

PSYCHOLOGY

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JULY 1929

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In This Issue

**Building a Billion
on a Dime**

*U. B.
July-Dec.
1929*

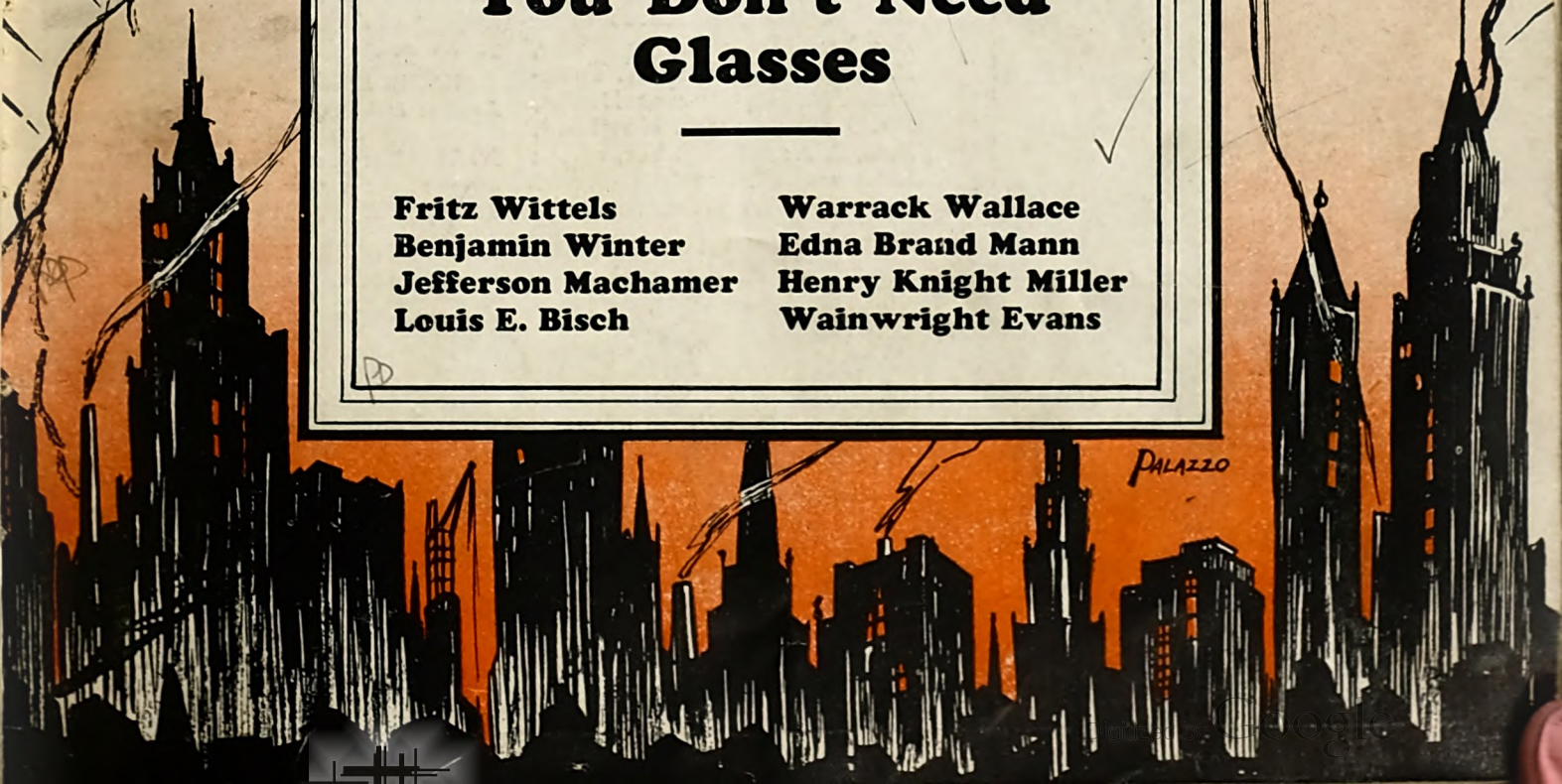
Academic Snobbery

Cash and Character

**You Don't Need
Glasses**

**Fritz Wittels
Benjamin Winter
Jefferson Machamer
Louis E. Bisch**

**Warrack Wallace
Edna Brand Mann
Henry Knight Miller
Wainwright Evans**



LAST CALL for LOOKOUT Mt. Summer School of Psychology



AS this magazine goes to press, eight newly constructed houses have been added to Alpine Lodge and its surrounding group of Swiss cabins to house the students who will attend Henry Knight Miller's Lookout Mountain Summer School of Psychology, which (as you know) will open at River Park on July 1st and continue to July 31st.

By the time this magazine gets into your hands there will be less than two weeks before opening day, and PERHAPS there will be a few reservations available. The number of students is limited to 150. Enrollments are now being received in every mail.

Courses

Course I, Elementary Psychology. Course II, Child Psychology. Course III, Abnormal Psychology. Course IV, Applied Psychology. Course V, Problems in Religion. Course VI, Problems in Ethics. Course VII, Psychoanalysis. Course VIII, Psychology of Sex. Course IX, Business Psychology. Course X, Psychotherapy. Course XI, Conscious Rhythm and Functional Exercise.

Faculty and Special Lectures

Faculty: Henry Knight Miller, B.A., Ph.D., Dean; M. K. Thomson, Ph. D.; Durant Drake, Ph.D.; Arthur H. Howland, B.A., B.D.; Alfred J. Fox, M.D.; Lawrence W. Rogers. *Special Lecturers:* Dr. William A. Mc-

Dougall, Donald A. Laird of Colgate University, Dr. Henry Gaines Hawn, Judge Daniel A. Simmons, Lon J. Haddock, Ferdinand Dunkley (Music) and others.

Recreation

The week-ends will be devoted entirely to recreation—hiking, fishing, bathing and swimming, tennis, canoeing, horseback riding in the grandest mountain playground you have ever imagined—2,250 feet above sea level, virtually above the clouds!

Reservations

This is the eleventh hour, but if it is possible to accommodate you, you will be as welcome as though you had seen and acted upon the very first announcement of the school.

If you plan to motor, you come via Birmingham, Ala., or Chattanooga, Tenn., then on the Federal and State Highway right up the mountain to River Park. If you come by rail, buy your ticket to VALLEY HEAD, ALA., from whence a taxi will take you out to the school at River Park.

WIRE YOUR RESERVATION AND ENROLLMENT FEE TODAY—\$150.00 covers all courses and lectures, board and lodging for the entire month. Send your wire to

IRENE KENNEY, Registrar,
Lookout Mountain Summer School of Psychology,
101 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.
THEN PACK YOUR GRIP!



The Standard Publication of Practical, Inspirational and Applied Psychology

PSYCHOLOGY

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VOL. XIII. NO. 1

JULY, 1929

Founded and Edited by Henry Knight Miller

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IN AUGUST

MIRACLES OF SUGGESTION. First of a series of brilliant autobiographical articles reviewing the experiences of a brave and busy life. A life that came into contact with many of the leading figures of the past three decades, by a man who was himself a leader in many fields. Personal recollections of the Pioneer and Dean of the Psychology of Suggestion, G. Arthur Gayer.

BUILDING OUR OWN BRAINS. Practical points for stimulating the creation of new Ideas. By Erving N. Peterson.

"BITTERLY!" The brightly told story of a salesman who was always complaining. Containing scientific facts and principles about the tragedy of "whining"; comparing the relative results of "positive" as against "negative" habits of thought, feeling and conduct. By Dr. Elmer E. Ferris, Professor of Salesmanship, N. Y. University School of Commerce.

CHANGING HANDS. The inspiring narrative of an artist who won renewed fame as a painter by the use of his left hand when his right arm had become paralyzed. An interview with William Hurd Lawrence. By Beatrice Stevenson.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF NOISE. An interview with Dr. D. A. Laird, by Eleanore Boykin.

Arthur H. Howland, Managing Editor; G. Arthur Gayer, Associate Editor; Kaye Wheeler, Assistant Editor; Walter W. Hubbard, Art Editor; Charles H. Desgrey, Advertising Manager; Joseph S. Sproul, Circulation Manager; James F. McCarthy, Executive Secretary; Samuel J. Schwartzman, General Counsel.

Published monthly by the Psychology Publishing Co., Inc. Business and Editorial Offices, 101 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price \$3.00 per year. Canada, \$3.00. Foreign, \$4.00. Subscribers may send remittance by check or express money order or registered letter.

Please notify promptly of any change of address, giving old as well as new address. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Jamaica, N. Y., August 24, 1927.

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The KINGDOM of GOD is within you!



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

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

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

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

Leads men and women to the Kingdom of God and adds unto them the things and conditions necessary to their happiness, as Jesus promised. It teaches them to pray for the things they want in such a way as to get them as Jesus said they should

them, are cramped and hampered by poverty, limitations, lack, sickness, worry and disappointment.

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

Christian Psychology

now comes forward with a great flood of the white light of simple scientific truth. Under the illumination of this

light men and women are finding the Kingdom of God and having added unto them the things necessary to their happiness—they are learning how to pray for the things and conditions they want in such a way as to get them, as Jesus promised they should.

Christian Psychology

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

Christian Psychology

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

Christian Psychology

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

Sent Free and Complete

to anyone who will fill out and return to us the coupon printed below. The sending of this remarkable lecture is a work of loving personal service, rendered in the name and spirit of Him who said, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Fill out and mail the coupon **now**.
Let nothing crowd it from your mind.

The American Institute of Psychology,
307 Law Exchange Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla.

Please send me entirely free and without any obligation, complete copy of Judge Simmons' soul-thrilling 6,000 word lecture, "The Kingdom of God," explaining the fundamental principles of Christian Psychology, the new knowledge that leads to a happier, more abundant life.

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I GUARANTEE NEW HAIR in These Three Places—

OR DON'T PAY ME A CENT!

ARE you sincerely anxious to be done with dandruff, itchy scalp, falling hair and baldness? Do you *really* want to grow new hair?

Perhaps you've *already* tried hard to overcome these afflictions. Perhaps you've put faith in barbershop "tips," and used all kinds of salves, massages, tonics, all with the same results . . . lots of trouble and expense but no relief!

Now, consider what I offer you. And figure out for yourself what a handsome proposition it is. I GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—on the top, front or temples—IN 30 DAYS . . . or not one red penny of cost to you.

Isn't that a different story from those you've heard before? I don't say, "try my wonderful remedy—it grows hair!" I say, and I put it in *writing*, "I GUARANTEE to grow hair . . . or no cost!"

My Method is Unique

Naturally, you say to yourself, "How can anyone make such a guarantee? It's hard to grow hair. I know, for I've tried a lot of things and failed."

Ah, that's exactly the reason thousands who formerly suffered from scalp troubles bless the day they heard of me. For my treatment is based on science, on years and years of research. I *studied* scalps, not how to sell treatments. And I found, as did leading dermatologists, that ordinary surface treatments of the scalp are futile. Baldness begins at the **ROOTS**. If roots are dead, nothing can grow new hair. But in most cases, roots are only *sleeping*, waiting for the right treatment to bring them back to healthy, normal life.

I Reach the Cause of Hair Loss

Now, I leave it to you. How can ordinary treatments penetrate to the roots of your hair? How can ordinary tonics or salves remove the *real* cause of baldness?

My treatment goes *below* the scalp, *right down towards the hair roots*, awakening them to new action. My treatment works surely and quickly, all the while stimulating the tiny blood vessels around the roots to new life and action. And with just the mere investment of a *few* minutes a day, thousands get these results from my treatment . . . or they never pay a cent!

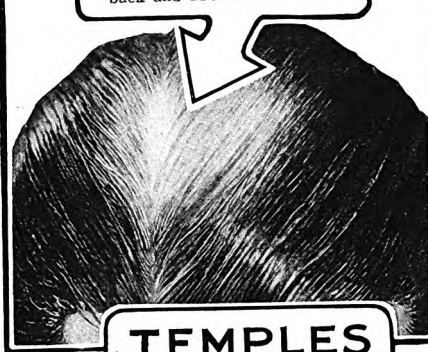
FRONT

Here thinning hair does greatest damage to your appearance. Don't wait till forelock disappears entirely. ACT NOW to forestall baldness!



TOP

Most baldness begins here. Is this YOUR thinnest spot? Decide today to get that hair back and MORE!



TEMPLES

Thinner and thinner on each side until they meet and forelock too goes. Dandruff and itchy scalp are common to these cases. Why suffer a lifetime of regret? MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!



I Welcome Investigation

Do you want absolute proof of the true causes and proper treatment of baldness? Consult your family physician. Or look up medical reference books.

Do you want positive proof that I can and do apply these accepted scientific principles? I offer you the best proof of all . . . my personal guarantee, backed up by the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York.

A Square Deal Guaranteed!

Others may make rosy but flimsy promises. I could do that too! But I don't. I couldn't afford to, for every statement I make is guaranteed by the Merke Institute. This scalp research bureau, established 13 years, is known from Coast to Coast. It has a reputation to keep up. It wouldn't dare to back me if I didn't tell the truth. So when I guarantee to grow hair or not a penny of cost, you're absolutely sure of a square deal.

Why Suffer Years of Regret?

Before you turn this page take a look in the mirror at those thin spots on your head! Think how you'll look when *all* your hair is gone. Consider how much prestige and attractiveness you'll lose. Then decide to act at once! Right now, tear out the coupon shown below and mail it in for the FREE booklet giving my complete story. In it you'll find, not mere theories, but scientific FACTS, and the details of my "hair grown or no pay" offer.

My treatment can be used in any home where there is electricity. Send the coupon NOW! And by return mail the booklet is yours without the slightest obligation. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 1077, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MAIL IT TODAY!

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 1077, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

Please send me—without cost or obligation—in plain wrapper, copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

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Address.....

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

(My age is.....)

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DANGER: One, two, three—BALD! And perhaps total baldness, say leading dermatologists, if you neglect any one of the three places shown above. But so gradually does hair depart, so insidiously does baldness creep up on the average man, that thousands fail to heed the warnings. But there is hope for everyone, no matter how thin the hair. Read my message to men growing bald. Study my guarantee. Then ACT!

NOW--

Before Failure Licks You AGAIN!

Will You Read This FREE BOOK
Written For YOU, Personally?

Unless you are honestly willing to face the facts about yourself—unless you admit in your own heart that you have fallen short of your ambitions and perhaps your capabilities—unless you really want to pull yourself out of your rut—don't bother to finish this page, which takes only 2 minutes' reading time.

YOU will find only "down-to-earth" facts here, nothing "amazing." You won't be promised a \$200 a week job, or a magnetic personality, or freedom from money worries. And yet these, and other equally alluring rewards, may easily be yours—if you simply apply to YOURSELF the practical hints emphasized in this message . . . principles you will see in a new light, *perhaps for the first time.*

Let's consider for a moment. Haven't you sometimes realized that you are not getting out of life everything you *deserve*? Haven't you often caught yourself drifting? Haven't you frequently wondered whether you were playing fair with your wife financially? Haven't you ever said to yourself, when you've seen some one else get a "plum" that you had hoped for, "Yes, something *must* be wrong with me. Maybe I am a 'LAME DUCK'!"?

It's a brutal fact to admit—even to yourself. And yet it's a start to better things. Simply hoping for something to turn up won't help you. Trusting to chance or a "lucky break" won't help you. The well-meaning sympathy of your prosperous friends won't help you. You've simply got to DO SOMETHING now—something RADICAL in your life—something that will pick you up out of the rut and speed you toward where you want to be. And that "something" must not be "tricky" or visionary—but a *safe, sure* way to get what you want.

Suppose you put the question to your own intelligence? Just why are some men practically nothing but mere "wage slaves," working to make others rich and happy—while other men jump ahead quickly to positions of authority, of leadership and financial independence? Surely "pull" and "luck" cannot possibly explain *all* the difference. It isn't "inborn talent," either, is it? Frankly, doesn't the difference lie chiefly in the CHOICE men make? Some let their true ability atrophy and waste away through neglect; others cultivate their powers, develop them, use them!

Scientists tell us that the average person uses only 10% of his own faculties. How can anyone possibly make more than a mediocre success in life if he doesn't utilize his big *reserve* mind-power?

You, like every one else, were born with certain natural abilities. As soon as you learn how easy it is to make these talents count to the full you cannot fail to progress. It's simply a case of knowing just how to turn your natural ability into cash and happiness—to Do More—Have More—Be More.

"But how can this result be achieved?" you ask. The answer is in this booklet, which has

been written for *you*. It's FREE for the asking.

Already over 700,000 people have read and adopted the plan suggested in this book. Princes and laborers, captains of industry and clerks, men and women of all types and of all ages have gained advantages for which they themselves vouch.

Thousands of these people are just like yourself—with your hopes, your plans, your ambitions. Others are already internationally famous—men like General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Prince Charles of Sweden, George Lunn, former Lieutenant Governor of New York; Frank P. Walsh, formerly chairman of the National War Labor Board—leaders who cannot afford to drop back even one rung on their ladders of accomplishment. With such a record behind this message—with men and women throughout the world following and using its teachings—surely you wouldn't decline an invitation to read it, at the very least, and see what it may do for you?

The book, remember, is YOUR book, written for YOU. In itself it is merely a book about Pelmanism—just so much printed matter—until you utilize its message and set it working in your own life. And then perhaps it may do for you what thousands feel it has done for them.

First of all, this booklet explains how to analyze yourself—how to find your good points and your weaknesses. It tells how the Pelman Method capitalizes the success-qualities you already have, and eliminates the weak points which act as "brakes" on the wheels of your progress. It shows you how Pelmanism brings to the surface your hidden powers and adds them to the "stock in trade" which the world is ready to buy from you. It points out the way to "get more out of living," how to knit your mental faculties into a well-organized, unified whole, and how to train and direct your energies toward a definite goal.

Surely it is worth while for you to learn how Pelmanism will enable you to recognize and take advantage of your opportunities, and to create

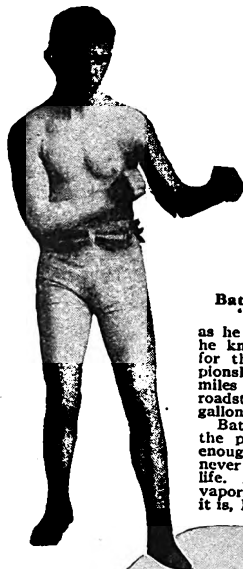


other opportunities where formerly nothing of value appeared. Instead of accepting failure as a barrier, you will see it for what it really is—an obstacle which others have learned how to surmount. Instead of "working yourself to death" and getting nowhere, you now will see how you may concentrate your efforts where they will do the most good—how to "stop the leaks" in your energies.

Mail Coupon Now for this Free Booklet

Not a week hence but *today* is the time to send for the revealing message contained in this free book. The real truth is that the older you are the more you need it. There's no obligation, of course. You have merely to decide that you are willing to spend 2c for a stamp and 15 minutes of your time to read and use a book of tested and proved worth. If it does nothing more than show you what Pelmanism has done for these thousands of others, isn't it well worth sending for? But at the same time it may bring you the assurance of as great a value to you. At least familiarize yourself with something about which you've heard so much, and for so long. Simply mail the coupon now to The Pelman Institute of America, Inc., Suite 687, 71 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Pelman Institute of America 71 West 45th Street (Suite 687), New York City I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 700,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.	
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Okayed by "Cannon Ball" Baker

The Stransky Vaporizer has passed the rigid tests made on "Cannon Ball" Baker's Proving Grounds outside Indianapolis. "Worthy the investigations of every motorist," writes Baker. "A single trial will prove the worth of your vaporizer. I heartily recommend it to all motorists."



Battling Nelson, the "Durable Dane"

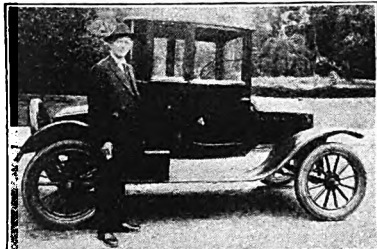
as he looked the day after he knocked out Joe Gans for the lightweight championship. Bat made 40 miles on a gallon with a roadster and 33 1/2 miles a gallon with a touring car.

Bat writes: "Most of the public know me well enough to know that I never bunked them in my life. And when I say your vaporizer is all you say it is, I mean it."



Drives 1,300 Miles Without Buying Gasoline

A remarkable test was recently made on the Stransky Vaporizer by J. R. Wood of St. Louis. On his Oldsmobile, after installing the Stransky, he drove 3,000 miles and averaged 30 miles a gallon. Thus he got in effect 1,300 miles of free gasoline!

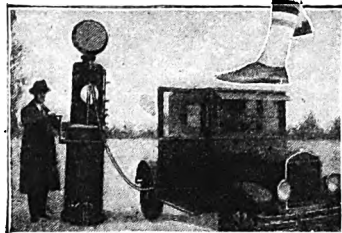


H. H. Cummings has saved 1,905 gallons of gasoline on 50,000 miles. "I have used one on my 1922 Ford which I have driven over 50,000 miles," he says. "I am getting 30 miles a gallon."



Virgil Barnes

N. Y. Giant Pitcher, says: "Words cannot express my delight with the Stransky Vaporizer. I left New York City after the close of the baseball season with a vaporizer on my Chrysler 60. When I arrived in Holton, Kansas, I found I had averaged within a fraction of 40 miles per gallon of gas."



Finds a Gasoline Well in His Own Back Yard,
Geo. South of Kansas City, Mo., owns a Ford coupe. "I am simply amazed," he writes, "at the wonderful results with your vaporizer. It sure saves the gas. It's just like finding a gasoline well in my own back yard."



South Dakota, the site of presidential vacations, tall corn and "black b'ar," now boasts of the world's largest gas vaporizer manufacturer. The picture above shows the present Stransky office organization of 73 people.

FORD
40 Miles on a Gallon

BUICK
36 Miles on a Gallon

OLDSMOBILE
1300 Miles of Free Gasoline

CHEVROLET
43.8 Miles Per Gallon

STUDEBAKER
32 Miles on Gallon

SAVED \$340
in Gasoline

OAKLAND
30 Miles Per Gallon

REDUCES CARBON
Without Touching the Engine

Who Else Wants to Save Gasoline?

A SOUTH DAKOTA man has discovered an amazing gas-saving invention now installed on over three million cars of every make. Already over ten thousand car owners say it increases gas mileage . . . and saves an astonishing amount of money in gasoline and repair expense. There is a model for every car, truck, tractor or gasoline engine. Anybody can install it in a few minutes.

This invention is based on newly-discovered facts about potential gasoline power . . . startling facts, that few car owners know about. For example, it is now found that the average man wastes at least 20 per cent to 30 per cent of his gasoline through improper combustion. And many more interesting discoveries, too detailed to mention here.

Read on the right what other car owners say about it. Then accept the inventor's special introductory offer. He will send you samples to test without obligation to buy. If you find it doesn't do for you what it has done for other car owners, he will pay a cash forfeit for the few minutes you've spent in testing it.

Don't send a penny now. Simply send your name in coupon below and get full description of this queer little device that is saving money for other car owners. No obligation, of course. But if you really want to cut down the high cost of running your car, this is your opportunity. Tear out the coupon below and mail it to J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co., H-1690 Stransky Block, Pukwana, S. D.

MEN WANTED

Herrick made \$157 in one day letting Stransky Vaporizers sell themselves on test. Territories open everywhere. Full or spare time. Check coupon below for details.

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.
H-1690 Stransky Block, Pukwana, S. D.

Yes, send me full description of this new way to save gasoline. This request does not obligate me in any way.

My name is.....

Street.....

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

☐ Check here if you want agents' proposition.

FORD

"I have used one on my Ford for over five years and have traveled over 35,000 miles. Never had any spark plug trouble. Have averaged 28 to 30 miles on one gallon of gas." J. H. Alruth, Iowa.

CHEVROLET

"You 'people claim a saving of 25 per cent and more. I found I was obtaining 43.8 miles to a gallon on a Chevrolet. The actual test surpasses your claim." M. E. Miller, Kansas City.

BUICK

G. M. Rathburn, Charleston, W. Va., has a Buick Six with an old engine. On a 287-mile trip he got 19 miles to the gallon. He says it has saved him \$40.00 on one trip.

NASH

"I had a large Nash Six, which I drove from Los Angeles to San Francisco on 20 gallons of gas. Vaporizer paid for itself the first trip." H. T. McCallon, California.

MARMON

Beacon Holmes, garage owner, New York City, put a Stransky Vaporizer on a Marmon and says: "I increased Marmon's speed from 72 to 84 miles per hour—and a gain of 5 miles to the gallon of gas."

PIERCE-ARROW

Mr. Joseph Berger, New York City, writes: "I have one on my Pierce-Arrow and have greatly increased my mileage. I have never scraped carbon since I put on your vaporizer—ten months ago."

Wanted—Your Services

As a Real Estate Specialist

Make big Money. I made \$100,000 in less than 5 years. Learn how I did it. Use my successful system. Begin at home—in your spare time. Make money my way. Start now. Free book tells how.

Are you in the same hole I was in?

Are you stuck in the rut of hard work and poor pay?

Are you dissatisfied with your job, your income or your prospects?

Are you having a struggle to make both ends meet?

Are you putting up with the crumbs of life while others are getting all the cake?

Then you are the man I want to talk to.

Listen!

When I made up my mind to get started in the real estate business, in my spare time, I was receiving a salary of \$100 a month.

I was doing work I was not fitted for and which I thoroughly disliked.

I was living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out of debt, and getting mighty few of the good things of life.

In less than two years after I started to specialize in real estate, I was making nearly one thousand dollars a month. And in less than five years I cleaned up a net profit of over one hundred thousand dollars.

To get the whole story of my success in real estate, and how you, too, can succeed, write at once for my free book "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains my history and your opportunity.

Follow in My Footsteps

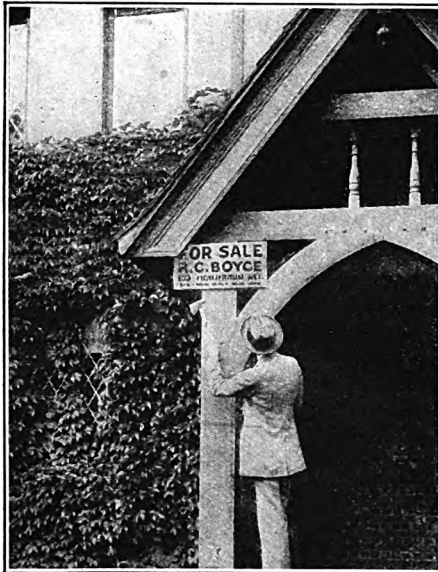
If you want to learn the secret of my success—if you want to use my money-making methods—if you want to follow in my footsteps—this is your chance. And now is the time to get started.

I have studied real estate conditions in this country very carefully, and my investigations convince me that the next ten years are going to be banner years for real estate.

Furthermore, my experience satisfies me that there is no better business to get into. It is more healthful than most indoor jobs—you can start in spare time—you can begin with little or no capital—it does not require years of study like medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, law, engineering, electricity, architecture, etc.—the beginner is paid the same rate of commission as old-timers—the business is practically unlimited—it is estimated that there are thirty million properties in the country and that ten million of them are always on the market—it is a permanent busi-

ness, not affected by fads or fashion—it is constantly growing as population increases—it puts you in touch with the best people—it is a dignified, pleasant and worthy occupation with great possibilities for big profits.

If you want to make big money as a Real Estate Specialist—if you want to use my



Put Your Name Before the World

amazingly efficient system—let me hear from you at once. I will send you—without cost or obligation—my free book, which fully explains how you can get started—in your spare time—just as I did—in a new kind of real estate business that is as far ahead of the old moss-covered methods of the average real estate agent as the automobile is ahead of the ox cart of our forefathers.

What Others Are Doing

As positive proof of the success of my modern methods, read the following brief extracts from some of the letters that come to me from those who are using my scientific system—following in my footsteps—making money my way:

"It may astound some to know that I have made between \$5,000 and \$10,000 over a three-

month period, which may be directly attributed to your splendid Real Estate System."

—A. W. Fosgreen, New York.

"One year ago my husband died, leaving me as the breadwinner for a daughter and mother. Have paid all my bills and have supported my family, thanks to your wonderful instructions which showed me the way."

—Mrs. C. L. Reeves, Ohio.

"I was a Ford salesman, earning \$300 a month. Your Real Estate System increased my earning power 200%. I now own a Chrysler Sedan, up-to-date office equipment and have increased my bank account."—Alfred J. Bennett, Michigan.

"Your system is wonderful. Without giving up my job as stationary engineer I made \$900 in three months in my spare time."—Matthew J. Stokes, Pennsylvania.

"I have sold many thousand dollars' worth of Real Estate and have deals pending that will go beyond the \$300,000 mark. Owe all my success to your comprehensive System."—Carrie Marshall, Mississippi.

There isn't room enough here for any more such letters, but send for my free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It is filled with stories of success. And it makes plain how you—too—can use my money-making methods to build a profitable independent business of your own—just as others are doing.

Act Promptly

Investigate this splendid business opportunity at once. Learn how easy it is to follow my methods and get big money for your services as a Real Estate Specialist.

The business needs you. It offers rich rewards for trained men.

So, mail the coupon now—before you lay this magazine aside—and receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of my new book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." From it you will learn how you can use my successful system to make money my way—how you can get started right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—and establish yourself as a Real Estate Specialist, in a high-grade, money-making business of your own.

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A Juror at Home

SCENE—Breakfast time at the home of Mr. Titwillow Meggs, one of the jurors who convicted Mary Ware Dennett in the sex pamphlet case. Mr. and Mrs. Meggs and their daughter Faith are having breakfast. Mrs. Meggs, who has been reading the morning paper, throws it on a chair impatiently.

Mr. M.—What is the matter, my dear?

Mrs. M.—There's never anything in this old newspaper any more. Not a bit of news. I do declare, there's nothing in it but births and deaths.

Mr. M.—AMELIA!

Mr. Meggs has suddenly paled. He clutches at the tablecloth in obvious distress and seems about to swoon.

Mrs. M.—Titwillow, what is it? What is the matter? Faith, get the spirits of ammonia. Titwillow, my darling, speak to me. Oh, dear, somebody call a doctor.

Faith brings the ammonia and Mr. Meggs is at length restored, but he still breathes convulsively and gulps a good deal. He glares at his wife.

Mrs. M.—Oh, Titwillow, what was it? What happened?

Mr. M.—What happened, indeed. You know well what happened, you abandoned female.

Mrs. M.—Titwillow, are you taking leave of your senses? What did I do?

Don't Mention That Word

Mr. M.—It's all very well, Amelia, for you to pretend innocence, but if you ever mention that word again in the presence of this innocent, unsullied child of ours, I shall have to ask you to leave this house.

Mrs. M.—Word? What word?

Mr. M.—You know what you said; that the paper was full of nothing but deaths and (he shudders)—oh, don't ask ME to repeat the word.

Faith—Pa means you said "deaths and births," Ma.

Pa—There! You see! You see the result of your bad example on the child. Faith, don't you ever, ever say that

word again or papa will turn you over to Assistant Federal Attorney James E. Wilkinson for prosecution, and he'll put soap in your mouth.

Mrs. M.—Well, dear, I'm sorry. I'll be careful. By the way, did you hire that stenographer, the one that answered your ad?

Mr. M. (disapprovingly)—I did not.

Mrs. M.—Why not?

Mr. M.—Well, if you must know, wait, Faith, you run outside and play. (Faith goes outside and listens at the keyhole.)

Mrs. M.—Why, what was it, Titwillow? What was the matter with her?

Name Too Suggestive

Mr. M. (whispering)—Well, her name was—er—Bertha. I told her that name was too suggestive and she'd have to change it. She wouldn't, so I wouldn't hire her. By the way, did you break that record?

Mrs. M.—What record?

Mr. M.—That "Sextet from Lucia" thing. I don't think a record with a suggestive title like that ought to be around where Faith may see it.

Mrs. M.—I'll break it this morning.

Faith (re-entering)—Pa, if I'm a good girl can I have 35 cents to go to the movies this afternoon, if I'm a good girl.

Mr. M.—What's the movie, honey bunch?

Faith—"The Birth of a Nation."

Mr. M.—NO!

Faith—Well, then, papa, will you tell me where babies come from?

Mr. M.—Yes, dear. The stork brings babies, precious.

Faith—Hey, don't try to come that stuff on me. Stork my eye! Willy Finucane told me babies are born up at the Sloane Maternity Hospital, with a trained obstetrician in attendance.

The Last Straw

Mr. M. (purple with rage)—This is the last straw. This is positively the last straw.

Mrs. M.—Titwillow, calm yourself. What are you going to do?

Mr. M.—What am I going to do? I'm going to telephone Prosecutor James E. Wilkinson and Judge Burrows, that's what, and I'm going to turn you and that abandoned child of yours over to the law, and I hope you both get what that Dennett woman got, too. And no matter what happens, you leave my bed and board.

Faith—Oh, Papa, you said a naughty word. You said "bed."

Papa rushes at Faith, but she is too quick for him. Drawing a .45 Colt, she shoots Papa dead.

Mrs. M. (to Faith)—Congratulations, darling.

Faith—No trouble at all, Ma.

—Frank Sullivan in
The New York "World"

* * *

Clothes and the Man

A little girl was reading a composition of her own on "Grant's Work in the Civil War." She got on swimmingly until she reached Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House. Then she told how Lee wore his sword and was handsomely attired in full uniform; "while Grant" she announced, "had on nothing but an old, ragged union suit."

* * *

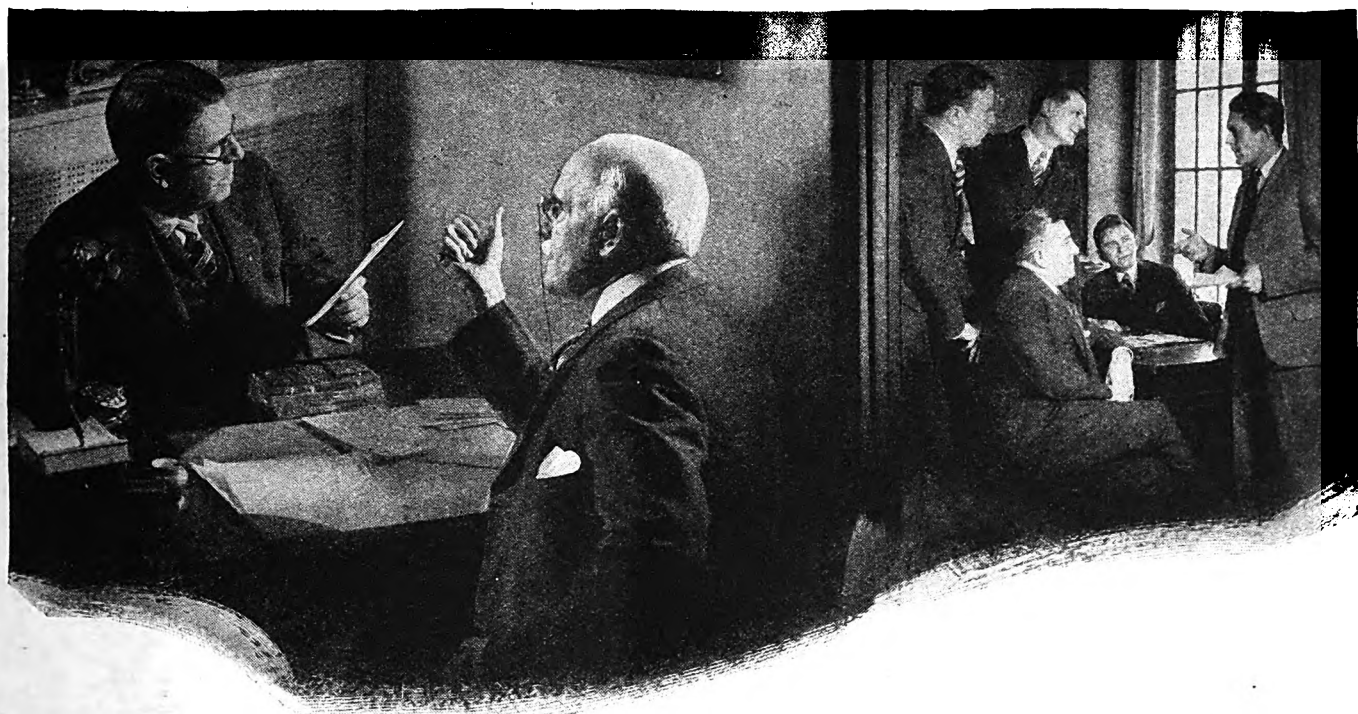
Fair Enough

The woman engaged to clean house had just arrived, and her Lake Forest employer had been giving her a few instructions.

"Now, Mrs. Bebb," she concluded, "please remember that I am a woman of few words. If I beckon with my hand, that means 'Come!'"

