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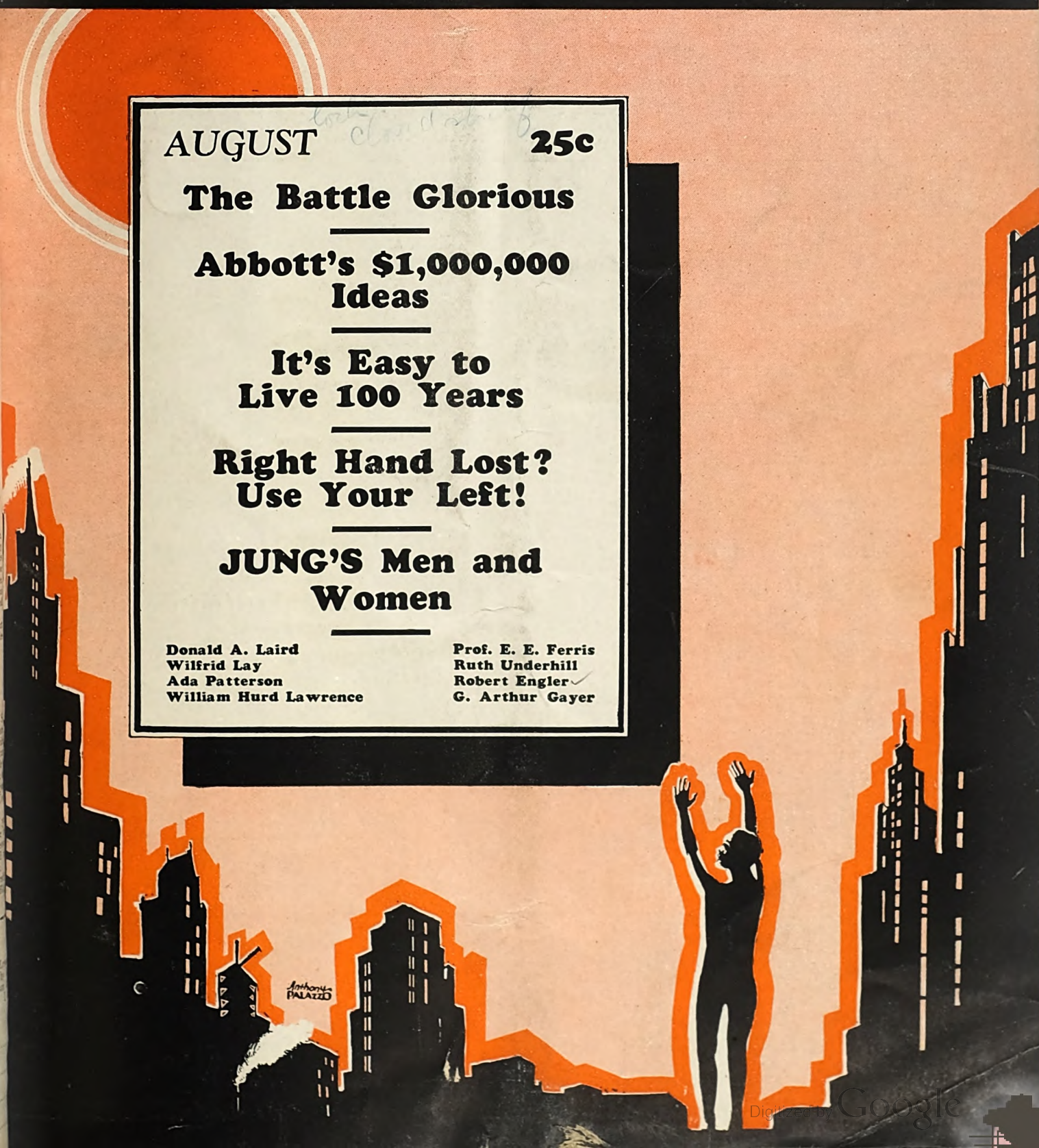
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Take any ten men in blind-alley jobs at low pay. Analyze each case. You'll find that every one of them has had a golden opportunity. They either have failed to recognize it, or else they lacked the courage to follow it up. Now comes your chance. If this page doesn't bring you a big increase in salary—quick!—you have no one to blame but yourself.

By CHARLES MICHEL

LET'S be specific. What do you want in life? You want more money than you're getting. You want your own home, a car, membership in a good club. You want to wear good clothes, educate your children and put away enough money to make you independent. If you are like other men, you want to be your own boss in a position that grows every day in interesting fascination. You want to travel, see the world, and meet the wide-awake people who are doing things.

All right, I'll tell you a quick, easy way to accomplish all this. If you don't take it, you are the only loser. You are the only one who will have to face the accusing finger of the man you might have been. If you do take it, you'll thank me the rest of your life for putting this information into your hands. For now it is possible for you to quickly enjoy bigger earnings, and have all the joys in life that your bigger self demands. If this was a guess I couldn't print it. I know it to be a certainty. It is *proved* by the cases of thousands of other men who have done the same thing. Listen.

J. A. Ferland of Quebec, Canada, was a railroad conductor when this chance was offered to him. He took it—and not long after he finished his course he found himself District Sales Manager for an insurance company at twice his former pay, as a start. Chas. H. Barth of Philadelphia was, as he himself said, "a failure financially," making \$50 a month when he saw and seized his opportunity. Today he is making \$6,000 a year. J. H. Huppert got tired of starving along at \$23 a week as a plumber's helper,

and when this wonderful chance came along he used it so well that in the *first three months after he finished his course* he made *two years' pay* at his old job. I could name thousands of other examples.

These men started from scratch—without any experience or training of any kind. None of them had ever sold anything in their lives; in fact, most of them believed the old superstition that a salesman must be "born." Yet we took them, and in a short time made master salesmen of them. Then our Free Employment Department which receives calls for over 50,000 salesmen annually, helped them to select the right jobs and they were off with a flying start to the success they had dreamed of.

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There's a remarkable little book called "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship" for ambitious men. It tells *how* and *why* thousands of men with no previous experience have succeeded in salesmanship. Every one of the men I've named to you

read it before he started on the road to success. It tells you how you can make big money—raise your pay 100%, once you are in possession of the secrets of Salesmanship—how you can quickly learn these secrets, and achieve quick and permanent success.

I want to send you that book—free and without obligation. Read it through and then decide for yourself.

And remember this one thing: This is your big opportunity. If you don't realize a big salary increase from this message you have no one to blame but yourself. Send me the coupon before you turn this page; seize this opportunity while it is still before your eyes.

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Which one of your neighbors strikes you as the Happiest Person you know? Ask him—or her—what brought the Happiness. Then tell the story simply for the readers of PSYCHOLOGY. Don't write more than 2,000 words. The manuscripts must reach us on or before December 31.

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Christian Psychology

A simple scientific system of Christian thought and life 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. 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 and practically applied by modern scientific Psychology.

I have been engaged in psychological work for many years—not exclusively, for I am now and for more than fifteen years have been, one of the judges of the highest trial court in my state; but my spare time has been largely devoted to the study and application of the principles of the new psychology, not only in my own life and affairs, but in the lives and affairs of thousands of other people all over the world whom it has been my great privilege to know in the relationship of teacher and pupil. These pupils have reported a great many marvelous achievements as the result of their study and application, including miraculous healings of stubborn diseases, large increases of income and personal efficiency, phenomenal achievements in business and social and professional life, notable successes of plans that had theretofore failed, the coming into possession of things that had long been desired but never obtained, changes of unhappy conditions and unpleasant environments, and the attainment of a wonderful state of peace and self-understanding which makes every hour of life a pleasure and every future day a joyously happy prospect.

Through all these years of study, and work, and teaching, and writing books and magazine articles, and evolving new and simpler means of applying the liberating truth in human lives and affairs, I have come to realize that so-called modern psychology is not modern at all, but that its true authorship runs back nineteen hundred years to the peaceful hills and dales and crowded marts of Judea, and to the Man Christ Jesus, the Greatest Teacher the world has ever known. Having made this discovery, I have learned that the promises of Jesus may literally be fulfilled in human lives—that men and women may get the things for which they pray just as He said they could, provided they will pray in the manner He prescribed; and that if one will seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all necessary physical things will be “added” to him, just as Jesus promised. I have found the kingdom of God just where Jesus said it was, and have had the great good fortune to bring many others into the kingdom and its great rewards.

Within the kingdom there is joy and success and health and love and peace and happiness beyond description. And the kingdom is not far to seek: it is “at hand,” just as John the Baptist said it was, and not in some far off place. It is but a step from the sordid things and idle thoughts of everyday life to the throneroom and the presence of the Great King, whom to know is everything that makes life worth living.

And so it is that I have come into a work that seems to me to be larger and more important than any work I have ever done before—the work of leading men and women, through simple and thoroughly tested scientific means, into the kingdom of God and its incomparable riches of more abundant life, health, success, achievement, love, service, peace and happiness. And as a part of this work I have written a manuscript booklet entitled “The Kingdom of God,” which tells just what and where the kingdom is, and how to begin the search for it. It is a personal and intimate message of faith and hope and courage and love, and is

Sent Absolutely Free

to all who feel that they are ready for it. The American Institute of Psychology, with which I am connected, will be glad to send a copy of it to you, dear reader of this page, if you will merely fill out and send to them the coupon printed below.

DANIEL A. SIMMONS.

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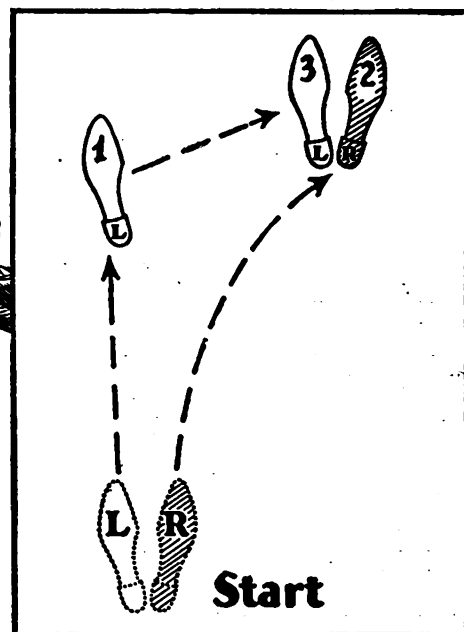
How to Be Popular

You'll never regret being an accomplished dancer! Think what it means to be popular, sought after, sure of a good time wherever you go!

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My new method makes learning to dance just as simple



as taking one step after another. Nothing is omitted—nothing taken for granted. You start right at the beginning and go through the entire field of social dancing. You learn to master every step from the simple waltz to the newest, smartest dances and all their variations.

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The Day-Dreamer

Will he ever wake up?

HIS life is made up of rosy visions.

He sees himself in a manager's office—as the president of a firm—with a \$20,000 salary—perhaps even as a millionaire with a Rolls Royce, a rakish yacht and a swell country estate.

But all this grandeur is in his day dreams. He lives in the golden **PARADISE OF TOMORROW**—and it never comes.

He does nothing with the opportunities that surround him **TODAY**.

He feels above his present job. He is always "going to find a place where his abilities will be appreciated." But he **NEVER DOES**.

He is the despair of his employers, for they know that he **REALLY HAS ABILITY**. He can plan with intelligence, he has original ideas, imagination. If he could only concentrate on today, instead of **TOMORROW**, he might have all the prosperity he craves!

What he needs is a **STICK OF DYNAMITE**—anything to wake him up and teach him to get results from his abilities **NOW**.

If he doesn't give himself a rousing jolt, he will complain more and more of not being "appreciated"—and gradually "peter out" into a failure—A **JOB COWARD**—a cog in a business machine.

He will always be somebody else's servant, instead of master of his own destiny.

How does he get into such a mental state? Because he uses only about **ONE-TENTH** of his mental energies in doing the vital things that count. Psychologists have proved that most of us use **NINE-TENTHS** of our brain power in day-dreaming, fortune-wishing, aimless time-killing. We are nearly all victims of the vicious habit of living far below our God-given endowments!

It doesn't help to learn that certain of your mental abilities have become **WEAK THROUGH DISUSE**, just as unused muscles do. Nobody knows better than you (if you are honest with yourself) that there must be a "screw loose somewhere." The proof of it is that you have failed to reach the high mark you **ONCE** set for yourself.

You admit it. What you want to know is, **WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT?**

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Since Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, it brings **SELF-REALIZATION** to all classes and conditions of men and women—prominent and famous as well as obscure and unknown. And among the better known persons who use and advocate it are:

- T. P. O'Connor, "The Father of the House of Commons"
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- Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist



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But if they will use their **HEADS**, they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record with 650,000 different individuals, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed above.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to keep on "putting off" all the good things of life—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS**, and what it can do for you.

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"IT'S a crazy scheme," said some of the old-time real estate men. But with this "crazy scheme" I made a net profit of \$100,000 in less than five years—enough to make me independent for life.

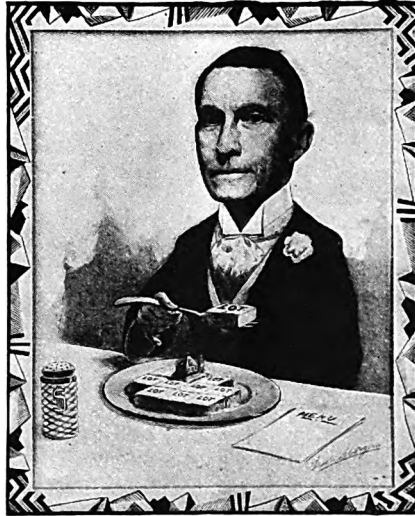
So, no matter where you live, or what you are now doing, or what your sex or present age may be, if you want to learn all about my "crazy scheme"—if you want to do as I did—if you want to make big money—right at home—in your spare time—mail coupon at once for a free copy of my beautiful, new, illustrated book, which contains the biggest and best money-making business opportunity you ever heard of.

Use My Money-Making Method

When I started in real estate, I turned my back on all the ancient, threadbare, moss-covered methods of the past, and used a simple, scientific system of my own which is as far superior to the old-time methods as the radio is superior to the old-style music box.

With little education—no real estate experience, no money, no pull, I started a new kind of real estate business which met with overwhelming success.

If you want to follow the trail I blazed—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—write for my free book now. It tells how I won success, how I have helped other men and women succeed, how you, too, can succeed, how you can have a high-class business of your own



A well known cartoonist's conception of my idea

and make more money than you ever made before in your whole life.

A Remarkable Business

The real estate business—run my way—is a wonderful business. It is as permanent as Mother Earth itself. And it is constantly increasing as our great country grows. It does not require years of study like most other trades, businesses or professions. And it pays big profits to ambitious men and women. Users of my methods report earnings of \$1,000, \$2,000, \$5,000—and more—on single deals; as much as the ordinary man or woman gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are always for rent, sale or exchange.

And you can start with little or no capital—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

What Others Say

Read the following record of results achieved by a few users of my remarkable system.

Anthony C. Maurell, New Jersey (former barber), reports earnings of more than \$4,133 his first three months in my kind of a real estate business. Mrs. Kate Luke (65-year-old widow) says she has averaged \$200 a week for the past 6 months. W. E. Shoop, Pennsylvania (former weaver), earned \$6,000 in one deal. A. D. Perkins, Connecticut (former wood-worker), reports earnings of \$1,252 in one month. J. W. Randolph, North Carolina (former grocery clerk), reports 3 sales in 2 weeks that paid him \$510. W. C. Campbell, Kansas (former druggist), made real estate sales amounting to \$22,875 in one day.

These are a few samples of the successes you will learn about in my free book. Get it. Read it. Follow its instructions. Make big money my way.

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My free book, "How to become a Real Estate Specialist," is filled with astounding facts about my kind of a real estate business. It tells what I have done—what others are doing—what you can do in this big field of opportunity.

Mail coupon at once and get all of this valuable, money-making information free. For although this book costs you nothing, it may be worth more to you—in actual dollars and cents—than any other book you have read. So, mail coupon now and learn all about the "crazy scheme" that made me independent for life. Address President, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. H-10, 205 East 42nd Street, New York.

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Piety and Pie

"Some adjectives," said a school teacher, "are made from nouns, such as dangerous, meaning full of danger, and hazardous, full of hazard. Can any boy give me another example?"

Yes, sir," replied a fat boy, "Pious, full of pie!"

—Exchange

* * *

Profit Sharing

"Dear father," wrote the college student, "would it be presumptuous for me to ask for \$5 of the money you received in 'Bright Sayings of the Baby' contests when I was a child?"

* * *

Space to Let

(As the Metropuluse Sees It)

By Berton Braley

Out where the open spaces stretch
The men are men—no "ifs" about it.
And who am I, poor city wretch,
Even to doubt it?
And I'll add something else again,
The open air has pep and vim in,
The men (see second line) are men,
The women—women!
I like them, and I'll go so far
As to inform the world I love 'em.
The kick I make is this: there are
Not many of 'em.
The men are men, but they are few,
The women, women—even fewer.
And spaces with no folks in view
I can't endure.
True, mountain peaks are very great,
And stars are grand to gaze at, only
Mountains and stars, I wish to state,
Are lonely.
Wide open spaces are all right
For steers and cows and such to lope
in,
But when there's nothing else in sight
They're much too open.
In other words, I have a yen
For human speech and human faces
I find, in brief, that men are men
And spaces—spaces!

—College Humor

Ninette's Buttercup

All winter I was thinking up
How I could be a buttercup:
I thought how I would catch the rain
And spill it out and catch again;
I thought how I would hold the sun
Until his afternoon was done.
Way last winter I began
To plot a plot and plan a plan,
To brew my magic secretly
And think what flowers I *wouldn't* be.
And then I knew when spring had come
I'd leave my little earth-brown home,
And push my wishes up and up
Until I was a buttercup!

MIMI

—Conning Tower in the
New York World

* * *

Crooked Dough

Polly—Really, we wouldn't be driving to California, if Uncle John hadn't cleaned up that fortune in crooked dough.

Kate—What was he, anyway, a counterfeiter?

Polly—Oh, no, a pretzel manufacturer.

—Reserve Red Cat

* * *

I Hate Men

I hate the men who make love to me clumsily, who crumple my clothes and disturb my pet coiffure.

I hate the men who make love to me bashfully, who stammer and turn that unpleasant shade of red when they speak.

I hate the men who make love to me confidently, the sophisticated ones, who "know all about women."

I hate the men who make love to me gallantly, the courtly ones who write notes and send flowers and make pretty speeches from a distance.

I hate the men who make love to me persistently, the thick-skinned ones it's simply impossible for a girl to insult.

But most of all I hate the men who don't make love to me *anyway*.

—Frances Mellor Gregory, in The
New York Magazine Program

His Helpful Wife

"Are you willing to admit that you are dependent on your wife in your public career?"

"Perfectly willing," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have no ear for music, and I am compelled to depend on Maria to nudge me so that I will be among the first to stand up when the band plays 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

—Washington Star

* * *

It Didn't Work

Andy—What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?

Mutt—My wife put it there so I would be reminded to mail her letter.

Andy—Did you mail it?

Mutt—No; she forgot to give it to me.

—Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

* * *

"There is nothing like laughter, not empty-headed laughter, but the intelligent, wholesome, kindly-hearted variety, to keep people young and fresh and fit for business and the obligations of living."

* * *

Her Preparedness

Hubby (at phone)—I'm bringing the boss home to dinner. Be sure to have something extra nice, won't you?

Wife—Yes, indeed! I'll run right downtown now and get that new pink gown.

—Exchange

* * *

One Thing at a Time

"I wish to marry your daughter, sir."

"Do you drink, young man?"

"Thanks a lot, but let's settle this other thing first."

—Film Fun

* * *

Latecomer—Is the seat next to you reserved?

Humorist—Oh, very. It hasn't uttered a word since I've been here!

—The Newspaper Carrier Boy



Afraid of My Own Voice But I Learned to Dominate Others Almost Overnight

SUDDENLY the boss turned to me and queried, "Well, Conroy, what's your opinion?" They all listened politely for me to speak and in the silence I heard my thin, wavering voice stammering and sputtering a few vague phrases. Like a flash Stoddard interrupted me and launched on a brilliant description of his plan. All sat spellbound as he talked—my views were forgotten—and yet I had been studying the problem for months and I was prepared to suggest a sound, practical plan which I knew would solve all our difficulties.

And that was the way it always was—I was always being given opportunities to show my ability and always failing miserably. I was bashful, timid, and nervous—I never knew how to express myself, how to put my ideas across. In fact, I was actually afraid of my own voice! Constantly I saw others with less ability, less experience than I being promoted over my head—simply because they had the knack of forceful speech, self-confidence and personality—the very qualities I lacked.

In social life, too, I was a total loss—I was always the "left-over"—the one who sat back and watched the others have a good time. I seemed doomed to be an all around failure unless I could conquer my timidity,

my bashfulness, my lack of poise and inability to express myself.

In 20 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a powerful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

There is no magic, no trick no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and

success. Today business demands for the big, important, high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much-applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such

amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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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. This book is called *How to Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will 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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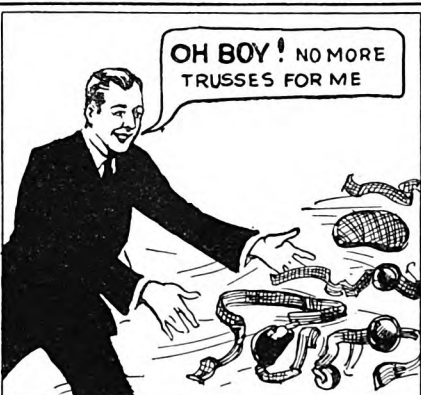
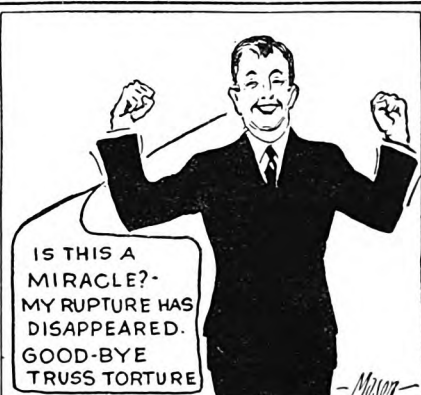
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Ain't Life Wonderful!

By Mason

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WHEN YOUR BARRED FROM AN ACTIVE LIFE BECAUSE YOU'RE STRAPPED DOWN WITH A TRUSS	- AND CONSTANT DISCOMFORT SOURS YOUR DISPOSITION	- AND YOUR AILMENT BEGINS TO AFFECT YOUR WORK AND BUSINESS SUCCESS
 JOE - HERE'S WHAT YOU OUGHT TO GET	 OH BOY! NO MORE TRUSSES FOR ME	 IS THIS A MIRACLE? - MY RUPTURE HAS DISAPPEARED. GOOD-BYE TRUSS TORTURE
THEN - SOME KIND FRIEND TIPS YOU OFF ABOUT MAGIC DOT	- AND YOU'RE AMAZED TO FIND IT SUPPORTS RUPTURE WITHOUT STEEL SPRINGS, LEG STRAPS OR HARD, GOUGING CUSHIONS	- AND TWO MONTHS LATER YOU FEEL TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER - AIN'T LIFE WONDERFUL!

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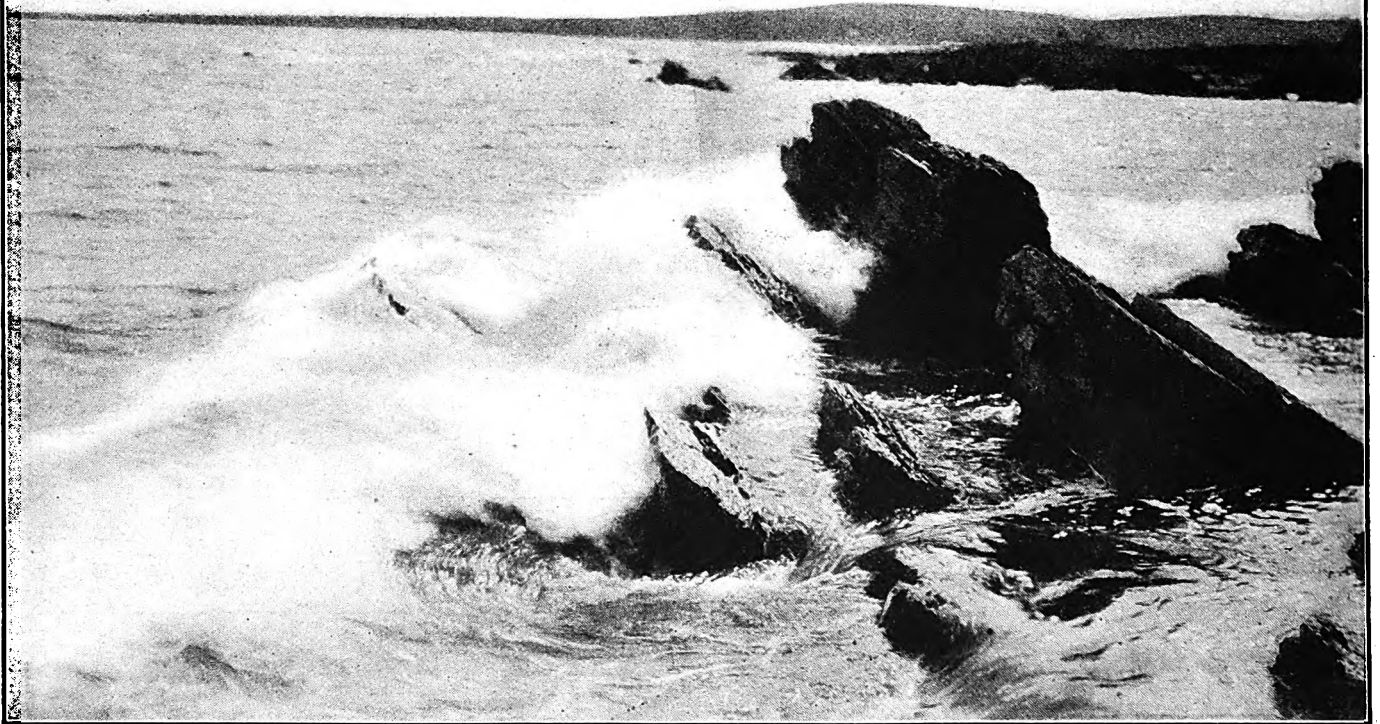
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"I love to hear the thunder of the waves."

Photos by Canadian National Railways

The Seashore

(A Sonnet)

By Virginia Miller

This is Miss Miller's first published verse. She is twelve years old, a first-year pupil in Mountain Lakes (N. J.) High School, and daughter of Dr. Henry Knight Miller.

I LOVE to hear the thunder of the waves,
And to explore along the rocky shores,
And find the sea-weed covered caves,
And walk upon their sandy floors.
I think it's fun to hunt for colored shells,
And also to make little wells
Upon the beach.

I like to sit and watch the ships,
Some seem so far away.
The sea-gulls come and take their dips,
And then they fly away.
Sometimes when I wake up in time,
I sit and watch the sun
On its upward climb.

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But at last there's a delightful and easy solution to this problem! Many thousands are already enthusiastic about it—every day we are receiving letters telling us of the amazing benefits received from using PECANO, the "Miracle Food"—hundreds of letters from celebrated persons, thousands from just regular folks, many of whom order five pounds of PECANO regularly.

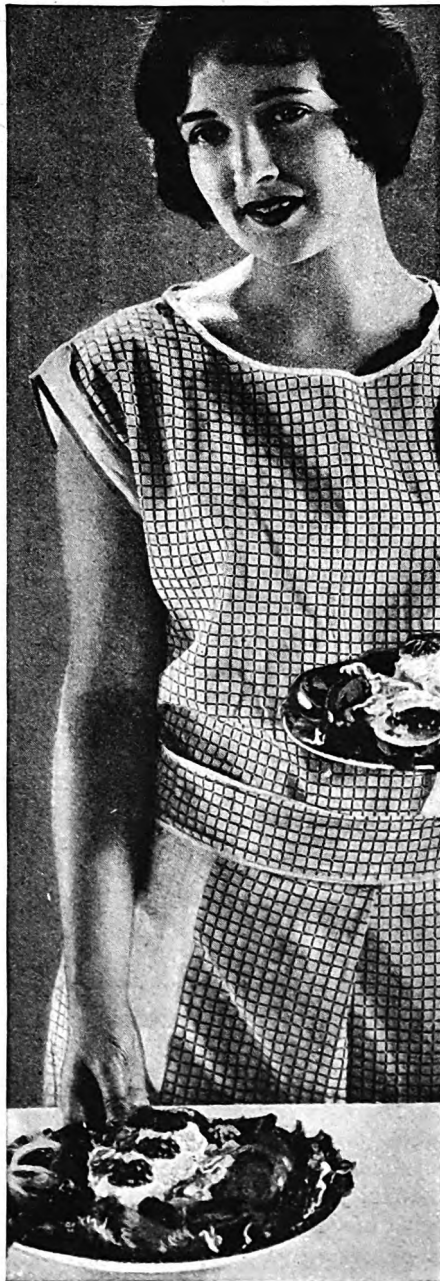
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Thousands of Mothers Are Finding Their Children Now Enjoy Dishes They Formerly Detested

efficiency instead of the sweaty discomfort that follows the eating of heavy foods.

The energy value of PECANO is *four times greater* than the choicest cuts of meat. Its proteins are *complete*, the same proteins as are found in eggs, meat, milk, cheese, and other animal products, but in a much purer, sweeter form.

PECANO—a natural food— lubricates entire system

PECANO is an entirely new kind of nut meal, nut in a form never possible to serve until the PECANO process was invented. It is made entirely from the choicest, ripe nut kernels, pulverized powdery fine so that it literally *melts in your mouth*. This, for the first time, makes nuts entirely digestible even by infants and the aged, and doctors recommend nuts in this new form for both. You don't have to chew it, you couldn't chew it any finer if you wanted to.

PECANO contains 68% natural nut oil, in a form in which it is readily assimilated by the body. This supplies amazing abundance of physical energy, pep, vitality—and perfect lubrication which relieves and prevents the ravages of constipation.

Flavor—Exquisite!

But it is the flavor, the exquisitely delicious taste of PECANO that tempts every member of the family. The miracle of its great influence on the family's health is achieved through its goodness, for every member of the family *wants* it. Prove this in your own home! Send \$1 today, with coupon below, for introductory package of PECANO (8 ounces). With it you will receive, FREE, elaborately illustrated booklet on "The Miracle Food" containing valuable scientific information on how to keep fit, young, and full of vitality. Mail coupon and \$1 now.



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The Battle Glorious

A Chat with the Editor

Henry Knight Miller

LIFE is a battle. But it may be a battle glorious. In the thick of the fray, amid the din of bitter struggle there is zest, romance, adventure. Some go down to defeat. Many become cowards and refuse to fight. They lay down their arms and supinely surrender, mere groveling slaves of adverse circumstances. Others there are who refuse to admit defeat. In the darkest hour they shout a defiant battle cry and press forward stout-hearted, invincible, to victory.

Let us consider some aspects of life's dramatic struggle. From the earliest dawn of man's existence on this planet he has had to struggle against hostile forces of nature. Desperate indeed was the struggle for existence to primitive man. Ferocious beasts preyed upon him. Food was not easy to obtain. Storm and tempest lashed their destructive fury. The burning heat of summer and the freezing cold of winter assailed him. Diseases he failed to comprehend racked his body with pain and led to his untimely death.

NATURE BOTH KIND AND CRUEL

LITTLE by little with the advance of culture and inventive ingenuity the battle against nature has become less severe. But it still exists. Nature is not always a beneficent mother. The same soil that yields delicacies for our table yields also fatal poisons. There is not only sunshine but devastating tempest. Fire not only warms our homes, cooks our foods and drives the wheels of industry: it ravages whole forests and destroys entire communities. We are ministered to by countless agencies that promote our bodily health but we are also assailed by myriad hostile organisms, germs, parasites that seek our very life. Electricity creates wealth such as would baffle the imagination of Croesus; it also hurls fiery darts from the angry clouds spreading death and destruction.

And so we must battle the very forces of nature if we are to survive. But it is a battle glorious. Only the coward beholding the apparent odds against him shrinks from the fight and resigns to the inevitable. The brave man fights on, his head "bloody but unbowed!"

Then there is the battle against certain aspects of the ego. Men have conquered empires but gone down to ultimate defeat before their unconquered selves. Alexander conquered most of the known world but died in his early thirties, defeated by his uncontrolled self. Napoleon not content with being supreme master of France and dictator to most of Europe was defeated

because of his inordinate and uncontrolled ambition. Byron wrote poetry which will live forever but died an old man in his middle thirties because he failed to win the victory in the battle to control himself. And other millions have failed and fallen because they neglected to do battle with their own weakness, hypocrisy, cowardice or other fatal faults.

