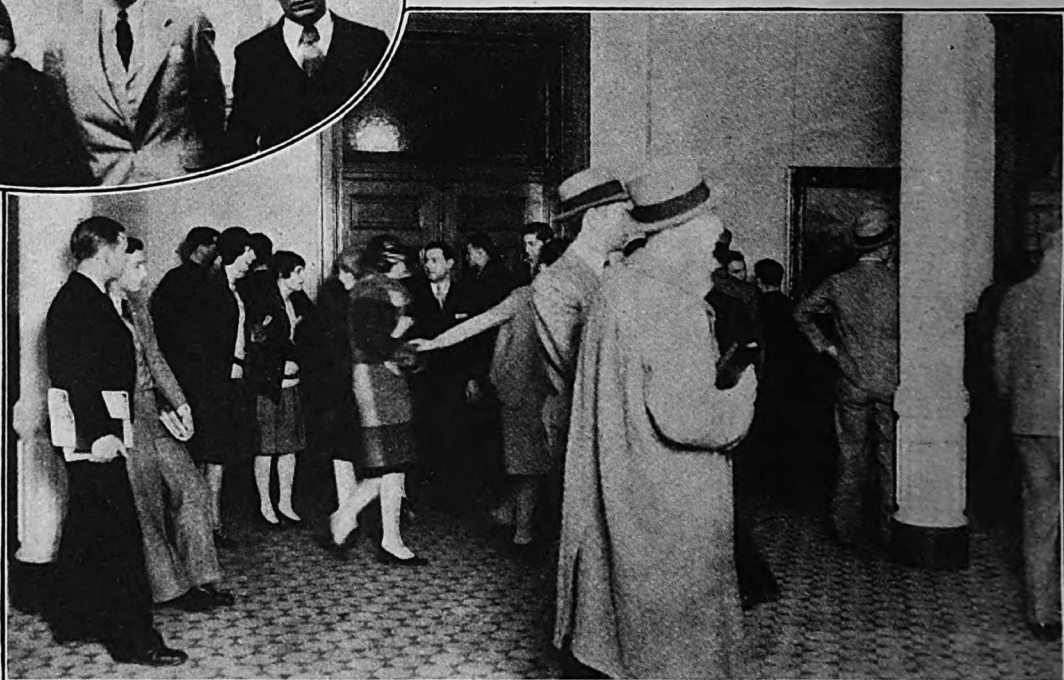
manded because they "did not use their influence to prevent the preparation and distribution of the questionnaire"; and so were four students, one of them a girl, who had taken a hand in the investigation.

Student mass meetings were held, fiery speeches were made, and a petition (*Continued on page 66*)



Four students who called on the curators to present the petition, eighteen feet long, signed by 1,099 students: Ralph Turner, Lucille Dorff, Jack Turner and Alexander Heiken.

psychology, and O. H. Mowrer, student assistant instructor in psychology, who is said to have been the originator of the whole project. Two other faculty members were reprimanded



Students outside the office of President Brooks waiting for the decision of the curators.

Concentration

A Psychology Lesson

By

Patrick Mc Kinnon

CONCENTRATION means focus; the complete centering of the mind upon one thing. You've perhaps seen a snapshot where you appear in one corner, or not in the picture at all above the watch-chain? Bad focus! The average fellow can't focus his mind. He doesn't have a clear mental picture of what he wants, and he can therefore direct his attention and energy along one line only for a very short time.

The sun's rays don't usually cause fire, but make them converge thru a convex lens, and they will set paper blazing. The hypnotist demonstrates the power of concentrated thought by having his patient visualize intensely one spot on his back until blisters are produced. By focusing our mind on one thing we can likewise command astonishing, irresistible mental force.

Napoleon could sit amid the inferno of cannon quietly mapping out a campaign, and, when he wished, would coolly turn over and sleep. Splendid achievement of concentration! "Napoleon could. That's just the point," you say. "We are not Napoleons." But Napoleon didn't make concentration; concentration made Napoleon. Wouldn't you like to develop that power of mind? By learning to concentrate you can gain the things you desire.

Perhaps someone yearns to raise himself from the mob of timid, shiftless, undecided weaklings? Do you desire promotion? Then ask yourself the questions below. Go thru the exercises faithfully, and repeat the suggestions in the confident expectation that this wonderful instrument will be yours.

Concentration is the power of leading back a wandering attention. It is acquired by discipline. Will-power is the schoolmaster who drags back the truant thoughts into focus. The will to attend grows steadily thru the accurate performance of a system of mental exercise.

I know a man who has a three-fold rule of action to which he attributes success. "Have a clear idea of what you want to

do," he asserts, "visualize it, keep it steadily before the imagination, then put it into action, holding to it with the tenacity of a bull-dog." He is a living example of concentration.

Of course, all this means a driving force behind the scenes. My friend is a man of strong desires. We do desire whole-heartedly to concentrate so that our life will spell success. This desire is measured by the honesty with which we do our exercises. And we must look for small successes before great ones. The principle to remember is the persistent calling back the mind to its job. This, aided by the performance of the exercises below, will finally make concentration a pleasure.

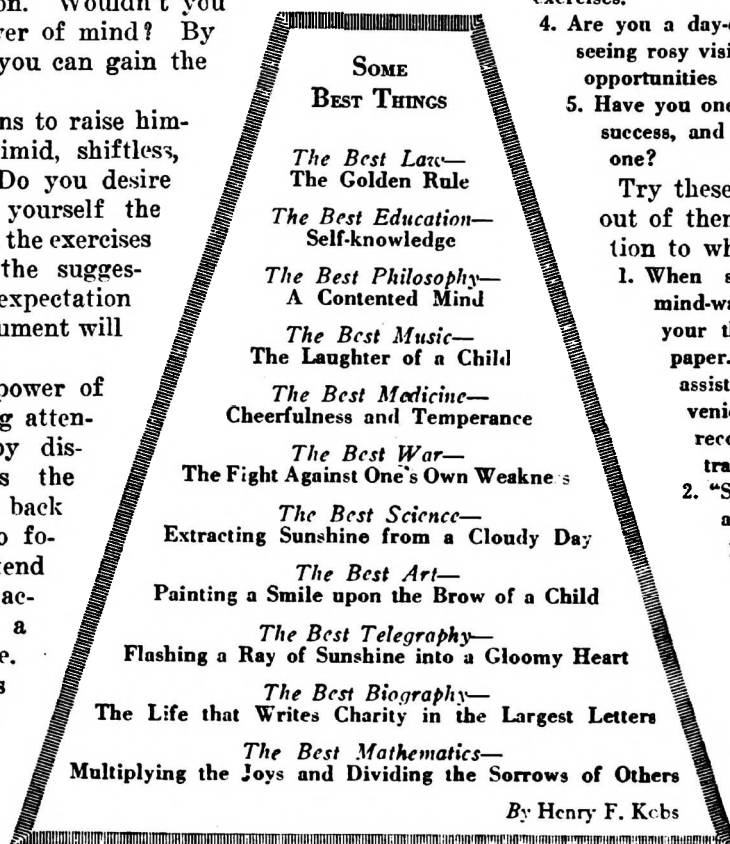
Can you answer "No!" to these questions.

1. Are you in the habit of going back to see whether you actually locked the front door, or not?
2. Have you a truant mind? Can you concentrate easily on some problem only when you ought be at some other task.
3. Is your lack of concentration spoiling your memory? If so, rouse yourself to the need of doing concentration exercises.
4. Are you a day-dreamer? Are you continually seeing rosy visions of to-morrow, while today's opportunities pass?
5. Have you one thousand brilliant schemes for success, and fail to devote yourself to any one?

Try these exercises. What you get out of them will be in direct proportion to what you put into them.

1. When suffering from an attack of mind-wandering, get a pencil and put your thoughts or problem down on paper. The physical act of writing assists thinking, and is the most convenient and useful method yet recommended for concentration training.
2. "Stop short, collect your thought, and turn it all on this one thing you do. Take a slow, full breath and say mentally, 'I am doing this one thing now with all my mind, and soul, and interest.' Then do it with all your mind in it." Elizabeth Towne.
3. Make up, and repeat backwards and forwards, lists of words connected to-

(Continued on
page 89)





The untamed outlaw, a bunch of animated T. N. T., sprang viciously into the air.

Emotional Suicide

A FEW years ago I saw the world's champion cowboy "bite the dust." He had grown up in the saddle and he had ridden the open range for years; a natural-born horseman, his ability had earned for him, the year before, the distinction of being proclaimed the World's Champion Rider. He soon entered the "movies" where his superior horsemanship plus his championship were bringing him fame and fortune.

Realizing the great value to him of retaining his title, he had returned to the Pendleton (Oregon) Round-Up to defend it in open competition with the best riders of the West and, for that matter, of the world.



*Illustrated
by
H. Winfield Scott]*

The weary champion was catapulted high into space. Literally he bit the dust.

Showing That Nobody Can Really "Get Your Goat" Except You, Yourself

His return was broadcast to the press of the Northwest, which liberally featured him in picture and story. An ovation was given upon his arrival at Pendleton. He played up to the part of the Hero of the week, dining with the notables, a dancing favorite with the ladies at Happy Canyon, rated as a good fellow among the boys with whom he drank to his own success.

Meanwhile, among the followers of this greatest-of-all Wild-West sports, there developed a distinct feeling of criticism. Other riders would engage in the finals, well worthy to challenge the best of his ability; there were horses to be ridden who knew no favorites among men and whose reputations hardly warranted the cockiness displayed by the champion at every opportunity. Was he prepared?

Forty thousand expectant spectators had crowded into the grand-stand and bleachers nearly encircling the big arena. No event of the Round-Up,

By
**George
Huntington
Currey**

noted for its excitement, thrills, spectacles and action, creates such intense, absorbing interest as does the finals in the World's Championship Bucking Contest. The other riders had taken their turn, some giving exceptional exhibitions of Western horsemanship, others being unceremoniously grounded by the victorious bronchos

Into the arena, the Round-Up attendants led a famous outlaw, a wicked, twisting, stiff-legged hunger. Kicking, striking, tugging and snorting, the animal was finally saddled. With a deliberate caution, begotten of experience, the champion mounted this untamed bunch of animated T. N. T. Could he ride it? The crowd appeared skeptical.

As the champion turned with a smile of assurance, waved to the grand-stand and uttered a cowboy yell, the blind was pulled away and the outlaw given its head. Without further ceremonies the impatient broncho took charge of the contest. Rearing back high on its haunches, it lurched madly into a wild twist, only to lunge forward desperately, raising all four feet from the ground as it jackknifed its body in mid-air, and landed with a thud that shook the arena.

Spontaneous cheers greeted the champion who rode thru the terrific upheaval in fine form, straight-up in the saddle, his spurs raking the flanks of the infuriated beast, his sombrero waving from side to side. There was no pause, however; and as the frantic animal re-exerted every ounce of mad-dened energy in the execution of another series of erratic contortions, the rider felt his leg muscles begin to weaken; his spurs seemed to be slipping; for the first time during the week of cocky assurance, doubt entered his mind.

With the ensuing jerks, heaves, jars and twists, following one another more rapidly than can be described, the spectators began to sense the rider's confusion. Altho still in the saddle, he had no feeling of security. You must understand, that regardless of his cockiness, he was a genuine cowboy, and therefore unable even to think of "pulling leather"; nor could a thorobred buckaroo consider sliding off easy, no matter how strong his doubts as to his ability to "stay up." Maybe the judges would shoot the gun in time to save his defeat; he must regain his balance and ride it out, if he could.

No armistice was declared while these thoughts raced thru his mind; but they were all a part of his consciousness, just as something seemed to tell the pony it had

won the advantage. Breaking from a series of running jackknife bucks, the puffing desperado summoned its remaining strength; and in a lightning twist, pivoting on its front feet, furiously tossed its hind-quarters half-way around; it stumbled, pitched forward, and landed stiff-legged with a jar that bounced the champion half out of the saddle. Then, with action faster than the human eye, the untamed outlaw sprang viciously into the air, its head and tail meeting beneath its body, as it catapulted the weary rider high into space. Literally, he bit the dust, as he landed head and shoulder in the dirt of the arena.

Not many minutes had passed before the name of the new champion was megaphoned to the waiting throngs; few, indeed, wondered what had become of the former Hero, as the new King of the arena rode around the track, receiving their praise and cheers.

The former champion passed out of the public eye, as he picked himself up out of the dust, and strolled over to the Indian encampment. There he sat alone, wonder-

ing why he had weakened. The horse, wicked outlaw that it was, was not responsible for his fall. No alibi provided any comfort. He knew he could have ridden that horse to a glorious finish, had he not vainly encouraged the festivities of the Round-up week to get his "goat." That "goat," he now knew, he should have left at home, was nothing more than his own cockiness.

DURING the war, when Uncle Sam undertook to raise an army of several millions, and it had become necessary to provide it with officers by the tens of thousands, my application to one of the big Central Infantry Officers' Training Schools was accepted. Arriving in camp at 9 A. M., I was assigned to the 4th platoon of the 4th company, and reported for duty on the drill field to the Lieutenant-Instructor in charge at 10 A. M. At 10:05, I made a misstep and received my first recognition in the form of a challenge, "Didn't ya

ever hear that command before?"

A bit angered at myself in being caught by a trick command, and not yet properly awed by the "militarism" of the camp, I grumbled, "Didn't act like it, did I?" The result was that I gave a solo exhibition of "To the rear, March! to the rear, March!" for the next fifteen minutes.

Thereafter, said Lieutenant-Instructor upon every occasion, and in between occasions, took particular pains to bawl me out. He was (*Continued on page 81*)

What He Couldn't Do

By Thomas H. Lewis

THERE wasn't much he didn't know,
Or much he couldn't do;
French, German, Slav, or Eskimo,
He knew the language, tip to toe,
And still his knowledge grew.

Pons asinorum, fourth dimension,
Could not floor him; not to mention
Anthropology, campanology—
These were trifles from the knowledge he
Kept stored up in his head.

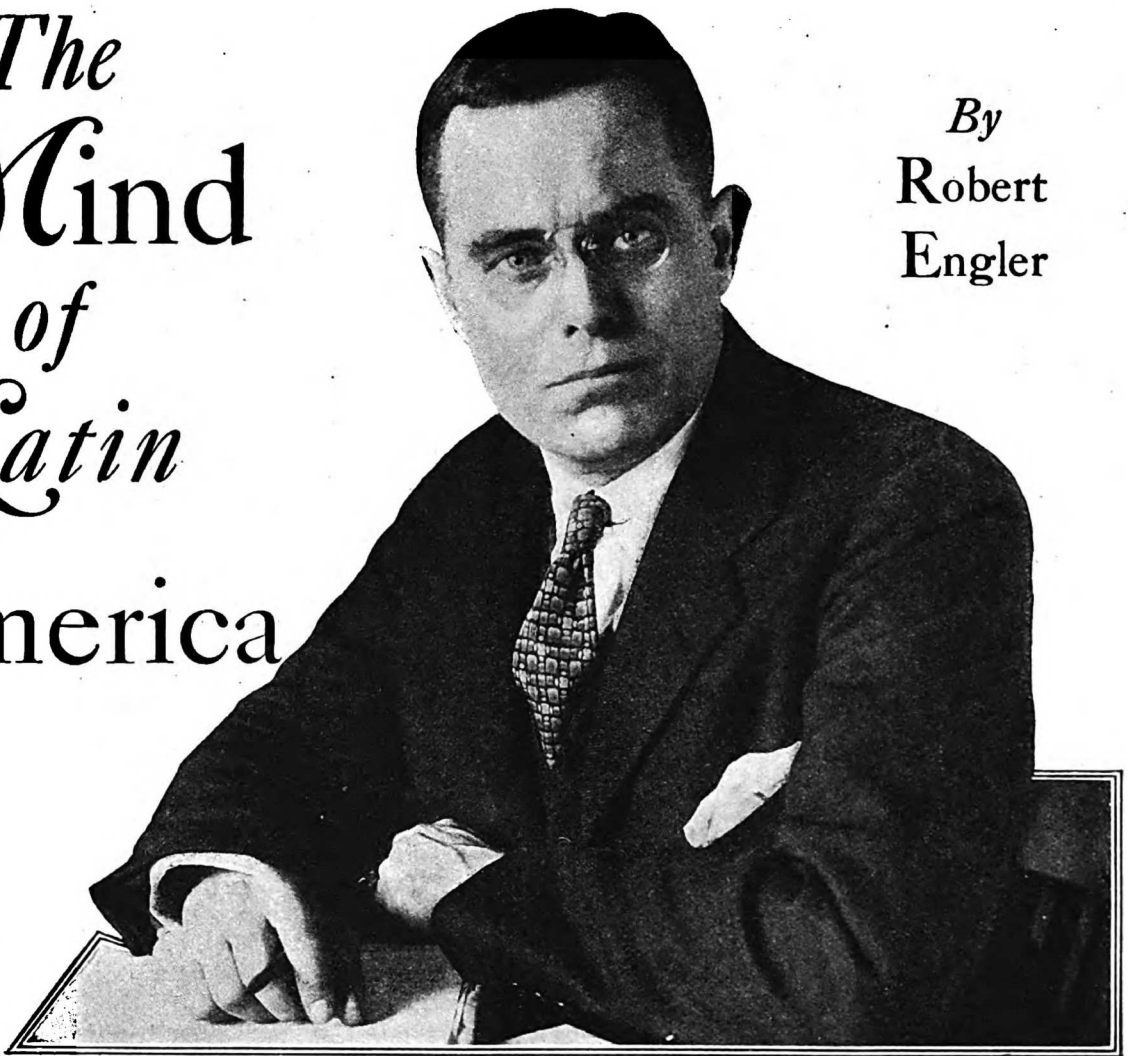
Never at a loss was he,
Logic, surds, or prosody;
While, as for algebra and Greek,
He learnt them both within a week.

Indeed, the people said
That this encyclopaedic cuss
Was something of a gen-i-us—
A sort of all-eclipsing star,
Who in his day would rise afar
To shine above the mob.

But, tho this youth of whom I sing
Could turn his hand to anything,
Just one small talent did he lack,
A trifling thing that kept him back—
HE COULDN'T HOLD HIS JOB.

The Mind of Latin America

By
Robert
Engler



WALLACE
THOMPSON

WALLACE THOMPSON has got a world of satisfaction from having two Ambassadors to Mexico, and many others doing business there, tell him that when they got in tight places they referred to his study of national psychology, *The Mexican Mind*, which he wrote several years ago.

"You are a good writer, Thompson," his literary agent, Carl Brandt, often says to him, "but why in heaven's name do you persist in writing about Latin America? Why don't you write about something more people are interested in?"

"I can't help it," Wallace Thompson replies.

And that is a literal truth behind which there is an interesting study in child psychology.

"I have run away from Latin America any number of times," he said to me in explanation of a similar question. "But I always return. Even during my three years in Paris I spent most of my time in the Spanish colony, absorbing anything of interest to Latin America. And when in Washington I drift from one Latin American embassy to another. I am neither happy nor successful when I am not engaged in something that has to do with those countries."

It was Wallace Thompson who headed the sociology department of a research foundation for the sole pur-

An Interview with Wallace Thompson

pose of furnishing Woodrow Wilson unbiased facts about Mexico. After the outbreak of the European War the Intelligence Department of the United States Government sent him as vice-consul to Monterey, Mexico.

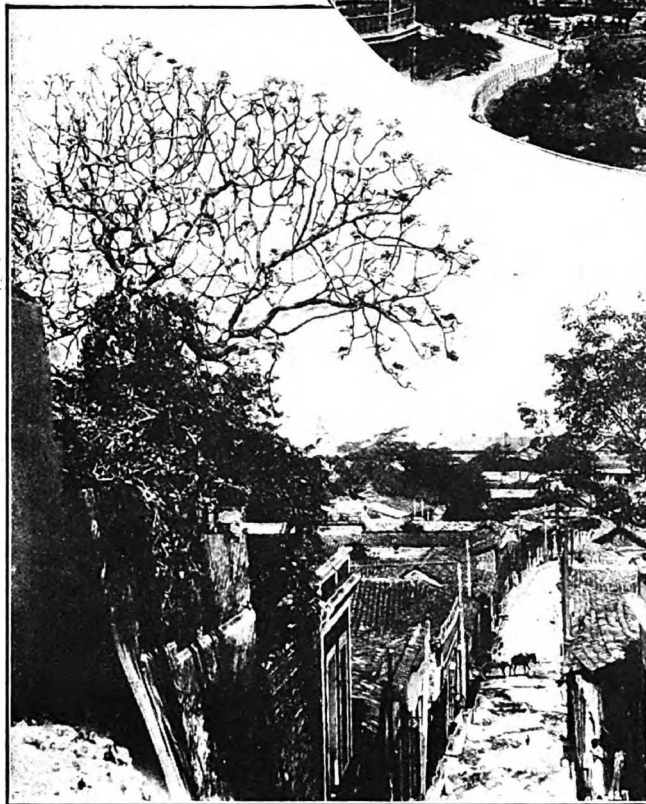
Mr. Thompson has written many articles and four books on Mexico. His books are authoritative treatises: *The People of Mexico*; *The Mexican Mind*; *Trading with Mexico*; *Rainbow Countries of Central Mexico*. At the present time he is director and editor of *Ingenieria Internacional* (International Engineering).

Anyone could have found this information in *Who's Who*, but that informative document does not state that back of these bare facts is the living romance of a man who has followed the colorful drama of rebellion, shifting governments and empire-building in Latin America. A man who has worshipped at haunting shrines of beauty in many southern lands. A man who forever struggles to fathom the meaning of life among the Latin Americans. A man who seeks a basis of common interests and common understanding between all the Americas. A man who knows that the Latin Americans are at heart closer to North America than they are to Mother Spain. A man who says that all the Americas can and must be friends; that in the last

analysis our interests are all one and the same. A man who thru years of thrilling experiences has gradually realized his life-long ambition to write for the sheer joy of the writing.

The real story of

A view of Coquimbo, in Chile, before the recent earthquake.



Looking down a hill street thru the harbor in Santiago, Cuba.

Wallace Thompson starts away back in Scotland when the Thompson and the Wallace clans decided to migrate to the United States in pre-Revolutionary days. Not entirely happy with the crowded conditions of Pennsylvania, his father sought the great open spaces of Kansas.

And here is the story of the child psychology that has made of Wallace Thompson perhaps the most constructive friend Latin America in general and Mexico in particular have ever had. As a little boy he collected stamps. Out of all the stamps of a hundred nations those of Mexico still stand out in his mind as clearly as if he had pored over them only yesterday. His parents used to make frequent trips into Mexico. His mother would tell him of these trips with a full appreciation of the kaleidoscopic beauty that crowns Mexico with an eternal aurora. His father, an amateur anthropologist and archaeologist, subscribed to the *Journal of American Folklore*, to the reading of which Wallace listened with the avid breathlessness of the young gypsy he was. His interest centered chiefly in the Pueblos, blood brothers of the millions of Indians in Latin America. Then came the climax to this series

of childhood impressions that has bound him ever since to the service of Latin America.

At sixteen he read F. Hopkinson Smith's *A White Umbrella in Mexico*.

Thus his destiny began taking definite shape shortly after cradle days.

"As soon as I got out of college," he told me, "I

wrote the owner of *Modern*

Mexico, a magazine then published in New York, asking him to give me a job. I figured this would be my most direct route into Mexico with a meal ticket in my pocket. He wrote back that he had no job but to come ahead if I could raise seven dollars a week to pay my board and room! But my parents agreed to finance me until I could convince my employer I was worth my keep. This did not take me long, for the manager died suddenly soon afterwards and I was put in charge of the magazine. In a short while *Modern Mexico* merged with *The Mexican Herald* in Mexico City. Then came the chance I had been looking forward to for years. I'll never forget the day I first walked down the broad streets of Mexico City, with its low white buildings sprawling out in all directions, following wonder-struck in the wake of three brown-skinned peons carrying my baggage into the hotel.

"Well, of course, if you want to know a great deal about what I think of the Latin-American mind," he parried, "you will have to read my books." A thing I have very much enjoyed doing, by the way. *The Mexican*



The lake country of the Chilean "Switzerland"

Mind is written with the insight of a serious scholar and the easy style of a journalist.

"But one thing I'll tell you right at the beginning," he continued. "In our dealings with the Latin Americans we must let them do things their way. They will find a way. Our part is simply to indicate what we think should be done and then let them do it in their own way.

"An American doing business in Mexico years ago told me a story that illustrates another phase of the Latin mind: 'I treat the Mexicans like gentlemen,' he said, 'and pay them like peons, while I treat my American employees like peons and pay them like gentlemen.' Mexicans are very responsive to gentleness, and that good coin buys much in return.

"Even in our own country we really know very little about the Indian mind. And don't forget that twelve out of Mexico's fifteen millions are either Indians or mixed breeds. But until we do discover the plane on which the Indian mind works—and finding it, understand it—we cannot play the great part we have to perform in the civilizing of Latin America. In that civilizing lies the salvation of white culture in the Western Hemisphere, perhaps indeed in all the world.

"Incidentally, Ambassador Morrow seems to have learned the great secret of the Mexican mind, that of letting Mexico find the way. For he is getting things done there as no American before him has done in many a moon.

"The chief difficulty in understanding the Indian is

caused by his lack of tradition. What little seeming tradition you may sometimes coax him to talk about only dates back to the coming of the Spaniard. Beyond that all is blank. Did he descend thru evolutionary processes from the animal life of the very land on which he now lives? Or did he wander from distant cradles of humanity to his present habitation? The



A scene in Mexico. Automobiles have not yet replaced horses everywhere in America.