"That'll suit me fine," answered Mrs. Bebb, "for I am a woman of few words too. If I shakes my head then you'll know it means 'Nothin' doin'!'"

Digitized by *Everybody's Magazine*



"Who Is That Fellow Who Speaks So Well?"

"That's Jim Harvey, a cost clerk in my department."

"Well, he seems to have ideas—and knows how to put them over."

"I never gave him credit for much ability. He was always the human

clam type. But something's happened to change him recently."

"That reorganization plan of his sounds good to me. Notify all department heads to come to my conference room, and send Harvey in, too."

THE Jim Harvey who walked into the conference room was almost a stranger to his department manager. Was this the quiet, bashful fellow who had been buried in a minor job for two years in his department? He shook hands with \$10,000 a year men in cool equality. He seemed not the least bit awed by the president's brusque command to start talking.

And then he began to speak. Not a foot shuffled—not a throat coughed—as his dominating voice rang out and held that group spellbound. Without a note or a diagram to aid him, he outlined the branch warehouse idea that would speed up production and cut sales cost twenty per cent. Before he was half through, he knew it had gone over big. And he finished to the echo of a burst of applause and a unanimous grasping of his hand, as the department heads filed out of the room. The last man to reach him was his department boss, who drew him into a corner.

"Say, young fellow," he commanded in mock indignation. "What do you mean by burying yourself under my nose for two years? And what have you been doing that's changed you so much?"

Harvey smiled. "I have discovered a plan so remarkably simple that any man should become a powerful speaker and a straight line thinker in a very short time if he will simply apply himself to this method for twenty minutes a day at home, as I did."

"Well, it certainly must be a remarkable method. A few months ago you were the most timid, self-conscious man I've ever seen. Why, they've made a new man out of you. Believe

me, I want you to give me the full details of the method. I've got to make a speech at the Chamber of Commerce soon. And I am far from a finished speaker.

"Oh, by the way, Harvey," as he turned to leave. "The president wants to see you first thing in the morning. I think he's got some good news for you."

* * *

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker—a brilliant, easy, fluent, conversationalist. You, too, can conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Now, through an amazing new training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding influential speaker able to dominate one man or thousands.

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How to sell more goods
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This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power, and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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Wear this new reducing garment while walking, doing your daily dozen, working, playing golf or tennis. Every moment you have it on, it is working to take off uncomfortable, burdensome fat from all over the body. Even such simple movements as stooping, bending, dancing, (etc.) are utilized so that they help fight fat. The result is frequently a loss of a pound or more each time you wear the garment.



LIGHT—LOOSE—COMFORTABLE

The Olympic Reducing Garment slips on and off in a jiffy. Made of specially processed rubber, it fits so loosely and comfortably you forget you have it on. For convenience—it is made in two parts—either of which can be worn separately. This way you can reduce hips faster than upper body if you wish—or vice versa.



"A REVELATION" SAYS EXPERT

No less an authority than I. L. Winters, 20 years coach at Yale and Director of the Roosevelt Health Institute, at Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y., and New Life Health Farm, West Haven, Conn., says: "With my own eyes I have seen it aid in taking off 40 pounds overweight! In my opinion there has never been anything like this garment."



IT WORKS WHILE YOU PLAY

Wear the Olympic Garment while indulging in your favorite sport. It multiplies the benefit of exercise 3 to 6 times.



SPEEDY RESULTS THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

When you step into the Olympic reducing suit, every movement you make helps bring about a reduction in weight. Bulky figures are often diminished so quickly that it is utterly baffling to those who see the transformation taking place.



REDUCES WHILE WORKING

It's so easy to slip into the Olympic reducing suit and wear it while doing household tasks. No simpler way to lose weight has ever been discovered.

brings weight-loss of 2 to 6 pounds a week when worn few minutes a day!

HERE is the first news of an unusual development of science—a discovery that takes off pounds of flesh without danger, discomfort or effort. It has been proved so effective that physical culture experts have been literally amazed by results.

Just imagine a light, loose-fitting garment that you can slip into for just a short time each day, and yet lose 2 to 6 pounds a week! True, it sounds almost incredible, but the fact remains! In actual tests, losses of 2 to 6 pounds a week (and even more) have not been at all unusual. In many cases, as much as 20 to 30 pounds of excess flesh have been removed within an astonishingly short period of time!

But the best of all, this remarkable new garment offers a method of weight reduction that is not only lasting but safe! It involves none of the hazards of starvation diets, gland pills or chemical baths.

Why It Makes Fat Go!

The healthful way to get rid of fat is through increased circulation. Active circulation helps oxidize fat solids so that they are carried off in the blood stream. The watery part of fat is given off through the pores as perspiration.

Up to the present time, strenuous exercise has been the commonest means of accomplishing this. But strenuous exercise is harmful to many people whether overweight or not. Frequently it not only overtaxes the heart, but is also slow, tiring and tedious.

... For example, when wearing the garment, the mere act of walking a few city blocks gives you a definite weight reducing result, when ordinarily this small amount of action without the garment would accomplish almost nothing at all. Even such simple, everyday movements as stooping, bending, sweeping and dusting are transformed and multiplied so that they fight fat. The result is frequently the loss of a pound or more each time you wear the garment!

How It Works

With the Olympic Reducing Garment — made of specially-processed rubber — you lose fat two ways, just as you do with exercise — but *without* the same exertion.

As you wear the Olympic Reducing Garment, however, you need indulge only in the mildest exercise. Because of its composition, this garment excludes air from the body and aids in increasing oxidation to a remarkable degree. This allows you to reap much of the benefit of strenuous exercise without indulging in it

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BY
ROBERT ENGLER

The Bloom of Life

EVEN the common garden variety of vegetables have their day of glory. Before the peas or the beans or the peppers begin the serious business of life they blossom profusely—and some species beautifully. The colorless corn by the roadside has its moment, too. In its triumph over gravitation the tassel of the corn swings to and fro in the breezes, spreading pollen and new corn life to the winds.

Nature's brilliant procession of bud and blossom adorns alike the animal and the vegetable kingdoms. Our first impulse is to linger always in the age of foliage and feathers. But as life advances we find we have paid with heavy penalties for small gains. The intensity, the distress and the keen heartaches of youth are things to have done with gladly.

"I never had any illusions about flaming youth being the happy season of life," a charming woman of the world recently said to me. "Getting experience was always intense business and usually heart-breaking for me. I think it is for most young people. Thirty-five was my ideal of a perfect age before I half reached it. And now that I have seen both seventeen and seventeen twice over I am still sold on thirty-five as the sweeter

of the two periods.

Some neighbors first became interested in political conventions this year. They were surprised to see how much pleasure could be had from something always looked upon as foreign to their interests. A young couple also in our neighborhood planted their first garden. And all summer they were thrilled by each plant as they coaxed it thru the ground, then again when it blossomed, and still more when it bore. Yet another young couple found in their first baby a world of wonder and delight inconceivable to mortals not experienced in such happiness.

So the evidence all points to one conclusion: The joy of life should increase with age. Like the flowers life should bloom again with each new season. And the joy of living must increase in proportion to our capacity to seek and experience new interests. Browning was right:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.
. . . Youth shows but half;
Trust God: see all nor be afraid!



Heats Home for 25¢ a Week!

"I can run my Bulldog furnace for fourteen days in normal weather conditions on the actual cost of fifty cents." So writes F. R. Redetzke, of Cleveland, North Dakota, and he adds: "Hard to believe is it? That's what some of my neighbors thought until I showed them! We have an unlimited amount of grain screenings in this country. That's the fuel I am using."

That's what the Bulldog does with about the lowest grade fuel you can think of! Here's what it does with coal:

"Does the Work of 3 Stoves"

"This is my third winter with the Bulldog. It does the work of 3 coal stoves that I used, which only warmed up part of the house and not very well at that. My Bulldog not only does that, but 3 rooms upstairs, with great satisfaction. My house is located in a very cold place, with no protection at all. It is the easiest furnace to handle I have yet seen." E. C. Diplock, 105 Elm St., Camden, Me.

Heats 8 Rooms Instead of One

"My 8 room house has 7 windows on the northwest side downstairs, so it takes SOME heat. The Bulldog doesn't burn very much more coal than my old stove used to, and it heats the whole house, where my stove would heat only the one room it was in."—E. H. Marzoli, 72 South St., Milford, N. H.

After 6 Years—"Heats as Good as Ever"

"Our furnace has been in use 6 years and heats as good as ever."—Arthur Cloepfil, R. F. D. No. 1, Rockport, Me.

Cuts Coal Bills in Half

"I had a hot air furnace in our 7-room house before I got the Bulldog and our house was always cold. With the Bulldog it only takes *half as much coal* and we had weather below zero, and the house was nice and warm in the morning when we got up. We never have the draft on more than half an hour at a time, and it has the place red hot. It is easy to regulate and keeps the fire all day in mild weather."—Jesse T. Conrad, 1211 W. Arch St., Shamokin, Pa.

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easily as you would a kitchen stove. *Don't* put up with the old fashioned stove heat or some outworn furnace—when you can so easily get the greatest advance in scientific heating at an astonishingly low price. The Bulldog burns almost *any* kind of fuel, from hard coal to cheap screenings. Keeps a wood fire over night. We have factory connections in both East and West and ship from nearest point.

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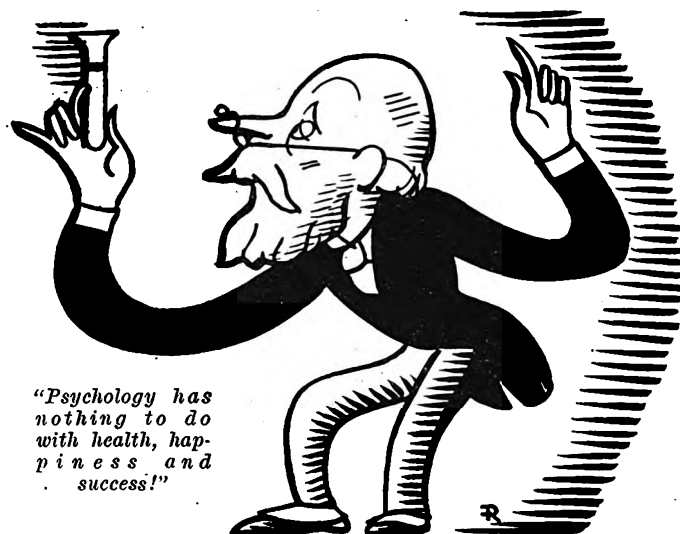
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(Print your name and address plainly) Have you a basement? Yes ☐ No ☐

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Academic Snobbery

Pictures by Fred Reinert



"Psychology has nothing to do with health, happiness and success!"

A Chat with the Editor

Henry Knight Miller

IN a recent issue of a contemporary magazine there appears an article by one A. A. Roback under the caption "Quacks." The writer persistently advertises himself as a bona fide scientist and then proceeds to give a most lamentable exhibition of his lack of even the elementary principles of scientific procedure, which are devotion to truth and a critical, honest, unbiased investigation of facts.

DANGERS OF A PART TRUTH

THERE is no lie more dangerous than one containing some truth. The conditions about which Mr. Roback complains do to some extent exist. Under the name of Applied Psychology many quacks and charlatans are carrying on activities quite remote from authentic or orthodox psychology. Their activities and shortcomings are widely known. Hence the half-lie of Mr. Roback is the more dangerous when he seeks to make it appear that *all* those seeking to interpret the principles of psychology to the masses are *ipso facto* quacks. He very generously places the editor of PSYCHOLOGY in that classification, and in so doing betrays a total lack of the critical faculty which, if he possessed the ability to differentiate, would have revealed the injustice of so dishonest and untruthful a classification. The failure to make an open-minded investigation before indulging himself in malicious and perhaps criminal libel reflects no credit upon his boasted academic standing. He will have full opportunity of attempting to prove his serious charge in the courts, but his task will be no easy one. Roback can hardly call the editor of PSYCHOLOGY illiterate. His education included graduation from Wesleyan University, post graduate work at Yale and Union Seminary, and special courses in the graduate school of New York University. He did not earn his doctor's degree "measuring willed reactions on smoked paper, chewing quassia wood in memory experiments" as Mr. Roback claims to have done, but received them in recognition of a service rendered to society.

When PSYCHOLOGY Magazine was founded the popular movement in Psychology was without any authoritative voice. There was a swarm of popular lecturers addressing vast audiences. Many of these were sincere, earnest people of great personal charm but scant educational background. Some were conscious charlatans "putting it over" on the public at great profit to themselves. They ignored academic psychology because they knew nothing about it. Their teaching was a weird jumble of New Thought, Christian Science, Theosophy, Yoga Philosophy, Hygiene, Occultism and Suggestion.

Yet with all their conscious and unconscious deficiencies these popular campaigners had awakened tens of thousands from the ruts of mediocrity and stirred a desire to achieve something more worth while in life. They had stressed the extreme importance of the subconscious which the die-hards of academic psychology had persistently ignored. They had put the academic die-hards on the defensive until they have had to come out from the seclusion of the college laboratory to think and write in terms of the application of psychology to the needs of human life.

SOUND, SANE AND HELPFUL

OUR task has been to act as mediator between these widely separated groups. We have studiously avoided setting forth any speculative or metaphysical concepts. We have adhered to the sound, sane, generally accepted principles of scientific psychology, freed from technical terminology, expressed in popular form and applied to the varying problems of life. In addition we have carried articles by reputable physicians on health, diet and exercise. We have also published human interest stories of achieving careers. Then there have been commonsense inspirational essays. These essays are not claimed to be technical disquisitions on psychology but will be found to be based on sound and valid psychological postulates.

We have thus been forcing the popular crusaders to

meet the test of a greater degree of scientific accuracy and more critical attitude toward their teachings. On the other hand we have been slowly influencing the academic world in the direction of a more empirical brand of psychology.

Mr. Roback complains that the line of demarcation between the academic and popular psychology is not drawn with sufficient sharpness. In that we have played an important part and in spite of Mr. Roback or Roarback there will be a closer and closer *rap-prochement*.

Mr. Roback calls one of the most widely known women on the American lecture platform a quack, and complains that one of her lectures was, *How to Make a Million Dollars*. It is amusing to note that the magazine which printed his venomous article had in the same issue an article entitled, *Twenty Ways to Make a Million*. Is it so fantastic to tell people how a fortune can be made? Is Mr. Roback so ignorant of even elementary psychology as to believe that psychology has no place in such conditioning of one's life as to aid him in cultivating such a degree of alertness, efficiency and stimulated imagination as to assist in the accumulation of a fortune.

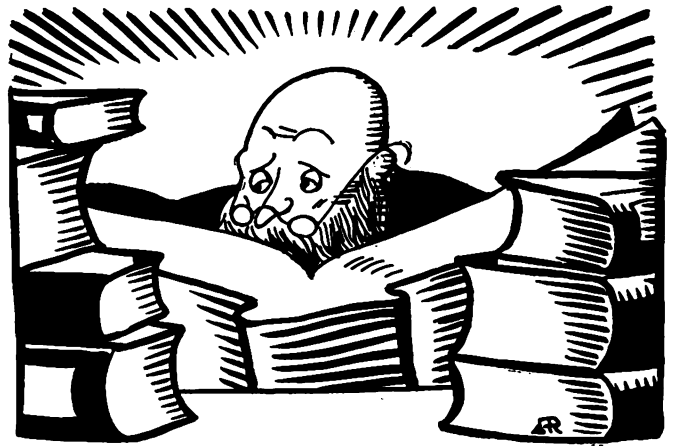
APPLY LEARNING TO LIFE

THOSE who share Mr. Roback's prejudice against applying the principles of psychology to life's activities are like an arithmetician who might object to the use of figures in the transaction of business, or the principles of chemistry in industry, or the laws of physics in construction work, or the principle of surgery to the saving of life.

One of Mr. Roback's colleagues recently asserted that psychology has nothing to do with health, happiness or success. For a man who claims to be a scientist to take such a position reveals how over-specialization in one phase of knowledge can blind a scholar to larger truth. The modern educator is interested not only in the impartation of knowledge but in improving the quality of life, and the academic psychologists who take this blind and uncomprehending position will soon find themselves being replaced by men interested in the empirical phase of science, the application of knowledge to life values.

The academician who claims psychology has nothing to do with health, happiness and success may have

considerable knowledge of laboratory experimentation but displays dense ignorance of the work being done in the vast laboratory of life in which tens of thousands of alert men and women are daily demonstrating that psychological laws, understood and applied, have much to do with all of these three great life interests. Thru an application of the principle of sound psycho-therapy thousands of sick people have regained health. If these blind leaders of the blind will open their eyes and investigate we can lead them to innumerable people who have thus been healed. Thru an application of the principles of scientific psychology other thousands have achieved financial and social success. This has been done by developing the powers of observation, memory, imagination, motivation, by creating a persistent "will to achieve," and by isolating certain laws and principles whereby a larger degree of self-mastery and self-deter-



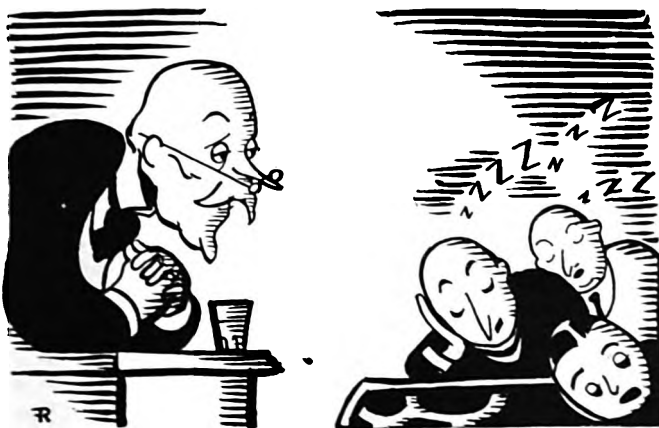
"Psychology should not be applied to the activities of life!"

mination may be achieved. All of these are basic factors in success. To say that success is a matter solely of heredity, environment and luck is to reveal such a degree of stupidity as to render any man making such a claim unfit to hold a chair in any progressive college. Thru an application of other known laws of psychology tens of thousands have achieved a higher degree of happiness. This has been thru learning how to control negative and destructive mental habits and emotions such as worry, envy, hate and fear. It is a self-evident fact that such negative states inhibit happiness, and that to the degree they are eliminated or controlled relative happiness ensues.

NOT SCIENCE BUT DOGMA

WE insist that men who in the face of abundant evidence to the contrary declare that psychology has nothing to do with health, happiness or success are not scientists but sheer dogmatists, unworthy the name of psychologist or scientist, a menace to the science they profess to represent, the most insidious of academic snobs.

These die-hards, hiding their heads in the arid sands of academic prejudice, are diminishing in number and their influence is waning in the colleges of America. William James was the first great giant of psychology to appreciate the infinite scope of psychology as regards life values. Then followed G. Stanley Hall, Hugo Munsterberg, John Dewey, Freud, Baudouin, William



"We shall proceed now to measure your 'willed reactions'."

McDougall and John B. Watson. These men differ widely in the emphasis which directs their scholastic labors, as far apart, for example, as McDougall's Dynamic Psychology and Watson's Behaviorism. But all have recognized that psychology has broad scope for life values, and have sought to apply its principles to the conditioning and improvement of the quality and character of life.

PSYCHOLOGY Magazine is the object of an especially malicious attack by Mr. Roback in which he claims it to be "perhaps the most insidious purveyor of pernicious quackery in the land!"

WHERE WERE THESE WORDS?

LET us consider the facts. This self-appointed defender of an obsolete school of psychology rails, in his attack on certain popular lecturers, about the use of such terms as "animal magnetism," "Yoga Mysticism," "occultism," "secret forces," "ageless wisdom," "subliminal reserves," "transcendental depths," "telesthesia," "transliminality," and "astral colors." So far as I know not one of these phrases has ever been used nor the ideas or theories they imply set forth by any writer in PSYCHOLOGY Magazine in its more than six years of existence. Against this whole mass of vague conjecture and unscientific teaching PSYCHOLOGY has stood as a mighty bulwark.

Dr. Henry Chellew, psychologist and lecturer at the University of London, wrote that "the founding of PSYCHOLOGY Magazine was one of the most significant and momentous events in the entire history of Psychology."

The Society for Psychological Research, an organization reputed to consist solely of academic psychologists and physicians, by unanimous vote of its directors, instructed the president to write the editor of PSYCHOLOGY Magazine congratulating him upon the sane, sound character of his editorial guidance.

Mr. Roback insinuates that the only articles by men of accepted academic standing in PSYCHOLOGY are "excerpts from the work of well known psychologists, as if these men were paid contributors." This is another malicious misrepresentation of fact.

Numerous articles have been contributed to PSYCHOLOGY by such leaders of academic psychology as Dr. Louis E. Bisch, lecturer in Columbia University, professor of the New York Polyclinic Medical School; Dr. Wilfrid Lay, author of *Man's Unconscious Conflict* and numerous other standard works; Dr. George Humphrey, professor of psychology at Queens College, Ontario; Dr. Wilhelm Stekel, one of Europe's foremost analysts; Professor Charles Baudouin, professor at the University of Geneva; Dr. Henry Chellew, lecturer at the University of London; Dr. Elizabeth B. Hurlock, of the department of psychology, Columbia University; A. K. Weinberg, instructor at Johns Hopkins University; Yale S. Nathanson, of the department of psychology at University of Pennsylvania; Dr. A. A. Brill, author of *Fundamental Conceptions of Psychoanalysis*, and one of America's greatest authorities on that subject; and numerous others, most of whom were paid, a few giving their articles without remuneration.

In addition there have been many authentic inter-

views with such prominent leaders of psychological thought as Drs. Harry Overstreet, Donald Laird, William McDougall, Havelock Ellis, Alfred Adler, Fritz Wittels, and many others.

Concerning the literary quality of PSYCHOLOGY Magazine this equivocating professor says "writers who keep repeating themselves *ad nauseam* on almost every other page." This is such a palpable and wilful falsehood as to place its writer in a special niche of the Ananias Club.

The managing editor of PSYCHOLOGY is a man of great literary ability, formerly instructor of rhetoric at DePauw University. He was also formerly managing editor of the very magazine in which Mr. Roback's article appeared. In editing manuscripts he is most scrupulous to see that even the slightest repetition is avoided.

Among our other contributors in addition to the foregoing have been Chancellor Elmer E. Brown of New York University, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, William J. Fielding, Thomas L. Masson, Jane Burr, Basil King, A. R. Orage, Wainwright Evans, Nina Wilcox Putnam, H. V. Kaltenborn, Charles W. Wood, the late Dr. Frank Crane, Basanta Koomar Roy, Silas Bent, Edwin Markham, Ralph Waldo Trine, Orrison Swett Marden, James R. Crowell, Alfred Stuart Myers, Alvin F. Harlow and innumerable other sincere, earnest and able men and women of unquestioned literary ability. Who of this brilliant list repeat *ad nauseam*? And what kind of mind or stomach has this Roback person if it is nauseated by the earnest writings of such outstanding personalities?

Speaking of the activities of alleged quack lecturers, Mr. Roback says that they "appeal to the underdog, to the incompetent and inefficient, to the weak willed and inferior feeling." Is it not the extreme of scholastic snobbery to object to a message being taken to these unfortunates which will stimulate their faith in themselves and tend to turn their weakness to strength, inferiority to self-confidence, and incompetence to at least a relative degree of efficiency?

WHO IS THE QUACK?

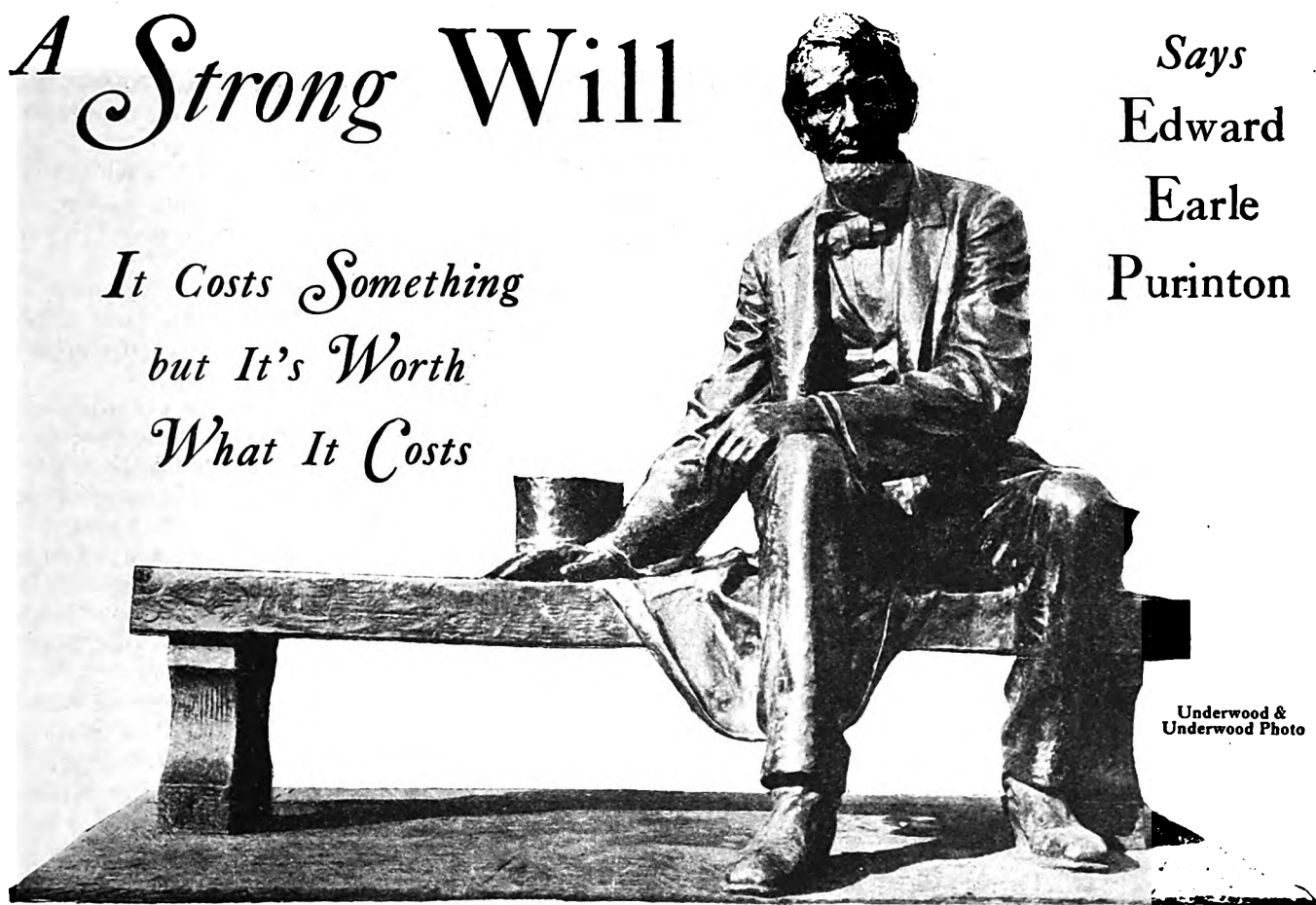
BUT as a matter of fact a recent questionnaire to PSYCHOLOGY subscribers reveals the fact that forty-two per cent are college graduates, fifty per cent own their own homes, and the average yearly income is \$4,245.00, a record which we believe will compare favorably with the magazine which made itself the vehicle for the venting of Mr. Roback's spleen.

Who is the quack?—the man who sees the immense value of the application of the principles of sound, scientific psychology to the multitudinous needs of men and women in the daily battle of life, and proceeds to help tens of thousands to a degree of larger, fuller life, or the intellectual snob who resents any effort to carry over into the problems of real life the psychological laws dynamic with immense potentialities for human betterment; and who seeks to limit psychology's domain to such procedure as "the measuring willed reactions on smoked paper and chewing quassia wood in memory experiments!" The editor of PSYCHOLOGY refuses without thanks to accept the designation.

A Strong Will

Says
Edward
Earle
Purinton

*It Costs Something
but It's Worth
What It Costs*



Underwood &
Underwood Photo

WHAT makes a great man great? First and always, a strong will. Everything else follows. A strong will, and that alone, produces the other elements of greatness.

This fact is highly comforting and reassuring. Anybody who wills to can have a strong will, so anybody can reach a goal of splendid achievement. Most of the world's immortals had little, at the start, but a powerful determination. That made them brilliant, learned, capable, steadfast, invincible.

A "pull" never got anybody anywhere. The force that evolves and explains a leader is the push in a colossal purpose. The relation of human will to accomplishment is a fascinating study. Let us name a few illustrious examples.

Napoleon Bonaparte had a strong will. He set forth to conquer the world, and his magnetism so electrified his brave soldiers that they rose to face death in a spirit of exaltation. But he was a moral fool, with a mental vision so twisted that his determination led to ruin, leaving him a prisoner on a desert isle. If he had learned to direct his will, he might have been a world savior.

Christopher Columbus had a strong will. But ere he sailed the seas to find a new continent, he explored new realms of imagination and investigation. He was a psychologist before he launched out as a sailor. He analyzed and organized his huge purpose, training it prior to following it.

Abraham Lincoln had a strong will. He focused it on a royal, stupendous battle with injustice, inertia, mass prejudice and class rule. He won his fight, almost single-

handed, by means of a resolution that first spanned the horizon, then scanned the minute essentials to victory.

Andrew Carnegie had a strong will. The railway trains, mills and factories, hardware stores, heating and lighting systems of America bear unconscious tribute to the mental domination of the first great master of steel. And every Carnegie public library shows how the will of a business magnate can extend to something higher than commerce.

John Wanamaker had a strong will. Whenever we plan to save time and money by a shopping expedition to a department store, we have reason to thank the founder of America's first and greatest department store. He acquired a new vision of economic science and humanitarian service in the mercantile business, and he backed the vision with a resolution to carry it out.

Alexander Graham Bell had a strong will. A generation ago there was no such thing as a telephone. But the inventor put zeal, skill, foresight to work, and now 18,000,000 telephones used more than 73,000,000 times a day afford unparalleled service to individuals and the nation as a whole. Every telephone conversation is a demonstration of the mighty purpose of the inventor.

Hundreds of other examples might be noted, of world leaders who based their productivity and effectuality on a strong will. More than ever is it needed today by those who would succeed largely. The competition is keener, distractions are more numerous, life is far more complex and more eloquent of the need for a single-minded purpose.

Now before a will can be developed it must be defined.

The dictionary calls it "the power of controlling one's own movements and internal states, feelings and thoughts, by conscious, and especially by deliberate, choice."

The definition isn't broad enough. A keen, powerful will governs also action, investigation, cooperation, relation to people and things, all outer effects of inner thoughts and desires. Will is the conscious power of the individual to order his own life, achieve his own success, rule his own destiny. A faint will becomes clear and potent when a person finds himself. That discovery, for anybody, is the greatest on earth.

Few people really know what they ultimately want. That knowledge precedes rational exercise of the will. Hence the scarcity of wills that get big things done. It is easier to wish for something vainly than to will for it energetically, and the majority blindly prefer what is easy.

Let us quote William James, perhaps the world's most famous psychologist. He says: "If with desire goes a sense that attainment is not possible, we simply *wish*; but if we believe that the end is in our power, we *will* that the desired feeling, having or doing shall be real."

Wise people don't wish for things. Whatever they should have they will to have, and whatever they know they shouldn't have they *refuse to want*. A habit of wishing means a waste of time, conversation, emotion; and proves the ignorance and incompetence of the person who indulges the habit. The rule for success is: Go after it, or give up wanting it.

There are six general stages leading to the accomplishment of anything worth while, and a person can tell how far along he is by noting which stage he has reached. The stages are: wishing, wanting, willing, working, welding, waiting. What does each stage signify and portend?

Wishing means that we are probably looking ahead in the right direction, but condoning, maybe coddling, our laziness or weakness.

Wanting shows that our feelings and desires have been stirred vividly enough to impel us onward, but we haven't yet learned to focus on what to do or how to do it.

Willing proves that we have taken command of our mental forces, and have decided to make them do our

bidding, thereby gaining alertness, initiative, self-reliance, self-confidence.

Working denotes that we have harnessed our muscles, nerves, habits, feelings, tools and appliances in a way to carry forward our purpose till we reach our goal.

Welding assures that we have gotten firm hold of the instruments of environment, equipment, association, opportunity, and are making them serve our life purpose effectively.

Waiting affirms that we understand the value of patience and persistence, and can bide our time calmly and serenely, no matter what delays or disappointments we may have to meet.

A close view of the six stages in the evolution and application of a strong will may help to scatter a lot of prevalent but false notions concerning the matter.

Brute strength is not will power—a big muscle often goes with a small mind. The husky young chap who makes a grand splurge on a football team is not to be admired. The game of life is played another way.

Nor does a fellow manifest a huge will by proceeding to bluster, boast or brag. Such talk merely proves what a sad inferiority complex the boaster is endeavoring to conceal behind large words. A steady purpose moves quietly. The man sure to lead avoids being loud. He who dominates never domineers.

A strong-willed person has sense enough to know that friction or opposition delays progress. He refuses to be guilty of a manner blunt, aggressive, obtrusive. He is low-voiced, fair-minded, kind-hearted. He delights not in mastery over people but in mastery over things, tools, methods, motives, results.

Now we come to the point of our discussion. What makes a strong will? What are the chief characteristics of the men who have it?

We base our answer on the conclusions reached by a special study of the

lives and achievements of many of the nation's leaders in business and the professions. A comparison of their notable traits indicates that all possess, to a greater or less degree, the following twenty factors in a strong will.

A fixed purpose.

Clear vision of how to reach the goal.

Invincible courage and persistence.

Refusal to admit defeat, or accept failure as final.

Devotion to, and enjoyment (*Continued on page 38*)

If We "Play the Game"!

By James Edward Hungerford

IT isn't easy to "Play the Game"!

And put our hearts and our souls in same;
It isn't easy to "stand the gaff,"
And give old trouble and care the Laugh!
It isn't easy to work and grope,
When failure tells us "there is no Hope";
It isn't Easy—but, just the same,
We're Winners, friend, if we "Play the Game"!

If we "Play the Game"! thru the passing years,
And do our BEST in this "vale of tears";
Be we great or small; be we poor or rich—
It doesn't matter so much, friend, which;
If we "Play the Game"!—and have done our "bit,"
And put our hearts and our souls in it,
We can hold our heads without fear or shame—
And know God knows we have "Played the Game"!

It isn't easy to make a start,
And work along with a hopeful heart;
To dream and scheme, and to seek for light,
When they say we're "wrong"—and we know
we're Right!
Ah no, my friend, it's a tough old trail
For those who "win," and for those who "fail";
But God is watching us, just the same—
We're Winners, friend, if we "Play the Game"!

Dangers of Sympathy

By L. E. Eubanks

ABSENCE of sympathy is a serious defect of disposition. Most of us pride ourselves on being sympathetic, and when we are objects for sympathy, or think we are, we feel deeply wronged unless our friends offer that consolation.

"Be sympathetic"—that is always one of the first rules in directions for those who would be popular. With some types, this suggestion might safely be carried to the point of exhortation; an excess of sympathy is impossible in some persons, it is not in their make-up to feel extremely sorry for anyone.

The person of acute sensibilities, however, can easily indulge sympathy to a harmful extent. Causeless sympathy is worse than useless, it is detrimental to the sympathizer. To be much stronger in emotion than in reason shows a dangerous lack of self-control. I know a woman who must avoid all sad plays; a show like *The Singing Fool* wrecks her nerves for the entire night.

A young woman of my acquaintance is losing her ability to enunciate clearly, thru sympathy for her mother. The old lady suffered a paralytic stroke and since that time has been unable to talk distinctly. Her distressing efforts to make herself understood often throw the daughter into fits of weeping. Sympathy is mixed with horror; the girl has developed a fear that she herself may some time be in her mother's condition. Auto-suggestion is working, and the girl actually imi-

Don't brood with your friend. Cheer him up.



"The Singing Fool," wrecks her nerves for an entire night.



Illustrations

by

Stanley Hunter

tates her mother's unfortunate and pitiful mistakes.

If there is anything wherein quality counts for more than quantity, it is sympathy. Anyone can talk, and if refined and educated can say euphonious and pleasing things. But this kind of sympathizer will reach the time when he is generally understood. Sympathy, being "akin to love," must not be cheapened; to be effervescently sympathetic with everybody and every occurrence makes one light of personality and of doubtful character depth.

When my father died, I received many letters of condolence. The shortest letter I got was accompanied by a \$50-check—from a friend in Boston who was to have paid me several months later. It may sound mercenary, but that was the most truly sympathetic message of all. This friend knew that I might have particular need of the money at that moment, and he inconvenienced himself to raise it prematurely, out of real sympathy.