While Napoleon lost because of an exaggerated sense of ego, untold millions fail because of a sense of inferiority. No man can win the battle of life so long as he permits this fatal malady to hold him in its deadening and enervating grip. If a man lacks self-confidence who will have confidence in him? Lacking faith in himself, none will believe in him.

Man must become aware of his cosmic relationship. Whatever the creative and sustaining principle of life which we call God, man is one with this divine presence and power. In whatever ways God is revealed, the truest revelation is in human personality. There is in the humblest man a divine spark that will not die. In a real sense we are one with the divine, and if a man be the revealing place of the divine how can he think himself low, mean and inferior. We are all as Maeterlinck says, "Gods in ruins." It behooves us to rebuild the broken places and create in ourselves worthy temples for the presence and transforming power of divinity.

Consider the lowly origin of most of our racial leaders and heroes. No man need be ashamed of his birth or parentage. We answer not for life's beginnings but for the end of the battle. Fight on. You are destined to win. Have faith in yourself, in the essential rightness of things, in the ultimate outcome of the battle, and victory should crown your efforts. If you do not win all for which you hope, at least you can die fighting with a shout of defiance and the cry of victory as one who has at least conquered himself.

BALANCE IDEALISM WITH PRACTICALITY

AS man must battle his environment and bend it to minister to his needs, and fight all within that might inhibit his victory, so in a sense he must struggle against other men. We hear much of brotherly love, forbearance, cooperation and service. All of this is noble idealism. We would not detract a word from the philosophy of brotherly love. But we are living in a world of stern reality where many ideals have not yet been realized. When all men are honest, kind and cooperative the fabulous millennium will indeed have

dawned. Until then we must balance our idealism with practicality. We must battle to hold that which is rightly our own and to extend our possessions to such an extent as shall be a reward for honest service rendered. This is no easy task. It calls for wisdom, care, persistent application, inventive imagination. But there is untold wealth the reserves of which have hardly been tapped. There is plenty for all. But only those alert in the battle share in the treasures for which we struggle in the arena of competitive industry. We must fight on, undaunted by apparent failure. In the hour of seeming defeat many a brave soul has won life's greatest victory.

Not only must a man battle other individuals but to a certain degree he must struggle against the repressive dictates of the social order. All great leaders of racial history have been to some extent rebels against the relentless dictates of the mob. In dull unthinking submission to the accepted standards there can be no progress. Every forward movement from Moses and Jesus to Lincoln and Darwin has followed as a consequence of some brave soul breaking with accepted but imperfect social institutions. Since we are all beneficiaries of the social order we must to some extent respect the opinions and conventions of others. But we must also bravely battle to preserve our own individuality and be true to our own deepest ideals and standards. We must do nothing which shall infringe upon the rights and well-being of others, but we must not surrender to the dictates of the rabble and permit others to do our thinking for us and prescribe the mode and manner of our lives. The ethics of the future will be a brave, sincere effort thru experimentation, the trial-and-error method, if you will, to find the better way. Life as now constituted is far from perfect. Many of the social institutions are crumbling because of the dead weight of their inherent inadequacy. Shall we grovel like slaves and crumble with them, or shall we battle to build a nobler, fairer and happier world?

Another monster against which we must wage relentless war is discouragement. The youth starts life's battle with a glow of zestful optimism. He dreams of noble achievement. He beholds the world at his feet, but launching offensive after offensive his forces are driven back, often with heavy losses. His visions fail to materialize. Friends prove false. Allies turn traitor. Castles of imagination crumble to dust and ashes. He struggles on until discouragement, like a devastating fever, assails him. In the hour of his surrender to this enemy he is lost.

VICTORY AT THE MIDNIGHT HOUR

WHAT of the great victors in life's warfare? Did they find the way easy, or did they struggle with aching backs, blistered hands and hearts all but broken until in the very midnight hour of their struggle, the tide turned, enemies fled, and victory crowned their efforts?

What of Columbus, opposed by all the learned doctors, turned down by one court after another, until finally he secured the backing of Isabella, organized his expedition, and after weeks of mutiny and doubt upon the part of his entire crew saw his dreams come true.

Then there was Arkwright, born of poor and illiterate parents who insisted that he become a penny barber. His wife broke up his first model of the spinning machine and later burned other models insisting that he go back to his razor. His townsmen rose in a murderous mob against him and he fled for his life. Yet he carried on and became father of the industrial revolution and of all modern machinery.

GLORY IN OPPOSITION

CHARLES GOODYEAR went thru the depths of poverty to perfect his invention for the use of rubber. His family suffered from hunger, his neighbors persecuted and called him crazy, but he persevered and made the world his debtor. And so of nearly every great benefactor of the race. In penury and hardship they have fought their solitary way to victory and power.

And there in the far distant past is a quiet sufferer on a cross. He came that men might have life and they would have none of him. He defied the standards of his day and the defenders of the organized order nailed him to a tree. He fought against insuperable odds and seemed to have lost. Yet the obscure Galilean reached out from apparent defeat to triumph over the world. He changed the course of history. His ideals still march on far ahead of racial attainment like a golden dawn driving away the lingering sentinels of night.

Several factors will help in life's battle to carry us on to victory. First we need an intelligent appraisal of the nature and tactics of the myriad enemies we face and the equipment with which we may hope to vanquish the opposition. We have mentioned just a few of the enemies we must face. There are many others. Study them and their methods of fighting. Make a list, a long list, of the forces and factors in the objective world and in the subjective world of inner reality. Then list the equipment with which you hope to win. There is faith, self-confidence, courage, loyalty, love, observation, imagination, determination, clear thinking, a sense of humor, self-control, a sense of perspective and many other factors which you need to study thoroly, cultivate, develop and wisely use in your battle glorious.

We need also to cultivate a sense of joyous zest in the glory of combat. Do not whine and wail that the way is hard, the night long, reinforcements few, friends faithless and victory long delayed. Rejoice at opposition. The boxer pays a sparring mate to fight against him day after day in order to make him strong. Those who oppose us bring out the rugged resources of our being. They make us strong. They equip us for battle and prepare us for victory. Glory in the fight. Rejoice in hardship. Enjoy the struggle. Refuse to recognize defeat. In the hour when hope seems to be bleeding and dead, victory may await you just over the summit.

Believe in your ultimate success. You may never materialize all for which you fight, but your quiet confidence of victory will touch with dignity your every effort and crown with divinity and essential success the cumulative story of your endeavors.

The House of Abbott



MR. ABBOTT

ARCHITECT, decorator, manufacturer, advertising man, super-salesman, banker, real estate operator and executive, are all titles to which A. Theodore Abbott could legitimately lay claim. Because of the diversity of his interests and accomplishments, it would be erroneous to conclude that he is a Jack-of-all-trades and expert at none. In some of these rôles he has demonstrated extraordinary ability. In any of them he stacks up considerably above the average. Many of his friends tell him he would have made an even greater success in the advertising business.

In the great game of American business, A. Theodore Abbott is like a boy in a toy shop. He inherited a talent for making money. Tho he values even a penny

for its true worth, the money itself has always been and still is a secondary consideration. It's the game of making it that thrills. When a child he was given twenty-five cents a week for spending money with instructions to try to save as much of it as he could. He managed, by systematic saving, to lay by an average of ten cents each week.

His present financial standing was built up on these savings from his twenty-five cents a week.

But his desire for candy and other things dear to the heart of a boy clashed with his budget. Instead of breaking into his savings, or lowering the percentage put by each week, or stifling his desires, young Abbott set about to remedy his income—not its outgo.

Sitting opposite him the other day in the Union League Club of Philadelphia, I asked him to review some of the outstanding adventures of his remarkable business career, to tell me something about his boyhood, his hobbies, his philosophy of life, ambition and success.

"My hobby?" he repeated after me. And came back with his answer without a second's hesitation. "Tackling a tough job and putting it over." His many accomplishments indicate how very true this is.

President of both A. Theodore Abbott & Company and the Abbott Manufacturing Company, also President of Asbury Gables, an all-

the-year-round English village type of development near Asbury Park; director and executive committee member of the Bank of Philadelphia and Trust Company and originator of the Kapoek House—these positions are but an index to his abundant energy and varied activities. Aside from an occasional game of golf, tackling a tough job and putting it over really is his hobby.

His business career, he told me, began in very early boyhood. He put in his spare time early mornings and Saturdays, selling papers and doing odd jobs for the corner grocer, to earn the extra money.

Fancy the horror of his family a short time afterwards when master Theodore appeared on a street corner in fashionable Philadelphia near his home with

holstery department of Gimbel Brothers. In every department store there is perfectly good merchandise that does not sell readily enough to make the turn-over profitable to the store. On such merchandise there is put a code mark which means to the clerk, "Please move." The clerk gets twenty-five cents or some other sort of bonus for each article sold. When Abbott saw quite a lot of merchandise so marked he sensed an opportunity to make extra money and help the store also. At the end of the first week the volume of his sales was satisfactory, altho he had sold nothing but "Please move" articles! The manager of the department took him severely to task for selling goods no one else could!

Perhaps you are convinced that no one could sell you the gold dome on City Hall or shares in the Brooklyn Bridge. Wait until you meet Abbott before you make up your mind on this point. But if he did sell you either of these gold bricks you could count on it that somehow he would make them paying investments. He is never in finer fettle than when attacking the impossible. On more than one occasion he has spent almost a continuous month of nights on sleeping cars, putting over a national selling plan that perhaps several people had failed on. He has little time and no patience with the man who is afraid of new ideas; who dreads a break with traditional ways of doing things. He is a living terror to laziness and inefficiency.

He frequently makes promises with himself to play more. Just so often he breaks such promises, excepting in the evenings. These are at the command of Mrs. Abbott. She disposes of them how she will. Mr. Abbott does not think that any man is a success, regardless of his millions, unless he makes a success of his home and family.

"I know men who have made large sums of money," he says, "but I call them failures. They have made their money at the expense of unhappy homes. No amount of money is worth the price of a broken home, an unhappy wife and children."

"Back of most successful men," he continued animatedly, "you will find a woman. That is historically true. Right here in Philadelphia is an outstanding example. Cyrus H. K. Curtis admits that the idea of the *Ladies' Home Journal* was conceived by Mrs. Curtis. And it was on the success of the *Ladies' Home Journal* that the Curtis millions were founded."

His feelings are very strong on the matter of a home. Mr. Abbott does not think that any man has a right to marry until he is able to support a family and has a few thousand dollars put by. "Young marriages are too often failures. Such marriages often spoil the chances of both the girl and the boy. Early marriage frequently ties a young man down with obligations beyond his earning capacity. This is bad for both him-

self and his young wife. Education and a definite start in business should precede even a thought of marriage. A wise girl will insist on her fiance meeting these conditions. The economic side of marriage should be solved before the ceremony. For love is often a very fragile flower if it is not planted in the deep soil of good economics.

"Deciding to work for strangers rather than for relatives for a real business education was the way I built my business foundation," Mr. Abbott continued, with such feeling as would suggest that he thinks young men should get from under the family business guidance to find the fullest opportunity for expressing their own personalities and making their marks in the world.

When young Abbott finished school he had the opportunity to go with his father in his wholesale fabric business and shortly have an interest in the firm. He chose, however, to go his own way as well as earn it, and learn from strangers of what he was made. So he found the job he wanted and went after it—at three dollars and a half a week. This was a nondescript place in the interior decorating firm of J. E. O'Brien and Company. This job appealed to him because it offered a practical outlet for the blending of his artistic and commercial instincts. As a brown-eyed lad of seventeen, surcharged with energy, Abbott needed no supervision. In his new position he found plenty of things to do and did them without being told.

There was a fine old wash-basin in the basement of the building that had once been good to look upon. But due to the neglect of the colored porter it had lost its luster. In fact it was downright dirty. But every one had been too busy to do more than occasionally protest. So one day Abbott, supplied with brushes and cleaning compounds, took off his coat, rolled up his

sleeves and went after that wash-basin with the vim of the Gold Dust twins.

"Who cleaned the wash-basin?" was as live a question around the O'Brien establishment for the next few days as was the query in the nursery rhyme as to the demise of cock robin.

"I cleaned the wash-basin, with my pail and water," young Theodore was finally forced to confess.

"Well," Mr. Abbott went on, "the cleaning of that wash-basin was the making of me. After that Mr. O'Brien took almost a fatherly interest in me. After that, in fact, my rise was very rapid. In five months I was paymaster and in charge of all funds. I made even the heads of the firm account for every penny they took out of the cash box. This vexed them a lot at first, but they came around to admitting that was the way the finances of a concern ought to be handled.

"But had I gone on cleaning (*Continued on page 60*)

Walls

By Elinor Lennex

GIVE me wide walls to build my house of life—

The north should be of love, against the winds of fate,
The south of tolerance, that I may outreach hate,
The east of faith, that rises clear and new each day,
The west of hope, that even dies a glorious way.
The floor beneath my feet shall be humility,
My roof, the very sky itself, infinity.

Give me wide walls to build my house of life!

“Bitterly”

*A Story of
Two Kinds of
Salesmanship*

By

Elmer E. Ferris

*Professor of Salesmanship,
New York University*



*“The trouble with you, Galland,
is that you see nothing but the
difficulties.”*

THE story of “Bitterly” came to my attention by way of a man named Brown. In leading up to the description of “Bitterly” he narrated a number of incidents that, when carefully analyzed, make a fairly vivid picture of two distinct kinds of salesmanship, resulting from two correspondingly different points of view.

Brown was a tea salesman traveling thru Western Canada selling Ceylon teas. His company imported directly to its Winnipeg warehouse from which the West Canada shipments were made.

At Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, he secured a number of orders which would have been a satisfactory quota were it not that in the most important transaction of the day he lost the order. He had

succeeded in getting a hearing from this buyer and interested him. He convinced him that the quality of the goods was right and that his prices were reasonable. The order was fairly his, and would have been the best order of the day, but when he attempted to close the sale, the buyer got away from him. It was one of those cases where the salesman somehow lacked the final “put-over-punch.”

That evening, after writing up his orders, Brown felt restless and defeated. Why was it that he had failed to get that big order? He lighted a cigar and went out on the street. This city of Regina was a lively town. The streets were well lighted and the sidewalks crowded. As he moved along his attention was drawn

to a group of men across the way gathered in front of a show wagon. A wall of canvas encircled the back of the wagon and a torch-light flickered at each end. There were two occupants of the wagon, one a black-face comedian wearing a battered silk hat and holding a banjo in his hand, the other a tall, thin man with a heavy shock of black hair and piercing black eyes. He stepped forward to the edge of the wagon.

“Gentlemen,” he cried, “you will now be entertained with a banjo solo by the Professor.”

The “Professor” proved to be a skilful player. The crowd increased rapidly, and scarcely had the music stopped when the other man stepped forward and began to talk. He had a patent medicine to sell. Brown paused and listened. The man seemed to be a convincing talker and intensely in earnest.

The speaker proceeded to describe in detail that “dull pain in the back,” those “flashes of dizziness,”

and that "tired feeling," all of which he claimed were symptoms of some impending malady. His description was so graphic that the tea salesman began to feel some of those symptoms himself. He drew nearer the wagon. The medicine vendor now proceeded to enumerate the particular roots and herbs which constituted the ingredients of his product. He described their great medicinal value. He told in vivid detail about the discovery of this compound, and read testimonial letters. He stressed his generous motives in permitting the public to obtain this panacea at the low price of one dollar per bottle. His voice was vibrant with intensity of feeling. Brown drew nearer to the wagon. He was curious to see how the man would close this sale.

The crowd was now pressing about the wagon. The speaker suddenly seized a bottle and thrust it into the hand of a man near the wagon. "Thank you," said he, holding out his hand expectantly. The man automatically drew a dollar from his pocket and handed it up. This broke the ice. The speaker seized other bottles and rapidly handed them out. "Now, gentlemen, don't crowd—don't crowd," he cried. "Every man will have a chance to get his bottle!" meanwhile passing out the bottles swiftly.

After a time there came a slight lull. The speaker paused—an expression of pained surprise upon his face. He leaned over toward the crowd. "Good heavens, men," he cried, "are you going to permit one dollar to stand between you and perfect health?" The crowd surged forward again and handed up their dollars for bottles of "perfect health" until the supply was exhausted.

Brown walked slowly back to the hotel and, seating himself alone in a corner of the lobby, thought things over. "Supposing that his medicine is a good one and worth a dollar," mused he, "still that fellow is in vaudeville, while you are in legitimate. Your company is a good one; your tea buyer is among the best in Chicago; your goods are right and your prices are strictly in line and yet that medicine salesman seems to have twice as much confidence and enthusiasm as you have. He has something inside of him that you need. We'd better think about that."

A week later Brown was on the train reading a current periodical. His attention was attracted to a character-sketch about a certain high-salaried mining engineer, who had made a remarkable record of achievement. The writer of the sketch described an interview which he had obtained with one of the executives of the mining company employing the engineer. "What would you say is the chief characteristic of this man that makes him such a success?" he had asked. The executive scratched his head reflectively. "You are asking a hard question," said he. "It is difficult to analyze a personality, but probably his main quality is a certain mental trait. He always thinks in *affirmative* terms. His mind seems to be charged with those facts and details that make for a successful outcome. He always sees himself going thru with it. That, in my opinion, is one of the reasons why he is such a live one."

As Brown read this he recalled that street scene in Regina. "This is a good explanation of that medicine man," thought he.

It happened that a few days later he attended a popular lecture delivered by a professor from one of the



"I'll send you a big sample"

universities. In this lecture the professor discussed the force of fixed mental attitudes. The substance of his argument was this: that every definite idea which becomes fixed in the mind generates certain forces which tend to produce corresponding results. If, for instance, a man's mind becomes charged with favorable facts and details with reference to himself, his work, and his environment, this attitude of mind will generate forces out of which will spring resourcefulness, persistence, and enthusiasm. If, on the other hand, one's mind becomes charged with negation, i. e., with those facts and details that make for weakness, inefficiency or failure, this mental attitude will generate doubt, worry, and anxiety, which in their very nature tend to non-action. Logically, then, the habit of mental negation leads to *defeat* while that of mental affirmation leads to *success*. The professor contended that here was to be found one of the secrets of will-power, which in its essence is largely a matter of affirmative thinking.

When Brown listened to this, his mind reverted to the medicine salesman and the mining engineer. Here was a scientific explanation of that certain something

Illustrated

by

William Grotz



of Y. H., number four!"

within those men which helped to make them live wires. He began to make a study of successful salesmen, to get at their points of view, and discovered that almost without exception they were men of affirmative habits of mind. Not that they ignored the difficulties, obstacles or hard things; they carefully measured them. But their habitual estimate or judgment was based upon those facts and details that were favorable. In other words, they thought in affirmative terms.

Some days after Brown returned from this trip, he was sitting in the office of his sales-manager at Chicago one morning when the mail was brought in and deposited on the desk.

"I have a problem on hand," the manager said as he glanced at the first letter. "A problem of salesmen as usual. Here is a letter from Galland and here is one from Jackson. I would wager a box of cigars that I can tell you in advance what will be the substance of each of these letters. You may remember that three years ago we took on these two men at the same time. They are of about the same age and of equal intelli-

gence. Both are well appearing chaps. We gave Galland a good territory in which we had a fair trade already established. We sent Jackson out upon a hard territory where we had never succeeded in getting much business. I soon began to notice that Galland was inclined to grouch. He would complain about the hotels, business conditions, the weather, cut-price competition, and all that. He has not even held the business which we already had. He makes no progress—in fact, he is slowly losing ground. Jackson was just the opposite. He was up against hard conditions from the start, and lost money for us during the first six months, but he seemed to like the game. He always acted as if he expected to win.

His orders were small but in his letters he would point out plenty of reasons why we were going to get the business. He has been making headway right along. His sales this year will show a nice

profit for all of us.

"Now before I open these two letters, I will tell you that Galland's letter will have a negative slant. I'll even bet we'll find the word 'bitterly' in it. He uses that word so much that

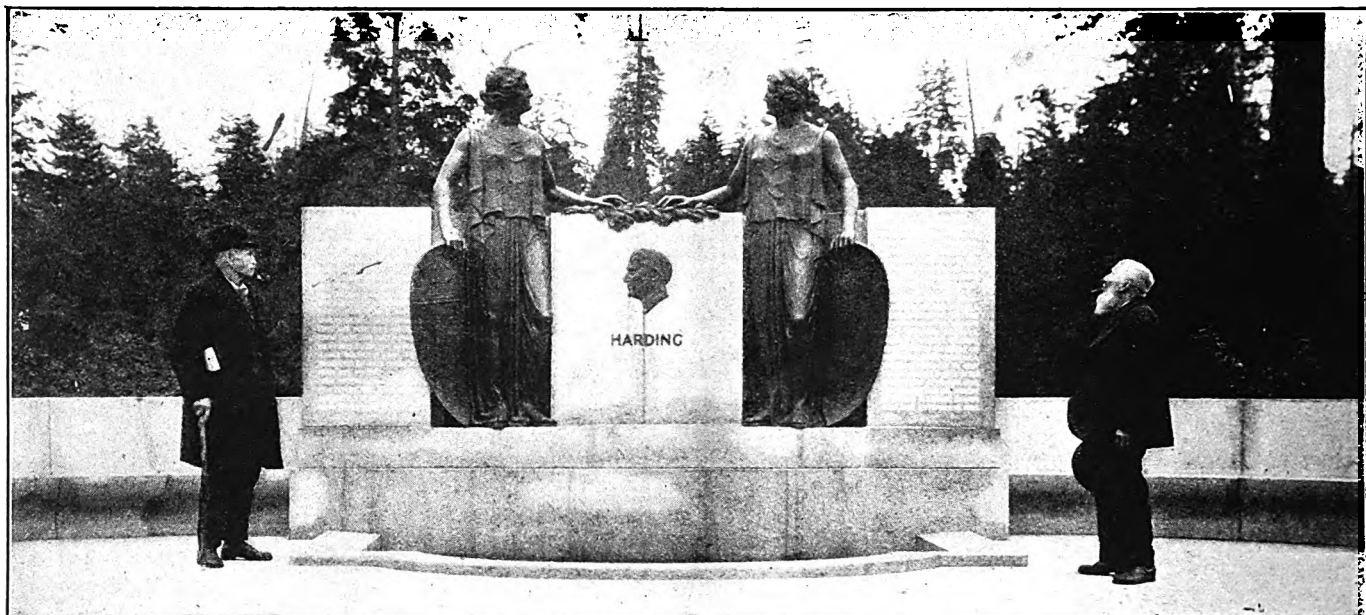
some of us here in the home office sometimes call him that. It's a nickname that fits him. There will be grouches and alibis in Galland's letter. Jackson's will be the other thing. Let's see."

He opened the first letter and began to read:

The weather has been pretty bad down this way and merchants are all complaining about dull business. It looks as if the boll-weevil were going to practically destroy the cotton crop in this section. You will notice that I made Mr. Flanders an allowance on his bill. He complained bitterly about that last shipment of Oolong.

"What did I tell you. There's his pet word. Always somebody is complaining 'bitterly', and I notice that whenever a customer makes a kick, Galland jumps to the conclusion that the company has been putting something over on him. He always indulges a presumption against the company. Now, as you know, we take good care of our customers, and treat them right, but you see what Galland's attitude is." He continued reading:

(Continued on page 72)



James McIntosh, 109, of Kamloops, B. C., and Charles "Dad" Quick, 107, of Vancouver, at the Harding Memorial at Stanley Park, Vancouver. Mr. McIntosh prefers a pipe, while Mr. Quick likes a cigar.

Be Happy— and Live 100 Years

By Frank E. Dorchester

RECENT research has brought me into contact with centenarians of the present day. In Ontario there are probably a hundred men and women who are one hundred years of age, or more, and probably more than ten thousand in the United States and Canada.

In a Sunday article in the *Province*, of Vancouver, George Harrison Gibbons gave account of a number of centenarians. He referred to priests and teachers of the Himalayas with indisputable claims to ages from 150 to 170. He then continues:

Our most primitive peoples farthest removed from civilization and therefore least affected by its benefits (?) produce very old and wise men. Of the twenty odd thousand individuals making up the aboriginal population of British Columbia in 1916 the writer, in the course of governmental investigations touching their lives and conditions, found no fewer than seventeen reputed centenarians, the most venerable of these, Old Moses, of the Kelsemahts, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, claiming 128 years.

Of Ontario centenarians may be named at random Mrs. Sarah Maxwell, Richmond Hill, 118; Mrs. Mary Rogers, of Linden Valley, near Lindsay; Mrs. Robert McElroy, First Concession, Goulbourn Township; Rev. T. M. Jeffries, Oakville, the world's oldest Methodist minister; Peter Brant, Deseronto, and Captain Richard Clark, of Port Hope. Robert Berry, of Oakville, at 92,

was out with a challenge to meet any Canadian light-heavyweight in a six-round mill. S. Lockhart, of Warkworth, claimed to have been cured of cancer that gave him considerable pain at 98. And W. H. Cluff, ex-city auditor, was a candidate for the Oshawa mayoralty in his 91st year.

Mrs. DeBeck, of New Westminster, in the coast province, cast her first vote on her 104th birthday anniversary; she lived to be 107. Charles ("Dad") Quick, of Vancouver, in his 108th year, still works at his trade. While "Dad" is, perhaps, the best known centenarian of Western Canada, he is not senior even of the white race in the Pacific province, that honor, so far as known, belonging to James McIntosh, spending the tranquil winter of his life as an inmate of the Kamloops Home, altho he is still straight and active and would be taken even by a good judge of ages for not more than eighty at most. This veteran was among those present at "Dad" Quick's last birthday party, and was then photographed as the first and youngest-appearing member of a centenarian quartet, the other members being Solomon Mutch, of Burnaby and W. H. Higgins, of Marpole, each 100.

Vancouver Island Indian tribes are especially favored as to longevity. Old Moses, of Kelsemaht, according to

Real Records of Real People Who Hold to Life for One Hundred Years— and Like It

missionary priests, was born in 1801 and is, therefore now 128. In 1916 Alberni Mary modestly confessed to 109 years. Kasper Kalispel and his one and only wife, Celestine, of the Cowichan tribe, were entered on the agency record thirteen years ago as respectively 111 and 104. "Uncle Dan," of the Ucluelets, was credited with having passed 107, while Blind Ezekiel, of Port Simpson, by his own slow process of computation worked out his age as 121—"mebbie hundred an' twent'-five." "Six-mile Mary," fish purveyor to Prince George, has seen 110 summers and winters come and go. As a matter of fact Mrs. Kajoury, also of Vancouver, is 115 years of age.

A news item from St. Louis, April 17, 1928, reads: "Mrs. Myram Sparks Bannister celebrated her 111th birthday March 19. She was born in Sidmouth, Devon, England, in 1817."

An item from the Vancouver Sun, August 12, 1928, states: "James McCain, 115, died yesterday at his home near Dora, Ark. An orphan at nine years, he roamed the seas as a sailor for more than fifty years before settling in the Ozarks. Altho he attended school only a short time during his lifetime he spoke nine languages."

Another news item from the Province, of September 4, refers to Tadija Moustasitch, of Herzegovina, stating that he was born in 1773 and is still hale and hearty at 155. It is asserted that he fought for Karageorge in 1804. His youngest son died recently at the juvenile age of 103.

Startling Facts

There are thousands of men and women 100 years old and over in the United States and Canada.

The Scriptures do *not* state that man's allotted life is threescore and ten.

Tobacco and alcohol, of course in moderation, seem to have no life-shortening effect, since many centenarians both drink and smoke.

Of all rules for long life the surest is:
DON'T WORRY!

Rev. Father Dandurand, of St. Boniface, Man., last celebrated the mass when in his 103rd year. Andrew York, of Roscoe, Sullivan county, New York, at 101, paid his first visit to a dentist, Dr. Derby, of Ellenville, to have a tooth pulled. Count Creppi, a Roman Senator of today, celebrated his 103rd birthday and his recovery from an attack of pneumonia by receiving a group of newspapermen, to whom he gave his own recipe for longevity. Julie Ann Walter, of West Chester, Pa., at 106, still

gratified at every opportunity her liking for hot mince pie. With the recent birth of a baby daughter to Mrs. Harry Klinner, 2330 Washington Avenue, New York City, five generations of her family are living, the baby's great-great-grandmother being now 108. Mrs. Sarah Brown, of Aurora, Ill., in her 114th year, attended a party from which she did not get home till five o'clock in the morning, with an announced determination to "sleep in" the following day. Mrs. Sarah Kirby, of Union, S. C., was 112 on January 22; Mrs. Mary Ann Porter, of Dwight, Ill., was 110 in February; Mrs. Richard Hinocher, when she died last year at Wittenberg, Wisc., was 120. Patrick Healey, of Ukiah, Calif., is 119; Mrs. Mary Quinn, of Chicago, is 115; Abraham Kittle, Detroit, is 114.

Bringing this fragmentary list still further up to date, as this article goes to press, newspapers are commenting on the arrival of the

dean of New York City's political life at the hundredth milestone of life. This is John R. Voorhis, president of the New



"Dad" Quick cuts the cake on his 107th birthday. From left to right: James McIntosh, 109; Charles Quick, 107; Solomon Mutch, 101, and the club's baby, W. H. Higgins, only 100.

York City Board of Elections and Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society, who was to be 100 years old on July 27th, still holding actively the double honor of his municipal position and his Tammany rank.

As nearly as I can check up on these varied reports I have found that the prime factor in long life is freedom from worry. The next important point is that in each case activity of general character has been the rule. Another point has been moderation; the use of anything in reason, but not abuse. In all these cases, as far as I have been able to ascertain, diet was not a conscious consideration. Yet it is evident that, unknowingly perhaps, these persons have not been addicted to overuse of denatured foods. They may have partaken of many time-saving foods, such as bottled or even canned products, and even white flour for that matter, but variety has contributed elements in one food which may have been missed in an undenatured food. Nevertheless, undenatured foods have not been eaten heavily, in proportion to more natural diet.

Strange to say, many supposed factors deadly to health, such as smoking and even alcoholic liquor, have been used with a fair degree of moderation. In making my inquiries I have avoided bias on my part, and simply state what I have found.

I have a long list of ancients who lived during the middle centuries, such as Thomas Parr, 150, whose main drink was ale.

The idea that one must not do this or that, such as moderate drinking or smoking, seems to have no basis in fact, no matter how much the reformer contradicts. The usual reformer is not moderate himself and seldom judges or looks at a matter without bias one way or another. Immoderation in anything is dangerous.

James McIntosh, of Kamloops, B. C., already referred to, is, at the age of 109, quite upstanding and active, smokes, has no qualms about liquid refreshment within reason. Photographs of "Dad" Quick, 108, with few exceptions show him with a good cigar. Mr. McIntosh seems to prefer a pipe. A Mr. Wickshire, of Notts, England, on being asked what were his habits, seemed nonplussed, but admitted to a strong cup of tea every morning, cakes and pastries occasionally, beer for lunch, bread and cheese, and approximately ten shillings' worth of tobacco a month. Mr. Fred Stevenson, of Winnipeg, was 104 when I first learned

of him, and said he had smoked until he was 102.

Now do not think because I mention the fact that so many of these old people indulge in a smoke or a drink that I suggest that this contributes to longevity. I do not. On the other hand I am convinced that moderate indulgence has no effect in shortening life.

Nevertheless, when in training for any strenuous athletic event any but very moderate indulgence is not conducive to long-windedness. Heavy smoking is unwise, especially the continued inhalation of cigarettes, as these certainly tend to throat irritation, which is not a favorable matter for those with predisposition to throat or lung trouble. As to drinking, what I mean by a moderate drinker is one who takes perhaps a glass of beer with lunch or dinner, or a tot at night before going to bed. In fact, I really believe that certain types may be benefited, especially if well on in years. But do not misread this. I mean genuinely moderate,

not indulgence to the point of fogginess, as is so common.

The real truth is that the secret of long life lies in the factors already stated—Non-worry, exercise (or activity) good food, moderation.

I find the following in a recent article from a British newspaper:

Lord Desart, who was director of public prosecutions from 1894 to 1908, discussed recently the reason for the fact that there are fifty-four peers of eighty or more. He said: "I am not eighty till next month, and I should not like to express any decided opinion as to the reasons for longevity. I think, however, that Lord Sydenham is right when he said that hard work is conducive to long life. The whole question is difficult. Heredity may or may not have something to do with it."