Indians' historical and psychological problems still baffle all attempts at measuring them by our own scientific yardsticks.

"One of the most obvious things about the Indian is that he is a skilled imitator. If we can furnish him the proper things to adapt and imitate and then appeal to the right incentives within we may really help him. What the United States can give is a pioneering spirit; the machines that are its tools, and the application to profit by them.

"No true understanding of the Mexican is possible, and what I say of the Mexican applies in a general way to the Latin American, without an appreciation of the overwhelming importance of the sex cycle in his life. The average Mexican child is brighter than the normal child until he reaches the age of puberty—rather an earlier experience than with us. When that period is dominant he devotes a vast proportion of his intellectual energy to the satisfaction of the sex instinct. Their imported educational systems fail as yet to catch this attraction early enough to redirect it, for those systems are scaled to a childhood that reaches adolescence five years later than the child of the tropics.

"The social progress of Latin America turns very largely on their governments being able to reach the children at the proper age with an educational system that will fill their minds with constructive ideas and their bodies with comforting food, before they meet the terrific impact of adolescence. Their very health, their building up of a civilization, their ultimate place in the world, all depend on a sound direction of their mind toward true values, with neither the dark side of sex too gloomy nor its high lights too (Continued on page 79)



land" showing the volcano of Calbuco in the background.

Who Understands You?

Hints for Avoiding the Misunderstandings that Embitter Life

By

Edward Earle Purinton

THE rarest gift on earth is understanding. Like a jewel, it is precious because it is so rare—and so beautiful. Yet, unlike a jewel, it might be free to all, if only people knew how to get and give understanding.

A millionaire is envied by most people. Why? For his money. What does that signify? Wealth is useful only as the outcome of wisdom. Wealthy people who are unwise are unhappy—and the more wealthy the more unhappy.

I have known quite a few millionaires, and at least one billionaire. Money didn't make any of them happy. Their power and satisfaction came thru understanding of themselves and other people, of realities and opportunities, of life and its meaning. Every great undertaking proceeds from a great understanding. To do and to have is first to know.

Almost any one can be a millionaire. Perhaps not in fact, but certainly in effect. The chief delights of a millionaire worth watching are mental, emotional and spiritual, following his application of understanding. The money part is incidental. What we can perceive makes us richer than what we can buy.

It is to be hoped that some day a philanthropist of keen discernment will found a National College of Understanding. He won't call it that. If he did, there wouldn't be enough people with sense enough to go to it. However, a law should be passed requiring every adult citizen to take at least a correspondence course at such an institution. The degree of M. P. might be conferred, signifying Master of Psychology. To our dull mind, that would seem worth more than a degree of A. M., or LL. D., or D. D.

Misunderstandings cost this nation billions of dollars a year. When will our statesmen realize the fact, then proceed to remove the causes of such misunderstandings?

Every hospital, sanitarium, almshouse, police court, jail, penitentiary, asylum and reform school is a result of misunderstandings. What would it mean to our nation if all these institutions could be safely abolished? The World War was a case of international misunderstanding. There could be no war if nations understood each other. All armies and navies of stupid and expensive soldiery would then automatically disband, never again to lose their character in the criminal debauch of battle.

We might go even further. We might say that all political parties and religious denominations are but

outgrowths of misunderstandings betwixt their members, who could bury their differences and unite if they only had sufficient penetration. But we won't say this, because many of our readers would misunderstand our understanding of their misunderstanding, hence we should thus be the guilty cause of more misunderstanding. Mercy forbids.

Health organizations and life insurance companies have collected a mass of wonderful information about the ailments of mankind, their prevention and cure. But physicians of the soul declare that the worst human affliction is the mental disease of misunderstanding, for which no cure has been found, available to the general public.

A scientific study has been made of the etiology of numerous cases of disease, accident, failure, poverty, misery, worry, gloom, and other common afflictions of mankind. Our conclusion is that, often unperceived, misunderstanding abets or occasions a host of ills that are seldom rightly classified or traced

to their source. Here are some of its bitter fruits:

It perpetuates ignorance. It tolerates inertia. It blinds people to facts. It causes mistakes and allows them to go unrectified. It substitutes prejudiced feeling for wise action. It makes enemies out of those who should be friends. It starts every quarrel on earth. It produces friction, laziness and irresponsibility, thus impairing work, crippling industry, delaying progress. It destroys health, interfering with digestion, assimilation, circulation, emotion, normal functioning of the endocrine glands. It frustrates love, spoils marriage, disintegrates the home, and thus imperils the future of the race.

Would that we might show here exactly how misunderstanding fabricates all such evils. But there isn't space, and anyhow the story might be too heartrending to impose on readers with a healthy literary taste for optimism.

However, we may say that the audience for this discussion would, if commensurate, include millions of people. Certainly that many need the truth of the matter. Countless are the numbers of human beings who misunderstand those (Continued on page 85)

Next month Mr. Purinton will follow the present discussion of Understanding and Misunderstanding with an Article on "Strength of Will."



Courtesy Fox Films

Love

By
Kenneth M. Swezey

ALL love is the hunger for completeness, and its expression the blending of essences to the end of perfection. It is the deepest religion. It contacts the elemental human currents which are beneath and beyond thought. The god who may eternally resist the prayers of his ministers in their darkened cathedrals reveals himself thru the eyes of love. Theology and dogma, chants and priests and censors, are merely reflections of man's changing imagination. Religion itself is the exercise of love.

Everyone who seeks growth and consciousness is a lover. The scientist, the philosopher, the poet, who seek truth by analyses and syntheses, as well as the mortal pair who intuitively aspire to completion thru the harmonizing influence of personal affection, are at once

in the stream of life and apostles of the basic gospel.

Love is the great leveler of sex and caste. Beside the soul of Dante, evolving and expanding thru the magical atmosphere of Beatrice Portinari, we find, not less beautiful, the soul of Tennyson, soaring and extending thru his friendship with Arthur Hallam, and the genius of Michelangelo, prostrating itself and realizing divinity thru the symbolic loveliness of Tommaso Cavalieri:

From thy fair face I learn, O my loved Lord,
That which no mortal tongue can rightly say;
The soul imprisoned in her house of clay,
Holpen by thee, to God hath often soared.

In order to love truly there must be no apprehension or fear. Mental reservation, feeling of shame, theologi-

cal antagonism, fear of blame or ridicule or disease or death—all these are barriers. Fear centers in regard for the tiny personal self; so love, having its goal in selflessness, must be the antithesis and conqueror of fear. The burning, jealous, hypocritical Don Juan must always pursue an illusion; but true passion, kindled in hearts that are dissolved in each other for the expression of good, abandoning all thoughts of self, all restraints, all thoughts of the possibility of wrongdoing, is that creative force which can bring the lovers' dream to fruition.

Love in action is to the soul what healthy exercise is to the body. When we are spiritually sick we begrudge the giving, and so concentrate our power on ourselves alone, as in sickness our thoughts are on our physical disability. But in the robust spiritual health that comes thru the continuous exercise of love, we long to bless the objects of our affection, not grudgingly or of necessity for personal salvation, but in the lover's mood of lavish exaltation.

Someone has said that behind laughter there may be a dull and calloused heart, but that behind sorrow lies always sorrow. We seem to accept naturally the joy of love, but only the more mature of soul can reconcile himself to its pain. Suppose, for instance, that the man or woman upon whom you have bestowed all the love of your body, mind, and spirit, and whose soul has become knit to yours with filaments of mystic blood, turns in a moment of weakness or misunderstanding and betrays you to the world, mocks your

affection, secretly scorns your ideals, vulgarly slanders you, even. Suppose the love of your heart which you have poured forth profusely should seem in vain, "like a cup of water on the wide and thirsty desert," but it was all your life to you. Here indeed is a cause for sorrow. But must this draining of the soul mean the end? Is there no recompense?

Hidden in the *Calamus* pages of his *Leaves of Grass*, the great human-hearted Walt Whitman, perhaps unconsciously, has given an answer:

Sometimes with one I love I fill myself with rage for
fear I effuse unreturn'd love,
But now I think there is no unreturn'd love, the pay is
certain one way or another,
(I loved a certain person ardently and my love was not
return'd,
Yet out of that I have written these songs).

Dante, Shakespeare, Christ, knew the answer; everyone who has suffered without resentment knows the answer. The recompense, tho perhaps unseen, is certain. The deep misery, the intolerable anguish, which at the time you thought you could not bear, may have been the price of a greater humanity, a door to a higher love which sweeps beyond the merely personal into the realm of universal understanding and service. Only those who have had to face utter and complete loneliness of body and soul, made doubly insufferable by the derision of the crowd, can realize the final meaning of love and brotherhood, of the esoteric principles that flow as an undercurrent beneath all creation.

June

By

Cyrus C. Johnson

June, made of star-dust
And flowered cover,
Comes like a beauty-blest
Bride to her lover.
Once more the breath of God
Makes the world over.

Mocking-birds sing at night,
No bird at all
Ever such pure delight
Tuned in a call.
Incarnate angels then
Sing to us all.

Make us all over, June,
Catch up our tears,
Make us all over soon,
Roll back the years.
Once more let mother croon,
Healing our fears.

June, take our fretfulness
And years' endeavor,
Pain and regretfulness,
Chiding us never.
Give us forgetfulness
Of it forever.

New flowers bloom in June.
No seed remembers
Sunlight or song birds' tune
Or cold Decembers.
New life is springing soon
Out of dead embers.

June, turn our wrongs to right.
Infinite flashes
Send us both day and night
And heal our lashes.
Cover our hearts with bright
Beauty for ashes.

The Man Who Slept

The Story of an Unconscious Crime

By

Louis E. Bisch, M. D.

THE search for the murderer of William Myrick at the Hotel Metropolis had degenerated into an unseemly strife between the different groups of detectives at work on the case. Detective Eagen, who had been assigned to trail John Mace, a fugitive from Stonybrook Sanitarium at Chicago, had been dismissed from the force thru the jealousy of his chief, Inspector Kilner, on the charge of neglect of duty. He had left Mace alone in the office of Dr. Embury, a New York psychoanalyst, for an entire afternoon, at the end of which Mace had presented himself before a waiting company of friends, detectives and physicians at the Metropolis and bluntly confessed to the murder.

Mace, brooding in his cell at the Tombs, refused to see any callers, holding to his belief that in a somnambulistic trance he had gone down to Myrick's room directly below his own and satisfied a long-standing grudge by killing him with his revolver. The fact that he and Myrick had had a sharp quarrel in his own room earlier in the evening, in which Myrick had broken his cane over Mace's head, did nothing to assuage the bitterness of his deep sense of shame, grief and guilt.

Commissioner Hawkins, Police Department psychiatrist, had suggested to his friend Dr. Sylvester, an old family friend of the Maces, and to Dr. Embury, that they engage Eagen to dig up evidence that would exonerate Mace and expose the actual murderer. Helen Mace eagerly accepted this suggestion and Eagen went to work with rough and hearty relish on the tangled trail.

"Eagen has the best brains on the force," said Hawkins to Dr. Sylvester as they discussed the new program one afternoon in the Deputy Commissioner's office. "There's no doubt of that."

"Mace may have walked in his sleep as Philip, the hall-boy said," Hawkins added. "Yet he may have shot Myrick while fully awake—before or after the sleep-walking. Mace may have clear proof that he killed Myrick when he wasn't asleep, or he may know that he walked in his sleep, and merely think he killed him."

"In which case someone else did," said Sylvester.

"There you are," said Hawkins. "It may have been someone else entirely, and the sleepwalking and murder nothing but coincidence."

An hour later Helen Mace, in Dr. Sylvester's charge, made another effort to visit her husband in his cell. He sat far back in the grim shadows, and made no move

to advance toward them, as the doctor withdrew from the bars, leaving the young wife, pleading alone!

"It is your wife, Helen, who is asking you, John. Please come here."

Mace moved slowly toward the door of the cell and leaned his head against the bars, but did not look up. Helen pushed her hand between the bars and gently lifted her husband's chin. What she saw written in his face shocked her beyond words. The man's eyes did not open.

"John, look up. We must not give in." She glanced about her furtively, and leaned nearer her husband. "We have something, someone new to think about, John. Do you understand, beloved? We have another to think of. Isn't it wonderful?"

She took his head in both her hands, pressed her face between the bars, whispered once more into his ear, and kissed him passionately, again and again, pressing her soft lips to his in agonized fervor of farewell. He tore himself away and retreated to the rear of his cell, but a sudden rush of color to his cheek made her know that the blessed secret she had whispered had roused his manhood, and that he would make a fight for life.

One of Eagen's first moves on being engaged by the Mace defense was to make another search of the room the accused man had occupied at the hotel. He walked out of the window to the fire-escape and climbed down. Three stories below he came upon a bit of splintered wood. He knew that Helen had found a broken cane handle in the room, had tried to hide it, but that it had been stolen. Eagen was sure that Kilner had gained possession of it. He was also convinced that Kilner was in possession of the revolver. On a sudden impulse he made his way somewhat impetuously to his former chief's office. What he found there astounded him beyond expression. Helen was there, flushed and horrified.

Eagen took in the situation at a glance. She had been begging Kilner to give up his part of the broken cane, the priceless bit of evidence that would convince any jury that a violent quarrel had preceded the murder, indicating that the shot had been fired in self-defense. And brutally unmindful of the sort of woman with whom he was dealing, Kilner had undertaken to force unwelcome caresses upon her as the price of yielding to her wishes.

But to Helen's astonishment, Eagen threw down upon the Inspector's desk the bit of cane he himself

Just then someone was opening the outside door. Helen forced her almost paralyzed will to action.

had just located:

"Now, Kilner," he roared, "you have positive proof that Myrick struck Mr. Mace and that Mace shot Myrick in self-defense."

He bundled Helen out of the room, and, once outside, urged her immediate return to Chicago.

"I think I shall have something for you to do out there," he urged. "You best start tonight, and I'll be following you shortly. Keep up your spirits. We've got plenty of time—and I think I see a way out."

Five days later Eagen received a letter from John himself, brought to his hands by the Tomb's physician. It read:

"I know you are doing everything possible to help me, but it's no good. You are wasting your reputation. I'll be convicted because I deserve it. I shot Myrick. The revolver I used was Myrick's. It had his initials on it. I threw it away somewhere after I left Dr. Embury's office. God knows I want to live."

Eagen recalled that he had discovered, when he first found John Mace, at Grand Central station, that he was carrying a gun.

"What a boob I am," he muttered to himself. "There were two revolvers—the one Mace threw away and the one Kilner has. Mace didn't fire twice; that's sure. Only one bullet wound, and no marks anywhere. If it's true that Mace fired the old man's gun as he thinks he did, the gun Kilner has must be Mace's and wasn't fired at all. W. M.—W. M.—that stands for William Myrick. What the devil do these initials suggest to me beside?" He was puzzled by some thought that seemed to be trying to push itself up from his unconscious. "Well, I've got to find the gun with W. M. on it anyhow."

The next morning's papers carried this straightforward ad:

"Generous reward paid to finder of revolver with initials W. M. Frederick Eagen, Hanover Apts., West 69th St., New York."

But the second gun was returned not to Eagen but to Kilner himself. A pawnbroker brought it to Headquarters. He knew Eagen was out of the department and had long ago learned that it is best for pawnbrokers to stand in with officialdom.

Then inspector Kilner detailed a man to dog Eagen's footsteps. He was a new man on the force, with whose face Eagen would not be familiar. The order for trailing Eagen came too late, for Eagen had already taken the Twentieth Century Limited for Chicago. But the police did not know that and Kilner's new special detective spent a fruitless day hunting his man.

Mrs. Mace received Eagen in her apartment. Apparently she was expecting him. The suggestion had already been made to have Dr. Embury conduct a psychological experiment in the hope of bringing sharply back to John Mace's conscious memory the detailed events of that night at the Metropolis.





*Illustrated
by
Fred Reinert*

You see, I did have a talk with Embury by way of a feeler because I didn't want him to refuse the professor's request. Besides, it was necessary to have a member of the family—of the defense, if you will—make a formal request of the doctor in addition."

"You are right, no doubt, but I confess I don't follow you."

"Because, Mrs. Mace, at the trial he may be asked who employed him and Embury can then truthfully say Professor Sylvester—representing you."

"Of course, of course!"

"I, in your private employ, could have represented you if necessary but it tends to dignify Embury's position this other way. The fact that Professor Sylvester, a well-known psychologist, takes the trouble to come all the way from Chicago to urge Dr. Embury to make the analysis will have a good effect with the jury. Little things like that count heavily."

"I begin to understand more and more how a detective helps in a case like this."

"Will you promise also to follow my suggestions implicitly from now on, no matter if you don't see their drift?"

Eagen asked this in a bantering manner but dead earnestness was behind the question.

"You may depend upon me absolutely," she answered quickly, blushing a little. "I have learned my lesson. Give your orders and I'll execute them with as little inquisitiveness as you could expect from a woman."

"The task I am going to assign won't be easy, I'm afraid."

"The greater the sacrifice I can make for John, the better I shall like it. Please say at once what you wish me to do?" she answered earnestly.

"I'm afraid it will be very difficult," hedged the detective, "and I'd gladly put the burden on someone else—"

"Please, please, Mr. Eagen!" Mrs. Mace interrupted. "I've done nothing but bungle so far. I welcome the opportunity. But do you think I can do it?"

"You're the very person. It will require ingenuity and enormous tact."

(Continued on page 73)

"I'm glad you got Prof. Sylvester to go back to New York so promptly and see Dr. Embury," Eagen began.

"You are more Sphinx-like than any man I have ever known,"

Mrs. Mace replied laughingly. "You are a sort of perpetual riddle, Mr. Eagen."

"How is that?" Eagen asked with mock innocence.

"Because you wired about returning—prearranged, I'll agree—but the professor telegraphed me last night that he found all the arrangements for Dr. Embury's test settled satisfactorily—and, by yourself, I suppose. Why was it necessary for him to go back to New York at all?"

"All true, Mrs. Mace, but not the whole truth."

Time for a Mental House-cleaning

By William
A. McKeever

*Twenty-two Simple Steps Toward New Health
for Mind, Body and Fortune*

IN the course of former instruction you have been urged to perform carefully the human part in the healing of your diseases. It has been explained more or less clearly that diseases are of three classifications, namely: ailments of the physical nature, disturbed human relations, failures in business enterprise. When you once understand the laws of the mind—which are really the unchangeable laws of the universe—you will perceive clearly that no matter to which class the disease belongs the cure is practically the same in method and principle.

Whether you be a seeker after health or merely a student of the creative psychology, you will make satisfactory progress only in proportion as you understand and practice a few very simple fundamental truths. Cosmic laws are always and forever operative; therefore the divine part of your quest for help is answered the moment you begin. It is the individual, human part that must be fulfilled. If it is physical health you seek, there must be, combined with improved thinking, an improvement in the care-taking of your body. If it is social health you seek, you must, in combination with improved thinking, practice diligently certain changes in your mode of contact and relations with others. If it is financial health you are seeking, you must, in combination with improved thinking, produce radical changes in your attitude toward work, earning, and business in general.

However, before you can have assurance that any of the three classes of health may reward you, it will be necessary to clear the mental débris out of your inner consciousness. Consider, for example, the childhood incident of being closely associated with someone who was a chronic sufferer from ill health, who complained much about health conditions and explained habitually

the pains and feelings incident thereto. If you were a sympathetic associate with such a person during your childhood many of these negatives are doubtless recorded within you, tending to thrust themselves into your daily thinking and behavior.

Also fears, worries and anxieties incident to our common life become matters of record in the subconsciousness of children who are incidentally connected with the troubles occasioning such fears. Doubtless your inner mind has record of not a few of these disturbing situations unless you have had them removed thru corrective thinking.

Likewise, if your childhood brought you into intimate association with parent or other person who was constantly harping about "hard times," "bad luck," "always failing," "never getting ahead," and the like, your subconscious mind received from this experience many negative and hurtful impressions which have tended to linger to the present time. These negative and erroneous mind records may have continued to interfere with your thought and action relative to your employment, no matter what that might have been.

So now, doubtless you are beginning to understand the point of view and the method of procedure here required of you; namely, that it becomes a serious obligation on your part to cleanse your inner mind of its many recorded and lingering negatives which were fixed there because of unhappy and destructive incidents of your child life. It will be necessary to locate these—or to have another do it for you by analysis—and to eliminate them one by one thru specific *denial*. Perhaps the rather complete and extended series of denials given below will enable you to accomplish the important purpose of cleansing your inner mind from all its disturbing elements:



Twenty-two Steps to Health

1. I am dropping all my negatives. To that end I am speaking of no fear, worry or anxiety, realizing that so long as I mention these troubles they will tend to persist in my subconscious nervous system, and so continue to annoy me.

2. I am resolved to make no reference to anything of a fear-provoking nature.

3. I now realize that I can become healthy in body, happy in my human relations and successful in my business enterprise only in proportion as I avoid negatives in thought, speech and actions.

4. I am learning to remove and avoid all fear-giving and negative thought, as a means of gaining control of my nerves, and of contributing thus to the improvement of the functions of my entire life.

5. I am mentioning no failure, loss or ill-luck, for to speak of these troubles tends to make them more real and causes them to persist and hold their forms in the nervous system. Indeed, to think of them, as well as to act them, gives these errors a status of reality.

6. I find, on the other hand, that as I refuse to mention any and all business adversities, the picture of them tends to dim out of my subconsciousness and finally disappears.

7. I am resolved, therefore, to keep my mind entirely away from such negatives as the thought of failure in some particular business venture, or adversity in some planned and cherished investment. I realize that to permit my secret mind to dwell on these adversities is to detract correspondingly from my power of accomplishment.

8. I am describing no pain, illness or disease. Even tho my body may at times be racked with pain and illness may have long disturbed my peace and comfort, I now resolve to shut off the nerves that support all such troubles.

9. I am overcoming pain, illness and disease, not by direct attack, but by denying them recognition, by refusing to speak of them to anyone whatever, and by keeping my thought as far as possible from all ideas of physical ailment.

10. I am practicing the avoidance of remarks about any and all ill conditions of health. When anyone occasionally asks me about my health, or in any way suggests that I might be suffering from pain or illness, I quietly avoid the discussion and quickly turn the attention to a more suitable topic of conversation.

11. I realize that to keep the secret mind, as well as the conscious mind, free from all thoughts of pain, illness and disease is really a healing operation. Such quieting thought tends to release the nerves, giving increased freedom to the distribution of nerve energy, to the circulation of the blood and to the other normal organic processes.

12. I am telling no one of any possible weakness, error or fault in connection with my life. And, in order to accomplish this helpful purpose I am careful

to select my words, phrases and sentences—whether thought or spoken—in such manner as to keep them free from negatives.

13. I realize that to refer to a weakness makes it worse, to refer to an error makes it persist, to refer to a defect makes it more likely to recur. All of these are being removed from my inner consciousness.

14. I am setting myself to the task of a complete cleansing of my inner consciousness, thus I shall in time remove all the complexes underlying my negative behavior. As a result of this avoidance of negative secret thinking, I shall enjoy a larger measure of freedom of conscious thought and action.

15. I am quietly resolved not to say anything or think anything about myself which I do not wish to be true. Thus thru the practice of refusing to recognize in mind, word or deed any and all negative conditions, I give my nervous system its required normal rest and relaxation.

16. I proceed slowly here, consciously relaxing the tense and drawn places in my body and thus removing the adverse nerve situations. As a result, peace, poise and a quiet restfulness possess my entire being.

17. I send my quieting thought, first here and then there into my organic system, removing the ugly things out of my mind and relieving the restrictions which have tended to interfere with my health and my organic functions.

18. I here become conscious of an effect upon my whole physical being which is quiet, restful and healing, and yet in a sense stimulating and inspiring. By this process I seem to be released from the depressive and discouraging conditions.

19. I am giving special attention to the ejection from my inner mind of all hurtful habits of thought and action. Much of this negative condition has persisted so long that it has seemed to be a part of my normal life; but now, the change has come and I am being released.

20. I am learning to relax in a conscious and definite way, with the purpose of releasing certain tired and twisted nerve centers, which hereto have disturbed my mind and destroyed my peace.

21. I am learning to speak directly to any given organ or location within my body where there seems to be disturbance or retardation of the function. By speaking directly and with confidence to any such error, I relieve the nerve restrictions, release a larger amount of circulation energy, and so contribute definitely to my health and healing.

22. I realize that when once I have mentally released, and by such practice quietly restored my inner nervous system, the normal flood of life, health and strength will return with a new tide of energy. It is wonderful that I can thus perform the human part in the cleansing and restoration of my inner mind, and thus in the renewal of my entire body and all my life's relationships and tasks.

By Edward Earle Purinton

The Science of Service

*Third of a Series of
Lessons in Business
Organization*

SUCCESS is another name for the Science of Service.

The fundamental thought of a good business man is not how much he can sell, but how well he can serve. The more people you can serve, the more products you will sell. And the better the service, the better the sales.

Analyze the prosperity of a leading business corporation. What do you find? It grew on the reputation of the service it rendered.

It standardized the product, or reduced the price, or increased the value, or extended the use, or cut the care, or lengthened the wear, or strengthened the guarantee, or hastened the delivery, or helped the buyer, or boosted the dealer, or educated the public, or did something else to improve satisfaction by improving service.

Fame is the recognition of service. Wealth is the reward of service. Power is the result of service. Whatever you want you can reach thru service, properly conceived, organized and utilized.

Service changes toil from drudgery to delight. Service unites hand, head and heart. Service makes business human. Service transforms customers into friends, and employees into members of your own family. Service broadens the mind, develops the intuition, sharpens the sensibilities, deepens the impress and heightens the effect of a man's whole personality.