There are dangers—on both sides. It is not mere psychological theory, but a fact that to sympathize extremely with another person has a similar effect to that of "feeling sorry for oneself." The moment you have done all you can for the friend with whom you have been "sympathizing," get yourself out of that downcast, sorrowful mood and into a more active, dynamic—even aggressive—attitude. Only then can you actually do anything helpful.

The longer you lament and (Continued on page 62)

He Built a Half Billion Dollars on a Dime

ON a certain Tuesday just twenty-six years ago, a youth of twenty stepped upon one of New York's piers at the Battery. He had just come from Lodz, Poland, with a very brief stop at Ellis Island. His father met him at the pier, for the father had preceded him to the United States by eight months.

The young man had some Polish money with him and the first thing he did was to change this into American coin. He handed over his Polish money and received in return—exactly ten cents, one dime, and the proverbial thin one at that.

And that lone dime can truthfully be called the foundation of the fortune of Benjamin Winter, often called the most spectacular real estate dealer and operator in the world, who, in the last dozen years has swung deals totaling half a billion dollars.

Mr. Winter is the man who, a year and a half ago, startled the real estate world by calmly announcing he had bought the home of the late William K. Vanderbilt for \$4,000,000. Recently he sold it in a deal that, it is said, will net him close to a million profit.

He is the man who bought the Astor mansion, where the famous social "400" originated years ago on upper Fifth Avenue. He is the man who buys and sells Fifth Avenue real estate as the ordinary man buys a little bungalow in the country, and, seemingly, with much more ease.

He still haunts the scenes of his early struggles, unwilling to forget the associations he formed during the early days. The year after he arrived in America the Lodzer Young Men's Benevolent Society was formed

An Interview with Benjamin Winter



Benjamin Winter, twenty years ago, looking forward to fortune.

in a dingy hall over on New York's East Side. Seven boys who had come from Lodz within the year established the society as a means of helping each other in the strange country. Six

officers were elected, and it was lamented that the constitution did not provide an office for the final member—the seventh. That seventh and youngest member was Benjamin Winter, who merely smiled and said that inasmuch as he was the youngest and the "greenest" he didn't rate an officer.

But time plays queer tricks. Of the seven founders, the six original office-holders are just good average American citizens, while the

youngest and greenest is known from one end of the country to the other as one of the outstanding real estate operators of all time.

Winter has not missed a meeting of that club in the twenty-four years that have passed, except for one period when he went back to Lodz to see his old home town. And even then he was carrying out commissions for other members of the club and bringing relief to Polish relatives of club members.

But to get back. The reunion on the pier between father and son was in 1901. As soon as the young man learned that a street car ride home would take a sum equal to his total fortune, he insisted upon walking.

Young Winter was enthusiastic. Over in Poland he had studied art, but here his thoughts turned to business and work. He was impatient to dig into the commercial mines of this new land and he plied his dad with questions about what to do and how soon he could begin.

By
*Maurice
Henley*

"Can I start tomorrow?" he asked.

"Why not rest a few days?" the father said. "You have just made a long trip."

"I rested enough on the boat," he replied. "I'm ready to begin."

The father then told him that painting offered a fairly lucrative opportunity. He would be able to earn as much as six or seven dollars a week painting houses.

This was on Tuesday. On Wednesday night a council was held in his home with the family and friends present. Remember, that young Winter could speak no English. The friends clipped a few addresses from the want ads. where painters were needed. They rehearsed him and made him repeat over and over again, "Have you any work for me? Have you any work for me?"

"Now," they told him in Polish, "when you go to the first address tomorrow morning ask them that. If the answer is 'yes' put on your overalls and wait for orders. If the answer is 'no,' leave and go to the next address."

All that night he repeated the line, "Have you any work for me?"

But when he put his question the next day at the first place he applied, to his dismay the answer was neither "yes" nor "no," but a long jumble of English, none of which he understood.

But young Winter right there revealed the quality of mind which years later was to make him nationally famous. Puzzled, yet feeling that the strange English question hurled at him would be worth understanding, he hunted around until he found someone who understood German, and the result was he got the job, at one dollar a day.

On Sunday—his first in America—he went walking with his father. They strolled up Fifth Avenue and



Today—reviewing his astonishing triumphs.

the father pointed out the mansions of the Astors and the Vanderbilts. He told the youth how the original Astors and Vanderbilts came to this country, poor boys like himself.

And the boy turned to his father.

"If they could come over here as poor boys," he insisted, "and build up these huge fortunes—why cannot I?"

The father laughed indulgently, yet he impressed upon his son that everyone had a chance in America.

As spectacular as has been the career of Benjamin Winter, just so unspectacular is the man himself. Well built, slightly above medium height, Winter tells

his story in a quiet, low, husky voice, while his blue eyes peer at you thru light-colored horn-rimmed spectacles. His clothing and ties are quiet to the point of being sombre. I noticed no jewelry of any kind.

I asked him how long it took him after his arrival in America to decide to go into business for himself.

"Oh, about eight or nine days," he answered carelessly.

He learned that his father was paying \$14 a month for rent. That was as much as he could earn in two weeks. It would never do. Too much money was going into rent. And so he made a deal with his landlord the next time that person called. He got the job of painting the houses this man owned. On this "contract"—his first—he worked two hours early in the morning—before he went to work—and two hours when he came home from work. And he discovered he could make more as his own boss.

He saw ways of saving on the material he used. He found that an average painter wastes from ten to twenty per cent and that by careful handling of the paints this could be turned into profits.

Gradually he obtained other contracts and he soon had more work than he could handle himself. He hired men to work for him and with their help and his own efforts he boosted his earnings to the tremendous sum of \$25 a week.

Then followed some thirteen years during which he worked up a painting contractor's business. He worked alongside his own men, worked just a little longer and harder than any of them, never asking them to do anything he would not do himself. If he had a big job to finish which meant working from a swaying scaffold high above the street on a windy day, he always went out first.

"All this time," he says, "I was studying New York from the real estate view. I had made up my mind that when I had saved up \$1,000 free and clear, I would enter this new field. It took me thirteen years to

save this thousand. But at last I had it."

I wondered about this, for I knew that his contracting business had been fairly prosperous. He volunteered no explanations, but from close friends I learned the real story. All this time, when the painting business was yielding nice profits, a considerable portion of his earnings went to destitute relatives and friends back in Poland and many people in this country who needed help. Every other cent he could scrape together went back into the business. Whenever he seemed to get a

little ahead, he would learn of someone in need—and he asked no questions. He had nearly thirty men working for him—and yet practically no cash available.

"My first real estate deal was an apartment house on Washington Heights which a friend tipped me off could be leased by putting up a bond. But I needed two thousand to swing it, and all I could command was one thousand. And—I'll talk about that later—here is where the good will a man has built up thru his developing years comes in. I was easily able to borrow that other thousand. The house was badly run down and needed painting and repairs. The lease contained a cancellation clause stipulating that if the owner sold the house before the lease expired I was to receive \$1,000 bonus. By October first I had every apartment rented and then, a few days later, the house was sold. I received my certified check for \$1,000, my first profit on my first real estate deal. I had made a start.

"But altho my first deal was only thirteen years ago I had an intimate knowledge of New York realty values, gleaned from my years of knocking about as a contractor. I knew I never could succeed in this new business unless I laid a groundwork of real knowledge of conditions, unless I knew to the penny how much I could pay for a piece of property, and how long would be required before it would increase in value so that it could be sold for a profit."

(Continued on page 58)

TEN BUSINESS "DON'TS"

By BENJAMIN WINTER

1. *DON'T go into business for yourself until you have a thoro knowledge of your field. Knowledge is the first element of Success.*

2. *DON'T assume that all successful people are naturally lucky. Luck is often the ability and courage to grasp an opportunity.*

3. *DON'T assume that your Boss is a dumb-bell. Give him 100 per cent Loyalty and Service! If he is a Dumb-bell you'll be in his place if you show yourself a hard and intelligent worker. If you soldier on the job he'll fire you, whether he's a Dumb-bell or not.*

4. *DON'T live beyond your means with the idea that the future will take care of itself. Piled-up debts will prevent your giving your job the attention it deserves.*

5. *DON'T let people walk all over you if you are in the right. Even if it's the boss you disagree with, tell him so! A calm and judicial statement of your side of the case will command attention.*

6. *DON'T fail to admit your mistakes if you are in the wrong. One of the first signs of bigness is a willingness to admit error.*

7. *DON'T speculate, and certainly don't gamble, even if you feel you can afford it. The chances are you can't.*

8. *DON'T use your friends as business conveniences only. If you do you may find you have no friends—and that's too big a price to pay for possible financial gain.*

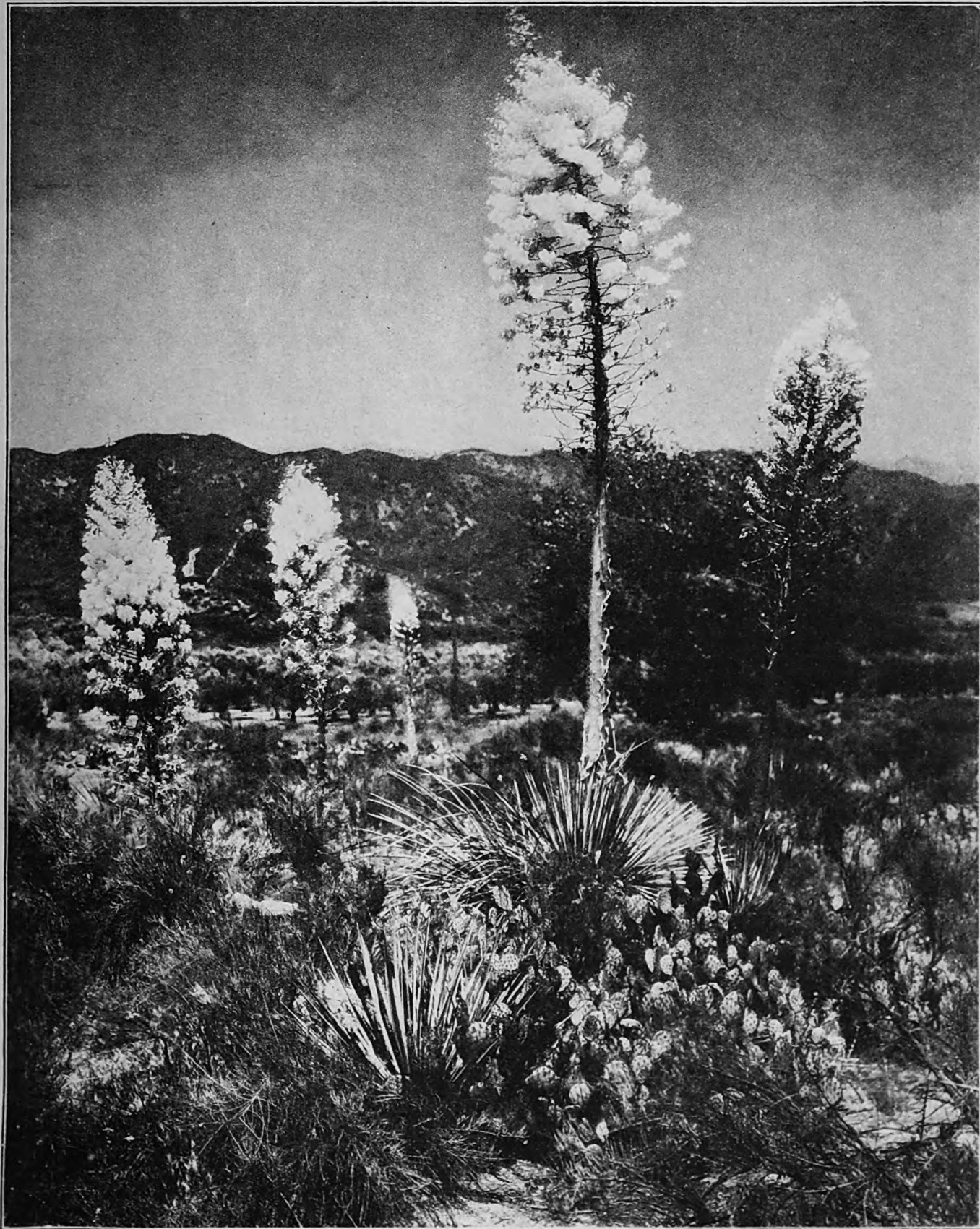
9. *DON'T go into business on a shoe-string unless you have the courage and intelligence to meet the crucial situations that will face you. Most successful men did start on a shoe-string, but that's no reason you should unless you have the temperament for it.*

10. *DON'T kill your finer instincts in your desire for business success. Business success is usually built up by using one's finer instincts.*

There are

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

in life that Money cannot buy. The man who missts them, no matter how much money he may accumulate, is a Failure!



The Yucca Tree

A CLOUDLESS blue sky, undulating hills, cacti in the foreground, and the Yucca tree lifting itself above the surrounding brush and pointing heavenward! Our guess is that this picture was snapped in California and that the foothills belong to the San Rafels or the Sierra Madres. What's

yours? There is something about the Yucca, perhaps its inspiration, that makes one want to dig it up and take it home. Resist the temptation and leave it for others to enjoy or pretty soon there will be no more Yucca trees.—

IRENE KENNEY.

An Unfailing Rule for Turning Fear to Courage

By
Wainwright Evans



Illustrated by
H. Winfield Scott

THE proverb says that a cornered rat will fight. Did you ever see one do it?—I did. He was holding his own against three dogs in the gutter of a city street; and his fight for his life was watched by a breathless crowd that circled ten deep around the struggle and blocked traffic regardless of the not too emphatic expostulations of a policeman who was divided between his duty as an officer and his desire to see what the rat was going to do about it.

The rat was not a big one; his fur was plastered with mud; one of his legs had been crippled by the dogs, and was dragging in the icy water of the gutter. The cowardice and the slinking fear of ratdom, he had thrown to the winds; all three of the dogs bore the marks of his teeth; and every advance they made was met by a flying brown streak that stopped at nothing, and seemed everywhere at once.

Little by little the fight edged along toward the black opening in the curb where the water of the spring thaw turned and flowed out of sight like a brown ribbon. It was the fiftieth down and only two feet to go. The rat picked the biggest of the dogs, apparently because it was he who now blocked the road to safety; hurled himself straight at the open mouth; and, as the startled foe drew back roaring with the pain of a bitten jowl, whirled and slipped with hardly a splash into the dusk of his own congenial world. He was gone.

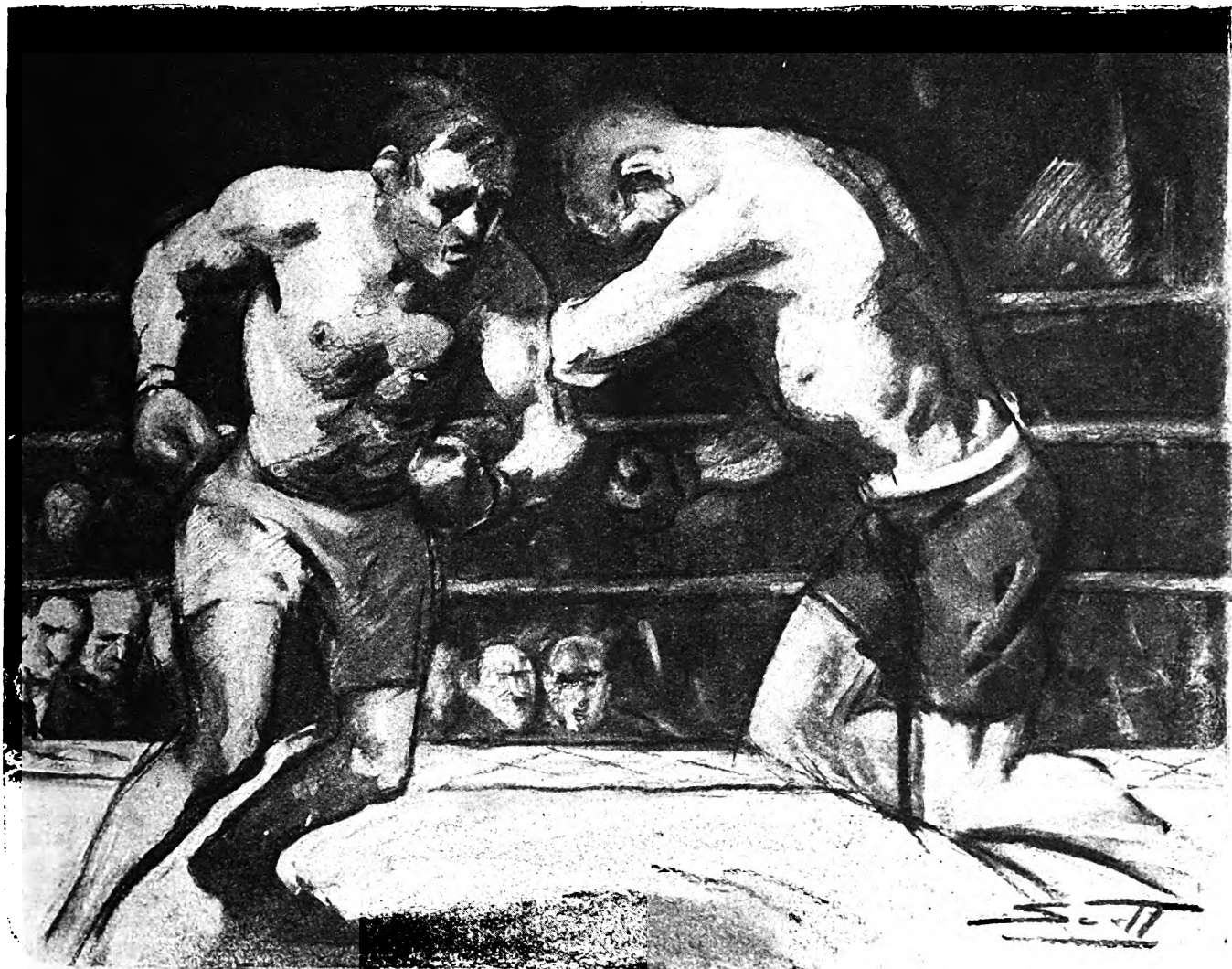
And the crowd? It laughed, jeered at the defeated dogs growling impotently at the mouth of the gutter, and dispersed. The policeman went whistling softly back to his traffic job in the middle of the street, with a manner that unblushingly gave to understand that he had broken up the crowd and set traffic moving again.

Don't Be

I went my way, glad the rat had escaped in so unequal a fight, even tho I wish his sinister tribe no increase. I was glad, too, to be no longer looking on at that sordid picture of "nature red of tooth and claw."

And yet, was it as ugly and sordid as it seemed? Did such a feeling betray a certain want of penetration on my part? Was there not, perhaps, something heroic and splendid in it, could one but cleanse it of its mud and gutter water? Had I not seen something fundamentally divine, however savage its appearance, flare there into brief and vivid life, ere the rat took refuge again in the security of gloom and filth and shrinking terror which so largely make up the sum of his rat existence?

Surely there is an active courage, a thing of positive value, that grows like a blazing red flower out of the black and evil soil of despair, where it skirts the gutters of life. What is it? Is it really Courage, or is it simply Fear, masquerading under a brave disguise? And if it be that, then what is the connection between Fear and Courage? What transmutes the one into the



The boxer who feels fear uses it as a whip to drive him to extremes of energetic action.

Afraid of FEAR!

other; and if Fear is an active principle in all Courage, what is the alchemy that transmutes it into its apparent opposite?

Most persons recognize in a hazy way, I think, that there is some paradoxical identity between Fear and Courage; and that Courage somehow springs from Fear and has its roots in Fear, and could not exist without it. Everyone knows in a general sort of way that the same objects that arouse Fear in animals and men may likewise arouse the ferocious "courage of despair"; that we are continually doing "brave" things because we are afraid to do anything else—so that courage is often the greater of two fears. But does that make courage negative, as fear is negative; or is it, as sages have long believed, the most fundamental and most positive of the virtues?

Many a man has fought a duel, not because he was positively brave, but because he had to make a choice between the greater and the lesser fear—the fear of death on the one hand, and the fear of being branded as a coward on the other. One of the finest stories ever

written is Maupassant's "A Coward." It is the tale of a man who is about the last word in cowardice. He is to fight a duel; and he becomes more and more convinced that the acuteness of his fears will cause him to lose his self-control when he faces his adversary's pistol. He fears he will make a spectacle of his fear; that he will be branded as a coward if he survives the duel; that he will face social ostracism among persons with whom he has hitherto cut a courageous figure. And in this conviction, still assuring himself that he is really brave, he thrusts the pistol against the roof of his mouth and pulls the trigger.

As a matter of fact he did have a kind of bravery; he was brave enough to face his own pistol tho he could not face the ridicule which he felt sure would be his lot after the duel. He chose the lesser fear; or he succumbed to the greater—whichever way you want to put it. He was the coward absolute and complete because he was afraid of fear. There are no greater depths.

The fact is that his real cowardice consisted in a

certain nervous instability which made it impossible for him to control the functions of his body, the trembling of his muscles, the expression of his face. A "brave" man might be defined as one who can do just that, tho he feels fear; and a coward as one who lacks such ability. In vulgar parlance, such a one lacks "guts," which is simply a condition of visceral nervous stability which many a man could remedy if he would lie on the floor with his hands back of his head every morning and pull himself to a sitting position twenty times. It is said that Japanese warriors have for ages controlled the emotion of fear by strongly contracting the abdominal muscles. Probably many a prize-fighter draws part of his courage from the necessity for so strengthening his abdomen that it can withstand heavy blows.

A parallel kind of cowardice, one at which the world laughs indulgently, is the inability of many an apparently brave person to make a public speech. I remember seeing one of the outstanding generals of the World War—a man with a tremendous record for physical bravery—become tongue-tied when called on to answer a toast in his honor. This was pure cowardice; for the man's faculties were out of control. His heart must have been pounding very hard, judging by the pulse back of the corner of his jaw; his hands were trembling; his voice was high-pitched and unnatural, his tongue stammered, his hands trembled, and his knees shook. Pure cowardice! But we smile at such an exhibition, and sympathize with it, instead of condemning it, partly because it is not socially significant, and partly because most of us suffer from a similar limitation.

I recall an occasion when a young theological student, a boy with graduation still before him, preached a Sunday sermon to a group of convalescent women in a big Chicago hospital. Everyone of those women was recovering from a major operation. They were in wheeled chairs, and they were so weak that the singing of hymns was omitted, as beyond their present strength.

The young man was eager, ardent, generous, and immensely impressed with the thought of the ordeal

from which that group before him had emerged. He was particularly impressed with the thought of the courage which had enabled them to face the surgeon's knife. He talked about it with boyish enthusiasm, and praised them for a full ten minutes.

Most of them were women old enough to be his mother. One of them said to me later, "He is a dear boy, but he is too young to be preaching to people who have lived. He didn't know what he was talking about. There was no bravery in my facing the knife. I did it because I had to; and with the most miserable fear in my heart. He confused fear with courage."

In a sense this woman was right. He did confuse the two, sure enough. And yet he did have in his hand a tag-end of the truth; he did dimly reach out for the fact that what those women ideally should have done, and to some extent had actually succeeded in doing, was to *transmute their fear into courage*.

Fear was as efficacious as courage would have been in bringing them to the operating table; but unlike courage, it depleted their energies, reduced their vitality, and possibly militated against their recovery. Had they been able to change Fear into Courage, that would have been the spiritual miracle which that boy instinctively read into their conduct.

The incident is suggestive. We are not all of us facing surgical operations, but we do all of us have to face Fear in some form or other. And the continual presence of fear, whether it be acute, or merely a dull ache and tension, is a devitalizing thing. Many are beset, for instance, with that diffused form of fear known as Anxiety. It eats in like a slow acid; and it can kill.

I once read a story about a man who was a failure because he was obsessed by an unacknowledged fear of everything and everybody.

A girl loved him, for the unanswerable reason that such women sometimes do love just such men. She understood him, and tried to make him over. But she failed; and at last she refused to marry him because of the yellow streak that tinged his life. She told him she could not marry a coward. (*Continued on page 62*)

Why Worry?

By G. V. Willets

EITHER you're born or you're not born.
If you're not born, there's nothing to worry about.
If you're born, there are two things to worry about.

Either you live or you die.
If you die, there's nothing to worry about.
If you live, there are two things to worry about.

Either you're rich or you're poor.
If you're rich, there is nothing to worry about.
If you're poor, there are two things to worry about.

Either you inherit money or you go to work.
If you inherit money, there is nothing to worry about.
If you go to work, there are two things to worry about.

Either you marry or you remain single.
If you remain single, there is nothing to worry about.
If you marry, there are two things to worry about.

Either you've boys or you've girls.
If you've boys, there's nothing to worry about.
If you've girls, there are two things to worry about.

Either they marry or they keep you broke.
If they marry, there is nothing to worry about.
If they keep you broke, there are two things to worry about.

Either you go to the poor house or you starve.
If you go to the poor house, there is nothing to worry about.
If you starve to death, there are two things to worry about.

Either you go to Heaven or you go to H——
If you go to heaven, that's very nice and you've nothing to worry about.
BUT if you go to H——, then we'll all worry together.

Your Eye-Glasses — Do You Need Them?

*Startling Facts About
Eye Strain and Eye Strength*

By
R. A. Richardson

EYE-GLASSES? If nine out of ten persons who wear glasses would smash them and throw them in the nearest ash-can they would be better off.

If you are unfortunate enough to wear glasses, you cannot hope ever to regain normal vision. You may expect to return to the oculist in a year, or in two years, to have the prescription made stronger. Instead of being strengthened by glasses, your eyes have become weaker than they were at the time of your original visit to the specialist.

Glasses relieve symptoms. They do not cure the cause. *Their use is based upon a complete misunderstanding of how the eye works.*

The other day, a physician past fifty came to me and told me he was suffering from *presbyopia*—"old-age sight." He had been unable for more than six years to read ordinary print without glasses. Often he discovered himself unconsciously moving the printed matter away from his eyes, until at length his arm was not long enough to hold the book sufficiently far away to read.

His oculist had told him that he had reached the stage of life where his eyes were losing their adaptability and that he would have to wear reading-glasses. There was nothing abnormal in this, the oculist assured him; it was rather to be expected.

A terrifying thought, if true—that, at a given age, you and I may reasonably expect our eyesight, one of our most precious possessions, to fail! That only with eye-crutches made of glass can we hobble our remaining years thru a world of beauty and color! Mercifully, such fears are groundless; but the harmful superstition persists.

Harmful, because my friend the physician left the oculist's with a pair of glasses carefully fitted and adjusted to pamper his eyes and avoid all hope of their

The discoveries, experiments and demonstrations made by Dr. W. H. Bates and his followers have opened up a new world in understanding the miracle of human vision. Like every new idea, it has in some instances been carried too far. But it does appear that the national habit of wearing glasses has not only been costly, but that by it eyesight as well as money has been thrown away. Even before Dr. Bates began his work individuals here and there threw away their glasses and re-taught themselves to see! This article by Dr. Richardson lights up the whole discussion with important facts.

possible recovery. At first he was pleased with them; again he could read easily. But at the end of two years they were not strong enough. Back to the oculist he went.

A second pair of glasses lasted for only eighteen months. His third pair, three times as strong as the first, became useless at the end of another year. The physician realized that his vision was failing fast and that the time would come when glasses could not be made strong enough for him.

When he came to me I asked him how long he thought he could leave his arm in a sling, and still have the strength of it. "Not long," he admitted.

"Yet the muscles of the eye, that are fully as important, you have allowed to deteriorate," I told him. "You know that when you shift your eyes from a far object to a near one, it is those eye muscles that make the shift. If they lie down on the job, as yours did, you baby them with glasses instead of attempting to strengthen them with helpful exercises. Of course they are in bad shape now. Even so, I doubt if they are still hopeless."

I was gratified to find I was right. After only ten days of exercise with a small lettered chart I gave him—blinking his eyes, then scanning it, moving it back and forth, bringing it a little nearer each time, to relax and strengthen his eyes—he returned to me and said he was able to read a full page of eight-point type without glasses.

He was so delighted with the results, he told me, that tho he had been a general practitioner for many years, he was going to devote more time from now on to teaching people exercise for the eyes.

Eye exercises have revolutionized the lives of thousands of men and women, who, like my friend the physician, thought they would be slaves to glasses the rest of their days. There are no ailments of the

eye that do not respond to them, and but few for which they are not a complete cure.

Exercise for the eyes, proper diet, sunshine—these, not pieces of glass, are the means to perfect vision. Modern studies of the way that the eye works show conclusively that this is so. The reason? That is what a young oculist, a friend of mine who came in to see me the other day, wanted to know.

"You tell me," he said, "that you can cure cases of *myopia* (near-sightedness) without glasses, by some exercises or other. Frankly, I'm skeptical. If you don't mind, I'd like to know what basis you can show me for your ideas."

"All right," I told him. "First, let me ask *you* a few questions, so that we can see how far we're agreed. Here's a paper-weight on my desk that I see you're looking at. Tell me how you actually see it?"

"That's easy. My eye's transparent lens throws a tiny image of the paper-weight, upside down, on the retina at the back of the eye. From that sensitive screen, the optic nerve telegraphs the image to the brain; it arrives there right-side up and I 'see' it."

"Now, what we're interested in is how the lens throws that tiny picture on to the retina. It's something like a camera isn't it?"

"Why, yes—very much. The eye lens makes an image on the retina, pretty much as the camera lens throws an image on the film. Then your brain, in one case, or the corner druggist, in the other, develops the picture."

"Then the eye-lens and the camera-lens, the inside of the eye-ball and the camera-bellows, or dark chamber, and the retina and photograph film have about the same respective jobs?"

"Yes."

"To be sure they have; we're on common ground there," I said. "How would you focus a camera?"

"Well, when you take a picture of something as far away as that house I see thru your window, you move

the lens up nearer the film, in a folding camera that focuses. For a near object, like the paper-weight on your desk, you move it away."

"Does the eye-lens move in the same way—backwards and forwards—when you look at the house or the paper-weight?"

"No, if it did that, the whole eye-ball would have to bulge and flatten as a part of it advanced or retreated."

"It does," I said.

"But—my understanding is that the lens itself does the focusing. It's made of flexible material, not glass, and the muscles around it alter its curvature and adjust the focus for near and far things."

"That is what I was taught, too, and what I believed for many years. The lens is flexible—true; it has muscles around it—true. But the eye-ball has muscles

around it, too. Has anyone ever seen a human eye-lens change its shape?"

"Why, I don't know," my oculist friend admitted. "I believe that Helmholtz, the great German scientist of the nineteenth century, whose studies founded modern ophthalmology, discovered that was how the eye worked."

"I'm afraid you're wrong," I said. "What Helmholtz did was to study the eye and declare—to use his own words—that *perhaps* it accommodated itself to near and far things in the way you say. Tho his followers leaped to conclusions, the great scientist realized the imperfections of the instruments of his time and was careful to avoid any such rash statement. As a matter of fact, recent studies with

modern instruments have shown that the exact opposite is true—that *the whole eyeball*, not the lens, does the focusing, and does it just as does the camera!"

"Do you mean to tell me, then," asked the oculist, "that near and far-sightedness, for instance, aren't caused by a permanent 'set' of the lens in a bulge or in a taut position?"

"That is exactly what I do mean. The lens is perfectly normal. It's the eyeball (*Continued on page 72*)



R. A. RICHARDSON

The Man Who Slept

The Story of an Unconscious Crime

By

Louis E. Bisch, M. D.

HELLEN MACE stood, her blood frozen, her body paralyzed, before the mad fury of Josephine Myrick, widow of the man of whose murder John Mace stood accused. Braving every danger, mastering every difficulty, Helen had succeeded in gaining possession of the letter William Myrick had mailed the night before his death. In doing so she had carried out to the end the instructions given her by Detective Eagen, retained by herself and her friends to prove her husband's innocence. She had found the letter at last, lying on the table in Josephine Myrick's living room. Now it lay hidden against her wildly beating heart, while the other woman's eyes flashed their fury into hers.

"I HAVE come to ask a favor of you," Helen at last brought out with a sort of sobbing sigh.

"I have nothing for you," answered the other. Her jealous frenzy was rising higher and higher. At last it broke in a fume of fury. . . . "You . . . you . . . coming here to mock me, you thief!"

Helen started as if a pistol had been fired at her ear. "You stole John Mace away from me. He would have loved me . . . but after you married him you changed him, you made a milksop of him—you led him on a leash, ruined him. He hadn't manhood left to keep his own money. He let my husband," she hissed out the word . . . "cheat him out of everything. And I stood back tho I could have stopped it, for I hated you more than I loved him . . . you smug little fool! . . ."

Helen had made no effort to check her. The implication against her husband's loyal love passed her by, without the slightest effect. It meant nothing but the raving of a disappointed woman. But she bowed like a reed before the storm of the other's fury, and the words pelted her bruised mind as the heavy raindrops lash the soft loam.

Suddenly, making a mighty effort, she looked up to fix the eye of the raving woman and try to control her by the steadiness of her gaze. Josephine Myrick's expression had changed. She stood as if turned to stone, a figure of tragic grief, her eyes gazing at some unseen picture.

Helen's heart softened with tenderest pity. Perhaps the woman was not wholly bad, but like a rudderless ship drifting on a stormy sea. Frustrated in her genuine love for John Mace, she had sold herself into slavery to an old man. He had loved her in his own way, and been proud of her undoubted beauty. And

she had been feeding her heart for years on husks, childless and discontented, estranged from her husband, intriguing with men of com-

mon type, slipping farther and farther down the hill of disrepute. . . . Poor soul! poor soul!

Suddenly Mrs. Myrick, with one of those sudden swift changes so characteristic of her type, turned as if to leave the room. Her eyes fell on the letters lying on the table. Throwing aside her furs she seized them, shuffling them with unsteady fingers. Among them was the black printed orange of a telegram. She tore it open and read it quickly.

"Who is this Inspector Kilner?" She seemed to have become suddenly collected and businesslike.

"He is the detective against my husband," Helen's quivering lips managed to stammer.

Mrs. Myrick was watching her like a cat.

"He says here," she struck the sheet with her index-finger, "to look out for you—that you are trying to get a letter my husband wrote me the night before John Mace murdered him."

She turned abruptly and seized the letters again, looking at them one after another, and letting them drop beside her on the rug. Then with a sudden feline twist of her body she was again facing Helen and had seized her by both shoulders.

"You've stolen it . . . you . . . wanton . . . give it to me!"

Helen's head was bowed on her breast. She could hardly keep from slipping to the floor with shame and terrible grief.

Unconsciously her hand stole to her breast and the sobs began to shake her uncontrollably.

She drew out the letter and gave it to Mrs. Myrick.

"Oh, Joe . . . Joe," she pleaded, using the old name of friendship. "Yes, I took it . . . but it was for John's sake. . . . They will kill him . . . and he is innocent. . . . Oh, help me, help me! . . ."

She drew nearer still and lifted her face in agonized entreaty. "He is innocent, you know it . . . help us." She took Josephine's inert hand in hers and laid it against her heart. . . . "I am with child . . . we are to have at last comfort for the baby we lost. . . . God has not forgotten us."

The other woman had started as if stung. She shook her head. Her face became hard as granite . . . she drew back and stood motionless, while poor Helen, with drooping face turned and walked slowly out the door.

Mrs. Myrick tore open the letter and read it. As she

read her face blanched and aged. She finished and stood as if petrified.

WHILE these events were taking place in Chicago, Dr. Embury, the New York psychiatrist, was quietly formulating his plans for a psychological experiment which would, he hoped, prove John Mace's innocence. After making some preliminary tests with the prisoner in his cell at the Tombs, he had, with the consent of the authorities, set the day and hour for the final test. It was to take place in suite 1856 at the Metropolis Hotel, the quarters occupied by Mace, directly above those of Myrick, on the night of the murder. He had already confessed to the murder, believing that he had committed it in a somnambulistic trance, after having quarreled with Myrick in Mace's room. Dr. Embury had been treating him for his sleep-walking and was himself uncertain as to the actual occurrences of the fatal night. Deputy Commissioner Hawkins, psychiatrist attached to New York Police Headquarters, Professor Sylvester, Chicago specialist and life-long friend of the Maces, and Detective Eagen were to be present at Dr. Embury's experiment, which was to consist of putting Mace into a hypnotic sleep and inducing him by suggestion to repeat his activities of the night of the murder. Inspector Kilner, chief of the Headquarters Detective force, had also been given permission to attend, altho he had been laboring as actively to prove Mace guilty as had Detective Eagen to prove him innocent. The setting was perfectly arranged for this unusual experiment to determine the guilt or innocence of a prisoner.



"What does this mean?" demanded Hawkins.

The Hypnosis

DETECTIVE EAGEN was the first to arrive at the appointed place on the night set for the hypnosis. Dr. Embury joined him a few minutes later.