Lord Muir-MacKenzie, who is 83, is an example of a peer who has combined hard work with athletic exercise. He was captain of Charterhouse at cricket and football, has been a keen racquets and golf player, and for thirty-five years was

permanent principal secretary to the Lord Chancellor and Clerk of the Crown in Chancery.

The foregoing news item is particularly interesting, as the reader will note that Lord Muir-MacKenzie went in for all-round sports, which would contribute to balanced muscular action, a much better factor in longevity than unbalanced use of muscles, which ensues from unbalanced athletic specializing or occupations. Strong muscles, with weak opposers, are prolific causes of mechanical friction.

Fads will never extend life. Common sense will.

Seeking the secrets of longevity a correspondent from Boston interviewed (Continued on page 58)

Dreams

By Cyrus C. Johnson

OH! Give me a house by a running stream
At the end of a winding way.
Give me the hills; let me keep my dream
And weave it anew in the morning gleam,
In the flush of each summer day.

Give me a home like the wild things know,
Where the honey bees hum at noon;
Let me sing with the pines when the west winds blow
A song to the blue where the white clouds go
As mating ring-doves croon.

And the hills will keep my dreams of old
Forever inviolate;
And I will weave new dreams of gold,
And the past will fade as a tale untold
Outside the canyon gate.

My altar fires will never die,
My harp be never still;
In my house in the hills 'neath a friendly sky
I will watch and wait as the years pass by
Till I slip o'er the Western Hill.

Noise

Says Dr. Donald
A. Laird

Is More than a Nuisance

*It Wastes Energy, Retards
Work and Lessens
Earnings*

THUNDER of elevated trains, grinding of trolley cars in their tracks, shrill toots of automobile horns, the screech of brakes, lumbering vibration of snorting trucks, piercing din of steel riveters, rumble of motors, clatter of typewriters and adding machines, with now and then the dull roar of an airplane thrown in—this, to our ears, is the city of today, a jumble of blasting and disconcerting sounds. Noise, noise, noise!

Does noise bother you? Does it hurt you? Does it reduce your efficiency?

The scientists, who are beginning to give their attention to this accompaniment of our modern civilization, tell us that it does. "Oh, but I've got used to it now," you say. But you deceive yourself; it affects you just the same, the psychologists say.

Dr. Donald A. Laird, director of the Psychological Laboratory of Colgate University, has been conducting experiments in the effects of noise for two years. His experiments have proved that "the ear and the lower nerve centers are stimulated by noises, altho there may



DR. LAIRD

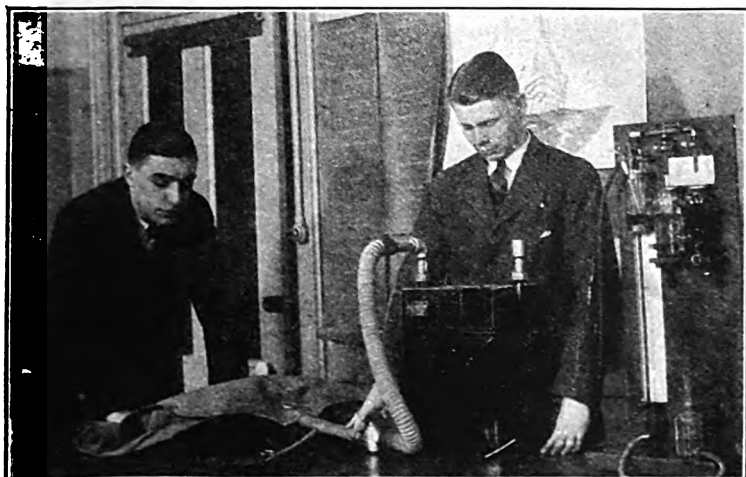
*In an Interview with
Eleanor Boykin*

be no conscious reaction to them whatever."

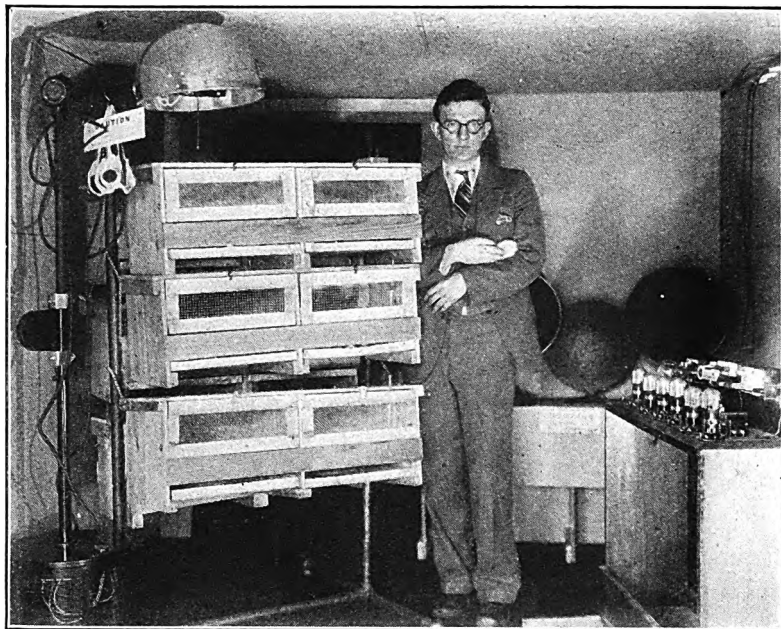
Noise, according to this authority, is a demon who carries on his mischievous work even when you are asleep. Dr. Laird's discoveries have shown that the grating wheels of a passing trolley-car or honk of an automobile horn will instantly raise your blood pressure even tho you do not wake up.

"We have perfected apparatus for measuring the tension of all body muscles," Dr. Laird explains. "The apparatus is so sensitive that merely moving a finger will be accurately indicated. We have been gathering data with this instrumentation from persons sleeping. We have found that merely walking on tiptoe past a sleeper's bed will greatly increase the tension of his muscles, altho it does not waken him. It is easy to imagine what an elevated train or heavy truck passing within earshot will do in comparison with this slight noise of walking on tiptoe!"

Among Dr. Laird's first experiments were those to test the effect of noise on efficiency. Mediocre and champion typists were used as subjects in the Colgate Laboratory. They were required to type at top speed under alternating fairly quiet and noisy conditions. During both periods, they wore breathing masks so that all air exhaled could be collected and later analyzed



Dr. Laird's laboratory assistants measuring the energy burned up by working under noisy conditions. The canvas bag contains air exhaled from lungs of the workers tested.



Even rats don't like noise. At least they thrive better in quietness. This is a Colgate apparatus for trying it out on the rodent.

to determine the amount of energy consumed.

The results showed that typing speed was five per cent greater when the room was only fifteen per cent quieter. An expert typist with a speed of 150 words a minute wrote a letter twelve seconds quicker when she was not disturbed by the reverberations of a noise machine which reproduced the sounds heard in an average office, even to the telephone bell and traffic horns.

It was also discovered that the typists used up twenty-five per cent more bodily energy in a noisy room than in one relatively quiet. This was revealed from the chemical analyses made every fifteen minutes of the air exhaled by each subject. This increased consumption of energy Dr. Laird ascribes not only to the fact that typists, surrounded by noise, pound the keys of their machine harder but also to the fact that noisy conditions produce a general tenseness of the muscles which is fatiguing and saps bodily energy unnecessarily. A relaxed muscle has more resistance than a tense one.

The expert typist referred to lost two-tenths of one per cent of her bodily weight during ninety minutes of typing in the noisy phase and only half that much in the same length of time under quieter conditions. This indicates how much more of a strain noise produces upon the worker than work without it.

While there were no appreciable differences in the effect upon men and upon women in the experiments, it was evident that the better typists were more affected by the noise than the less capable ones. Dr. Laird's conclusion is that the speedier typists work nearer the physiological limit and therefore break more easily under the disturbing influence of noise.

If we may judge by Dr. Laird's experiments, mental work is cut down even more than repetitive manual work by the amount of noise of the average office or industrial plant. His statement is, "The noise of our laboratory cut into the rigorous mental work, such as executives think they do, by thirty per cent."

It has been established that some people suffer more

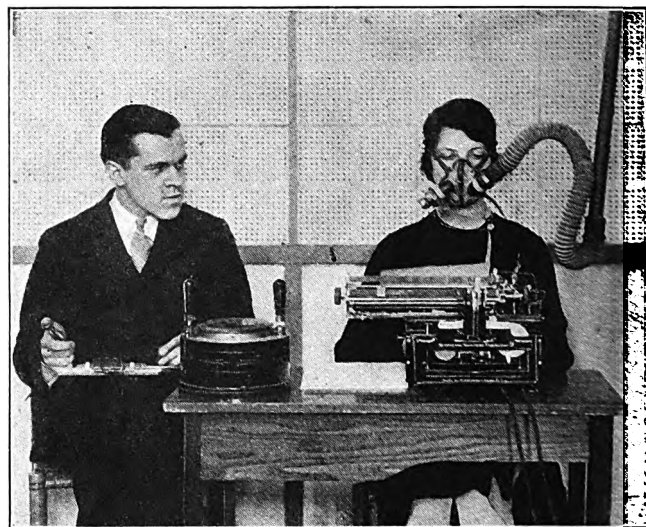
from noises than others. It also appears that some noises have more devastating effects upon every one than do others. One of Dr. Laird's objectives at present is to find out which kinds and amounts of noises are the worst. "To date, we have no positive conclusions on this point," he says, "tho it is generally agreed that intermittent noises are the worst. We all know the irritation we feel when a door is slammed suddenly or the office boy turns the electric fan on and off. The badness of such noises probably consists in the abrupt changes in the bodily adjustments.

"Our human organism is marvelously adaptable and can adapt itself to new conditions, but it takes time. If suddenly our climate were changed to that of the Panama Canal Zone or of the Arctic regions, we should suffer ill effects. It would probably require several generations to bring about a biological adjustment to the change. Does it not seem possible that in adapting themselves to the increased noises in office, street, and factory, human beings may also suffer ill effects?"

These ill effects, Dr. Laird thinks, do not lie in injury to our ears or auditory nerves. At least not unless the noises are overwhelmingly loud and continuous, as in a boiler factory.

"The biological harm in noises appears to lie in the fact that they are a natural stimulus to the *fear* reaction. Every-day experiences illustrate this. There is the shiver that runs up your spine when you hear the creak of a rusty hinge or the squeak of a file, the involuntary jump you give when you hear the report of a pistol or the blast of a dynamite explosion or a clap of thunder. Not every noise may cause this fear reaction, but intense and intermittent noises commonly do.

"In the cat, the fear reaction is shown by the hair 'standing on end,' as we say. This change is brought about by the contraction of tiny involuntary muscles at the base of the hair. A similar involuntary muscle contraction takes place in (Continued on page 56)



This typist is not being smothered. The big tube catches the air she breathes out, to be measured for loss of energy, while alternating noise and silence modify her speed.

When

I Was

a Gangster

*The Story of a
Look-out Who
Escaped — and
Became a MAN*

*As told to
Ada Patterson*

TODAY I came thru the vestibule of my suite of offices upon a subsiding wave of complaint from the office boys of my firm.

"I'm tired of this."

"It's all work and no fun."

"They've kept me runnin' errands until I got blisters on my feet, for six months, and I ain't had no raise."

"That's so. Me too. I'm going to quit. I'm looking for a soft job and easy money."

I pretended not to hear. But I knew the voice of the last speaker and I flung a glance at him seeing him for the first time with completeness. A boy with fine eyes that are a little bold. Regular features. A mouth that would be handsome were it not marred by discontent.

A pallor that I had attributed to cigarette-smoking but, I realized for the first time, might be the blueish whiteness caused by undernourishment. A thin body that may be so thin for the same reason. Jim's face flushed under my glance then blanched. The fear of the boss is the beginning of panic in an office.

Jim need not have been frightened because I overheard his common office-boy plaint. The boyish rebellion in his face had stirred something long inactive in me. It was pity. The boy had opened the caverns of memory. Out of that cavern came a boy like him. Overgrown. Undernourished. Sullen. Hopeless. By juvenile measure, desperate. A pale, brooding boy that was fast becoming defiant. A small human being in the first stage of antisocialism. That boy was I. When I was a gangster.

It is not easy to believe. I am the head of a firm of engineers, with an international reputation, and more persons on our payroll than I just now can count. I live on the finest avenue in our city. I married a lovely girl, the daughter of one of the state's leading citizens. We have three children who, we think, are the finest on earth. I am a trustee in a church and on the board of governors of three clubs. I enjoy the esteem of my community and I believe that I deserve it. There is no weight, no stain, upon my conscience. I have led what folk call "an upright life."

Yet I was a gangster.

Because Jim's flaming face reminded me of that I have dined downtown and have come back to the office,

where, alone so far as I know, I am writing this story, on the forty-fifth story of a skyscraper. I am writing it for Jim and all the other brooding, dissatisfied Jims who crave "soft jobs and easy money."

I was fifteen, and, like Jim, an office boy. I had finished the grade school and could go no further because of family circumstances. My home was the kind called "poor." My mother was a fine woman, weakened in body and in spirit, by poverty and a too large family.

I was the oldest of seven children. My father—probably the least said about him the better. He was a ne'er-do-well. One of the kind of men who don't get on because they don't try hard enough. Ill-health, too, was a handicap. Perhaps he did the best he could, but the best of some persons is very poor.

I was office boy and messenger for a paper-box factory. It seemed to me a prosaic business. Like Jim I had worked in the factory for six months and had had no recognition of my value as measured by a "raise." I was surrounded by and did the bidding of persons who seemed to me to have no thought save about boxes. No matter what happened, they never looked up from their work. In sullen moments I wondered how they would behave if I should turn on the fire alarm. I hated the shabby old building, near Brooklyn Bridge, in which the boxes were made. I disliked the persons who made them. Which included the "boss" who drove to business from his home on Long Island, in a shining blue limousine.

I hated it all as only an unhappy boy can hate. Why did nothing ever happen in the factory except work and pay-day? Why could not things move with a rush and a roar as they did in the motion pictures that I spent the ten cents allowed for my lunch to see? My life was a question-mark barbed with bitter rebellion.

One night things began to happen. Things "different," as I had wished. Things far from the box factory.

I was walking home, as was my habit, to save carfare. I was tired, my feet were taking me draggingly for I was not anxious to go home. It was only because mother would worry if I did not that I made my homeward way every evening. I should rather have slept in one of the green squares that a speaker at the mission told us to visit whenever we felt heavy-hearted.

"I'm carrying more than that. Come on in. I'll pay for both of us."

I followed him into the Bowery bakery. I felt my shoulders rising and squaring, my chest expanding. I was proud to be seen, even by strangers, with such a companion. He was a little more than of medium height, and stocky build. His shoulders were wide. His features were regular, his complexion dark. The shortness of his hair did not hide the deep ripple in it, at the forehead and above his prominent ears. He was sending me a friendly glance out of dark, deepset eyes. But what I noticed that sent the thrill of pride coursing thru my veins, a kind of prickly heat of delight, was that he was the best-dressed man I had seen. A dark blue, well-fitting suit. A spotless, glistening white shirt-front and perfectly fitting collar. A four-in-hand tie, of a mingling of soft red and yellows. A gray felt hat. A spring overcoat. A gray silk scarf worn beneath the coat. Shoes of finest leather, soft as my mother's pair of very old kid gloves. A scrubbed, brushed, dustless look.

"Let's have some of the custard cakes. Shall we?"

"I nodded.

"And a cup of coffee?" I nodded again.

"With lots of cream and sugar in it, you bet."

I nodded again and this time I must have smiled. I tilted my shoulders sidewise as he did. I tossed my shabby hat on the chair beside his new one. One, two, three cakes I devoured, and my stomach cried for more. The man ate as many, but with less apparent relish. Some crumbs and crust remained on his plate.

"You can eat some more, can't you kid?"

I shook my head.

"Of course you can. Waiter, another plate of the cakes. And a couple more cups of coffee."

I ate two more cakes. The man just played with his fork.

"Did you enjoy them? Hit the right spot, didn't they? Fine. Have anything else? Sure? Well, then we'd better be going." He paid the check and left a half dollar on the table. "Did you forget your change?" I timidly asked.

"No" he laughed. "That's just a little tip I left for the waiter."

I walked out, thru the aisles between the tables, after the fascinating stranger. I strutted a little and swayed my shoulders as he did. I tried to smile, like him, a twisting smile that pulled his lips down on the right. At the door I said in a voice weakened by shyness:

"Thank you, sir. Ever and ever so much."

"Not a bit, kid. I lost the bet. You were hungrier

than I was. I surrender. Where do you live?"

I gave him the number of a tenement on East Fifth Street near the river, and the Second Avenue "El."

"That's not far. I haven't anything to do for the next half hour or so. I'll walk over there with you." Again I strutted proudly beside him.

"What is your name?"

I told him, even to the pretentious middle name, which my mother had taken from an English novel she had borrowed from the branch circulating library. She had told me so and had sighed and said: "I have not had any time to read since you were born, and your little brothers and sisters began coming to stay with us." I told the good-looking stranger this, and more. What my father did when he worked, as a longshoreman, how seldom he worked, and how my mother slaved. When he asked me how much my father earned, and how much rent we paid, I humbly told him. I was humble and grateful for his interest.

"Got a job?" he asked abruptly.

I told him about the box factory.

"Like it?" he asked.

"I hate it," I answered in imitation of his monosyllabic terseness.

"Why?"

I poured forth my loathing for the box office and all the persons concerned with it. He turned upon me a sharp, swift look and his crooked smile was the more twisted.

"You've been working there for six months and haven't had a raise yet? Seems as tho they ought to do better for a bright fellow like you."

We reached the door of the old brown tenement. My new friend sent one of his swift glances into the dark hall, and up the dusk of the narrow stairway.

"Where do you live?"

"Up five stories and at the back."

"Tough climb when a fellow's been working hard all day." His voice dripped sympathy. "Maybe I can

find a way for you to better yourself. Would you like that?"

"O, sir; will you come up and talk to my mother about it?"

"Not tonight. I have to be on the other side of town in a few minutes. Meantime, don't say anything to your mother—or any of your folks. It will be better to surprise them with your good luck. Good night."

He offered me his hand and held mine in a loose clasp.

A slight return of the twisted smile, and he hurried down the miserable street. (Continued on page 62)

The Victory Road

By Jeanette Lawrence

NOT what we get, but what we give;
Not how we die, but how we live;
Not what we reap of life and zest,
But how we meet and stand each test.

Faith urges on. No darkling bar
Can hide from you your guiding star.
Not smoothest road, but mountain peak
Affords the glory that you seek.

Ambition into will must blend.
Success awaits just round the bend.
The winding path leads to the height,
Where morning's flush dispels the night.

The new day's offerings await
Your coming feet. Nor time nor fate—
If you but look with forward eyes—
Can rob you of your chance to rise.

The roughest sea, with foam-tipped crest,
On some far sunland sweeps to rest.
Firm-footed climb the rugged way
That leads on to the gladder day.

Has the MACHINE a Soul?



Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway

By
Robert Engler

OUR European cousins continue with their æsthetic lambastings of machine-made America. The United States, the land of machines, has no soul. For it is clear to be seen that the machine is soulless, therefore its creature is minus the divine spark. Let us admit the charge of our mechanical origin. Shall we now hang our heads and shamefacedly slink into the shadows? As any of our dear cousins would readily admit, that sort of conduct in us would be most un-American.

Sit beside Lindbergh as his plane speeds out over the trackless waste of silent waters. On thru the darkness of uncharted air with nothing between you and death but the faithful purr of a whirling motor. Has the thing a soul? This machine that holds you aloft from sure and sudden death? This mechanical magic that flings you thru space from New York to Paris in thirty-three hours as if you were riding the crest of a cyclone. Has this thing a soul? Is it not significant that Lindbergh personifies it with the affectionate "we"?

Has the machine that made America a soul?

Has machine-made America a soul?

All the ghosts of the ancient great shout "YES" in tumultuous tones. "My soul is in the machine," says Aristotle. And ours, too, chorus Copernicus and Galileo. Michael Faraday calls from his spectral haunts, "I blew into the dynamo the breath of life. My soul lives on in things electrical everywhere." James Watt, Sir Isaac Newton, Roger Bacon, Robert Fulton and a host of other immortals live on in their contributions to the mechanical civilization now culminating here in America.

So in our machine-made country the souls of the inventive great of every land sweep on in majestic strides to the final lifting of all drudgery from the drooping shoulders of burden-laden man.

And it is fitting that men at home and in places far distant should rejoice in the soul of America—and in the machine that made America the burden-lifter among nations.

Men ^{a n d} Women

An Analysis of Jung's Theory of the Racial Unconscious

FREUD did not discover the Unconscious. He did not even name it. His pioneer work in it was done as a specialist in trying to use the unconscious factor in the cure of mental diseases. He found and proclaimed the sexual element in it, which is not, however, by any means the only important factor. He showed also that a person's dreams can be used as the surest indicator of the general drift of the Unconscious. He has made the most brilliant and thoroughgoing scientific study of the dream in modern times.

Adler broke with Freud in not accepting the sexual urge as the strongest in humanity, saying the strongest urge was the egotistical will to power. Both Freud and Adler looked only at the personal history of the individual from birth onward as containing the causes of the nervous disorder. Nothing earlier than infancy interested either of these men, nothing more than the individual's own past, and its relationship to the dominant figures in the child's environment—mother, father, sister, brother (or their surrogates), on the one hand; and the accident of physical constitution on the other. They believed that the tracing back of the present trouble to past misfortunes, strictly within the individual's own experience, would cure the disorder, if it were curable.

Jung broke with Freud on the question of the scope of the Unconscious. Jung said that there were elements in it that could not be explained on the supposition of its being a purely personal individual thing. Jung made a distinction between the personal and the "collective" Unconscious. The personal Unconscious is what is forgotten or repressed from mental life, or what *was* experienced, but not consciously. Below the personal Unconscious is a level of unconscious material which is inherited in the protoplasm of the brain and nervous system.

The big factors in the collective Unconscious, which Freud would not accept as a reality, are what Jung calls "archetypes"* or "primordial images." They are not inherited *ideas*, but forms of inherited experience, dim and indistinct in themselves, and represented in dreams by heroic figures, huge or terrible animals, and accompanied always by a sense of their being tremendously important for the life of the dreamer. They are discoverable not only in dreams but also in the broad outlines of man's reaction to his environment.

Freud stuck to strictly scientific medical psychological facts. Jung forged ahead into the unknown, outside of the narrow circumscribed area of "science" as understood by Freud. Jung suffered no little obloquy

for his daring, but in his present books** he says he can go no farther.

In them he reduces God to an archetype. He admits that this primordial image exists in all peoples; but it is merely a racial psychological fact. It, the archetype, exists, but that is no scientific proof for the existence of any real God which it represents. But he does not imply that man needs a scientific proof of God's existence.

Jung in my judgment is the greatest of the analysts. I do not say "psycho-analysts," which is a term given up by Jung to the Freudians. He calls his own activities analytical psychology. He speaks of the methods of Freud and Adler as being "causal" and "reductive." That is, each seeks to find the immediate mental cause of the disorder (mental or physical) in the present psychology of the individual, then the cause behind that, then the others leading back to earliest infancy.

Jung describes his own view as "final" in the sense of "discovering purposes," and "constructive" in the aim to show the patient, out of the patient's own Unconscious, how best he may put together the disassembled parts of his psyche, after they have been analyzed, laid apart and examined separately from all possible points of view.

This is surely an advance. I remember wondering, in the early days of my own study of psychoanalysis, whether it is really true that when a man sees all the pictures he can of his own Unconscious, and illumines them with the light of his consciousness, everything in the human mind does become healthy, and if not, why it does not! That, I am convinced now, was because there was not enough creative element in the procedure, not enough synthetic factor, not enough prospect for the future. It is a relief, to be sure, to believe, when you see the un-moral and the immoral in your own Unconscious, that you are no worse than your neighbor. You become also more tolerant. But it does not give you any plans for the future. It simply reduces you, and everyone else, if you take them to pieces the same way, to the same level of incoordination.

Jung does better, and, in addition, he says, in these books, some fascinatingly interesting things about the Anima and the Animus, the Persona and the Mana personality, all of which help in the explanation of one's relation to the soul and to the world.

The striking thing about the Animus and the Anima is, according to Jung, that the soul of a man is feminine

* Archetype—an original pattern, or model, which is imitated, or copied.

** Contributions to Analytical Psychology. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1928.

Two Essays on Analytical Psychology. New York: Dodd, Mead, 1928.

By
Wilfrid Lay

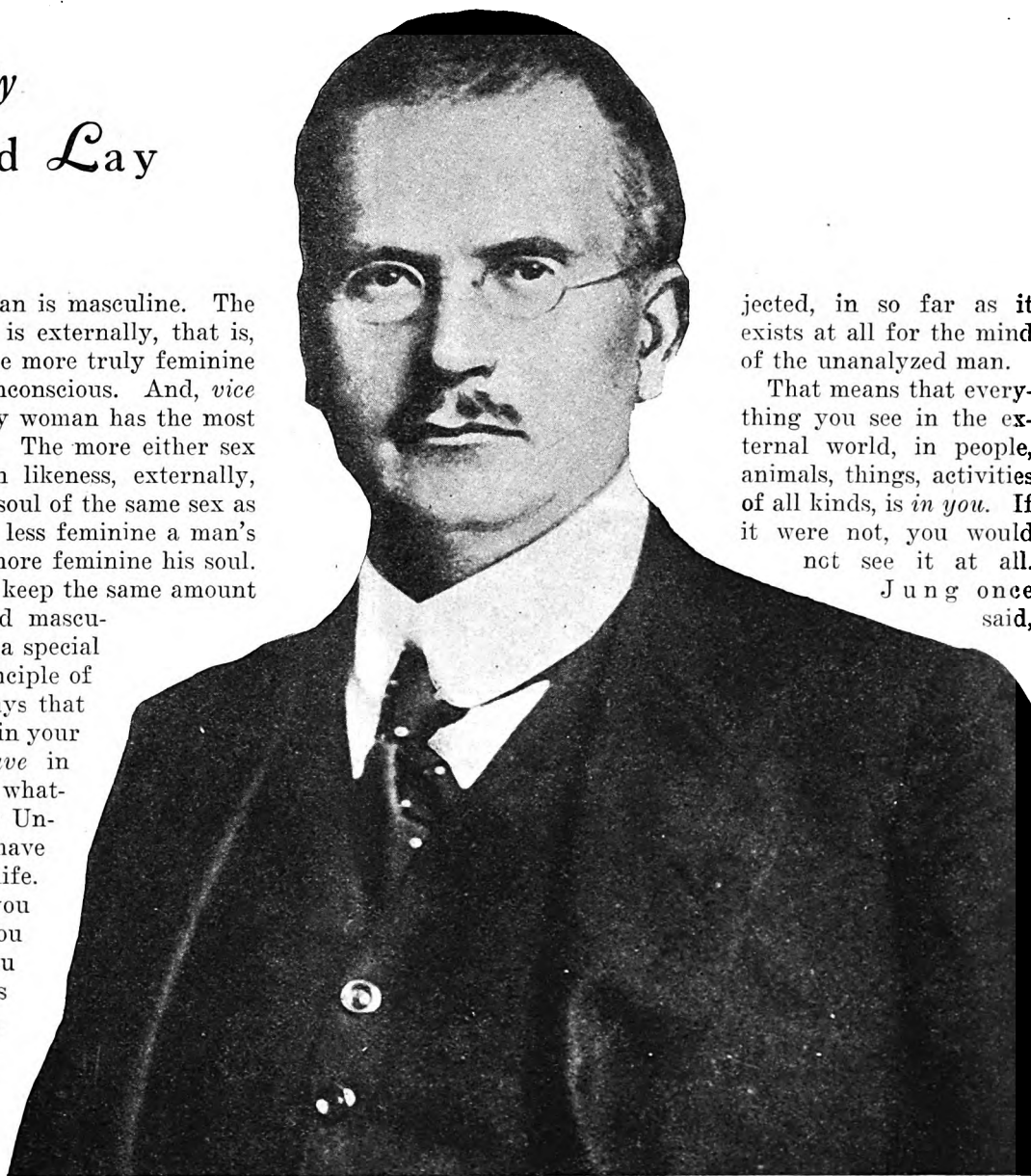
and the soul of a woman is masculine. The more masculine a man is externally, that is, in the conscious life, the more truly feminine a soul he has in his Unconscious. And, *vice versa* the most womanly woman has the most rigidly masculine soul. The more either sex approaches to other in likeness, externally, the less do they have a soul of the same sex as their own bodies. The less feminine a man's body and actions, the more feminine his soul.

This balance, as if to keep the same amount of both femininity and masculinity in both sexes, is a special case of the general principle of compensation, which says that whatever you have *not* in your conscious life you *have* in your Unconscious. Also, whatever you have in your Unconscious, you do *not* have in your conscious life. You do not think you have it anywhere. You really have it, but you think someone else has it, in whom you have, or suddenly acquire, a great interest. You "project" it onto someone else.

Apropos of this compensation idea, there are always *two* interpretations of the dream, and of every element of it. The Freudians have devoted themselves to the elucidation of the dream as representing the relation of the dreamer to the external world and its happenings. If you dream of a person or even an animal, the Freudians' explanations are based on what real person or animal may have played an important part in your own past life. That is the *objective* interpretation of the dream.

But Jung points out that the very same incidents in the dream, no matter what important external events they may be eventually related to, are at the same time (as parts of *your* past) selected parts, and, moreover, parts of *you*. If you dream of a dog you are part dog; if you dream of a lion, part of you, to say the least, is leonine. Carl Sandburg sings: "I have a hog in me."

Now the totally unanalyzed man never understands that what he sees has this subjective value, even tho he may have heard that the beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Reading Jung's books is a wholesome proceeding, because they explain so clearly this principle of "projection." Everything in the Unconscious is pro-



jected, in so far as it exists at all for the mind of the unanalyzed man.

That means that everything you see in the external world, in people, animals, things, activities of all kinds, is *in you*. If it were not, you would not see it at all.

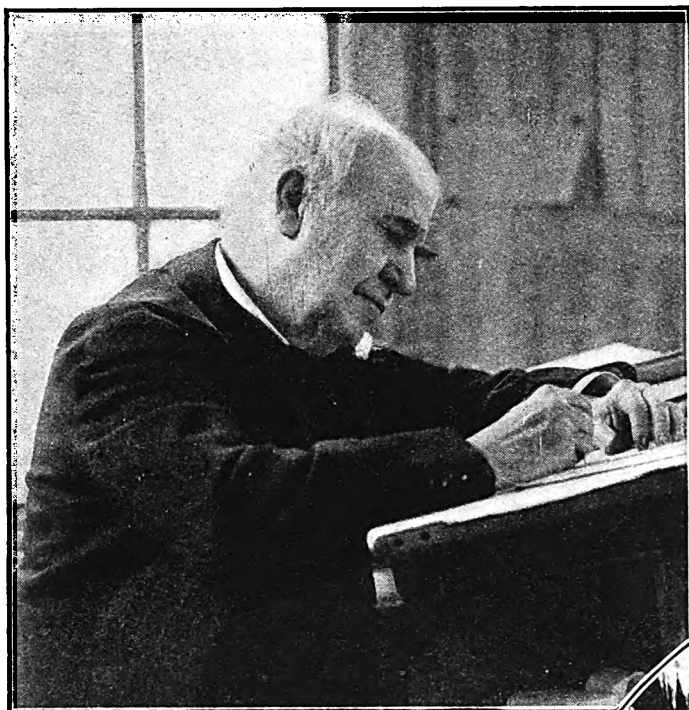
Jung once said,

DR. CARL H. JUNG

Photo by New York World News Service

in my hearing: "The mind of a savage is not in his head; it is in the jungle." If you are unduly exercised about the meanness or injustice of some other person, it simply means that *your* mind registers *that* amount of injustice, or you would not see it at all. It means, too, that, in the last *analysis*, the injustice is in you *because* you see it in the other fellow. This may seem an extreme case; but I am inclined to think that a future Christianity will be founded on it. It does not fit pain or disease, because they are purely subjective, in that you do not attempt to say that because you have a toothache, all the world must be having a toothache. Such things are not projected, but the idea of projection is extremely illuminating in the ordinary perceptions of life and in the interpretation of dreams.

Now the projection of the Anima is full of importance for a man's love life. He has, let us say, in his soul, a tender, soft, yielding, effeminate factor, his ideal of what a woman should be. Still it is *his* ideal—a part of his own mental make-up. When he sees the appropriate young woman, he does not see her as she is, at all. He sees his Anima, to (Continued on page 56)



When Edison was working on rubber he would not even talk about anything else.