You can tell a poor business man from a good one by

whether he asks under his breath, "What can I sell you?" or "How can I serve you?" Of course, you aren't supposed to hear a remark under his breath, but if you know human nature you can see it sticking out of his eyes.

How many people have business relations with you, in capacity of client, customer, dealer, agent, employer, employee, buyer, seller, associate of any kind? How many of these could you, with a little thought and effort, serve more fully, promptly, cheaply, carefully, pleasantly, heartily, skilfully, helpfully? How many of them need things you could supply at very little cost?

A business large enough to employ two people should maintain a service bureau, to offer counsel, research, aid, collaboration and co-operation of all kinds, for the customer, employer, and employee. The departments of the service bureau should cover all phases of the business, from organizing and planning to advertising and selling. You can get all kinds of data for your service bureau, at slight cost, if you go after it right.

The coming science will be the Science of Service. A few years hence, the man who wants a big job will have to know how to render a big service, not merely to his company but even more to the wide circle of readers

and friends within the sphere of influence reached by the company. You can make anybody your friend by serving him right. And the way to have fine customers is to have firm friends.

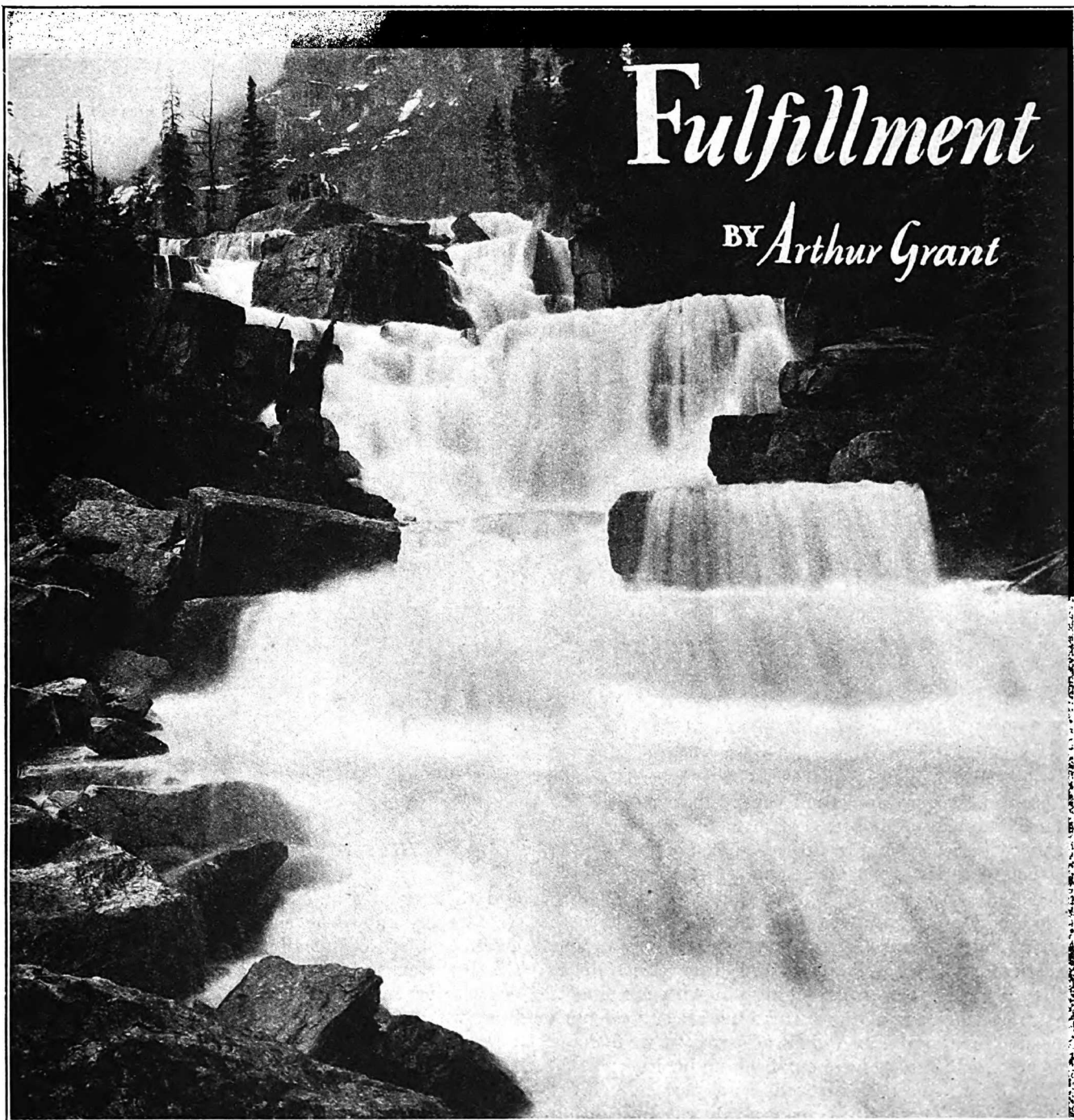
The Shoppers

By FRANCES MARGARET HALL

YOU who hold life clutched like a penny
Tight in your hand—

Cautious, hoarding, looking for a bargain—
Come, understand:

The gorgeous fun your coin can buy;
Let's go shopping, you and I.
Let's buy laughter and sunny days—
Who's afraid of the autumn's haze!
Let's buy songs and dancing feet;
You'll find shade from the summer's heat.
Let's buy gladness— You fear it's brief?
Come! Take a chance on the future's grief.
Let's buy youth and a happy spring;
Age will be rich with remembering.



Fulfillment

BY *Arthur Grant*

Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railways

The Giant's Steps near Lake Louise, Alberta, in the Canadian Rockies.

WHERE a cataract, chained in its rocky cleft,
 Threw its prisms spray to the morning sky,
 I saw a silver salmon fall
 On the jagged rocks, to gasp and die.
 I stooped o'er the edge of the swirling flood
 And placed it back in the waters cool,
 And its strength returned as it rested there
 In the crystal depths of a quiet pool.
 I tarried a while, till I surely knew
 That its wasted strength had come back to stay,
 And I cast behind me a lingering glance
 As I turned to follow my lonely way.
 It had no voice I could understand
 To speak its thanks for my timely call,
 But I saw it speed like a shaft of light
 Up the foaming breast of the waterfall.

I wandered along a woodland path,
 In the burning heat of the noontide hour;
 And drooping there at my careless feet,
 I saw a beautiful crimson flower.
 Uptorn from the heart of its mother earth
 By some thoughtless child in his wayward play;
 And left in the glare of the summer sun,
 To slowly wither and fade away.
 I placed it back in the cool, damp soil,
 In the sheltered heart of a shady glen,
 And I borrowed a strand of the birch tree's bark
 To bind its bleeding and broken stem.
 The still, small voice of a fragile flower
 Is not for the ear of such as I,
 But I saw it lifting its lovely head;
 In flaming beauty toward the sky.

By Elizabeth
Weston Timlow

Facing Disaster

*What to Do When
A "Must-Be"—
Trouble Approaches*

THREE classes of trouble, it is said, beset us all: one class includes all the disasters from which we have ever suffered in the past; a second covers all that we are enduring at the present moment; the third, all that we must face in the future. Most of us seem to feel bound to lift them all at once; a staggering load, indeed!

No wonder our strength fails us, when we harness painstakingly to ourselves all our bygone sorrows and injustices and old grievances and drag them along, while we strain forward, reaching out with our fingertips to the burdens of the future, tho all our strength is needed for the present weight of care; yet we manage *that* very well, for we have our back under it.

Why do we so senselessly relive our past sufferings? Why do we persistently tear away the protecting covers which time lays so gently on torn and bleeding places? Often these deep wounds of the spirit would be completely healed if we did not keep them sensitive by constant probing, as the beggars in India encourage their frightful sores, thrusting maimed arms and mutilated faces before our sickened eyes, to horrify us into charity. How much in the same spirit do we also prey on our long-suffering friends in our eager bids for sympathy, compelling them to listen over and over to our long past woes!

But is it not idiotic to do mentally what we know it is insanity to do physically? Why live over and over every moment of the pitiful sorrows that once tore our hearts? Why keep the anniversary of death of that beloved one and often refuse to dismantle the room where she died? Does not the sunny life of that dear one belong to us as much as the dark day when she left us? Ah! we fill our memories with these burning griefs,



Illustration by E. Campbell

and then wonder at our failing health and strength! Yet we all know—or should know—what havoc the emotions play, chemically, with our cells and tissues. Of all the emotions, anger, fear and grief are the most devastating on the body. Grief comes to us all, but at least, we can refuse to turn the knife in the wound, and we can let it heal.

Future troubles? How we look forward and fling ourselves into the land of the merely "May-Be" with the same strange zest! Yet we know that all future trouble is of two sorts: one, which is possible, but not inevitable, and which at best we can do nothing to avert. This we call "Worry." Regarding this class of future woes, it is hardly necessary to quote the classic remark that Lincoln is said to have made: "I have suffered from many ills in the course of my life, most of which never happened!" For this particular class of future disaster—the merely possible, but not probable—it is difficult even to plan, for when you draw nearer it, circumstances usually kick it out of the way. These disasters "never happen."

The other class: yes, for us all there stretches at times the grim territory of the "Must-Be," towards which we are driven by the scourge of anxiety. A bleak and desolate land, blackened by the dense shadow of the hovering disaster, which nothing can avert. Our way must be found thru that frightful quagmire ahead. Can we help being nearly consumed by burning dread?

We have come to the point where our financial ruin is a certainty; or incurable illness and inevitable death have swept down on the one whose going will rend our hearts; or undeserved, but inescapable disgrace thru others is breaking over our lives. We are *facing* disaster. Who does not know the curious, sickening "sinking of the heart," so stabbingly real? Or the shortened breath, the panting lungs, the physical limpness, the dazed bewilderment, the sharp, all-pervading pain that shoots thru every nerve, as we are driven nearer that unbelievable disaster? How shall we face it—that black monster? Yet we must grapple with it as soon as it is near enough, as time pushes us into the territory of the Must-Be, where the Thing lurks. But how? This waiting for the slow advance is the most terrible part, after all! This is the time when mind and body most often give way under the strain.

Facing Disaster. What help can psychology offer? Much. It can show us how to forge our armor and give us weapons with which to meet and vanquish a foe that we cannot evade. We cannot escape the suffering, being sentient human beings and not stock or stone, but we may at least minimize it.

The moment we realize the inevitability of impending and shattering trouble is also the one when Anxiety has us in his grip. Now the root meaning of anxiety is, "To choke; to cut off the air supply." Vivid! If our air supply is cut off, is not life itself threatened? This strange grip of the throat thru anxiety is instantly shown in the shortened, panting breath, for every emotion immediately affects the heart-beat and consequently the circulation of the blood. So marked is this effect of emotion, that Dr. Benussi, of Gratz, says that no one can tell a deliberate lie without quickening the respiration. The most practised liar can control every telltale muscle—save the heart. Anxiety, therefore, almost stops your breath.

Will you think it too simple if I say the first necessity is to get your breath again, physically and mentally? For if you are not breathing properly, your circulation is affected, your blood is not duly oxygenated, and your brain cells are not nourished; how then, can you think clearly and plan your onslaught? Fear, of which anxiety is a form, of course, just as quickly causes various other chemical reactions in your entire body, but I do not enter on these here.

For your weapons? The one that you must keep ever sharp and shining and ready for use, is your *courage*. Its derivation—from "Cor," heart—shows that it is a quality of your innermost being. Don't let it ever slip from your grasp! Merely gripping it tightly gives you time to formulate a plan of attack, and your grip tightens with the immeasurable effect of the spoken word: "There is a way out—and I will

find it." Or of approaching sorrow, "I can bear it—when the time comes." The steady reiteration of any definite thought or idea sinks slowly down into your deep self and reappears with added power. The French troops at Verdun in those months of Inferno kept grimly to their watchword: "They shall not pass!" Had their watchword been, "*Can* we keep them back?" would the result have been what it was? I wonder?

Therefore in the face of the approaching terror—or sorrow—don't permit yourself to cry out, "How *can* I bear it!" Don't bear it yet! You cannot help it? Oh, yes you can. Don't *let* your imagination picture the desolation, the loneliness, the struggle. Don't dwell on that side. They will come? Quite possibly. It is not time to bear them yet; this is the time for action. Make a thoro analysis of the situation and of its cause—if you can find it. Dispassionately perceive what is the worst that could happen; this is not the same as dwelling on the *suffering*.

The vague is always terrifying. If it is feasible go to some trusted friend and get what counsel could be given, if any. Tell everything, suppressing no detail, for that suppressed detail may be, as every lawyer knows, the crux of the whole matter. Talk it over as impersonally as possible. But if such counsel is impracticable, and no one can help you, take counsel of God and your own stout heart, a very seaworthy Two. To do this you must keep your tranquillity—which anxiety would throttle, if you yield to it—and you can only do this by refusing to suffer ahead of time.

Map out as careful a line of action as is possible, exactly as if you were advising another person. "If such a contingency arrives, do so-and-so; if that doesn't work, try this." Remember, however, that when the foreseen disaster arrives, or the crushing event happens, they are *more* than apt to bring with them a train of unlooked-for circumstances, which may modify your entire plan of action or change in a twinkling your past decision. Do not, therefore, be set on any particular policy; having ar-

ranged it as you can foresee events, be ready to be guided by final emergencies, or any necessity of the moment. You can seldom, in these crises, make any irrevocable decisions. Nevertheless the very consciousness that you have gone thoroly over the situation, thinking out a line of possible action, when your brain was clear, gives you a certain sense of power and calmness which will stand by you, even if you are forced to change every detail. All this is for that terrible waiting-time; like waiting for the cataract to spread over your eyes, before you can have the operation! When all this is done—and there is still that slow approach to the dread territory of the Must-Be—devote yourself to your daily (Continued on page 53)

The Tide

By Ouisse Vaupel

I DO not know that you're the one,
That is to be the all in all.
I only know you've made my soul
A great and lovely place to dwell.
I've opened doors that long were closed
And made room for the love to be,
And all you can't absorb I give
To those who come in touch with me.
So if you love me—take it all
I give you freely all my life,
And if you do not want it, dear,
I'll let it flow and gently fall
Into the lonely hearts that yearn
With longing thru the silent night.

You, too, Can Make Money

WHAT do you remember "wanting most" since you were very young? What do you continue to want? What day-dreams have haunted you when you were alone and dared to give flight to your imagination? Did you ever say to yourself, "If I

had a million dollars this is what I would do with it!" Then, in your mind-picturing, proceed to spend it? I believe most of us have done this. It is an excellent game to play, to pretend, to act out in the mind seriously and successfully.

Before playing this millionaire game con-

luckily, to a great degree, we can. And this is exactly what our psychology should teach us in a practical, provable way. If it does not do this for the layman, for the one too deeply immersed in the "living problems," of what use is it to the great majority? Therefore, first of all, let us be practical.

As most minds a bit mature in years can see points more clearly in a picture form, why not tell these things with actual examples? That I shall do and let you fit to these examples some of your tendencies or attitudes.

A young unmarried woman of about twenty-eight came to me for help. She was the picture of distress—nervous, anemic, thin and unhappy. She was timid in her manner, and tho she desperately wished to unfold and "air" her feelings, she was so "tied-up" it was a painful thing for her to do. She did not understand her condition; she had already tried to get at basic causes of this unhappy state of hers, but attempts at self-discipline and new-made plans seemed only to get her in deeper. We talked seriously for hours. Finally she "loosened-up" and gave me a detailed picture of her life. This young woman had lost her father when she was in the bloom of health, life, enjoyment. She was twenty when her father died, and very popular



She began to gather children about her in the yard of her mother's home.

structively and beneficially get a full, broad idea of what the imagination is.

The intuition is the organ of the imagination just as the physical brain is the instrument or organ of the mind. The imagination often reacts as if it were a secret lion of power for good or destruction in your efforts to carry out a plan. It therefore works for, or against, you.

How can we get hold of this powerful lion of the imagination and use it to our earthly advantage? The answer sounds simple, but the complete handling and carrying-out to the ripening process is not always so simple. The answer is "the image-pattern," that is the picture you indelibly impress on your imagination. It behooves us then to give much time to this "image-patterning," and learn just how to impress it upon our minds thru the powerful work of the imagination.

Most of us, thru close and early contacts, unconsciously form our "pictures," or prototypes, before we understand, or attempt to know, the natural tendency of our inner make-up. This is always unfortunate. It causes too often an inharmonious picture. We become unconsciously cramped, tightened, squeezed into molds that do not fit our real selves. The working out then of misfits is the result. Could we but begin life over!



Mother set the hour for her return when daughter went out to parties.

with the opposite sex. She was engaged, at the time of her father's death, to a fine man.

This girl's mother was a selfish, jealous woman. Also she held the family purse-strings. The girl could have money for all requirements of her social position, but

How to Plan Your Profits and Profit by Your Plans

By
Pauline Cleaver

not one dollar for unexplained, or free purchases. She was tied to her mother's apron strings altho she was then nearly twenty-one. Mother set the hour for her return when her daughter went to parties, theatres, or elsewhere, so the evening was already spoiled before it had begun. If this young woman was a bit "over-time" according to mother's ideas, grave explanations were in demand. The girl (let us call her "Miss Claire") had a nervous break-down at twenty-two. Her mother showed impatience.

"The idea of a girl fortunate enough to have everything her heart could wish permitting herself to be nervous, older in looks than her years!" The mother was most lacking in understanding, of course. The girl's engagement was broken thru the repeated suggestions and remarks of the mother. The girl was miserable. The young, gay crowd soon found her tedious. Her popularity waned as her health condition became serious. She was "tonicked," fed all kinds of diets, but her condition grew worse.

Then she came to me. She wanted so much to unburden herself and find out if possible what in herself she might grasp to become free. The solution was not easy. It meant she had to take her life in her own hands. She had to pay less attention to the mother's demands. This thought filled her with fear. How



MISS CLAIRE

could she do it? What would the world think? Where would she get sufficient money to support herself, if her mother should put her out unless she continued to live according to her notions?

Slowly she became convinced that her first duty was to herself. She saw the psychology of Shakespeare's "To thine owe self be true—thou *canst not*, then, be false to any man." She saw her mother as a tyrant, imposing her own "false" rights. Miss Claire took on weight, her face began to bloom, she regained her courage. But what could she do to earn some independent money?

We analyzed her talents. We traced back thru her childhood joys. What did she enjoy playing when a youngster? What did she dream of most? We went deeply into her youth, when suddenly with delight she dug up the memory of a little doll auditorium she had made, and about which she placed little dolls, in amphitheatre fashion, as if they were dancing in the sunshine. She adored children as she had adored her doll-children. She was keenly impressed with this old picture she had not brought to the surface of her consciousness for years, so borne down with "mother" had she become.

She began to gather children about her in the lovely yard of her mother's home. She entertained them with stories and play-acting. She permitted them to write and act out their own little ideas. These children made up scenes for their plays and made their costumes. Soon the group enlarged. A play was given for the parents of the children, their school-teachers and friends. One wealthy woman, a clever, much-traveled person, came. She was delighted with the effect the work had on her daughter. She made a proposition to Miss Claire. She would build an out-door theatre surrounded by lovely woods, and a modern camp for boys and girls, and pay Miss Claire well if she would take full charge. The woman was so engrossed with the idea that she supplied her (Continued on page 88)



So the evening was
spoiled before it
ever began.

Illustrations
by
Stanley
Hunter

What Can WE Do for You?

Conducted by
G. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

QUESTION:—"A reader" writes—

I had been going with a young man for a number of months and became very much attached to him. But the thought of a difference in education caused me to care less and less for him. I have had quite a lot more education than he has had. I stopped seeing him for a while, but found that I missed him, and we are going together again. When he calls on me he is quite affectionate and seems glad to see me, and I usually feel glad to see him, but sometimes I get quite bored. I sometimes think that perhaps we have not enough in common. Yet we seem to like many of the same things. At times I appear rather cool, due to some of these thoughts, and he resents this change in attitude. Do you think I would be foolish to marry such a man?

ANSWER:—

You should not base your thoughts of marriage on the matter of education alone. There are plenty of well-educated young men who are not worth their salt when it comes to business or commanding a fair salary. I have known many well-educated people who were snobs and just plain fools. And I have known many with little education who have been very ambitious, and thru hard work, the experience they have gained, and using what brain matter they possessed to the best of their ability, have reached the top rung of the ladder and have the respect of the whole world. You will find that many of our biggest and brightest men have had very little education, except the home-made kind which ambition brought to them.

I would judge this young man of yours more by his character, ambition, kindness and thoughtfulness to you, and seeming chances for his future success, than by the number of years he attended school. I think the average girl has a better education than the average boy. Boys are eager to get out into the business field, or perhaps are forced out thru circumstances. The girl is supposed to stay home and go to school, if circumstances will permit.

QUESTION:—H. A. B. writes—

I have been going with a second cousin of mine for years and we are very fond of each other. In fact, we have become engaged secretly. I have

asked several their opinion regarding such a marriage, and most people tell me that I am likely to have weak and perhaps subnormal children if I marry this cousin. Is this true?

ANSWER:—

I am quite sure that there is nothing for you to fear in marrying a second cousin. There does seem to be some proof that it is a bad practice to marry anyone as closely related as a first cousin, and a number of states will not permit such marriages to take place. Still we read that in breeding fine stock it has been found an occasional inbreeding strengthens the stock. But I would not be in favor of first cousins marrying in spite of this.

Go ahead and marry if you love each other and believe in every other way that the marriage will be quite happy. And just don't worry about it.

QUESTION:—E. H. W. writes—

Will you please answer in PSYCHOLOGY the following questions:

Is it right for people to spend money for luxuries while so much want and suffering exist?

Do you believe suffering helps develop the spiritual side of us?

Do you think evolution is carrying the race nearer and nearer to a state of perfection?

ANSWER:—

I believe the Christian Scientist has the right idea in regard to charity. He does not recognize poverty. To recognize poverty and to treat it as such is to either embarrass the people you try to help, or to tend toward pauperizing them. I believe in helping one who is down and is deserving, but this help should come in a form different from just the giving of money. To help some one procure work, or to help him plan so that he can become independent, is the best form of assistance. Most poverty comes thru one's own errors.

A little suffering furnishes a lesson which can be very helpful. I believe that people have a perfect right to spend money as they please. Most rich people have forms of charity of which the average person knows nothing.

I believe suffering helps us mentally, spiritually, physically and sometimes

financially. It is only thru comparison that we are able to be truly happy. He who has never suffered, who has never experienced some of life's bitterness, has never experienced true happiness.

I believe the race is headed upward.

QUESTION:—W. W. T. writes—

Are hysteria and melancholia one and the same thing? My mother is suffering from some kind of mental disorder and we have had several physicians at different times in attendance. They differ in their opinions; two have called it hysteria, and three have called it melancholia. My mother just sits around and takes no interest in anything, not even in herself. She is willing to sit by the hour and apparently is not even thinking. We cannot get her to go out of the house, even for a ride in the automobile. She has been in this state for several months. What is your opinion?

ANSWER:—

Basing my opinion on the few statements you have made regarding your mother's case I should say there can be little doubt but that she is suffering from melancholia. Hysteria manifests itself in quite a different way. Where it takes on a form of depression it usually has some motive back of it. The hysteric loves attention, likes to be made much of, waited on; and this type often goes off into a temporary spell, such as a shammed faint, simply for the purpose of gaining some end. A pitcher of cold water will not only bring such a person out of her spell in a hurry, but will bring some pretty sharp remarks and anger with it. Hysteria may also show itself following anger, for the sufferer may become so worked up that her entire body trembles and she may actually register a temperature from emotional excitement. There is no mental deterioration in a case such as your mother's.

A cure is often effected by shock, something that for the moment forces attention on other things beside herself. Often a physical disease will be the means of bringing about a cure. Many times a patient can be forced into some occupational work where she gradually regains her interest. Baths, good food, proper suggestion and encouragement all help.

QUESTION:—F. M. writes—

I am a woman of fifty and have been going for a year with a man who is thirty-eight. We are in love with each other. Time and again he has proved that he cares more for me than I do for him. He wished me to marry him six months ago, but I would not. Now he is insisting that I do so. I know age is considered of less importance today than formerly, but I can't help thinking of it in connection with this marriage. However, I am young in looks, ways and actions. He has been married and so have I, but neither one of us has had a real companion in years.

ANSWER:—

I can see no good reason why you should not marry this man provided you both understand the situation perfectly and are in no way fooling each other. Marriage should be a congenial companionship more than anything else, and if you have much in common and are really in love with each other, why not make that companionship a permanent one?

You will have to watch yourself or you will develop jealousy more easily than you would if you were younger. You will see your husband talking with younger women, and unless you are big enough to trust him, doubts will begin to creep in and you will wonder if he is true and if you will be able to hold him. If you marry him make up your mind that you are going to trust him completely and that you intend to be happy with him at all times.

QUESTION:—G. E. S. writes—

For years I have suffered, or perhaps I had better say have "had"—for I have not really suffered—a rapid pulse. The beat is much above normal. It runs between 95 and 100. With the exception of being rather nervous I would consider myself a healthy person. Can you give a probable reason for this condition?

ANSWER:—

Occasionally we find a person with a normally high pulse, that is, a pulse that has been inherited and is peculiar to that family. But such a pulse should not be as high as yours. I should say that your pulse is due to some form of overstimulation—tobacco, coffee, or overeating. Do you get sufficient exercise? If not, you should take regular exercise and also check up on the things I have enumerated. Some require more exercise than others to work off energy and to keep from becoming nervous thru repression.