"Everything going well?" the detective asked.

"So far, so good!" the physician answered.

He walked into the bedroom and returned presently to take a chair.

"Thanks for the laboratory data you sent, Mr. Eagen. I have studied it carefully."



"He's trying to escape," shouted Barney.

"Certainly an unusual document," Eagen commented. "It's the first of its kind I've ever seen."

"It won't be the last," Embury replied. "Hawkins is establishing a precedent in criminal procedure that blazes a new trail. The day of the 'third degree' and other similar mediæval barbarisms will soon pass."

"My best wishes to him!" observed Eagen.

"He's deserving of praise—most deserving. The atmosphere in which he works at Headquarters is not by any means sympathetic. But like a true scientist he labors on, and the truth always wins in the end."

This last made Eagen wonder whether the same would apply to the present murder mystery. Or would the truth be revealed when it was too late?

Embury consulted his watch.

"A good five minutes yet. Pardon me for saying it, Mr. Eagen, but you are an unusually broad-minded man for one who has received his schooling in the old hit-or-miss methods."

"Hit-or-miss methods," the detective repeated. "I don't think the average and usual ways that are employed in handling suspects should be dignified by the title of 'method.' There are certainly more misses than hits, unless you count the number of knock-out punches that go with some confessionals."

"Striking a prisoner is not only inhuman and unnecessarily cruel but it defeats the very purpose for which it is intended," Dr. Embury answered. "Frightening a man puts him on the defensive at once or cows him so he doesn't know what he's doing. And if you frighten him to death by beating him up, it's difficult to determine whether what he says is true or not. I have known of cases in

which prisoners admitted crimes they were innocent of, thru absolute, abject terror. They'll actually fake a confession sometimes in order to escape a threatened blow—it's easier."

"Yes, I've often thought that much court work could be eliminated and trials shortened if the police information could be made more dependable."

"Exactly so!" said the doctor in emphatic assent.

"If mental diseases, which must be intricate and complicated, are treated by exact methods today, why can't a criminal mind be explored?" (Continued on page 67)

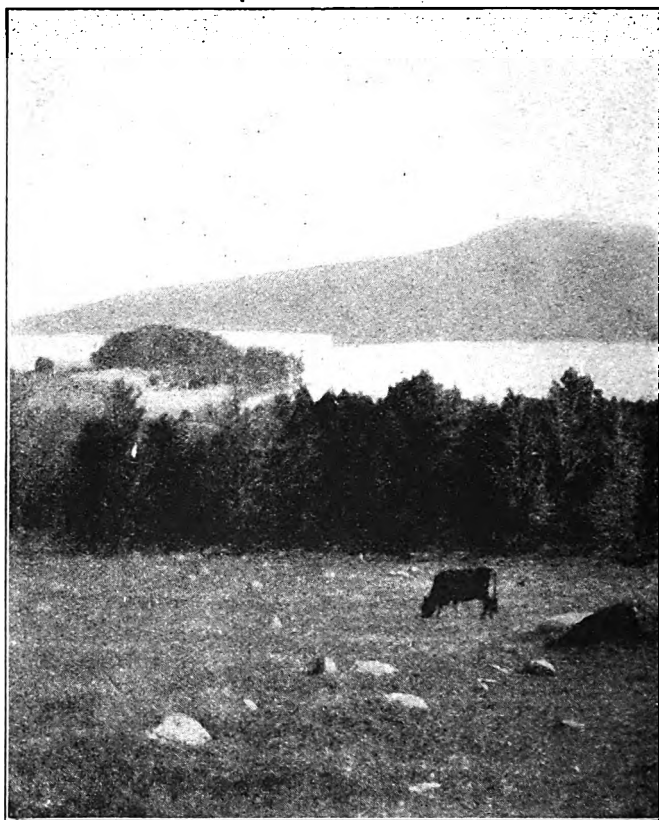
A True Story of Triumph by Obedience to the Laws of Mind

MIDSUMMER. Hills, valleys, mountains, are draped in the raiment of Nature's abundance. And in that abundance I, too, am now sharing.

Some recent experiences of mine are so full of light, happiness and power that I want to tell PSYCHOLOGY readers about them, particularly since the magazine itself is closely connected with the whole adventure.

About five months ago, I was suddenly, without the least warning, thrown out of my position. No reason was given. I was told that my work had been entirely satisfactory. A little later, I found out the reason, so completely unfair that I could not, from my then viewpoint, be anything but very angry and resentful. Our case looked very hopeless. I am past sixty-four. Not easy for a man of that age to find a new foothold. I had just paid out nearly my last dollar in a heavy tax bill, and other pressing obligations of the first of the month. Furthermore, we were rather heavily loaded up with instalments on real estate purchases, which we would probably very soon lose if we could not make the regular time payments. My wife and I hardly dared to tell each other how completely knocked out we felt.

At last I said to her, "I am going to work on the invention for a while, and see if I can't get it into shape so that I can do something with it." This was a system of building construction which I had patented nearly five years ago, but which never had seemed complete enough to go over, as I wanted it to. For all those five years I had been marking time on it. I could not get hold of the right idea that would make it proof against serious objection. No one but an inventor knows how difficult it is to enlist capital in a new device, even if it is fully perfected. How much more so if there is a lingering doubt



Midsummer. Hills, valleys, mountains, are

T h r u



Courtesy Canadian Pacific

Life is full of light, happiness and power.

in the mind of its father, the poor inventor.

Some seven months ago we subscribed for PSYCHOLOGY, and have been much interested in it, tho we had not tried to practice any of our new knowledge. I think this was due to our general fear complex. We thought it was just another *ignis fatuus*. One evening my wife said, "Here is something we could try." Then she read from page 85 of the January PSYCHOLOGY in an article by Edwin F. Bowers:

Tonight, when your head is on the pillow, when your body and mind are relaxed, and drowsiness envelops you, repeat the words here given, speaking them aloud. Or, if this is impractical, make the movements with your lips. First, repeat this sentence five times, without an interval between: *I am the master of my fate*. Then, again, without hesitating, say five times: *I am the captain of my soul*. Then again, without hesitating,



draped in the raiment of Nature's abundance.

Photos by
Emilda
Andzulatis

the Fog

say five times: *The things I want are coming to pass.* Tomorrow morning, as you emerge from slumber, recite the litany as you did the night before. Do this conscientiously for a month, and see for yourself that the things you want are, in truth, coming to pass.

I think my wife had been doing this silently for two or three days. Then, one evening, I overcame my reluctance enough to say it vocally with her. About four o'clock the next morning, I awoke in a strangely tense, expectant mood, and at once began to think about my invention. In a very short time, the idea that had eluded me so long came like a flash of light in the darkness. All the details of its application followed very quickly. To say that I was amazed and happy, would be wholly inadequate. It was better than I had ever hoped for. I had to wake up my wife and tell her about it. She shared my mood of joy with me, and from that morning to this, so many things have happened to increase our wonder and thankfulness for this real answer to prayer that doubt and depression have passed away completely.

Since then, too, I have had several evidences of the "Power Within"! My invention has been added to in both scope and perfection. Not alone that, but I have been helped to work out a perfect plan for the promoting, on a national, and an international, scale. It will link up three of the greatest industries of these modern days, and should rival any of them. Ways are opening up in different directions, also, to get what we have long wanted. Our "money problem," too, is being

By

Arthur H. Coombs

solved for us to such an extent that I am about ready to apply for two more patents to cover my invention completely. And, with the absence of fear, we are both of us feeling physically more fit than for many years.

That I should have been so long delayed in finding the truth about the subconscious part of my being now seems very strange, for, as I look back over my life, one experience stands out so clearly and significantly that

I must have been very 'dumb' not to have waked up at the time it happened.

Eighteen years ago, in Chicago, I was going thru very deep trouble. I felt hopeless ever to remedy it. It was never out of my mind for long, for the situation was so hopeless and overpowering that death would have been a welcome relief. I frequently went from my home on the North Side, near Lincoln Park, to the shop downtown where I was employed, to put in



the evening at work. On this occasion, I worked late, till after eleven o'clock. Altho when I got to bed at last I was utterly exhausted with the long day and evening of work, in addition to my ever-present trouble of mind, I found I could not sleep. I was near a clock tower and, from the midnight stroke of twelve on, I noted every quarter-hour up to one-thirty. Then, something happened. I was as wide awake as ever in my life up to that point of time, with Grief for my grim companion. Then, without any transitory stage, I was suddenly freed from every physical sense, every emotion of the conscious mind. My ego, in rapturous wonder, enjoyed the perception of the marvelous working of what I now believe was my subconscious mind. I do not know how long this lasted; it was probably only a very brief time. Long after this I heard the three-quarter-hour stroke of the bell. Later I heard the clock strike two, and then fell into natural sleep.

I could bring back very little across the borderland, but the amazement, the profound impression of having had a glimpse at the working (Continued on page 71)

He Gets What He Wants



I arrive in New York.

LESS than fifteen years ago Jefferson Machamer, famous today as humorist, artist and author, with a weekly income that exceeds a thousand dollars, was clerk in a hardware store, porter in a barber shop and a soda-jerk in the village drug store of Belleville, Kansas, with a total income from the three jobs of \$6.50 a week.

Today, while still in his twenties, he is drawing the collegiate cartoonish covers for one of the largest humor magazines in the country. *Judge*, writes and illustrates the editorial signed "Judge, Jr.," and writes the "High Hat" feature. His cartoons are sprinkled all thru the magazine. His daily comic strip, "Petting Patty," breezy and human, circulates thruout the country; and on Sunday he has a full page with colors. He provides the ideas, writes the "balloons" and draws the pictures. Marion Davies likes "Patty" so well that she may have a movie scenario made from it for a vehicle for herself. Machamer has had two books published in collaboration with Fairfax Downey which are travesties on A. A. Milne's works. And a third book of short stories, of which he alone is the author, will be out soon. In addition to all of this he works occasion-

ally, writing and drawing, for *Collier's*, *Liberty*, *Household Management* and other magazines.

Six years ago, when the struggle for existence in New York was still a precarious puzzle, Machamer did a clever little sketch for *Auction Bridge Magazine*, which has ever since been used on the title page. Today he is part owner of that publication!

A clever craftsman, efficiency expert, and creative artist, Jefferson Machamer has never spent a day of his life in art school. He is the superb example of man and job being inextricably interwoven. He lives and loves his job. He is amused by an incident, and immediately draws a picture of that incident to amuse his readers. A humanist and a humor-

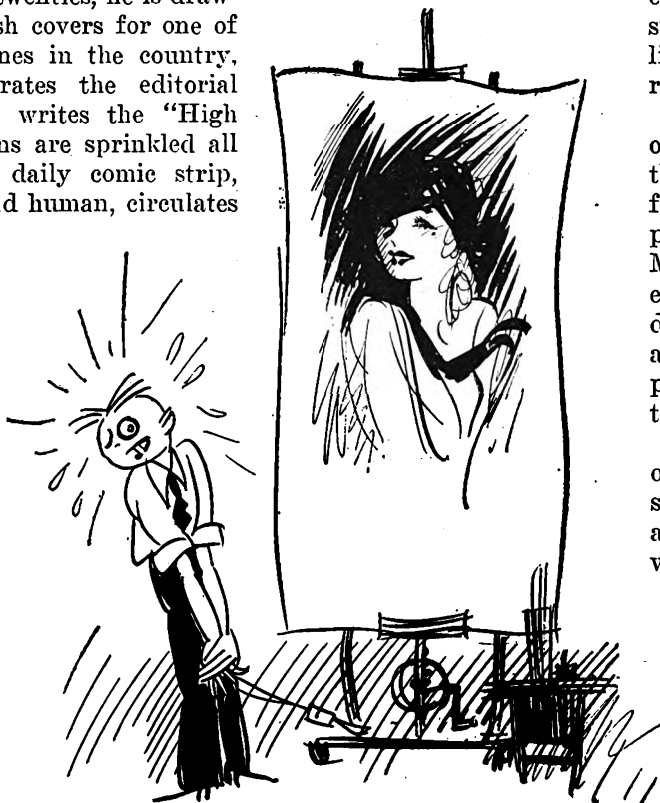
ist combined to give the world clever cartoons which bring spontaneous laughter and make living slide over the duller and rougher spots.

The energy that the majority of persons waste in projecting themselves into a job which is foreign to their nature or disposition is unknown to Machamer. He is his job. He enjoys the things his characters do. He laughs with people—not at them. And the universal appeal of his work bears ardent testimony.

He is a human machine whose output is ideas. He has never stifled impulses—so it is easy and natural for him to find various means of expression.

Ideas come forth regularly, automatically almost—not in one huge explosion typical of the usual repressed person. Daily and hourly he produces good work.

He has had everything he has really wanted because



For a long time I was that bashful I wouldn't draw girls.

An Interview with **JEFFERSON MACHAMER**

Who Tells His Story to

Kaye Wheeler

*And Illustrates It
to Suit Himself*

he has not let his desires become preposterous.

"I believe I can always have everything I want," he declared as we drank tea in his studio. "My ambition goes a little ahead of me all of the time—but it's always reasonably sane. It seems almost a shame to take money for doing the things I love to do, but as I come to think of it I've always enjoyed at least some part of every job I've had."

When Machamer was ten years old he pulled trees in a nursery—black locust trees with thorns. He took the job—not because he liked to pull trees but because he wanted to carry a dinner pail. "The idea of having food with me always was my ambition then." When he was in high school one job wasn't enough for him. "I'll never forget those days. Every morning as I was on my way home to breakfast I met father going to the bank. By that time I had finished two jobs: I scrubbed floors and cleaned up the barber shop from four until six in the morning, worked in the hardware store until eight o'clock and then passed father at the same corner as I was going home for breakfast. We were both very clock-like persons.

"I went to school until four in the afternoon, then spent two hours more in the hardware store until dinner time, and in the evenings I was the soda-jerk in the village drug-store. I managed to squeeze in two piano lessons a week also. I think I liked the hardware store best because it paid most—two dollars and a half a week.

"The Victor people are responsible for my leaving



Jeff says the secret of it all is merely that he likes his job.



I wore double-thumb mittens with my first dress-suit.

that job. When I first started in with the hardware people they sold the Victor records for Belleville. I played all the newest tunes and swept out the store to their rhythm. The broom and I learned those songs first, and I whistled them at the drug store and taught them to customers. Soon the Victor people established a shop to sell their records exclusively, and I couldn't bear the monotony of sweeping without those tunes to keep time with. I left and tried to get a job with the music store but they wouldn't have me. Even my popularizing their tunes during my evening's occupation didn't help.

"But it was while I had those jobs that I got my first studio. I rented three rooms at thirty dollars a month one summer while my family was away, bought beautiful furniture on credit and installed it in the studio. I spent hours admiring the luxury of it all, but I can't remember that I ever drew a single picture there. I kept the scheme a secret and remained there nearly a month without letting anyone know where I was, but father finally discovered me, paid my over-due rent and sent the furniture back to the (Continued on page 61)

By L. E. Welch

Sheep *and* Sleep

IF you have ever lain awake, tossing and twisting about until your downy couch seemed like the bleak side of a stone mountain and your reasonably soft, smooth sheets took on all the soothing qualities of the hair-cloth shirt of old time penitents, you may have tried that time-honored method of luring the sand-man called counting sheep.

I've tried this method, and the chief result has been that almost immediately I am seething with indignation. Who cares about counting sheep as they jump over fences in a never-ending, monotonous file? Who can even make 'em jump? For me they are always milling around in a gray mass in a feeding yard. Or one large, vindictive looking rascal will attempt to stare me down, growing bigger and more threatening by the minute. And did you ever look a sheep in the face? If you haven't, don't! Spare yourself that one last illusion. Poets have raved about sheep—and they have—lied. Until you look for the first time into the dull, wide-apart eyes with their rod-like pupils, and watch the narrow, black-lipped jaws of a portly sheep at work you'll never know just how badly the poets have—well, exaggerated. I'll admit there is something to be said for a long-legged, scampering lamb; but they aren't dependable as fence-jumpers.

But that's neither here nor there. The point is, the theory or sheep-counting is a

If sheep-counting doesn't work for you, you can still solve your problem of insomnia for your own benefit and that of your persecuted family.

Courtesy
Fox Films



Psychological Rules for Conquering Insomnia

good one, however ineffectual it may be in actual operation. It is based on sound psychology. If it is a flop for you, as it is for me, you can still solve your problem of insomnia for your own benefit as well as for that of your (no

doubt) persecuted family, by applying its underlying psychological principle to your own case.

Authorities are not all agreed on the actual psychological process of sleep; and we need not be concerned about their various arguments here. All we want to know is how to get sleep when we want it. The theory that has proved most practical to me in solving this is based on certain suggestions of the noted psychologist William McDougall.

Quoting from one of his excellent works: "Each instinct seems to be in some sense a great reservoir of energy, or at least something that liberates energy and directs it towards the instinctive goal proper to the species."

Thinking is a process by which we strive toward instinctive goals. For it we need free energy in the brain. When a thought is stimulated by some appeal which stirs an instinct it is "emotionally toned." Emotionally toned thoughts, thru their close association with instincts, release a larger supply of energy to the brain. That is, when an appeal to our interests or sentiments which are based on instincts provokes a response, there is an outburst of energy liberated from these instinctive reservoirs, which animates us and stimulates our thinking processes. Emotional excitement is instinctive excitement.

Let us see how we may apply this for our needs.

A tired person on the point of dropping into sleep will be roused instantly by a cry of fire. His instinct of self-preservation is touched and a flood of energy is released to enable him to make the correct response. In such cases no matter how fatigued the person might be, the quantity of energy flushing thru him would be adequate to the demand for action. The emotional excitement of fear taps the source of energy.

The same thing occurs, in less marked degree, with more complex sentiments and emotions. So that if in your planless thinking before sleep you should merely remember an occurrence of the day, such as a narrow escape from being run

down in traffic, the emotion of fear would be stirred enough to tap the instinctive reservoir of energy; and the result would be loss of the sleepy feeling.

If you will analyze the trend of "sleepy thinking" that rouses you to fully waking mental activity and prevents you from getting the sleep you desire, you will find that it is a trend that touches sentiments built on an instinctive basis. It may be fear, hate, love, a guilty conscience, plans for some much desired goal, neglected duty—there are any number of combinations; and often they are so complex it is difficult to see how they are involved in instinct. There is no need to analyze them further than to the point where you can see that they are, in some way, tinged with emotion. It is only this type of thought that liberates a stream of energy powerful enough to counteract your natural fatigue, and stimulate your brain cells at such a time.

The reason for sheep-counting, then, is that while you keep your thoughts concentrated on so mild and inconsequential a subject you retain a detached, impersonal state of mind that permits your mental activity gradually to subside thru lack of incoming energy to combat the natural fatigue. There is nothing to stir any instinctive source of energy and send it flooding in to refuel your brain. But if you permit your thoughts to roam planlessly, they will inevitably strike some channel of personal importance to yourself and therefore re-energize your mental processes, with the result that you are set wide awake again.

This being the case, all we have to do to get to sleep is to censor our thoughts with the purpose of keeping out all that might even remotely bear on our emotions. The list of taboos is great. Worry, with all the complex, indescribable emotions it engenders comes first of all. Whatever the troubling problem, bring it out in the open before you go to bed. Generally there is nothing to be done about it before morning, anyway. You may freely push it out of your mind until action can be taken. If you must give it serious thought, sit up and think. Don't take it to bed with you, if you expect to sleep!

You must avoid rehashing any quarrels you've had, otherwise anger and resentment will energize your mind. You dare not think of your sweetheart . . . unless you'd rather do that than sleep! There are many obscure emotional reactions provoked by thinking of a situation that has brought you some embarrassment, shame, elation, self-reproach or approval.

At first

thought, it seems that there are no paths which do not, in some round-about way, lead to emotion on your part. But really there are many trends of thought with which to baffle insomnia. It is always best to decide on one of these safe trends before you get into bed. Make it a subject far removed from your own private hopes and desires and fears. You can't be an egotist when you fight insomnia!

You can choose soothing topics best for yourself. For instance, to make my mind safe for sleep I sometimes imagine a day in the uninteresting life of some particularly drab and neutral personality. Often I pretend I have a specimen of my favorite flower in my hands. I then proceed to examine it carefully, noting every vein on its petals, its soft texture and the shading from the delicate color of its dainty, curled edges to the deep brilliance of its heart.

I find that imagining a not unpleasant, but monotonous sound has a very soothing effect. I have often put myself to sleep by imagining I was driving down a long, smooth, paved road. For me it beats wayward sheep. The gray road flattens out before me steadily, the drone of the motor grows fainter and farther away. . . .

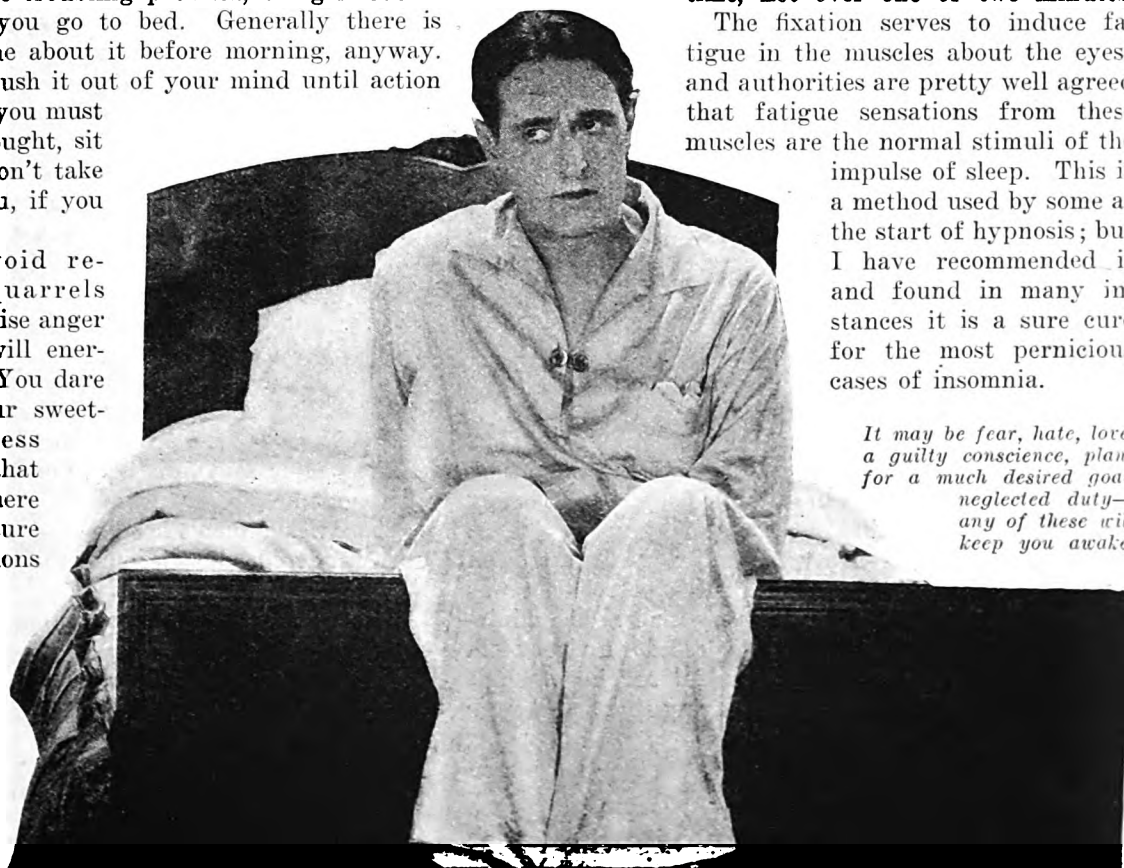
But for some one else that system might not work. His mind might let some stray truck pounce out at him from a cross-road!

If trucks will pounce out upon you, and if your sheep won't bob along without enraging you, there is yet another simple plan which is a reliable last resort. It is a mechanical contrivance which has been useful in stubborn cases.

Fix some small object where it will be about a foot from the forehead and a little above the level of the normal line of vision. Gaze at it steadily for a short time, not over one or two minutes.

The fixation serves to induce fatigue in the muscles about the eyes; and authorities are pretty well agreed that fatigue sensations from these muscles are the normal stimuli of the impulse of sleep. This is a method used by some at the start of hypnosis; but I have recommended it and found in many instances it is a sure cure for the most pernicious cases of insomnia.

*It may be fear, hate, love,
a guilty conscience, plans
for a much desired goal,
neglected duty—
any of these will
keep you awake.*



Black

By Warrack
Wallace

Treasure

NED TURNER stood at the open window of the hospital anteroom, feet apart, hands thrust deep into the pockets of his white-duck trousers. Lines, deep-drawn in his youthful face, and heavy circles around his dark blue eyes portrayed the strain of the last few days.

Streams of half-naked, groaning coolies, under paralyzing burdens, flowed by him on the *bund* outside. Stenches of the Chinese city, accentuated by the tropical August sun, offended his nostrils. The molten copper sheen of the Yangtze River, burnished by the merciless glare, scared his eyeballs. He shuddered in disgust with it all. Heat, stench, more heat—trickles of perspiration dripped from his chin.

And, if he suffered with the heat, how Tommy must be suffering! He loved Tommy. He had never realized it before. Tommy had been a matter of course from the apple-orchard forages of childhood on thru the games of youth, and the risks of war and, now, in the Customs service in China.

They had played, fought and worked together, inseparable. Now it was about over. The partnership was dissolving.

Ned blinked his eyes to clear his vision—perspiration must have filled them.

He turned away from the blinding glare at the window and sank into a cane chair. One more opium seizure and he and Tommy would have added the bounty, which the Customs officers were paid by the government for an opium catch, to their savings, sailed for the United States and stayed there.

No more China, with its heat, its smells, its dysentery—but the doctor had said Tommy was done for. He had flirted with the Orient too long, waiting for the seizure which would provide a nucleus for a start at home.

Ned could not sit still. He went to the window again. Even if Tommy should get well, it would require all they had merely to send him home. And Tommy would not go—he would never agree to give up, a loser.

Three short blasts of a whistle drew Ned's attention to the river. A flat-bottomed British patrol boat was signaling for the junks to make way for it. The miniature man-of-war was coming full speed down river from Hankow. Ned watched the graceful arc in which it swung around, nose up-stream, heaving anchor a stone's throw from the wharf.

A gun-boat in port usually meant a few more men for soccer—but not this time.

A door opened softly behind him and a red-faced, white-ducked figure stepped from the ward into the

anteroom.

"Had your supper, Ned?"

"No, doctor, don't believe I want any."

"You had better go on back to the mess, anyway. It won't do any good to stay around here. You can't help him."

Ned scanned the doctor's troubled face. "Haven't changed your mind, have you, about—Tommy?"

The doctor shook his head. "No hope."

"Couldn't I see him or talk to him—just a little?"

"He wouldn't recognize you or understand you, Ned. The morphine I gave him has not worn off."

"I've got to see him—just once—before—" Ned had not the courage to complete the sentence.

The door opened again. A white-gowned native, the doctor's assistant, glided noiselessly into the room. "Master no sleep just now. More better doctor come see."

The doctor stepped softly over the threshold into the ward. Ned followed him. The setting sun cast its reddish glow into the room. On a cot near the open window lay Tommy, eyes closed—motionless.

Ned could hardly repress a sob at sight of the colorless, emaciated face of his friend. He stood at the doctor's elbow as that good man leaned over and softly asked, "Tommy—awake?"

An eyelid flickered a trifle; then both eyes opened—wide—displaying whites yellowed by sickness and pupils dilated with morphine.

A cackling sound issued from the sick man's lips. Ned shivered. It was hard to have him go like this.

The doctor said quietly, "You see, Ned—better go. You can't help."

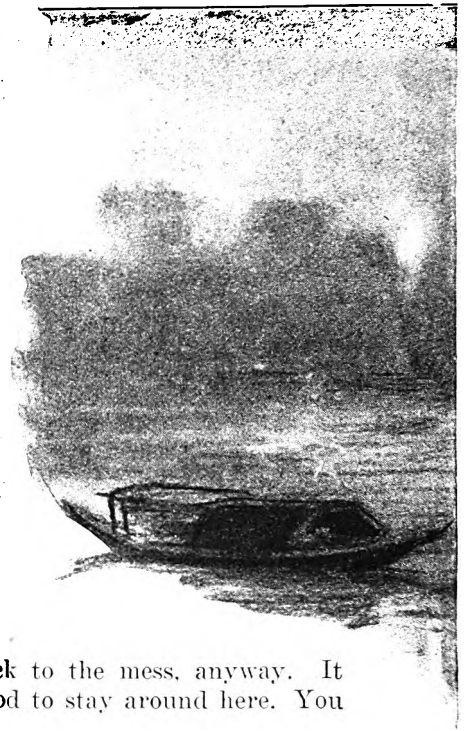
The stricken man's head moved slightly—his bulging eyes wandered wildly around the room, then rested on the doctor, then on Ned.

Was that a flash of recognition? The lips moved; words came slowly, painfully, barely audible. "Want—to—go—home—now."

The doctor said, "Talk to him if you like. Can't do any harm."

Ned leaned over the cot until his face was close to Tommy. "This is Ned, old man."

The wandering eyes settled on Ned's face. They stared, expressionless. The parched lips moved again,



"At—its—tail."

"Yes, sure—on its tail. I know. You just be quiet now."

"You—will try?" Drops of sweat stood forth on the sick man's brow.

"Yes, of course, I will."

The doctor motioned to Ned that he go.

Choking, Ned tried to sound a cheerful note. "Good—by for a while, Tommy. Must go now." He turned and started towards the door.

"Listen," an imperative note had crept into the voice. "You—will—hop—tail—" He broke off, gasped for breath, and tried again. "Robin—tail—" His features contracted in a painful effort to concentrate, as if he knew he were muttering foolishness; his mouth opened, but he could not speak another word.

Only his staring eyes, moving slowly around in their sockets, evidenced that there was a spark left in the frail body.

Ned felt his arm seized. The doctor was pulling him away.

The door was shutting behind him. The sick man had managed to speak again. "Robin—Ned—oh—God." The door closed tight.

Ned, tears streaming down his face, walked out into the tropical night, and slowly dragged himself, heart-sick, up the *bund* to his quarters.

His rooms in the mess were on the second floor of the stone building which housed the white men of the Customs staff. He went straight to them, having no heart to mix with the men who were irritably clicking balls together in the billiard-room.

Tommy was popular with all, but he was close to none except Ned. As he passed thru the hall, Ned answered a query from one of the billiard players with a short shake of his head, and climbed the stairs to his room. He lit the oil-lamp on his table. The clock said eight.

The room was sweltering, unbearable. Sweat poured down his face. He threw himself into an arm-chair, picked up a magazine and glued his eyes to the cover page. A silly picture of bathing girls and a grotesque clown—all laughing, all happy, the fresh clean surf lapping at their feet.

And here he was; here was Tommy. Merciful heavens, how China stank!

He hurled the magazine across the room; got up, stripped himself of his few garments and donned cotton pajamas. Vainly, he tried to read but failed to concentrate long enough to retain even a paragraph in memory. He paced the floor, sat down, paced again. His thoughts would not stay anywhere but in the back room of the hospital.

The doctor had promised to notify him at once if—anything happened. The hospital was but a few yards

off. No use going down there to wait.

The hours dragged by till eleven. Ned was tired, worn out. Knowing he could not sleep, he nevertheless arranged the mosquito netting, blew out the lamp and crawled into bed.

It was suffocating beneath the netting. The air was still as death. The melancholy notes of a native flute sounded faintly in the distance from the Chinese city. Some Chinese playing to the moon. It broke off, seemingly in the middle of a bar. Maybe the heat had stifled the player.

Ned closed his eyes and tried to weary himself into slumber by counting one—two, one—two, with the ticks of the clock. No use—his overtaxed nerves were tense. He reviewed in detail the last minutes spent with Tommy—the lonely cot, the emaciated face, the wild staring eyes—

Ned's own eyes opened. A vague idea of a duty unperformed pervaded his senses. He had promised to do something or other.

Moonlight flooded the interior of the room. His pajamas were soaking wet. Sleep was impossible. He shoved aside the mosquito netting, slid out of bed and walked out on to the balcony.

Something in addition to his friend's predicament was bothering him. The moon blazed its way across the river, its golden path falling upon the stern of the gun-boat, a strip of the wharf and ending at his feet.

A silver tinkle floated across the water. One—two—three—four bells—two o'clock. No word from the hospital yet. Maybe—

What was it Tommy had said to him? Nonsense, of course, but what was it? He had been so insistent, and that one glance of his had seemed almost lucid.

Some maudlin mixture of ideas; something about a robin's tail and a robin's hop. No—it was, exactly—robin—hop—tail.

Ned's mind wandered. Chinese were all asleep now. They worked in daylight and slept at night. Hot nights didn't bother them.

Well, all of them weren't asleep anyway. A dusky shadow outlined itself in the moonlit path, crouching on the edge of the wharf. Some restless prowler, trying to catch a breath of fresh air at the river's edge. Futile search!

Too bad they couldn't have made a haul a week ago. But the natives were too clever in their smuggling down river. A good-sized confiscation of *hop*—Ned's mind focussed with a snap.

Robin—hop—hop— He dismissed the thought but it persisted. Yet he could have sworn Tommy almost smiled at him when he had said that.

The shadow on the wharf sat motionless. Another shadow flitted across the moonlit path and crouched beside the first. Ned lay flat upon the balcony floor and peered thru the railing. (Continued on page 60)

By the Sea

By Hugh B. Cave

"TWO things puzzle me,"

Remarked Youth to Lao San

As they strolled on the shore.

"Two things—life and love."

Lao San stared quietly out

Across the sea . . .

"Life," he answered, "is a song.

Love is a dream."

"Your words are pretty,"

Said Youth, smiling in his wisdom,

"But you have not helped me."

"I have answered you,"

Lao San replied.

"The rest is up to you.

You must sing—and dream."

What Is Life?

A Discussion of Fundamentals

THERE seems to be a universal law of balance ruling all things in nature, living and dead. The entire phenomenal

world, the world of substance, is founded on the attractions and repulsions between the two basic elements, the positive and negative currents of ether, eternally striving to attain a state of equilibrium. Whenever a state of equilibrium is attained creation begins, from electrons to atoms, then molecules, gases, liquids, solids, chemical compounds, and the formation of masses. Nature's creative forces have thus built up our planets and stars. But while they seem separated by vast spaces, they are closely related, nevertheless, a disturbance of equilibrium in one reacting on all the rest of the cosmic universe.

The creation of life brings into play a third principle, a world of vital energy, or the ether of life. Science has not yet succeeded in demonstrating the reality of this third element, but inasmuch as there is no continuity of relationship between the most complex inorganic or organic chemical compounds and the lowest forms of living organisms the truth of the fact can be accepted by inference. We find, therefore, that the balanced relationship between electron and proton forms matter. That between matter and *viton* (the latter a new term to define the third principle) forms life. *Viton*, or the third principle, seems to possess the power to weave matter into new combinations, designs, and manifestations of energy, breaking down old forms and constantly creating new ones.

In the world of life we again discover the balance in the play of two forces analogous to the positive and negative of the inanimate world; that is the male and female principle, and here again a union or state of equilibrium becomes a creative force, forming new life units similar to but unlike its present forms, resulting in endless variety.

The character of the living unit is not determined by that of the material substance of which it is seemingly composed, but by the nature, quality and quantity of

By

Alfred J. Fox, M.D.

viton, or the third principle. Otherwise all living beings would possess identical reactions. Chemically, all living bodies are

identical, but physiologically they differ.

Viton, or the life principle of living matter, like the positive and negative of the ether (*i. e.*, electron and proton), embodies two opposite elements, the male and female. The two forces united form a single creative unit, bringing about the continuity of life. Were it possible to incorporate the male and female essence into one living unit, the life of an individual organism might be extended perpetually. Physical death is the separation of the *viton* from molecular substance, the

latter, or the lifeless mass, becoming a detached part of the earth's substance, just so much carbon, lime, sulphur, phosphorus, etc., to be broken up into its simpler elements and returned into nature's reservoir.

Viton resides in the nervous system, that is the brain cells, the cells of the spinal cord, and the sympathetic ganglionic cells scattered thruout the body. When the functional vigor of these cells becomes impaired thru malnutrition, vitiated or poisoned blood, fatigue, physical injury or disease, there is a corresponding decrease of *viton*, or vitality. Extensive loss of *viton* from the brain cells results in loss of consciousness, coma, and finally death. In sleep there is a transference of *viton* from the cells of the frontal lobes, or the seat of consciousness, to the lower brain centers. Our nerves are cables thru which our bodies

are constantly supplied with *viton* fluid. When the nerves are severed the parts of the body served by them shrivel up and undergo a process of mortification.