Practical Suggestions for Rousing and Directing the Creative Impulse

By
**Erving Newton
Peterson, Ph. D.**

YOU need but look about you to see that progress of all kinds is chiefly the result of an abundant supply of original ideas.

It is a weakness of human nature to believe that these new ideas "just happen," that they ease into the world in a very haphazard way. It is true that sometimes these ideas come easily and, seemingly, by accident, but this is more of an exception than is commonly realized.

There is a way, a best way to go about getting original ideas just as there is a best way to learn to play the piano or to make a certain type of shoe.

New ideas do not just happen. There is nothing accidental in your mental products: the ideas you produce are the result of definite laws of brain action. When these laws are known it is only a matter of applying them, and valuable mental creations will result.

We may all become more original, more fruitful and productive of new ideas if only we learn the technique



Luther Burbank was not content to "make two blades of grass grow where one grew before"; he insisted on creating new kinds of vegetation that the world had never seen before.

Nursing **NEW** **Ideas**

and methods involved in their development. Creative and original minds in every age have had, in a high degree, the faculty of scenting fruitful methods as well as fruitful fields of activity for their special talents. But psychology has now arrived at a stage where such groping is not necessary. The trails have been blazed that make true self-expression, self-realization and self-development a duty and a privilege instead of a rare and startling achievement.

One of the most reassuring facts coming out of modern research is that *genius may be developed*, that we may build our own brains, guide our own destinies and live lives of hitherto undreamt-of freedom.

New ideas cannot be built except on the basis of old ones. Yet, to too many people the simple appropriation of the new idea of someone else is

considered a sign of originality. It would be if the application were unique. For example, it was a new idea to manufacture Kodaks in various bright colors. For another camera company to do the same thing would be pure imitation. But for an alarm-clock manufacturer to take a cue and start making models

which lend themselves to unique color effects might easily be considered an original idea, with a value far out of proportion to the mental acumen required for its production.

It is hardly necessary to stress the very great importance of new ideas in all fields. Woolworth's idea involving the importance of a dime made him many times a millionaire. The convoy idea for protecting allied shipping from the submarines saved the Allies from otherwise certain defeat at the hands of the Central Powers. The field of mechanical invention offers hundreds of examples of the value of new ideas, such as the air brake, the steam turbine and the talking, moving picture. Another fertile field is the field of plant development in which Luther Burbank was pre-eminent. The idea always came first and the new plant followed in the mold of the idea.

But there is no use just sitting around waiting for these valuable products to turn up. They are the result of definite planning, and seldom appear where the stage has not been properly set.

The first definite step in the development of new ideas is stimulation. If, for a moment, we compare the mind with a factory, we find that just as a factory could do very little if its receiving department never functioned, or functioned very inefficiently, just so the mind will not function unless stimulated—unless it receives a sufficient quantity and quality of impressions.

The ideas which "erupt" from our minds show some resemblance to the materials with which our minds are fed. For example, a man who studies long and earnestly about the stars is not likely to evolve thru this study a valuable method for isolating a disease germ. There must be some more or less evident relationship between the stimulating ideas and the ideas which we expect to develop.

Among the many modes of stimulation are books, magazines, newspapers, lectures and travel. To be highly original it is often advisable to make a definite break with one's past. This is often known as "getting out of the rut." By starting over again, so to speak, we are often able to throw off a great deal of mental dead weight. This opens wide the ports for new stimulation, since too much attention to the past seems to dim the vision for the future. It has been said that the reason the Greeks were so highly original was

that they had no burden of classic languages and literatures to clutter their minds and anchor them to outworn traditions.

In seeking stimulation it is sometimes advisable to select a "highly charged" environment. Get as much contact as possible with people who have similar interests. Also get in touch with institutions and communities which seem to offer the proper coloring of interests. A simple example of this is fitting yourself with some sort of a library along the lines in which you intend to produce ideas, where various books, periodicals, pamphlets, and clippings will be amassed in a systematic manner. If such a library is started with one shelf it will gradually grow with your increasing grasp of your field of interest.

Along with this idea of selecting "highly charged" elements in our environment, is the selection of a group of highly stimulating topics, phrases, subjects, etc., which might also serve very well as an index to a file with the same headings. It will be found that by slowly scanning the list each day, adding new topics from time to time and, in general, keeping the file up to date, much stimulation of fruitful thought will take place.

Another important way of obtaining increased stimulation is increasing the sensitivity of the mind so that it will record and receive much that is now missed.

By careful practice the mind can be made to attend to details in the environment which to the untrained do not seem to exist.

It is obvious that the methods of stimulation have not been exhausted by the foregoing catalog. Such factors as the emotions, glands, economic pressure, social need, variability of the climate, etc., all have their effect on stimulation and sensitivity to stimulation. Anyone who has read this discussion of the rôle of stimulation in the production will have no difficulty in finding the right kind of stimulation for the type of original ideas he wishes to produce. He will also understand why, for example, Edison buried himself for weeks among libraries of material on the production of rubber and why he did not want to even speak to anybody during that time unless he could tell him something new about rubber.

After stimulation the next most important step is that known as *incubation*. This is a passive process but it is no less important on that account. Incubation may in this respect be com-



Coué announced to the world new formulas for applying the power of Imagination to the needs of Life.

pared with sleep. Both are passive in appearance only. While sleeping you are doing some of the most important work you do, if not the most important; you are actively rebuilding your vitality and storing up energy. Similarly, the period of incubation which is required for ideas to develop has important and indispensable functions; the dregs are cleared away, mental outlook is clarified and the newly received impressions are being grafted to the older mass of impressions in a fashion which betokens renewed mental vitality and increase of mental energy.

Speaking again of comparison with a factory, this process of incubation might be compared with the seasoning and ripening that many materials must undergo before the actual process of manufacturing takes place. Materials coming into a factory must be sorted, arranged, put thru preliminary processes, such as tempering and seasoning and so on, before the essential transformations take place. Just so, in the mind, the new impressions must age a little, become better arranged and seasoned until the mind accepts them as familiar and acceptable materials.

Time and favorable conditions are necessary for the germination of the humblest seed; the plateau, or period of apparent lack of progress, is the usual circumstance of the so-called curves of learning; and a high and rich type of reverie has been a distinguishing mark of original minds thruout the history of thought.

Ideas, during this nebulous and preliminary stage, are being constantly sorted and rearranged. This may go on without our conscious supervision, but is greatly aided by a little determination to enrich the contents of our daily reverie. Idle day-dreaming, mind-wandering and wool-gathering may produce a few original ideas, but cannot possibly take the place of that playful mental manipulation of significant mental content. Interests should be focused so that meaningful material is chiefly the subject of one's broodings thruout the day.

One man, as he works, may have a sort of obligato accompaniment to it in which some popular tune is constantly going thru his consciousness. Another, doing the same sort of work, might have an accompanying reverie dealing with certain insignificant incidents of his past life. A third, who has more regard for mental by-products, might well be found mulling over the possibilities of completing a certain invention, or sorting over leads for a new type of home architecture.

We have all noticed that problems are often much nearer solution after we have "slept on them" and that after a good vacation everything seems to appear different. It should be a regular part of your procedure in the development of new ideas to allow for the fruits of time. When problems are not readily solved at first, they may be laid away with the confidence that you will see them in a different light when you come to

consider them again. The problem then may solve itself almost without your help.

Another important phase in the development of new ideas is that of formulation. This is the stage in which you gather all your resources in an intense effort to bring the new idea to a definite head. This intense and creative stage calls for reasoning and abstraction. Some people experience a sort of brain-storm when they are in this phase of the process. Others are simply inspired—that is, warmed up to, integrated with and in tune with the task.

Comparing the development of ideas with manufacturing, the formulation phase corresponds to manufacturing proper: it is the distinctly creative phase of the process.

One great help is to consider the problem from a partial standpoint. If the whole problem seems to be too large or intricate, concentrate your attention on a small part or a single aspect of the problem, always, of course, attempting to pick the most significant elements. Another suggestion is to use the principle of variation of attack, combined with a large number of attempts and the selection for further development of those leads which seem worthy of such treatment.

It is often the case that the greater the amount of material which is consigned to the waste basket, the more valuable the final product is. Flexibility of response is a valuable trait in the

thinker and one should always be alert to new and unusual methods of attack. These methods usually result from injecting a rather playful, manipulatory attitude into the work at certain stages.

For example, the reasoner says that he will for the moment consider the problem solved and then consider the consequences; that he will assume the problem unsolvable and try to prove that it is unsolvable; that certain natural laws do not operate the way people have thought; and so on. Playful manipulation has solved thousands of serious problems and will continue to solve thousands more. I have just now been speaking of prob-

lems; the same line of reasoning holds for musical composition, the writing of poetry and fiction, inventing new machines, new plants and new animals—in fact it holds for the whole field of developing new ideas in general.

Another helpful principle in the developing of new ideas is that of abstraction. This results from a sifting or distilling of our experiences so that certain general principles stand out in relief. Let us consider a principle and see how it was distilled. Such an example is the principle of the by-pass. This may be seen in radio circuits, oil-filtering systems, devices for allowing fish and boats to get around dams, Freudian sublimation and also as a stratagem in war as when the Germans tried to take France thru Belgium. From the various experiences which one has (Continued on page 68)

Inspiration

By Elinor Lennen

DO not question whence it came,
Only, warm you by its flame.

Do not prison it with law,
Rather, serve with zealous awe.

Do not wonder where it goes,
Follow by the light it throws.

Do not grieve when it is spent,
Marvel that the spark was lent.

The Man Who Slept

The Story of an Unconscious Crime

By

Louis E. Bisch, M. D.

AT seven A. M. the next day Eagen called Sylvester on the telephone.

"Please meet us all at the office of the Commissioner of Police, Police Headquarters, at nine sharp," the detective said. "Be sure and bring Mrs. Mace with you. . . . No, don't go to the Criminal Courts Building. We will first meet at the Commissioner's office as stated. It is very important. Don't fail. No more details just now."

And the detective hung up abruptly.

Every principal in the Mace case was at the appointed place and prompt to the second. The night watchman of the Metropolis, the night clerk of that hotel and the one from the Royal, together with the Hotel Royal doctor and nurse—were all there on time. About the only one absent was Mrs. Myrick.

Instinctively the persons who had been summoned ranged themselves in two camps along opposite sides of the table which ran down the middle of the room—those for the prosecution on one side, those for the defense on the other. Kilner and Barney headed the former, while Eagen and Dr. Embury faced them. The prisoner occupied a chair next to the Deputy Commissioner, Dr. Hawkins, between the Commissioner and the Inspector.

Everyone was wondering, cogitating, and speculating. No one spoke a word. The silence was impressive.

Presently the Commissioner rose and opened the proceedings:

"This step of calling you together before the trial of Mr. Mace is, I believe, without precedent, but certain circumstances which have developed overnight warrant my doing so. I refer particularly to the fact that Deputy Commissioner Hawkins has brought serious charges against one of our detectives. This man interrupted a scientific experiment, designed to aid the course of justice, which was being conducted by an eminent specialist upon the prisoner, Mr. Mace. I have already investigated these charges and have found the facts, as stated, to be true."

Fully a third of those present knew that Barney was the offender but they did not glance his way.

"It has been my earnest purpose since taking office to apply as far as practical the newer methods of science to the detection of crime. The Mace case presents peculiarities that put it in a class by itself. I feel in duty bound to recapitulate certain matters in order to clarify the situation for the public as well as for myself. I owe this to Mr. Mace; I apologize to him

and Dr. Embury for the misconduct already referred to; and I owe it to my oath to uphold the law which is the highest justice our dull sight

can know. Let us have a free and full discussion. Dr. Embury, begin the examination if you please!"

The specialist thought a moment and then said:

"Thank you, Mr. Commissioner. There are one or two points that should be brought out in a preliminary way. First of all, my patient, Mr. Mace, remembers nothing consciously of what actually occurred after a certain hour on the night of the alleged murder. I would like to ask him a few questions in your presence for purposes of record."

The Commissioner nodded approval.

"Mr. Mace," Embury continued, "do you remember visiting Mr. Myrick's room the night of his death?"

"I remember nothing," he replied in a clear voice.

"Did you ever visit the deceased in the hotel?"

"Not that I know of."

At this point the Commissioner spoke again.

"That Mr. Mace was found in the hall by Philip has been offered as evidence that Mr. Mace visited Mr. Myrick. However, it by no means proves that he actually did so, especially since, when discovered, he was in a somnambulistic trance."

"On the other hand," rejoined Embury, "our hypnosis, which tallies with my analysis of the patient's unconscious thoughts, proves that Mr. Mace actually did visit Mr. Myrick in his room."

"The sleep-walk may have been a fake."

Kilner was speaking. He held a paper in his hand which he seemed to be consulting.

"Philip!" The Commissioner turned to the youth on the left side of the table. "Philip, what was Mr. Mace doing when you came upon him in the hall?"

"He was standing at the head of the stairs," the boy answered.

"Did it look as tho he had just come up the stairs?"

"I couldn't say so."

"But from the position in which he stood, would that have been possible?"

"Yes, Sir—I think so."

"Was his back toward the stairs or turned away?"

"His back! His back was toward the stairs, Sir." Inspector Kilner again broke in.

"Mr. Commissioner, I hope you will notice that his back to the stairs is circumstantial evidence that the prisoner had been downstairs and was just returning."

"Certainly!" The Commissioner smiled. "That is



The door opened—and a woman in deep mourning entered

what Dr. Embury believes. His scientific researches into the unconscious mind of Mr. Mace have even more weight than circumstantial evidence."

Kilner seemed puzzled but held his peace.

"Now, then, Philip," the Commissioner went on. "What did Mr. Mace do after that?"

"I watched him. He was in his pajamas. He looked like he was asleep. I waited and saw him go into his room. He walked to the bedroom door, which was closed. I tiptoed ahead of him and opened it. Mr. Mace passed me and went to bed without noticing me."

"Was this the first time you had ever seen anybody walking in his sleep?"

"Yes, Sir." The boy wrinkled his brows.

"Then how do you know that he was asleep?"

"Well, he acted so to me," Philip replied.

Then Embury spoke.

"It may be noted here that this was approximately at four-thirty in the morning. The night watchman also saw Mr. Mace earlier while making his two-thirty rounds?" He turned to the night watchman of the Metropolis.

"Yes, Sir. That's true," the latter answered.

"Did Mr. Mace seem asleep to you also?" the Commissioner asked him.

"Yes, Sir. I think he was."



Courtesy Giuseppe Belanca

"We, in our plane, had rushed out to meet the future, objected to it, and turned back."

When I Took the Air

*How Mind and Nerves
Behave Among the Clouds*

By Ruth Underhill



Miss Underhill

"I WOULD give my soul to go up in an airplane!" said I. And the big manufacturer who owned one beamed and rejoined: "All right."

I have never transferred my soul to the big manufacturer, but I thought it very nice of him to assume it was such a valuable article. "Be at Curtiss Field tomorrow morning at eight o'clock," he finished.

I was there. I always whistle with joy at an early morning start. I am used to the looming beauty of rain-soaked trees as the canoe pushes off in the dawn mist; to rock peaks in the cold pink light of a mountain sunrise; to the peaked hut with snowshoes stacked against its icicle fringed porch. But a flying field, sere and flat as the wastes of the moon, ringed with stark rectangular buildings—a flying field is not picturesque in any sense that we know. In this muddy wilderness, there was an overpowering sense of the primitive but no touch of quaintness or dis-repair. Here man was in control. Earth was unimportant and what mattered was man's handiwork. And the sky!

"It's cloudy," said a mechanic of whom I asked my way. "They may not go up. Stick around."

I perched on a work-bench. Around me hung fleeced-lined leather suits, air traffic regulations and maps of

the earth as seen from the sky. Men plunged past me, dressed in clothing as rough and impenetrable as the fur of animals, shouting and razzing each other about parts of unknown engines. In this jumping-off place, where the earth met the sky, I felt out of place as I have only once before in my life—and that was in a convent. The nuns who walked past me then, with their thoughts intent on some unfamiliar vision, were the only people I have ever seen as far removed from our shops and streets and offices as were these men.

The doors of the hangar opened and out trundled our Stinson monoplane. It was painted bright orange. Its closed cab, wide in front and tapering toward the rear, had a strangely living shape, like a whale with wings. Mechanics started the propeller, a giant four-bladed thing that could flick off your head, if you passed under it, without pausing in its revolution. It droned away in the sunshine, warming up. And my manufacturer's publicity man came smiling across the field.

"Pilot's late. We're going to Cleveland after we take you for a spin, you know, and he went to find out about weather conditions."

"Cleveland! Goodness, how I'd like to go!"

"Come on."

"I have no money for my return fare."

"I'll lend you some."

"Thanks. Delighted."

"Well, let's get in."

We entered the closed cab, comfortable and leather-seated, like a limousine with wings. All the field was in motion by now. The seagull-bodied planes joggled along the ground, rose, alighted and joggled off again like a flock of uneasy dinosaurs. And suddenly this primitive slime and these primitive looking but ultra-modern birds were no longer strange. It was the city, with its silk stockings, thin gloves and newspapers that looked silly. I was flying to Cleveland.

The pilot climbed aboard. "There are head winds. And snow storms. But I guess it's all right."

"Lady's going to Cleveland."

He grinned. I grinned. We started.

It was like jogging along the field in an automobile. I was looking at the hangars and the other planes when it came to me that our chassis must be higher than I had thought. Why it must be six feet high! We were rising.

I believe that, for the first few minutes of that ascent, my very capillaries were as stiff as steel wires. The queerness of doing something that all your nerves and muscles believe to be impossible! It is so queer that, for a few minutes, your mind refuses to register; your eyes don't see; your ears don't hear; your heart, I am willing to believe, doesn't beat. I wish that queerness had lasted longer. For pure shock, pure new experience, there is nothing to beat it.

I looked around to see a pretty Long Island village below me and my companion grinning. "Like it?"

"It's the cat's!"

We were trundling along pleasantly, five or six hundred feet up. Trundling seems to me the word for the motion was very like what I have felt when

I rode on top of a hay-wagon piled with hay. Then one's seat, tho soft, was always gently shifting. We children used to sit tense with the idea that the whole load might slide and land us in the road. It did, sometimes.

Just as tense did I sit for the first few minutes in that plane. After all, when we ride in a vehicle, we are used to having it level: when it tips, we jump. Even when a boat tips, we see the wave under it and know when the crest will come. But this cosy, leather-seated car would lurch like a hay-load about to topple; it would stagger like a ship in a storm and suddenly it would drop like an elevator. This freedom, to be thoroly enjoyed, takes practice.

Our pilot was a nonchalant young man who seemed to me to handle a plane much as my husband does a car. Said husband, being absolutely sure of his tech-

nique, delights in taking both hands off the wheel to light a cigarette. He removes his gloves; fishes out the cigarette, fishes out the lighter and snaps it those first three times which don't work. Meantime, the car has glided smoothly toward the ditch. Husband reaches out a hand, gives the wheel a capable twirl and we regain the center of the road. Business of the lighter again. Business of going toward the ditch. And again the capable twirl. This continues until the cigarette is alight; wives, meantime, to say nothing and not to touch the wheel!

It was well I had this training, for our pilot, taking both hands from the wheel, fished out some maps and, ruffling his hair, began to study them.

"Say, do we go by Easton, Pennsylvania?"

"Don't think so."

"Don't you—"

There was no ditch here but the plane, instead of swerving sideways, went down. Kerplunk! Pilot reaches out a capable hand—or maybe it was a foot—and up she comes.

"Maybe it's further north."

Down goes the plane. I clutch my seat and think: "Six hundred feet is a long way. We've only been as far as from the twentieth floor of the Graybar Building to the tenth."

Miss Underhill is a favorite writer of the magazine-reading public. Her work has appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Delineator*, *Designer*, *Outlook*, etc., and she is the author of a popular novel, "The White Moth." She has also made sociological investigations and reports for the Rockefeller Foundation and other welfare organizations.

This breezy narrative of Miss Underhill's first experience in the air will interest alike those who have already been initiated into the mysteries of the air and those who are still looking forward to their first flight.

With a nonchalant motion, we are twirled upward again. I gulp. Really, there is comfort in doing something that is almost too strange to be frightening. I crane toward the window, just a little cautious about looking down. I need not be. After another tip or two, watching the landscape from this angle seems quite all right. I am over my scare in time to see the New York skyscrapers, bright gold on one side and black on the other, like a Cubist picture.

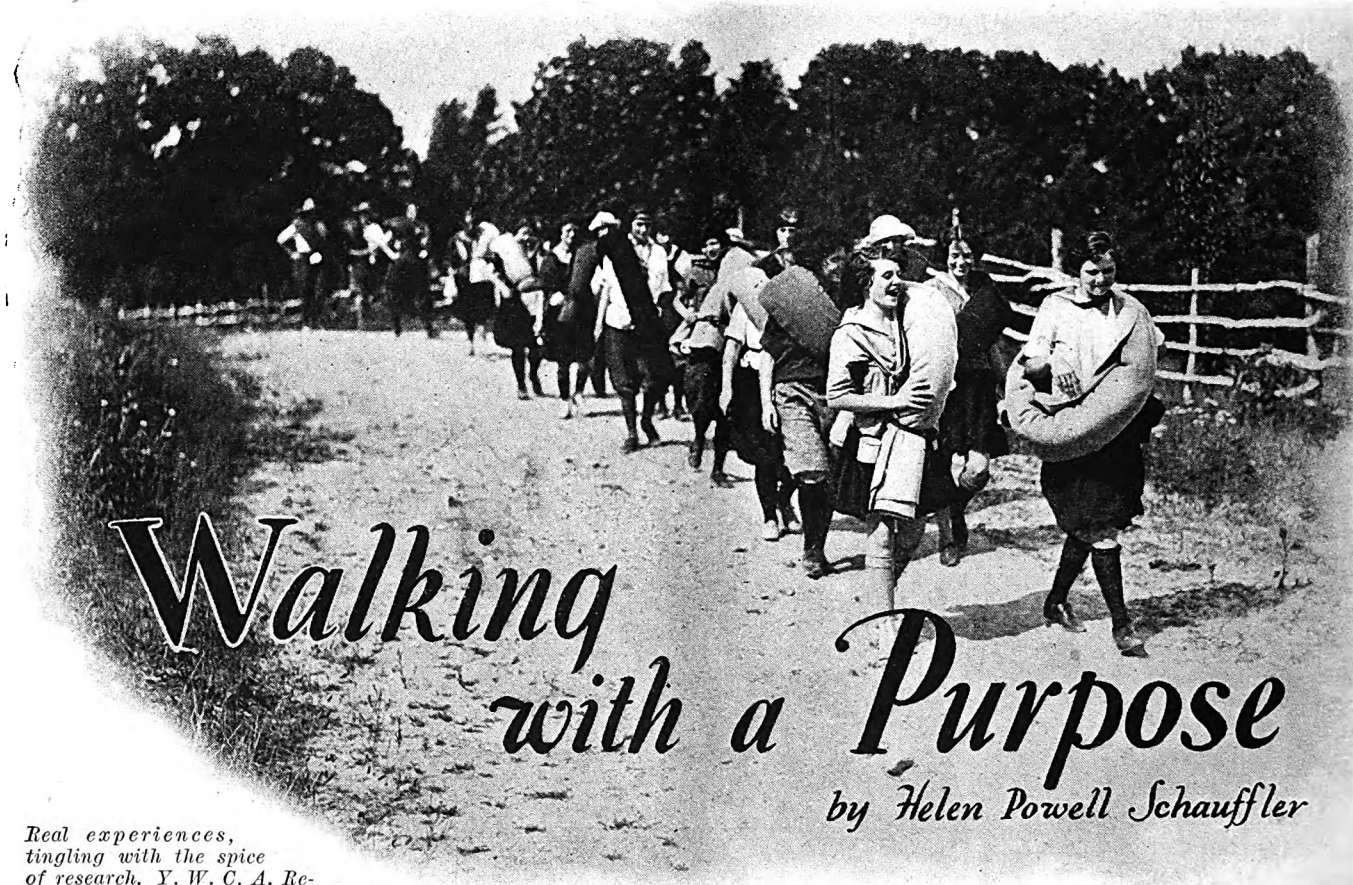
The cleanest things in the world are its rain-washed roofs and its tree-

tops. As the villages flashed along underneath, their streets looked so straight and their houses so neat, I concluded those visitors from Mars that we are always talking about must have a much better idea of us than we think. Farms appeared, tiny and bright, with all their garbage blotted out. Then cities scuttled underneath us, first one, then another, with green hills and winding rivers, like the pictures on old decorative maps. So like pictures, indeed, and so unlike real cities, that I felt those ancient map-makers must have got their ideas either in an airplane or in a vision.

"What's this place?" said the pilot, looking around aimably. Down went the plane. "This with the grain elevator!"

"Glory! They've all got grain elevators."

We circled, searching our way over remote little towns, standing by gray. (Continued on page 73)



Walking with a Purpose

by Helen Powell Schauffler

Real experiences, tingling with the spice of research. Y. W. C. A. Reserves hiking from Camp Quannacut, New York.

Photo by Wide World

WE need only to drive thru the prim parks or crowded residential sections of a large city to realize that walking with an adult attendant constitutes about the only form of outdoor recreation for many children. There are playgrounds, some of them generously and intelligently equipped with stout climbing and swinging apparatus. But these prescribed structures will eventually pall upon the most active and imaginative child, and failing other diversion or interests, he tends to become bored with going out of doors. The most cordial invitation to go out for a walk with mother or father will often be met with a frank refusal.

The problem lies in inventing some way of making these aimless expeditions to get fresh air and sunshine into real experiences tingling with the spice of research. There is opportunity here to develop in even a very young child a contemplative and observational trend of mind, the advantages of which are not only invaluable at any age but cumulative as time goes on.

Experts in child study tell us that experiences in sense training are invaluable for children ranging in age from three to five or six.

Why not take the daily walks with this in mind? Some bright morning as you start out, suggest that you and your small companion find how many different colors you can see on the walk. You will be surprised at the length of interest span—a red fire-box, a green mail-box, brown leaves on stone, orange trimmings on an automobile, blue sky, white steam, gray blue or black smoke, purple advertisements and, oh, thrilling sight, a red fire-engine bearing down upon us! The program may be varied by seeing how many times you

can see one color instead of looking for them all.

Another day focus your observations upon sounds—whistles, bells, bird-calls, bands, airplanes, voices, explosions—but one must not anticipate the fun of the experiment even for the reader. Try differentiating between pleasant sounds, jumpy sounds, sounds that you must investigate. You may even be rewarded by the flat resonance of the hurdy-gurdy or the musical squeak of the fast-disappearing monkey man.

Even a walk for smells will be provocative of much interest and variety both in the city as well as in the country. Smoke, fresh lumber, hot asphalt, "the after-the-rain smell" which graciously permeates the most densely populated city block; oranges, bakeries, leather. You will find that your own interest in the details of your surroundings will be stimulated.

One of the most varied and fascinating lines of this type of sense training is to stimulate a little child's normal interest in how things feel—cold iron, strong wind, hot sun, slippery pavement, gritty sidewalks, gummy asphalt, soft snow and crusty snow. Branching out from this type of observation may come some interesting results in looking for the action of various kinds of forces, things that are pushed, others that are pulled or lifted or kept from falling. There will be everything from a fluttering leaf to an iron girder suspended in mid-air. The child will lead you in this line of research and once the enthusiasm for observation of details has been aroused the ramifications of such excursions are almost unlimited.

For very little trampers birds will be a never failing source of interest. If your walks must be confined to the city the emphasis will be on what birds do and the

sounds they make rather than upon the various kinds of birds. The same thing applies to animals. For those who are fortunate enough to live out of the shadow of apartment houses the opportunities for nature study are limitless. In this connection several walks may be devoted to noticing signs of seasonal change.

Children ranging in age from six to ten will be interested in localized physical geography and geology. They will quickly detect differences in rock formations in detail and in the large. This type of observation will lead to numberless pertinent questions. Altho your fund of information may be meager, see to it that what you have is sound.

An older child may want to branch out from here into an interest as to how men lived in his locale before there were houses and pavements, and you may find yourself involved in a study of primitive life which will be carried on even after coats, berets and rubbers are hung up. And speaking of rubbers, do not deprive even a city child of ample opportunity of learning to enjoy a tramp in the rain. If you are a seasoned hiker you will know without this admonition that traveling on foot in a gentle mist or even a beating downfall is a stimulating and at the same time relaxing form of exercise, always providing your outer layers are reliably rubberized.

Avoid umbrellas! They hide the sky and most of the rain except the few drops in front of your nose. All color effects are heightened in the rain, sounds are either deadened or magnified, all activities seem to suffer an interesting sea change, all of which can be enjoyed by you and your young observer.

Failing all other interest, we can always fall back upon picking out objects which man has made, as contrasted with those of all time—roads, railroads, wires, fences, bridges, docks. It seems wiser to keep the

emphasis here on the larger concrete evidences of man's effort rather than upon details, by which the average modern child is too much hemmed in before he ever even learns to walk.

If by any chance a hasty review of these suggestions inspires you to try the scheme, do not make the mistake of striking an attitude about it. Let your whole approach be enthusiastic but casual. *No child wants to be told that on this day he must be interested in this or that.* If you start your program slowly you may find that before you know it a genuine and indestructible bond of companionship will have been formed, which will lead you and your son or daughter into all sorts of heady research together. If we learn to walk with a purpose we learn to walk alone or in company, and no activity is more satisfactory for either social or solitary purposes. Once a child has felt the lure of walking for its own sake, he is by way of becoming "a person of infinite resource and sagacity." The beneficial results of these tramps will endure in the mind of your child, enriching his entire future.

Once a child has felt the lure of walking, he is by way of becoming a person of resource and sagacity.