QUESTION:—W. E. D. writes—

My husband, a young man of twenty-seven, is constantly worrying about himself and believes that he will in time suffer from tuberculosis. His mother died from it, and he has an

(Continued on page 95)

LIFE IS NOT WORTH LIVING

—Without Sound Nerves

YOUR nerves govern your whole life—your efficiency, your happiness, your health. If your nerves are depleted, you cannot concentrate or think clearly; you have not the "pep" and spirit to enjoy your pleasures and sports; you have not the physical comfort and well-being without which happiness is impossible. Is life worth living under these conditions? No! You merely exist—you are not getting out of life everything that it has to offer.

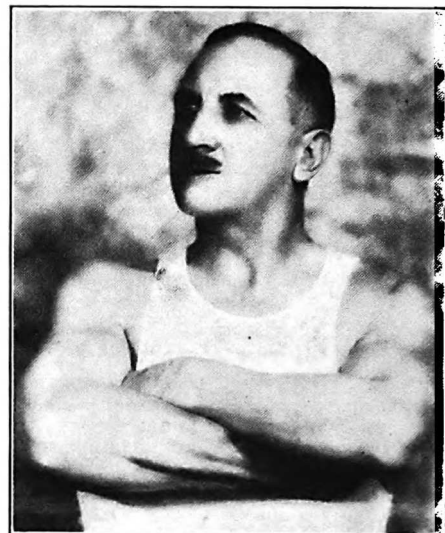
We are living in an age of SPEED; we are leading a "mile-a-minute" life. We crowd two, or even five years of life into a single year! We hurry, we worry, and, often, we dissipate our vital forces through ignorance. We commit these sins because we are living in an age of acute competition, tremendously high cost of living, reckless pleasures—conditions that compel us to strain our nerves to the utmost.

Yet we go on living our lives hard and fast, little realizing that we cannot go on for long, that there must come an end to our stock of Nerve Force, and that Nerve Exhaustion is staring us in the face!

Every victim of Nerve Exhaustion, when he is stricken with this terrible malady, firmly believes he has been stricken suddenly. This is not true. The fact is, that it has been years developing, and that he has had many, many warnings of what was coming—but he did not heed them! Though he passes through years of subnormal nerve supply, he pays no attention; he believes it quite common—as many misled people do—to feel tired and worn out; to suffer sleepless nights in periods; to feel discomfort after meals; to feel depressed, irritable, melancholy, and, often in a "mental fog." He believes his trouble will solve itself "somehow," "sometime," especially since his physician assures him that there was "nothing physically wrong," and that all his "organs are perfect," that all he needs is a "rest" and he will be "all right." A little rest helps a little—for a while, and then he is right back where he started, leading the same old life. Finally, he becomes a bit discouraged, believes that every man must endure "a few discomforts," and keeps on going while the going is still good. Little does he realize that every day he is undermining his constitution, paving the way to all sorts of physical and mental disorders, and going through life only HALF ALIVE.

The country is teeming with cases that fit this story like a glove, for we Americans are the most nervous nation under the sun, not barring even the hot-headed Latins. They may be called "near-neurasthenics." A near-neurasthenic is but a next-door-neighbor to a full fledged neurasthenic, in the grip of actual, terrible and complete Nerve Exhaustion—Nerve Bankruptcy!

There is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin. Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is ILL!; no other word can express it. At first the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.



PAUL VON BOECKMANN
At the age of 59

Medicine Useless

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

Physical Exercise May Be Harmful

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

Important Book on the Nerves

Many excellent books have been written on the care and strengthening of the nerves, but by far the most practical book ever written for the benefit of the general public is "Nerve Force" by Paul von Boeckmann, the noted authority on this subject, who has for thirty years made an intensive study of people with weak and deranged nerves. The book is illustrated and contains 64 pages of condensed facts and advice upon the subject of Nerve Culture. The cost, prepaid, is only 25c (coin or small denomination stamps).

Your Children's Nerves

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

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

Unconditional Guarantee

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

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

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

Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 1472
Cellini Bldg., 48 W. 48th St., New York City

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

Name

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City State

The Salesman's Conference Table

Discussion and Counsel on Practical Problems of Salesmanship

Conducted by Lawrence W. Rogers

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

C. I. W., Minnesota, writes:—

I have read *The Salesman's Conference Table*, with a great deal of interest. Naturally, I am trying to find an experience that parallels my own, hoping that by so doing I may find and correct my trouble.

In 1925 I disposed of my business to which I had devoted twenty years and found employment as a traveling salesman for a line which had been something of a hobby with me. After spending five days under an old salesman, I was assigned a new territory and started out under full steam, without previous experience. Whether my enthusiasm carried me thru or just what, I am unable to say.

From the first day I simply copied the methods used by my former instructor and accomplished the same sales volume that he had done. This kept up for several weeks. At the end of a couple of months, under production of the merchandise that I was selling necessitated cutting down the sales force and as I was the new man on the job I was laid off.

I tried direct selling in two different commodities during the following season, finally arranged to sell the same line of merchandise in another territory where crop conditions were bad. After spending several months on straight commission I gave up this connection, having earned expense money only.

Following six months employment in a factory I again engaged in sales work, this time selling consumers a nationally known home appliance. Possibly as a result of my unsatisfactory sales experience, my natural inferiority complex asserts itself and is a real stumbling-block. In my present employment I feel very much the need of an instructor who can and will spend days or weeks with me, coaching me. This my sales manager has promised to furnish but never seems able to do.

I receive straight commission and average considerably less than enough to pay actual living expenses. Realizing that employers prefer young men, at fifty-four I dare not quit, still hardly see how I can keep on. Have been at my present job about eighteen months. My sales manager states that I am conscientious, work the required hours daily and am putting forth a real worth-while effort. I have searched in vain for the incentive that enabled me to get satisfactory sales volume on my initial sales experience. How can this be accomplished?

ANSWER:—

I should first accept without reser-

vation the basic premise that the fact of your having obtained a good production in your initial attempt is conclusive proof that you can do it on a second attempt. *If you did it once you can do it again.*

Next, I would sweep out of my mind all thoughts of having an "inferiority complex." Fill your mind with positive, expanding thoughts about yourself, such as "I Can" and "I Will Win Out." Cultivate the atmosphere and associations that stimulate and help you to achieve a positive, self-expectant attitude.

Then, see that your sales manager makes good on his promise to give you the desired coaching, and without delay. Do not be put off. Obtain the instruction you need, or get another connection where it will be furnished. There are plenty of organizations that will appreciate your services and effort and give you the necessary assistance.

The mystery of your satisfactory sales volume at the start is easily solvable. It is characteristic of a very large number of men and women who start selling, to have a big initial spurt and then lag behind. The reason is psychological. One is apt to lose enthusiasm with repetition, or get sick of putting so much intensity into the sales talk when the "new wears off." The way to guard against this tendency is to constantly study your line to find fresh and new angles and opportunities for bigger service to your consumer.

Your determination evidently inspires those around you. Harness it in the direction suggested, get the coaching you want, plan your work intelligently, and you will find the new incentive developing in yourself that will put you over the top. I would add too, that I know a large number of "young" men, with more years than you, who are doing splendid work in various selling fields!

G. F., New York, writes:—

I am what is known as a "strong closer." I sign up most of the prospects I talk to. Yet I may sound paradoxical in that I am not getting sufficient production. I work hard, yet

seem unable to get enough prospects so that I can really make a satisfactory showing. What would you advise?

ANSWER:—

Yes, your problem does sound a bit paradoxical. As a rule, it is the other way around. Most salesmen have train-loads of prospects, but fail in closing sales. However, to one accustomed to studying the varied ins and outs of the business, the difficulty, after all is not quite so absurd as it seems.

There appears to be a class of men who are strong closers of business, by nature. Knowing this, they often rely too much upon this unusual ability trait, and fail to make sufficient effort to provide themselves with raw material in the way of prospects. Or, on the other hand, they may lack the faculty for organization of their efforts necessary to provide a steady stream of new prospects for themselves.

In any event, and without further information in your case, I should suggest that what you decidedly need to do is to bring some of your "closing" ability to focus upon increasing your area of contacts. Give plenty of sound thought of this part of your plan and I am sure that the very resourcefulness of mind that makes you a closer of business will also make you a creator of larger opportunities all around you.

N. H. L., Illinois, writes:—

I have a large organization of men and women engaged in selling a popular household specialty. There is considerable detail connected with the business, and it is subject to certain changes from time to time, so that regular sales meetings are necessary. I regard them necessary also for the proper building up of organization morale and spirit.

What baffles me is how to make my people attend these meetings. The ones who need them the most will not show up, or else they will come dragging in when the meeting is half over, disturbing the morale of the rest. I have tried everything I can think of and am at my wit's end to know what to do. Can you throw any light on this exasperating difficulty?

ANSWER:—

Many sales people, and especially

those who work on a commission basis, take the position that attendance at meetings of their firm is a waste of valuable time, and that they should use the time in the field, whether they do actually so use it or not.

Others seem to lack interest, or possess a prejudice against attending meetings of any sort. Some are unreliable, lacking in concentration, and just don't seem to get around.

But attempted analysis of salesmen in this way, will not help your difficulty much. I have addressed hundreds of sales meetings. I have seen organizations that can get the salesmen out, others that cannot. My belief is that the salesman who is worth a pickayune, just will not be driven around by anybody. He resents domination and "bossing." I suggest this from the statement in your letter that you want to find out how to "make" them attend.

There are many fine business organizers, who fall down miserably when it comes to dealing with the group, on account of offensive mannerisms, social crudities, or by being too full of primitive desires to brow-beat and bulldoze. Compensation for the services of specialty salesmen is too great today to make it necessary for any of them to sit in meetings and be held up to ridicule and humiliated. The main trouble, too, with the practice of "bawling men out" in meetings, is that the ones you wish to scold, do not get it, and the ones you hope will not take your remarks personally, are the very men who will do so, and get mad, and perhaps quit.

I have always observed, however, that in well-conducted sales meetings, as a rule, the salesmen who get the business, will be on deck at meetings, to pick up every scrap and shred of information and inspiration that will be of help to them. This fact, I believe, furnishes the cue to a possible solution of your problem. Get away from the notion of "making" them attend, eliminate, if you need to do so, any "jungle" tactics previously employed in desperation, as they comprise an impossible group psychology. Concentrate upon making the meetings a magnetic force of helpfulness to all, sell this idea to your staff, and your meetings will be well attended.

E. A. M., Kansas, writes:—

I am looking for a place with people who will not consider me some kind of a curiosity with a lot of new-fangled ideas. I have been a student of psychology for years and it is that something that has changed me from a bum into a skilled workman, then salesman, and afterwards successful in a small business venture.

Again I find myself free and seeking opportunity with some firm where executive and sales experience is needed. I am of the type best suited for mis-

(Continued on page 91)

What Is An Internal Bath?

BY R. W. BEAL

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them.

Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that fifteen minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal bathing will do this and it will do it for people of all ages.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "*Why We Should Bathe Internally.*"

This book contains a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife; all that is necessary to secure this book is to fill in the attached coupon and mail. It will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now while the matter is fresh in your mind.

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.,
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City.....State.....

Over the Editor's Shoulder

As He Opens and Answers His Mail

"LADY VIVIAN" HOWARD writes to Dr. Miller about the Psychology Summer School at Look-out Mountain:

It would have been a great joy to have had you make us a "flying" visit to get the personal-touch with the environmental beauty of this mountain retreat. And, too, we wanted you to get the "atmosphere" of the place. It has an indescribable charm that cannot be put into words. One has to come under the spell of its enchantment to experience the peace, relaxation and joy that delights the soul of every comer. There is a spirit of hospitality at Alpine Lodge that cheers and blesses with a sweetness of simplicity and naturalness seldom found out in the "ultra-modern" world. It is refreshing to tired, jaded nerves. It has been a haven of rest and renewing for many and inspirational to all.

There were many things I would have loved to talk over with you, and get your personal "happy re-actions," for I am bubbling over with future possibilities of the School, and can see and visualize them as you cannot until you come.

As to the activities that will be going on in the art colony, we have several things in the offing, not definitely arranged for yet. One is a Summer Music School, credits to be given by the Woman's College, Montgomery, Ala., whose director is a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, London. In the event he comes, the little studio of music will be removed from the lodge. A high-class boys' camp is being located on the west side of the river about a mile from Alpine Lodge, and it is to be made outstanding along new lines of psychological training to fit adolescent minds. It might be advantageous to us in the future, if not this year, because parents could put their boys in training at the camp while they were here in school. We are considering that phase, and ready to affiliate for best interests of all concerned.

We have dedicated our mountain retreat for an "out-door temple of art" . . . the sanctuary of the woods never to be desecrated . . . nothing sacrificed to commercialism . . . beauty and the natural environment preserved . . . native wood, stone and other things used and developed in an artistic way, are our plans for the art colony.

I was most fortunate in securing Miss Noles, who is a dietician, and has charge of the cafeteria at New York University. She is giving up a summer trip abroad to come to us. She and I are ready to carry out some of your suggestions for biological living. I have given years of study and investigation to food values and also metabolism, as well as observation of our mental re-actions to proper diet, so, am ready to help you carry out some of

your ideas for personal observation. I want you, Dr. Miller, to feel that this is *your psychology center*, with perfect liberty to try-out some of the things you most want to . . . "the sky is the limit," if you will pardon the slang. Here *we offer you* the opportunity you desire . . . it is now up to you to put your subconscious mind to work.

COULDN'T MISS AN ISSUE

MRS. EVELYN J. RICHARDS, Savannah, Ga., writes:

I have been a most enthusiastic reader of your wonderful magazine for very nearly two years. I am among the first to secure a copy from the stands every month, and would be a regular subscriber if it were not for the fact that I travel with my husband and am never at one address long enough for mail to reach me without being forwarded; and I cannot run the risk of losing a single copy of PSYCHOLOGY.

There seems to have been a general awakening to the value of Practical and Applied Psychology, since I seldom pick up any magazine that does not have an article relative to it. I believe therein lies a solution to our country's problems as well as our personal ones, and I hope the day is not far distant when there will be widespread knowledge and application of this marvelous science. I know from experience what can be accomplished.

REV. FLETCHER CLARK, 2101 West Tioga Street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

Please let me thank you for your sane and inspirational editorial in the March issue of your practical and very helpful, because suggestive, magazine. It is so sensible, such good mental medicine and a tonic.

ABOUT VACCINATION

MISS HELEN KING, 325 W. 178th Street, writes:

Some months ago I had the pleasure of congratulating you on a fine editorial against the harmfulness of medical drives. I would expect no less from a magazine with such a name, professing such a creed and such ideals.

What is therefore my horror to read in the April issue an endorsement of vaccination. A woman asks for advice in regard to her two children about to enter school; she is "not really in favor of vaccination" and is troubled about the school laws.

Dr. Leavitt promptly advises her to "submit to the law" and have the children vaccinated by a "good" physician, "cleanly and careful." How can a man be really clean about what is unclean morally and with what is actu-

ally filthy animal suppuration? Not only that, he also concludes with a panegyric on that other scourge, antitoxin: He once vaccinated thousands of people in one year for Chicago "without any trouble." Charming. . .

But Chicago, God bless her, has repudiated compulsory vaccination. There must have been "trouble" from *some-one's* vaccination. Antitoxin "employed early" has "proved truly successful."

The British Registrar General's statistics (admittedly most reliable in all the world) say otherwise. And England has for some years permitted a conscientious-objection law because after years of vaccination she had the worst smallpox epidemic in her history. Consequence: smallpox is now at a minimum (but there are still deaths and mutilations from vaccination!) And Austria, the birthplace of the Schick test, has now abandoned it.

THE PSYCHOLOGY CLUB'S AIM

A PSYCHOLOGY CLUB has recently been organized in Paterson, New Jersey, at 22 Church Street. The president is Peggy DeRoo; the secretary, Miss Irene Newman. We wish to call attention to the following which appears on the back of their membership card. With such high motives this club should prove successful and helpful to all who attend.

OUR AIM.

To live up to the best in ourselves.
To do unto others as we would be done by.
To see, hear and think no evil.
To look for the good in all and thru all.

To train our minds by thinking toward success and happiness.

M. A. D. BULMAN, of Boston Mass., writes:

Doubtless you receive many such letters as the one I am now writing, but the thought occurred to me that my case, being such an unusual one, might be of some interest to you.

The time is now extending into the second year since last we met, and I shall always bless the day in which I was brought in contact with you. It was in the month of January, 1928, that you delivered a series of lectures in Convention Hall in this city. I attended all of them, took your course in applied psychology, and purchased a set of your books containing the closed lectures. Since then I have read a great deal of other authors' works on the same subject, and have applied assiduously that which you taught me to my own particular case; and I would not take \$1,000.00 in cash today for the benefits I have received from them. These are no idle vaporings of a diseased brain, but they are actual facts.

On the night that I attended your

first lecture, I was a physical wreck. For several years I had suffered from an aggravated attack of intestinal indigestion which had spread thruout the entire intestinal tract. I dreaded to eat because I knew that whatever I ate would distress me, and I dreaded to go to bed because I knew that I would be unable to sleep. Oftentimes I would awaken from a fitful sleep with a smothering sensation around my heart and thought that I would surely die before relief came. Three times I cleaned, oiled and loaded my revolver with the intention of ending my life. Perhaps you will say that that was a cowardly way of seeking a cure, which doubtless it was, but something deterred me from committing such a crime.

And then you came to Boston. I saw your advertisement in one of the daily papers, and something within me urged me to attend your first lecture. Ah, my dear doctor, I suppose that you little thought on that first night of your opening lecture in our city that down in your audience, looking up at you in the despair of death, there sat one who, like a blind man in a vast wilderness, groped for light in an overwhelming area of darkness. Being in a receptive mood, I drank in with avidity every word that fell from your lips, and left the hall that first night greatly benefited. To make a long story short, I attended all three of your open lectures; then I took the course of your three closed lectures.

Today, after fourteen months of the daily application of what you taught me, fourteen months of perfect health, I am one of the happiest men alive. I never enjoyed better health in all the days of my life. From the first night that I attended your lectures, I have never taken a dose of medicine of any kind, nor have I had the slightest occasion to do so. Psychology, properly applied, has made me well, and psychology, properly practiced, keeps me well. And the pity of it all is that it is so simple and easy to apply, and so many thousands of unhappy souls scattered all over this land of ours have not the knowledge of applying it to themselves.

Dr. Miller answers:

Your splendid letter warmed my heart, and brought me a sense of inexpressible satisfaction. My greatest joy in life is the knowledge that I am helping others thru the message of Applied Psychology to health, happiness and well being. I trust that you may go on to ever greater heights of satisfaction and prosperity.

CONCERNING OUR ADVERTISEMENTS

TO a correspondent who, in a frank and friendly spirit, criticized some of the statements of advertisers in PSYCHOLOGY, Dr. Miller wrote:

I trust we have not gotten beyond the point of appreciating honest criticism, and of the many letters which we have received objecting to the type of advertising which we carry, yours certainly takes the prize.

I want to say in behalf of our advertisers that while their claims may sound excessive, and undoubtedly the wording of many, if not most, of these advertisements is so superlative as to

(Continued on page 93)

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—Another man, physically deformed, becomes the greatest electrical genius of his day—fabulously wealthy and world famous.

Why does one man fail dismally in everything he undertakes?—and another succeed with ease? Why is one man doomed to years of worry, sickness?—and another assured of health and happiness?

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Broadway Crosses the Hudson

(Continued from page 21)

idea that the glamor and novelty of a highly modern school of behavior had begun to run itself ragged. Ever since the war there has been a strong tendency to stress the complexities of life, rather than the simplicities. The theatre especially seemed to be surfeited with this theory. Each play put on was a little more involved than its predecessor. Producers were constantly demanding something different from the run of shows which had previously satisfied theatregoers as typifying good, wholesome amusement. Freak ideas, radical principles, bombastic stuff. Something with a terrific wallop to it. Something which would jazz up a populace suffering from boredom.

"While it is true that in recent years we have been traveling at high speed, we felt that the public was growing a bit weary of this sort of thing. There were indications that it was being overdone. Fundamentally, it did not appear sound. People do not change as readily and as completely as that. We can only ride so far on the crest of fad. And the fact that theatre attendances were dropping off furnished evidence that the public had grown restless under a false standard and was ready to drop back into a less hectic groove."

At the time Morley and his friends began taking serious heed of this revolt, there was a fortuitous circumstance to bring the whole Hoboken enterprise to a quick crystallization. Morley had dramatized his novel, *Where the Blue Begins*, and was trying to interest New York managers in it. He felt that it was not only a good play, but one that had excellent commercial possibilities. In spite of his success in literature, the producers failed utterly to see it his way. Not one of them showed the slightest interest in putting on *Where the Blue Begins*.

"I told Throckmorton," Morley went on, "that I was certain my play had real merit and that I should like to find some way to get it produced. Throckmorton, who has had much experience in the theatre as a scenic artist, read it and agreed with me. We racked our brains for some way to get the play across. At last he mentioned that he knew of a theatre in Hoboken which might be available.

"As soon as Throckmorton mentioned Hoboken we all realized that the moment had arrived for us to do the things we had in mind. It was a wonderful inspiration—his idea of presenting the show in Hoboken. Even before we went to inspect the Old Rialto in Hudson Street, we felt that here was the ideal spot for testing the real sentiment of the day, to see if people were

not in a receptive mood for a return to the traditions which had been cast off as antiquated and time worn. Hoboken itself was old and smelled of the past. Its inhabitants were a plain, homely set, unfamiliar with the fads and fancies which were turning the big city into an inferno of neuroticism and were unsympathetic toward them. The atmosphere was right. If a venture of this kind were to succeed at all, where could the chance of success be better than in a place which breathed the spirit of the undertaking?

"We abandoned any thought of putting on my own play as a starter. It was necessary that we feel our way. There was only a limited bankroll to carry out the experiment, consisting mainly of the relatively small amount of money the four of us could raise on our own account. For this reason we deemed it the better part of valor to



Conrad Milliken, Christopher Morley and Cleon Throckmorton—three of the Hoboken quartet.

proceed cautiously. If we could hit on exactly the right play at the outset, so much the better; but first of all we had to get customers going to the Rialto. Otherwise the whole project would go up in smoke before we had fairly attempted what was in contemplation."

Here let me digress to mention a thought which Mr. Morley might refrain from mentioning. And this is that the little organization which had sprung into existence to handle the affair was peculiarly versatile and well-balanced in talent. In addition to Christopher Morley, novelist, and Cleon Throckmorton, scenic artist, its personnel included Conrad Milliken,

lawyer, and Harry Wagstaff Gribble, playwright and stage director. Tho I am not familiar with all the abilities required in the operation of a theatrical enterprise, it seems to me that the quartet must come pretty near to embodying the entire quota.

The struggle of the Hoboken Theatrical Company, as it is now known, was distinctly desperate at the start. There was one particular ailment, namely that the public couldn't be inveigled to the Rialto—and beyond that ailment others were insignificant. A number of plays were tried out, and everything about them was excellent, except the size and enthusiasm of the audiences. Mr. Morley continues:

"The great stroke of good fortune came when we discovered Dion Boucicault's old play *After Dark*, or *Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow*, first produced in London in 1867. The following year it was adapted for American consumption and produced by Jarret and Palmer at Niblo's Garden, New York. It was revived by William A. Brady in the early 90's and Mr. Brady himself played the rôle of 'Old Tom' in Hoboken. James J. Corbett also played this rôle before his championship match with John L. Sullivan.

"*After Dark* was especially appropriate for presentation at the Old Rialto. Not only are the scenes laid principally in Hoboken, but the Germania Garden, which figures prominently in the plot, occupied the same site on which the theatre now stands, having been opened in 1863, four years before the first appearance of *After Dark* in London.

"Here was a show which fitted exactly into the restless mood which had fallen upon the theatre-going public. There was not the slightest thing complex about it. The emotions to which it appealed were those which had made it the 'great romantic spectacular drama' in grandfather's time. Complexities were foreign to it, doctrines unmixed with it. You could not mistake the hero, heroine and villain. They carried their labels from the moment they stepped before the footlights. The hero dressed like a hero, the villain like a villain. The words they spoke were sharply defined. Everything as plain as the playwright could make it. Nothing to worry about, nothing to confuse you.

"It was a great relief from the intricate and bizarre plots which had been troubling the theatre public of New York for years. We knew after the show had been on for a few weeks that our only problem was to spar for time and to keep going until the public

had learned that we were offering a form of entertainment refreshing in its naiveté. The sparring was of short duration. By the end of the sixth or seventh week the success of the Hoboken enterprise was assured. We were playing to crowded houses and turning back applications for tickets by the hundreds. Persons who had never before been in Hoboken were flocking to the Old Rialto in a nightly stream of luxurious automobiles, a throng as brilliant as the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera House usually knows."

One of the important factors in the success of the undertaking was the low scale of prices—\$1.50 for the best seats. Broadway was at last in a rebellious mood on the price question. The cost of seeing a worth while show had mounted in leaps and bounds thru the last eight or ten years. There was a time not so long ago when the best orchestra seats could be bought for \$1.50 each. When these same tickets had jumped to \$2.50 and then to \$5 the public still remained more or less supine. But when the ticket agencies and speculators gained complete control and the charge for a popular play went up to \$10 and \$15 or more, to say nothing of the outrageous and prohibitive sums demanded on opening nights, the last straw had been heaped upon the camel's back.