It can easily be seen, therefore, that the state of our health depends on the state of our nervous system. When our body cells are sufficiently charged with *viton* they are impervious and immune to disease germs. Loss of vitality or *viton* is the forerunner of any and every disease. Old age is the result of the depletion of the body of *viton*, and can be indefinitely delayed if we take pains to conserve our vital (*Continued on page 77*)

It is quite likely that in this article Dr. Fox has made a distinct and valuable contribution to the world of Science. He coins a new word, VITON, and shows how to use it.

Soon after Science found a name, "Ether," for the hypothetical substance permeating Space, it went ahead to "prove" its existence and found ways to use it. Dr. Fox now names that palpable entity connecting the fields of non-Life and Life. Electron plus Proton gives us the Atom. Now Matter (Aggregation of Atoms) plus VITON gives us LIFE.

From a profound knowledge of Chemistry and of the human spirit, Dr. Fox suggests a detailed program for keeping intact the mysterious gift of Life.

Our Unjust Sense of Justice

By Edna Brand Mann

"I AM interested in criminology because I myself am a criminal."

That is the statement of Dr. Fritz Wittels, eminent Viennese psycho-analyst, consultant at the Psychotechnical Institute of Vienna, lecturer before many of the leading medical and psychological societies of this country and Europe.

"The reason I usually give for my interest in criminals, the rationalization not the true reason, is that the newspapers in my country have for years come to me after sensational crimes have been committed to get a psychological interpretation. As a result, I find myself in possession of a lot of interesting data."

We are all criminals, Wittels believes, in desire if not in act, and he classes his exemplary self with the rest of us ever since his psycho-analytic introduction to his true self at the hands of his analyst, Dr. Sigmund Freud.

"I was struck thruout the analysis with my own criminal tendencies," he says.

"The criminal does what we have the impulse to do, but repress. That is why many times we identify ourselves with the criminal and love him—or we envy him and hate him.

"Who among us have the most beautiful funerals? The gangsters. We, too, would like to make a lot of money without working. We identify ourselves with them.

"What formula do we find in many of our popular detective stories? The killed man, the victim, is described as antipathetically as possible. We are made to be in love with the murderer. There is a happy ending which is not at all atonement for the crime. It is the criminal with whom we identify ourselves.

"Why are decent women so angry at courtesans? They should rather pity them, but no, they would punish the offender whom they envy.

"Take the case of Ruth Snyder and Judd Grey. It was discovered that she had taken a lover and killed her husband. Many decent women were furious. They also would like to have a lover and to kill their husbands. They do not kill their husbands. They take satisfaction in Mrs. Snyder's punishment."

Wittels does not claim that the process is conscious or wilfully malicious, but that it works deep in our sub-conscious natures and colors our attitude towards the crime itself, toward the criminal; that such a phrase as "satisfying our *sense of justice* covers itself with a glory it does not deserve.

"We should not be in love with the criminal nor should we hate him," Wittels insists. "We should free ourselves from the excited romanticism with which we treat crime so that we may be more scientific and efficient. In some realms today we are highly trained successful technicians. Wherever we allow science to

talk and we follow, we are high. But we are very low in social matters. We have developed efficient submarines and airplanes, yet we can't conquer hunger, the shabbiest form of poverty. (Dr. Wittels has written a book on *The End of Poverty—A Psycho-analytic Study*.) We are low in the education of our children. (He has written a book *The Liberation of the Child*.) We are low in politics. The politicians cannot even avoid war. We just go

out and die. In treating crime we are as inefficient. We imprison; we kill; but the criminals continue to kill us, to rob us. We are packed full of 'magic,' of repressed emotional stuff in our handling of social problems. We should deal with social affairs without emotion, scientifically."

"But," I asked, "do you think we can ever reach that point in human affairs?"

"Yes, it is possible. We can handle ourselves scientifically. Psycho-analysis has an important contribution to make to the social field.

"Freud," Dr. Wittels has said, "was the first to place ethics and morals on their scientific basis." Wittels is trying to keep them there. Since the World War, his major interest in psycho-analysis has, perhaps, been in straightening out the muddle of our social institutions. Last winter he gave a course on *The Criminal and Human Nature* at The New School for Social Research of this city.

"Let us now limit ourselves to the subject of crime," he suggested. "A scientific treatment would consider

Dr. Wittels, colleague of Freud, at Vienna, has applied his deep knowledge of psychology to the broader problems of social organization. His books deal with such vital problems as Poverty, War, Industry, Crime. In all these matters he urges upon us the scientific rather than the emotional attitude and effort.

An Interview with Dr. Fritz Wittels about Crime and Criminals

three major points: How can crime be prevented?

"If a crime has been committed, what can be done by way of restitution to the person injured?"

"How protect society? That is, is there a probability of the criminal's repeating his crime?"

"Today, what do we do? If a crime has been committed, the state may tell us, 'You are damaged. We cannot give you back what you have lost but we will give you a little pleasure, a little satisfaction for your sadism. You are allowed to 'pinch' the criminal. Your sadism is satisfied. That is justice.'

"Take the Hickman Case to illustrate how our sense of justice works. Because a mob mistook another fellow for Hickman, they immediately lynched him. So impatient they were to satisfy their own sadism.

"Then they hang Hickman—all right, they hang an insane man—for who but an insane person would dismember a child and return the parts to the parents? They hang him, but they do not care to study him psychologically to see that such a crime may not be repeated. This man is not normal. Then what makes him act as he does? There are laws of mental life. There are dynamisms in this boy. How did they develop? What can you learn from him that might prevent other boys from developing as he did? Why didn't they psychoanalyze him *before* they hung him?"

"Finally, after much study of criminals, when you had such information, you could tell teachers and parents to watch out for such and such symptoms. For example, to observe the child who day-dreams. He may be preparing a symphony in his day-dreams, or he may be preparing a crime. The idea is that good training could then redirect his impulses to useful channels.

"A sadistic child might become very useful as a surgeon, as a butcher, in many other ways.

"How do we today protect society against crime?"

"We send the criminal to jail where he learns to be a better criminal. He takes a college course in perfecting his criminal technique for use when he gets out. He learns in jail that he is not an outcast but that he belongs to a society of gangsters, a time-honored group of warriors against society with their own ideals, their own customs, their own language. It is not imprisonment that he needs."

"What would you do with him?" I asked this man who has just written a book, *A World Without Jails*. "How would a city without jails work?"

"A city without jails? You mean a *world*. I am not a criminologist. I am a psycho-analyst. I chal-

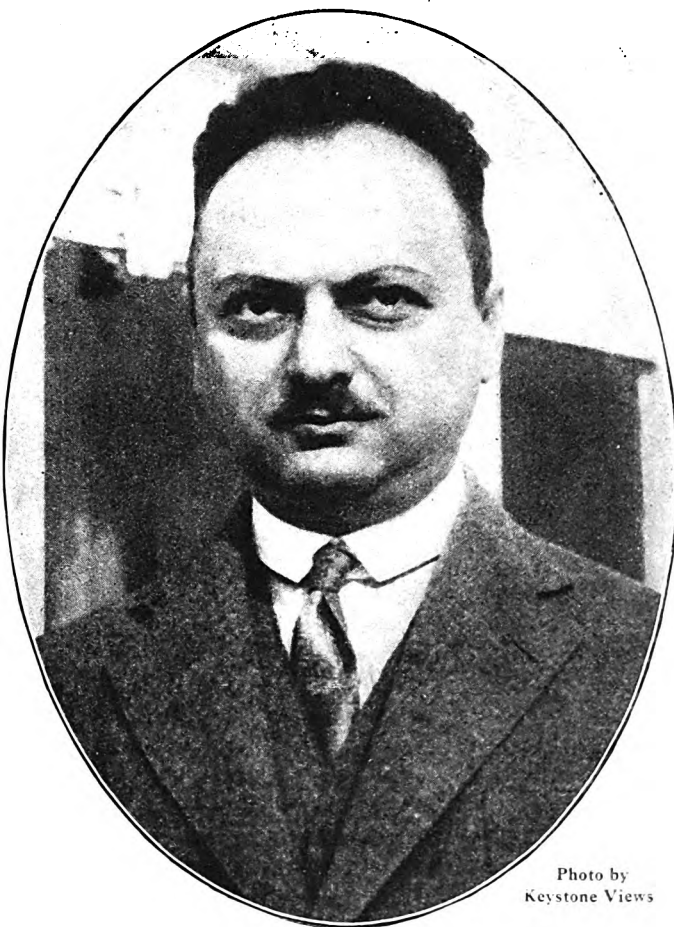


Photo by
Keystone Views

DR. FRITZ WITTELS

lenge the idea of imprisonment. I do not answer it.

"But just as we found that punishment does not work in the nursery, just as animal trainers found they cannot punish, but must depend on love, time and consistency in training their animals, so different principles must be evolved in dealing with criminals.

"The first thing that should be done is to erase the word 'prison' and substitute '*detention house*'.

"I suggest that criminals be analyzed to see why they have committed the crime and if they are likely to repeat it.

"Some cannot be changed. They must remain detained. Some can be re-educated. Probably most of the crimes are of such a character that they would not recur under efficient handling.

"Many political rebels are really rebelling subconsciously against their father image which they come to identify with the State authority. The assassins, Booth, Czolgosz and Guiteau who murdered Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley were unconsciously rebelling against their fathers. Mirabeau transferred his pent up feeling against his father to the French Revolution. William Tell killed his governor and freed his country."

The same mental dynamism can produce a criminal or a hero, all of which shows, in Dr. Wittels' words, "that the field of values must be considered separately from the field of instincts. . . . We know not what we do."

We who so glibly label acts right or wrong, who punish for "guilt" and have elaborate trial and punishment procedures, seem to Wittels to be wide indeed of the mark.

How to Make Nature *Serve You*

By C. Franklin
Leavitt, M. D.

Fourth of a Series of Articles on Mental Medicine

ON the physical plane there are certain changes of a precise and definite character said to be wrought thru a chemical process called catalysis. No physicist questions this, tho unable to explain the cause. The catalytic power is ill-understood because it harks back into the realm of mysterious energy. On the metaphysical plane there are just as definite and precise changes wrought thru what has been termed "faith." What faith really is and why it works such magical changes in the unseen conditions we cannot say. Faith is acceptance and utilization, we believe, and beyond this we cannot go. But we have no more reason to feel embarrassed over our inability to define it more clearly than has the physicist over his inability to give a precise definition of certain physical changes. Catalysis is something more than contact; it is appropriation and exchange. But it is more than that.

Putrefaction is a process established and maintained in accordance with natural laws, but is a process most undesirable under certain circumstances. Now while the great universal intelligence does not directly interpose to correct the process, which, if allowed to go on, may prove most harmful to human health and life as well as human comfort, it does, thru intelligence as expressed in man, permit its correction, and man merely discloses his high birth and nature by setting in motion these correctives. He has learned that, by application of certain substances inimical to putrefaction, the movement can be arrested. The application of such a sanitary measure is not destructive of law. It is an example of the action of a law, not in itself superior, but one made so by the exigencies of the case. It holds the temporarily harmful law in a state of arrest, or rather turns such law aside, and for the time being renders its power inert. Law left to itself, that is to say, law not given specific direction by the intelligence resident in individual minds—acts in a blind way, having, to be sure, a general trend given it by the cosmic intelligence, but a tendency that appears to ignore particular individual needs and comforts. It even remains for man, as an impersonation of infinite intelligence, to learn the action of forces, to fall in with the general purpose, and to modify, if he will, the details of action thru a wise use of one law to inhibit, for the time and for the specific purposes, the action of

another. It is by so doing that he rises to the dignity for which he is designed and discloses his divine origin with the heritage attached thereto.

Have we not a right to infer, when we carry this thought to its ultimate, that disease is but an

example of unguided, unmodified, unrestrained law? It is law acting more or less blindly, complying with the cosmic scheme but failing to become specifically concerned in individual interests. Furthermore, is it any wonder, under such conditions, that one individual may be made to suffer for the general welfare without discrimination against him save as it may come by natural selection? And, finally, have not individuals an inalienable right so to avail themselves of counter-vailing laws as to turn the universal energy into channels calculated to protect themselves and others from the action of forces that may destroy, thus demonstrating their divine nature and superior power?

The energy of nature is everywhere manifested—in star and planet, in bird and beast and man. Left to themselves, as they commonly are in individual cases, these natural forces sometimes work at cross purposes, notwithstanding their generally beneficent character and design. But disturbance is far more likely to arise from the unfriendly elements cast into the individual currents by the individuals themselves, usually thru ignorance, but often thru perversity. Man is continually introducing new elements of discord thru uncanny practices, various excesses and wrong mental concepts. He is his own worst enemy. From the foregoing it will be recognized that my idea of disease takes us back behind the things seen but into the realm of things truly real—the realm of the silent and invisible forces—a realm of law and order, and one to which we may helpfully ally ourselves. It is here that we have to search for the true causes of disease, I believe, and from this realm we must draw our opinions of the nature of the disturbances from which we would become free.

I believe that medicine, with intelligence back of it, is still of very definite need in acute and infectious cases. Such cases require prompt attention many times, and it would be unreasonable for man to try to study out the exact cause of the trouble and try to set his mental processes at work correcting it, for this might prove too slow a process and a very dangerous one. But he can certainly use his mental powers toward

assisting himself out of the situation in which he may find himself. In most cases disease has entered because the individual has neglected to comply with mental or physical laws of a very natural and definite character. This has lowered his resistance and thus created fertile soil for the growth of the disease from which he suffers. The drug may help him temporarily but unless he strengthens his armor disease will again find a foothold and he will continue to be a plaything for the weaker forces in life.

I also believe that surgery has a very definite field. There is probably fifty per cent more surgery done than is really necessary, and each unnecessary operation makes it harder for that individual to maintain a balance in the future. The surgeon, I believe, often thinks, "Oh, well, this cannot hurt him, and I believe that the part or organ might better be out than in, for it is of no special purpose anyway." But he fails to think of the psychological element. Frequently adhesions are left which cause some disturbances and the patient, if sensitive, is more than likely to dwell on them and in time, thru introspection get himself into a state far worse than would have developed without the operation. I believe the thing most to be considered is a correct diagnosis. The surgeon is more than likely to see things only thru surgical eyes, so I believe that where a serious operation is recommended one should obtain the opinion of several physicians, general practitioners as well as surgeons.

If you fall back on either medicine or surgery in some trouble which may befall you, try to have just as much faith as possible in the outcome. The faith that you have in a physician and his drugs, or a surgeon and his skill, will go a long way toward curing you. Fear will work destructively, faith constructively.

I frequently find people who have become over-enthusiastic and are leaving too much of the readjustment to thought alone. To begin with, thought is merely the plan, the mental drawing, and such thoughts cannot be complete without action. I find hundreds who are leaving the cure to thought alone.

Look about you at all that man has created and then try to realize what would be present if it had gone no further than thought. Your reason will tell you that nothing would be here except what nature had furnished. And this same thing holds good in connection with things you wish to add to your life.

Do not refuse any reasonable aid in seeking your goal, whatever that goal may be. This will bring into use sunlight, air, proper food, hydrotherapy, such as water-drinking and baths, physical culture, which is all important to a strong life, manipulation, etc.

Since education consists essentially in learning to use our powers, both mental and physical, it must follow that affirmations capable of inspiring self-reliance, purpose and ambition act an important part in the process. They are to education what fuel is to the generation of motive power. The engine is no better than a junk shop, so far as real utility is concerned, until made to move by the invisible force of steam. But how is steam to be generated without the application of the expansive power of heat, which can be obtained only from the fuel supplied to the machine's furnace?

Educators of both mind and body should recognize the value not only of the suggestions which they supply, but the superlative value of the affirmations supplied by the pupils themselves. The assertion of the "I" is what carries men and women onward, with unfaltering step, to final triumph.

There is a strong psychological energy at work in proper physical training. It is not enough that one merely moves the arms or legs or body in a listless, disinterested way, but he must put thought and purpose into it, he must have a picture of what these movements will bring to him, and he must have the results of this work sufficiently interesting and alluring to hold him steadfastly to the course he has mapped out. The prizefighter who grows lazy in his training and thinks more about wine, women and song than getting himself in shape, soon takes the count, and his fighting days are over.

Added physical strength increases self-reliance, and here, too, the physical (Cont'd on page 63)



The energy of nature is everywhere manifested—in star and planet, in bird and beast.

Cash and Character

Fourth of a Series of Lessons in Business Organization

By

Edward Earle Purinton

DID you ever stop to think that poverty makes adversity? And that money, rightly used, will cure almost any trouble on earth? It takes character to make cash, and cash to make character.

The millionaire who has earned his own millions has found himself in the process. Further, he has opened the way to thousands of helpers to find themselves and to learn how money, really earned, wisely spent and largely saved, can solve directly or indirectly most of a man's hard problems.

Thrift makes prosperity. Also it makes power, wisdom, prudence, courage, faith, energy, freedom, tenacity, opportunity. The habit of saving money and putting it in the bank does more for you than any other habit you can form.

It steadies, strengthens and directs your mind.

It adds to your self-respect.

It makes you sleep, eat and work better.

It changes you from a pauper to a capitalist.

It teaches you the value and power of ready cash.

It raises you in the opinion of men whose esteem you want.

It establishes your credit and loan availability at the bank.

It emancipates you from the fear of losing your job.

It enables you to give new joys and opportunities to those you love.

It provides competence, comfort and independence for old age.

It offers help in sudden illness, casualty or emergency.

It furnishes the means to buy bargains of all kinds.

It creates a fund to support the future expansion of your business.

It keeps your money working for you, which is the secret of wealth.

It puts you in line for profitable investments and makes you alert to them.

It gives you the fascinating pleasure of watching money grow.

It tends to stop waste, prevent extravagance and promote caution.

It serves to make your hopes realities and your dreams come true.

Every sane person wants to save money—the only question is how.

A few hints may start you right, or keep you going strong.

Consult the best banker you know. He should furnish vital information and valuable suggestions.

Keep account of all your expenses for at least a month. Go over them and see how many are needless and foolish. Personal and family expense books, now available, render it easy to find and judge your living costs.

Get from a large bookstore a modern book on business or household economy. Study and apply its teachings, conjointly with your business associates or members of the family. Have each person read and report on a certain section.

Subscribe for a thrift magazine, join a thrift society, start a thrift committee at home or the office. Announce prizes for the largest comparative savings, or ideas resulting therein.

Put your home and business on a budget basis. Your bank, or bookstore, or the household economics department of your state university, could supply details of a budget system.

Watch newspapers for unusual bargains. Keep cash on hand to take advantage of them before they are withdrawn.

Buy goods well advertised, from stores well advertised. They are usually best, and cheapest in the end.

Carry with you only as much money as you will need for the day. Learn to save the pennies and the dollars will save themselves.

Want money for a definite purpose, a deep heart's desire. Keep this always in view. It will tide you over those moments when a chance wish thrusts itself on the horizon and looks that deposit hard in the face—and you weaken momentarily. But recall that larger desire and the scales will balance of their own accord and save you the juggling. Many a hard-earned saving is spent on a casual desire—and thus postpones the fulfillment of the deeper purpose.

Save at least ten per cent of your income, the minute you get your salary or wages. Put this in the bank before you spend a cent. Count this money not yours, but an asset of the future. No matter what you need to buy, save this first!

EXPECTING SUCCESS

An Analysis of the Value of Optimism will be the Fifth of the Series of Mr. Purinton's articles on Business Organization in August PSYCHOLOGY.

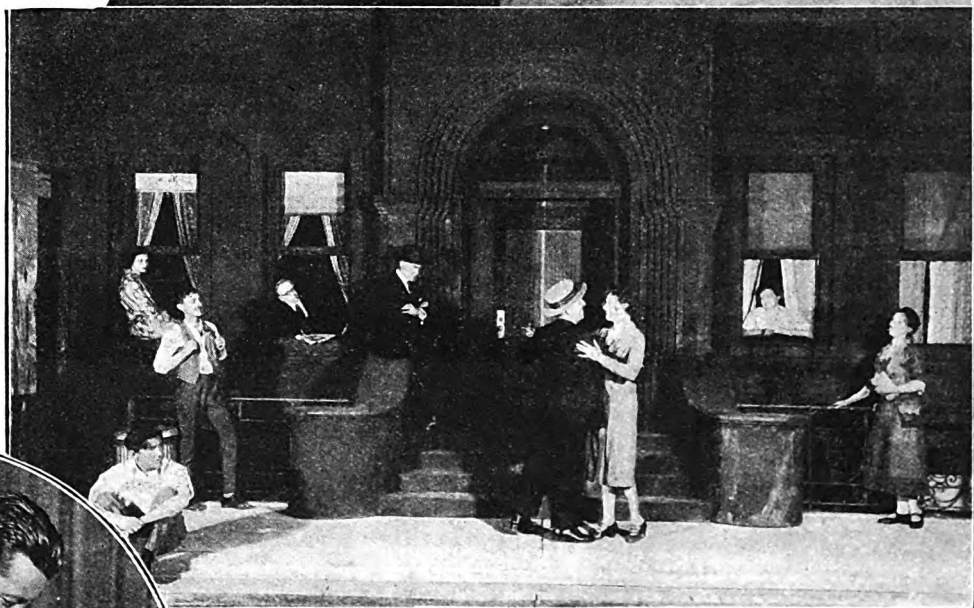
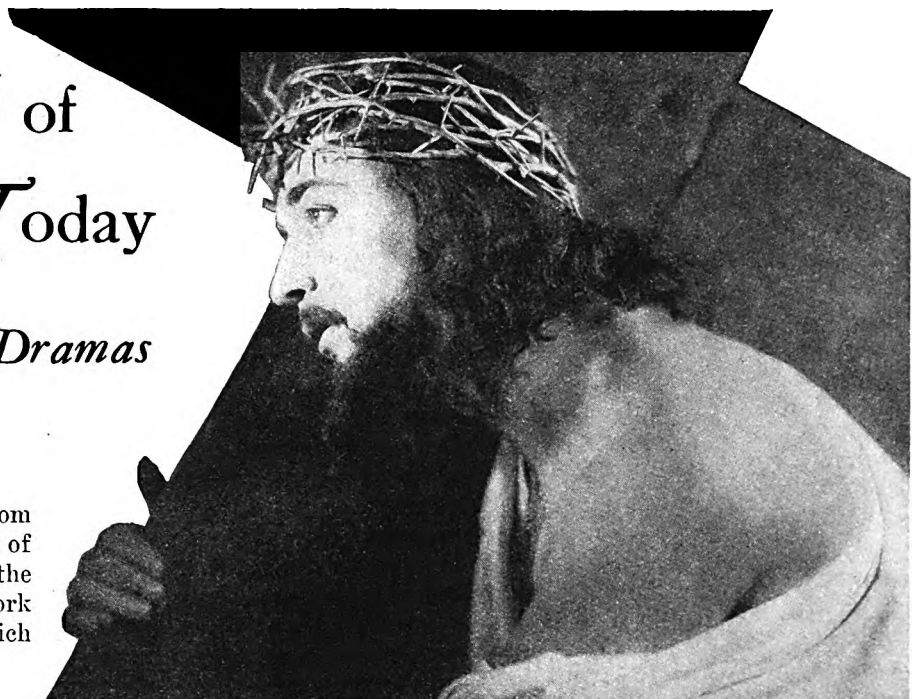
Problems of Eternity and Today

Reviews of Current Dramas

STREET SCENE

ELMER RICE has stencilled from life a picture of the occupants of an apartment house in one of the less desirable quarters of New York City in the drama, *Street Scene*, which William A. Brady is presenting at the Playhouse. Mr. Rice has portrayed that picture with care and precision and a keen knowledge of the stream of human life which composes the orbit called world. It's not a pretty picture, but it's true.

It's not a happy picture which shows how pettiness, gossip, unkindness, little meannesses can soil what has the potentialities of vibrant living. The play shows the



A scene from "*Street Scene*," in a happier moment. (Top) Adolph Fassnacht as Christus in "*The Passion Play*."



Miriam Hopkins and Eliot Cabot in "*The Camel Thru the Needle's Eye*."

universal need for a universal kindness in everyday existence. A friendly interest in your neighbor's affairs is natural when that interest is motivated by kindness and helpfulness, but when that interest devolves into prying curiosity it has the deadly sting of a bullet wound.

The passionate desire for possession, of something or

someone, can lead as straight to murder as a double-barrelled gun. A man's desire to possess his wife, body and soul, a woman's desire to possess her child, always "depending on someone outside for something that should be within" has tolled as many tragedies as war.

Exuding from the apartment house are as many attitudes as families. Gossip and (Continued on page 75)

THE PASSION PLAY

SAD to say, the *Passion Play* is a disappointment. There seem to be two reasons for this. The first is that the spectacular performance at the New York Hippodrome carries the burden of six or seven centuries of tradition. One reads of the puppet performances of those early days; then one witnesses the superb exhibition of David Belasco and Morris Gest and realizes that both performances are essentially alike.

The dogma dominates the story. It is not drama; it is dogma.

Underneath every action and phrase of this majestic spectacle one senses dogma. This personage, this "Christus" is not a man; he is a god. Gods are philosophically interesting, but biologically uninteresting. "Christus" is to be crucified. It is unfortunate, but not dramatic. The metropolitan theatre-goer, however sympathetic, cannot be greatly interested. It cannot be made to matter much one way or the other. It does not appear to be an actual man who is to meet this gruesome fate; it is some figure out of an ecclesiastical picture. The pictures are startling; often beautiful, but they mean nothing in the scheme of life.

The burden of tradition, the burden of dogma. These oppress and limit the *Passion Play*, as produced at the Hippodrome, so that the total worth of the performance on Sixth Avenue, to New York and to America, is pathetically near to zero. One has the sensation that one has tumbled into a cathedral and that the stained-glass windows have magically come to life. One sees white and scarlet-robed figures sprawling on the grass in a Garden. One remembers that this is Gethsemane; that the white-robed figure is the Messiah, that the scarlet-robed figures are the fishermen friends of his who were to re-shape the world. But there is nothing real about it all except the pictures, the colors and the postures. And when the last horror breaks and the Cross is raised, between the two other crosses—still one has the sense merely that a cathedral window is mysteriously moving. There is no Mary, no Carpenter, no Son—of Mary, of Man, of God.

One wanders thru Sta. Maria, gazing awesomely at DeVinci's *Last Supper*; then one steps into the Hippodrome and holds one's breath as the picture comes to life. There is a figure, moving about with gestures as tho washing the feet of his friends. But there is nothing here that suggests a mighty impulse to serve, to give one's strength for the gladness of others; and even in the horrid scene of the Cross there is nothing to burn more deeply into one's heart the ultimate dictum—"He saved others; himself he could not save."

Of almost equal interest to that of the pageant itself is the spectacle of the crowd itself as it surges toward the Hippodrome. Priests; Jews;

peasants—real American peasants—the dwellers in Manhattan tenements and frowsty apartment houses; suburbanites, students, stenographers, harlots, housewives. Famished souls. (Continued on page 75)

THE CAMEL THRU THE NEEDLE'S EYE

THE idle rich come in for a pretty wallop in Frantisek Langer's comedy, *The Camel Thru the Needle's Eye*, which the Theatre Guild is presenting at the Martin Beck Theatre. And social workers, particularly the rich ones, get sly jabs for their pains.

Idleness, as Mr. Langer sees it, induces laziness to such an extent that speech becomes an effort. Eliot Cabot, excellent—either rich or poor, is cast as Alik Vilim, the son of a millionaire who doesn't demand that his son exert himself to earn his salary. Alik, the indulged, accepts all that is given him, even a fiancée. It is easier and effortless. His life runs as smoothly as a well-supplied stream, useless but pleasant.

Cherchez la femme is always the answer when a man ceases to be a mild little stream and becomes a torrent.

She is not his fiancée, but a beautiful charity "patient," whose family several of his wealthy friends have helped. This inarticulate youth, who is merely a figure-head in the business of living,

(Continued on page 76)



Mary Servoss as Mrs. Maurrant in "Street Scene," which has been awarded the Pulitzer prize.



Ethel Barrymore and Dorothy Hall in "The Love-Duel."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF INDIVIDUAL LIFE



YOU have heard it said that the Great Masters have from time to time appeared among the people of the Far East and given forth mighty Truths of Nature's wonderful hidden Laws.

YOU probably know that most of the Immortal Philosophy of Man's Life comes from Oriental foundations, because in those Lands the *reason for existence* seems to be of greater importance than the struggle for money and business success.

We of the West have put commercial achievement on a pedestal. They of the Far East have felt the greater importance of Individual Self Unfoldment; holding that as man cannot take material things with him when he reaches the great transition of so-called death, it is better to store up that wealth which may be carried on into Eternal Life.

The Great Masters who showed the struggling races the way to Self Mastery and Self Unfoldment were all products of Oriental Lands.

There has always been a teaching for the masses and another and more specific teaching for the chosen ones in every Philosophy from time im-

memorial. The few Masters who gave evidence of the working of Nature's Laws were believed to have performed miracles; yet those who had been admitted to the Inner Circle knew there were no such things as miracles—that every seemingly miraculous act was but a NATURAL RESULT of the understanding and proper use of Nature's Forces.

Such is the background of the Philosophy of Individual Life, giving you full and complete information and definite FACTS for using Nature's Laws as taught by the Great Masters of the East and PROVEN by them through personal experience. Formerly these teachings were given only to the chosen few who became students of

The Great School of Natural Science

Recently, however, it was decided that this amazing information could be safely released to the Progressive Intelligence of the Age. In furtherance of this policy these six unabridged volumes of the PRIVATE TEACHINGS of the Great School are now offered YOU for your information and use in developing YOUR INDIVIDUAL POWER through a scientific use of Nature's Laws.

Harmonics of Evolution explains Laws of Nature's Selective Principle relating to Love, Marriage and Happiness.

The Great Crime deals with the most mysterious and fascinating phenomena of human life.

The Great Work shows how to Live the Life and Prove the Law. Power Attained and Benefits Enjoyed.

The Great Known gives scientific PROVABLE FACTS about Life after so-called Death.

The Great Message shows where the Masters got their knowledge and that this knowledge is available to YOU now.

Self Unfoldment gives definite, WORKABLE Principles of Nature's Laws and shows YOU how to apply and PROVE them.

The information in these books is the result of teachings, study and personal experience extending over a period of more than 100,000 years. There is nothing visionary or impracticable in them. There is no statement of FACTS made that has not been abundantly PROVEN by centuries of personal experience on the part of both Teachers and Students. Yet you are not asked to BELIEVE any statement until you have PROVED it for yourself.

If you sincerely desire to KNOW what the Masters KNOW and have for centuries privately taught, use the coupon now and examine the books five days without cost to you.

A GIFT: With each set ordered now we include a GIFT VOLUME entitled "Who Answers Prayer". Whether or not you decide to keep the set after you examine it, the Gift Volume is yours.

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_____I enclose \$5.00 first payment and if I keep the books, will send \$5.00 in 30 days and \$5.00 in 60 days.

_____Send books C.O.D., I'll pay postman \$5.00 first payment. If I return the books in 5 days, you will refund my money in full, but I may keep the GIFT VOLUME.

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How

to Kill

Self-Pity

*Fourth of a Series
of Articles on
Personality Building*

By
Albert Walton

WHAT are you going to do about it? In the first lesson we found out that we think with our cells; in the second that the three sets of cells give us three ways of thinking and three types of people. In the third we found that a complex is an emotional habit in conflict with a word-thinking habit. Now we are to find out how to use the human machinery, in the light of this knowledge, so as to make it work for us instead of against us.

Emotional habits are stronger than any other habits we can form. We form them by degrees or by some sudden happening. In your case the inferiority complex probably came from the slow process of training. There is nothing wrong with you fundamentally. You merely took an order of an emotional sort years ago and you are carrying it out in spite of common sense and good judgment. This order was an emotional habit. A man who forms the habit of smoking educates his cells to call for the soothing effect of the narcotic. This cell-habit demands indulgence and he will smoke even after he has come to the conclusion that it is not good for him or that he cannot afford it. The order has been given and remains uncanceled. Reasoning about it does not cancel a cell-habit.

You formed a habit of being sorry for yourself and in order to indulge it you had also to form a habit of failing and of feeling that you are no good. It is wholly useless to try to get rid of the visible habits, the

failure habit and the habit of feeling inferior. You can reason and suggest to yourself on these lines from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, and when you are all thru with your formulas and your arguments you will go out and find a way to show yourself that you are no good on earth and never will be. You will try to find

a small hole to crawl into when you meet a man you think you want to impress. You will shrink and fear and act dumb and stupid and then go home and feel like crying because you made such a poor showing at such a critical moment when you know to a certainty that you are a better man than the man who put the spell on you and made you shrivel up.

As a matter of fact the other fellow had nothing to do with it. You did all this to yourself and for one reason and one alone—in order to be able to go home and feel like crying because you were such a failure. It is not inferiority at all. There is no such thing as an inferiority complex. It is a self-pity complex. Get rid of the self-pity habit and the inferiority thing goes the way of the leaves on a tree when the roots are all cut off.

Do not allow your self-pity to rule your decision right now. There will be a strong tendency for you to throw this whole doctrine right into the fire with some such exclamation as "That's the bunk," or "Not for me." Your self-pity complex is merely the emotional habit that dictates such a reaction and always has. If you haul it out of the (Continued on page 70)

Grin!

By Mary Roberts

ALMOST everybody carries a burden because he is too lazy to lift it off his back and hold it out in front of him and look at it. If you get a real good squint at that lump you've been so noble about all these years, you'll discover that its usefulness wore out long ago! Maybe it had a destination once, but the era for bearing somebody else's load as well as your own, has past.

The reason being that the somebody else has probably forgotten that he ever had one, anyway—it's been out of his range of vision so long!

And as for your own, well, you've made it a habit. Dump it on the ground and see if it is worth carrying along with you. If it is, then don't pack it on your back any more. It has grown old enough to walk by itself now. If it isn't worth carrying, then put it in your mental incinerator with all the rest of the trash.

"Cast your burden"—and grin!

These Two Great
Masters Have Led
Millions to Peace
and Power!



(Painting by S. MacDonald Wright)

The Masters of the Far East Have a Message for You

The greatest Master of all is now heralding His new Message of Miracles.

Life—abundant, joyous, free from disease and suffering!

Light—illuminating the mind with knowledge that conquers all!

Love—bringing the fulfilment of hopes and aspirations!

The Path is open to you. A guiding hand, an understanding heart, and a dominating *will*, are offered to every sincere aspirant.

It is the spirit of the new day. It is the clarion call to all who seek freedom from the bondage of false beliefs, sad misconceptions, and inability to rise to success and happiness.

The Message Is Free

The eminent mystic and master of Oriental knowledge, Sri. Ramatherio, has placed in a beautiful booklet his outline of the message of the Great Masters in the East. A copy of this book will be mailed without obligation to all who apply for it with an open mind and a sincere desire to start a new life of joy and success.

Let the Masters guide you—without bias or greed—to the goal of all human evolution. Address your letter (not a postcard) to:

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You, too, Can *Says Pauline Cleaver* MAKE MONEY

ABOUT a year ago a widow of one month came to me for consultation. She needed a new perspective on her problems. She had had too many free-advisors in her household all telling her "just what she should do," and each having a different idea for her to follow. The poor woman seemed almost distracted. She was living with her sister-in-law at the time. This sister-in-law knew exactly what Mrs. Alling should do with her five-year-old daughter. The sister-in-law was a spinster. Spinsters usually know just what to do with other persons' children. That is, *some* kinds of spinsters usually know! They are the kind that are called "old maids." Of course, many married women are "old maids." You've met them, haven't you?

Well, Miss Alling continued to tell Mrs. Alling not only what should be done with the child, but she "just knew" that Mrs. Alling should get a job in a store. She told her she "would know just where she was, at the end of each week." She discouraged everything poor little Mrs. Alling said she *wished* to do. The widow had a decided talent for one thing. A decided talent is a great blessing and can usually be turned to dollars.

Here are Mrs. Alling's words to me. (Of course, as I've told you before, this is not the real name.) "Mrs. Cleaver, my husband died a month ago leaving me with Fannie, our little girl. I am thirty-two. I feel sixty, tho, today. I have not been trained to any work. I have no idea where to turn. Sister says I ought to get some kind of job in a store, but I am sure I'd dislike that dreadfully."

JOY IN DOING

I asked Mrs. Alling what she did enjoy doing, and what she felt she had done in the past that gave her the greatest pleasure. "Well, of course, what I love doing is keeping a home in perfect order. Somehow, I never thought of Jim's dying, and I've always pictured a home where I'd be the center. I've felt I had the gift of making others comfortable in my home. Jim always enjoyed bringing his business friends there. My little girl's play-mates loved to come to our home. But, of course, I'll have to sell the house, as there is

no money now to keep it going. I couldn't possibly make enough to keep up my payments, run the house, live, dress, etc.," she told me.