Photo by
Canadian
National
Railways

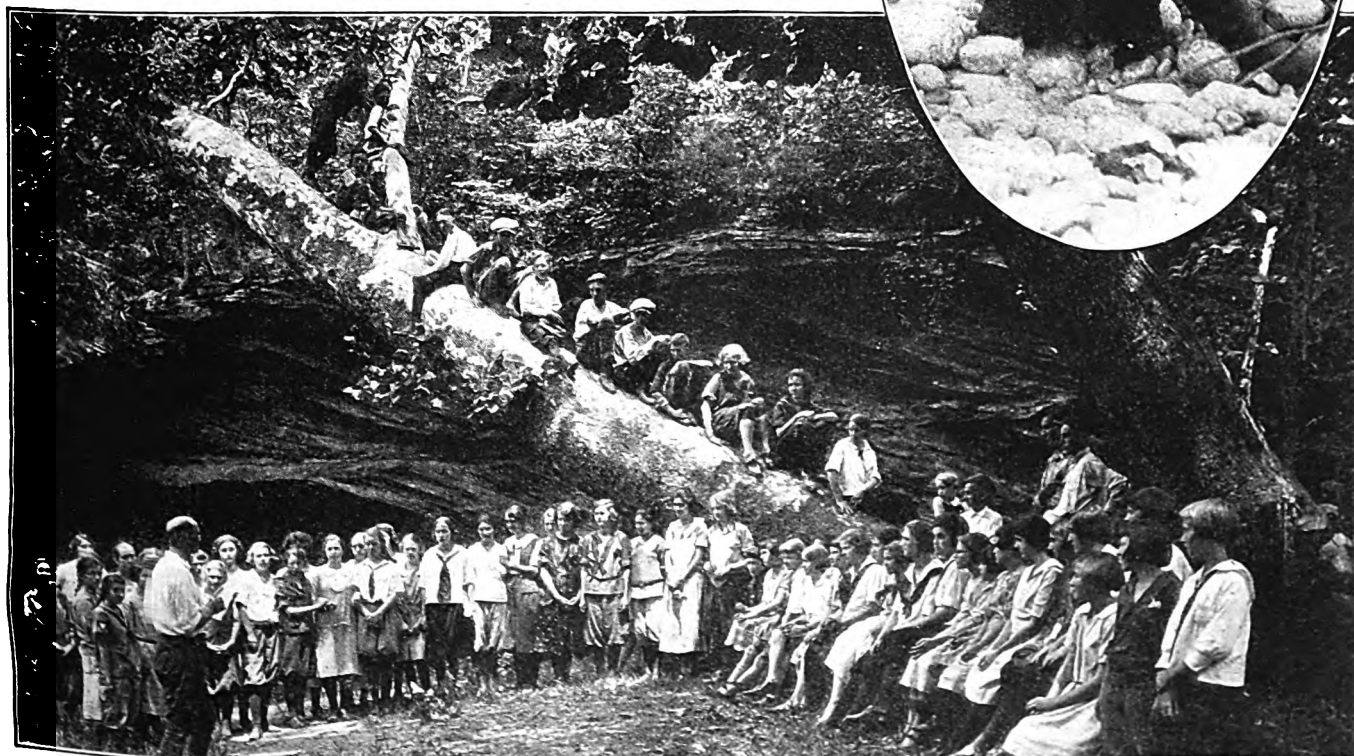


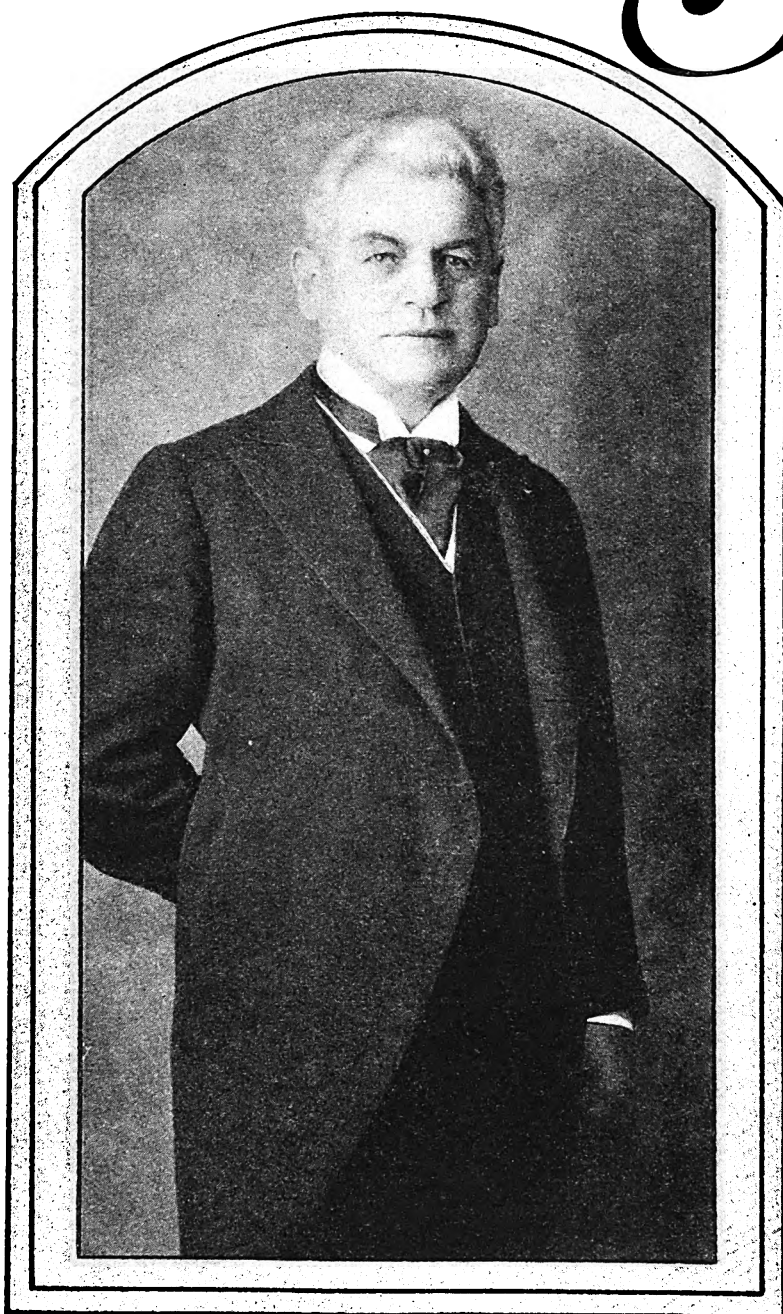
Photo by Ewing Galloway

Opportunities for nature study are limitless. W. W. Mendenhall, Indiana Y. M. C. A., instructing boys and girls of the club camp at Portland Arch, Indiana.

Miracles of Suggestion

By G. Arthur
Gayer, Ph. D.

*First of a Series
of Reminiscences—
with Outlines of the
First Principles
of Mental Healing*



DR. GAYER

sides of his life—mental, physical and spiritual. It is applicable to health, happiness, success and survival.

Psychology teaches and demonstrates that the human mind is divisible into two parts—a conscious or objective mind that deals with the things of everyday life, and a subconscious or subjective mind, which deals with the things within.

This subconscious mind is in close relation to and control of all the bodily organs; it has extraordinary powers of deductive reasoning; it is a storehouse for the memories of everything that has occurred in the life of the individual. Further: it is extremely amenable to influence from without; in fact, to control by suggestion, suggestion being the insinuation of an idea into the mind by any means, most readily of course by verbal expression. It is natural that being amenable to suggestion from without, it is also amenable to suggestion from its corresponding conscious mind.

Experience has proved that our outer and inner faculties work in sympathy with one another. If we are mentally distressed, the inner consciousness is affected by it; if the inner consciousness is out of sorts,

the body follows suit.

It is now known that many grave physical and mental disorders have their definite origin, first, in wrong modes of thought, and, as a natural and inevitable result, in some improper and injurious functioning power of the subconscious mind.

We know how fear checks the secretions, inhibits proper circulation of the blood and lymph, interferes with the normal metabolism or nutrition of the cells and impairs the elimination of waste products. All these influences result in profound disturbances of the

OF all the miraculous things in the world the most miraculous is the human mind and its functions. For thousands of years wise men have studied the manifestations of this mysterious entity, yet it is only within comparatively recent years that its real method of operation has become known and is being understood.

The science that has disclosed this mystery is known as Psychology which, from the psycho-physical point of view, is more than the study of the soul. The real aim of psychology is to develop and educate man from all

general system. What form the disturbance may take depends upon the line of least resistance in the organism—in other words, the weakest link in the physiological chain. This may be the nervous system, it may be the kidneys, the liver, the digestive system, or such important and vital functioning organs as the brain and heart. Grave and even fatal disorders may result from twisted and distorted thoughts, these "Sweet bells jangled out of tune," as Shakespeare speaks.

The dread of contagious disease, for instance, has been responsible in many cases for the contraction of the disease and the subsequent death of the patients. The expression "frightened to death" is thus shown to be no mere extravagance of speech, but an inexorable fact. A single instance will serve for thousands that might be given. An English medical journal reports the case of a young woman who, in a fit of despondency, swallowed a liquid which she supposed to be carbolic acid. She immediately announced to those around her that she had poisoned herself, and, in spite of the efforts made to relieve her, soon died. Subsequent investigation developed the fact that the substance which she swallowed was not carbolic acid, but in reality an entirely harmless liquid. We thus see in this power of self or auto-suggestion, an instrument of practically unlimited potency, for evil as well as good.

Whatever we steadfastly believe, that we create, both in the body and in the life. Whatsoever thought we put into a thing, provided we put it in strong enough and deep enough, that we take out of it.

As I said before, there are thousands of cases on record which illustrate this psychological truth. As another case in point, a certain man died at the age of fifty-eight years. He was the last of six brothers. The special interest in his death was the fact that each of his brothers had died upon reaching the age of fifty-eight. He, the last, had believed that he too would die at that age. The result was that he did. He might have lived much longer but for his rooted conviction that his "time had come." His thoughts ended his life.

It is not too much to say that all so-called miraculous cures of which we have record, no matter whether they are attributed to the exercise of religious faith or are alleged to be effected by means of incantations, or by the use of some quack medicine, find a sufficient and satisfactory explanation in the potency of a fixed belief or a dominating idea.

From the earliest recorded time, miracles of healing have been performed by the medicine man, oracle, priest, and in modern years by psychologists, under-

standing the laws that govern and underlie these miraculous cures.

Vision has been restored to the blind, hearing to the deaf, return of function to the paralyzed, sanity to the mentally distraught, and that peace that passeth understanding to those sore troubled. In all times and in all ages shrines have been built and miracles of healing wrought among those who had faith in the healing power of the Force resident in the holy place. The black stone of the Kabala, the bath in the Holy Ganges, the potent effect of the holy relic enshrined at Lourdes, St. Anne de Beaupré, as well as the suggestive influence brought about by belief in the efficacy of mental therapeutics and various faith cures, have restored health, strength and sanity to thousands.

No well-informed person to-day denies the fact of these recoveries. Even the most materialistic medical man of modern training now acknowledges the marvelous influence of the mind over the body.

The most intelligent and most advanced among the medical fraternity are making use of this wonderful power of healing in various ways. We all know that there are men who carry with them the assurance of authority and success in their ministrations. The helpful effect of their treatment is apparent from the very

moment they enter a sick room. Possibly, in functional and nervous conditions, the curative effect of their presence alone is patent, even tho they were to give no remedy whatsoever, or such remedy as in the hands of one who does not inspire this confidence would be absolutely without effect. Identically the same and better results are secured every day, in every city in the civilized world, by men and women skilled in the knowledge of mental healing.

I, myself, in an experience of over forty years, have seen thousands of these cures, and have, with the help of God, been instrumental in bringing them about.

Many of these cases would be considered miracles of healing in the olden times. I remember well one woman,

bedfast for twelve years, who after a short course of treatments by suggestive therapeutics, as the science of healing is termed, was completely restored to normal functioning. This lady is alive and well today, a living miracle of the healing and restoring power of the mind.

Another patient, a boy who had been subject to epileptic fits from infancy on, after four treatments, was restored to normal powers. He has since married and is the father of two fine, healthy children, who have never known a sick day since their birth.

Scores of cases of nervous (Continued on page 75)

Dr. Gayer, former associate of the late Dr. Quackenbos, has observed at first hand during the past thirty years, the ever-increasing belief in the power of suggestion by laymen and the medical profession as well. In a series of articles in PSYCHOLOGY Magazine he will review the experiences of a brave and busy life.

Many leading figures of the past three decades have crossed the path of this pioneer and dean of the Psychology of Suggestion, and he will recount numerous personal recollections of these incidents.

Dr. Gayer himself, always happily active, is a personification of his own principles. He has proved in his own career and in his dealings with thousands of patients that there is no more effective medicine, no more potent philosophy, than the psychology of suggestion.

Expecting Success

An Analysis of the Value of Optimism

Fifth of a Series of Lessons in Business Organization

By

Edward Earle Purinton

THE big thing about every big man is the size and strength of his optimism. He makes good fortune out of good faith. He sees business, and the world, growing better. He turns every loss into gain. He smiles, whatever happens.

Why? Because he knows that confidence clears a man's brain, cools his temper and calms his nerve; improves sleep, quickens digestion, deepens respiration and lengthens life; solves problems; lightens cares and banishes worries; releases energy, increases production, makes work joyous and reward sure.

The pessimist is either a fool or a knave. A man both intelligent and decent is an optimist first, last and all the time. What and how much you believe decides what and how much you achieve.

This world wants the practical optimist now as never before. It will pay richly for the optimism that makes a man do bigger things in a better way. Get ready for the new business era by creating new confidence, new ambition, new determination.

Believe in yourself, the great powers within you, the fine possibilities ahead of you.

Believe in your work, your product, the thing you do or make, because you are doing or making it as well as you possibly can.

Believe in your business friends, whether customers or dealers, employers or employees, confident that your confidence in them will serve to increase theirs in you, and to make all your relations more pleasant and profitable.

Believe in the future of your country and community, going always forward with the boosters, never backward with the knockers.

Believe in the national advertisers of national products, who have won their success on merit alone, and are trying to make their concerns the largest because the best.

Believe in your local merchants, and patronize most the ones you believe in most.

Believe in the editors of your favorite newspapers and magazines, knowing they have a mighty hard job to get the facts straight and interpret them right.

Believe in the kindness of your home folks, and let them understand you appreciate what they are doing for your comfort and happiness.

Believe in the good will of your neighbors, and make an honest effort to deserve it.

Believe in the competency, purpose and devotion of the rulers of our land, with your sympathy and support backing them to the limit.

Get the absolute, eternal conviction that all will be well, make it come true by all the means in your power, and you will agree that optimism pays rare dividends.

The energy the pessimist wastes in declaiming, the optimist utilizes in proclaiming. To find out which class you are in and what

your ratings are, note on a piece of paper the number of times you have commended or condemned during the day. Each night try to subtract at least one grumble and add one boost.

Not all your optimism will be justified. Some in whom you believe will turn false. Some conditions in which you believe will disappoint you. Your optimism must be balanced by keen judgment and common sense.

But in the long run, the optimist wins while the pessimist draws to himself defeat, despair and death.

Grin!

By Mary Roberts

THERE isn't anything in the world that lasts longer than a grin. I've proved it. Get your grin started right, and it will sweep along like an epidemic. It's so full of bacilli that five seconds exposure makes everyone who comes into contact with it catch it! Throw a pebble into the water, and the circles continue just till they reach the shore, and then they break. Throw a grin into the air, and it makes a circle round the world, and comes back to you, paying interest! And it's an awfully good antidote for the bad cup of coffee in the morning!

Try grinning!

Changing Hands

Showing That Not Even An Artist Needs His Right Hand

By William Hurd Lawrence

As Told to Beatrice Stevenson

IT was on a Thanksgiving Day some years ago that the use of my right arm failed me. I went out for breakfast as usual and returning to my studio in Twenty-fourth Street, New York, I laid out my evening clothes in preparation for a dinner that night.

Then feeling sleepy, I flung myself down for a few moments. On awakening, I found that my right side was paralyzed!

I had been having headaches, dreadful headaches. They came as a result of sunstroke suffered during my South American tour. I had taken the trip as four months of rest and recuperation after seven years of intense application. It had been necessary all those years for me to make money regularly for some one who was dangerously ill. For this reason I had left Marshfield, Massachusetts, where my mother had bought and fitted up for me a studio-cottage.

My mother had always taken a great interest in my career as an artist, altho because of her slender means she did not at first welcome a non-paying profession for me. She had been a widow from my babyhood, so she talked the matter over with her cousin and adviser, Charles E. Hurd, literary editor of *The Boston Transcript*. He felt that it would be a mistake because of the uncertainty of a steady income. This was in the early eighties and American art was very crude. A few students who had gone abroad to study were only just beginning to flock back here to start the boom that came later. My cousin was right but my boyish enthusiasm won the day.

From the age of five, I had been making careful drawings of everything within vision, and at fourteen I was the

Here is another Wonder-Story—true in every syllable—of a Craftsman who defied Fate and went on with the Work Fate attempted to Destroy.

The thrilling narrative of a Mind that compelled a disorganized body to carry out the commands of its Will.

proud possessor of a complete oil-color sketching outfit. Oil and water color called me with equal insistence, and the answer to that call has never wavered in my thought during all the difficult years that have

intervened. My mistress is the brush, and illustration has figured only as a pot boiler.

In the first awful moments following my discovery that I was paralyzed I regretted my determination to be an artist—but soon I became quieter in mind and resolved that not with twice that handicap would I relinquish art, rather would I do it with my feet if both hands and arms failed.

When doctors and nurses told me that my recovery would be a matter of five years, I told them that I would soon be showing them what I could do with my left hand! Remembrance came back to me.

(Continued on page 74)



Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence with their daughter. (Below) The artist at work.



Think Well of Yourself

By *Albert
Walton*

*Last of a Series of Articles
on Personality Building*

CELLS do the thinking. They think in three ways: feeling, action and words. Emotional habits are habits of visceral muscles and they are stronger and more primitive than word-habits. Complexes are conflicts between feeling habits and word habits.

Emotional habits dictate the trend of our lives. We usually are wholly ignorant of the fact that we have any such habits. Indeed, their power lies in this very fact. The emotional system is the most faithful servant we know of. It takes orders when it is young and it carries them out all the rest of our lives and never asks why nor how. It knows how to execute orders that have been given it. The orders take the form of feeling-habits. Feeling-habits govern us.

Under the influence of your parents or others you learned to give your emotional system an order to be sorry for itself. The order was never cancelled. The feeling-system proposes to see that it is carried out. It never misses a chance to secure its own satisfaction. That satisfying the emotional cells happened to play havoc with your happiness in life is a mere detail. The laws of life do not take happiness into consideration. The laws work for or against us whether we like it or not. What we are doing in these lessons is showing you that these laws are all-powerful in shaping our lives and that we can make them work for us just as powerfully as we have let them work against us.

It is just as important to *unlearn* the old habit as it is to learn the new when we are dealing with habits of the emotions. To *unlearn* an emotional habit we must first know what it is and then watch for manifestations of its subtle action. The self-pity habit never sticks its head up and says, "Do this so you can be sorry for yourself." There comes a mood over you in which you seem to see the world thru blue glasses, failure, hopelessness, and inferiority around you like a cloud. There is no *reason* in this sort of thing. It is the domination of the feeling-system. It is the emotional habit, grown strong by many years of use, having its satisfaction. If you are in earnest in wanting to be rid of this inferiority thing you will seize these times and make the most of them. They are real opportunities.

You have never connected your blue spells with your inferiority feelings except as *results*. You are not discouraged because you feel inferior. You feel inferior so you can revel in the blues. Next time you feel the blues coming on, next time you get up with the hopeless feeling, go into your room alone and stand before the mirror. If you can't be alone in your room go into the bathroom and lock the door and stand before the mirror there. Look yourself in the eye and talk to your habit as tho it were a real devil:

"I know you and what you have done to me all these years, and believe me, you and I are at war now and all the time, and here is where I beat the daylights out of you." Make up your own words, any words. The thing is to recognize and face the issue. Then before you leave the mirror, grin at yourself. Smile if you can. If you can't smile you can grin. Laugh if you can. Go thru the motions. Act the part. Remember John Drew. Do not go out of the room with your gloom. The victory for the day is won or lost right here and now. **SMILE.**

Surely, you have troubles. So has everybody else. Pulling a long face is not going to help any. Smiling will. You are not going to solve any troubles while the blues run you, because that is what the blues aim to keep you from doing. Gloom is what the blues feed on. Starve them. Stick out your chest, hold your head up and pull in your chin, brush your coat and make a smile—and step out. It is the continuous refusal to let the self-pity rule you that will cure the inferiority complex.

It is in the little choices that a life is made or marred. We are the sum of our emotions. Do the little things that make it impossible to have any but cheerful emotions. Never mind the inferiority complex. You are not inferior and you will know it as soon as you quit letting your self-pity have the satisfaction of making you *feel* inferior so it can go on feeling sorry.

As you walk along the street or drive the car to work in a fog of the blues, or thinking about your troubles, sing to yourself or out loud, to the tune of *The Wearin' of the Green*, or maybe you know it better as "My mother was a lady 'cause she couldn't be a man"—sing:

(Continued on page 70)

The Secret That Tripled My Sales

*Learn it. Use it. Does not cost you a penny unless it shows you how to climb higher—
increase your income—make more money.*

Bill Burdick, star salesman for the Everitt Realty Company, cleans up about \$15,000 a year.

I always admired Bill, he took life so easy. Never hurried or worried. Never seemed to work half as hard as I did, but managed to earn three times as much money.

Bill's big earnings were always a mystery to me. He is not well-educated, nor brilliant, nor good looking. Yet he gets the business and makes the money. This was the first time I had seen Bill for a long time. And I took advantage of it to discover the secret of his success.

I had expected to hear a story of study, application, persistence, experience, etc. But no. Bill simply told me how, after plugging along with the usual hit-or-miss methods, he ran across the Mackintosh System of Selling which gave him the basic secrets of his success.

Bill loaned me his copy of the Mackintosh System, its reading was a revelation. The simplicity—the power—the force—of its logic simply dazzled me. It really sounded "too good to be true." But I decided to give it a thorough try-out.

It Works Like Magic

That night I sat up late reading the Mackintosh System. And I started out the next morning to put my new found knowledge to the test. To say that I was astounded at the results is putting it mildly. I closed business with an ease that fairly startled me. It seemed like a trick. I pinched myself to be sure I was not dreaming.

Then doubt got the better of me. I said: "I guess I'm fooling myself. I've simply run into a lot of people this week that any dub could sell to."

But sales kept up the next week—and the next week—and the next. The System worked like magic. And it worked more effectively as I learned more and more how to use it. And now I am earning three times as much money as I was before Bill Burdick loaned me the Mackintosh System.

Now I don't see any reason on earth why anyone who is trying to sell anything—real estate, insurance, merchandise, personal services, or what have you—should not quickly increase his earnings with the Mackintosh System, just as I have done.

I firmly believe that Mackintosh has discovered the big, important, bedrock principles of selling.



CHARLES HENRY MACKINTOSH

And I believe that failure to recognize and use these principles is the real reason why so many salesmen never get above making a mere living.

The Mackintosh System should be in the hands of every one who has anything to sell. And, when you stop to think of it, that means most all of us, for we are all salesmen. We are all trying to sell something to somebody, if it is only ourselves—our services—our ideas—our personality.

A Master Salesman

Charles Henry Mackintosh, the author of this successful system of selling, is himself one of the world's star salesmen. For years he was Sales and Advertising Director of La Salle Extension University. He is now an independent Sales and Advertising Counsellor in Chicago, and has as clients many leading business houses throughout the entire country. He has been honored with the presidency of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. In one year he traveled 47,886 miles and delivered addresses on Advertising and Selling before 273 clubs, conventions, colleges, high schools, etc. His work has inspired over half a million lines of newspaper publicity from Maine to California.

Sent Free

No matter what you have to sell, if it is only your own services, you should get and examine the Mackintosh System of Selling at once. Unlike many things you have probably read, it is not a mass of

theories and speculations. It is plain, down-to-the-earth logic. It is common-sense brass-tacks from start to finish.

Like all other sciences, selling is based on fundamental laws which govern it. Ignorance of these laws is the reason so many salesmen fail to "bring home the bacon."

So, no matter what you are selling—even if you are selling only your services as stenographer, book-keeper, clerk or what-not—you need the Mackintosh System to guide you. It is not only valuable in selling merchandise. It will show you how to sell yourself—your services—for the highest possible market price. No matter what you have to sell, the Mackintosh System helps you.

But you do not need to take my word for this. You can investigate and judge for yourself.

Send No Money

Do not send any money. Simply sign and mail the coupon, and the Mackintosh System of Selling (complete in 12 pocket-size booklets) will be mailed to you at once. When it arrives, pay your postman only \$1.98, plus a few cents postage. Then examine the System at your leisure. Test it in your present work. Then if you do not agree with us that it is worth many times \$1.98, just remail it any time within ten days, and your money will be promptly refunded.

Be prompt. Act now. If you want to sell your goods, or your services, at the best possible price, you cannot afford to turn this page until you have decided to at least examine this marvelous, money-making system.

Therefore, because of its importance—because you take no risk—because you cannot possibly lose—mail the coupon now—before you turn this page—before you forget. Let the Mackintosh System show you how to double and triple your income. United Sales Club of America, Inc., Dept. U-62, 205 East 42nd Street, New York.

Proof!

That Charles Henry Mackintosh is an acknowledged authority.

"Mr. Mackintosh is recognized as one of the foremost business experts of the world."—Portland Oregonian.

"The highest authority on advertising and selling in the country."—Grand Rapids Herald.

"He is an expert in salesmanship."—Appleton (Wis.) Post.

"Mackintosh delivered one of the best rapid fire business talks ever heard in Topeka."—Topeka (Kan.) Journal.

"Forceful argument for education of sales people."—Three Rivers (Mich.) Commercial.

"Mackintosh is one of the leading exponents of modern salesmanship in America."—Portland (Ore.) Telegram.

Proof!

of the great value of the Mackintosh System of Selling.

INCREASED SALES 30%

"Worth its weight in gold. Has helped me increase my sales 33 per cent."—F. L. J., St. Paul, Minn.

GIVES VITAL FACTS

"There is nothing too good to be said of this splendid Course. It is filled with vital facts. Has increased my sales 100%."—Mrs. M. J. J., Dallas, Tex.

BETTER THAN \$75 COURSE

"Just what I've been looking for. Prefer it to a Course I have which cost \$75."—G. M. G., Houston, Tex.

WONDERFUL

"Wonderful! Wonderful! You have shown me the way."—F. T. M., Woodford, Maine.

BIG VALUE

"Worth ten times its cost in one day's better and bigger sales."—J. W. M., Toledo, Ohio.

BEST INVESTMENT

"I believe it is the best investment I ever made, and will heartily recommend it to my friends."—H. R., Chicago, Ill.

NEW IDEAS

"Each time I read it I get new ideas and I consider it worth ten times its cost."—M. F. F., Whitman, Mass.

This Coupon Brings It!

UNITED SALES CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

Dept. U-62, 205 East 42nd St., New York

Send me the Mackintosh System of Selling (complete in 12 booklets). When it arrives, I will pay the postman \$1.98, plus postage. If, after examination, I do not wish to keep it, I will remail it to you within ten days and you are to refund my money.

Name

Address

Please use coupon or mention PSYCHOLOGY MAGAZINE when you write advertisers.

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Do You Know

How to Be KIND?

A Discussion of the Science of Altruism

By

Edward Earle Purinton

A POINTED question by a frank reader is a clear incentive to productive thought. "Why," he wished to know, "are very good people usually very stupid, and very bad people very smart? By what rule of ethics can they be?"

After a moment's consideration, we replied: "They aren't. Stupid goodness isn't goodness, and smart badness isn't smart. What led to your astonishing conclusion?"

He quickly answered: "Watching the most generous and pious men I know utterly neglect to use their brains, while selfish and unprincipled men of keen intellect far outran them and outdid them. A conscience that is nothing but moral can perpetrate a lot of blunders that are inexcusable and hence immoral. Why don't conscience and intelligence work together? Isn't a scientific conscience possible, and desirable?"

Most desirable. But hardly possible till preachers, philosophers and reformers are scientific, practical men. Sermonizing must be followed by analyzing and organizing, else it fails to accomplish its purpose. Morality without mentality is not thinkable—excepting by people so numbly and dumbly moral that they haven't any mind.

It isn't enough to do good, and be good. A man's job is also to make good. And nobody ever made good by sitting around solemnly and gazing eloquently at a high moral plane. The test of character is the wise determination to do everything in the best possible way. Right action is the height of benefaction.

A clear conscience is mentally clear as well as morally clear. Otherwise the owner, befogged, moves in the wrong direction or doesn't move at all. A conscience isn't merely a dim glow of beneficence; it is rather a bright lantern of guidance, to show us where to find the right road, then how to follow it and get somewhere.

A practical demonstration of this truth should be made in every church. Of all human organizations the church is the best in motive and aim, yet one of the poorest in method and result. Why? Because the church, altho it has the right evaluation of conscience,

does not have the right evolution of it.

The church might well create and establish two new offices, that of manager and that of associate pastor. The manager would be an efficiency engineer, the associate pastor would be a modern psychologist. These two experts would follow the lead of the preacher, then get results that the preacher couldn't get as a preacher.

If a single church couldn't afford to pay the salaries of these officers, a group of churches might easily combine to retain the joint services of the new officials. There would be no peril of denominational conflict, as neither efficiency nor psychology has any relationship to theology. Both have to do with religion—far removed from theology.

Why shouldn't churches be as progressive as banks, railroads, factories and stores? The largest and most successful of these business organizations are both scientific and philanthropic. They have made psychology and efficiency

part of their daily practice, not merely to increase profits but also to guarantee courteous attention to customers and kind treatment of employees. Service pays in a business, and should be made to pay in a church.

The notable exemplars of a new science of altruism are the millionaire heads of great American industries. Their philanthropic system should be studied by every pastor, teacher, prophet, reformer, welfare worker, up-lifter, charity dispenser. A fundamental rule of the biggest leaders of business is the Golden Rule, but worked out instead of talked about.

These conclusions are a matter not of opinion but of investigation. We have made (*Continued on page 71*)

Readers of PSYCHOLOGY are invited to send in answers to this pointed message from Mr. Purinton's pen.

Almost everybody wants to be kind, but not many know how to be.

Few minds, even of national and world experts and leaders, really understand the principles of the science of human relations.

Let's hear your suggestions for a National Institute of Altruism. THE EDITORS.



DOWN THROUGH THE AGES!



SECRET LAWS OF LIFE



Create Modern Miracles in Your Affairs



In the ancient days of Egypt, Greece and Rome, as today, there were those **WHO ALWAYS SUCCEEDED** in the **FACE OF DESPAIR**. They stood out of the mass, not by their knowledge of the laws of the land, but because of their knowledge of the laws of life.

THREE AIMS OF LIFE

There are three paramount aims we struggle for in life. Most of us have some idea of what they are, but few ever accomplish them. The three aims are:

PRESERVATION:—To keep our body and mind healthy.

AMBITION:—To be successful. To gain some of the luxuries that are placed here for man's disposal.

LOVE:—The goodwill of our fellowman, the respect of our friends, and the affection of those close to us. Every **MAN** and **WOMAN** wants and needs these. To struggle along in darkness and learn through life's hard knocks, gains experience too late sometimes. Troubles and problems arise quickly; they must be overcome at once. Some practical principle may solve your personal problem.

KNOWING HOW

There is a definite system of **DIVINE LAWS** established that governs every human action and deed. Miracles are but the result of putting into practice some known principle of the cosmic and producing a harmonious result. Why suffer intolerable conditions, why throw yourself upon chance and be blown around like chaff in the wind?

ROSICRUCIAN TEACHINGS

The teachings of the Rosicrucians mentioned for centuries by all of the great writers of various times have helped sincere students to make miracles out of their personal affairs. If you can give a few minutes each day to the study and application of principles that will bring you untold happiness, then you are ready to receive this most profound knowledge of life that has come down through the ages.

Write a personal letter (not postcard) and ask for a copy of the private free book called "**The Light of Egypt**," which will explain the wonderful aid extended by the Rosicrucian Brotherhood.

Address your letter carefully as follows:

LIBRARIAN, F. L. P.

AMORC TEMPLE

ROSICRUCIAN PARK

SAN JOSE, CALIF.

What Can We Do For You?

Conducted by C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

QUESTION:—A. J. F. writes—

In reading *PSYCHOLOGY*, I understand if I wish to overcome something, or gain success, health, etc., I should keep that uppermost in my mind, giving myself affirmations. Now if I have more than one desire what am I to do? I have been holding in mind one desire when retiring, and another in the morning. Any information you can give me will be appreciated.

ANSWER:—

Most people have the wrong conception of the way thought works. They believe if they give themselves suggestions that in time the things they desire will be showered upon them and dropped into their laps. Thought is not complete without *action*, and action is one of the strongest forms of suggestion we have. Do not go about all day giving yourself suggestions or affirmations, for that means that your mind is constantly on self, which is wrong. Your suggestions should be a word picture of the kind of a man you wish to be—the ideal self you have in mind. In the morning suggest to yourself the sort of man you intend to be during that day, the things you believe you have a right to expect, and then go out and try to put these suggestions into action. It will do you no good to suggest, "I am strong!" and then act the part of a weakling. Thought is not complete without action, and if you wish to materialize a thought you must show strength in action. Thought is merely the architectural mental drawing, the plan, and it takes action to build this into a reality.

QUESTION:—Ruth writes—

I am very unhappy, but there is a real reason for it. Perhaps you can help me thru psychology, as everything else seems to have failed me. For the past two years my husband has been unfaithful to me. I love him dearly and cannot leave him. But, oh, how I do grieve over it. We have been married eight years, and always were real pals together until I had proof that he was trifling. I am considered very attractive, a splendid housekeeper, dress well and am in my early thirties; therefore I do not think it could be any fault of mine. Please tell me, doctor, what I must do to bring him back. He is good to me in other ways.

ANSWER:—

Man, thru inheritance and nature, is not as faithful as woman to his marriage vows. There is a little more of

the animal in man. And, strange as it may seem, a man can really love his wife dearly and yet go astray. Not possessing the same moral standards as woman he more easily gives way to temptation. I am not trying to shield a man or condone such practices, but simply telling you the truth, so that whatever decision you may come to will be based on facts.

There are several courses that you might pursue. Perhaps the one the average woman of pride and spirit would follow would be to pack her things and leave. She, of course, would be justified in doing so. But there are many things to take into consideration. You may have children and thus not desire a separation. You say you love him, and love can overlook many things. And there is the possibility that this is merely a temporary infatuation, and he will again turn to you, very repentant, and be perhaps a better husband than he formerly was. We are supposed to forgive a person if he is truly sorry, you know. He does not regard this in the same light that you do. To him it is merely a "naughty" adventure, and he tells himself he is kind to you and that it really isn't so terrible.