Apropos of straws, it strikes me there are many which show the way the wind blows along the *Seacoast of Bohemia*, as Hoboken is now known. One to which I have pinned much faith is the sub-title, *Neither Maid, Wife nor Widow*. I recall with what terrific force those five words struck me when I first saw them appended to the main title. My curiosity was aroused to the breaking point. The show at that time had had practically no publicity. The only thing it had to recommend it as far as I was concerned was Christopher Morley's name and the sub-title. But if Morley's name had not been there I should still have wanted to see it because of that inspired descriptive phrase, *Neither Maid, Wife nor Widow*. You have perhaps observed that the producers have also been conscious of its value. In the literature they put out, *After Dark* never stands alone.

After the experiment had begun to produce results far beyond the most optimistic dreams of its sponsors, the Hoboken Theatrical Company was in a position to move forward with bold and certain strides. And Morley, Throckmorton, Milliken and Gribble were ready to press their advantage to the limit. The great psychological moment of their lives, as I have said before, was at hand. *After Dark* had conclusively demonstrated that they were on the right track. The experimental stage was now over and the little

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pioneering group was a going concern. Confidence in themselves, money in the bank—a powerful combination. So they branched out as the lessees of a second theatre, the Lyric, a block or two down Hudson Street, and revived the famous extravaganza of years ago, *The Black Crook*. Into this, with its elaborate scenic effects and cast of eighty or more actors, they threw practically all the profits of the first venture, to find after they had been going a few weeks that they had run across another gold mine.

It is for these reasons that I say Morley and his band of pilgrims have performed one of the recent outstanding feats of psychology. They knew when—and went to it. They saw that men and women basically are not so different from their grandfathers, that the crowd still responds to emotional appeal and still takes keen delight in hissing villains and applauding heroes. As iconoclasts they have proven themselves superb.

This view of the New York situation does not mean in the slightest way that

Mr. Morley is a reactionary. On the contrary he is now and always has been a progressive of the stoutest fibre. He understands as well as does anyone else that there is not going to be any permanent recrudescence of the old time melodrama and that the public is only half serious in its attitude toward *After Dark* and *The Black Crook*. What he has created in Hoboken is an outlet for emotions which have not been stirred for so many years that they had become inert and rusty. Just the same, they were still there, and Christopher Morley understood it and capitalized his understanding.

As I close this article, I find that Mr. Morley has had occasion to assure the citizens of Hoboken that his venture will not cause any civic damage to that community. Aroused by the gaiety of some of the travelers across the Hudson, the Chamber of Commerce voiced a cautious warning to the new proprietors of the Rialto and Lyric theatres in an editorial in its weekly news bulletin. To this Mr. Morley immediately answered in an open-letter

signed by himself as representing the management. He wrote:

"We have already taken serious steps to prevent our performance being prejudiced by an excessive zest of participation.

"It must be remembered that our whole adventure here is without precedent and that there were no traditions to rely on. We have honestly tried to meet each problem as it came up * * * We are heartily glad that the Chamber of Commerce feels as we do that there can be too much of a good thing.

"We are trying with as much tact as possible to see to it that our patrons' enthusiasm does not outrun their good manners.

"Meanwhile, in the matter of our enterprises bringing permanent and worthwhile values to the city of Hoboken, we believe that the Chamber of Commerce need have no alarm. It would be premature at this time to go into detail, but our hopes and visions for the future are definite and ambitious. No good work was ever accomplished without growing pains."

Sex and Superstition

(Continued from page 36)

was presented to the curators by about 3,000 of the 4,000 students, protesting against the dismissal of the professors, and affirming that the questions were in the interest of scientific research, and could not harm save thru misunderstanding or perversion of their meaning.

The mass meetings continued for several days; signs were put up in many quarters of the campus, and when the curators refused to budge, but merely said that the matter would be placed before the full board of curators later, student indignation rose to the boiling point; for it was a foregone conclusion that the full board would support the committee's decision—which was just what they finally did.

So much for the magnificent flying start which the 4,000 students of the University of Missouri now have in at least one important branch of sociology. Now let's consider "The Family" course in sociology. "The Family" met, three times a week; and the students listened to and participated in frank discussions of the modern problem of the family. The class was divided into working groups of four persons each, and each group worked on problems assigned.

The group which was headed by O. H. Mowrer was trying to learn what was the real attitude of the students, and future husbands and wives, on the problem of sex relationships before and after marriage. The inquiry also included such questions as the double standard of morals, trial marriage, companionate marriage, birth control, divorce, alimony, and allied problems.

One question, addressed to young men, asked, "If you found a young woman, to whom you were engaged, had been sexually immoral, would you break the engagement?"

Another question asked the young man what he would do if he found the girl had been immoral for money. Also, "If, after marriage, you were to find that your wife was unfaithful to you, would you terminate your relations with her?"

One question addressed to women was, "Would you quit associating with a man, married or unmarried, on learning that at some time he had engaged in moral irregularities?"

Mr. Mowrer expected to make use of the answers to the questionnaires in the preparation of a thesis, by which he hoped to "graduate with distinction" in psychology. Professor Meyer consented to the questionnaire and furnished the return envelopes from a stock left over from a defunct "bureau of personnel research." The devoted group spent about forty dollars having the questionnaires printed.

About two hundred answers had come in before the row started. Mowrer affirmed that all but two were answered seriously and painstakingly and were treated in the spirit in which they were sent out. What the answers were will never be known, as President Brooks impounded the replies, and arranged to prevent any more answers from coming thru the university's private mail distribution or thru the United States Mail.

Professor Meyer is internationally known as a psychologist, and is a member of Sigma XI, an honorary society of scientists—a fact which rather puts the burden of proof on the witch-hunters. He has long been an active member of the Southern Society of Psychology and Sociology and since his dismissal from the university has been elected president of that organization.

What interpretation then is to be put on this miniature frenzy of witch-hunting at the University of Missouri? That it bears out every bit of ridicule which the doughty Mr. Mencken has heaped on the powers that control "the Bible Belt" goes without saying. But what comfort can be drawn from it?

In my judgment, much. For one thing, the rational, scientific, unemotional, non-superstitious study of Sex needs booming and advertising. The more booming and advertising such an attitude toward Sex can get the sooner will the human race learn to behave itself. Well, here is a way to boom it and advertise it. Let the moralists go on plenty of witch hunts, and let them then make any rational or intelligent discussion of Sex contraband, and you have the complete formula. Give the moralists all the rope they want, and human nature will do the rest. The stars in their courses fought for Darwin in Tennessee; and they will fight for enlightenment in the art of living just so soon as the moralists try to prevent such enlightenment by force.

The stage is all set for a national uproar on this subject far more violent than that tea-kettle tempest in Missouri. For one thing, practically every college in the country lists "The Family" among its courses in sociology. Twenty years ago that now popular course touched on sex and sex conduct very gingerly, indeed. But times have changed, and discussions go on in the class room in which points of view and opinions are exchanged between men and women with impersonal, scientific coolness and clean candor. Sex is treated in these classes as matter-of-factly as coffee and rolls. Taboos are set aside. There is a cool and critical inspection of the real origin, in savage minds, of some of our most sacred principles of sex morality, and some of our most deep-rooted habits of thought in this connection.

All of which means that here is a rich field for our professional reformers. Why they have not caught on to what is going on is a mystery. If they had the slightest notion of the topics studied in that widely popular course "The Family," as presented not merely in the University of Missouri, but in practically all American colleges and universities, there would follow a moralistic explosion that would rock this continent. And oh how we need it! I write this earnestly, in the hope that it will catch the eye of some nationally important busy-body with a gift for leadership, who will take his eye off the 18th Amendment and the movies and the new novels that need censoring, long enough to start something in this as yet virgin field. Some real witch-hunting among our departments of sociology and psychology would stir up the animals, make copy for the newspapers, and renew the determination of rational persons to separate Sex and Superstition as widely as possible. Just now they are Siamese twins, by Satan out of Darkness.

There is still another lesson in it—a lesson which our modern civilization is, on the whole, learning with astonishing speed; and that is that the thing most needed in the world today is not a new "religion" as some protagonists of theology would have us believe, but a simple thirst for the truth—which is the best of all religions, and embraces what is good in all of them. This is possibly what Professor Barnes meant when he said that we need "a new conception of God."

The orthodox brethren are fond of calling this "infidelity," and the worshippers of Truth "infidels." But it would seem that the profoundest infidelity in the world is that infidelity that fears and distrusts facts and tries to keep them hid. I do not envy the man who worships a God so insecurely seated on his throne that he can be unseated by the work of a truth-teller

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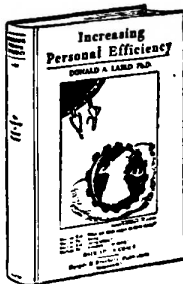
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like Darwin; nor is it easy to have the slightest respect for any system of social morality whose stability depends on silent ignoring of vital things in which normal persons are instinctively interested. Sex is one of these; and the most perfect known recipe for making Sex an obsession is to adopt Hush tactics in dealing with it.

The only way to assign Sex its proper, normal place, healthful place in human life is to rob it of the mysteries in which savages originally enshrined it, and in which we have continued to enshrine it. But it takes some courage to make the break; and superstitious people are particularly lacking in courage. It is nature that they should lack in; for anybody who believes that the Truth can be a malign thing would necessarily lack courage. The whole point and purpose of orthodoxy is to shield people from having to look upon the supposedly deadly truth. They must be kept from even speculating about such things. It is impossible to suppose that persons in any way confident of the authenticity of what they teach could take such an attitude. Nothing but fear that the whole structure of their belief will yield to the shock, and come toppling down in ruins about their ears, could possibly account for their reluctance to deal with Facts, and seek their salvation in Facts, and to base their personal religious faith, not on the so-called "certainties" of received tradition, but simply on what, in the light of known Facts, they regard as *probabilities*.

For instance, the orthodox religionist will assure you that he is "certain" that there is a life after death. I should say that the scientific attitude would be that there is no "certainty" about it, but that, from such and such facts, it seems *reasonable* to believe that there may be such a thing. Personally I think it *probable*, but I am not in the least disturbed if my neighbor thinks it *improbable*. I don't kid my-

self, and I know perfectly well that one reason I believe it is that I *want* to believe it. In due time we shall find out who was wrong. But I find it hard to be patient with the man who overrides this effort to be reasonable and honest, and who frantically wrings his hands and says, "Don't think about it. Such speculations will arouse the displeasure of God and will send you down into hell." That is superstition and infidelity combined.

The orthodox view of sex morality is that our present code of sex conduct is founded, likewise, on the revealed will of God, and must therefore not be questioned but simply obeyed. The same old fear prevails that if people venture to think for themselves about sex conduct they will displease a God who wants to do all our thinking for us in spite of the fact that he presumably gave us brains to think with. My notion of God's attitude would be that he prefers an honest atheist to a man who won't use his brains to the best of his ability, wherever they lead him, or whatever the risk to his personal peace of mind. There is no doubt that the trend of the present generation toward honest and independent thinking in the field of sex conduct is producing a lot of discomfort and unhappiness in the personal lives of persons who have not had time to think it out, and who make mistakes. But it is nevertheless the only way to arrive anywhere, or to find a way to improve on our manifestly imperfect sex code. Science knows this; but orthodoxy and superstition deny it.

On the whole, the incident at the University of Missouri seems to be first of all, just one more illustration of what we need, a *scientific, detached, unemotional, unbiased, attitude of mind*, and a willingness to deal with scientific probabilities and possibilities rather than with "revealed certainties." You are at liberty to bank on a probability and to have as much faith in it as you

like; but the whole temper of your mind toward it is different from the temper of religious orthodoxy because it is honest and candid, and because it always has reservations. Hamlet said, "Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul, when sick for certainties in this our life." But why pine for "certainties?" One thing that gives spiritual value to life is that it deals with uncertainties. That is what makes it an adventure—and that is what makes death an adventure. To meet the uncertainty, one girds up one's loins like a man and goes forth to grapple with it. It calls for courage, which is the most fundamental of the virtues, and the one that superstition has least use for in its plan to enslave the minds of men.

Primarily the action of the curators of the University of Missouri was a counsel of cowardice. They were not game, and they were not good sports. Moreover, they were almost incredibly stupid. If they had let the questionnaire pass, it would have gone its way into academic obscurity, like hundreds of questionnaires before it. By going on a witch-hunt, they gave to that particular search for truth the dignity and importance it really deserved, and produced in it the very interest they wanted to prevent. Thus, unwittingly, they have done a tremendous service to the cause of real education. It is now assured that the 4,000 students of the University of Missouri will do some real thinking along the forbidden lines—a thing they might not otherwise have done.

The deepest lesson the happening should hold for the American people is that it shows anew the need for teaching children and young people first of all, an unflinching reverence for facts and for truth. That is the thing they naturally have; and they would retain it if their elders did not try to terrorize it out of them by teaching them *not* to worship God in spirit and in truth, but in cowering fear.

A Step At a Time

By Lilian Milner

A FEW days ago I found Betty, a small friend of mine who recently celebrated her fourth birthday, curled up in a miserable heap on the lounge in the living-room, crying as if her heart was breaking. Her little cousin Elsie, who is nearly two years her senior, was standing beside her, gazing at her with a very bewildered expression.

"Why, Betty," I said, taking her up in my arms, "whatever is the matter dear?"

Betty made no answer, so I turned to Elsie who said, with a half-guilty

look, "She's crying 'cause she's got to go to high school when she grows up!"

I hastily suppressed the little laugh that rose to my throat, but, wondering what had led the conversation of two small girls into such a strange channel, I carefully questioned Elsie. I found that she, having lately begun to attend kindergarten, had been telling her little cousin about the wonderful things one learned at school. Betty had been so interested in the glowing account of all kinds of games that Elsie had gone on to tell how, when you were thru kindergarten, you went on to public

school, and how high school followed that. Poor little Betty had been overwhelmed by the size of the mountain of learning that lay before her! She failed to realize that the mountain was to be climbed just one step at a time, and that when she came to the steeper heights, the thought of which now appalled her, she would be well-equipped for climbing them thru years of preparation and training.

It seems very absurd that a little child should worry because some time in the future she must go to high school, but Betty's worrying over that

remote trouble was not any more foolish than some of the worrying of older folk. There is nothing that leads so quickly to worry as discouragement, and there is nothing so fruitful of discouragement as adding the burdens of the future to those of the present moment.

I remember when I began to study high school subjects how I amused myself during an idle moment by turning over the pages of my Algebra until I came to the following question; "A train which travels a miles in b hours is p times as fast as a coach. If the coach takes m hours to cover the distance between two places, how many miles are they apart?" That was so much Greek to me, and I thought that Algebra must be far too difficult for me to learn. It was a long time before I recovered from the set-back and was able to go on with my study.

I have never known a person who was a victim of worry, or a person who said "I can't!" and gave up in despair, who was not given to turning over in the same way the pages of the book of life to a lesson for which he was not yet prepared. I have never known anyone blessed with self-confidence who was not content to devote his energies to work instead of worry, who was not intent on solving the problems of today, leaving those of tomorrow to the All-wise Father who can be depended upon to take care of them.

Yes, mountains similar to Betty's mountain of learning lie before each and every one of us, for life is a continuation school; but we need not fear the mountains if we remember that we have only to take one step at a time.

Sorry for Yourself

(Continued from page 39)

go on dictating our conduct while we go on reasoning and protesting to ourselves all we care to. This makes a strain and stress and continual warfare in us.

This strain is what causes our "nervousness." It is the two systems fighting each other. The struggle will go to the most surprising lengths. The emotional habit must and will rule. In order to win out it will make people chronic invalids, dope-fiends, drunkards, neurasthenics, absent-minded, unsuccessful in love and business, unhappy, nagging, self-pitying, cowardly, and a hundred and one other things that are undesirable. It will, of course, operate the other way, too, and make people happy and successful in spite of everything, if the emotional habits that have been formed happen to be good ones.

Take the self-pity habit. Usually it starts with lack of understanding of the child on the part of the parents. The child is unjustly punished or re-

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pressed, or thinks he is, which is what counts. He has no way to overcome the disadvantage and so takes refuge in being sorry for himself. A child will say, "You will be sorry you did this if I die in the night," or he just withdraws into himself and mopes over his grievance in silence and dreams of revenge and justification and final victory while he turns the thing over and over and nurses the woe till it is the chief pleasure he has. It is the only escape he has from the conditions he thinks surround him.

The whole situation may be entirely imagined. Many a child thinks he is not wanted or that another member of the family is favored while he is treated unjustly or neglected. In this way a habit of self-pity is formed, but the child never knows it. The whole affair may be temporary and soon forgotten but once this habit is formed it becomes a dominating thing. Every act of life from then on is done to feed this self-pity. The child at school will think others do not like him in spite of the fact everything seems to show they do. He wants to be sorry for himself and that is one way of making it easy to do so. He will even fail in his work in school to be sorry for himself. It is not possible to be sorry for yourself if you are successful and have many admiring friends. It seems impossible but it is true that when one has the self-pity complex he will do the things that tend to indulge this habit even tho they mean loss of money, friends, position and comfort. The emotional habit is stronger than reason.

Obviously one cannot have the self-pity complex and also have a feeling of superiority and competence. To be truly sorry for yourself you must feel that you are no good and never can be, that others have an advantage over you which you cannot overcome. Inferiority complex is, therefore, a by-product of self-pity complex. It is merely one of the methods by which the urge to be sorry for oneself is gratified.

This is an astonishing statement, and no one who has suffered from the inferiority complex ever admits the truth of it at first. He scorns such an explanation. This is because to admit it robs him completely of the satisfaction of the all-powerful urge to be sorry for himself. He cannot be sorry for himself if he fully faces this fundamental fact, so he rejects it. The stronger the emotion which accompanies the rejection, the more he scorns such an explanation, the more certain it is that it is the true one.

The wise person who is suffering from inferiority complex will calmly face this truth and trace his life back, action by action, and see how he has consistently shut out all success and happiness because he was driven to it by this insidious habit which he formed

in youth or childhood. He will analyze the situation and find out where he got it and will then set to work to watch his every action, especially the small daily actions, to see whether the thing is still dictating his choices and his decisions. He will be especially watchful of the way he tries to justify and reason away the actions which this habit forces on him.

The habit can be broken just as any other habit can be broken. A new and contrary habit will have to be built up in its place. The method for doing this

will be the subject of the lesson to follow this one. The thing to do now is to sit down in a quiet room alone and face the situation and trace out the pattern of your past life to see how this thing has dictated all you have done that has brought you where you are at the present time.

Realizing this and admitting it and facing the issue are nine-tenths of the battle. It is something nobody else can do for you and it calls for calm courage, but it is the only way to eradicate the difficulty.

Conquer Those Nerves

(Continued from page 29)

mand. "You might as well cease your operations," I said, "because, come what may, I am going to stay right where I am."

I admit that for a few moments the troublesome manifestations continued, seemed exaggerated in fact, for almost instantly my head began to shake as if it were on springs. But I held my ground. Then something began to take place. A feeling of easiness which was quite as much physical as mental came stealing over me, bringing me peaceful release. I was able to give my undivided attention to the remainder of the program with my body and nerves entirely out of my thought.

After that I forced myself to go to concerts, movies and to the theater and each time the nervousness appeared I drove it out in the manner which I have just described. It usually required a little time and during those few moments I suffered indescribable distress but always I was rewarded by a feeling of relaxation and calm. And oh! how much happier I was each time I put the enemy to rout.

But I learned this, too. That one must carry on. There must be no letting down and giving in. One time I ran away. It was the worse possible place for a flight. It was Easter morning and I was attending services in a church in a small Southern city where "everybody knew everybody else." The white-robed minister was reading the beautiful story of the Resurrection. Altho I knew that he had only one more paragraph to read and that afterwards I could have escaped unnoticed I felt impelled to leave at once and I almost ran down the long aisle and into the street. That weakened my defenses for over a year.

Give in once, as I did, and you will find that new obsessions will come tramping in and that once again your life is hedged about with inhibitions, fears and limitations, and you are held a captive within.

After this drastic failure I withdrew into my shell but never quite so com-

pletely as before. And one day I began all over again. Then I made a discovery that time and again served me in good stead. I found out that will-power, such as I had used before with signal success, was not always adequate to meet my need. When a person is hard-pressed, will-power is apt to be too strenuous a thing. At these times it means a certain tightening of nerves already over-taut. It was then I discovered a spiritual force which we are able to tap in times of necessity, but, mind you, which can only be brought into action thru confidence and faith. At those times when my will-power seemed too cold a thing I used the other method of attack. I simply repeated the word, "Relax," to myself over and over again. And I think I also whispered, "My Father," in the secret recesses of my heart.

And it worked!

I do not know what force it is that one is able to bring into being for practical use. Coue named it auto-suggestion, the Christian Scientists call it Divine Love, the psychologists call it will-power and I believe the medical men talk of releasing an extra amount of adrenalin fluid from the suprarenal gland. I do not know. I am unable to analyze the quality of substance of this intangible power. Nor did I greatly care. I only know that once started, like so many other habits, it may be commanded with surprising ease and with unfailing results.

In this process of rehabilitation there must be times of spiritual refreshment. Times of clutching one's sword with a firmer grasp, of polishing and tightening one's armor. And, just as in almost every other undertaking, a systematic schedule proves practical and useful so I found it with this business of conquering nervous instability.

For instance there are those early morning hours when old thought habits reassert themselves and you find yourself facing a new day in a maze of perplexity and despair, turning over

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old situations, old discouragements and dreading possible new ones to be encountered during the next twenty-four hours. This is surely a time for reassurance.

From those volumes in my library of psychological literature I have selected some of the thoughts of certain authors (most of them persons who had won thru to a fuller and richer existence) and copied them down in a small note-book which I kept ever near me.

At night-time this home-made anthology occupied a place on my bedside table. In the morning upon first awakening, instead of allowing myself to mill about in the impenetrable fog of previous bad thinking, I turned to my literary extracts and crammed my mind chock-full of these bright, practical, inspiring and altogether usable ideas which had proved valuable to others in similarly distressing circumstances.

During the day, when my duties took me abroad, the miniature volume was smuggled into my hand bag. When a sudden restlessness seized me on the subway or in a restaurant at the mid-day lunch hour I would turn to my little book, and presto! All outside signs of clatter and confusion would be shut away and I would soon find myself physically and mentally strengthened.

Another reason I felt drawn to my little book was that it was not conspicuous. As far as my fellows were concerned it might have been poetry, a collection of plays or some budgeting material. One hesitates, especially a person inclined to nervousness, to be absorbed in a volume, the title of which might reveal one's personal limitations.

Later I memorized these helpful suggestions to such an extent that the small ally was put aside and all I had to do in times of weakness and confusion (which became less and less frequent) was to call to mind some of the poems, sentences or phrases and put them into practice.

We get used to all sorts of little tricks which aid us when once we determine to march against the army of manias and phobias. One of these in my own experience was, at those times when I felt depression or discouragement coming on, to get up and "do something." Usually some task with my hands which also required some active thought and direction. I would get busy putting my desk drawers into shape or I would go into the garden and attend to some of the many things which are always to be done there, or I would betake myself to the kitchen and make candy or cookies for the next-door kiddies. Later when I had no garden or kitchen I would turn to some necessary mending or rearrange my book shelves. And soon, very soon, the mind directed into healthier, more

normal channels would divest itself of the threatened attack of "blue devils."

I also learned to live, as far as possible, in the present and concentrated my attention to only immediate duties. I stopped thinking that when I had finished one task I would be too utterly fagged to go on to some other appointment. I found that in this way the day passed more comfortably and the job at hand was executed with less strain and more ability.

It was during these days of readjustment that I formed the habit of morning meditation. After I had finished my note-book of helpful and stimulating messages I had a half hour of silence during which time I made a number of affirmations. I pictured myself as sound in body and mind, calmly poised, courageous, and useful. Not just half-well, mind you, or just able to "get by," but as being radiant . . . glowing . . . exuberant. I saw myself in all sorts of hypothetical situations which required bravery. I tried to realize that I possessed abundant health right at the moment of meditation. And not in some vague and far-away future.

Out of this practice of facing myself came the resolution never to speak of myself to others as not being perfectly healthy and normal. If I had not slept well I would keep the information to myself. I would never admit that I was fretted, anxious or fatigued. I would cease trying to sell others the idea that I was a nervous invalid. There was nothing they could do about it. In those instances of rare friendship the knowledge that I was not fit aroused their sympathy; others were simply bored and inclined to think that I was hypochondriac and peculiar. In neither case was there any benefit to be derived from the disclosure of my condition. The sympathy of my friends would only tend to produce undesirable thought forms which could do no possible good toward the result I wished to accomplish. In the case of the latter their polite scorn could only make me self-conscious and leave me with the desire to withdraw further into my shell.

Came another resolution. To dismiss from my mind the functions of my body. Nor to be concerned about their various operations. Doctors of nervous patients know too well the characteristic symptoms. Clutching the wrist; feeling the heart-beat at the throat with cold, trembling fingers, placing the hand nervously over the region of the heart. The physicians, nerve-specialists and psychologists had all agreed that the best possible plan was to carry on without constant supervision of the inner workings.

As long as this routine was more or less in the nature of a wholesale renovation I likewise had it out with myself about insomnia.

I decided to believe the doctors who had told me conscientiously that the worry about the loss of sleep was more devastating to a person suffering with nervousness than the actual absence of the much-courted unconsciousness. I made myself believe that a certain number of hours spent in bed without anxiety was practically as beneficial as complete oblivion. If sleep did not come to me I would lie still and relaxed, knowing that it would come when I got to the point where I actually needed it.