HABIT THINKING

I asked Mrs. Alling a number of questions which opened up her "habit-thinking," or ways she was in the habit of *feeling* about things in general. I found she was industrious. To find whether a person is industrious, or indolent and shiftless, is one of the first things I wish to know. A great deal depends on this. Not one who works in spurts but one who is not wasteful of time is most likely to succeed. Neither do I mean the restless, busy-body kind. I mean to be constructively industrious, joyful and unselfish in the daily round of duties. To my delight I found Mrs. Alling had this "habit."

Thru other methods of questioning or arousing her to candidness concerning herself, I also discovered that she had never pampered herself or coddled her whims. She was a woman who had dismissed the things at hand, in an orderly and timely way. It is true she was a shy, timid creature, and the reasons for this were soon brought forth. She had been the daughter of a "hold-the-whip-type" mother. She had been forced to express the mother's demands instead of her own on all occasions. This had, of course, resulted in lack of initiative. It had given her that quality which now opened the gate for the "New Boss," her sister-in-law, to attempt to take control of affairs. I was happy to show Mrs. Alling what had been her misfortune. She re-acted joyfully; she soon felt as a prisoner pardoned. To think "there was a real reason for wanting to be oneself!" As the rightness of her own wishes dawned on the woman it was glorious to see the smiles enlightening her countenance.

Mrs. Alling showed no interest in gossip or slander. She held no grief against this sister-in-law. She made excuses for her; she felt she was doing what she *thought* was the thing to do. Mrs. Alling was kindly, not one bit abusive. Also, she was serious and determined to give her best for her child.

Looking over the ten qualities on the Cleaver-Chart you might mark Mrs.

Alling's assets in this manner:

1. Self-study . . . poor. (She did not know her own mind when her sister insisted on choosing her work.)
2. Observation . . . fair.
3. Imagination . . . fair only. (She knew what she would like to do, but in no way felt it was possible.)
4. Concentration . . . good. (The material which she was handling was muddled; therefore, her deductions were not clear. Her material was like a basket of mixed, unlabelled seeds to be planted in a garden. No one could know the result until blossoming-time arrived. The materials were not properly arranged.)
5. Proper Spirit . . . yes, in kindness, but not in understanding.
6. Initiative . . . none.
7. Ambition . . . yes.
8. Courage . . . fair. (Her kindness towards her sister permitted her to heed her advice too seriously.)
9. Common sense and health . . . fair.
10. Persistence . . . yes. (Of course this had to be directed to the proper selection of work.)

CHARACTER FOR A WORKING BASIS

However, summing up Mrs. Alling's character for a working basis, she had a great deal in her favor. She fortunately possessed the excellent qualities which I mentioned. She had assets to bring her into a clearer understanding of her forces. She soon saw why she had made her errors in the past.

The woman was one of the most grateful students I have ever handled. She progressed rapidly. She did not take the work her sister urged her to do. She kept her house, and today Mrs. Alling has five young women rooming and boarding with her. Tutors and teachers are renting her downstairs reception rooms for meeting pupils; a public stenographer has a desk in one corner of a room. Mrs. Alling is now building an auditorium as an annex to her house in which will be given lectures, movies, amateur theatricals and dancing lessons. Her child is happy in her new surroundings. The sister-in-law's nose is "just a bit out of joint." She says, "Well, Carrie must have had a second husband in her mind. What else would have made her hold

onto her home?" In other words our dear little Mrs. Alling is happy and in independent surroundings. Sister-in-law has her spiritual eyes slightly "squin" and refuses to SEE the light "too suddenly." She is waiting to see if there is not some "fly in the ointment." However, I hope it will not be long before sister also opens her eyes and starts to re-make her own life in the proper direction.

I hope my readers re-read this story. I hope you measure yourself by the chart as you read. Study yourself. Check up on your assets. Pay little attention to your "lacks." Leave them blank until you can truly write opposite these qualities "improving." Keep books on yourself. If you have some disturbing "sister-in-law," mother-in-law, or false advisor, feel free to write me a long confidential letter. It gives me great joy to help you untangle your problems.

COLLEGE BOYS

TWO boys were working their way thru college. Desiring to appear neat and well-groomed they had to clean, brush and press their own coats and trousers frequently since they did not have the many changes that the wealthy boys had. One of the boys suggested that they buy an electric iron, arrange an ironing-board on the closet door, and keep their own few clothes spick and span. They had to save nickels.

The "tailoring equipment" was installed, and the boys became experts. Soon other chaps inquired into this. Teasingly, at first, they nick-named them "the two tailors." The boys did not mind. They were good sports. Soon they helped other boys who were in a rush, and who did not have time to send their clothes to the professional-tailor. Work picked up. A little "side-line" tailoring shop on the college grounds was a great convenience. One handy job led to another. A supply of cigarettes and candies was bought in dozen lots at wholesale prices and retailed to the boys. Good cheer was dispensed. Boys who had such ambition to get on in their studies were respected by the other boys. They were glad to spend their money on nick-nacks to help such men-in-the-making.

When summer came, one of the wealthy boys offered to build a stand near his parents' summer home for these two chaps to live in and carry on a business. It prospered. The chaps made a sufficient sum to invest in shares in an excellent stock on which they had expert advice.

Can you not measure the difference in persons? Do you not realize what the power of concentration can do? If one wants a thing and on examining that want, sees there is every reason

(Continued on page 79)

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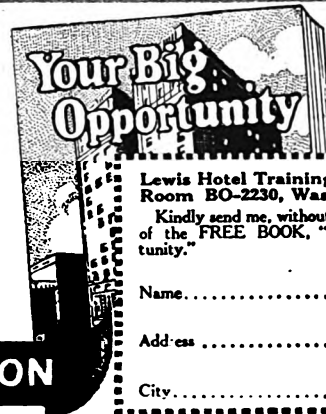
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QUESTION:—I. B. writes—

I am a constant reader of *PSYCHOLOGY* and have read a number of times how important it is to understand how to relax, especially for those who work hard during the day and are inclined toward nervousness. I have never as yet been able to accomplish this very desirable result. I am eighteen years old and take plenty of exercise after my working hours. I am only four feet eleven and one-half inches in height. I have read a number of times that there is no way one can add to her height. Is this true? Can you give me any advice on these two subjects?

ANSWER:—

Many suggestions are given by different writers as to just how to relax, and probably all of them have more or less merit. I would suggest that you lie down on a comfortable lounge or bed and try to picture yourself in a perfectly relaxed state, suggesting that you will soon be quite relaxed. Do this for perhaps two or three minutes to get your mind centered on what you wish to accomplish. Then slowly take five deep breaths, inhaling and exhaling slowly and regularly. As you approach the fifth breath think to yourself, "On exhaling this breath I shall be entirely relaxed." Exhale this fifth breath rather rapidly, and as you do try to let go of every muscle in your body and become limp. Just sort of wilt. I am sure if you will practice this for some weeks that you will find it quite possible to relax at will.

Regarding your height, I believe that it is possible for one your age to add a little thru taking stretching exercises, such as hanging by the hands to a pole, using bending exercises which will have a stretching effect on the spine, and thru setting-up exercises and other forms that will stretch and limber the spinal muscles.

QUESTION:—T. E. D. writes—

Our family is composed of several who are ill from one trouble or another. So frequently one comes home with some new remedy he has been told about, or he reads some article describing a new procedure in a case he believes somewhat similar to his. What I wish to ask you is whether tomato juice, which is being introduced just now, and yeast, which is also exten-

sively recommended, have any beneficial effect?

ANSWER:—

I believe they both can play a part in restoring a state of health if either one or the other is called for. Yeast is used where there is a tendency toward functional inaction of the abdominal organs. Tomato juice has a good deal the same effect as the fruit juices that we are more familiar with. The latter cannot do any harm even if taken for a long period, and if one enjoys it he can use it for an appetizer or beverage.

QUESTION:—R. S. E. writes—

I am suffering with high-blood pressure. Would it help if I were to go on a long fast? I have been told that this would materially reduce the pressure.

ANSWER:—

It is not the elimination of food but merely certain types of foods that helps high blood-pressure. You wish to have resistance in the body, but not foods of a highly stimulating character. But this food question depends largely on what is the real cause of the high blood-pressure. Acidosis is almost sure to develop during a fast and this we wish to avoid. If I were you, I should leave this question to some competent person that I could get in personal touch with. I believe fasts are good in some cases, but thru certain chemical changes that take place during a fast, it may be poison in one instance and a real benefit in another.

QUESTION:—"Sonya" writes—

I am engaged to a young man, twenty-one years of age. He is of an unemotional and unimaginative type, while I am just the opposite, impulsive and affectionate. Is it possible for two people of opposite natures to be happy? He holds a good position, and the older men who come in contact with him here like him, for he does his work well. However (and here is my main reason for writing to you) he cannot make friends with younger men. I have figured this out from all angles and can come to no decision. Can it be because of his stature? He is only five feet four. The young men ignore him rather than actually dislike him. My friend is self-conscious, and I think this has made him suspicious and ag-

gressive in his contacts with new friends. I would be so happy if you would only help me to help him. I cannot be happy with a man who has no social qualities whatever. I love to dance and have frequent gatherings at my home, but am not unreasonable about it. But I like to hike, swim or do things that my friend likes. But he must be able to make friends or I am afraid I shall slowly lose my respect for him. He is inclined to be weak-willed and narrow-minded. My friend is not lacking in etiquette and there is no reason for his lack of sociability.

ANSWER:—

I am not sure that you and your friend would be very happy if you were married. There might be too many adjustments to make. Your friend is naturally of a more serious type than you. There are many kinds of temperaments, you know, and it is hardly possible for one of a certain type to completely change to a different type. And, too, one type usually does not wish to change materially. I do not think it is his height that causes him to be as he is, for we see many short men showing more confidence and real nerve than large men. If he is really self-conscious he would find it more difficult to make friends easily, and such people are often misunderstood by those with whom they come in contact. He probably is more of a man's man type than the type that caters to women. Being of a serious nature he gets along far better with older men.

There are so many to select from in contemplating marriage that I think you would do well to make no promises and see if you cannot meet some one who is better suited to your nature. A little seriousness would be good for one who is inclined to be impulsive, however. But you would not be happy with one who carried this to an extreme. I would say that your friend is a very fair specimen of his particular type. And perhaps you are of yours.

QUESTION:—"Semi-flapper" writes—

I am asking a question some of my chums and I are very eager to have answered. I am a girl, twenty-seven, a primary teacher in a small town. Ever since I have been sixteen I have had many friends among the opposite sex, have traveled a lot from place to place and have always been very popu-

lar. Until two years ago the men I went with always treated me very nicely, many of them wishing to marry me. For the last two years it seems that every man I go with wishes to kiss and maul me. In fact, some of them expect to do this the very first time they take me out. I am sure I am no different than I was some years ago, but the men are. It is true that all the girls in the town where I was last year and where I am now expect the men to make love to them. They do not care what they say, nor are they particular about the type of jokes indulged in. The men seem to like them and expect them to act that way. This was not formerly so. Do not think I am a prude or narrow-minded, for I am not. I love to dance and wear my skirts as short as the others. Now are we old-fashioned or what?

ANSWER:—

I think many things enter into the change that you have noticed in the young men where you now live. Localities differ materially, for we find different types in different neighborhoods. Then, too, you state that the girls in these towns expect a young man to make love to them, which naturally creates a sex-attraction that would cause most young men to go farther than they should. The average young man is restrained by the limitations placed on him by the girls he goes with. And most young men being romantic and full of life, will be inclined to choose girls who are considered respectable and yet furnish some thrill.

It is, of course, human to wish to love. Times are changing, and I believe both girls and boys are responsible for this by both letting down the gates more and more as far as conventionality and other forms of moral restraint are concerned. You probably have not changed, but the moral standards have. It is becoming more and more of a problem for a girl of your type. She finds herself unpopular with the average young man unless she enters into at least a little love-making.

QUESTION:—T. E. M. writes—

I am going with a young man whose mother died from tuberculosis when he was eighteen years old. He was not home at the time of her death so did not come in contact with the germs. Do you think I would be running chances if I were to marry him?

ANSWER:—

It is just possible that this young man you are going with may have a tendency toward tuberculosis, but that does not mean that he must be a victim of it or that any children you would have would inherit such a tendency. If there is any indication that his lungs are weak he should take some definite form of exercise which will tend to strengthen this part of his body. Of course this would be a form of exercise which would include deep breathing.

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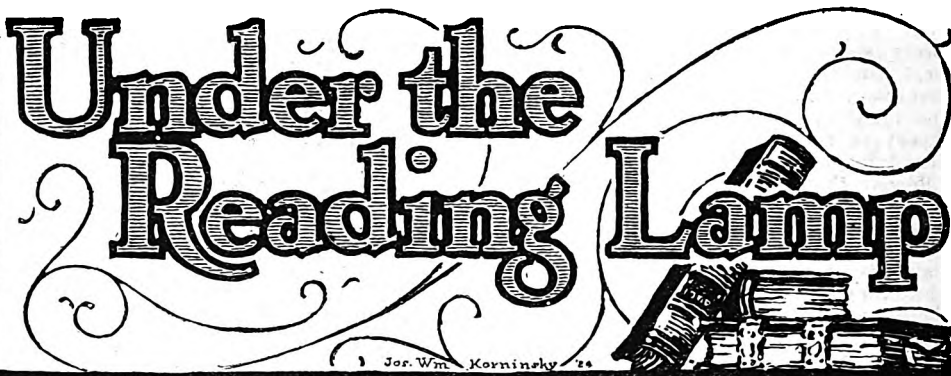
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SEX IN CIVILIZATION. Edited by V. F. Calverton and S. D. Schmalhausen. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. New York: The Macaulay Company. 719 pages. \$5.00.

IT IS difficult to write what one really thinks and feels about the new book, *Sex and Civilization*, without being accused of exaggeration. There is no doubt that we have far too many laws in the United States; but if only one more law were to be passed one might seriously suggest that that law would be to compel every American citizen to read and possess this book.

If every American were to read it thoughtfully, with honest mental receptivity, we might then, perhaps, get on with the real business of living.

The late Harvey J. O'Higgins wrote some years ago a series of articles entitled "What's Wrong with the American Mind." He showed convincingly that what is essentially wrong with it is its false views of sex. Since sex lies at the basis of life, to be wrong about that is to be wrong about everything. Sane thoughts and healthy feelings about sex will lead to sane thoughts and healthy feelings about all the rest of life. And with this fundamental factor of life properly adjusted, in mind and body, the individual, or the nation, is ready to go on about its real business, releasing in fruitful toil the energy that derives from these deep springs of being.

Up till now it has been almost literally impossible for any individual, particularly in the Western Hemisphere, to think sanely and feel wholesomely about sex. We have been under the Taboo, inherited from many sources of our civilization, that makes sex a matter of filth and terror.

All the volumes that have so far been written or compiled seem to have fallen a little, or more than a little, short of *destroying* that Taboo. This book will do it. Ancient, irrational prejudices; subtle but powerful nerve connections that have controlled our thoughts and feelings about sex, will fall before the unanswerable data and logic of this book like unarmed rebels before the whistling fire of machine-guns.

One's only misgiving is that the powers that be—powers of church and state—will sense the dynamite in the volume and suppress it, as has been done with other helpful writings, notably those of Marie Carmichael Stopes and Mary Ware Dennett.

But if you wish to learn the historic biological, sociological, psychological facts about sex, get this book. Read it. Read it aloud to your family and friends. It is dignified, scholarly, chaste, in the best and highest sense of that much abused word. It will clean out your mind, tone up your nerves, strengthen the fibres of soul and body, give you a new outlook on life and unlock hidden sources of energy of which you never suspected yourself to be possessed.

The editors, V. F. Calverton and S. D. Schmalhausen, cannot be too highly praised for the skill with which they have brought together this amazing symposium. Havelock Ellis, saint and dean of the movement for sex sanity, writes a pungent introduction. He unleashes the first volley of the machine-gun fire against the Taboo, by reminding the reader that in the study of sex it is necessary to realize that our era of so-called civilization is after all only a microscopic fraction of the great sweep of Life and that to get anything like a proper balance we must study not only historic man, primitive man, but the animal world back to its first beginnings. We are seen thus to be but a tiny item in a great planetary process, and our Taboo is seen for what it is—an arresting of the straightforward progress of the evolution of Life.

It must not be thought that all the writers of the symposium agree. There are diversities of opinion. But what the book does accomplish is to set minds and emotions free so that facts can be faced. With the Taboo destroyed, Truth has a chance.

Most significant and imperative is the message for parents and teachers. Here the authoritative chapter is by Elizabeth Goldsmith, teacher in the famous Walden school at New York. Miss Goldsmith recounts actual incidents in the teacher-pupil life of that school, showing how scientific truth and

human honesty have relieved the nerves and coordinated the personalities of little people who had been perplexed by the cross currents of life. She advises firmly that in cases where children have been misled by the false standards and teachings of their parents there should be full and definite retraction. "In cases of this kind," she says, "it is essential for parents getting an enlightened point of view to face the child with a definite statement that they feel they were in the wrong and misstated facts." Of almost equal frankness and insight is the chapter on *Sex in the Adolescent Girl* by Phyllis Blanchard, formerly of the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania, now a psychologist at the Philadelphia Child Guidance Clinic.

Robert Briffault writes the chapter on *Sex in Religion*, showing how inextricably sex is entangled with religion, and outlining the sex rituals of primitive faiths. Alexander Goldenwasser writes on *Sex and Primitive Society*. Joseph Jastrow contributes a chapter on *The Implications of Sex*, relating

(Continued on page 78)

UNDERSTANDING OURSELVES (THE FINE ART OF HAPPINESS). By Harold Dearden, of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. New York: Horace Liveright. \$3.00.

WHILE essentially conservative in some points Dr. Dearden's book, *Understanding Ourselves*, is a valuable addition to any psychological library. After discussing the Technique of Life-Control, Dr. Dearden analyzes the nature of reactions, instincts, habit and the emotions. Of special value is the chapters *Running Away from a Weakness*, and *Impulses and Obsessions*. In the latter the author presents charts showing how impulses originate in the physical field, rise to the subconscious, pass up to the conscious and out into activity. In the normally poised individual there is an orderly succession in these processes, whereas in sub-normal or abnormal states, impulses are either inhibited from rising at all, are acted on without due pause for conscious considera-

tion, or else scattered in various unrelated and unproductive acts. Corresponding diagrams in the chapter, *Errors of Reason*, help the individual to check up on his mental processes.

Each chapter closes with a helpful list of test questions and many contain also practical exercises for the student.

Dr. Dearden separates his discussion of sex in a special section of his volume, writing frankly and helpfully, but with not quite the up-to-date point of view as that of most of the writers in the American Symposium, *Sex in Civilization*.

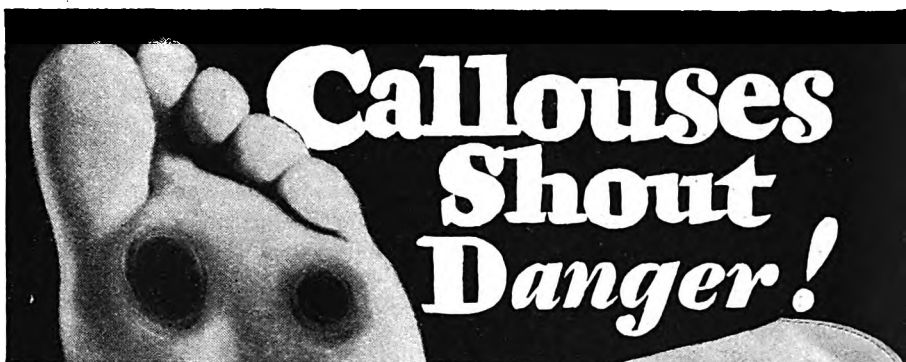
THE EDUCATION OF MENTALLY DEFECTIVE CHILDREN. By Alice Descoeudres. Translated from the second French edition by Ernest F. Row, B. Sc. (Econ.) L. C. P. Price \$2.00.

IN few fields of scientific endeavor has there been more solid accomplishment during the last half century than in that branch of psychology dealing with the education of the sub-normal child. Mlle. Descoeudres' comprehensive survey of the methods and attainments of the modern "special class" in *The Education of Mentally Defective Children*, recently translated into English, makes impressive and optimistic reading.

The author, who is a professor at the J. J. Rousseau Institute at Geneva, was one of the first persons with both scientific training and inclination to undertake the teaching of defective children. For years her name has been familiar to the Continental reading public thru her psychological articles in periodicals. Since its publication in France, *The Education of Mentally Defective Children* has been translated into five European languages and into the Japanese.

Besides describing the various types of special classes and their programs, Mlle. Descoeudres goes into thoro analysis of the various methods employed in training the senses and attention, in teaching handiwork, drawing, speech, reading, spelling and arithmetic, and in physical and moral training. She does not confine herself to any one system of pedagogy, but gives credit to the varied merits of such authorities as Binet, Dalcroze, Decroly, Degand, Demoor, Froebel, Goddard, Heller, Itard, Liebmann, Montessori and Pestalozzi.

The volume is of importance to the teacher of special classes, to the primary grade supervisor, to the superintendent of schools and to the parent of a defective child. It is, indeed, of value to any parent and any educator; for it is recognized that the ingenious educational devices evolved in teaching the defective can be adapted with great success in teaching the normal child.



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A Strong Will

(Continued from page 18)

of the work in hand for its own sake.

Right choice of vocation permitting full self-expression.

Great power of concentration, with exclusion of all matters not to the point.

First regard for principles and ideals, in official and personal life.

Close attention to details, and thoro organization of industrial system.

Habit of getting advice from authorities and associates where needed.

Impartial view and fair estimate of all disputed questions.

Willingness to change methods or decisions if others seem better.

Thoughtful consideration of adverse criticism, for lessons it may contain.

Coolness and quietness under false attacks by rash, ignorant enemies.

Restriction of use of authority or force to cases of absolute necessity.

Guarantee of good will of employees, and of patrons, clients or customers.

Health above the average, with personal knowledge of how to keep it.

Conservation of nerves and emotions to prevent waste of energy.

Ability to relax completely, and forget work in play hours.

Supreme desire to advance the world and make other people happy.

These twenty factors in a strong will are not the only ones, but any human being who combines them all is going to succeed quickly and tremendously. To arrive anywhere, one first needs to know the lay of the land. This appears above. Outline precedes output.

Let us now get action. Somebody may want to ask "How can I develop a strong will?" The complete answer would fill a book, yet a few practical

suggestions may open the way to a fine start. The suggestion to use first is that which appeals to you most.

1. Read again the list of twenty factors above, and check those you feel you lack. Pick out the one you regard most important on the checked list. Then plan how to incorporate and utilize it fully.

2. Make a list of several things you personally and specially want to do, have or be—the objects ultimate, or immediate, or both. Select the one object you believe you can realize most surely and quickly. Then figure out methods to get results, and put them into practice.

3. Go to a large bookstore and ask to see the standard volumes on applied psychology, particularly those including the subject of will power. Buy and study the book that seems to answer your needs most suitably.

4. Get acquainted with the world's most famous men, to find how they met and solved problems and difficulties like yours. Their biographies or autobiographies should be available at any public library, and are usually classified on a shelf by themselves. A consultation with the librarian costs nothing, and may be worth a great deal.

5. Join a local or national association of the people prominent in your line of work. Their example in forging ahead should be a source of encouragement, impetus and information.

6. Do more of what you can do best, and resolve to become an authority on this department of industry. Either at home or in your place of work you should be the recognized expert in at

least one phase of activity. That recognition will mean superiority, opportunity, advancement, with ultimate rewards most satisfying.

7. Form a daily habit of operating a scientific schedule, with tabulation of events listed and posted. Whatever should ensue on time should be done exactly on time, yet without overburdening the memory. The standard schedule fixes determination, guarantees execution.

8. Proceed to exercise the will by maintaining control of the tongue—a rare gift. Decide for one day to say only pleasant things. Another day, talk as little as possible. Another day, be a studious, cooperative and responsive listener. Focusing the mind on the appropriate kind and amount of speech is an act of beneficial self-assertion, and of noble charity. A curb on loquacity is a boon to any community.

9. Eat plenty of organic iron. A large supply of it in the blood helps to make a "man of iron," with purpose unbreakable. Spinach, cabbage, raisins, other fresh foods laden with iron should be in the regular diet. Concentrated extracts of vegetable iron, available at modern drug stores and health food stores, are often good for brain as well as blood.

10. Resolve to do something desirable that looks impossible. Most great men start that way—and find the unattainable was merely the unattempted. The certainty of being able to do what no one ever did before is crowning proof that we have a strong will.

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He Built a Half Billion Dollars on a Dime

(Continued from page 22)

With the \$1,000 profit safely in the bank, Winter put thru several other minor deals, each of which netted him a profit. He was operating in the Washington Heights district of New York, which is far uptown. A good class of office workers and sub-executives lived in this section. Winter's theory, even then, was that it is best to deal with those people who have money. He never bought or leased an apartment house, for instance, unless it had an elevator in it.

Winter admits laughingly that "he almost always bit off more than he could chew." It was necessary to borrow on almost every piece of property he bought and meeting these obligations became a daily problem. With another man, who worked for him, he would

rush around to the apartment houses he owned or leased and collect enough rent to meet these obligations as they fell due. Somehow he always was able to do this.

After operating in this section for a while he cast his eyes toward a district on Broadway farther downtown. Here lived a more substantial group of citizens. He broadened out and bought up more apartment houses. All of these were income-paying properties.

But as he went into better localities and bought more expensive property, his obligations increased. The amounts of his incomes from rentals increased, but it seemed that such income was always just enough to pay his debts to banks which had loaned him the money to carry thru the deals.

"I always had my eye on Fifth Avenue," he says, "for I knew that there were big profits awaiting me. You cannot make the entire leap at once. It was while I was operating on Broadway that I built the foundation for the bigger deals to come. I knew they would come."

His biggest deal came about this time. He bought a piece of property facing Central Park, known as the "Spanish Flats." These were the first high-class apartments in New York and were built in 1881, the year of Winter's birth. They cost him \$7,000,000. He cut the property into three parcels and made a big profit.

He invaded the Broadway White Light District and bought the Claridge Hotel, famed thruout the country.

And gradually as his operations increased, worries over his obligations that were falling due, stopped. His income reached handsome proportions.

Then he struck! This was five years ago and he started a series of realty manipulations on exclusive Fifth Avenue that sent his name across the country.

Speaking of his Fifth Avenue deals, Mr. Winter said:

"People, hearing that I paid \$4,000,000 for the Vanderbilt property, and other large sums for property on upper Fifth Avenue, tell me I am playing with dynamite. They say 'there is a peak. There is a point of saturation. Things cannot go on.'

"That's what they tell me. And I know they are all wrong. I know there is no such thing as a peak in the real estate business. As the wealth of the country increases, prices will mount. They cannot help doing so. The time will come when a \$4,000,000 purchase will be very small indeed.

"The same alarming things were said about 'peaks' and 'saturation' as far back as 1801, when \$28,000 was paid for a corner on lower Fifth Avenue."

Now property on upper Fifth Avenue is probably the most valuable property in the world. Tell me this: Why are diamonds worth so much? Why is gold worth so much? Isn't it because there is so little of it? If there were many diamonds, they would not cost so much, you may be sure. So it is with the property on Fifth Avenue. Present city restrictions prevent business going beyond Fifty-ninth street. But business is gradually forging up that way. It really has only a few blocks to go before it is stopped by these restrictions. You can count on the fingers of one hand the properties available in any large quantities in that section. The rest is tied up in long leases.

"One of the chief difficulties of most men is that they become easily discouraged," he says. "Of course, it is wise to know your own limitations. But when you feel you are right, when you have made a thoro study of the field—whatever it is—don't let anyone stop you. Stick to what you start.

"I think that the finest asset of anyone in business is the goodwill a man builds up among his friends and business associates. Reputation is all important. It is as important as refusing to become discouraged when things seem to go against you. I know this sounds well and is difficult to follow, but what I want to impress upon the young man is that unless you do follow it you will not succeed. I know many real estate men who finding themselves heavily invested in property, become panicky. They can only think of what they might lose. Once I found myself with \$1,400,000 invested in some property in cash. I saw no immediate

Strengthen Your Nerves

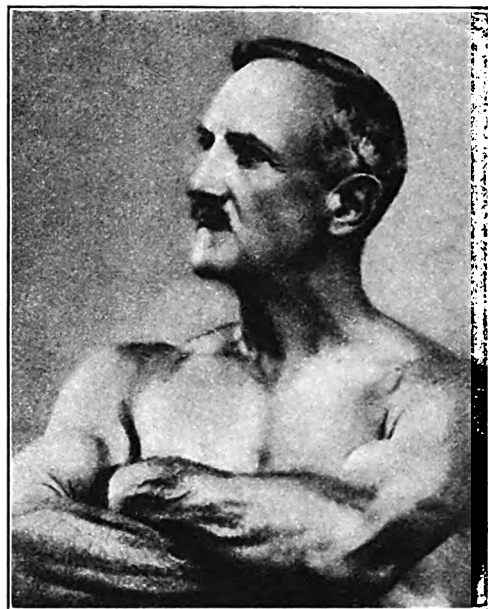
Life is torture if one's nerves are deranged. That is the reason thousands of Neurasthenics commit suicide. Nervousness is the direct cause of most human ailments, especially nervous indigestion, and auto-intoxication, for the abdominal organs are the first to suffer through nervousness.

A Sound Mind

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PAUL VON BOECKMANN

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

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• • •

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Why Be Poor?

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outlet for it. Had I become panicky and sold and taken the loss I would have missed the nice profit I made some time later merely because I hung on.

"I think it is also necessary for a man to live a clean life if he is to succeed. This, too, sounds like a bromide, but do not minimize its importance. The private life of a man is reflected in his dealings with others.

"Laziness is the thing that gets most men. They make a flying start, accumulate probably \$30,000 or \$40,000—then become lazy. They should realize this is just a start. It is the point at which they should hunch up their shoulders so to speak, and plunge in all the harder until they come to their final pinnacle of success. Their temporary success goes to their heads and blinds them to the better things that might follow if they made intelligent use of their start.

"People ask me if all young men should aim to go into business for themselves. I cannot say. Probably not every man is equipped to do so. I believe everyone who thinks he has this ability, who believes down in his heart that he has, should give himself the chance. But before he goes in he should have laid a foundation of knowledge about that field that is as sure as day and night.

"Employers should recognize the worth of their faithful employees. Some-time circumstances will not always allow a man to go out for himself. He spends the best years of his life in the service of another. Would I not be wrong if I did not recognize it in some substantial way?

"I am not advising young men to go

into the real estate business any more than into any other business—tho I do think that it is the safest one in the world. But not everyone is interested in it, and unless your heart is in your work, you are handicapped.

"Of course the situation in real estate is different in New York, but the same theory applies everywhere. Other American cities are growing and their business districts are spreading out. Study the field. See which way it is growing.

"I do not put much faith in so-called 'booms.' The property you invest in, especially if you are a small investor, should be income-producing property. Practically all the property I buy is income-producing. If you want to gamble, there is Wall Street, Monte Carlo or the race track. Those are the places for gamblers, certainly not the real estate business.

"When I am thinking of investing in real estate, the first thing I consider is location, if the property is stable, if the neighborhood will change for better or worse, whether the development has been slow or rapid. If I am in doubt about any of these I do not buy. If I am sure of the answers I buy unhesitatingly.

"If you seek success in almost any field you must specialize. In the real estate field, confine your work to a particular section of your home town. Know every foot of it."

Life to Winter would be drab indeed without big realty deals to handle, but he would be happy in the mere knowledge that he is helping others in time of need. You do not need to talk with him long to know that.

Not long ago a relative of the realty man married and he gave a big party for the bridal couple at an exclusive hotel.

Among the guests was Henry, Winter's chauffeur, in evening clothes, and Mrs. Winter's maid, also in evening apparel—dancing away and enjoying themselves heartily!

Winter gives a party every year for everyone who works for him. To these affairs come all the workers, even to the firemen and the scrubwomen of his hotels and apartment buildings. And Winter mingles with them because he is happy when he is doing that.

Close associates tell me he has not changed at all since the days when he was struggling. He still enjoys the company of those with whom he comes in daily contact, regardless of their so-called station in life.

Winter, a muscular man, is an admirer of the prize ring, and frequently may be seen at boxing exhibitions. On many of these occasions his companion is Henry.

Once Henry accompanied Winter and several friends of the latter to a prize fight. Suddenly one of the wealthy friends noticed that Henry was in the box with them.

"Say Ben," he whispered, "do you know Henry is with us."

"Yes," Winter replied a bit sharply, "I know he is with us. He is my guest. If you don't like it you had better leave."

After all, is his success so surprising? The difference between him and others in his line of business, most of them at least, is that he is "not just in the real estate game."

Black Treasure

(Continued from page 40)

Robin—Ned straightened with the thought. "Robin,"—was that the name of the gun-boat? A moment to don a pair of shoes and pick up the revolver on the table. He stole quietly, but rapidly, down the stairs. Silly ass that he had been—was he too late now?

He left the house, making straight for the wharf. His pace increased to a dead run as his feet struck the plank-ing. He dashed to the water's edge, searching for the two lurking shadows.

A rippling of the water a few feet from the wharf, a black head on the surface. Ned called out in the native tongue, "Come back! I will shoot. Don't go near that gun-boat."

The ripples stopped. A black head floated slowly with the current across the moonlit path and down-river into the shadows.

Ned, finger on the trigger of his revolver, crept slowly along the edge of

the wharf. One more shadow to be accounted for! At the end of the pier a slinking figure cowered behind a cotton bale. As Ned came nearer, the native lowered one foot into the water, then the other and then floundered in completely. Ned sprang to the spot, but a few ripples on the water were all he saw. The native had swum underneath the wharf where he could hold to a pile until the coast was clear of prying foreigners and he could swim to shore.

Ned examined the interiors of the sampans tied to the wharf. No sweeps were in them, but a floor-board would do as a paddle for the short distance he had to go. He untied one, sprang in and paddled vigorously.

It was hard work to keep from floating down stream with the slow but inexorable current. But he more than held his own.

The bow light of the little gun-boat glowed peacefully. The watch was a sleepy one to-night for no hail challenged Ned as his sampan drew close.

"Ahoy, there—gun-boat," he called. No answer.

"Ahoy, there, gun-boat!" he shouted.

A sleepy voice replied, "Ahoy yourself—who the hell are you?"

"Customs officer. What's the name of your old boat?"

Ned stopped paddling and waited, breathless, for the reply. Was he right or wrong? He would soon know now.

"Blime, I allus answers polite questions. This be His Majesty's pride and joy—the Robin."

Ned could have shouted. Tommy had not been talking nonsense. "Well, wake up your captain. I want a look. You're running opium."

A pleasant voice supplanted that of the sailor. "The Captain has been

awakened, and you may look all you jolly well want. I wouldn't be surprised to find opium in my pockets or stuffed up my nose. Chinese genius is superlative."

Ned's sampan grated alongside. He stepped onto the low deck and introduced himself.

The *Robin*—the hop—now for the tail!

A lantern was lit and placed in Ned's hand. He led the way to the stern and swung the lantern slowly over the surface of the water. Nothing!

The Captain was pleasantly sarcastic. "Maybe the Customs officers are more inventive than the Chinese themselves."

Ned placed the lantern on the deck and, with a hand on the projecting rudder-post, lowered himself into the river. Taking a deep breath, and retaining his grip on the rudder-post, he ducked under the sloping stern.

Feeling with his free hand every inch of the steel bottom within reach, he sought for some projection, some foreign matter that did not belong there. But vainly! He came up for air and tried again, with the same barren results.

Hanging to the rudder-post, he rested, spirits downcast. Nothing at the *Robin's* tail. Tommy had been off, then.

In the lantern-light, the grin of the British officer was plainly perceptible. His soft voice suggested gently, "Bit early for a morning plunge, old top. Better give it up."

Ned could have wept. A wild-geese chase, after all! He caught hold of the edge of the deck and pulled himself up. One foot sought the top edge of the submerged rudder to provide a solid place from which to raise himself. His foot found it but slid off its slippery surface. There was a sharp pain between his toes as if a wire had been jerked between them.

He reached down. There *was* a wire. A pull—the wire gave slowly, as if weighted on the end.

Holding it tightly in his hand, Ned braced his foot again on the rudder and scrambled to the deck.

"Got it!" Hand over hand, he reeled in the wire. Peering over the stern, three eager pairs of eyes saw a dark object come slowly to the surface of the water.

They lifted it out. It struck the steel deck with a metallic sound. An old five-gallon oil tin!

"Hermetically sealed. And full to the brim with prepared opium, or I miss my guess," Ned exclaimed.

The sailor brought a hatchet and cut loose the top. Fifteen smaller cans filled the container. A quantity of loose iron weighted the tin to prevent the contrivance from floating.