There are just two things that you can do, of course: leave him or stay with him. If you intend to stay with him I would make up my mind that I was going to be wonderful to him and make him love his wife and home. Do not deny him pleasures that naturally accompany married life, but try to show him thru thought and act that you believe in him, are his pal and he can count on you. Try to make the comparison between you and his "lady friend" be in your favor. If you nag him, condemn him, act mean to him, he will then be quite sure to turn to another.

Of course you are unhappy, and the things I have outlined will be hard to do; but if you will set about trying to make him love you still more you will find yourself entering upon it as a sort of game and turning away from depression. Go out among your friends and try to have forms of recreations which will offset the unpleasantness in your life. Try to forget self and set about saving him if you love him. And if he does love you I am sure you will make him ashamed of himself, and he will again turn to you for all his forms of pleasure. You must be brave and have lots of faith.

QUESTION:—D. E. D. writes—

I am a musician, considered good by local artists, but I find it quite impossible to do solo work in public. Other musicians have told me that I am qualified for this work, and several directors have asked me to do this. But I just can't. The very thought of it brings the blood to my face and makes me perspire. My life is being greatly limited thru this affliction. Can you give me some helpful information?

ANSWER:—

You have formed the habit of being too conscious of yourself. Instead of putting your heart and soul into your music and permitting it to be all-absorbing, you are arguing with fear, constantly going over what you look upon as a trying situation with self, and, tho you perhaps feel qualified, you have assumed an inferior attitude. Instead of having only a good opinion of yourself, your mind is dwelling on possible criticism, what others may think of you, and these thoughts cause a negativeness which does not permit you to assume an "I can" attitude. You are constantly thinking, "I can't," and permitting this thought and feeling to rule. And as long as you think that you will be unable to do solo work well.

When Napoleon told the Russians he intended to cross the Alps in winter with his army, the Russians told him it was impossible. Napoleon replied, "There is no such word in my dictionary," and he went across. But the Russians, feeling that it was impossible, would not even have attempted it. You can do solo work if you feel that you can just ignore your fears. They are groundless.

Those who possess an artistic nature are usually sensitive, and this sensitiveness means they are impressionable. But if you were not sensitive and impressionable you would not be a real artist. Artists must feel deeply, and what they feel in connection with their music or painting they express in their work, which makes them great. You have permitted sensitiveness to rule you. That is not as intended. If you will master sensitiveness to the extent of controlling and directing it, you will then be in possession of a power that will be constructive. It is a very real power when intelligently used.

QUESTION:—G. H. M. writes—

May I ask you a question which sav-
(Continued on page 79)

Can You Guess This Man's Age?

See if You Can Tell Within 25 Years; the Author Couldn't; But He Stuck With Hobart Bradstreet Until He Revealed His Method of Staying Young

I USED to pride myself on guessing people's ages. That was before I met Hobart Bradstreet, whose age I missed by a quarter-century. But before I tell you how old he really is, let me say this:

My meeting-up with Bradstreet I count the luckiest day of my life. For while we often hear how our minds and bodies are about 50% efficient—and at times feel it to be the truth—he knows *why*. Furthermore, he knows how to overcome it—in five minutes—and he showed me *how*.

This man offers no such bromides as setting-up exercises, deep-breathing, or any of those things you know at the outset you'll never do. He uses a principle that is the foundation of all chiropractic, naprapathy, mechanotherapy, and even osteopathy. Only he does not touch a hand to you; it isn't necessary.

The reader will grant Bradstreet's method of staying young worth knowing and using, when told the secret.

And here is the secret: *he keeps his spine in trim.*

Any man or woman who thinks Spine-Motion doesn't make a difference should try it! It is easy enough. I'll tell you how. First, though, you may be curious to learn why a healthy spine puts one in an entirely new class physically. The spinal column is a series of tiny bones, between which are pads or cushions of cartilage. Nothing in the ordinary activities of us humans stretches the spine. So it "settles" day by day, until those once soft and resilient pads become thin as a safety-razor blade—and just about as hard. One's spine (the most wonderfully designed shock-absorber known) is then an unyielding column that transmits every shock straight to the base of the brain.

Do you wonder folks have backaches and headaches? That one's nerves pound toward the end of a hard day? Or that a nervous system may periodically go to pieces? For every nerve in one's body connects with the spine, which is a sort of central switchboard. When the "insulation," or cartilage, wears-down and flattens-out, the nerves are exposed, or even impinged—and there is trouble on the line.

Now, for proof that subluxation of the spine causes most of the ills and ailments which spell "age" in men or women. Flex your spine—"shake it out" and they will disappear. You should feel the difference in ten min-

utes. At least, I did. It's no trick to secure complete spinal laxation as Bradstreet does it. But like everything else, one must know how. No amount of violent exercise will do it; not even chopping wood. As for walking, or golfing, your spine settles down firmer with each step.

Mr. Bradstreet has evolved from his 25-year experience with spinal mechanics a simple, boiled-down formula of just five movements. Neither takes more than one minute, so it means but five minutes a day. But those movements! I never experienced such compound exhilaration before. I was a good subject for the test, for I went into it with a dull headache. At the end of the second movement I thought I could actually feel my blood circulating. The third movement in this remarkable SPINE-MOTION series brought an amazing feeling of exhilaration. One motion seemed to open and shut my backbone like a jack-knife.

I asked about constipation. He gave me another motion—a peculiar, writhing and twisting movement—and fifteen minutes later came a complete evacuation!

Hobart Bradstreet frankly gives the full credit for his conspicuous success to these simple secrets of SPINE-MOTION. He has traveled about for years, conditioning those whose means permitted a specialist at their beck and call. I met him at the Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora. But Bradstreet, young as he looks and feels, thinks he has chased around the country long enough. He has been prevailed upon to put his SPINE-MOTION method in form that makes it now generally available.

I know what these remarkable mechanics of the spine have done for me. I have checked up at least twenty-five other cases. With all sincerity I believe nothing in the whole realm of medicine or specialism can quicker re-make, rejuvenate and restore one. I wish you could see Bradstreet himself. He is arrogantly healthy; he doesn't seem to have any nerves. Yet he puffs incessantly at a black cigar that would floor some men, drinks



HOBART BRADSTREET, THE MAN WHO DEFIES AGE

two cups of coffee at every meal, and I don't believe he averages seven hours sleep. It shows what a sound nerve-mechanism will do. He says a man's power can and should be unabated up to the age of 60, in every sense, and I have had some astonishing testimony on that score.

Would you like to try this remarkable method of "coming back"? Or, if young, and apparently normal in your action and feelings, do you want to see your energies just about doubled? It is easy. No "apparatus" is required. Just Bradstreet's few, simple instructions, made doubly clear by his photographic poses of the five positions. Results come amazingly quick. In less than a week you should have new health, new appetite, new desire, and new capacities; you'll feel years lifted off mind and body. This man's method can be tested without risk. If you feel enormously benefited, everything is yours to keep and you have paid for it all the enormous sum of \$3.00! Knowing something of the fees this man has been accustomed to receiving, I hope his naming \$3.00 to the general public will have full appreciation.

The \$3.00 which pays for everything is not sent in advance, nor do you make any deposit or payment on delivery. Try how it feels to have a full-length spine, and you'll henceforth pity men and women whose nerves are in a vise!

HOBART BRADSTREET, INC., Suite 77B9
506 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I will try your Spine-Motion without risk if you will provide necessary instructions. Send everything postpaid, without charge or obligation, and I will try it five days. If I find Spine-Motion highly beneficial I can remit just \$3 in full payment; otherwise I will return the material and will owe you nothing.

Name

Address

You, Too, Can Make Money!

Says Pauline Cleaver

Mrs. Cleaver, known to radio audiences thru her varied programs, and particularly in connection with the expert economic counsel she has given her thousands of listeners about ways of increasing their incomes, which is also the subject of a book she has written, *You, Too, Can Make Money*, will be glad to give her attention to any inquiries sent by mail. Address: Pauline Cleaver, PSYCHOLOGY Magazine, 101 West 31st Street, New York City.

IDEAS will be purchased! For the best idea in *Money Making* sent to me before October the fifteenth, from a boy or girl under twenty, I will give ten dollars in gold. The sender of the second best idea will receive five dollars. Favorable mention will be made in this magazine of those who send in any worthwhile thoughts from which others may benefit.

I mention an age limit because I do want to see the young folks give serious thought to commercializing their hobbies and talents. Later we may urge our older readers to send in their ideas for a prize.

How do the young readers of this department think about making money for themselves?

MOTOR OUTFITS

ACLEVER sister and brother decided they wanted to make some extra money. These two frequently went for a day's picnic with their friends to near-by beaches. On these days they always prepared and carried their lunches. The girl had made washable covers for her car, and on the rug rail had hung a number of pockets, not unlike the old-fashioned shoe pockets, for the many things needed on a picnic. This did not take up room as many boxes would have. Other little space-saving devices were invented. People commented, and many attempted to do a similar thing. The brother suggested that they carry a few extra sets and sell them on these trips. They succeeded in taking as many orders as the girl could make. Maybe this thought is worth your consideration.

Some persons only need the slightest suggestion of something to be done, and they know immediately how to use the idea and carry it to a greater success.

OLD BIBLES

AN elderly woman, treasuring her childhood Bible, made a lovely cover for it of heavily-embroidered Chinese silk. It was placed on a small table in her room where everyone might see it. It brought so many favorable comments that the dear old lady, without intending it, found orders piling in. She declares it could be made into a real home-business. What do you think of it?

The Bible covers reminded me of something a young college girl did. She bought up all the lovely odds of embroidered silks and fancy bits, and covered old-fashioned hand-mirrors and toilet boxes for girl's dressers. This led to orders, and helped the girl considerably with her expenses. Now she makes many other things. Such additions are most harmonious and convenient for dresser-tops.

Remember, it is not so much what you do as it is to determine *to do something*. Of course, you want to work on something congenial. But don't delay. You can never regain time once lost. Many persons have discovered, by doing such things as I write of here each month, they not only add to their income, but cultivate an initiative and make congenial friends.

SCRAP-BOOKS

RECENTLY a young woman wrote me that she wanted to get away from office work on account of her health. She told me that she was a first-class stenographer, and could take dictation easily and efficiently. Also, she loved making camera pictures and developing them herself. She added that she owned her own little car.

I told her the story of a woman in a similar position, with similar likes, who changed from an office position to making Scrap-Books for notable persons. There are all kinds of people who enjoy keeping certain letters, telegrams, cards (received on special occasions), wedding announcements, etc. So this woman, from lovely imported wall-papers, made book covers. Also in this way one could choose one's favorite colors. Many of her book covers were made from Chinese golds, rich reds and blacks. Some were of light blues and pinks with a silver background. Fine, parchment-like paper was used for the inside sheets. Let me describe the one she sent to me, tho you understand, there were all kinds and for special purposes.

The one before me has a lovely gold and red cover. The paper is pasted over heavy cardboard. On the inside there are forty sheets. These are punched with four round holes and laced to the cover with a gold ribbon. On the outside, in water color, is placed

the name of the owner. On the inside of the cover is a little paster, with the name and address of the maker clearly written on it.

This paster, being a reminder of the maker, is an "every-ready ad." On the second sheet the contents are carefully lettered in by hand. This is beautifully and artistically done. On the next page is a large picture of the owner. This the woman made herself by enlarging a camera picture. The full name is lettered under it. Next is a picture of the owner when she was a baby. On the page opposite this is pasted the newspaper clippings of her birth, and of a party given for her when she was four years of age.

On following pages are pictures of her childhood, and also clippings saved about many parties and affairs that she had given and attended. Then there are three pages devoted to memos of her travels. Pictures of many places she visited are beside these. One page, has telegrams received while away from home. Several cards that came with special flowers were also preserved. And many of her *first* love-letters!

How amusing these may be to her when she is in her sixties! And, psychologically speaking, there is nothing so good as to recall the first thrills of love. We should recall often all pleasures, and strive habitually to forget sadness. So the love-letters were properly placed in the Memo Scrap-Book. There was a very amusing sheet of "Resolutions" which was made when the girl was nine years old. This will bring a laugh to her more mature years! The book also contained a bit of her mother's hair placed in a small transparent envelope, and pasted beside her mother's picture; bits of old lace and other things from her bridal gown; part of her own baby's first dress; clippings, of course, on various subjects. Now would you not enjoy such a Scrap-Book? If you now wish you owned one which told about your early days, *know* that there are others who might enjoy having you make one for them; or for some other member of the family. Many mothers will want to have one made to give the girls on their wedding day. If this idea pleases you why not, when you need some extra money, try it?

TOMBSTONES

A LETTER from one of my most interesting readers told of a unique work she was doing. The writer had an in-door position, but she wished to enjoy more of the out-doors. So she learned a secret process of cleaning marble quickly. After going from house to house cleaning such bits as one finds in homes, there suddenly came to her mind a picture of the marble headstones and large marking stones of various kinds used in cemeteries. Surely every one would wish to have these stones over their departed ones kept in good condition. This young lady consulted the sexton of the cemetery. She found nearly every owner of a "lot" interested. She set to work and in a short time earned a large sum of money. Then she decided if she could be so successful in her own town, she could do as well in another. So from town to town she went. She enjoyed the out-door life, and found grateful customers everywhere. This is a unique way for a young woman to earn a living, and there are many other ways, just as unusual, and yet unthought of. Are you really thinking? I am sure every one can do something, and do that something well.

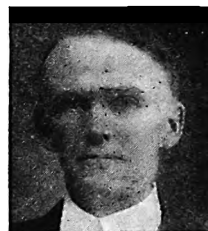
NEW CHRISTMAS TREES

HERE is a little idea with big possibilities! You know there is now a great deal of talk about cutting down our lovely trees just before the Christmas Season. If we knew all that this meant, we would realize it was a great waste and a great pity. We love the sentimental side of the Christmas-tree idea, and we want to keep all that is sweet and charming about this thought. Yet, as thoughtful minds always find a way to hold to the good and forsake the destructive side of joyous things, let us give the Christmas Tree a bit of thought.

Last year a friend sent me, with a note of explanation, a lovely little tree (tree in the making), about three feet tall in a charming earthen pot. The pot or container was painted a vivid red. Around the top border of the red pot she had lettered in green, in a rather odd attractive style, the words, "Love, Work, Play, Gifts." Really you should have seen this to appreciate how lovely it was! Instead of having the usual large tree, we put this one of three feet on the top of a round table, which we draped in green crêpe paper. The gifts were beautifully wrapped and placed on the table; the large ones under the table. The little tree was decorated as usual, and we enjoyed the beauty of it quite as much as any other.

Now those who wish to make a bit of extra money could get an idea from this. It is not too early to begin. Get (Continued on page 78)

Mr. A. T. Hull, A.T. Hull & Son, Certified Public Accountants and Auditors, Bristol, Va.
Mr. Hull writes: "I very cheerfully accord you much of the credit for my success." Read his story below.



At 45 he made a fresh start . . .

But his sons have NOW the training he postponed so long



THERE is an inspiration for everyone in the story of Mr. A. T. Hull of Bristol, Virginia.

In the spring of 1918 he was working at a meagre salary.

Suddenly, at the age of 45, he realized that he had wasted many of the best years of his life. As he says: "I woke up to the real possibilities that life held for me and my family if I would only prepare myself to take advantage of them."

Most men of his age would have occupied themselves with vain regrets. Instead, Mr. Hull decided to make up for his years of lost opportunity. He enrolled with the International Accountants Society. It was the beginning of a new life for him. Upon completion of the Course, he became Auditor of Emory and Henry College in Emory, Virginia, at the same time building up a private practice in public accounting work. *His income increased 100%.* And finally in the fall of 1924 Mr. Hull was one of seven out of forty-eight applicants successfully to pass the examination for Certified Public Accountant before the State Board of Accountancy at Richmond, Virginia.

His sons did not wait until they were 45

His own success assured, Mr. Hull resolved that his two sons should not waste the golden years of opportunity as he had. He urged them to enrol for the same Course that had made such a great change in his own life.

They did, and later Mr. Hull wrote us: "One of my sons has just secured his C. P. A. certificate from the State of Virginia and is now practising with me under the firm name of A. T. Hull and Son. The other is now taking your Course, and I expect him

shortly to secure a certificate and attain full membership in the firm."

The same opportunity that brought success to Mr. Hull, and opened the doors of opportunity to his two sons, is yours for the asking.

For years the opportunity in Accounting has been wonderful. The Accounting profession is one of the best paid in the world. There is need of accountants. There is ample compensation for accountants and there is no prospect that the supply will overtake the demand.

And, besides being profitable, the profession of Accounting is *fascinating*. The accountant is the trusted advisor of the biggest business men. Because he is at the throttle of profit control, he is always in the confidence of the owners.

Accounting The key to profit

Fortunately, you can learn Accounting while you carry on your regular business. It will give you a new viewpoint and the fresh enthusiasm for your regular business which comes of insight into financial programs. The International Accountants Society has made that possible. In only a few hours a week, and at a moderate expense, *you can learn Accounting.*

In an advertisement like this we cannot hope to tell the whole story. But we have published an interesting 80-page book called "How to Learn Accounting," that *does* tell. It gives all the facts about the great and growing profession of Accounting. It tells how *you* can qualify easily, quickly, inexpensively, and without interfering with your present work. Send for your copy today.

INTERNATIONAL ACCOUNTANTS SOCIETY, INC.

A Division of the

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

TO THE INTERNATIONAL ACCOUNTANTS SOCIETY, INC.
3411 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Send me, free, "HOW TO LEARN ACCOUNTING," and tell me how I can increase my income as your other students have done.

Name _____ Business Position _____
(Please write plainly)
Street _____ City _____ State _____

Noise Is More Than a Nuisance

(Continued from page 26)

human beings in the fear reaction. This results in tightened muscles, altered blood pressure and rate, breathing changes, increased adrenalin thrown into the blood stream, and digestive paralysis.

"When these changes are constantly being reproduced in the body by vicious noises, they can easily result in a strained, tense, irritable personality make-up. Since the vast majority of people in the United States are being subjected to increasing noises, due partly to a greater use of machinery and partly to newer methods of building construction, I am entertaining the theory, unproved as yet, that noise is changing the American personality profoundly."

On top of Dr. Laird's conclusions as to the effect of noise upon efficiency and personality comes the theory of Dr. Hiram Percy Maxim, lieutenant-commander in the United States Naval Reserve, who is working on plans for silencing riveters, subways, and building machinery. He maintains that salaries are also affected by noise. He says, "Noise in American cities is causing a twenty per cent loss of efficiency to the average office worker. The worker who is earning \$20 a week could, under quiet conditions, earn \$25 a week with no greater expenditure of effort."

How are we going to throttle Demon Noise so as to keep him from taking his toll from us in salary, efficiency, and personality?

Well, first of all, we can seek fairly quiet places to live so that the hours of freedom from a noisy office may afford us as much relaxation as possible.

Then, there are some very simple things which will help in reducing noise both in office and house—wearing rubber heels, for instance, oiling a squeaky hinge, weather-stripping a window that rattles, muffling the telephone bell with rubber bands or cloth strips, using a pad of felt or other sound-killing material under typewriters, and fastening rubber tabs to the legs of typewriter tables to reduce vibrations.

As much as twenty per cent of outside noises can be kept out by a closed window. Not that Dr. Laird recommends stuffy, non-ventilated rooms, but he does call attention to the fact that there are on the market window ventilators especially designed to admit air while noises are shut out.

The carpeting of floors and corridors prevents considerable unnecessary noise and makes possible the absorption of some of the unavoidable sound. Rugs absorb sound whereas plaster walls reflect it better than a mirror re-

flects light. The heavier the pile of the rugs and the larger their dimensions, the more effective they are in absorbing noise in a room. Heavy velour or velvet draperies draw into their folds some of the floating sounds, and so does mohair upholstery.

It is to be hoped that in time builders and manufacturers, realizing the importance of cutting down some of the noises that now assail our ears, will construct buildings having sound-absorbing walls and ceilings and devise machines with noiseless gears and chain belts, canvas-tired truck wheels, street-cars with roller bearings and aluminum bodies, all of which would make the world a quieter place to live in.

But, meanwhile, those of us who have no influence in these matters can cut off many of the smaller noises at their source, and fortify ourselves against unpreventable noises by guarding against the state of extreme fatigue which makes us more sensitive to irritation from noise. And, best of all, we can cultivate that peace of mind which is based on a sound and optimistic philosophy and insures us, to a certain extent, against the wear and tear of discords and inharmonies of which, in our present civilization, noise is one manifestation.

Men and Women

(Continued from page 33)

which she gives a certain semblance of reality. A good section of modern feminism is an instinctive reaction, on the part of womankind, against just this obligation to play the Anima rôle. Hence women take upon themselves manly actions, manly qualities; they swim; they do athletic stunts of all kinds, lest any man take them for that soft, yielding thing he has in his own soul. The more masculine he is, the more feminine, naturally, his ideal.

And those women who do unconsciously fall into the Anima rôle, who play it without knowing it, are (to their future mutual misery), strengthening the man's own projection. For, because he sees in her what is really not in *her*, but is in his own *mind*, though he does not know it, because he has found (What could he have found except what he was looking for? What can one look for except what one has in mind?) because she is really not what was in his mind, she, either consciously or unconsciously, tries to *be* it. It is better if she do it consciously, because she will then not be disappointed or surprised by his emotions.

She will expect less of him and get more.

The two main characteristics of the Anima and the Animus (which, of course, is the name given by Jung to the relation of the woman to her soul) are, respectively: an untutored, inarticulate *feeling* or emotional quality of mind, and (Animus) a wholly unreasoned, but nevertheless obstinately adhered to, *thinking*. If he could become conscious of the feeling nature of his Anima, i. e., his own feminine soul relation, he would regulate it according to his own norms of feeling; but because it is only in his Unconscious, and the real woman is not seen except as utterly transformed by his projection of his Anima, like a screen between them, his feelings (the really feminine function), remain unregulated, and come out explosively in quarrels, if not in gunshots. And similarly with the woman she has her explosive, and unregulated, *opinions*.

Now the man that has made the acquaintance of his Unconscious knows a vast amount more than the ordinary man. If he is weakly constituted

psychically; that is, if he has not a very good robust and wholesome appreciation of external reality, as soon as he makes the acquaintance of the wonder world of the Unconscious, he thinks he is Napoleon or Christ. If more strongly constituted psychically, and yet not quite as strong as he really should be, he is filled with the realization that he has found a great and momentous secret, which the world needs to know at once. He becomes, or tries to become, the leader of a sect, great or small, according to the absolute amount of his libido. Jung speaks of this sudden access of knowledge about the Unconscious as the "inflation of the ego." Of course, many men are conceited and egotistical without that experience of the Unconscious, which gives them this inflated ego in the technical sense.

Jung points out the same conditions among primitive peoples. They make a distinction between two kinds of dreams, ordinary dreams and "big" dreams. When a savage has a "big" dream, he cannot keep it to himself. He tells the whole tribe; he becomes a

"big" man. A "big" dream is an experience of the collective Unconscious. It is a unique experience, making a man different from his fellows.

The primitive word for this power sense, derived from coming into contact with the collective Unconscious, is "Mana." The primitive thinks some people and things have this *mana* power, while others do not. He believes that if he kills a *mana* person, he absorbs the *mana* into his own personality. Now Jung says that if a man brings his Anima (which is an archetype of the collective Unconscious) into consciousness, it is, in a sense, equivalent to killing a *mana* thing. At least the effect of her projection upon a real woman is annulled. Therefore such a man ought really to absorb the *mana* of the Anima, by bringing it into consciousness. But, if he really does, he runs the greatest risk of that "psychic inflation" mentioned above. Therefore his one object is to become conscious of the "projection," which is the cause of his identifying his Anima with his wife or sweetheart, and at the same time avoid the other extreme, that of the inflation of the ego, which makes him a bore, a reformer, or insane. This, Jung remarks, is about like standing on the edge of a razor, but he also observes that it is as necessary as it is difficult.

In all cases of marital troubles Jung's recommendation would be for analysis to be resorted to only in the extreme cases that really need it, and then only under the guidance of the most carefully trained and in every way responsible person; for there is a very real danger in uselessly and blindly stirring up the collective Unconscious—a danger which many physicians have met and been unable to avert, so that not a few persons who have been "psyched" by well meaning friends or inexperienced physicians have been driven not merely to so-called immorality, but actually to disease, insanity and suicide.

Jung's *Two Essays* is a complete re-writing of his former *Analytical Psychology*, and in erudition and charm of style (well preserved in the translation of Dr. and Mrs. Baynes) is unquestionably the best authoritative literary exposition of these really very complicated problems of psychology and mental therapeutics.

The *Contributions to Analytical Psychology* is a collection of essays and lectures embracing analytical psychological views on such various topics as Psychical Energy, Spirit and the Belief in Spirits, Woman in Europe, Marriage as a Psychological Relationship, Poetic Art, Education. Because the Unconscious, both personal and collective, is a factor in the mental make-up of every man, woman and child, like a current in the ocean of life on which we are all floating or trying to swim,

New KIND of SHORTHAND!



Miss E. B. Dearborn

Internationally known educator and authority on shorthand. After teaching conventional systems for eighteen years at Columbia University, Simmons College, University of California, Rochester Business Institute, etc. Miss Dearborn originated SPEEDWRITING to meet the overwhelming demand for a natural, easy-to-learn, thoroughly practical, scientific system of shorthand.

Thru SPEEDWRITING, Miss Dearborn has helped thousands of men and women win better positions—earn more money than ever before in their lives. What they have done—YOU can do!

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Marie Turner: "Speedwriting helped me get my present position, at an increase of 20% in salary. Speedwriting is the most efficient shorthand I have ever used. I recommend it to all."

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Everyone Can Write It In Plain A-B-C's

"WHY didn't someone think of it before!" you'll say when you see this new kind of shorthand—so simple, so easy, so natural that anyone can learn its fundamentals in one evening.

Write Shorthand in a Few Weeks

With just a few minutes' daily practice you can quickly learn to write shorthand! Right this minute you know the principle of this amazing new method—you use it in your daily speech. No need to spend months mastering a whole "foreign language" of signs, symbols, dots and dashes. In this new system you use just the ordinary letters of the alphabet, scientifically condensed according to your natural habits of speech.

Speedwriting

The NATURAL SHORTHAND

is the invention of Miss E. B. Dearborn, eminent authority on shorthand, who has taught almost all systems for eighteen years. She saw how unsatisfactory ordinary systems of shorthand frequently are. Clearly a new system was needed that would eliminate the tedious months of study, the memory-straining difficulties, the inaccuracies of transcription.

Speedwriting was the result—the only scientific system of shorthand written either with pencil or on the typewriter.

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there is no human activity, mental or physical, that is not borne along by it. There is no human act in which the unconscious factor is not present. It is generally predominant.

Human life differs from animal life by reason of its greater consciousness. Individual humans differ from each other in the amount of consciousness they have. We were all born unconscious, we gradually attained what consciousness we have, some of us more, some less. Education has the general aim of making us more conscious. A civilized man is more extensively conscious than a savage. Academic education is designed solely for this expansion of a sensation type extravert consciousness up to adulthood.

Little provision is made for the education for the adult, no recognition of the needs of the individual in the afternoon of life. Some of the disasters to persons caused by this lack, due to society's interest only in expansion, are remedied or averted sporadically by the skilful use of analytical psychology, which gives a meaning to the second half of life. But in general, and particularly in this country, the emphasis is all laid on expansion—in the psychological sense.

The distinctive value of Jung's work is that he is an original investigator, face to face with reality in all his work, which has led him to compare, for example, the morbid cases in his practice as a neurologist with the primitive psychology of different races both in North America and in Africa. While he is one of the most erudite scholars in Europe, there is, in his writings, not the faintest aroma of the library, the laboratory, the consulting room or the hospital.

This gives to what he writes a quality that is as stimulating as the fresh air of outdoors. Whether you agree with his opinions or not makes no difference, as you are impressed with the fact that they are the honest opinions of a real man. You also feel when talking to him that you would be glad to be able to say this same thing about yourself, but you are convinced that you really do not know yourself as well as you ought to. If you knew yourself better, you would know others better and like them more.

His effect upon you is that of a man who, having formed his own opinions, would be glad to have everyone else form their own opinions also, a man who respects you and your opinions and

beliefs if they have been honestly acquired.

These two new books, together with his two former volumes *The Psychology of the Unconscious* and *Psychological Types*, ought to be studied by everyone who makes any claim to know anything about modern psychology, and should positively be read by everyone who has read any books at all on psychoanalysis, or who thinks he knows anything about psychoanalysis. If Jung's books could have been read and understood, an enormous amount of silly talking and writing about psychology might have been saved. Much that has been written and said under the name of psychoanalysis has done positive harm to many people.

When you meet, either in person or in his writings, a man of Jung's calibre and unpretentiousness, you are, when you leave him or his books, much more reconciled to the world as a place where you have your own work to do, your own business to mind, and you feel better able to do your work and mind your own business. You get an impression that there is a sort of order in things somewhere, and that, if you live your life honestly, you may find it.

Be Happy and Live 100 Years

(Continued from page 24)

ten centenarians, the youngest in his hundredth year, the oldest 104, and obtained their advice on how to grow old gracefully. The results were the following ten points: 1, Be happy. 2, Work hard. 3, Don't worry. 4, Eat home cooking. 5, Develop simple tastes. 6, Get plenty of exercise. 7, Have an easy conscience. 8, Have an interest in life. 9, Be moderate in all things. 10, Get plenty of sleep each night.

The popular belief that on reaching seventy an old man's thoughts turn to pensions and easy chairs was exploded by these hardy New Englanders. Altho they have lived thirty years beyond the classical three score years and ten, all of them are in remarkable health and most of them are *surprisingly alive*. They are not merely lingering while waiting for the end.

Sir George Newman, M. D., of the British Board of Education and Ministry of Health at the British Medical Association, declaring that the fundamental problem of health is the wise nurture of the body, gave as the factors, Food, Fresh Air, Sunlight, Exercise of the Body, Warmth, Cleanliness, and Rest.

In referring to the nutrition of the body he notes both exercise and rest. Balanced nutrition of the body depends on vitalizing the cells; the muscles are the kinetic agents of vitalizing,

together with breathing. The person who goes over the body in a series of self-treating self-culture exercises, will add years to life and life to years.

Any article about longevity would be incomplete without some reference to the famous passage in the Psalms which refers to "threescore years and ten" as the time when life may be expected to end. Beside the multitudes of the devout who have accepted this passage as a statement of the divine intent, the phrase has undoubtedly had a wide-spread and positive effect on the thought of even the non-religious, since it has become so inextricably woven into the thought and feeling of almost half of the human race.

Now the curious fact about this is that the Psalmist did not at all mean what his interpreters have assumed him to have meant. For many years I accepted my old grandmother's belief that the Psalmist allotted the span of life, until more recent reading of the Bible, together with years of study of natural science, showed me that the statement of the Psalmist has nothing to do with the allotment of life, nor did the Psalmist prophesy concerning it. On the contrary Genesis has much to say about length of life and a more potent authority than the Psalmist made a definite statement as to the years of mankind.

Let us deal with one outstanding natural fact first: All animals live from five to seven times the length of time it takes to arrive at full adolescence or maturity. Many live still longer. When I realized that the supposed allotted span of the Psalmist gave man only about three times this period instead of the minimum of five times, I knew there was something wrong with this, and that acceptance of this belief would tend to shorten life, by virtue of the power of suggestion. Every man or woman, believing firmly in this theory, on arriving at three score and ten would automatically expect to pass over.

Despite the authoritative statement in Genesis, 6-3, that man's days shall be 120 years—which was evidently the *minimum* age and not the maximum, man's age at the time of the Psalmist had decreased. Length of life was so much less than formerly that the Psalmist *bewails the fact*. He was not prophesying but *sorrowing* at the shortened span of man, and bemoaning the fact that man had shortened his own days by disobeying natural law.

Psalms 90-verse 7: "We are consumed by thy anger." Verse 8: "Thou hast set our secret sins before Thee." Verse 10: "Our years are threescore and ten." Verse 11: "Who knoweth the power of Thine anger?" Verse 12:

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Here is no prophecy, no allotment of the span of life, but simply a plea for forgiveness because departure from God's ways (Natural Law) had *fore-shortened* age.

And the climax of the whole argument occurs in the last verse of the following Psalm, the 91st, a promise to those who live in accordance with the ultimate verities:—"With *long life* will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation!"

The whole matter is very clear: By the time of David luxuriousness and unnatural living had increased since the time of the patriarchs, and sins against Nature, any deviation from natural principles, are the only real sins against the Creator. The sciences of psychology, physics, and biology are wrapped up in this matter.