Here I might digress a bit to mention the formula used by Dr. Josephine Jackson at her large and successful sanitarium in California. She asks her patients never to turn over more than four times during the night, the idea being that restless "tossing about" defeats any possibility of the patient winning the favor of Morpheus.

Finally, if not initially, I came to the realization of what to me was a satisfactory form of prayer. Or rather the awakening to the fact that a God who was capable of causing blossoms, sunsets, snowflakes, butterflies, solar systems to burgeon would be able to guide me and hold me, to applaud and assist any earnest effort of my own made toward development. But always, too, I knew that I must keep myself open to His influence. That the contacting process for me at least, was only to be gained by high resolve and doing my level best to build up the admirable qualities of a soldier. This enabled me to bring my concept of God down from the far-away skies and to feel Him as near and as tangible as sunshine. Up to this change of viewpoint the orthodox entreaties with which I had stormed the citadel of heaven had remained unanswered. The trouble heretofore had been that I had expected God to go the whole way for me. If my supplications had been answered I

can see now that I should be far behind on the job of separating the gold from the dross of human character—which is not inconceivably the purpose behind mortal existence.

"How long did it take you to get rid of your nervousness?" "And what are the results gained for all this striving?"

These are questions which might occur to some readers who are battling with similar unhappy conditions.

Two years is an honest and conservative answer to the first query. And by this I mean, in the end, complete victory. The first year was undoubtedly the hardest. This, I admit, was a time of unrelenting warfare. There were many periods of slipping backward which required further bracing and graver determination. But even then I remember moments of happiness because I was at least working toward a definite end, and during the last year there were not infrequent star-rimmed intervals when I *knew* that complete success was inevitable.

That was three years ago. Since that time I have been completely well, completely strong, completely normal. Friends who knew me of old marvel at my "nerve" and endurance. Strangers speak often of my calm and self-possession. My duties have been of a most strenuous nature. Serving as feature writer of a chain of newspapers takes me daily into the most hazardous and exciting situations. I am just as likely to be called upon to interview a notorious gangster in his cell at midnight, to cover a gory and sensational murder trial or to fly on some stunt story from here to California.

And I love it! The old zest, the old enthusiasm, the old joy in living have come to me. I am happy. I am self-supporting. I am busy. Now I am able to laugh at the old terrors that laid hold on me. They are as unreal as a mother's memory of travail.

The Man Who Slept

(Continued from page 49)

"I'll do my best—naturally," she said. "What is it?"

"Let me go back a little," explained Eagen carefully. "When Philip the hall-boy was examined in the police laboratory, it was brought out during the questioning of Kilner by Hawkins that Myrick gave a letter to the clerk to mail. This clerk remembered the incident because he noticed the address on the envelope was smeared."

"Yes, Mr. Eagen, I'm following you."

"It's that letter I want."

"To whom was it addressed?"

"To Mrs. Myrick."

"To his wife?"

"Exactly! If you don't mind, I'd rather not say why I have come to that

conclusion. But it's vital that we should have that letter and you must get it."

Mrs. Mace's decision was prompt.

"Of course I'll put my whole heart and soul into carrying out your idea, but . . ." she hesitated, clasping her hands with nervous intensity.

"Yes, there are difficulties," Eagen admitted.

"You see, I don't even know where Mrs. Myrick is." There was a note of despair in her voice altho her expression was all determination.

"She is not in Chicago?" Eagen was plainly disappointed.

"I'm sure she's not. She left after the funeral. Where to, I haven't the faintest idea."

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"Could you find out, do you think?"
"I'll have to find out," was the firm reply.

"You can do it, Mrs. Mace—you can do it," cried Eagen enthusiastically. "I've gone as far as I can on this clue. The rest depends upon you." He held her gaze for several seconds.

"Well," Mrs. Mace said, drawing a deep breath, "if Mrs. Myrick has that letter I'll get it from her—even if I have to steal it."

"Splendid! I knew I could depend upon you. That letter is too important for her to have destroyed it."

Eagen got up as he spoke.

"I must take the afternoon train back. The sooner you start out the better. Remember, there are only ten days left before the trial."

"It makes me shudder to think of it." Her voice broke on the words.

"Try to put that out of your mind, Mrs. Mace, but bend every energy to the letter. Locate Mrs. Myrick and get that letter, no matter how, and I'll never ask what means you used—"

He laughed outright.

"Oh," she said pathetically, "any means are fair when the life of one you love is at stake. I'll do my very best."

"By the way, Mrs. Mace, there is one thing more. When you get the letter be careful not to divulge its contents, nor the fact that you have it, to anyone."

"Of course I wouldn't," Mrs. Mace protested eagerly.

"It may not be so easy as you think."

Eagen smiled. "Wire me, immediately, just the word 'Splendid'. That will mean that you have the letter and are returning on the next train from somewhere to New York. Don't mention train time or arrival time. We can't afford to take chances. If you shouldn't succeed—well—I know you will—but—if you don't, then wire me the two words, 'Delay necessary' and add to the telegram the name of the place and state you are in. In that event, I'll send you other instructions. Please remember also not to sign your name. Suppose you use a man's name, Walter Jones, say."

Mrs. Mace wrote the instructions down on a piece of paper.

"If I am forced to wire 'Delay necessary' what is the latest possible date?" Mrs. Mace inquired.

"Two days before the trial."

Thus was arranged what proved to be the most difficult adventure of Helen Mace's life.

A Battle of Wits

THE five days that had elapsed since Eagen's visit to Mrs. Mace had been given to untiring efforts to locate and secure the Myrick letter. So far they had proved fruitless.

Helen's first point of attack had naturally been the Myrick apartment,

high up in a towering building just off the Lake front. A slatternly domestic of the charwoman variety, gruffly informed her thru the half-opened door that the Madam was away, she didn't know where. The sullenness of her tone said that she didn't care either and on this note of surly insolence the door banged quickly shut.

Following this, as a forlorn hope, Helen posted off at once to Cleveland, where she remembered that an older brother of Mrs. Myrick's formerly lived, thinking that she might be visiting him, or that some information as to her whereabouts might be available there. Again she drew a blank. Chester Morrow's house was closed and a kindly neighbor, engaged in watering her parlor window-boxes, seeing a lady peering down the litter-strewn areaway for signs of a caretaker, leaned out and informed her that the Morrow's had departed four days before for Havana. . . . "Yes, they had a visitor in deep mourning just before that and she went away when they did."

The kindly soul felt a touch of sympathy at the stranger's sudden pallor, and had asked whether she would not come in and rest for a few minutes. The pale, pretty woman had refused gently and gratefully, saying she was leaving town at once and must hurry to make her train. . . . "Thanks so very much for your kindness."

So, nervously worn and deeply discouraged, Helen had returned to Chicago.

A dreary, lowering afternoon found her alone in the sitting-room of her apartment cudgeling her brains for the thousandth time for some new expedient. She hated deception, she loathed trickery, yet she had come to such a pass that she would be willing to descend to almost any means to secure that letter—even steal it, if need be. A direct appeal to her former friend seemed the only means left. Could she bear to ask a favor of that woman?

Blinking back the tears, she sat gazing about the room so filled with happy memories. Near the reading-lamp on the table stood John's old Morris chair with its faded redplush and sagging springs—a relic of his college days. How often she had tried to cajole her husband into breaking in a new armchair, even going so far as to buy him an ample leather-cushioned creation, which now, scorned and discarded, stood unused in the corner!

She moved restlessly about the room, touching with loving fingers one after another of his cherished possessions—the blackened briar with its amber mouthpiece, the book he had been reading when he made his sudden decision to go to Stoneybrook sanitarium. There it lay, just as he had put it down, his silver paper cutter thrust in to mark the place. The troop of little

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ivory elephants was moving in solemn procession along the mantelpiece. How often he had stood before the open fire, fooling with them, smiling over his shoulder at her and teasingly resisting her efforts to make him dress for dinner.

She went to the closet in the corner and, opening the door, drew out the sleeve of his old velvet lounge coat that hung there. The elbow a trifle threadbare, held the curve of his dear arm, the fragrance of the Latakia he used still clung to the musty folds. She laid her cheek caressingly against the beloved garment, and the tears brimmed her eyes and fell unchecked, at first stormily, and gradually more and more gently as the reality of his abiding presence began to steal over her and soothe her. His body, the earthly shell, was immured in that grim cubicle in the Tombs prison, but his spirit was in the room, there close beside her, enfolding her with the warmth and comfort of its tenderness. Oh, she must be brave! Out of this nightmare of black misery, their happiness would surely emerge some day, brighter than ever for its temporary eclipse!

Her heart beat, the pulse in her throat, the rhythm of her whole body was tuned to his. If God should let that dear life go out in blackness . . . she shut her eyes, praying for courage, for faith, for light . . . no, no, she must keep from these dreadful thoughts. . . . God would not let that happen. . . .

She moved toward the table and stood beside it, struggling for calm. She picked up a little book of quoted prose and poem, companion of many a walk, many a campfire night of brilliant stars, many a winter evening before the hearth.

Her eye lit on this:
I go to prove my soul;
I see my way, as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive; what time! what circuits first,
I ask not. . . .
In some time, His good time I shall arrive;
He guides me and the birds.

She stood with face uplifted letting the clarion call to courage ring thru her tired brain. John, and John's child quickening within her . . . oh, what reasons God had given her to be brave. She would not disappoint him. . . . She turned the page and read again: "Love—a flame, a flower, a crystal, laughter, tenderness, understanding, a clasp that never loosens, a light that never fails. A gift that is all-giving."

With a sob, she fell on her knees by the old chair and hid her face in the worn, red cushions. . . . "John! John!"

Helen did not give a long time to despair. Within a half hour she was

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carefully dressed for the street, her eyes, freshly bathed, showing only faint traces of the recent cloud-burst. She had resolved to storm again the Castle of Giant Despair—the Myrick apartment in West Ninth Street.

This time her ring brought to the door a trim little maid in the conventional uniform, with a small triangle of frilly white perched on her smooth crown. "Mrs. Myrick had gone out on an errand, but will be back in a few minutes. . . ." She glanced covertly at Helen's trim sable and suit of tweed and the small hat with its quill of shaded blue, the spotless gloves, the slender arched foot—then added: "Will not Madame come in and wait?"

Overcoming a nervous contraction of her throat, Helen thanked her. The sitting-room was pleasant and well-proportioned. Wide windows facing south were hung with elaborate curtains. There were bronzes dating to an earlier and uglier period which jarred somewhat on the stereotyped modernity of the furnishings, few books, and nothing floral save a moribund rubber plant in the corner. On the table lay a mass of periodicals, rather a sordid sensational array. There was no charm in the room. It was not stamped with a personality, save in so far as florid pictures, two prints from Cabanel and Boucher, indicated a sensuousness of taste on the owner's part. At one end of the room was a full-length portrait in full dress of Josephine Myrick, painted in a hard, showy style—the ivory white of her shoulders enhanced by the ruby velvet of her gown—a Spanish type, with an over-small, cupid's-bow mouth, gleaming, blue-black hair dressed with satin smoothness. The eyes were dark too, but not soft and deep. A brilliant figure in its own way, shallow, rather, and indirect of gaze, a little adventurous—its charm obvious and challenging.

Helen, after one look, turned her back upon it, and picking up a magazine appeared to bury herself in it. It was the Havana Gazette and she opened it at a gross picture of drunken roughs leering at a pair of pretty girls. She didn't take it in at all, but held it be-

fore her with trembling hands trying to quiet the beating of her heart, which was fluttering in her breast like a trapped bird.

Just then the little maid entered with a tray and laid a pile of letters at Helen's elbow, withdrawing with a low murmur of apology.

Helen gazed at them startled. From below a business circular peeped the upper left corner of a square envelope, and Helen read "Hotel Me" . . . The rest was hidden. Almost automatically she pushed aside the covering letter and seized the one beneath. The address was badly smeared, the number almost indecipherable, and in the corner a blue rubber stamped hand pointed to the words, "Try No . . ." Evidently it had been delayed en route. She gazed over her shoulder. There was no one in the room and sounds from down the long apartment house hall indicated that the maid was washing up the luncheon dishes.

Just then someone was opening the outside door. Helen, forcing her almost paralyzed will to action, thrust the letter inside the bosom of her blouse, and, crossing to the davenport, sat down in the further corner.

The person had come in and was approaching the entrance to the sitting-room. In a moment the portières parted and a figure in deep black stood disclosed. It was Josephine Myrick. She was looking unusually distinguished in her weeds, which subdued her somewhat florid style, but her face, at first pale, flushed crimson with a sudden tide of angry blood as she beheld her visitor.

"What—you?" she cried, coming forward. "What insolence for you to come into my home!"

Helen had risen and stood with hand pressed against her throat. She tried to speak but could not.

Mrs. Myrick came nearer and seized Helen by the arm. Her eyes, the pupils unnaturally contracted, glittered with an almost maniacal fury. The woman was beside herself with the accumulated venom of years of thwarted and baffled hopes.

(To be Continued)

Rodolla

(Continued from page 27)

rough "comics." Rather starve than do that.

The stomach pains were persistent. The thought of spending another night walking the streets was unendurable. He sadly wondered where Rodolla was, in this hour of torture.

He had gone half a block beyond the newspaper office when the thought occurred to him—why not take this position for a week or so? Why not? Yes.

He could do that; he would do it. But he shuddered again as he realized what the job involved.

The editor was greatly surprised when this half-starved, unkempt man asked for a chance at the vacant position. He showed his amused astonishment, but the look in the man's eyes defiantly dared him to laugh. The editor thought that the man was at least entitled to have an opportunity to

show what he could do. His original feeling of amusement was strangely turning to sympathy for this tragic fellow.

"Take this pencil and paper," said the editor. "You can draw anything you wish, tho it must be humorous to be acceptable." The editor pointed out a desk to the beggarly looking man who was to prove himself an artist, and told him to sit down and take as much time as he wanted to make his drawing.

Terrible humiliation. He whose talent the world had recognized to be called upon to demonstrate in this sordid fashion. But he took the seat that had been indicated. How could he see the humorous side of life while he was faint from hunger? His feet were numb and ached with the cold; his fingers blue from the icy winds and so stiff he could hardly hold the pencil.

Musing bitterly on his condition, his glance fell on a pretty stenographer typing in an adjoining office. She held his glance and he felt a thrill like that which had come over him often when he was caring for the flowers in the asylum garden. Her eyes were turned to his now, and they lingered for a moment. She blushed slightly and a pleasant smile flitted across her young face. Something about that momentary glance and smile brought him a vision of her as his wife and of his regained position in the world of art. He caught a quick mental picture of children surrounding her and him, of a happy home and happy people again knocking at his door begging for sittings. Again their eyes met and this time she was startled out of her poise. A look half of fear, followed by one of wonderment, made the man think of the awakening of the flowers under the warm spring rain and sunshine. It was wonderful, how like the flowers she was.

He must get busy on the sketch with which he was to prove his talent. He was forcing himself to withhold his gaze from the girl and center it on the paper before him. He felt he must look once more and then turn away. The thought of Rodolla flashed thru his mind. This time instead of warmth for her he felt a great resentment. The memories of the time he was in the

asylum were bitterly brought to his consciousness. The thought of his lost position in the world of arts maddened him. There had been a time when he had consoled himself for his losses and privations with the thought that he was proving himself worthy of Rodolla's love. At one time he had believed firmly that in his crucifixion he would find a resurrection and in triumphant moment find life with Rodolla. But bitter as were his memories of the mental derangement, they were not so galling as the realization of the degradation he had suffered and was about to suffer still more as an artist. Instead of splendid, dignified portraits—comic sketches. Rodolla had caused this degradation. And now the thought of her was repellent.

What a fool he had been to allow himself to be carried away by a mere fancy, worshipping a dream, when a beautiful reality, such as this young typist, had been at hand.

Suddenly there flashed thru his mind a thought that was like a revelation in its potency. He began to feel the fires of a new ambition, kindled by the responsive look in that sweet girl's eyes across the way. "I'll make good here," he said with an almost fierce determination, "and when I do, I am going to ask her to be my wife." His eyes were turned toward the pretty stenographer who had dropped her head so that he might not see the blushes on her cheeks.

The thought of Rodolla came into his mind, but brought only a laugh, almost of derision. "And as to Rodolla," he said vehemently, "I'll ridicule the love I had for that insane fancy and banish her forever."

Hastily he began to sketch; strange he was actually getting pleasure out of making comic sketches. Slyly, he glanced across to the girl. Life had suddenly become worth living.

In a few moments he had finished his drawing. "This is Rodolla," he said bitterly. "Good-bye forever, creature of a sordid dream. I detest you."

He had drawn a series of pictures, showing a fat woman sitting in a bathtub, making vain attempts to scrub the middle of her back.

The instant he had satirized his illusion, he had become a sane man.

Dry-Goods Box to Palace

(Continued from page 24)

sentiment. I never rested content till that mystery had been solved."

This longing of the child for the mother corresponds to the deepest feelings in childhood. Only that special relation satisfies the craving for personal significance which is quite as important as his recognition of membership in a great society. This yearning lies deep in human nature, and may

explain, without mystical reference, why children in institutions do not thrive. In Carroll's story the loss of the mother was replaced by trust and confidence in the Home, and later by joy and satisfaction in the household of those kind Quakers in Monroe County.

"In the winters," he says, "I read history and biography, with brief

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Cool Nights in July! Where?

On top of Lookout Mountain, where Dr. Miller will conduct the 1929 Summer School of Psychology. Coming? See second cover.

weeks of schooling between seasons of harvesting and planting. Nearby was the farm of another good friend, William T. Haydock, who was the Superintendent of the Children's Home in Cincinnati. In memory of him my middle name is Haydock, and I count others who helped me forward as also enshrined in the picture of the past. As for ambitions, first I wanted to go to West Point. Nearly every one of note in those days was a soldier or had been one. General this and that. My boyish fancy led me to select the army career altho it was contrary to Quaker belief. I even wrote a letter to Conrad Baker, Governor of Indiana, who however was not impressed with my scholarship. But I went one better. Reading in a county paper of a West Point competitive examination being given at the county seat, I secretly commandeered one of my foster father's horses and rode to Martinsville and told my story. Whether the story affected them more than my scholarship I do not know, yet I heard a few days later that I had passed the examination."

"What did your foster parents say to that?" we asked, sensing a conflict. Their answer was:

"We took thee in when thee was homeless and we have tried to be a real father and a real mother to thee. Thee ought not to leave us and go and do a thing we object to.' I was old enough to understand and did not go."

The story of the rise of this man thru school teaching and the reading of borrowed law books, to the time of admittance to the bar was not vastly different from the careers of other successful men.

Carroll married Priscilla Woodrow of Lynchburg, Ohio, whom he at first took down to Tennessee, but where loneliness so assailed the bride that they abandoned the project. Returning to Ohio, Carroll borrowed money from Mr. Stettinius, uncle of Nicholas Longworth, and went west intending to settle in Iowa. His meeting with an acquaintance who persuaded his making Unionville, Missouri, his headquarters, resulted in his arrival at that place with only fifteen cents in his pockets.

Then came the slow rise upwards. Before he was twenty he had been admitted to the bar. People began to notice him, for he seemed to know the law and was diligent in working. His neighbors wondered why he would not make a good Prosecuting Attorney, because he was willing to undertake things and he was not afraid. In fact, he made a good Prosecuting Attorney. After his term was done the Burlington Railroad needed a lawyer at Unionville and it retained John H. Carroll. He was diligent about business for this concern, and it was discovered that he

was not only a good lawyer but a man who would make a politician. He began to be sent to Jefferson City and took on the character of a good lobbyist. This type of activity resulted in Carroll's becoming a member of the Missouri Democratic Committee and later on of the Executive Committee. It was when he had become General Attorney for the Burlington that publicity overtook him. The story of his birth and early history was sent all over the country thru the newspapers. In this way it came to the attention of the sister of his mother, at Lockport, N. Y., who sent a telegram asking her new-found nephew to "come at once."

John Carroll took the first train to the up-State town from which the telegram had been sent. On the edge of a village, in the outskirts of Lockport, he found a quaint old house that seemed fragrant with dim memories. No answer followed his knocking, and no one seemed to be at home. Searching his mind for faintly remembered things, he wandered around to the rear, and advanced into the orchard. An elderly lady was picking apples. She began her descent on the ladder, and was coming toward him with her blue-checked apron full of apples. And then the apron and its contents dropped together—

"It's little Johnny Carroll," she exclaimed. "You have your mother's blue eyes and dark hair." She also noticed some pock marks on the face for it seems that as a baby Johnny had had smallpox, but this he did not know until his aunt told him later.

"And mother?"

"She died of sunstroke, that day in Cincinnati."

"And father?"

"Died in the South. He never recovered from his wounds."

Thus was the long unfinished chapter pieced together again, as the aunt unfurled the contents of a red bandana handkerchief filled with relics, and Carroll's thirty years of blind confidence in his mother's integrity was beyond dispute dramatically justified. Yes, nothing less than death had caused the desertion of the mother. Before they could inquire into Johnny's whereabouts, the unsettled war times and Copperhead politics had hastened the folks of the young mother off into Canada in order to avoid the unpopular feeling created against these Southern sympathizers in Northern boundaries, and so was consummated the strokes of fate which left Johnny Carroll an orphan for thirty years.

In those years he had grown to manhood, he had overcome the severest trials, poverty; lack of care; forlornness; a physical handicap suffered from neglect; and had made good, mainly because he believed in himself. Never did he lie back, relying upon others;

wherever placed it was he himself who assumed the burdens and welcomed responsibility as it came to him in those years.

"My calamity has come to be my greatest asset, because it has warmed the hearts of others to help me," modestly says Johnny Carroll. He is proud to tell the story of how George Wilson, now a successful business man in Tacoma, Washington, again came to his aid when a few years ago Colonel Carroll happened to be taken ill in Philadelphia.

"George sent me half of what he then had in the bank," says Carroll, and there was I surrounded by my own circle with no apparent need in the world. What could I do with such kindness, only return the money and thank my old friend sincerely for his generosity!"

While the Far West had claimed Wilson, Carroll retained the Middle West as his territory, making Unionville, Missouri, his official residence. Even now he calls that his voting home. But after he had made a mark of himself with the Burlington Railroad, that road needed a representative in St. Louis. At the head of the legal department of this road, he lived in style at the corner where Belt Avenue runs into Delmar Boulevard, remaining there in fact until that place was demolished in 1916, and Carroll came on to Washington. The progress of the World War had called this man to

the capital to take a dollar-a-year post in the War Industries Board.

He resides today in Washington, on fashionable Connecticut Avenue. As we talked to the Colonel in the poised balance of his correctly arranged appointments, his little French bulldog nosed at our feet, the blue haze of Washington's sunladen breezes fanned thru the window, and mention was made of the positions which our host holds in the world of affairs, i. e. local Washington representative of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company, and the Northern Pacific Railroad Company; Assistant to the President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and Counsel of the General Asphalt Company; American representative in Washington for the Royal Dutch and British Shipping Company and all its subsidiaries in the United States.

The son of this astute lawyer and business man, J. H. Carroll, Jr., after being put thru the best schools, follows in his father's footsteps as a railroad official; and his daughter, Mrs. Philip H. Lantz, is the wife of an official in The Philadelphia Company of Pittsburgh.

"Altho they are now well placed in life," says their father, "I never let them forget the humble origin of their parent, and it is taken for granted that they will always be democratic in feeling, charitable toward the lowly, and ready to serve wherever help is needed."

Mind of Latin America

(Continued from page 43)

dazzling. And it is very unwise for us to forget that the future place in the sun of the Latin Americans is inextricably bound up with our own destiny and that our duty in the development of education there is also vitally important to ourselves.

"Our appreciation and understanding of the psychology of Latin America is the corner-stone—I almost said philosopher's stone—of our whole structure of success there. True of any people to a large extent, it is of overwhelming importance in dealing with our southern neighbors to grasp their national and racial psychology; their different ways of seeing things, their dissimilar evaluations and their diverse motives. By the simple courtesy of pausing, and studying if need be, to understand them, our success will be greater and infinitely more pleasant.

"The material future of Latin America? Why, that is a question that staggers even the most vivid imagination. Let me tell you all the things I predict for those score of nations in the next twenty-five years, then wait until that time is up, and you will be astonished at my limited vision. Oh,

I know it sounds visionary, over-enthusiastic. But wait. You shall see.

"You may recall Roosevelt's statement when he returned from his explorations up the Amazon? He said that the remarkable progress, growth, development and prosperity of North America in the nineteenth century would repeat themselves on a larger scale in Latin America during the Twentieth century.

"Picture the United States a hundred years ago. A frontier country; no roads to speak of; limited communication; one part of the country not knowing for weeks what the other parts were doing and thinking. Now look at it. A hundred and twenty million of the most intelligent and prosperous people the world has ever known; all able to talk to each other by wire and thru the air, all able even to fly from the furthestmost parts of the country in a mere matter of hours.

"What we have in the United States now we shall see all over Latin America in a surprisingly short time. For with our modern machinery it is now possible to build a civilization in a few years that formerly required a thou-

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sand. Prate all you like about the sordid machine age. Every stable civilization must have a substantial physical basis. Before culture must come a full belly and a healthy body. These are the things that American machines, American medicine and American methods are making possible all over Latin America. Our brothers and our friends to the south of us are highly flattering us in their copying of our government, our educational systems, and now our methods of civilization and using our machines that are the tools for the building of that civilization.