Ned spoke, "A small fortune here—and," he added, a little maliciously, "all brought to town under the protection of His Majesty's man-of-war."

The Captain grinned. "They must have hitched it on last night. My mess boy is probably in on this and he knew we were coming here tonight. Well—one on His Majesty, and one on me. These natives and their opium philandering beat the devil. A good haul for you, old fellow, isn't it?"

"Yes—very. I can leave this with you till morning, can't I, Captain?"

"Certainly. I'll give it personal supervision till you call."

Ned stepped into the sampan and, saying a good-night, paddled to shore.

Hope stirred within his breast. Tommy had not been delirious. Perhaps he was not as ill as the doctor thought. Maybe the news of this catch would help.

Ned made for the hospital as quickly as his feet would take him. The doctor, pajama-clad, lay stretched out in a long chair in the front room.

"Been looking for you, Ned. Where have you been?"

Ned's heart stood still.

The doctor continued, "Tommy's taken a turn for the better. I believe he's going to pull thru. He's awake now and asking for you. Go on in."

Ned, momentarily stunned with joy, did not move until the doctor had arisen and, sympathetically, slapped him on the back. Then he softly pushed open the door, entered, and walked over to the side of the cot. The pale, thin face of his friend looked calmer, more real.

The eyes opened. A faint smile twitched the corners of the mouth and a voice whispered, "Get it, Ned?"

"Yes, old boy."

"Well done. Afraid you wouldn't understand. Words wouldn't come."

"Well, don't talk now, Tommy. We've got the whole opium cache, and it's home for us as soon as you can toddle. I wish you would tell me. Where in the world did you get the hunch?"

Tommy grinned—something like his old-time grin. "You know the Chinaman who—helps the—doctor?"

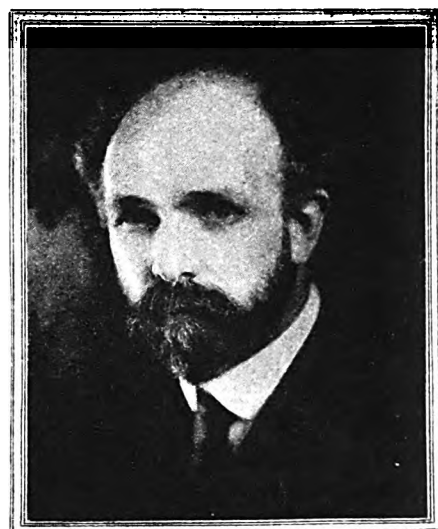
"Yes."

"He runs this end of the smuggling. Morphine—doped me—but heard him talking out the window to a pal." Tommy's voice was tiring and Ned tried to stop his talking. Tommy, nevertheless, finished what he had to say. "Wasn't sure—I wasn't—dreaming—tho—till now."

Ned laid his hand on his friend's arm. The doctor entered and stood at the foot of the cot, beaming.

"No more talking, now. Get out, Ned."

Ned and Tommy exchanged one long look of understanding and Ned went.



How to Speak and Write Masterly English

Thousands of persons make little mistakes in their everyday English and don't know it. As a result of thousands of tests, Sherwin Cody found that the average person is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English. In a five-minute conversation or in an average one-page letter, from five to fifty errors will appear. It is surprising how many experienced stenographers fall in spelling such common words as "business," "abbreviate," etc. It is astonishing how many business men say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me," and use "who" for "whom," and mispronounce the simplest words. Few know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," whether to spell words with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION

Mr. Cody has specialized in English for the past twenty years. But instead of going along in the old way he has applied scientific principles to teaching the correct use of our language. He made tens of thousands of tests of his various devices before inventing his present method. In all his tests he found that the trouble with the old methods is that points learned do not stick in the mind. In school you were asked to remember rules, and if you forgot the rules you never could tell what was right and what was wrong. For years Mr. Cody has studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. As a result of his experience he evolved his wonderful new

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Dangers of Sympathy

(Continued from page 19)

brood with your friend the deeper his gloom will be and the harder to shake off. A better type of friendship is shown in the effort to cheer and a determination to overcome the difficulty or grief as quickly as possible. Do all you can for him, but do not drift into despondency with him. If you can do nothing actually helpful, at least save yourself from his plight.

The danger is even greater when you are on the "receiving end." Many people have been literally sympathized into helplessness. If you succeed in getting everyone about you to feeling sorry for you, that success is a dismal failure. Constant sympathy inhibits, shackles your powers. It stupefies your mind, weakens your fighting spirit, and makes you feel utterly dependent.

Thank your friends for their solicitude and consolation, but do not let it steep you deeper in the blues. If the cause of your grief is irreparable, the quicker you dispel the gloom the better. Ultimately, that is all there is to do. Why not do it quickly and save time, health and nervous energy?

Don't be too much influenced by

promiscuous sympathy. There are people who sympathize better than they



The shortest letter was accompanied by a \$50 check.

do anything else. They are usually weak and inefficient themselves, and

if you listen to them too often they gradually "drug" you into the same condition. As I have said, true sympathy is a wonderful thing; but it depends on the sympathizer and on the cause. Solicitude from the chronic, purring sympathizer who never has been known actually to help anyone will do you more harm than good.

To be a sympathy-seeker is to handcuff yourself. And it is not at all difficult to get into that frame of mind. The more sympathy we get the more we want—every time. Our feelings become so "tender" that we can get along only with our relatives and closest friends. Suggestions from them develop into auto-suggestion, and we come to believe ourselves terribly unfortunate.

"Gird up your loins," and refuse to be petted into such an inferiority complex. If you would not let anyone put your perfectly sound right arm in a sling, don't let anyone hand you crutches for your mind. Unused powers atrophy, and nothing could more rapidly hasten the weakness than auto-suggestion of the wrong kind—that which is born of constant, often causeless sympathy.

Don't Be Afraid of Fear

(Continued from page 26)

That put up to him the problem: How could he, a coward, become a brave man? For an answer he sought out a man who was conspicuous for the very qualities he lacked, a very rough customer who was a great success in the prize ring.

"Do you want to get shocked?" asked the ring gentleman. "Well, I'll tell you the truth; you ain't the only coward; I'm a coward myself."

Whereupon he expounded his rough theory of courage. Every human being, in his opinion, is a natural-born coward. If he isn't afraid of one thing he is afraid of something else. There is nothing to be ashamed of in being afraid; therefore, it's what you do *after* you're afraid that counts. In other words, can you control those visceral reactions?

In the prize ring the man who does not feel fear lacks imagination, fire and energy, and is likely to lose against the man who feels fear, and who uses it as a whip to drive him into extremes of energetic action of which he would not, in a more placid mood, be capable. His fear becomes ferocity, if you will.

The prize-fighter illustrated his point by an example: "Suppose you are crossing a street; and suddenly you see a street car coming at you full-tilt. It's all but on top of you already. Do you

jump? You do. You jump harder, further, and quicker than you would have thought possible. Why? Simply by being scared out of your skin. You save you life by being scared; but not too scared. If you were too scared, you'd be paralysed."

That was as far as the prize-fighter could carry his notion. But the troubled young man seized on it avidly. It flashed upon him that here was the key. Evidently this prize-fighter did one thing with his fears, while he, the coward, did the exact opposite with his.

Fear, he reasoned, has a definite and limited function. That function is to stick a pin, so to speak, into the most fundamental of our instincts, self-preservation. Having, by so doing, riveted the attention on the problem at hand, it retires to the background, and makes way for courage, which is the quality that plays positive to its negative.

Fear, in short, is to the finished picture in the mind what a photographic negative is to the picture that can be printed from it. Fear is a negative, and it is therefore exactly the reverse of the result it is intended to produce. The light strikes thru it, and creates upon the mind the positive image of the thing to be done. That is the purpose of Fear; that is its only purpose. If

it goes beyond that purpose, it becomes a destructive agent, a perversion. If it functions as it should, it instantly releases into the blood hormones that prepare the body and the mind for action. The adrenals, for instance, pour into the blood a secretion that stimulates the physiologic functions tremendously, strengthens the muscles, tautens the nerves, sharpens the mind, and instantly creates a fighting psychology.

Fear is the first startling image of the thing *not* desired. The blacks are white and the whites are black. It is there to be translated into positives of action. The simple fact that it represents the thing *not* desired is what makes it horrible, and makes any continued contemplation of it as destructive and unnerving as any other contemplation of evil.

The fear of losing is also the desire to win; but the outcome depends on which of the two images one keeps in one's mind—the pale and ghastly negative, with its white shadows and its black sunlight—or the normal vision of reality seen coolly thru normal eyes. To fear without courage is literally to see things as they are not.

The common phrase "cast out fear" has a deep psychological significance. Always the body tends to translate into action whatever thing is suggested by

the most vivid picture conceived at the moment by the imagination. Another way to put it is to say that the image tends to realize itself. Therefore if the picture of the thing *not* desired is held in the imagination only long enough to be recognized as undesirable, and then literally "cast out" by substituting in its stead a vivid picture of the thing desired, then all the life processes of both mind and body are automatically set in motion toward the accomplishment of the thing desired. A constructive has been substituted for a destructive process by the simple expedient of reversing the image. Fear has been translated into courage and its natural outcome of defeat has been turned into victory.

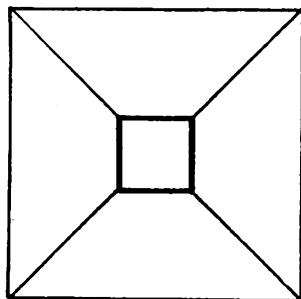
Thus Fear is a kind of Medusa head. According to the old Greek myth, any man who looked on the face and snaky locks of the Medusa turned to stone. But Perseus, who knew the art of Courage, and who apparently knew also that an image seen in a glass is always reversed, resorted to a simple and obvious expedient. He attacked the Medusa in much the same way that a man attacks his beard in a mirror. Looking steadfastly, not at her, but at her reflection in his polished shield, he shaved off her ugly head.

Was the Medusa a symbol of the Fear that turns men to stone? Did the ancient wisdom go that deep? Perhaps. Truth, when you find it pictured in world literature, is a thing of amazing and unlimited implications.

But now comes the practical ques-

tion. Granting all these things are so, can the imagination, in point of fact, actually perform the feat of reversing an image that is already in the mind? Can it change any image in the mind?

Well, try this simple test, and then answer the question for yourself: Draw on a bit of paper, two squares, a small one in a large one, and connect each corner of the small square with the nearest corner of the big square, thus:



Now which are you looking at? Are you looking into the big end of a long, flat-sided funnel, or is it the small end of the funnel pointing at you? Either, of course! And if you make the effort with your imagination, you can change the picture back and forth, making it first one thing and then the other. Well, in the case of Fear, you have something like that, only the picture has rounded sides. Fear is the muzzle of a big gun, pointing straight at you. Courage is the same gun with you behind the big end of it. It's a gun you can shoot with. Take your choice.

Make Nature Serve You

(Continued from page 45)

work has a truly psychological reaction. The feeling of strong, physical fitness is a good foundation on which to build self-reliance.

In dealing with the young, even in kindergarten work, the surprising value not only of suggestion, but of self-suggestion, should be understood. Children can be taught to give themselves great aid in acquiring a command of their mental and physical forces.

I have already indicated with adequate clearness the methods by which this can be done. To repeat, let me say that they consist essentially of affirmations, which affirmations require to be chosen and worded in a most careful way. The child's mind is like a surface of wax upon which we can readily trace ineffaceable characters. First impressions are not easily obliterated, but they can be essentially modified, and thru careful handling by a master of the art, can be converted into representations of a pleasing nature.

Early in life one should learn to rely

upon one's self. This is more important than all else. It does not mean that the student should spurn all recorded experience and build from the ground upwards of material wholly his own; but it does mean that alleged truths should be laid before him and he be encouraged to believe that his own growing powers are to work these over, as a miner might sort his ore, to obtain, not all the values, but those best suited to the purpose in hand. Likewise should his developing mind return again and again for further truths, just as the miner, when he has learned a new process of treatment for his ore, returns to work over that which he originally discarded.

In order that he be established in self-reliance he should be taught to reiterate daily a self-assurance of power to do anything to which he may set his rational and intuitive powers. He is to say, "What has been done can be done. I can and I will." We are all far too willing to accept the discoveries of others as ultimate truths

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and to build our hopes and our conduct upon them. We should do well to know that a truth is never seen in all its fullness. It is many-sided. Hence, it will grow upon us as our point of view changes until it appears to be entirely transformed. Besides, we ourselves are continually changing. I do not look at truth thru the same eyes today that I did some months ago—nor do you. In a few years appearances will be still further changed. But our confidence should never waver. Let us impress upon ourselves a conviction that our states of consciousness are mere points of contact. There is no stagnation. The stream flows onward and still onward. The power to take of the things offered us and work them up into in-

dividual experience is within us, and the supply is limited only by our needs and our willingness to use.

When a man has passed beyond middle life he is quite likely to distrust his power of further development. We are sometimes told by overwise savants that the mind cannot add to its store a single new idea after it has passed the age of thirty-three years. But this cannot be true. Facts are more reliable than theories. A man does not have to work over old ideas exclusively, no matter what his age. Growth of the mind does not stop with increase of brain weight. To be sure, if a man handicap his powers by a conviction that they have reached their limit and must thereafter begin to decline, ex-

perience will conform thereto. I wonder what our friend Thomas A. Edison would have to say about this. I am sure he has developed many very new ideas since he was thirty-three. And he is still at it. Let the middle-aged and the old affirm daily, and with intensity and faith, that their mental powers cannot be defined in chronological terms, and they will continue to grow. The only limits set to our powers are those that we ourselves establish. The physical must ultimately decay, but the true ego will live on, and its powers, tho conditioned in point of manifestation by the flesh, shall move in endless cycles of development and be as lasting as the universe of which itself is an epitome.

He Gets What He Wants

(Continued from page 35)

furniture house. They had a second-hand sale the next day."

Out of the ashes of his studio grew another artistic desire—that of becoming an actor. Belleville High School was putting on *Peg of My Heart*, a professional director was in charge and Machamer was Aleric de Chester, the lead. The play did not call for a dress suit but Jeff's desire to be an actor was conditioned by the overwhelming wish to appear in society's most formal attire. He decided to wear one anyway. After a long search he discovered that the only owner of such an outfit in Belleville was the undertaker, so he wired a college friend to send him a dress suit—indicating no special size. But a dress suit came and on the day of the performance came the college friend also—back for his high school's annual gala evening. Etiquette books must have been as rare as dress suits in Belleville because just before curtain time he saw young Machamer in his dressing-room regally outfitted in a coat several sizes too large, trousers at least one size too small, brown bell-toed shoes and a red tie!

"You must have white gloves," quoth the college friend. At that time Machamer had the job in the hardware store around the corner and he recalled they sold harvester's gloves—white. A search revealed none in stock, but he found a pair of white double-thumbed mittens with which he completed his costume and Belleville beheld its hero thusly! But he got a job in a stock company as a result and played two years.

"The first cartoon I ever made was of Roosevelt." Machamer laughed, "I tried to copy Ding. I drew a picture of Roosevelt smoking a cigar that was burned down nearly to the end. To a card nailed, in true Ding-like style, to the ashes was inscribed: Third Term.

The cartoon was labelled, 'He'll Get Burned.' I sent it to the *Denver Post* and searched the papers each day for three years for its appearance—but it never appeared."

The Belleville High School Annual was responsible for Machamer's first job as a cartoonist. He was only art director of the Annual, but the young lady editor was so engrossed in the fittings for her graduation frocks that she left most of the work to him. It was necessary for him to put his initials on each page O. K'd for the printer and when the 160-page book appeared there were the letters "J. M." clearly typed on every page. The class was in arms: they were determined to believe that he wished to take the credit not only for the cartoons but the writing as well. The *Belleville Telescope* reproduced a page from the Annual which attracted the attention of Wesley Stout of the *Kansas City Star*. He showed them to the art director who wrote the paper asking who the James Montgomery Flaggish artist was.

"He wanted samples of my work," said Machamer, "but I had no samples. I made a hasty collection of James Montgomery Flagg's cartoons, a few of Frank Godwin's, Ding's and Briggs' and sent them to *Star* with this note: 'I am sorry I have no samples of my own work, but I can draw like these—only better.' The Art Director wrote back: 'They're good, but we need samples of your work.' I copied each of the cartoons and returned them to the *Star*. I got the job.

"Father accompanied me to Kansas City where I was offered \$25.00 a week to start, but father refused to let me have that much money. They cut it to \$15 and I worked a year on that salary."

While he was with the *Star* Machamer wrote what he considered a series

of serious articles depicting Belleville and its leading citizens. It was not until he made a short visit home and found he was most unwelcome by his former friends that the truth dawned upon him—they were burlesques and the *Star* was publishing them because of their obvious humor. "It's the last time I ever went to Belleville," he told me.

Ernest Hemingway and Machamer became close friends while they were both on the *Star*. A call came for ambulance drivers in the Italian army during the war and they tried to enroll. Hemingway was taken but the budding artist turned down. "I have never seen Hemingway since—except a picture of him in the movies long ago at the time he was hurt in Italy, the first American to be wounded at the Italian front."

Casting about for something to quell his disappointment Machamer decided he needed academic training in writing. The University of Nebraska with its School of Journalism was alluring; and besides, Monty Munn and Wayne, the great football stars, were students there. The three had grown up together and Monty had fought all of the now famous artist's childhood scraps.

"I never made that football team with Monty and Wing but I was on the scrub team and I played the saxophone in the band. Dean Fogg, former editor of the *New York Sun*, was head of the Journalism School. I entered his class on the first day of the semester and when it was past time for the lecture to begin and no one else had come I enquired of the Dean as to whether I was in the wrong room. 'No,' he replied, 'I think you are the only student in the School of Journalism this semester.' I stayed in college two years, but I don't feel the university got much out of it."

Machamer was one of the editors of

the *Daily Nebraskan* and wrote editorials and a column which he called "Nuthin' P'tic'lar," which he compared favorably—in his own mind at least—with F. P. A.'s of the *New York World*. "I didn't have a date the entire time I was in college. I really was afraid of girls and never liked them until I began to draw them and found out how really human they were—and nice."

But he couldn't forget the idea that he should be in the Army and eventually joined by passing an examination to draw maps. He was chosen for a Manœuvring Officers' School and never got farther than Nebraska, but the chief record he left behind was that he was the best dressed soldier in the army. He had his uniforms tailor-made with low collars similar to those worn by ambulance drivers; but this didn't last long. He was soon ordered to wear the ordinary uniform—and this spoiled a lot of the fun. He returned to Nebraska University after the Armistice was signed but soon went back to the *Star*. The first of his cartoons which attracted any attention was that of a lady street-car conductor. Because of this his salary was raised to \$25.00. But an advertising agency had realized his ability and offered him a good job with a higher salary than the *Star* was paying him. When that paper heard of the offer it matched the increase, but again the agency topped their offer, and again the *Star* met the figure. As a final result of Machamer's dickering his weekly pay check read \$40.00!

When he did leave the *Star* it was for a job with the Hall Engraving Company—doing greeting cards. Then came his big chance—to go to New York and do cartoons for President Harding's campaign at a salary of \$150 a week! Small city and small salary were forever to be left behind and only big things would count now.

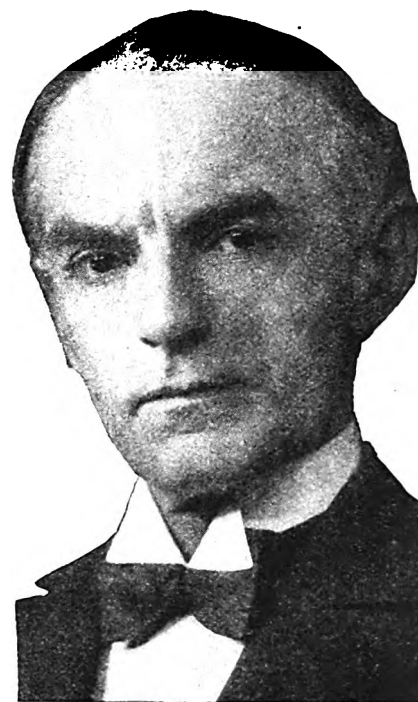
"But when I got to New York those big things didn't come off per schedule," Machamer said. "The job wasn't quite ready but I understood it was only a matter of a few days' wait." The young

man from the West arrived in Grand Central Terminal laden down with three small cases, a box of paints, two drawing boards, paper "borrowed" from the *Star*, typewriter, golf clubs and two handbags. "I occupied most of the smoker," laughed the artist. "I gave the porter a dime for carrying all my possessions, and he looked at me, 'I guess all you left in the West was your home.' I gave him another dime."

Machamer lived at the Belmont nearly a month and altho his money was about gone his job still wasn't ready. He didn't worry, and when the friend who had been instrumental in getting him to come to New York suggested that they take an apartment together on Park Avenue he readily acquiesced. "He assured me the job would be ready soon, but a week or two after we were established palatially in the city's fashionable residential street my friend disappeared and I learned that the job had disappeared with him. And here was I with no money and a lease on a Park Avenue apartment."

The movies at Thirty-fourth Street and Third Avenue afforded him shelter at nights and he lived on chocolate-covered peanuts. Every morning about five o'clock he would sneak back to the apartment to see if any enlightening mail had arrived. "To this day I cannot stand the sight of peanuts with chocolate coats. Just offer them to me and see what happens. I was up against it for sure. I tried half-heartedly to find work, but I didn't know much about the city and getting jobs. One morning a notice of a telegram was at the apartment. I waited impatiently until the telegraph office opened—it was from Woody Morrison of the *New York Tribune*. He had a job waiting for me. I had fifteen cents in my pocket when I called on him. I thought I'd ask for a salary of \$25 a week but decided it was better to leave it up to him—and he started me at \$50."

W. O. McGeehan was managing editor of the *Tribune* at that time and he was keenly interested in Machamer's



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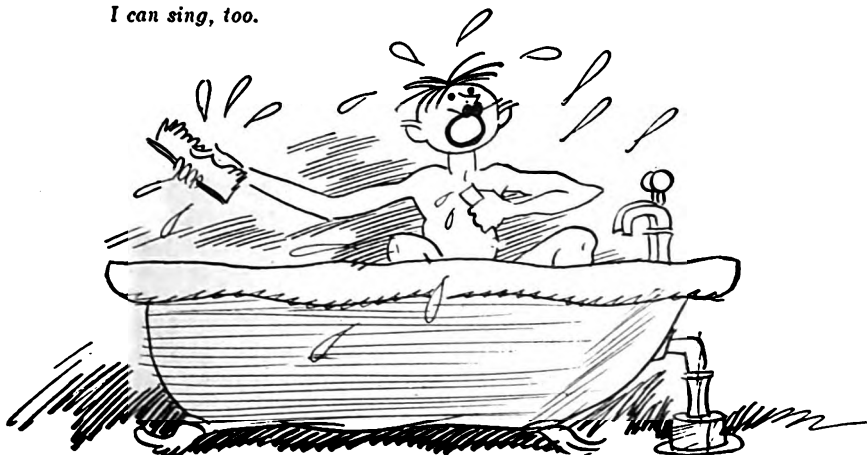
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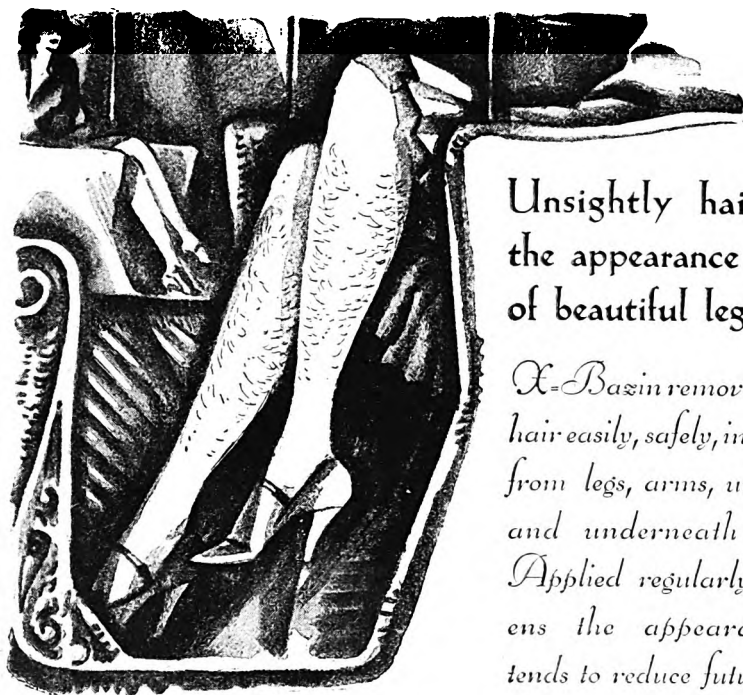
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work. He needed a new feature in dramatic cartooning and Machamer filled the bill. He did another feature called, "East Side, West Side, Around the Town," with Fairfax Downey. Another part of his job was to do a half-page for the Sunday Tribune to consist of side-lights on current drama. Because of one cartoon which caused a great deal of favorable comment McGeehan offered him a contract at \$100 a week. The next editor was not particularly convinced of the possibilities of his work and he lost his job. Aaron's Advertising Agency offered him a position to draw men's fashions. The first week he made \$180 because of the Christmas rush.

"But I failed eventually on that job. The agency gave me the Bamburger account, which was one of their biggest. I was afraid of it. I had never done so big a job and I put it off from day to day and fooled my time away doing comics. When the last day came and they found I hadn't even started they fired me. 'You'll never be a commercial artist because you're not good enough. You had better keep to comics. Take them to Judge'."

Judge paid \$375 for five of the seven cartoons Machamer took to the art editor on that first visit. For three weeks after that he sold them none and he was getting discouraged when he learned that the art editor was away. On his return Machamer was offered a regular job at \$125 a week! He started in doing cartoons for the dramatic page, "Laughs from the Shows," and eventually took over the "Judge, Jr.," editorial. Hearst was attracted by Machamer's sensitive humor and asked him to do the art work on a strip he was about to launch. Machamer objected to working with another person, and conceived the idea of "Petting Patty," which pleased Mr. Hearst, and he offered him a contract at a prodigious figure. The strip appears daily in many papers across the country, and on the heels of that followed the full page in colors for Sunday which was even a larger contract.

Writing is the most pleasing means of expression to this versatile young man who can also sing and dance—according to his friends. He works like a man in a factory. He has everything scheduled and he wastes no time thinking about what he has to do next. He works with the same clock-like precision with which he did his three jobs in high school. His syndicate material for Hearst consists of four pictures daily and eighteen for the Sunday page, which takes three days every week. His two editorial features and his cartoons for *Judge* occupy a day and a half weekly, and in another day he does the odd jobs—working for *Liberty*, *Collier's* and other publications. He must see at least four shows every week, visit

night clubs occasionally, and he always reads current news—for comment in his pages. One day a week he does anything he likes—it is usually spent in reading mystery novels, which average about three a week.

Such a prodigious amount of work could only be achieved by one whose vocation and avocation merge. His work is his hobby, his amusement. It is part of him. The human element is the big pulling power. "The ideas

aren't hard to get," he said. "They come easily. Every time I watch anyone for even a few minutes I get an idea. Patty is the kind of girl I like myself. The experiences she has aren't impossible—just things which happen to most girls. I try to get true ideas always, and never use the gag stuff. I don't like to draw any thing that couldn't happen, but just picture everyday people and everyday experiences."

His work is perfect self-expression.

The Man Who Slept

(Continued from page 31)

"Precisely!" Embury again stressed his words. "A criminal mind is a sick mind, diseased mind. What we are attempting tonight, with Mace, is to probe that sick, confused mind of his and find out exactly what he did do. We are going to reduce the margin of human error to a minimum. We are not going to allow society to hang a man on circumstantial evidence merely if we can help it."

At this juncture the telephone rang. "Good, tell them to come right up," the physician said over the wire.

"It's Hawkins with Mace—Sylvester too," he added.

"How about Kilner?" inquired Eagen.

"I told him to keep away until I sent for him."

"I hope he'll watch his step."

The detective said this very gravely and lighted a cigarette while Dr. Embury held the door open.

The first to appear was Sylvester. Then came Hawkins with Mace, who carried a small valise.

The prisoner promptly came forward and stretched out his hand to Eagen after nodding an acknowledgment to the physician.

"I don't know how to say it, old man," said the detective clumsily and with genuine emotion, "but I guess you know."

"All of you have been so downright kind that—well, I'm beginning to regard a measure of self-respect."

Then Embury came forward, and spoke gently but with authority.

"In order not to jeopardize the accuracy of the test I shall have to ask you gentlemen to reduce conversation to a minimum."

He turned directly to Mace.

"Does the room seem familiar?"

"Yes—very—but not pleasantly so."

"Natural—quite natural," the doctor replied, reassuringly. "The thing for you to do first of all is to catch the spirit of these surroundings—as I explained to you yesterday. I am going to ask all these gentlemen to leave and I want you to relax on the bed in the other room."

Everyone obeyed promptly. Hawkins, Sylvester and Eagen went into the hall while Dr. Embury and Mace started for the bedroom.

"Mr. Mace," they heard the physician say, "think of the conversation with Mr. Eagen as a beginning. Then picture to yourself the intrusion of Myrick, then your quarrel, its results, and so on. Take it quietly and easily and in that sequence. When you reach the place, after Myrick's exit, that appears hazy and confused, let me know. I shall be sitting behind the head of the bed, waiting. Above all else, don't hurry—get yourself into the spirit of the setting."

The three men outside were straining their ears. The neither said so, it was evident that the professor and Eagen were rather disappointed at not being able to be eye-witnesses to every step. Hawkins, sympathizing with their feeling, said beneath his breath:

"Dr. Embury suggested we might leave the door ajar, but he specially cautioned quiet."

"Yes, of course," assented Sylvester in a low voice.

"We can hear very nicely this way," whispered the detective.

Just then Kilner came along the hall, walking rather noisily. Hawkins warned him to silence with a finger to his lips. The Inspector nodded carelessly to the group and beckoned Hawkins aside.

"I don't want to butt in, but who's watching the prisoner?" Kilner asked.

"Dr. Embury."

"You know there's a window in that bedroom leading to a fire-escape?"

Hawkins acquiesced but could not suppress a smile as he recalled that Kilner's special knowledge of the hotel fire-escape must date from the theft of the cane handle from suite 1756, while Mrs. Mace occupied it.

"Smile if you want to," growled the other, "but I've warned you."

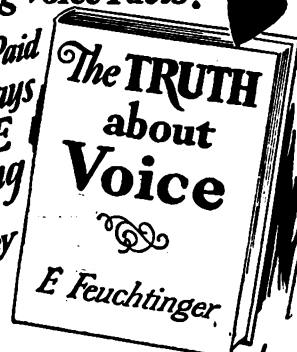
"All that's been gone over with the Commissioner already. Dr. Embury is just as responsible for the safe return of Mace to the Tombs as I am."

With this he abruptly turned away

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and Kilner, looking very ill at ease, after standing irresolute for a moment, seated himself moodily on the steps of the rear stairway and lighted a cigar.

"Mr. Mace looks remarkably well," the detective was saying to Sylvester in low tones as Hawkins joined them. "I scarcely recognized him."

"Yes, he is getting a grip on himself again."

They fell silent as voices were heard from the bedroom. John Mace was speaking.

"I'm ready now, doctor."

"Good," Embury promptly responded. "Now tilt your head back—that's it—roll the eyeballs upwards—fine!—hold it—concentrate on looking upwards."

The physician's instructions could not be heard for about a minute.

"Your eyeball muscles are getting fatigued," Embury's voice came again. What followed his listeners in the hall could not distinguish. Then there was silence.

Presently, however, the voice could again be heard. It was clear, rather loud, and imperative.

"You are now hypnotized, Mr. Mace, but not in my power or the power of anybody. You are under the influence of your own unconscious mind. In the depths of your unconscious is stored the memory of every experience you have ever had—whether this experience occurred while you were awake or while you were asleep. . . . When Myrick left you, after the quarrel, you were alone. You are now recalling every emotion and every thought and every action of yours after you slammed the door behind him. You gulped down an unfinished glass of whiskey—you took your own revolver from your pocket—you looked at it and said, 'Why didn't I shoot the old villain?' . . . Your unconscious mind will now dominate every action until I stop it. You will act out every idea that you had that night. You are no longer master of yourself. You are dominated, mind and body, by your unconscious. It will reveal itself once more and you will repeat by word, gesture and action every single thing that happened after your remark about the 'old villain' without distortion, pretense or shame."

Dr. Embury waited at the bedside for fully ten minutes. Then he tiptoed into the hall.

The strain of suspense had been too much for Kilner. He had doffed his mantle of indifference. He, too, was listening with closest attention.

"We have been very successful so far," the physician announced, speaking softly but with great distinctness. "All we have to do now is await developments. Should Mace get up and walk about, be as quiet as possible please, and do not hinder him in any of his movements. We will simply

follow him and record what he does."

It was a long wait but the men stood it willingly and uncomplainingly. Kilner alone seemed restless, but said nothing. Several times he stuck his head in the door and, after hearing the prisoner's breathing in the next room, appeared satisfied.

It was two-fifteen by Embury's watch when the next important event occurred.

Mace got up from his reclining position and walked into the sitting room of the suite. His eyes were open but their expression was fixed and vacant. He stopped for a moment at the table with his back to the door. Then he wheeled about sharply and walked out into the hall.

Of the four watchers only Dr. Embury appeared wholly master of himself. The other three could scarcely breathe for suppressed excitement.

Altho Mace actually brushed the Inspector's sleeve in passing he paid absolutely no heed to anybody. He walked toward the elevator and waited.

"He is thoroly hypnotized," Embury announced.

Mace walked slowly down the main stairway, which encircled the elevator, to the floor below. He glanced up and down the hall and with quick, resolute strides, went to the door of 1756 and knocked loudly. After knocking three times he turned the knob and entered the room.

The gallery of observers was close at his heels. They stood in the open doorway watching.

After entering Myrick's former room Mace stopped as if perplexed. Suddenly, however, he put his hand in his right coat pocket and drew a revolver.

Here Sylvester clutched the physician by the arm.

"It's all right, professor, all right!" whispered Embury. "I told Mace the revolver would be loaded but it's empty. If he fires it we'll hear the click."

Every move that Mace made appeared wary and guarded. He held the revolver tightly and switched on the lights. He looked about cautiously.

Advancing very slowly he went first to the closet door which he pulled open, pointing the weapon. After that he looked under the bed. While still in a kneeling position he turned, spying the bathroom door, which stood ajar.

He approached the door carefully and noiselessly. When he reached it he flung it wide open.

He walked into the bathroom still pointing the weapon, stopped, threw his revolver on the floor, and walked out again.

Once in the hall, he turned towards the rear stairway, and mounted slowly to the eighteenth floor, pausing now and then and putting his hand to his head.

Dr. Embury looked at his watch as

Mace did this. It was exactly two thirty-five.

When he gained his own floor Mace hastened into 1856 and shut the door quietly after him.

The physician waited a moment and then opened the door himself.

As they looked in they could see Mace undressing. He finally took a suit of pajamas from the satchel he had brought and put them on.

He sat for a moment in the armchair as tho reflecting. Then he bent over, seemed to pick up something, and without rising from his seat made a quick turning movement of the body as tho he were throwing something out of the window.

"That explains how the cane handle got on the roof," said Eagen to himself.

Mace turned out the sitting-room lights, entered the bedroom and went to bed.

"It is exactly as I expected," Embury said, with an air of deep satisfaction. "I believe he will sleep now for a considerable time."

"Where's Kilner?" asked Eagen suddenly.

The others also looked around, startled. The Inspector had disappeared.

At a quarter past four the remaining watchers were still patiently waiting. Having become tired of lounging in the hall they had made themselves comfortable in the sitting room. The place was in absolute darkness, as was Mace's bedroom. The only persistent sound was the subject's labored breathing.

Very little conversation had passed between them; all were wide awake and deep in thought.

Kilner's unexplained disappearance had proved the one disconcerting happening of the entire experiment thus far. Dr. Embury's highest hopes were materializing. Each man, sitting there in the stillness of the night, stirred by the thrill of anticipation, was mentally reviewing the various steps of Mace's remarkable hypnotic performance and wondering what the next instant might bring forth.

Of them all Professor Sylvester, unsophisticated in police tactics, attached the least importance to the Inspector's unceremonious departure. He dismissed his discourteous behavior with the explanation that Kilner, tho in a position of authority, was after all only a policeman whose chief stock in trade was mystery and glaring headlines—in short, that such a person's actions were unaccountable anyway because largely determined by prejudice and impulse.