Health and length of life depend solely on natural cause and effect. If the wonderful mechanism of the human body is to last, friction must be avoided. Mechanical balance of all parts must be assured. Man breathes and eats that he may think and act.

To sum up:

If we compare the facts of long life to the engine of a railway train or steamship, we find one outstanding fact: If the fireman or stoker fuels the fire and then immediately shakes out the ashes and clinkers from the grate, the fire will remain bright and clear from start to finish of the journey. Speed, steam-pressure, power—all are available at need, simply because the fireman sees that the grating and fire-bars are clear of ashes from combustion. Even at the end of the journey the fire is capable of being maintained as long as the fire-bars are kept clear of the debris which would hinder the draft that keeps the fire *alive*, due to the interaction of oxygen with the fire.

In man, the whole problem rests entirely on the balanced action of metabolism. As long as metabolic wastes are cleared from the tissues as soon as formed and further fueling can therefore be combusted properly, the human fire will continue to burn bright and clear. As already outlined, a perfect circulation of the blood stream is the only means of maintaining the clear grate or fire-bars of the cells. Capillary action must be perfect and tissue waste removed as soon as formed.

The more perfectly the machine functions and the more perfect the general reciprocity of functions, the more certain it is that the fire of life will continue unchecked. Fire-bars and grates may eventually burn out after giving full service, despite the repair and renewal effects of our wonderful self-repair system. But most persons die as the fire dies out, thru failure to clean out the bars and improve draft. Any

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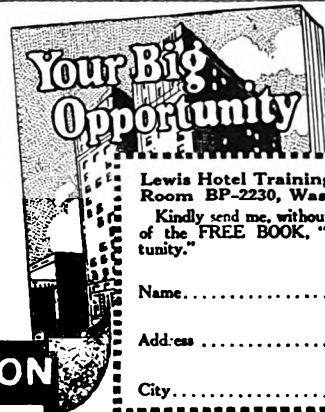
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fire insufficiently oxygenated will die out as the ashes accumulate. Any fire improperly cleaned up must soon choke itself to death. Any fire with insufficient fuel, or too poor a quality of fuel, fails to burn as it should, and can actually be put out by the fuel itself.

Long life depends solely on the requirement that the flame be maintained in brightness by oxygenation, which depends on draft and fuel. The muscles acting with the lungs are the firemen and stokers that use the blood as carrier of draft and as the rake and poker with which to clean the fire. We think of the blood as fuel carrier, but its action must also insure draft. It fans the flame while pouring in the oxygen.

Life and health must be governed by right thinking. Right thinking implies logical thought, and logical thought must include the correct relationship of the physical components of a psycho-physical body.

The House of Abbott

(Continued from page 18)

that wash-stand I would have been very foolish. It wasn't necessary, incidentally, for the porter knew he would lose his job if he let it get dirty again. I think any man is foolish who goes on doing things himself that he can more economically pay somebody else to do. The secret of Charlie Schwab's success has been in his taking off his coat and setting a real pace for the men in the steel mill. But after he got them going good he would slip off and get another crew started. It is poor economy to do anything yourself that you can better afford to pay somebody else to do.

"Unfortunately the great majority of men need supervision. And supervisors are expensive. If we could cut the cost of supervision in industry," Mr. Abbott continued earnestly, "we could pay the workers much better wages. If there is any one point on which I would advise young people starting in business it would be: Learn to get along without a boss. Do things without always being told. Anticipate the boss and you annihilate him. Remove the necessity of supervision and you immediately eliminate the boss and automatically get more pay."

So valuable had Mr. Abbott made himself to J. E. O'Brien and Company that they offered him a partnership to remain with them a few years later when his father died.

"Tho I had enjoyed my work immensely as a decorator," Mr. Abbott continued, "I figured that my best move was to join my brother after my father died. This would give me the entire country in which to expand, while with O'Brien I was limited in my activities. Then, too, I had a pet idea which I

wanted to develop: to make decorative fabrics of expensive appearance but at a nominal cost. This finally developed into *Kapock* which became the greatest selling decorative fabric in its class. It looked like silk but sold at less money."

Andrew Carnegie modestly attributed all his success to his wise selection of associates. Mr. Abbott has been both wise and fortunate in the choice of his co-workers. The breaking away from family ties as a youngster was the first important turning point in his life, yet, certainly when he again joined forces with his brother Eugene he made another good step forward. Eugene is a color and design expert. He is quiet and artistic. His original ideas and unique designs early attracted widespread attention thru the industry. Then there is John Laycock who makes practical realities out of the ideas and dreams of the Abbotts. Then Mrs. M. A. Hawley became hostess of The Kapock House when the idea was yet on paper. An unusual organization of rare people working harmoniously together. A. Theodore Abbott, the shrewd salesman, advertising man, executive and banker; Eugene A. Abbott with his artistry and originality; John Laycock, the practical translator of dreams into things; and Mrs. Hawley with her subtle sense of pleasing the thousands of visitors to The Kapock House. Four people have rarely worked together with happier results. Mr. Abbott possesses a rare discrimination in the matter of choosing the right man for the right job.

It was but a few years after going in with his brother that sunproof Kapock was perfected. This is a rich silky decorative fabric used at sunny windows and on furniture where permanence in color and beauty are desired. It was the forerunner of rayon tho in many ways it is much superior. Kapock is registered and sold under a rigid guarantee to give satisfaction.

Always seeing their growing business thru the eyes of a decorator, Mr. Abbott conceived the idea of The Kapock House, which it took him several years to put over. Here are about twenty-two completely furnished rooms, by world renowned interior decorators. One of the real wonders of the commercial age.

At 2011 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, is this house that Abbott built, exceeding in many ways the wonders of the house that Jack built. The malt and the rat and the cat and the cow and the man and the priest with a few other accessories of the famed house that Jack built are missing here. But The Kapock House attractions are so striking and unusual that between eight and ten thousand people a year pass thru its portals in search of the newest ideas in home decorations and

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furnishings. Mr. Abbott himself calls it "the house of a thousand decorative suggestions."

Friends, relatives and business acquaintances, exercising their prerogatives of friendly advice, called Abbott all sorts of uncomplimentary names when he sprang on them the idea of his Kapock House. His scheme was the "ensemble idea"—a collection of everything for the home, with a background of Kapock fabrics. Something never heard of anywhere in the world. The real estate man, architect, builder, every article that goes into building a house, such as new walls, electrical fixtures, fire places, modern plumbing, etc., even to laying out a beautiful patio, and a dozen interior decorators to select from—always at the service of a prospective customer.

The above paragraph describes exactly the development of The Kapock House in a period of less than five years. A treasure-house of some half-million dollars worth of fine furnishings. It now has about eighty exhibitors. Among them are the foreign decorators—Stair and Andrew, and Charles of London, also the greatest of American decorators—Belmont of Philadelphia, Valiant of Baltimore and a host of others equally prominent. Many of the leading American manufacturers of house-furnishings have a display here. A truly successful co-operative plan of business firms—interior decorators, dealers, jobbers and

manufacturers, all working together to make happy beautiful homes at the least cost of anxiety to the consumer.

How did Abbott do it? Well, don't forget I warned you that if he ever sold you a share in the Brooklyn Bridge he would somehow manage to make it a paying investment. Tho he has sold millions of yards of Kapock fabrics, Abbott has seldom mentioned Kapock. He has always sold ideas. And it may have been sometime afterward that the eager buyers of his ideas found that to make use of them they must stock Kapock. So with The Kapock House.

He spent several hundred thousand dollars in the purchase of an old four-story house at the edge of the business district on Walnut Street, renovating it and making it into an ideal situation for "the house of a thousand decorative suggestions." In five years, incidentally, its location has practically doubled in real estate values. Then came the problem of filling the house with paying exhibitors, and putting it in charge of Mrs. Hawley and a corps of expert and good looking hostesses, who will tell you all about the beautiful merchandise on display. If you care to buy any of the exhibits they are for sale. You receive, however, the same pleasant attention if you are only looking, for after all, The Kapock House is an exposition of beautiful furnishings from all parts of the world.

At this juncture Mr. Abbott displayed his real sporting blood. He told

his prospective exhibitors that they need not pay a concession fee the first year for their space in The Kapock House but that their drapes and upholstery should be of Kapock fabrics. For the second year, if the first year worked out to their satisfaction, they could pay a nominal fee toward the upkeep and overhead expenses.

"The Kapock House is now almost five years old—that speaks for itself," Mr. Abbott says with a world of satisfaction.

The latest venture of this Barnum of Industry is a complete theatre in every detail, at his Allegheny Avenue plant. Here is shown the perfect adaptation of Kapock for theatrical uses—drapes, stage drops, seat covers and curtains. This, too, is entirely furnished by various exhibitors who do such work. Most of these firms have already had satisfactory results thru this exhibit, to more than compensate them for the cost of their original outlay.

So out into the bleak gray shadows of a rainy afternoon in Philadelphia, A. Theodore Abbott passed from the marble halls of The Union League Club in search of his car. But there was nothing of the dreariness of the weather in his eyes. They were sparkling with the animation of a boy on his way to play. For, back of them, was forming the vague outlines of a new skyscraper pushing out the sky. The next move of this big play-boy in the toy shop of American business.

When I Was a Gangster

(Continued from page 30)

That was the first time that I took counsel with pride. I had a friend. A well-dressed man who liked me and called me "Old chap" and thought I had not had a square deal at the box factory. My breast swelled with self-importance. But I did not mention my new friend, as he thought it would be better to surprise my family with the good turn in my fortunes.

All evening I was preoccupied. I only tasted the cabbage soup. My mother turned her pale, anxious look toward the full plate, and then upon my face, and asked "What's the matter, sonny?" I answered "Nothing." No, I was not ill. Only not hungry. I pushed my plate across the table to my brother, who ate its contents with relish. After we had gone to bed mother came to the cot and leaned over it. Hearing her coming to us, I closed my eyes. I wanted to think of the well-dressed stranger who had been so kind to me. Yes, there was no doubt he liked me. And he had promised me something that would better my condition. While my mother sighed at my cot-side I was thinking, "We'll have

beefsteak one day, and ham and eggs the next when I better myself. For I'll better the family."

On the third evening after I had met the kind stranger I saw him again. He was waiting on the corner nearest the factory at closing time.

"Hello, Kid. Let's go up to the bakery. I want to talk to you about that job I thought I might get for you."

I was mute with joy. In ecstasy I tried to accommodate my short stride to his long one.

Butter-cakes this time, and ham and eggs, and coffee. While I ate ravenously he watched me and spoke in a low voice.

"How'd you like to work for me, youngster?"

I nodded, full mouthed and joyful eyed.

"My partner and I will try you out on a little job this evening. If you're as smart as we think you are you can work with us all the time. Here's a five-dollar bill to bind the bargain." He gave me whispered instructions. At the door he shook hands with me. "Sure you got it straight?" He repeated

them and made me repeat them and the address he had given me. "I'd rather do that than write it," he said. "I want to test your memory."

After supper I put on my hat and told mother I was going to the night school where I was taking a business course. She looked after me, with the frightened look in her eyes, but she only said: "Come home early, my son."

I walked as I had been directed, to the place where I was to meet my new friend. As he had instructed, I went in a curious backward and forward course, weaving my way, retracing my steps on some blocks and crossing the streets in a diagonal jay-walk. I went south for three blocks, past my destination. Then crossed the street and retraced my steps to a fine old brick house on lower Fifth Avenue. I had scarcely halted when a careless figure slouched up the alley. From it, as it passed, came the voice of my hero, Carlos.

"Stay here, as I told you, until the folks come out the front way and get into the automobile waiting in the porte-cochere."

"The what?"

"The covered front porch without a floor. Then I'll slip past you and go in the back way to meet a friend. You walk up and down the block in front of the house. If a cop looks close at you or at the house come in thru that side gate. It's open. And come to that side window on the right of the basement and rap hard with your knuckles on the window, twice. Just like the diagram I showed you. Got it right?"

"Yes sir."

"Righto. Keep awake on the job. If the surprise party to my friend goes thru right, without any meddling by cops, you'll get a lot more than five and a steady job with me."

"Thank you, Mr. Carlos. I'll do just what you told me to do."

"Now don't speak to or pay any attention to me unless a cop starts looking. Then double on your tracks and make for that basement window. I'll open it to get the news."

Gay voices sounded from the front of the house. There was an opening and closing of doors. The waiting limousine hesitated, then swung out to the street and made its purring way around the corner. All the lights in the house went out, save one that shone thru the windows on the first floor at the back. Without a word, the figure that had a new, slouching gait but spoke with the voice of my hero, made its hurried way past me. He threaded his swift way among the flower beds at the rear of the house. A door swung open, admitting him to the basement.

Obedying my new employer, I patrolled the house. Shrinking into the shadows at sound of a footstep I furtively played my rôle of guardian of my friend's welfare. A woman passed but did not look at me. A pair of lovers sauntering past, arms about each other, paid no heed to me. A heavier footstep approached, a square, determined, ringing footstep. The sound, Carlos had told me, that heralded a policeman's approach.

An unmistakable sound to those of acute hearing. I squatted in the shadows close to the side gate. The burly figure marched on, swinging a club, as a clock does its pendulum. Five minutes passed. Ten. He did not return. I crept into the side alley toward the street. Up and down the elm-shadowed street I looked. No one was visible. I moved tremblingly toward the portecochere. The moon slipped out from behind a cloud. It revealed two figures in uniform strolling the sidewalk across the street. The twain paused directly in front of the house across the way. One was a fat neighborhood watchman in gray. "A gray tabby that does not matter much" my hero had called him. The other was the man whose footsteps had reverberated on the pavement in the quiet night. They talked quietly.

The "gray tabby" raised his plump hand in an excited gesture toward the house in the shadow of which I waited. The blue-coated man walked hurriedly up to the corner. He halted at the corner. He opened a box. I saw his hand raised to give a signal.

Pressing my thin figure, unseen in its threadbare dark clothes, flat against the wall of the house I moved quickly sidewise to the window above the basement. The shadows still hid me from the neighborhood watchman in gray. He was turning an anxious face toward the officer at the signal box.

Catlike, I rose upon the wooden shutter of the cellar window. Once, twice, thrice I rapped upon the window pane.

Even while I rapped something swift as a motion-picture scene was happening within the dimly lighted dining room. The figure of my friend, Carlos, a mask over its face, another and burlier one that I had seen bowing to the party as it left the house to enter the automobile, the butler, started, as tho interrupted by a sound while they were placing something in a black travelling case on the table. Both turned quickly to face an opening door.

The doorway framed a figure clad in black silk pajamas. A tall, thin figure that swayed as it tried to steady itself, with pale hand, against the frame. A sick man. But one angered into sudden strength. Thru the two inches open space of the window came his voice, thin, sharp with rage, commanding in its weakness.

"Brodie, you scoundrel. I suspected this."

Carlos' hand went up. From a short, ugly object in it a flame spat. The man in dark pajamas sank, face down, across the door sill. From his side a red stream poured and widened.

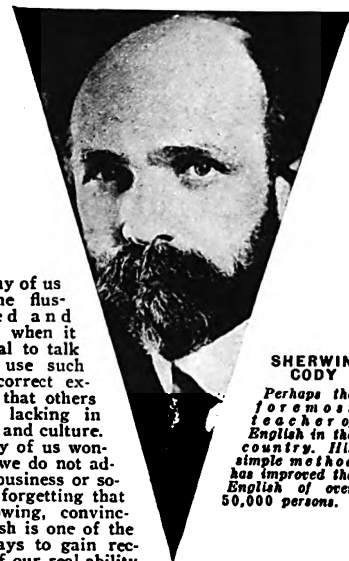
Up the street a police whistle sent shrill warning. I heard, thru the night's silence, the sound of running feet on the pavement.

I fled, not from the hurrying police, but from the sight I had seen thru the window. My arm stretched across my eyes to hide that sight, I groped my way thru the rear gate to the back alley. My feet were swift as the winged Mercury's. Winged with horror.

From the house behind me I heard a hoarse command "Surrender, or we'll shoot." I heard a voice raised in snarls and curses. Carlos' voice strangely transformed. The sound of a hurrying car. A pause before the door. Then silence.

I ran with rabbit fleetness and wariness, doubling on my tracks as my hero, turned fiend, had taught me, looking back, seeing no one but doubling again, to the tenement on Fifth Street. As I neared the unsightly brown house my steps slackened. I had not been seen. No one was following. But I must steady my shaking legs. I must

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start the blood flowing back into my color-drained cheeks. My mother must not be frightened.

I climbed the steps slowly. No one was at home. I made up the cot and slipped into it. When my mother returned, bearing her Saturday market-basket, my nervous hands had ceased their fluttering. I closed my eyes and pretended to snore.

The next morning, as I went to the box factory, my feet tripped across a soiled newspaper. The headlines stared up at me. "Crooked-Mouth George Arrested for Attempted Burglary and Murder. Butler in Millionaire's Home Implicated as One of His Gang. Lookout Escapes."

The photograph was that of my late hero, Carlos. Across it was stamped

a number. The picture was taken from the rogues' gallery. He was a convict.

Fear kept my lips locked. I never revealed the secret. I am telling it for the first time.

I remained in the box factory for ten years. I was promoted to assistant bookkeeper, then bookkeeper. When my course in engineering was completed, I opened an office. No office has seemed dull, no worker who doesn't look up seems unimaginative to me, since that night of blood and horror on lower Fifth Avenue.

By one swift illumination, in the voice of a man pronouncing his own doom and another's, by the words, "Brodie, you scoundrel," I learned that there is no "soft job," and that what seems "easy money" may be of *granite hardness*.

The Man Who Slept

(Continued from page 39)

again, quickly and sharply, "would that have been likely—what you say—if they had quarrelled in Mace's room? A premeditated crime would surely have been carried out right then and there—on the spot!"

Kilner's face darkened. He felt he was being entangled by Eagen's rapid way of talking and his superiority in handling the English language.

"Answer, Inspector," the Commissioner commanded curtly.

"That would be a point in Mace's favor."

"I made very sure of that point," Eagen said, his voice rising, "by presenting you with that cane end. Perhaps you forgot that, Mr. Inspector."

Kilner flushed to his ears this time.

"That's the data you told me about last night?" the Commissioner inquired of Dr. Embury.

"Yes—that's it," the expert replied.

"You see, a clearing of the atmosphere like this is worth while. As it stands now, it is very questionable whether we, as police officials, have the right to make the charge one of murder in the first degree."

"You mean to make the charge manslaughter instead?" Professor Sylvester put in.

"Yes—manslaughter—for which the penalty is not death—but life imprisonment."

"No, no! Not that!" Mace suddenly cried out, rising to his feet. "Not that, I beg you! Life is nothing to me—if I am guilty. If this hand"—and he held it out before him—"pointed a weapon and killed a weak old man—no match for me in strength . . . if I did the thing you charge me with—I am ready to die! It is not death I fear, but life—the life of a man bearing the soul of a murderer. No, no! I have always looked my fellow man in the

face. I do not wish to live, if my head, which I have held so high, must be bowed in shame. If I killed Myrick I want to die! It is only justice—a life for a life!"

Dr. Embury laid a restraining hand on the arm of the prisoner and he resumed his seat.

During the excitement that Mace's declaration had occasioned, Kilner scribbled a note and surreptitiously handed it to Barney.

"As I understand it, Mr. Eagen," the Police Commissioner said, "the point you are raising is that even if Mr. Mace did visit Mr. Myrick in his room after their quarrel, and even if another quarrel ensued there, and he perchance shot him, the murder could not have been premeditated."

"Exactly so," replied the detective.

"We know," Dr. Embury interposed, "that Mr. Mace visited Myrick after their quarrel. His actions during the hypnosis showed that. My psychoanalysis also leads me to suspect strongly that he made two visits to the room."

"Two visits?" the Commissioner repeated.

"Yes—two. I am firmly convinced that when Mr. Mace got out of bed the second time during the experiment he was again bound for Myrick's room. The first visit synchronizes exactly with the testimony of the night watchman—the second with that of Philip. Unfortunately, the experiment was interrupted."

"It was a most unfortunate thing," the Commissioner remarked. "It is difficult for me to reconcile myself to that blunder."

"Mr. Commissioner," broke in Eagen, rising suddenly. "May I ask that the prisoner be taken into the adjoining room? I should like to discuss an im-

portant point in the evidence in secret conference."

"Very good," said the Commissioner courteously. "Your request is a trifle unusual, but I am glad to comply with it."

Mace was led to the door where he was delivered into the charge of the policeman on duty, and by him led away.

A thrill of excitement was stirring the heavy air of the room. Mrs. Mace's cheeks bore a faint tinge of color. Kilner looked puzzled and angry. His bull neck showed crimson above his collar. Eagen was still standing. He now turned to the Commissioner:—

"Have I your permission to question Mr. Kilner, Commissioner?"

"You are entirely at liberty to do so, Mr. Eagen."

Kilner moved uneasily in his seat—Eagen kept his gaze fixed upon him.

"Mr. Kilner, will you be so good as to produce the revolver that was found beside the body of William Myrick?"

Without replying, Kilner motioned to Barney to get it. Eagen thought he saw a look of understanding pass between the two men.

DURING the short interval a low hum of voices began to rise timidly. The Commissioner settled back in his chair, engrossed in his own thoughts. Helen dropped her eyes and tugged nervously at the strap of her left-hand glove. She was pathetically white and very much overwrought.

Barney returned with a revolver which he gave to Kilner. The Inspector, with a sneering look, handed it to Eagen, who examined it.

"A familiar type of bull-dog revolver, with five chambers," commented Eagen. He held the weapon in his hand and continued speaking. "Now," Eagen emphasized the word, "I happen to know that Mr. Mace himself carried a revolver habitually, as is not unusual with men in the jewelry business, who feel they need protection and are apt to take out a permit to carry firearms. I know this because on the day I first met Mr. Mace, the day preceding the night of the tragedy, I frisked him in passing at the Grand Central and discovered he had a revolver in his coat pocket. Mr. Kilner," the detective again faced the Inspector and spoke with rising inflection. "I will stake my reputation on my belief that this revolver here is Myrick's and the weapon Mr. Mace carried is also in your possession. Will you kindly produce it? . . ."

Kilner hesitated. His whole face and head had become enpurpled, his eyes were bloodshot, and every movement bespoke furious irritation. He signaled brusquely to Barney, who, giving him a ludicrous look of bewilderment, walked quickly out of the room, returning so speedily with the other weapon that the

spectators were inclined to believe he had had it already on him. He delivered the revolver to Kilner who, with an ostentatious air of carelessness, laid it on the table. The detective placed the first weapon down beside the other. Both were of the same type, but the second of an older fashion. Everyone craned forward to look.

Suddenly a startled voice cried: "They both have the initials, W. M." It was the boy Philip, who, overcome by his temerity at speaking before so august an assemblage, shrank back into his seat, red and confused.

"You are right, Philip," the detective remarked reassuringly. "One has the initials on the butt and the other on the barrel."

"Mr. Commissioner," came Eagen's voice again, cool and commanding. "I should like to have Mr. Mace brought back."

The Commissioner touched a bell and in a moment the door opened admitting John Mace. He walked in, head erect, eyes clear and confident, sending a wordless greeting to his wife, who smiled at him the brave tearless smile of trusting love.

He walked to his place between the Commissioner and Kilner. Eagen began his questioning.

"Mr. Mace, were you in the habit of carrying a revolver?"

"Yes."

"Did it bear any distinctive mark?"

"Yes, my father's initials, on the side of the barrel."

"How did you happen to be carrying your father's weapon?"

Mace hesitated a moment.

"Why, I carried it as a sort of mascot, and from a feeling of affectionate superstition."

"Your father is dead?"

"Yes, he died ten years ago."

"What was your father's name?"

"Warren Mace."

Again a ripple of intense excitement passed over the spectators, as a breeze passes in a wave over a field of standing grain.

William Myrick—Warren Mace. The same initials for both.

Eagen drew aside a newspaper which he had laid over the two weapons.

"Mr. Mace, will you be so good as to pick out your own revolver?"

John Mace leaning over, gazed down. A look of surprise came and then his expression brightened. His long sensitive fingers closed without hesitation on the butt of the clumsier weapon, the second one produced by Barney. Kilner sat motionless. The color had ebbed from his face, leaving it mottled. He was frowning heavily.

"Mr. Kilner," came Eagen's voice, suave and composed. "Will you identify this weapon?"

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beside the body of William Myrick," said Kilner. "Barney made a mistake."

"In whose possession has it been since the night of the murder?"

"It has been in my safe."

"Who put it there?"

"Barney."

"Has it been fired?"

Kilner hesitated and his eyes narrowed viciously.

"Will you be so good as to break it open?"

Kilner stretched out a reluctant hand, and taking the weapon, broke it open at the breech. The cartridge chambers were intact.

"Dr. Embury," said Eagen. "What can you tell us of the first visit of Mr. Mace to Myrick's apartment which may bear on this matter of the revolvers?"

"In his first somnambulist trance, as you gentlemen who were present at the hypnosis will recall," said the Doctor, his eyes sweeping the circle of faces, "Mr. Mace entered the bathroom where Mr. Myrick lay dead, and drew back startled, dropping his revolver. This is evidently the weapon he dropped—the one with the cartridge chambers intact—not having been fired—his own!"

A quivering sigh was heard from Helen Mace. Rapt and intent she sat, her eyes fixed on her husband's face. He in turn showed signs of growing agitation, held in leash for fear of premature confidence.

"Mr. Kilner, will you kindly give us the history of the other weapon?" said the Commissioner. His manner gave no hint of any personal bias.

The Inspector was almost speechless with fury. With finger thrust into the front of his collar, he tugged at it as if strangling.

"Commissioner, it's a rotten game—Eagen's coached him."

"Mr. Eagen has had no access to the prisoner. Collect yourself, Mr. Kilner."

Kilner's great hands with their cruel spatulate thumbs opened and shut convulsively as he struggled for self-control. He crouched forward, glaring at Eagen, who returned his look calmly. Barney beside him was palpably in a cold sweat of terror.

"Mr. Eagen, perhaps you can give us the explanation Mr. Kilner seems inclined to withhold?"

Eagen rose and faced the room. His voice was clear and confident.

"By a lucky chance I hit upon a theory that both revolvers might bear the same initials. It looks as if Mr. Kilner had also come to the same conclusion tho the inference he has drawn differs radically from my own. He, I take it, assumed that the revolver found beside Myrick's body belonged to Myrick, thus furnishing a negative proof that he had died by his own hand. On the other hand, I had reason to believe it belonged to Mace. You

will remember I advertised for a revolver bearing the initials W. M. and was notified by a pawnbroker, named Finklestone, on Ninth Avenue, that he had discovered it in his shop. I went there at once and saw the revolver. Finklestone, as is the custom, had removed all the cartridges. I have here his affidavit, that when it was brought to him by a little boy who had picked it up in a vacant lot, one cartridge had been fired, the remaining four were intact. The pawnbroker's revolver belonged to Myrick."

"I found it in my pocket," cried John Mace starting from his seat, "when I left Dr. Embury's that morning, when I heard the newsboys calling the murder of Myrick. . . . I saw it wasn't my own weapon. . . . I thought I must have gone to Myrick's room, taken his gun from him in a struggle and killed him with it. . . . What else could I think! . . ."

He sank back into his chair and buried his face in his hands. Then he looked up, his eyes tearless and strained. No one moved. Breathless silence held the room.

"God! those hours, that afternoon . . . it all comes back to me . . . how I wandered about, and sat and thought and thought. . . ." His breast rose and fell in a deep sob.

The Commissioner was gazing at him with a look of kindest sympathy, but in a moment he rapped to command silence and again breathless stillness held the room. Those present were tense, waiting for the climax they knew was inevitable.

"Dr. Embury," the Commissioner said, "have you any comment to make?"

"Nothing, Sir, except that Mr. Mace's statement tallies exactly with my findings in the psychoanalysis, which were registered by me day by day. I am positive that his second visit to Myrick's room was made in order to get his own revolver back. By mistake he picked up Myrick's." He took from his pocket a strapped memorandum book and handed it to the Commissioner.

"I tell you he murdered the old man—whether he did it with his own gun or Myrick's doesn't matter!" burst out Kilner, beside himself.

"Mr. Kilner," said the Commissioner sternly, "if you cannot observe the proper decorum, I shall have to ask you to leave the room. Mr. Eagen, have you anything more you wish to tell us?"

"With your permission, Commissioner," he leaned over and touched the bell. At once the door opened and a lady entered in deepest mourning. She threw back her heavy crêpe veil, as Eagen went forward to meet her.

Helen Mace smothered a cry. "It is Mrs. Myrick," she whispered to Professor Sylvester.

"Commissioner," Eagen announced,

"this lady is the wife of the deceased."

The Commissioner rose and greeted Mrs. Myrick cordially. He drew up a chair for her next to his own.

"You are Mrs. William Myrick?"

"I am," she answered in a low voice.

"I wish to present a letter that my husband wrote to me—his last letter."

She handed the Commissioner an envelope.

"Commissioner," Eagen said, "you will recall that the hotel clerk at the Metropolis swore that Mr. Myrick gave him a letter to mail when he put his diamonds in the safe?"

"Yes—I do," the other replied. Then he looked down the length of the table at the excited persons before him.

"The night-clerk of the Metropolis Hotel? Yes—will you please come forward and look at this envelope before I examine its contents?"

The clerk complied.

"Before I show you the envelope is there any distinguishing mark on it that perhaps might aid you in identification?"

"Yes, Sir—there is. The envelope was still wet with ink when Mr. Myrick handed the letter to me. I brushed the name with my sleeve and the number also."

"Can you describe the smears?" the Commissioner asked, again examining the envelope.

"I remember it distinctly. The smears I made looked somewhat like two feathers—a large and a small one."

"That is correct," the Commissioner added. "It must be the same."

As he opened the envelope to withdraw its contents, the Commissioner asked without looking up:

"Mrs. Myrick, has anyone beside yourself seen this letter?"

"So far as I know, Mrs. Mace has been the only interested party to see it. She had it in her possession for a time in Chicago. But she had not opened it and—as was very honorable of her—she gave it to me."

Both women found each other's eyes. The look they exchanged was tender and understanding.

Rapping for silence, the Police Commissioner read the letter aloud.

"My dear Wife:

I am glad to know that you are happy with friends. They will help you to bear the shock of the news I am about to write.

I visited the Boston specialist. He gives me no hope. I cannot live long, and the days that remain to me must be full of pain.

I had intended to make a little more money but young Mace is ahead of me always. He is my evil genius—perhaps a just punishment for my sins against him.

I have placed everything to your credit. I have not been a good husband to you.

As soon as I have mailed this letter I shall put a bullet thru my brain. . . ."

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"I am innocent! Innocent!" Mace cried out with incredulous joy.

He and his wife ran into each other's arms.

Every person in the room, except Kilner and Barney, stood up as one man. With strong emotion they faced this couple, reunited after their Gethsemane of agony.

THE next day, a lovely Sunday morning, with the slightly acid suavity of air and fitful sunshine characteristic of the early days of our northern spring, the Maces were sitting on a bench on one of the winding paths of the Park, handfast like lovers, and still tremulous, with the sense of deep gratitude to God for their miraculous escape from ignominy and death.

Helen was looking very charming in a long cape of greyish blue, which matched the tweed frock beneath it,

and deepened the misty color of her eyes. She wore a breast knot of violets, her husband's gift, which she touched every now and then with her hand.

A group of children, idling along the path, discussed animatedly the Sunday school text as each proudly carried a strip of palm leaf in her hand. One of the number lagged behind and stopped at Helen's knee, gazing up at her. Was she drawn by the starry radiance of the strange lady's eyes, or by some ineffable aura of feeling that emanated from her. Who knows?

Helen pulled a few violets from her breast and laid them in the small, scratched hand, and the child with a shy smile ran on to join her companions.

Helen pressed still closer to her husband's side. No one was in sight. John bent over and kissed her tenderly.

THE END

Nursing New Ideas

(Continued from page 36)

had it is easy to see how such a residue could filter out and crystallize as a general principle for solving future problems.

If you would imitate Poe or go beyond Poe, imitate Victor Herbert or go beyond Victor Herbert, imitate Edison or go beyond Edison you must develop this power to filter out in condensed form the lessons they have to teach. In dealing with children we do the filtering for them, as when we show them five pencils, five fingers, five blocks and five apples in the attempt to have them abstract the number five (which is really just the general principle of fiveness and nothing real in the sense that a pencil or finger is real). But grown-ups must school themselves to do this abstracting for themselves, that is, if they desire to do much original work.