"The busy, prosperous people of Argentina, that country so like our own, more than hint at our materialism when they talk with us. President Hipolito Irigoyen said to Mr. Hoover recently that Argentina revered and followed always the democratic doctrines of our fathers. Mr. Hoover beautifully interpreted the spirit of the new age and the new Pan-Americanism in his reply by predicting the coming elimination of poverty.

"His recent visit to South America is but a rediscovery of a score of thriving nations. It was a really splendid gesture of friendship. Just that and always, his own determination to know and understand the section of the world in which the most important and significant problems and developments of the next eight years will appear. You see, President Hoover is one of the few men in the United States who really appreciates Latin America for what it is: A land even now flowing with milk and honey with only the surface of its possibilities yet scratched.

"Trade? Oh, yes. Mr. Hoover knows that more trade may flow to the United States because of his visit. But nevertheless, real friendliness and an honest admiration of and desire to understand our fellow Americans lie back of his visit.

"Americans have done the greatest selling job in Latin America in the past ten years that the world has ever seen. And why? Their very innocence has been their greatest strength. There were no provisos to their loans or trades. In the old days England would lend money to Latin American countries. But never without a lot of provisos attached to their loans. They lent money to build a dock at La Guayra, Venezuela, for example, but in the loan was a proviso that English investors would collect a dollar each on every piece of merchandise and every passenger that passed over the dock for the next forty years! American contractors, on the other hand, have gone in and now deal with Latin America in a straightforward, businesslike way, just as if they were dealing with other business men in the United States, lending the money to build modern

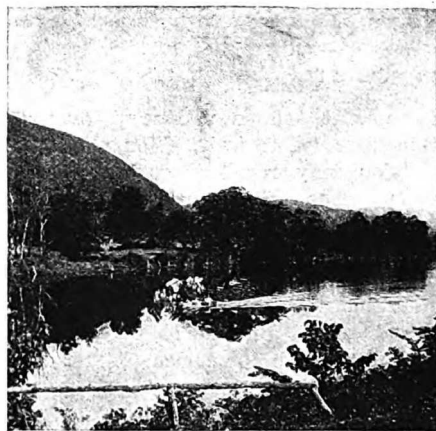
docks, and turning them over to the government without a string of any kind. Latin Americans are delighted with this recognition which is certainly their due.

"In the old days they said that the diplomats were for the purpose of getting our traders out of trouble. Now it can be very truthfully said that our traders must keep the diplomats and politicians out of trouble.

"An old era of exploitation is just passing in Latin America. A new era of production is following close on its heels. Whereas they used to be satisfied to trade their rich supplies of raw materials for finished products, they are now learning North American methods, and using our tools and machines to become manufacturers themselves.

"The Latin Americans are beginning to believe us when we say in the words of Hoover: 'We come on a mission of friendship.' And this is particularly true when we come to buy and sell; commerce is the world democracy and needs no explanation of its objects.

"Peru, our oldest and perhaps our best friend, is a truly remarkable country in her forward looking progress. It is really a country of miracles. You recall the story of Moses smiting the rock with his rod and water gushing forth. Well, in Peru, an American Engineer, C. W. Sutton, has performed a greater thing. He has tunnelled seventeen miles under the Andes and



let a whole river flow into western Peru where the rainfall is practically nil, and where irrigation makes it literally a land of milk and honey. Here is a river that for countless centuries raced down the eastern slope of the Andes, emptying finally into the Amazon, that now bends its course and energies to the hand of man. The mechanical ingenuity of North Americans, and the willing, generous acceptance of the Latin Americans, have performed and shall continue to perform nothing short of miracles."

Mr. Thompson acquiesced in my contention that a good deal of complaining and ill-feelings toward the United States are still expressed in Latin

America from time to time. "That is to be expected until they get better stabilized economically. All the Latin Americans in time will probably reach the point where they will 'high hat' us as Argentina does now. But the Argentines do not irritate me when they patronize me because I am a North American. I take off my hat to Argentina. She has done one of the outstanding jobs of all civilizations. She has built up a fine culture, and now is building a great economic empire. Her educational system is based on the theories of our own Horace Mann. Her magazines are the finest in the world. Her agriculture is in some ways more advanced today than our own.

"We must not mislead anyone about openings for young people there. The opportunities are great, as they are great in any new and pioneering country, with mightier possibilities unfolding yearly. But there are several things a young man must do and make up his mind about before he goes to Latin America.

"Obviously enough, he must first learn to speak Spanish.

"He must get himself a position with an American concern operating there, in the second place. Anyone who goes there without a job is greatly handicapped and under suspicion from the beginning.

"The third and most important thing is, if he really wishes to succeed in a worth-while way, that he should go there prepared to stay.

"One of the greatest problems of American houses sending men into Latin America is that the men want to come back to New York, Chicago or San Francisco—the home office—after a few years. Now if the houses do bring the branch men in, as many of them do, some of the men who have stayed at home are sure to feel that the Latin American vice president placed over them is a 'ringer,' a sort of imposter. This complicates matters all around, whereas if one goes out to stay his opportunities of power and place are great.

"Should a man decide not to stay with his old house after he gets established, there are many other things he can do. American manufacturers are constantly on the lookout for men who know the language and customs of Latin America.

"I recall one rather interesting case of a North American lad who made good in South America. He began as a clerk in the American Consulate at Rio de Janeiro. He learned the customs and manners of the Brazilians. He studied their laws. He finally left the United States Consular Service and is today, at 39, the leading American lawyer in Rio de Janeiro, and one of the chief citizens, of any race, in all Brazil."

Emotional Suicide

(Continued from page 40)

a master at the art, formerly a sergeant in the Marines, and as hard-boiled as they made 'em. (Ask any ex-service man to explain what I mean.) In the morning he ridiculed me; in the afternoon it was criticism; and in the evening I was blamed with everything that had gone wrong during the day.

One day when acting as corporal, my squad happened to be one that executed a difficult movement correctly. To those in error, the Lieutenant shouted, "What's the matter with ya? You act like Currey and his gang"; thus "Currey's gang" became a by-word of the company, while everybody began chiding me about my "friend," the Lieutenant.

Was all this his idea of a good joke? Was he developing a special grudge against me? Was it in any way my fault? I didn't know. At home I was an established newspaper publisher; had been admitted to the Central Camp direct from the Oregon State Officers Training School where I had served as Sergeant-Major. I was accustomed to receive a certain amount of consideration; but I was now receiving more attention than I appreciated, from the Lieutenant, and in a way that it began to nettle me.

One evening my buddy said: "Don't let the Lieutenant get your goat, Currey. He isn't worth worrying about. Forget him." That night I thought things over for a long time. If he had a grudge against me, I couldn't afford to acknowledge it, and I doubted that he had any; if his sarcasm was secretly a good joke to him, I decided to get my share out of the fun. In taking stock of myself, I accepted, for the first time, two essentially military attitudes; the first, complete resignation to "orders," regardless; and second, complete conversion into the "Order of the Hard-Boiled." Things seemed to go better after that.

Looking back, I now realize my buddy had warned me of a weakness, which the Lieutenant had undoubtedly sensed, yet had not quite uncovered. Hot-headed as a boy, a tendency to flare-back under fire has always remained; but the Lieutenant lost his chance to get my "goat" when I took control of a growing anger and destroyed it myself. Nor, at that time, did it occur to me that the Instructing-Staff was acting under General Orders of the camp to get my "goat" and every other candidate's "goat" that was gettable.

Soon after we were both discharged, I met the Lieutenant in a hotel lobby. We were glad to be on our way "back

to normalcy." Our incidental conversation turned upon my question:—

"Tell me, Lieutenant, why you so consistently picked on me, especially during the first month in camp?"

He hesitated for a moment, then said in his frank way; "Just because I was never able to make you mad."

"You came darned near it, at first," I confessed.

"I thought so, tho I was never quite sure about it; but it's all over now. It was just part of the system," and he smiled a little as we found seats in a corner of the lobby where he told me a remarkable story. This was what he told me, as near as I can remember his words.

"Had the war continued, as expected, you very likely would have received your commission by now; but that wouldn't have made you a real officer. Normally it requires four years of intensive training at West Point to become a junior Army officer, followed by years of service before being intrusted with the responsibilities of any command.

"The emergencies of the war had to be met, however, and from our training camp alone, we were called upon to supply the army with thousands of officers from the best available material at hand. So insistent was the demand for new officers that the actual period of training averaged hardly ninety days.

"Out of the multitude of applications for admission into these Central Officers Training Schools, every effort was made to accept as candidates only those who appeared to be good officer-material. A majority of the applicants were eliminated thru a series of recommendations, reports, mental tests, and physical examinations.

"In the camp, the process of elimination was continued; there we had a double task, that of weeding out the unfit, and of preparing the qualified, as best we could in the time given. The weeding-out process was the more important. *The procedure of the camp was planned with the intention of breaking down every candidate who had a breaking-point;* some broke physically, while others could not assimilate the necessarily forced instruction; more, however, failed to stand the gaff, and their morale gave way. Everything was speeded up; on top of that, the candidates for commissions were intentionally given much unreasonable treatment for the purpose of testing their morale.

"Yes, the most important thing was to weed out the undependable. The duty of the instructors was to find

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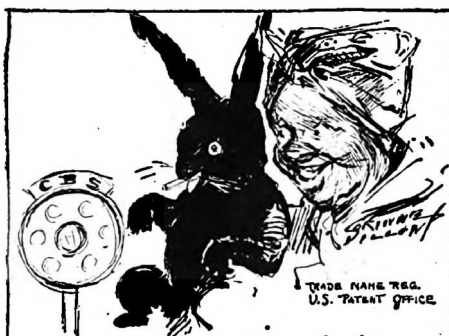
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every breaking-point that existed and then ride it to a finish; the candidate would eventually break down and show himself unworthy, or he would get hold of himself and prove his value. Real war is no school-boy picnic. The men who broke under the artificials and discipline of the training-camp, undoubtedly would have gone to pieces under the multiplied hardships and responsibilities confronting an officer in actual combat."

Then he added, "There was not sufficient time to train and instruct the candidates except in the merest essentials; but it was expected that the men who were commissioned would develop into good officers."

This explanation from the Lieutenant cleared up a great many ambiguities. Without it, many things that occurred during my term in the camp would have remained more or less meaningless.

OLIVER, let us call him, was the pride of our company. He had apparently every qualification for the making of a fine officer; a good education, previous experience as officer of a National Guard company, good appearance and personality. He excelled on the drill-field; he made the highest grades in his paper-work; he was active, industrious and punctual. No amount of flattery or success seemed to affect him; and both comrades and instructors predicted a brilliant record for him as an officer. Then the system found his breaking-point and he let it get his "goat."

The Captain, while conducting a class in tactics, addressed a question to Oliver: "If in unknown territory, upon approaching the outposts of the enemy, you were ordered to take a detail and bring back into camp some horses that had strayed about a mile to the right, what would you take with you?"

Oliver confessed he was not sure of the proper answer, but went on to say that his "common-sense told him" he should take and do so and so.

"Mr. Oliver, your common-sense has played you a hell of a trick," retorted the Captain, and he pointed out that Oliver had failed to include his gun, or any weapon of defense, which was the vital equipment under such circumstances, regardless of the particular errand.

Everyone laughed, and forgot the incident until that night, when Oliver complained to some of us; saying, the Captain hadn't treated him right by making fun of him as he had that afternoon. We tried to "kid" him out of it; but he kept brooding over what, for some reason, he chose to consider a personal insult; a bit of sarcastic ridicule had uncovered a *hidden breaking-point*; and because he failed to overcome his

over-sensitiveness, it rapidly destroyed his morale. There is no need of dwelling upon his downfall. With his nerves on edge, subsequent errors followed, bring forth severe rebukes, each one adding flame to his uncontrolled inner fires of imagined insults, until within three weeks he was a hopeless failure, and slated for dismissal, when the Armistice suspended the system.

ABOUT the most striking example of unjustified emotional suicide, I ever witnessed, was committed by an Army captain who had just previously been recommended for his majority. He was overseeing a detachment of raw recruits at Guard Mount. Taking exception to an uncomplimentary remark made by someone in a crowd of soldiers about the "class" of the formation, he rode up on his horse and challenged the commenter. He became infuriated at receiving no reply from anyone; dismounted, cursed and cussed, threatened and dared. At a court martial, he was "broke" in rank and severely punished; an unleashed fit of anger, aroused without the slightest excusable provocation, proved his breaking-point.

IN everyday life, civilization seems to be applying the same General Orders, as did the Army officers training system. In the commissioning of various people for the important tasks of the world, society has apparently developed an equally effective system of eliminating the undependable, leaving it up to each individual to make the best of his opportunities; and what the organized world demands above everything else is, the same thing that the Army sought to secure in its officers—a dependable morale.

Not so very long ago, there was a man of great personality and influence who caught the vision of public service and set his heart, his head, and his fortune upon becoming Senator of a certain Middle-Western state. His name might as well be Hamilton for our purpose. The incumbent Senator, a candidate for re-election, was his friend; but four years hence, he planned to defeat the present junior Senator who belonged to another party.

As a stepping-stone, he ran for Governor as the "people's" candidate, advocating many needed reforms in his campaign orations. Hamilton was elected and entered the state capitol, very popular and highly honored.

Then while the people waited anxiously for the promised enactment of tax relief measures, for a better roads policy and agricultural aid legislation, Governor Hamilton became industriously occupied in the building of a personal political machine; an organization made up of fear, promise, and compromise; an orthodox political "steam-roller" for the purpose of

smoothing out any possible opposition to his nomination and election to the Senate at the expiration of his gubernatorial tenure.

He directed the agencies of the state in behalf of his personal ambition, rather than in the promised public service; in an effort to please everyone, his promise was given evasively and promiscuously; rather than chance the making of enemies, his reforms failed to materialize.

Naturally the people lost faith in the man, his ability and sincerity. On account of the particular conditions existing in his state at the time he entered the governorship, Hamilton had an unusual opportunity for constructive service; yet, instead, he permitted an impatient ambition to prostitute his very character. Infidelity to his trust and the compromising of principle in favor of his purely personal advancement, completely destroyed the confidence of the people. His "machine," no matter how well oiled, wouldn't run without the fuel of public confidence. His friends persuaded him, in his own bitter realization of what he had done, to refrain from even entering the race for the Senate.

THERE is no need of giving further examples. You have often seen capable men and women fail, and have

discussed their breaking-points. We all know that the world rewards accomplishment, rather than effort; just as we know that effort must precede accomplishment. Consistent, intelligent work may turn to naught, if we let some "inferior complex" gain control of our inner selves, and in time deny us that very success we strive so hard to attain.

It is such destructive attitudes, as anger, fear, jealousy, conceit, etc., when out of control and under the strain of competitive existence, that show the lapse of will-power and prove the breaking-points of otherwise well-constructed careers. They are the proverbial weak links in the chain.

A master mason sets each stone securely upon another, and places the keystone at the top of the arch in such manner as to bind the entire structure into one solid unity of strength and beauty. Is there any more excuse for the faulty construction of human lives than of stone buildings? Weak places in either prove breaking-points under strain. Experienced engineers, in the building of gigantic hydro-electric dams, eliminate every breaking-point that might yield to the powerful currents of our greatest rivers; intelligent people can provide an equal security for their ambitions, if they will plan as carefully.

Facing Disaster

(Continued from page 55)

duty, whatever it is. But never allow yourself to cry out "How can I bear it!"

All this would apply equally to the oncoming of disasters for which you cannot plan in any way; the coming of death of a beloved one, for example. Times when there is nothing to do but wait. Tragedy again. I do not underestimate the pain. I only hope to make it *actually* less for *you*. Again I say, "Do not bear it until you *must*." You are watching the one who is in your life's centre dying of an incurable disease? Bear only the present moment. You can always endure the passing five minutes—and that is all you need do now. I know a wonderful woman who is watching her husband slipping out of life, and I know the rarely exquisite tie between them. Friends wonder at her strength, and their gayety together. She said very simply the other day, "When I first knew this was coming I was literally overwhelmed, and for a few days I was ill myself. Then I realized I would have all my life to mourn in, and I would not lose one precious day of companionship by anticipating *that*. So when I wake, while I often think involuntarily, 'How can I bear this day!' I instantly

think, 'I do not have to bear anything now; I only have to get up and bathe and dress.' And I can do that. So on thru the day. There is little that is hard about the passing five minutes—and that is all I have to live thru. And at night I think, 'Thank God for one more beautiful day together!' No, I never look forward. We are together now."

"As thy day so shall thy strength be," is a promise we have all tested many a time. When the waiting time is over and the dreaded calamity has actually smitten us, strength does in reality pour in upon us in some miraculous way; how often we have surprised our own selves by what we can accomplish, in the tenseness of the strain. That is, if we have not altogether worn out our resources by draining them beforehand. "No man ever sank under the burden of today. It is tomorrow's burden that is intolerable." For we have no strength for it. We cannot eat for tomorrow, breathe for tomorrow, or endure for tomorrow. Far more than we realize till we put ourselves to the test, we can refuse to suffer for tomorrow. Refuse to lift the burden ahead of time.

Note that I lay emphasis on the de-

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Yet when this has happened perhaps many times, we still say, grudgingly, "Yes, I know it happened *that* time—but such a lucky chance wouldn't come again." Was it only a "lucky chance?" Certainly, some law we do not understand makes us magnetic towards the one thing we require—if we keep our brain courageously cleared of blinding fear and we will be quick to see, and take advantage of, those small avenues of escape, which we should have missed, befogged by worry and anticipation of suffering. It is plain, that when you are facing swiftly oncoming disaster, if you allow yourself to be a prey to this wild anxiety and suffering, your senses are not on the alert; you only plunge from bad to worse. Your brain cells are being literally poisoned by your sheer terror, and you neither hear nor see the Opportunity knocking—perhaps faintly—but knocking at your gates. You are often blind and deaf by your own fault. How frequently we have to acknowledge later, "If only I had not been frightened and had kept my wits about me, I could have done this, or escaped that. But I was so frantic with worry, that I did not see it—till too late."

I am not for a moment asserting that you can thus evade disaster and sorrow, but only that you can, by a definite philosophy, avoid being crushed by them. Often the way *thru*, is the only way *out*. You need not be swamped in the quagmire *thru* which your treacherous path leads you. If the way of your daily life is grinding and hard and bare and dull, why add to the weight of the monotonous days by drearily looking ahead, sighing, "How can I go on bearing this week after week—or year after year!" You overwhelm yourself by a burden that is not yet fastened on your

back. As the old saying goes, "We are born, but we are not yet buried." At any moment relief may be waiting just 'round the corner! Do not look forward despondently wondering, "What can change this! I do not see any way out!" Perhaps there isn't—but circumstances are always plastic, and note how often they suddenly fall like kaleidoscope figures into an entirely different pattern. Indulgence in even a shade of self-pity dulls your brain. Remember, you can always bear *today*. But without self-pity, or despondency, be on the alert to see how you can better conditions; see if new interests cannot be found to brighten the routine—if you must pursue it; have that "attitude that so embarrasses Fate, of refusing to be discouraged." You know that if a mountain climber is scaling a precipice, he must not look down to giddy depths, nor must he look up at the appalling heights above, he must watch *his next step*.

Therefore, whatever you are bearing, or about to face, you will know there is always a Way Out for the high heart. This is not saying fatuously, "Oh, I guess it will all come right some-way!" It means fighting with all your strength of body and mind; suffering if need be, losing perhaps much—or all—that you hold dear, yet not cast down; "refusing to be discouraged."

Isaiah says: "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Quietness is not inaction; here it means "a deep, unshaken tranquillity of soul that no storms can disturb." "Confidence?" It is faith, in its profoundest essence. This something that we call "Faith" is an essential element in the armor we are forging; St. Paul calls it, "The shield of Faith!" Even apart from its religious sense, we cannot, without it, withstand the "Shocks of doom." In its most practical, everyday meaning, it is the foundation of business life, for how long could business last without "credit"—which is faith? What is self-confidence, but faith in one's self?

Dr. Karl Reiland of St. George's Church, gave on Easter Sunday an illuminating definition of this mysterious power; "Take it," he said, "not in the restricted religious sense, but in the sense of the *potential*, the *possible*, the *projective* quality of feeling with which one trusts the universe without, and the unity of his own spirit within; that persistent affirmation which arises in the soul, stronger than the wrecks of circumstance or the contradictions of experience."

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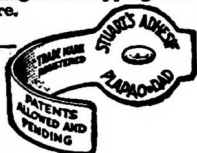
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Who Understands You?

(Continued from page 44)

whom they should understand best: parents who misunderstand their children, teachers who misunderstand their pupils, doctors who misunderstand their patients, employers who misunderstand their employees, husbands and wives who misunderstand each other, young folk of all ages who misunderstand themselves. Understanding means salvation—physical, mental and financial as well as moral and spiritual. To be saved, we must be sensitive and sensible. Few people are either sensitive or sensible enough to engineer their own lives profitably and safely.

A personal reference may be justifiable, as an object lesson to the point. Misunderstanding used to hurt me terribly. Now, it doesn't matter—I have learned how to view and take it all. When between the ages of twenty and thirty, I was largely and lustily occupied with getting my feelings injured on all sides. People jumping at false conclusions would knock me down mentally and emotionally, thus leaving the psychic anatomy bruised and battered in perfectly awful shape.

This went on till I woke up to the meaning and purpose of misunderstanding. Then I said to myself: "Look at things straight. Do you have to be a fool, just because other people are fools? Regard every misjudgment calmly, then figure out why it came and what benefit you can gain from it."

Behold, the situation cleared! I found that what hurts is not misunderstanding, but our misunderstanding of misunderstanding. When we learn to understand why we are misunderstood, our understanding will clarify or close the misunderstanding. People who get false notions about us are mentally sick and unconscious of the fact. Why let their sickly opinions make us wretched?

After identifying all the persons who had maligned or opposed me, I held a clinic, unbeknownst, on the cases of the poor invalids. One had tooth and sinus infections, that clouded the mental view. Another was afflicted by hereditary emotions rash and violent, that twisted the judgment and left it crooked. Another had a secret fear that I might hurt him (because he was doing things to hurt himself).

The unfortunates who misunderstood worst imagined they knew me best, having been acquaintances from childhood. Now, with a few exceptions, the persons who understand me best are those I have never seen. They judge only my work—and my work is myself.

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Personality is always misjudged, individuality never. Appreciation and cooperation follow the development and use of our individuality, with subordination of our personality to the larger self.

A few instances occurred where mistakes of mine caused the misunderstanding by others. I had to rectify such mistakes, and prevent their recurrence. This process did me a lot of good, so ultimately I was thankful to the rabid critics who were my friends without ever meaning to be. A foe is always a providential friend whose hate was meant to help us. Our job is to find how.

Good results are always based on good reasons. Why should everybody want, resolve and plan to be understood? So as to promote better feeling, to eliminate confusion or conflict, to avoid error and injustice, to prevent the ill effects of emotional strain and repression, to facilitate the cooperation leading to success, to render life more hopeful, comfortable and enjoyable.

Are you really understood, by anybody? Who should know you best? If he or she does not know and love your true self in a way to inspire and empower you, what can be done to redeem the situation? We offer practical suggestions based on the new psychology.

1. The first move is to clear and establish your own mind. View the whole matter calmly and thoughtfully, as you would a scientific problem. Fussing and worrying can't help, always hinder. Complaining, rebelling or feeling sad shows a mental inferiority. And self-pity should be looked on as a disgrace. Moreover, being ashamed of being unappreciated isn't logical, as many of the world's finest characters have been neglected or misinterpreted. You may be potentially worth more than all the members of your family or community who wear mental blinders when they look at you. If a thousand people disagreed with you, they might all be wrong, and you right. The majority means nothing.

2. Ask why you want to be understood. Have you a definite, constructive purpose—or merely a paltry, weak hankering for useless admiration? Is only your pride or vanity hurt by misunderstanding? Or is your health, or income, or reputation, or home life, or ultimate success, badly affected also? Does the misunderstanding really count? If so, it should be corrected. If not, it should be ignored.

3. Select the one person whose understanding of you would mean the most to you. Focus on that person, till you get results. The law of concentration affirms that whoever succeeds must be single-minded.

4. Analyze, to yourself, the possible causes and sources of that person's understanding. Find who and what is



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responsible. Among the common causes of misapprehension and misinterpretation are these: ignorance, haste, carelessness, prejudice, gossip, failure, disappointment, interference, pain, illness, doubt, reticence. The most frequent cause is a fundamental difference in age, sex, temperament, circumstances, education, experience or motive. People unlike hardly ever see eye to eye. But they can, if they will.

5. Make a list of the probable causes, and after each a note on the best way to remove it. The suggestions must appeal to the other person as strongly as to you. Decide if they would, before leaving them on the memorandum.

6. Find a mutual incentive and purpose in better understanding. When you are in perfect harmony and sympathy, what can you do, have or enjoy together, of manifest service to you both? Plan some joint action of reciprocal appeal.

7. Contemplate the superior habits or traits of character and ability that distinguish the person you have in mind. What are they? How can they be summoned for joint action, or at least recognized in a way to prove gratifying to the listener? You must give understanding before expecting to receive it. And the expression of sincere commendation is an ideal introduction to a harmonization of interests. Human appreciation is not only welcome but retroactive also. Giving it pays the giver—provided he doesn't give it for the purpose of being paid. Often those who misunderstand most are hungering most for true understanding of themselves.

8. Plan for a confidential talk with the individual concerned on the basis of the preceding points. How can you get together? Why should you? What approach would be most logical, most impelling? Not your viewpoint but that of the other person should be the determining factor.