The specialist took himself sharply to task for not keeping a closer eye on the Inspector. He had definitely promised Eagen to see to it that Kilner remained near the group thru-

out and he had failed to do so. Just when the disappearance took place the physician was not sure. He calculated that it must have been about the time that Mace opened the door of Myrick's bathroom. The longer he thought of it the more certain he became that he had noticed the Inspector's presence in the bedroom. They had all drawn quietly back into the hall to avoid blocking Mace's exit. In that moment of extreme tension his whole thought had been centered on Mace. He took comfort in the fact that Mace had done exactly as he hoped he would do, had actually repeated in minutest detail the whole episode of the first sleep-walking, ending in his discovery by the night watchman. So far the experiment had proceeded with the utmost smoothness.

Hawkins, too, was busy exploring various theories but had reached no definite conclusion. In the main he was filling in the time preparing a mental synopsis of the report which he was expected to make to the Police Commissioner in the morning. However, Kilner's erratic behavior also bulked largely in his thoughts.

The detective, in his turn, was reviewing the events just passed. Kilner's action had confirmed what he already vaguely suspected. In fact, Eagen all along had been most intent on watching what Kilner might do. He knew positively that the Inspector had taken advantage of his opportunity to escape when the watchers returned to the hall. He recalled Embury's amused statement, at their conference, that Kilner did not seem at all keen on being present. He felt sure that when Mace threw down his revolver Kilner had seen all he wanted and more. What was Kilner up to now? What mischief was he hatching?

Thus the long, tedious minutes dragged on.

At times drowsiness was hard to resist and the breeze, that came thru the open windows from across the housetops, was refreshing and invigorating. Now and again a taxi jarred the calm stillness of the night, the clamor of its whirring engine intensified by the echoing emptiness of the street. About three o'clock a party of belated revelers went by, pounding the sidewalk with heavy heels.

Once Eagen suddenly roused himself. He thought he had heard a noise in Mace's bedroom. He glanced in that direction quickly, believing a flash of light had followed the sound. As neither was repeated he decided he must have been mistaken. Nevertheless he nudged Dr. Embury who sat beside him.

"Did you hear or see anything in there?" the detective whispered close to his ear.

"No, nothing," the physician replied,



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dropping his voice to a thread of sound.

"I must have been dozing," Eagen answered.

Embury made no comment but later he leaned over toward Eagen and whispered sharply:

"Just then I thought I heard something. Fact is you can fancy you hear most anything at night, when it's quiet like this, especially if you are expecting it."

Eagen thought over the doctor's remark for some time. The silence weighed heavily on his spirits; the night seemed to be pressing in upon his eyeballs. He found that if he focused his imagination all sorts of queer shapes and figures danced before his eyes against the velvet background of the darkness.

Embury was at his left, Sylvester and Hawkins across the room were indistinguishable. He knew their relative positions, however, from an occasional movement. Straining his eyes in the

direction of the professor, he thought after a while he could make out the outline of his figure. And then! . . .

The bed in the next room creaked—a heavy thud followed—there was a flash of light—a loud and bullying voice shouted:

"Thought you'd try that game!"

In another instant the lights flashed up.

As tho electrified the four men jumped up and rushed into the bedroom.

There Mace stood in the grip of Barney, Kilner's assistant from Headquarters.

"Hands off," shouted Dr. Embury violently, purple with rage.

Barney stepped back, somewhat bewildered. In his left hand he held a flash-lamp.

"What does this mean?" demanded Hawkins.

"He's trying to escape," shouted Barney.

(To be Concluded in August)

Kill Self Pity

(Continued from page 50)

subCELLar of your internals and hold it up to the light you will understand. If it is an emotional habit it is a habit of the visceral thinking.

When you attempt to thwart an emotional habit which is demanding indulgence you actually feel the struggle inside of you. When you try to face this self-pity thing and realize that it has been making you do costly and absurd things all your life there will result a feeling that may go to the extent of actual nausea. At the very least you will feel internally disturbed. This is why you tend to reject the idea. It makes you feel uncomfortable when you consider it. Rather than feel this way you will tend to turn away from the thing. If the feeling of discomfort is strong enough you may reject it with scorn or temper. The stronger the emotion tending to throw you off the trail the more you may know you are on the right track.

A person who has been in bed for two years with a chronic ailment which no doctor can locate will have a tremendous struggle with this emotional habit before she will admit that she has been keeping herself sick all these months to feed a self-pity that she knew nothing about. She has honestly felt that she was an invalid and that the one thing she longed for was to get off the sick-bed. Actually there is nothing the matter but a self-pity complex carried to the limit. It is no different with the inferiority complex. Inferiority is merely a chronic disease that has been assumed in order to feed the self-pity habit.

Now, then. The emotional habit is a habit of certain cells. Having this

habit we do certain things. Having the feeling of inferiority we show it in our manner, in our words, in our acts, in our pose, and in our walk. The cells all affect each other. The feeling of inferiority actually makes certain glands secrete differently from the way they would secrete if the feeling were one of bold confidence. The result of the cell reactions and interactions is that we droop and cringe and yield.

Luckily the cells can be made to work backwards. When you get angry you do certain things with your fists and your jaw and your eyes. The thing works backwards, also. Do these things with your eyes and your jaw and your fists and you will feel angry. John Drew said that in one of his plays he was supposed to be resenting the insult of the villain in the play and had to pretend to be furiously enraged and to offer to hit the villain who was then supposed to crawl and apologize. In his superb acting Drew would go thru all of the reactions of an angry man. He would slowly clench his fists, narrow his eyes, tense every muscle in his body, protrude his chin and take the attitude of a man about to deliver a blow. One evening he forgot that he was acting and the feeling he was simulating took possession of him and he hit the villain so hard he all but knocked him out.

What happened in Drew's system will happen in some degree in yours if you try this same thing. Going thru all of the external parts of being angry starts the glands working as tho you were really angry. It is purely an interaction. They are accustomed to pour adrenalin into the blood-stream

when you are attacked or in danger or angry. By tightening up and taking the whole pose of anger you have sent the glands the message that has always meant action for them and they act. When adrenalin gets into the blood you "feel angry" and if enough of it is secreted you are angry. The more real your external acting, the more real will be the internal acting.

What is true of anger is true of self-pity and inferiority. You can counteract the self-pity habit only by refusing to let it exercise itself. Any habit dies if it is not allowed to work. But you can do this only by re-educating these same cells to a new habit, a new emotional habit. It is not possible now to do this by a sudden miracle of high emotional stress, so we have to resort to the *continuous-repetition* process. It is the doings of every moment that count now.

First, then, you must watch closely to see when the old habit is dictating to you and making you do what will make you sorry for yourself tomorrow and must give it the laugh and deny it the power to do it now. Then you must continually strive to form the reverse habit, beginning with the little things of daily life and gradually building up to the bigger ones. About all I want you to do until the next lesson is to watch all the unpleasant things that happen to you and see that every one can be traced to self-pity.

For practice, however, you can do these little things. Look in silence at the person who "gets your goat" and who has been making you feel inferior, and hold up your head and thrust out your chest, take a deep breath, and re-

lax every feeling of tension in you and say, *to yourself*, something like this, any words that you like but the stronger the better, a "damn" or two helping out considerably; "You old Mr. So-Big, I have found out the secret of it all now and you have lost the power to impress me as something to stand in awe of. I am just as good as you are and in some ways a lot better." It is not what you say except as that helps to arouse the emotion. It is what you feel inside. It is the first step in the forming of a new and contrary emotional habit. You cannot build this new habit up and go on feeling sorry for yourself.

Also, as you walk along the street, walk with an air of confidence no matter how you feel. Look every man you pass in the eye, head up, chin in, chest out, "cocky." When you come to the corner and it is a choice as to whether you step ahead or hesitate so someone else can step across your path, step ahead and make him wait, and smile *to yourself* and say and feel "No self-pity that time."

This is all silent stuff. Do not tell a soul what you are doing and do not overdo it. This is preliminary practice in the building of a new cell habit. You will begin to feel the difference before you get the next lesson. Keep it up. In two weeks someone is going to ask you what you have been doing to yourself. It will begin to be noticeable in spite of you. Tell no one a thing about it. Just say, "Never you mind about that. I paid a quarter to learn that." That will impress it on your mind and they will think you are passing it off with a joke.

Thru the Fog

(Continued from page 33)

of a marvelous intelligence, will never fade. Life was never quite the same thereafter. Up to the present, I have thought that I stood then between two worlds, practically dead to one, for the moment; dimly alive to the other. After that experience I was enabled to face my trouble more bravely, and, ultimately, to find a solution. The after-life beyond the grave and the grave itself have no terrors for me. No life such as I was possessed of at that splendid moment can be anything but gloriously immortal.

Since I have begun to understand a little of psychology, I believe that what I faced then in my trance was my own subconscious mind, functioning in its usual manner—that part of the Universal Mind which has been with me and will be with me thru all the aeons of eternity. My agony had broken down the barriers of flesh and brought me face to face with my real self. I

know now that my want could have been supplied in a simpler way, and much that I suffered might have been avoided. It is difficult to make the neophyte in psychology understand what the subconscious is and does. I believe that is a segment of a perfect whole, limitless in power and knowledge—your real self if you but knew it—willing to be your servant without price, demanding only the necessary effort in your past to impress upon it your desires. The effort must be accompanied by firm belief, and followed by prompt and energetic obedience.

If the channel of communication between your conscious and your subconscious has been long unused, it may be some time before the messages will be freed of interfering static. Be not fearful, for each effort will bring some result, and power and clearness will increase with use. Think of yourself as now in the freight yards of Life. There

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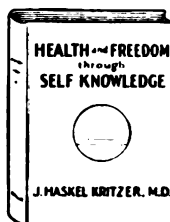
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Mucus causes catarrh of the eyes (conjunctivitis), of the nose (rhinitis), of the ears (otitis, deafness), of the bronchial tubes (bronchitis, asthma), of the lungs (tuberculosis), of the stomach (gastritis), of the appendix (appendicitis), of gall bladder (gall stones), of gums (gyrorrhoea), etc.

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you pick up one car after another, switching them about aimlessly from one track to another, but never out on the main line. Yet there are main lines to every fair city of your desires. What you need is an intelligent pilot at the throttle, and a switchman who will obey his signals. Put your Subconscious in charge, and then work with him. Fire your engine, get up steam, make up your train of high desire, give the signal to the switchman, and *get out on the main line.*

There are grades on that line, no doubt, and you will have to work hard sometimes to get up steam to make them, but remember that this engine of yours has infinite capacity, if you learn the how of firing and control. Night will come, storms may assail, but *the rails are there*, and You control the power, so you have no cause to worry. You must learn to so load your cars that they will find a market in the trade marts of Life. And high-class

merchandise brings high prices, even as the Right Desire will bring abundant rewards.

There is vast good to be obtained by the individual in the study and practice of psychology, and its proper understanding by the masses will bring in a new and better civilization. It is *never* too late in life to begin, but the earlier the better. The best time and place to learn to apply these wonderful precepts is in adolescent years in our various schools. Early habits of thought are apt to make grooves in the mind, directing all future life for good or ill. In the young, the conscious and the subconscious are much closer to each other; in fact, they are practically one in the new-born infant, the conscious mind developing as the body grows.

The re-birth of the world, and of the individual, is taking place every day. Look to it that your Today is better than your Yesterday. Thus you may do your share in bettering the world.

Eye-Glasses

(Continued from page 28)

around it that is bulged or flattened. Nor is there any 'permanent set' about it. The trouble is simple a straining of some of the oblique muscles around the eyeball. An habitual mental effort, a strain to see, may cause it. Or sometimes wrong food may fill the blood with toxins and irritate some of the muscles so that only certain ones respond. Then the back of that bulging, misshapen, eyeball makes a poor projecting screen for the picture. It's just like a blurred photo, 'out of focus.' Exercise all of the muscles, remove the cause of the strain, and you have a well-shaped eyeball that makes a first-class screen. You 'see well,' you say."

As a matter of fact, tho I did not stress the point with my oculist friend, even if the lens did change its shape—which it doesn't—exercises would benefit its muscles as well as those of the eyeball. There is no *permanent* deformity in either lens or eyeball—for there are many 'mysterious' cases among oculists where near and far-sightedness and even astigmatism have suddenly disappeared for no apparent cause. What actually happened was that the eyeball muscles regained their normal functions.

"Then you say that glasses are unnecessary, because there is nothing permanently wrong, and that the trouble lies simply in an eyeball strained out of shape instead of a hardened, deformed lens?" asked the oculist.

"You have the idea. Eyeglasses simply aggravate the trouble by *encouraging the eyeball to remain strained out of shape.*"

"What you say is interesting," my friend admitted. "Perhaps if my observations convince me you are right I shall put your ideas into practice."

Will he? I doubt it. His colleagues will laugh at him. They, like him, have grown up with text books steeped in the old traditions of ophthalmology. A theory that has persisted for three-quarters of a century cannot be uprooted at once from their minds. My young friend, I could see, was more polite than credulous. I cannot blame him. I would be, too, if suddenly confronted with a new idea entirely contrary to all my teaching. And if your profession were the fitting of glasses, would you not naturally be prejudiced at once, consciously or unconsciously, against the very indictment of your established vocation?

Now, how do eye exercises benefit the eyes and take the place of glasses? First, let us see just what sort are beneficial. Besides those especially designed to cure specific ailments, there are many that you yourself can practice, without consulting a physician, as preventives as well as cures. They are exercises that keep your vision keen, that help you overcome that tired feeling and that endow you with an "eye vitality" that rivals that of the eagle.

Read fine print. Contrary to popular belief, it is beneficial, not injurious, to the eyes. You cannot read small type without relaxing your eyes, and the sooner you learn to relax the better. Staring and eye-strain go together; avoid them.

Watch moving pictures. They are very beneficial. Shift your eyes from

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one part of the screen to another, constantly, during the show. It is only when you hold them rigidly in one position that they ache and burn.

See ball games and other outdoor sports. This is exceptionally good for the eyes, because they are naturally relaxed when looking at objects more than twenty feet away. When they are so relaxed, the blood flows thru their vessels freely.

Above all, keep your eyes on the move. This is the best possible setting-up exercise for them. Put "no parking" signs on the things you habitually look at, for your eyes' benefit. Shift your eyes. Roll them. Look at near things, then at far ones. Shake your optical apparatus out of the lethargy that is likely to ossify it. Try two a day of these "setting-up" exercises.

Do you turn your head to follow passing people and vehicles? Get over it. Turn your eyes, instead. You'd be surprised how well you can see at a slant, when you try it for a little while. Do you stare fixedly at a book page, a distant sign? Blink. Relax. Glance at it on the fly and you'll see it twice as well!

The fit eye is impregnable against near-sightedness, farsightedness, "old-age sight," and astigmatism. If your eyes lose their vigor, you have only yourself to blame, for you have allowed them to become lazy. Perhaps, behind glasses, they have become lazier still. Throw away the glasses; make your indolent eyes work for a living. They thrive upon active use—even eyes supposedly resigned forever to seemingly hopeless ailments. There is no occult magic in glass-ridden eyes becoming normal again; it is the "magic" of common sense, of ordinary, healthful exercise.

Much eye trouble is the result of wrong foods and incorrect diet combinations. In the past two years I have often been able to help my patients discard eye-glasses thru a change of diet and a thoro internal cleansing of the body, tho in many of their cases glasses were considered absolutely necessary.

A young man was going blind from glaucoma—a disease of the eye in which the eyeball hardens and becomes useless. He was brought to a woman physician, a former pupil of mine, after specialists had told him that his only hope (and that a faint one) lay in an operation. When she found that eye exercises alone did not cure him, she made a radical change in his diet, and gave him treatments to clean out his digestive tract of the poisons and toxins it contained. After only a few such treatments, his vision improved startlingly. Soon it was practically normal, and under a revised diet he now enjoys perfect sight.

This case brought home to me particularly strongly the importance of



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suffers from lowered vitality and lack of energy, to get
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headaches and all disorders attendant upon the "meno-
pause" to use GLANTEX. It is so unfailing, proven by
its wonderful success thru thousands of results obtained,
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food as a factor in eyesight. I have
found that far-sightedness, which is
generally responsive to eye exercises,
also can be cured in some instances by
avoiding an excess of protein foods;
and other means as diverse as a change
in mental attitude or the correction of
faulty elimination have in many cases
caused far-sightedness to disappear.

On a recent trip to Africa, I took ad-
vantage of the opportunity to find out
whether cataract and blindness, often
found there, were caused by the sun's
intense light and heat, as I had been
told. To my surprise I discovered that
the persons blinded by cataract were
not those who worked in the open sun-
shine—but in the small shops and ba-
zaars of Tunis and other cities. Ques-
tioning them, I traced their trouble to
over-indulgence in proteins, sugars and
starches, nicotine and caffeine. The
special nerve that carries pictures from
your eye to your brain is strongly af-
fected by an excess of these.

Should a person whose eyes are weak
and sensitive to sun wear colored
glasses? No; it is the worst possible
thing he could do. What he needs is
natural sunlight and not colored lenses
to shut it out.

Fish found in dark caves, where they
do not get the sunlight, are always
blind. Mules, used in mines under-
ground, have considerable eye trouble
not found in the mules that work in
the sunshine above ground. Men work-
ing underground, and children living
in dark tenement houses, far from the
sun, are always very sensitive to light.

To prescribe tinted glasses for persons
such as these is simply to make the
condition worse.

If your eyes are sensitive to sun-
light, go out and sit in the sun. Let
it shine on your closed eyelids a few
minutes each day. After practising
this for many days, open the eyes cau-
tiously and blink at the sun. This in-
creases your tolerance to light. In a
few weeks you will be able to enjoy the
outdoors, and suffer no discomfort.

The new science of eye exercise has
already attained a few years of age.
More than thirty years ago W. H.
Bates, M.D., made the first discoveries
that presaged it. More recently photo-
graphs have been taken, at a cost of
two years' intensive labor, demonstrat-
ing beyond question the actual bulging
of the whole eyeball, and not the lens,
during the eye's adaptation to near and
far objects. Apparatus has been per-
fected that makes it clearly visible to
an observer as it occurs. The founda-
tion of the new science is laid on a firm
basis.

Think what it means—that within
your grasp is the power to keep your
eyes, the most priceless things you
own, always in the vitality and keen-
ness of youth! That you may look for-
ward to advancing years made bright
by an undimmed vision! That the bug-
bears of *myopia*, hypermetropia and all
the other "*opias*" may once and for all
be banished, and that for tortoise-shell
frames and discs of glass you may sub-
stitute the vigor of a healthy body and
—healthy eyes!

Dramatic Reviews—APPEARANCES

(Continued from page 48)

THE highly inspirational comedy
drama *Appearances*, written by a
negro ex-bell boy, Garland Anderson,
which had a brief run in New York two
years ago, has been revived in more
elaborate form and has been made a
very impressive and well-received pro-
duction. It is now playing at the Mans-
field Theatre to good houses, as it should.

We were moved by this play as by
few productions during the present sea-
son. It is superbly well done, the en-
tire company being happily cast. In it
the author apparently depicts his own
story, conceiving the idea of writing a
play and then proceeding with the un-
foldment of a situation of real dramatic
intensity accompanied by delightful
comedy.

The court scene in Act two is as fine
as anything we have seen in the way of
a court scene on the stage, even com-
paring favorably with the famous court
scene in *The Trial of Mary Dugan*. In-
asmuch as the reading of psychological
literature was responsible for the writ-
ing of this play, the lines quite natu-
rally reflect much of psychological truth.

Our readers will find *Appearances* par-
ticularly delightful and inspiring.

THE LOVE DUEL

THIS reviewer believes she is ex-
pressing the wish of the majority
of playgoers when she asks that Miss
Ethel Barrymore be cast, once again,
in a play that is worthy of her his-
trionic ability. The present vehicle,
from the writer's standpoint at least, is
not the play for so superb an actress.
It is called *The Love Duel*, written by
Lili Hatvany and is adapted by Zoe
Akins at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.
It is not that the play is not good—it
holds the interest thruout the three
acts—but it is not good enough for this
brilliant actress.

As the much sought after, and much
disillusioned young woman of society
Lydia (Miss Barrymore) defies love
and insists she wants nothing to do
with it. For five years she has
publicly refused to meet a man (Carlo)
who has as insistently endeavored to
meet her, and who has been responsible
(supposedly) for the suicide of an

intimate friend of the heroine. Thru the medium of a very embarrassing situation she inevitably meets him, and each challenges the other to what they call their "love duel"—he to win her and she to resist. The ensuing love scenes are full of barbs and stings and despite their determination each is madly in love with the other, and she gives herself to him.

The knowledge that she is to have a child makes it necessary to tell him that she is going away—but she gives no reason and he suspects that there is another man. He asks her if she is going away with any one else and a great softness comes into her face as she answers "Yes!"

Eight months have passed, and in her little Swiss chalet she is hiding and brooding and caring for her son with her faithful housekeeper. One day her self-imposed seclusion is broken by the man, Carlo, who has at last found her after weary searching. Her love for him has grown and she has been very unhappy, but has given much affection to the little son who looks so much like his father. Her surprise is ill-concealed and when Carlo asks to see the man who has supplanted him in her affections, she goes to the next room and returns with the infant.

The cast of *The Love Duel* is well chosen—each member playing his part effectively and well. Louis Calhern as "Carlo" makes an alluring and convincing lover, and as the social bore Ferdinand Gottschalk is most amusing. Special mention must also be made of "Baby" played by Miss Dorothy Hall whose ability contributed much to the little rays of laughter in the play. And of course a eulogy of Miss Barrymore is superfluous—since this charming actress is the peer of American actresses.

E. C.

KIBITZER

THE lure of gambling for the sake of the gamble has lured Edward G. Robinson and Jo Swerling into writing a play, *Kibitzer*, in which Mr. Robinson is starring. A "kibitzer" is a side-line interferer who always knows which card should have been played, what stock is going up, who's going to win the race—but never has quite enough money to get in the game, speculate on the stock, or bet on a race. But he manages to make those who are in the running miserable by sneering at their stupidity.

A "kibitzer" is an annoying fellow to have around—but an entertaining one according to the play. But fate seems to smile on him just the same. He interferes in his daughter's romantic adventures—luck only makes him come out on top. When his bluff is called and he can be a real speculator he shows the usual sagacity of the new investor, but fate once more stacks the

cards in his favor, and with the aid of a half-witted brother, he comes up with four aces.

Edward G. Robinson has written an amusing comedy which makes good use of his power of characterization.

PLEASURE BOUND

EVERY orthodox revue is supposed to have at least one or two good comedians. The Messrs. Shubert have outdone themselves in the matter of providing laughs in their scintillating production, *Pleasure Bound*. They have three pairs of incomparable laugh men in the person of Jack Pearl, ably seconded by Ralph Locke; the one and only Phil Baker, accordion and all, with his inseparable accompaniment of the man in the box, who interrupts and "wise cracks" with him. Shaw and Lee are probably the funniest team on the American stage. Any one of these three teams would have insured a jolly evening.

Another popular vaudeville headliner who contributes clever songs is Aileen Stanley, while Grace Brinkley, one of the most beautiful and charming young women on the musical comedy stage, adds her touch to the feminine delights of the evening. There is an attractive chorus with snappy dancing.

The music is enjoyable tho not notable. As for the book, we could not detect any. It is glorified vaudeville, one star closely crowding another, but it is a glorious evening's entertainment.

THE PASSION PLAY

(Continued from page 48)

Willing to pay three dollars for a glimpse of Antiquity, Tradition and the Middle Ages, in the hope that heartaches shall be eased, faith strengthened, hope renewed.

Mr. Gest, Mr. Belasco and the gifted cast are to be congratulated on the sincere effort made to minister to this pathetic hunger of the human heart. Perhaps some will find nourishment in the alien tongue, the antique phrases, the mediæval pageantry of the Freiburg Passion Play, with the devoted Fassnacht players and their colleagues in earnest action. But for Main Street and Broadway, for America, Jesus means something different, something more: His message comes straight from the Carpenter Shop of Nazareth, from the fields of Galilee into the roar of Times Square: Courage, Creation, Power, Selflessness, Service, Truth—Love. The Cross and even Death do not matter.

STREET SCENE

(Continued from page 47)

curiosity are forms of diversion; one little group sets itself up as dictators of another little group, and that group attempts to decide the morals for still another group, *ad nauseam*. We have

What Is Your Limiting Fear?

Is It Self-Consciousness? Or Worry? Or Apprehension? Or lack of Initiative or Confidence? Or Is It Fear of some hidden disorder being present in you, or of your contracting some terrible disease? Most people have some limiting FEAR in their lives, but when these fears are sufficiently acute to make you unhappy or to limit you unnecessarily, it is high time to begin to get rid of them.



Many people suffering from such troubles go so far as to believe that they are different from others in make-up and that they may even go insane. This is all due to lack of proper understanding of yourself, your own powers, and just how to use and direct them. It is something you dislike to discuss with your friends and relatives, for you know they do not understand and will laugh at you and tell you to "forget it." But it is a serious thing to YOU and I want you to know that there IS A WAY OUT. A new life—new possibilities will open up to you if you just attack these mental enemies in the right way and get rid of them. AND THIS IS POSSIBLE, I ASSURE YOU.

The last twenty years of my life have been devoted entirely to helping people rid their lives of FEAR. I have written a 100-page book that is based on this experience and is full of truths that can be of the greatest value to YOU. This I shall be pleased to mail to you, along with other literature upon receipt of 25 cents.

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brain glow

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BRILLIANT MEN BECOME IDIOTS. Brilliant men, thrown into dungeons, deprived of NERVE food, have in a few months, become drivelling idiots, insane.

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.

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(See Hay Fever, p. 72)

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the radical with his theory that economics is the basis for ending human tragedy—a theory which day by day is being proved a fact—but who has not mastered the art of understanding. To him social revolution, not ultimate kindness and sympathy, is the only answer.

The mother who has been stripped of the usual kindness in living and seeks it outside of conventional circles pays the highest price for the gossip of her neighbors: those who have no higher motive for living but interfering in the affairs of another merely to break the monotony of life.

The tragedy is more poignant because it is needless. "When you're sure of yourself you don't seem so important," Rose Maurant says when fate tries repeatedly to crush her. But doubt of the wisdom of a course, and envy of another's, so confuse the mediocre person that he tries to make himself important and achieve security by thrusting his ideas upon those whose lives touch his.

Marriage is regarded with the same rigid finality "for better or worse." There is no recourse—even from that God who has ordained the marriage. If all people lived the same way, held the same views, thought the same thoughts, if there were no sheep who could break from the leader's deep-worn path, there could be no experimenting in another—and possibly more pleasant—path. The unhappy men and women in Mr. Rice's play who felt life was cheating them but haven't the courage to break from hide-bound tradition and gamble their comparative security on an attempt at real happiness, are fearful lest another win at the gamble, and therefore make sure success is impossible. They gossip about Mrs. Maurant, the true neighbor, and the milk collector until her husband overhears—and she pays with her life for her only happiness.

When we cease trying to make another responsible for our emptiness by burdening him with the chains which have caused our unhappiness civilization will have progressed. When society glorifies those who try new paths, such plays as *Street Scene* will not need to be written to wring the hearts of audiences night after night with needless sorrow.

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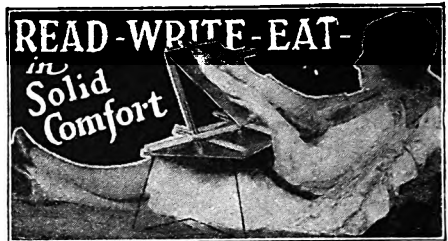
K. W.

THE CAMEL THRU THE NEEDLE'S EYE

(Continued from page 48)

shows signs of becoming articulate under proper guidance.

Susi, the poor girl, with dainty Miriam Hopkins in the rôle, is charmingly intelligent, and a remarkable



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guide. And she loves this gallant, un-
imaginative, silent person. Marriage
she never demands. Her mother has
taught her that lesson: It is as easy
for a camel to get thru a needle's eye
as for a poor girl to make a rich man
marry her.

But Alik's papa cannot have his
money supporting such a woman, and
makes a noble effort to keep his son
stupid and inarticulate, but conven-
tional. Susi isn't beautiful and dumb,
and her mother, the prize charity
patient, has showed extreme sagacity
in achieving this position. Susi decides
what both her mother and sweetheart
need are real honest-to-God jobs. She
sets her mother up in a model dairy
business with the money she has made
from stock market tips—with herself
and Alik as waiters! The wealthy
friends come and buy and the business
is a success. Father takes one more
stand—and Alik's tongue loosens for
the first time during his pampered life-
time when he delivers a long, strong,
eloquent oration.

Charity loses the case who has been
on the files of each and every society
(except the one for the poor who were
once rich—and Mrs. Pesta could even
have managed that). She felt she had
earned her charitable money ten times
over by giving the social workers the
best look-in on poverty they ever had—
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as she was at poverty. Helen Westley
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K. W.

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Grew, is an amusing farce at the
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frolic at the summer home of John
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purpose of entertaining Hartwell and
his two friends managed to introduce
sleeping powder into the men's cock-
tails. Laughable consequence followed,
particularly when the men's wives ap-
peared the next morning. It is harmless
fun, but not particularly significant
drama.

What Is Life?

(Continued from page 41)

energy before it becomes hopelessly
exhausted.

Vitality can not only be conserved,
it can be increased:

First, by giving our nervous system
adequate physical support with correct
nutrition and perfect elimination of

NEURASTHENIA



Are you a victim of this dis-
order which is becoming so pre-
valent and is so little under-
stood by people? Some of its
symptoms are: Unreasonable
fear of yourself or of doing
many of the things natural to
life. Fear of fainting, fear of
leaving home or traveling, fear
of germ life, fear of collapse or
of some internal disorder. Fear
of the unusual feelings that sen-
sitive nerves create. Fear of
your nerves giving way com-
pletely. Fear of dizziness or a feeling of uncer-
tainty in connection with locomotion. Or you may
have some nerve aches or pains which frighten
you. Fear of insanity or of harming those you love.
Through lack of understanding your symptoms
seem very alarming to you and you become over-
serious to the point of its being impossible for
you to forget yourself. At moments you feel that
it is all very unreasonable, but habit has forced
you into a "mental trap" from which you can
see no escape. Your family physician does not
understand your trouble and you are at a loss as
to what is best for you to do. And things gradu-
ally go from bad to worse. NEURASTHENIA IS
CURABLE when understood and you receive
proper direction. It is a matter of changing your
viewpoint so that you are able to view
yourself and life from a different angle—it is a
matter also of training and development of both
a mental and physical nature. YOUR FEELS
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Seventh, stop counting your years, and endeavor to retain your youth by sheer effort of the will and suggestion.

Eighth, endeavor to maintain a constant state of physical and spiritual equilibrium.

Old age is a disease caused by ignorance of the laws of life and their abuse. The time will come when men will remain youthful to the end, live as long as they please, and surrender life only thru weariness, and surrender it voluntarily.

Under the Lamp

(Continued from page 56)

the whole matter to psychology. A. A. Roback follows with a chapter on *Sex in Dynamic Psychology*. Smith Ely Jelliffe, American psychoanalyst, and Fritz Wittels, colleague of Freud, write on the psychoanalytical approach to sex, the latter contributing a specially valuable chapter on *Narcissism*.

Judge Lindsey, Harry Elmer Barnes, William McDougall, Waldo Frank, J. William Lloyd, William J. Fielding and a dozen other specialists and experts contribute additional chapters. The editors of the volume each contribute a chapter, Dr. Calverton writing on *Sex and the Social Struggle* and Dr. Schmalhausen on *The Sexual Revolution*.

A number of the chapters recognize frankly the drastic changes made in civilization by the development of the machine and the relation of all phases of sex to industrial and economic conditions. Dr. Schmalhausen writes: "No one has as yet adequately pictured for us the torture of this forced allegiance to the unnatural routine of factory drudgery, the pathos and heartbreak of the increasing neglect and final emotional extinction of "home, sweet home."

Like Keyserling's *Book of Marriage*, this book settles little for the future. Whether or not marriage will survive, whether humankind is to be polygamous or monogamous, few of the authors venture to predict. It is a plain picture

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A. H. H.

You Can Make Money

(Continued from page 53)

for satisfying it, do you not see how the proper concentration of time and effort will bring it to pass?

Concentration is drawing all thoughts or ideas to your one, or central IDEA, or desire. If you have a plan in mind of the thing you wish to accomplish, review your forces; measure your qualities by my chart. Try them to understand yourself. Examine your spirit or attitude towards your needs. Is your purpose clear? What do you feel is standing in the way of accomplishment?

Are you forgiving? If not, you may be holding some grudge against some one which re-acts like a boomerang on the quality of your spirit. This will color your own affairs.

Do you dismiss your duties now at hand joyfully, cheerfully and to the best of your ability?

Are you upright, clear in your mind as to the right conduct toward all?

Are you gluttonous, eating more than you require? Are you a soda-counter fiend? Do you loiter or waste your time?

What do you know of good-will and compassion?

Have you much patience?

Do you daily try to grow along constructive lines?

If you are easily angered, quick to "fly off the handle," then know you need to cultivate patience.

Have you hatred and envy in your heart for those who have many cars, a fat purse and many homes? Then cultivate a kindlier, more loving attitude. Seek for a better understanding of things as they now appear to be.

Do you worry, fret, fear to "hop-in" and handle your life? Have you the courage to renew your life-plan? If not, you are lacking in faith. You have not sufficient belief in your own forces, or powers. Remember life is a boomerang. You get what you give, no more, no less. But unless your mental and spiritual eyes are properly focused, you will not understand this. Give it a bit more thought.

Is Your Life Just A MISTAKE?

I say "mistake" for practically all of the Worry, Unhappiness and Limitations are "mistakes" due to a lack of understanding. Thus strong habits have formed which make you feel "trapped." These "mistakes" have nothing to do with your birth. You possess the same powers as do others.



Some of the "mistakes" are: a feeling of inferiority—self consciousness and lack of initiative; Worry, Apprehension, fear of insanity or disease; fears attached to many things in life which ordinarily are not feared; all of which means LACK OF CONFIDENCE.

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bleaches—fine for scalp. Already used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.

They dared Officer Kane to play



..and his music held them spellbound

ETHEL'S house party was at its height. Shrieks of laughter mingled with phonograph music could be heard outside. Suddenly there came an ominous knocking at the door. Ethel ran to open it and—lo and behold—there stood Police Officer Kane.

"G-G-G Good Evening," gasped Ethel. "I want to see the man of the house," thundered Kane.

"I'm sorry," stammered Ethel nervously, "but my father is not at home."

"Well what's goin' on in here anyway?" continued the officer sternly. "Sure and every one on the block is complainin' of the noise. I've a good mind to arrest the lot of you."

Ethel was mortified—what a disgrace! "Oh please," pleaded Ethel, "please don't do anything like that, I promise—"

But Kane could restrain himself no longer.

"Don't worry lassie—you were all havin' such a fine time I couldn't help droppin' in. Go on—have all the fun you can," laughed the big good-natured policeman.

"Oh," sighed Ethel, greatly relieved, "how you frightened me. Won't you join us?"

Kane Joins the Party

"Ha," laughed Kane as the Victrola started again, "what's the matter with you all—playin' that canned music—can't any of you play this beautiful piano? Sure I'd like to give you a tune myself."

"I dare you to play for us," shouted Ted Strong quickly sensing a chance to have some fun at the policeman's expense.

Others chimed in, "Yes, do play for us, Officer." "Just one tune." "Yes, just one—that will be plenty!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to be

goin'," stammered Kane, embarrassed as could be.

"Mr. Kane, I think you might play for me after the fright you gave me," smiled Ethel.

"Well, b'gorry, maybe I will," agreed the officer. And as he sat down at the piano



everyone laughed and cheered. But the noise stopped instantly when he struck the first rollicking notes of Rudolph Friml's famous "Song of the Vagabonds." They were amazed at the way his large hands flew lightly over the keys.

"More—more." "Encore." "That's great—play another." They all shouted and applauded as the last notes of that snappy march song died away. Kane then started that stirring old soldier song "On the Road to Mandalay." One by one the guests all joined in and sang.

Then Kane wound up with that popular dance number, "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and the whole crowd danced.

"Well," he laughed happily as they applauded long and loudly, "I'll have to be on my way now."

"Thank you for your lovely music," said Ethel. "You must be playing a good many years?"

"Sure and I haven't been playin' long at all." Then the questions came thick and fast, "How did you ever learn so quickly?" "When do you find time to practice?" "Who was your teacher?"

Kane Tells His Story

"Well, to tell you the truth I had no teacher. I've always loved music but I couldn't take regular lessons on account of my duties as a policeman. Then one evenin' I saw a U. S. School of Music advertisement in a magazine, tellin' of a new way of learnin' to play with no teacher at all. I

didn't believe it myself but they offered a free sample lesson so I sent for it. One look at the Free Demonstration Lesson showed me how easy it was so I wrote for the whole course. My friends all told me I was crazy until I started playin' little tunes for them from real notes.

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