9. Arrange for the talk when you two can be alone, free from interruption, with plenty of time to avoid hurry, and sensibly arrive at deliberate conclusions. Motive and method should both be considered, but motive silently and method outspokenly. Good motive is personal, but good method is communal. Nobody can rightly judge another person's motive, but anybody can rightly judge another person's method. Understanding is a thoro blend of insight and outlook, the insight subjective, the outlook objective. Those who agree and unite have inwardly sublimized their motive, then outwardly standardized their method. Purpose and process are two fundamentals of real cooperation.

10. Start a program of joint action following your talk. People who do things right come to view things right. And the sense of being partners aids

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the purpose to be fair. Misunderstanding results from thinking or moving in opposite directions. Follow the same line of march and you drop your differences.

Does that seem like taking a lot of trouble in the matter? Well the more trouble we take, the less we make. It is the habit of dodging trouble that allows trouble to be so pestiferous. When a problem or difficulty arises, the mere tackling of it firmly and confidently is half the solution.

But the finest effort does not always succeed—apparently. You may not be able, even by using the right plan, to secure the friendly cooperation of a

person blindly and stubbornly antagonistic. Then he or she isn't worth noticing. To keep away from such a mortal is the wise procedure.

And you may be comforted. The greatest men of history, from Socrates to Lincoln, have been misunderstood, maligned, opposed, abused. Their critics were many, their real friends few. Anybody worthy to stand in their class should feel uplifted thereby, not depressed. Misunderstanding is the weave out of which the gods fashion crowns for immortals. He who would be crowned must first be misunderstood.

After all, children are the friends worth having, and quick to respond

when we invite their sensibilities. Walking along a street the other day, I saw a group of children playing in a yard. I waved and smiled at them, and paused a minute. They promptly waved and smiled back. A little girl about four years old thereupon exclaimed, with a shy but superior demeanor, "I like him!" She didn't know me, but she knew that I knew her, and that knowledge made her happy.

To get understanding, give it. That is the rule of life. And all may have understanding, because all may give it to the children living nearby. The heart of a child is the hope of the world.

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You, Too, Can Make Money

(Continued from page 57)

own cook and maid in order that the household part would not in any way interfere with Miss Claire's work.

Of course the teacher became strong. She renewed her interest in riding and often was to be seen on long rides thru the lovely paths with men from her old crowd. Week-end guests (paying-guests, too) were many and frequent. Miss Claire became engaged, married, and now thru these efforts she continues to have a large school of acting and dancing on the grounds of her own estate.

Read this letter that came to me. It is similar to many I receive daily. Could you reply to it since it is not you but another? Is your perspective superior for the other fellow, and blind to your own inner-self?

My dear Mrs. Cleaver,

Some one told me you were not old, yet you had been married three times. This person said they had met you once after you gave a lecture in Dayton, Ohio, last November. She said you did not look more than forty-two, yet you had a married daughter and must be older. (I hope I am not too frank.) She said you spoke of your first husband's death thru a railroad accident; that your second was a wonderful and successful man, who died of appendicitis after only a day or two illness. And now again you are married.

Here is my plain question: How is it done? I am twenty-five years old, said to be good-looking. I have normal passions. I enjoy men and adore dancing. I have money and wear good clothes. My two younger sisters are married. I really want to let one man hug and kiss me, but I'm sure if I did my mother's hawk-like eyes would haunt me. She has always said, "Let no man touch you or kiss you unless he first proposes." Now, I know my "set" do all kinds of things. It is true I could not be the slightest bit "off" or immoral, but I do want to marry, I do

want men to propose, and I do want to live away from my mother. Sometimes I feel as if I must commit suicide unless I change. Yet what am I to do? What can I do? Please tell me. Is it possible for me to see you and speak with you confidentially?

Yours in distress

This young woman does not live in New York. But she does live near enough to come to the city about once a week. And because I receive so many letters of this nature, both from local persons and others, I have taken a New York residence so as to see some of my readers and radio listeners. As we talk together, face to face, things are more easily and satisfactorily made understandable. Some persons do not like the form I first have to send them, when their letters necessarily do not tell me enough. On this form I ask the first necessary questions, and follow this with my strictly personal letter to you, which you readily may apply to your special problems. When other questions are sent in I write again. This also saves my time. Often there are so many letters from readers of this magazine, together with those from my radio audience, that I find myself necessarily behind in some of them. However I do try to answer first the most pressing ones. I tell you this frankly as I wish you to understand.

I want to tell you of a reply-letter that just came from one of my outline replies:

My dear Pauline Cleaver,

Your advice was the first to hit the nail on the head. Every word is true. I can now see where my trouble started and it does relieve my mind. I feel so happy now. I can see things changing right under my eyes and it gives me a thrill. I am keen about this new work and mother is enjoying it also. She is planning to help me in the afternoons and together we are accomplishing so much more.

After I have my boxes made for the candy, with the name you suggested, I believe we can enlarge our kitchen and sell to many regular customers by mail. Everyone loves the first boxes I designed, and I'll try to have others made as similar as possible. Can you send me a list of box makers in New York, as out here I find they are quite expensive. I have written Washington for cards of registration, and really, I want to thank you so much. You are doing a wonderful work. Mother is writing you today also. She is taking more interest in things. It is the first thing I've been able to see her enjoy since father's death. We are so grateful to you. (The remainder of the letter is too personal to quote and of course I never mention the name or town.)

Several persons, probably trying to find out if I practiced what I preached, asked if I'd please tell them what "Jane," my youngest daughter, did with the plays she wrote, and how she made money on them. I spoke of Jane's plays several times over the Columbia Broadcasting System in my *YOU, TOO, CAN MAKE MONEY* talks. I will be happy to tell you. Jane Offutt-Cleaver was sixteen years old April 17th, 1929. When she was twelve she began writing plays for her friends to act in our home. I never interfered or said much as I wished to let the children handle this entirely alone. About eight girls, all pupils of the Hartridge School, would meet at our house and make their plans and their own costumes. Mr. Cleaver had a string of foot-lights made for them, and we turned the big rooms into a theatre for these occasions. We rented several dozen chairs, and these plays were given always to "a full house." The proceeds were for different pet ideas the children selected.

For the last two years Jane has collaborated with Mary Barlow, a neigh-

bor a bit older than Jane, and they work beautifully together in writing. They get great fun from this. I gave Jane a typewriter, and this has added to their "efficiency." Both Mary and Jane now handle the machine as little professionals. This keeps their minds active since it gives them a play for their imagination and helps them to observe closely parts to suit the others in the company. Some of the girls who have played parts especially well are Ann and Helen Baker, Jean Babcock, Pauline Hall, Graham Offutt-Cleaver and Florence Waring. The last two plays were for the Park Riding-School Dance, which was given at the Plainfield Country Club. It was a brilliant affair with nearly two hundred and fifty guests. The entire thing was financed by the young members.

What does this do and what is its relation to *You, too, Can Make Money,*

and PSYCHOLOGY? I hope you see for yourself. Is there any better way for one, even a child, to know what can be done until he has actually tried? If one writes a play, coaches it, keeps the company enthusiastic enough to make the costumes, to meet regularly for rehearsals, and gets others to print the programs and finally plays to a full house, with receipts that are flattering—does that not give encouragement? Do you not imagine that by the time Mary Barlow and Jane are eighteen they may write a play quite serious or humorous enough, to be played or published by others? Have they not proved they, too, *can make money?* And, in a way pleasing to them? This is creative genius—and everybody has it. I'd enjoy hearing from some of the younger readers. I'd love to know what you are doing with some of your extra time. Are you profiting by your plans?

Concentration

(Continued from page 37)

gether by association. This exercise strengthens the nerve centers and improves memory! Bow—arrow—pierce—hurt—feeling—wound—soldier—gun.

4. Bacon said, "If a man's mind be wandering let him study mathematics." Substitute a mathematical puzzle, a competition, a game of chess, or even a good detective story.
5. Check the mind's habit of aimless reverie. If your mind is tired, either do some physical exercise or recline comfortably and sleep. The habit of sleeping at will for even a few minutes each day is one of the greatest sources of mental vigor and concentration.

Repeat or write these suggestions night and morning and frequently during the day:

Day by day my power of concentration is growing more and more effective. My thoughts are being trained to obey my will.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

This one thing I do with the power of whole-hearted desire.

As my mental control develops I become more and more confident in the miracle-working power of concentration.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF PSYCHOLOGY, published monthly at Jamaica, N. Y., for April 1, 1929. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James F. McCarthy, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of PSYCHOLOGY Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only).

JAMES F. MCCARTHY.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1929. State of New York. County of New York.

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(My commission expires March 30, 1929.)

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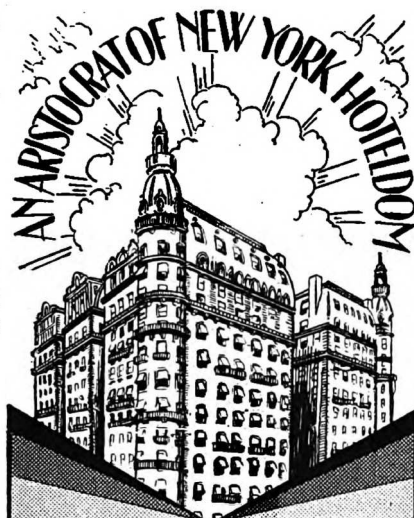
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So's Your Old Man

(Continued from page 32)

triplets sired by Desire and MORE-THAN-IS-NEEDED.

Being myself a victim of the age, I speak feelingly. I know. Even as I write, impatience surges thru me. I want to go on to the next turn in the road.

I did everything I could to bring down my own family, and how they all lived is a miracle. I taught them, nagged them, rushed them, educated them, stuffed them, speeded them, sentimentalized them, yielded to them, bullied them and made them what they are—God help them!

The real trouble with most of us birds who give advice to others, is that we are not willing to admit that we really know because we have failed so often ourselves.

What my children know they got from always doing the opposite of what I told them. This is not an inferiority complex at work, because I learned so much from my mistakes that now I know what I am talking about. One night a man called me up and said:

"What are we going to do with our boys?"

I told him I didn't know. A few moments after this his boy called on my boy and I heard him say:

"I don't know what I am going to do with my old man."

It seems to be fifty-fifty. When I hear parents brag about how well they bring up their children, I smile discreetly—with the children.

Bringing down a family is, however, not so easy. Nobody is doing it. You have to practise all the time. If you let up for a moment and obey your natural human instincts, they may go right on you.

Here are a few rules for bringing down a family (at last!) the result of lifelong failure and guaranteed to work in nine cases out of ten.

Give them everything they want all the time, while beating your breast and reproaching them for taking it.

When you get into a nasty row with your wife which, with premeditation, you can generally manage beforehand to pull off, always do it behind closed doors, so the children can group themselves in the hall outside and listen in without personal embarrassment.

If the children display signs of interrupted health, don't let this worry you. Read aloud to them from the latest medical books, keep them aroused and aware of all the latest diseases as chronicled so faithfully in the papers, bring them in to listen to the operations your lady visitors love to tell about when they call, and above all things, keep saying to them "Now you

know you are going to get sick."

Speed them by the hospital once a month and show them the operating-room where tonsils and other impedimenta are removed.

Believe everything every educator tells you.

Attend all the parents' meetings in the neighborhood.

Refuse to let your girls entertain any boys in your own home, so the boys will pit their wits (working all the time) against yours to entertain them away from home.

Take your boys aside every once in a while and patronize them by telling them sex mysteries that they learned before you were born.

In private, always jump to the conclusion that every member of your family is trying to "do" you or lie to you, while in public always hold them up and defend them as models of virtue—inherited from *your* side of the family.

I could tell you a lot of other things had I space, but this will give any ambitious parents a fair start.

THE MORAL

A man said to me recently:

"If I could take the phone and radio out of my house and stop the jazz stuff and the bridge and poker, I might get a little rest and we'd all be better off."

He was wrong. He wants to take the jazz stuff out of his head and not out of his home. Naturally, all that stuff he mentioned is not a sign of high-mindedness of spiritual progress or genuine culture (whatever that may be) but you cannot cure things by working from the outside in, but only by working from the inside out. One of the great (the greatest!) masters of thought said: "Resist not evil."

I knew a man who did what my friend wanted to do and his family deserted him.

Real leisure is what we lack. We all have curiosity and intelligence. With *real leisure* we can go on indefinitely and outlast the Chinese (who have small hygiene).

With *real leisure* we are permanent. Without it, we are fleeting; we shall pass out in a hundred years or so.

What is *real leisure*?

First, it is not a blank space.

Second, it is not a period of time without anything else in it.

Real leisure must be a part of everything you do. One of the most successful writers I know works anywhere. I work anywhere. I have everything to work with, because I can get along without it.

Harriet Beecher Stowe and Jane

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Enrollments are now being received for Lookout Mountain Summer School of Psychology. Write for booklet to Miss Irene Kenney, Registrar, 101 West 31st St., New York.

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Austen—two of the world's greatest women—produced immortal works in the clutter and chatter of family life. Paul was a tent-maker; his fingers were so gnarled that he dictated most of his letters; it is generally conceded that he established Christianity. He was beaten up, slept anywhere, was excitable, passionate, but nothing ever interfered with his work. He had the *real leisure* which comes from devotion to a single purpose. He wrote: "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey."

Real leisure is the ability to concentrate your thought on one thing, to the exclusion of everything else, no matter where you are. Once acquire it, and the problem as to whether you want jazz in your home or not, or whether to bring your children up, or down, will be something you can answer for yourself.

MAN always holds dominion over his environment if he wants to—that is, if his material desires don't get him.

Also, when he does hold dominion, he will get a kick out of pretty much everything that comes along.

No army mule will have anything on him.

Salesman's Conference Table

(Continued from page 61)

sionary work in opening up territory, advertising and building good will, and conducting special sales and demonstration programs. I would prefer a place where the laws of psychology are understood and applied, and will consider a proposition anywhere in the United States.

O. R. T., Colorado, writes:—

I am a reader of *The Salesman's Conference Table*. I have been traveling for three years in this western territory and have a following. I want to make connection with a good manufacturer to cover the Mountain States territory. Am a registered pharmacist, thirty-one years old and will cheerfully give any references required. I prefer a connection to sell chemicals, pharmaceuticals, sundries or toilet goods and cosmetics.

ANSWER:—

The above two letters are fairly representative of a number that have come in and we print them herewith. We shall welcome further letters from manufacturers and wholesalers who are in the market for additional selling assistance along the specified lines.

R. M. S., Illinois, writes:—

I am a very earnest student of psychology and have been at it for over two years. I was formerly in the business of selling fresh and smoked meats from store to store, and at the start



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ITS LAWS AND APPLICATION

OR

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CHAS. F. WINBIGGER
Ph.M.

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was making a success of it. My method of approach was this:

"Good morning, Mr. Blank, I am in the wholesale meat business—is there anything you need today?"

This method of approach was partly successful. I have long been out of business, but have it in my head to start again. Before doing so I am going to consult you and ask what you think is a better approach.

ANSWER:—

Probably the reason why the suggested approach was partly successful was that it is more appropriate to use with dealers you know than with those who are strangers to you. It would appear a trifle abrupt for the market man that you have never called on before, and also makes it very easy for him to answer, "No." The question of the proper approach is a big one and exceedingly difficult to answer in a single paragraph.

The subject was discussed at considerable length in *The Salesman's Conference Table* for February, and I believe that if you will look it up you will find it to throw considerable light upon your problem.

F. F., Montana, writes:—

I have been reading the *Salesman's Conference Table* in PSYCHOLOGY Magazine and have profited a lot by your advice.

I have just completed a correspondence course in Salesmanship. With this course is a special course in Character Analysis. I have been studying character ever since and it seems as tho in about fifty per cent of the cases I get poor results. I probably have not given this matter the proper amount of study, but before I go any further I would like your advice as to just how important a part this study takes in salesmanship.

This course deals with the shape of the head and facial features and it covers Phrenology to quite an extent. Can I with a fair amount of study become a fair judge of character, or is it liable to give me the wrong impression of my prospect in many cases, and be a detriment instead of an aid?

ANSWER:—

You have raised a question about which there is a sharp division of opinion. The first is that "Character Analysis" is infallible, and the second, to use a street expression, that it is "the bunk."

Somewhere in the middle of the distance between these extreme notions, the truth probably lies. I have given considerable attention to the subject and have found, curiously enough, that objective observation of physiognomy alone, is at times amazingly right, and at other times badly off the track. My experience is undoubtedly synonymous with your own.

The trouble seems to inhere in the fact that there is such a wide discrepancy between a person's outward acts and inward reactions. Appearance has some bearing upon character without

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a doubt, but it is very easy to get in blind alleys away from fact. If you use character analysis as an instrument to help sharpen your powers of observation, well and good. It has some bearing. But if you make too much of a hobby of it, it will become as you suggest, a positive detriment. My opinion is that you will get the best results by studying and profiting by your own personal experiences in contacting men and women in the business world.

Over the Editor's Shoulder

(Continued from page 68)

sound like wilful and some times nonsensical exaggeration, all of these courses have been investigated as to their worth. We turn down thousands of dollars of advertising in each issue from firms who do not bear investigation. We admit no advertisements excepting those of thoroughly reputable firms, nearly all of whom guarantee satisfaction or the return of the money involved.

We have received hundreds of letters from satisfied purchasers of these various courses and contrivances, sending us voluntary testimony of their great worth and helpfulness. These various teachers, schools and publishers are simply trying to help people to help themselves, and inasmuch as William James was among the first great academic psychologists who sought to do this very thing, your invoking his shades is somewhat beyond the point.

The applied psychologist has rescued psychology from being a dull, impractical series of tests, experiments and hypotheses, and made it a living science and triumphant philosophy of life which is actually pointing the way to health, happiness and prosperity for tens of thousands.

While we are very eager to secure a larger amount of what is generally known as general publicity advertising, chiefly because it looks better than the coupon advertising which forms the preponderance of our advertising pages, still I feel that no magazine in America carries more pages of advertising designed to help individuals than does PSYCHOLOGY.

We regret the necessity of using such superlative language, but as a sad commentary on such let it be said that if the merits of these courses and studies were set forth in any less bombastic form, not enough would be sold to cover the advertisers' costs. They are forced, therefore, to use rather sensational and colorful means of presenting their commodity to the public.

In this case, I really believe the end justifies the means.

I thank you for your interest in writing and congratulate you upon the cleverness with which your protest was phrased.

M. R. H. H. KING, Greensboro, N. C., writes:

Recently I have been reading many articles by the laity and medical men about the glands of the body. It would seem that these writers have practi-

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 now 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.

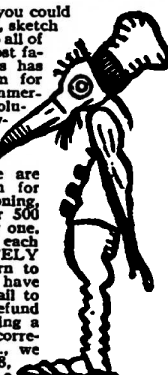
I have written a 100 page book, based on my experience of over twenty years service in helping people cast fear from their lives. It has been a most interesting experience and has made it possible for me to be of the greatest service to YOU. This book is called by many "prisoners," and is full of truths 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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brain glow

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STUPID PERSONS BECOME INTELLIGENT. It has been our privilege to see dull, stupid school children restored by RIGHT FEEDING to normal condition, also the insane to normal condition. The excessive mucus, the swelling and the vacuous stare all disappear when mucus-less foods are eaten. Under proper conditions, neither tonsils nor adenoids need operation.

SUFFERED INDIGESTION BUT DID NOT KNOW. Tumors, boils, blood clots, etc. appear unexpectedly, the results of WASTE products in the blood from FATLY assimilated food, yet there has been no pain in the stomach. Disease arises from unperceived INDIGESTION. Even sleeplessness is due to mild indigestion.

Write us for particulars of Government Bulletins describing experiments on convicts, hens, cows, etc. Decadent feeding produced disease, whereas FULL NUTRITION cured—e.g., paralysis, blindness in hens, mice, etc., pellagra, beri-beri, skin affections, etc., in men.

SAVED TEETH, TONSILS AND MEMORY. Poppi 1865. Sworn. "Pyorrhea specialist advised extraction. After two months on Brinkler meals, the five abscesses disappeared and dentist fixed all teeth without extractions."

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Educational Booklet, 10 cents. BRINKLER SCHOOL OF EATING, Dept. 277, 136 West 72nd St., New York

(See Catarrh, p. 74)

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cally ignored the mental processes, except those emotions which are influenced by the various glands they claim to have isolated and analysed in detail.

This gland business has somewhat disconcerted me, because I have believed and practically experienced for a long time the power of my mental faculties over the petty demands of the body.

Dr. Miller replies:

It is my judgment that glands, like any other part of the body, can be stimulated and brought under control to a considerable degree by the power of the mind. The gland is the mechanism and mind the master.

It has been repeatedly demonstrated that any organ or function of the body can be adversely affected by negative thoughts and destructive emotions, and conversely that all parts of the body yield to constructive therapeutic suggestion.

FROM SOUP TO NUTS

GEORGE LEVENE, 180 W. Berks Street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

I am and have been a subscriber and reader of PSYCHOLOGY for the last three years and recently have read it thru from "soup to nuts." My usual procedure is to read your editorials and I have always felt much better for doing so.

Tonight I got the latest copy and when I finished reading I could not help exclaiming, "Boys, that's the ticket. You hit the nail right on the head."

How do I know? Because that is just what happened to me.

Up until about three or perhaps four months ago, I was the veriest boob.

Oh, yes, I read the uplift articles in your magazine and for a very short while I would have a little pep and energy, and then it would die down again and back I was in the rut. Then came the miracle. That's the only way that I can explain it. I came to life all over, full of pep, energy, enthusiasm, love of work, love of all the people in the world—in other words—damn glad I was alive.

I have taken up a certain systematic exercise and never felt better physically, mentally or any other way in my whole life. All day long, when I'm working or driving my car, I find myself bursting into song. I want to help folks and be nice to them in the right way.

I have set myself goals to aim at and I have set our business on such sound legs that when many others are complaining about hard times, we are as busy as can be.

When I go in to a customer to get an order, I get it. All my thoughts are optimistic—not a negative or pessimistic thought is allowed to enter. I can't believe myself the things that I have been able to accomplish.

You'll pardon my lengthy letter, but when I read your "Man in the Box," I said, "By gosh, he must have heard about me."

I read your magazine with great interest and know that the only real chance for happiness lies in ourselves and I'm on my road to it.

Folks around me cannot understand me and think I'm crazy and not human. I've promised myself that I'll keep it up for all of 1929 and when I do that, it means forever.

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What Can We Do For You?

(Continued from page 59)

aunt who now has it. He believes that this means that he must have this disease in a dormant state, and that it may burst forth at most any moment. How much truth is there in this? Can you give him a different picture and still tell the truth?

ANSWER:—

If all children from tubercular parents were to develop tuberculosis it would be present today in practically everyone. The fact that your husband's mother died from the disease and that an aunt has it now, is not positive proof that he will have it. He has already lived for twenty-seven years without suffering from it, and if he will just behave himself he will undoubtedly live to an average old age and die from some entirely different trouble. The fact that he has no indication of tuberculosis at the present, certainly indicates that he could not possibly have more than a tendency in that direction. Even a tendency could be destroyed thru his following out hygienic measures, such as getting plenty of air, living a life which would tend toward strength and lung development, and having sufficient nourishing food. And his mental attitude should be very different from what it is now. I am sure if he had a decided tendency the worry he has indulged in would have developed the disease by now. His thoughts are very foolish.

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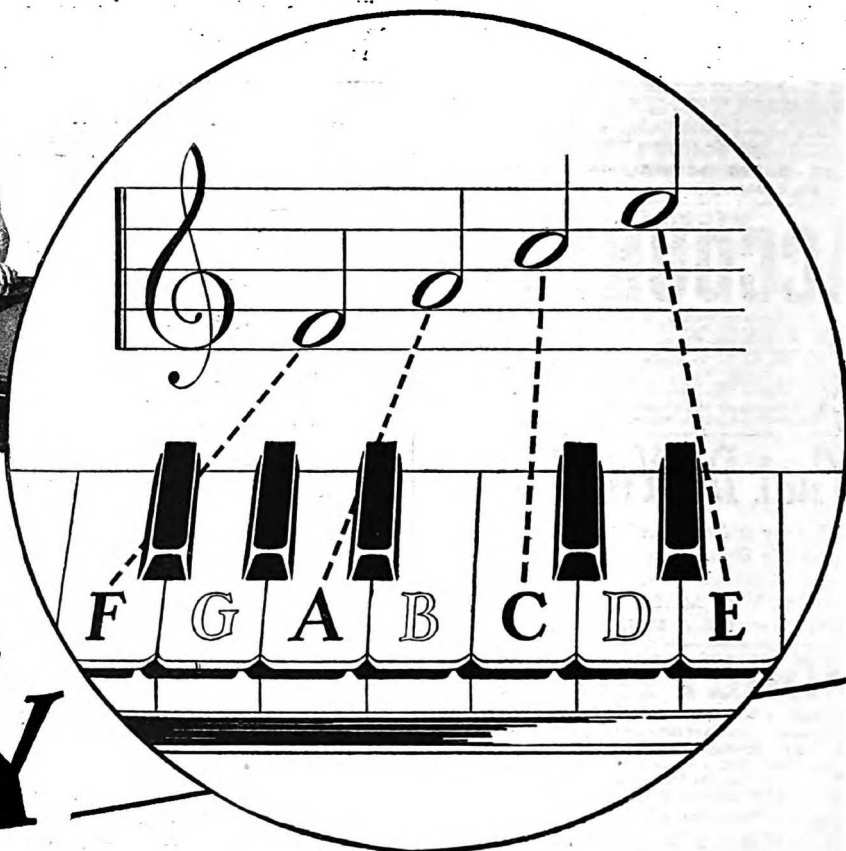
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