A similar principle, but one which is easier to apply, is that of analogy. This is a metaphorical type of reasoning or thinking, and may be seen in such examples as comparing a battle to a game of chess, a human being to a machine, a sound wave to a water wave and so on. Modern biographers such as Ludwig have sensed the public taste for the dramatic, and are writing their biographies in three parts or three volumes to correspond to the usual three acts of a play. The successful banana song brought out a host of futile imitations about codfish, apricots and so on, but here the principle of analogy was used on too low a level. There must be an element of cleverness and ingenuity in the application of the analogy principle or else it quickly degenerates into pure imitation, since anything which is too obvious is doomed from the start.

We are still on the third or formulation part of the process of developing new ideas. Formulation is also greatly aided by another principle, namely that of *continuum*. Nature does not progress by leaps; there are never gaps in natural processes. It is just as true that there can be no real gaps in our thinking processes. A simple illustration of what is meant by *continuum* is this: if you travelled from New York to San Francisco you would have to cover not only every inch of the distance but every millionth of an inch and every billionth of an inch of the distance—there could not be the slightest gap in the journey. We therefore speak of this distance as being a *continuum*.

Thus, similarly speaking, we do not have just two kinds of people as regards honesty, the honest and the dishonest. Just because our language does not provide ready-made words for the various shades of honesty we are likely to be misled into supposing that there are only two degrees of honesty. As a matter of fact there are a great many degrees of honesty, grading continuously from the most dishonest person in the world to the most honest. There is no logical reason why there could not be a million degrees of honesty. This important principle of *continuum* has played a vital part in the development of the two greatest new ideas of recent years, namely evolution and relativity. Both Darwin and Einstein have used it to the limit in developing their ideas.

There is no side-stepping the importance of this principle of continuity. Continuity is at the basis of intelligence itself, for a man's ability to read-just himself rapidly to the inconsis-

tencies of experience is said to be a measure of his intelligence. There must be a continuity of behavior in spite of discontinuity and upset in the environment if the person is to be classed as intelligent. An illustration will bring this home better than mere argument.

Consider Newton reasoning on the subject of gravitation. He thought of a ball being thrown farther and farther away from the earth, until finally it was hurled with such force that it did not fall back to the earth again but started an orbit around the earth as a center. In order to do this he had to see a continuous mode of action in the face of apparent discontinuity. To explain the moon's motion he could think of it as continuously falling. To explain a ball's motion when thrown with ordinary force he could consider it as making a partial circuit around the globe. There is much that appears magical in the results when one is able to keep the thread, "keep his eye on the ball" and get the vital essential continuities which most people miss.

In an article such as this it would be impossible to enumerate and illustrate all of the technique and the principles which have been used by creative minds in the formulative phase of the process of creating new ideas. Reading the lives of great leaders in art, science and industry gives a great many clues as to the methods pursued.

After all there will have to be a certain amount of experimenting before you find your own tempo. Among other plans which you should try in this phase of formulation are: controlling suggestibility, probably increasing it; taking a walk to see if the ideas come better under those circumstances; using powerful conscious auto-suggestion to the effect that the new idea is being developed, will soon be formulated, that everything is successful so far, etc.; picture your satisfaction if the outcome is successful; try to induce ideas by motor expression—scribble, build models, draw diagrams, whistle, touch the piano, depending on the field you are working in; or the mood in which you find yourself. Work all night and sleep during the day; be alone and avoid distractions; try shuffling your contributing ideas on cards and then drawing them out in pairs or triads all the while looking for creative combinations; if you are successful in developing something worth while, examine the circumstances, trace the contributing factors and attempt to make those circumstances a permanent matrix for future worthwhile ideas.

There is a final phase in the development of new ideas which might be called testing, application or realization. Probably the best word to describe this final stage of the process is *realization*, meaning the injection of the idea into surrounding reality or its

being woven into the fabric of civilization.

Realization of the idea must involve the testing of its worth, and this testing may go on in either of two ways. It may be tested on a small scale where little damage can be done should the idea prove futile; or it can be tested on the larger scale where its defeat may bring about many unpleasant and unprofitable consequences.

Inspection departments, proving grounds and test advertisements are some examples of the small scale or conservative method of realization. The inspection method attempts to meet reality by submitting the products to even higher standards than they will meet after leaving the producer. Proving-ground methods are much the same as inspection methods, except that actual performance under many conditions is the criterion here. In testing an advertisement it may be placed in some medium for which the productive power is known, and by the results from this one medium it can be figured out whether large scale national advertising would pay.

For most individuals this problem of realization simmers down to the development of critical ability to the point where this self-imposed criticism is even greater than that met in reality. To develop this critical ability one should form the habit of making many comparisons with other similar products of known merit. First, you might start with just a few reference points for your judgments and then increase them with experience.

Let us suppose you are an inventor. Look about you for a very poor example of an invention. Then find one which seems to represent medium ingenuity and value. Finally look for an invention in somewhat the same field as the other two were in and see that this invention not only is a commercial success but has required a great amount of ingenuity to produce.

Be careful, however, that the invention selected for the best example is not one like the linotype, which was the product of the combined wits of many men working on the same problem at the same time. Now with that caution in mind, arrange pictures or diagrams of these three inventions on a large sheet of paper in the order of their value, printing your reasons for its ranking beside each picture or diagram. You then will have the basis for judging your own products by comparison with the products of others. You will be aided in this work if you have a friend or two to help you in making your chart as well as in using it. As you become more adept in self-criticism you will wish to add two or three more steps to the chart so that you will have a still more accurate measuring stick. This idea has been applied to specimens



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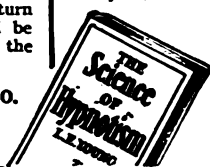
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AT 5 in the afternoon he toppled over. Passed out at 7:15 the same night. Only that morning O. W. was whistling merrily as the front door slipped into its latch. 45, outwardly in the pink of health. But disease had a deadly grip upon his system and HE DIDN'T KNOW IT! HE DIDN'T KNOW! That's the tragedy of it. A health test would have prolonged his life. Urinalysis would have given him a warning years before—when the disease was yet in the symptom stage.

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We send special bottle (containing preservative) for your sample. We give you a complete Robinson Report (25 determinations). You pay only \$2.50 for service after you receive report; however, you have privilege of returning report without further obligation if you think this wonderful service is not worth \$2.50. We don't sell medicines or treatments. 15,000 satisfied clients.

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Hay Fever

Only your blood containing fruit acid can dissolve any mucus or "paste" in your system.

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In its passage through the body mucus is secreted in various organs, causing disease. The effects or symptoms are then named variously according to location, but the source of the trouble is the same—fermentation, chiefly from butter, cheese, cream, fat, oil, salt, etc., in excess.

100 Names for 1 Disease

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 (pyorrhea), etc.

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Juice from grapefruit, without sugar, also tomato juice, berries, some oranges, apples, etc., when used as freely as water, combined with suitable brain-and-nerve foods, laxative vegetables, prepare your blood to dissolve mucus, and remove acidity.

A clerk wrote: "No mucus, voice stronger, head clear as a bell, gained 20 lbs., now earn 4 times as much." Educational booklet 10 cents. BRINKLER SCHOOL OF EATING, Dept. 27V, 136 West 72nd St., New York. ©

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of handwriting, of sewing, of fiction and has been used in making scorecards of such diverse things as seed-corn and buildings.

To be expert in this realization stage of the development of new ideas is to be expert in the criticism of your own ideas. This involves a firm grip on values and the factors which contribute to them. The beginner should not attempt to set new standards—to trans-

valuate values. This is something which should usually be left to acknowledged masters. Be content for the most part to appeal to the appreciation which has already been developed; this is usually sufficiently difficult at first for all of us.

Then only begin to take liberties and set new standards after you have earned a background of authority in the field in which you work.

Think Well of Yourself

(Continued from page 48)

Self-pity's made me all my woe
And here it is once more;
But it can't stay at my house now,
I laugh it out the door!

Prove it. Make your face smile. It will resist. Make it smile. You can command your own muscles, can't you? Force a smile. Think what a fool you have been all these years to let this thing rob you of the chance to be happy. If you have any sense of humor you will have to laugh at yourself for having been so blind and stupid. You would laugh at anyone else who was so foolish. Laugh at yourself. There is nothing mysterious about this. It is merely forcing the formation of a new emotional habit.

Little by little the new habit strengthens and the old one weakens. You will soon have people noticing that you are cheery and appear confident. They will begin to ask your opinion instead of expecting you merely to "Yes" theirs. It works. The only reason you have "yessed" the boss and let others ride rough-shod over you is so you could be miserable. You do not have to cultivate the habit of being cocky to the boss or of slapping the face of the traffic cop. Eliminate the self-pity and the inferiority loses the soil in which its roots are now growing and getting nourishment. Kill the self-pity and forget the inferiority stuff.

Remember it is in the little things that the self-pity shows. You make a thousand choices a day and your day is the sum of your choices and every one of them was dictated by an emotional habit even tho you think it was cold reason. Next time you start to blame your luck for something you have done, or forgotten to do, or failed in doing, just say, "Ah! Self-pity again."

To feed this self-pity idea you have been thinking too well of other people and not well enough of yourself. When you have put the self-pity thing down you will be in shape to see that others think well of you and always have. They will begin to show it because you will begin to invite it. You have actually prevented others from liking you or trusting you or praising you because if they did you could not be sorry and gloom over life in general.

You have a great time thinking that all your friends have done better than you have and that you are always embarrassed in the presence of others, especially your betters. The only reason anyone is your better is because he never had to kill all his good points so as to be able to be sorry for himself.

Little by little, as this new habit of cheerful confidence grows on you you are going to lose that fear of the other fellow. It will not come in a day but it will begin to come in a week. In a month of refusing to let the self-pity dictate a single day's happenings it will begin to be visible not only to you but to others.

Don't be in a hurry. Take little occasions to assert yourself and let the big ones go by for a time. Don't fail to be pleased when you do assert yourself. That is one time when you deal self-pity a blow in the solar-plexus. Assert yourself in some little things and be pleased over it. Don't tell anyone. Just smile inside and when you get a chance later think about it and smile outside and chalk up one more victory. It is the new habit forming.

You think the world would come to an end if you stood up on your hind legs and defied someone who has you cowed now. In six months, if you keep knocking this self-pity on the head, it will not be a question of standing up on your hind legs to defy anyone. You will have lost the need for defying anyone. You will feel equal to them, to anyone, and when you feel equality the mad desire to assert yourself is gone. You do it automatically.

Nothing will help you more than getting the habit of making decisions. Start with the little ones. Don't defer to others in the little choices. Make your own small decisions and see them thru. Whether they are right or wrong is of small consequence. Make the decision and be pleased with having made it. If it goes wrong just put it down to experience and know better next time, but do not forget to be pleased that you have dealt self-pity another blow by even this little asserting of your own will. If you are held up by a traffic signal on the sidewalk, edge

up to the front and be the first one across the street when the bell rings.

Watch other people and you will see what they do to be sorry for themselves. If they look foolish to you now just know that this is what you have been doing all this time yourself. You can afford to laugh at yourself now. The

How to Be Kind

(Continued from page 50)

professional tours and surveys of many of the world's largest business organizations, including the U. S. Steel Corporation, National Cash Register Company, National City Bank, International Harvester Company, Sears, Roebuck and Company, Statler Hotels, Wanamaker Stores. The heads of such concerns are mostly expert altruists, concealed behind a commercial front.

They are both generous and discreet. They temper bounty with rationality. They put emotion under the guidance of observation. They dispense charity, but never call it by a name so unattractive. They promote kind feeling and good will, avoiding however undue sentimentalism or other nonsense. They require that benevolence go to recipients worthy of it. And they secure a fine combination of altruism and egoism, by the officials and employees of industry.

Happy, sensible and useful teamwork is the acme of sound altruism. Getting and giving should go together. For a clear demonstration, the place to look is in the world's largest business organization of its kind. There head, heart and hand form the ideal trinity of accomplishment. We would respectfully advise the leaders in religion, social service and philanthropic enterprise to go to school at the educational institution called Big Business. We don't presume to say how this could be done. We leave that problem to the reader, as a healthy mental exercise.

The art of being kind is the art of encouraging ambition, affection, determination, education, cooperation. Mere sympathy is not kindness—it may be weakness. Charity is not necessarily kindness—it may be excuse for laziness. Even service is not always kindness—it may be custom or habit. Kindness manifestly needs the supplemental force of common sense and the mainstay of scientific knowledge, to get results worth while. We note a few examples.

Being kind to a poor person is showing him how to earn money, and where to look for work. He may need some charitable cash temporarily, but only as introduction to financial independence.

Being kind to a sick person is putting him in line with health information to speed and certify his recovery. Medi-

only thing you cannot afford to do is to be sorry for yourself no matter what Fate or Fortune seems to do to you. The man who is never sorry for himself will never have to be. *If you kill self-pity, self-consciousness, fear and inferiority will commit suicide for themselves.*

cine can't cure. Only Nature cures. A system of modern, hygienic living does most to aid recovery, excepting in the few cases demanding surgery or other crucial treatment. Call the doctor for the invalid—but go further and find and help remove the cause of the illness.

Being kind to an old person is understanding the psychology of age, then applying it fully to the needs and conditions of the aged individual. The problem of age is psychic even more than physical, requiring a new comprehension by those who are young and strong. Old people, like children, suffer more from wrong treatment than from their own limitations, weaknesses or infirmities.

Being kind to a victim of chronic pain is hunting for a neurological authority who can stop it, and meanwhile studying how pain can be borne wisely, calmly, bravely. Sedatives and narcotics generally do more harm than good. It isn't kind to hand them to a sufferer with pain long continued. He can learn to smile at pain, which is powerless to hurt the soul.

Being kind to an employee is giving him a chance to get ahead, and the training and incentive to be equal to the opportunity. Also it is furnishing the best tools and equipment, cheerful surroundings, healthful habits, delightful recreation, with promise of a pension for long and faithful service.

Being kind to our neighbor is keeping our chickens out of his garden, our eccentricities out of his mind, our gossip out of his ears. If we possess no aristocratic estate with chickens roaming over it, but are confined to a city apartment, we can prevent the escape of our unwelcome noises into adjacent apartments, especially late at night.

In short, being kind to anybody is being thoughtful and careful as well as being kind. It is putting ourself in his place, and trying to see what would be ultimately best for us in his circumstances, before allowing immediate charity to be expressed unrestrained. The impulse to do good has to be safeguarded by the resolve to do what is best.

A natural query follows this line of thought. Why has not the science of altruism been developed properly, and utilized generally? A national discus-

IS IT HARD FOR YOU TO FORGET YOURSELF?

Have certain fear thoughts become such an obsession in your life that you find it impossible to forget yourself, and in consequence you are unhappy and miserable? Are you constantly looking on the dark side of life and expecting something terrible to happen? This is due to your possessing a sensitive nature and not being in command of it. It is dominating YOU, instead of you dominating IT. It means you lack confidence and the proper understanding of yourself and your powers.



Today all such states of mind CAN BE ADJUSTED. Your viewpoint is faulty through "doubts" being present. This is a form of Inferiority Complex. You have become TOO conscious of self. It is not enough for me to tell you that your trouble is imaginative and to FORGET IT for that is easier said than done. Yet, if you go about it in JUST the right way your limited, unhappy life can be changed. HABIT is at work in your case.

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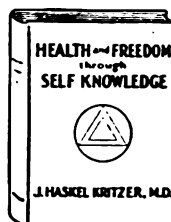
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Charles F. Winbigler's two masterpieces, "SUGGESTION—Its Laws and Application," and "Self Healing thru Autosuggestion," are two books which should not be missing from your psychology library. See page 60.

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sion of the question would seem profitable.

We call this the scientific age of the world. Never before was organized, specialized knowledge applied in so many directions for improved conditions. We now have a science of work, a science of business, a science of economics, a science of health, a science of study, a science of play, a science of dress, a science of motion, a science of research, a science of safety. Why not a science of altruism, that should become the universal science? If everybody were a trained and proficient altruist, the world would soon become a heavenly abode.

Why do we have no standard, science and system of altruism? Chiefly because altruists are prone to be slaves of sentiment, not masters of reason. As a class they feel deeply—and neglect to think broadly and accurately. But a warm heart is safe only in the presence of a cool head. The warm heart of unselfishness and the cool head of selfishness must unite to form a psychic atmosphere and temperature comfortable and wholesome.

The economic argument is basic. From social, ethical, industrial and financial viewpoints millions of dollars are wasted every year on senseless charity and false kindness. A few thousands devoted to the formulation and extension of a scientific program of altruism should obviate most of this loss, while advancing human progress.

The first move might well be the preparation and national distribution of a questionnaire, to be filled out by the

heads of leading churches, hospitals, philanthropic foundations, welfare societies, branches of the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., and other humanitarian organizations. As follows:

How should a benevolent institution be conducted?

What are the first ten points in the modern science and practice of altruism?

Have you found ways to improve philanthropic method? If so, how?

Could charity be so changed or disguised as to win general admiration, respect and support?

Who are the logical, worthy beneficiaries of charity?

What are the most frequent mistakes in charitable enterprise?

Do you regard men or women more altruistic? Why, and how?

Is money essential to philanthropy? Why, or why not?

Can you describe a few of your most successful cases of activities, showing purposes, methods and results?

Are there new altruistic ideals or projects needed specially in America? If so, what? How could they be realized?

The questions above are not guaranteed perfect, or sufficiently comprehensive. They merely point the way to a desirable consensus of broad, expert opinion for solution of the problem of how to be kind. What great philanthropist, charitable institution or welfare association will offer to take the lead in founding the practical, universal science of altruism?

Bitterly

(Continued from page 21)

So I made him an allowance to hold him in line. I was riding until twelve o'clock last night getting to this town. The railroad service here is mighty punk. . . .

"That will be enough to show you what I mean," said the manager. "Now when Galland came in from his last trip, I thought that I would have a heart-to-heart talk with him. I pointed out in a friendly way what was the matter with him. I said to him, 'The trouble with you, Galland, is that you see nothing but the difficulties,' and I read extracts from his letters to show it, but you can see that it failed to register with him; in fact, it added one more item to his list of grievances. He now thinks that the sales-manager is prejudiced against him. I was trying to help him but somehow he was unable to see it. I dislike to think it, but I'm afraid that we shall be obliged to let Galland out. Now let us see what Jackson has to say." He opened the other letter and began reading:

You will see that we have finally broken into the Gibson & Co. I have been after them all the year. This is a small order but it is important. Write them a nice letter and also send them a liberal sample of that Y. H. No. 4. They do the best tea business in this town. We can get them coming. . . .

"There, that is enough to tell the story," said the manager. "His whole letter will be like that. Those two fellows are of equal ability, but the chief reason why Jackson is going to be a winner is because he sees so many reasons why he can, but Galland is going to be a loser because he sees so many reasons why he can't."

"Let me tell you something that happened to me on this last trip," said Brown, eagerly. He then described in detail the street scene at Regina, and the article concerning the mining engineer. He also outlined some of the points made by the professor in his lecture.

"Those things made a big dent in me," he said. "I have been practising



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with that principle ever since. I'll say that it works. It is as practical as a bushel of wheat."

The manager leaned back in his chair reflectively. "Our annual sales conference comes off next month," said he, "and I would like to have you go on the program. I wish you to tell the other salesmen about this."

"What—make a speech—me?" Brown protested.

"No, not a speech; give them a plain talk, just as you have told it to me. By the way, did you buy a bottle of that medicine at Regina?"

"No, my difficulty was mental, not physical," laughed Brown, "but, all the same, that medicine man sold me a big idea."

When I Took the Air

(Continued from page 41)

wintry rivers. It was colder now, and, at intervals, there was a very strange motion, exactly as tho an automobile had jolted over a log lying in the road.

"Bumpy air." We started down a waterway. "Have to turn south a little. But I wouldn't want to go as far as the sea. Hate these storms."

"Is there a storm ahead?"

"Say! Take a look!"

Straight before us, the sunshiny winter landscape was cut off by a white wall. With faith that it did not matter much, I had been admiring this wall and thinking how it met the clear air in a line almost as solid as if it were masonry.

"Snow," explained my companions.

"Do we go round it?"

"Humph."

We attempted to go round it. Ahead of us, we would see little alleyways of brilliant light, like that which streams from the gates of Paradise in pictures. We would make for it and, just as it seemed opening out before us, the world would turn white; there would be a spit of snow against the windows and nothing to be seen above, below, in front.

"Snow over the Alleghanies isn't so good."

We whirled on. It was dead cold. The motor, for the first time, sounded deafening, and my ears ached. Flying in a white mist is quite different from flying over toy villages.

"There aren't any landing places in the Alleghanies," remarked the publicity man.

"And, in the mist, I suppose you can't see the mountains?"

"Not till you hit 'em. No."

"Well, when we hit, I suppose there won't be enough left of us to worry about."

"Why hit, lady? We'll take you to Cleveland some other day. You've had four hours' ride."

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So we turned and, at a swinging speed, went sailing back into the sunshine. The oil was too cold to circulate, I learned later, and it was a race to get to some decent landing field. But at last we saw the spread of low gray houses spilling over the landscape that was Newark. Beyond was the beautifully indented pattern of New York harbor and the good old skyscrapers. Here, in New Jersey, the papers were predicting the snowstorm for the day after tomorrow and that, as a matter of fact, was when it did come. We, in our plane, had rushed out to meet the future, objected to it and turned back. I wouldn't mind being able always to do that.

Below us there began to spread out the desolate flatness of a flying-field, red, this time, with Jersey mud. We spiraled down toward it, tilting like a

sea-gull. And that was the one time on the flight when I was obliged to shut my eyes. For, as we tilted, that muddy red field appeared to hoist itself slowly up and stand on end like a wall. "Here's where my head hits that red wall!" thought I—and shut my eyes. When I opened them, our wheels had touched. We rolled gently down the field, over a bridge and into a shed.

Stiff as a board, I crawled out. You can't clutch a seat, for dear life, during four hours, without feeling slightly tired. There were the dinosaurs, hopping and gliding. A great silver bird, with three snouts that were three propellers, lurched off in the direction of Cuba. They did not look incredible to me any more.

"It's as exciting as first love!" said I, pumping my companions' hands. "When do we do it again?"

Changing Hands

(Continued from page 47)

of Vierge, a Spaniard by birth and a Frenchman by adoption. He had done work for *Le Monde Illustré*, had been a master in his calling, and at thirty had been overtaken by a seizure which completely disabled his right side. After partial recovery he had begun to work with his left hand and had so far conquered himself as to turn out a masterpiece in illustrating, *Don Quixote*. Before my illness I had admired his style; now my mind was fired by the thought of his indomitable courage.

I was determined to make something beautiful for the world. I have always been optimistic, so in my submerged days optimism did not desert me. Within six months I was back in New York. I went at once to *Harper's* magazine for whom I had done much work. They were all glad to see me, but of course embarrassed at mentioning my disability. I asked if I could have something upon which to work with my left hand, and was gratified when they forthwith requested sketches. I remember now the first one I turned in—a little scene showing men grouped around a soap-box orator.

The pull upward was not all such fine sailing as that however. Altho I had never used my left hand previous to my accident I was now soon turning out illustrations under the new condition. I was also feeling my way back to painting. Nevertheless when I had done several story drawings, one day I fell down completely. When I thought of how I was working, a wave of self-consciousness and doubt swept over me and my hand shook. Then the inspiration was gone. Not for ten years did that magazine trust me with a story illustration again. There were several repetitions of this.

Not discouragement, but plain pugna-

ciousness took hold of me. A magazine called *Romance* was started about that time. I had an order to do the whole issue every other month. Elated I went up to my place in Vermont and felt as if all were well again. But soon a letter came saying that the firm could not carry thru its intentions. . . .

Art is long, and time is, well, it doesn't stand still. The years have passed like magic, while I have been struggling upwards, bit by bit, out of the slough into which I had been thrown. I began to recover the color sense, which I had almost lost, and to cultivate step by step a new technique. Progress was painfully slow—but there was progress. In 1915 while passing the summer months teaching in New Hampshire, I met a pupil who later became my wife.

Romance was the beginning of another struggle that was now complicated by my need of supporting two. My savings had dwindled and were almost nil. But we loved each other and that gave some elasticity to our small income, and it somehow held out even when a third member was added to our circle. Those were trying years but no more so probably than most artists pass thru.

Grit and courage were needed, and I had those. I was sure that I could sell illustrations, and of course there was always teaching to fall back upon. Editors were reluctant to take the work of a left-handed artist, altho I knew it was good, but this obstacle was overcome in a strange way. One winter I was ill and not able to go out and market my wares, so Mrs. Lawrence would see the editors. With her as middleman the contracting was easier, for lost to view was the impotent right hand that marred my interviews.

I suppose it is hard to accept the idea of a left-handed artist. I am the only one in America, as far as I know. To compare my product of the two periods is of course to see very different results. Before my calamity happened I did work for *Scribner's*, *Century*, *Saturday Evening Post*, etc. When Pyle was occupied decorating the Court House at Newark, I did his work on *Harper's*, revelling in the colors of the romantic age, of chivalry and knight-hood. After my debacle my style changed, but praise was not withheld, for such a man as James Branch Cabell wrote me in tribute of my work.

Now I am turning my attention once more to painting, and I feel pleased that the use of the right hand is returning. I covet the satisfaction of once more painting landscapes, especially in that spot in Vermont where I have spent so many summers. I must go

and paint those deep water pools, forest paths and farmhouse scenes. My struggle with pains, defeat and discouragement have been compensated by the realization that I have always managed to keep doing the thing I was really born to do and the satisfaction I have had in mastering a difficult problem. I am now, it is said, painting better with my left than I ever did with my right hand. Again my work can be seen at the Ferragil Galleries, as it has been this year, and once more I can hope to have purchasers like that Gramercy Park patroness who bought my first distinctive work, *A Winter Day in Peck Slip*. I can live anew those old days when I went sketching along Five Mile River in Connecticut, and even go back to boyhood hours as when at the tender age of five I painted "Monadnock Mountain," oh, glorious achievement for babyish youth!

Miracles of Suggestion

(Continued from page 45)

irritability, manifested in insomnia, depression, and those protean symptoms that accompany disturbances of the thyroid and adrenal glands, have been made well and whole, by means so simple as almost to beggar belief.

In fact, there is practically no disease or disorder, unless specifically due to some infection by micro-organism, pressure upon the nerves of the spinal column, caused by mal-alignment of the spinal vertebra, or some gross violation of hygienic or diathetic law, that cannot be materially helped or completely cured by the exclusive use of mental suggestion.

Also, in those distressing conditions caused by nervous instability (complicated perhaps by improper bringing up), manifested in incorrigibility, inattention, mental backwardness, habits of lying and deceit, masturbation, and in certain forms of perversion, marvelous results have been secured by mental suggestion. Drunkards have been reclaimed. Those addicted to the habit of excessive cigarette smoking have been relieved of their cravings, and in rare instances, even drug addiction itself has been overcome by mental therapeutics.

All this may seem, to the uninitiated, difficult of belief, yet the literature on the subject bears out my personal experience—nay, even transcends it in many classical instances.

Students of Charcot, Braid, Liebault, Bernheim, Moll, Forel, Wetterstrand, van Eden, Bramwell, Tuckey, Muensterberg, Prince, Sidis, Fox, my old associate, Quackenbos, and many others, substantiate the truth of my assertion. Owing to the researches and accomplishments of these men, fascinating scientific vistas of new terri-

ories of human culture and cure are being unfolded to our gaze.

Our enlightened physicians' patients are no longer merely material entities but psychological personalities possessed of capability of answering to mental and psychic suggestion, and with attributes and power of mind and spirit over their own bodies little suspected before the researches of the men already mentioned, and of such men as F. W. H. Myers, Podmore, Baron von Schrenk-Notzing, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Hodgon, William James, and many others. These are names which will go down to posterity as the pioneers of a work which, according to the opinion of William Gladstone, is the most important of its kind in the whole history of the human race.

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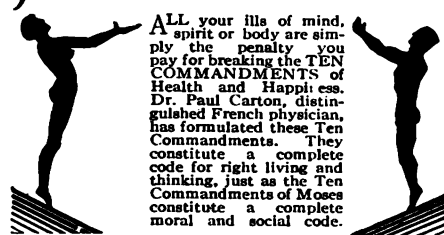
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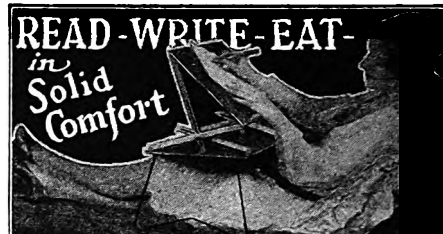
I have no desire to over-emphasize the success of mental suggestion. While many patients have been wonderfully and marvelously helped, some have received little or no benefit. We find the same condition in the healing records of the best and wisest physicians. Even Christ could do no good where there was no faith.

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poisoned, the efforts of the subconscious are apt to be wasted. You cannot drive a nail into a rotten board and expect it to serve its purpose. I do not mean to say by this that there are not phenomena which can only be explained by some secret psychic or spiritual law which is still beyond most men's understanding.

It is very difficult to put limits to the power of mental and psychic cures. Many of them are inexplicable and out of the range of all our knowledge and observation. In many such cures, neither suggestion nor any other form of therapeutic measure can explain all the facts. *Besides suggestion, besides the subconscious, some other and higher energy seems to be brought into play.* What that energy is I propose to take up in a future article. Suffice it to say, at this time, that there are thousands of mental and psychic cures which are beyond all known human laws.

But this highly important science does even more than cure disease. As a builder of character and personality, as a developer of will power, as an unfold of latent talent and inherent creative ability, it has no equal in human knowledge.

Under favorable conditions, a human being may be inspired by scientific suggestion to accomplish anything that is mentally, physically and psychically possible. As the spiritual force inborn in man is practically immeasurable, there seems to be no definite limit as to what he may accomplish.

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The most practical, the shortest and most efficient way to change our lives for the better, is thru the persistent right use of mental suggestion. It is thru this method of self-culture that the subconscious mind reaches its highest and noblest efforts for our present and future good. But we cannot achieve subconscious mastery by suggestion alone. Our thoughts, desires and affirmations must be sustained by conscious resolution, and conscious resolution by conscious action. Our thoughts, words, feelings and actions, that is our all around behavior from every point of view, must be in perfect harmony with our suggestions. It is the earnestness of our conscious thought and will that make them subconsciously effective.

The subconscious mind cannot resist a strong and powerful mental and emotional approach, especially one that is kept up day in and day out until it becomes second nature.

So important is the use of suggestion, so far is it the most vital force for health, happiness, success, prosperity and long life of the individual, that no

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one should attempt to use it without intelligent understanding, or without professional guidance.

If we learn to impress the subconscious mind with the will to be well instead of the will to be ill, with the will to succeed instead of the will to fail, with the will to remain young and strong instead of the will to be old and weak, with the will to prolong life instead of the will to shorten it, disease will not come, failure cannot come, and youth will last indefinitely. This is the Great Secret of Life, and all the learning of the world cannot match it.

Psychology teaches you all about it. Acquaint yourself with its lessons, believe its truths, practice its precepts, incorporate them into your every thought and feeling, and great will be your final reward.

You, Too, Can Make Money

(Continued from page 55)

your jars or red pots ready, and begin a search for little pines or other baby trees. Think of verses to send or sell with these that express the new sentiment. I believe there is some society now in existence that is trying to get us to do a similar thing in order to preserve the pine forests.

Begin now thinking of orders. Probably some of the dealers will handle these on commission for you. Or sell them direct, making the entire profit. You need only one as a sample. As you work with these, other helpful suggestions will come to mind. Try it. We want to do the most constructive things and if cutting down millions of little or big trees each Yule season is destructive let us not be the ones to commit the offense.

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ONE woman who is one of my regular listeners "over the air" writes me that my talk on "A General Exchange Bureau," such as is also in my book, gave her her Big Idea. The story was about a woman whom we called Mrs. Randall, who placed this advertisement in her local paper. "Exchanges—Mrs. R—will open at her home a General Exchange Bureau for every one and any one. We will get what you want and help you to get rid of what you don't want. Call in and see what we have on hand, and also read our bulletin of what we can dispose for you. 264 W. Plum St. Tel. 369."

Mrs. Randall got her start as she was cleaning up her attic, and generally making some changes in her home. She found a great many things that had been stored for years which she decided somebody could use to advantage.

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Thinking this applied to others, she telephoned a dozen or more acquaintances. Everybody had something that could be turned to money! She told them if they sent these things to her, or if they had large pieces of furniture that were too cumbersome to shift about, to send a description and price, etc., so she could post an attractive notice of it on her bulletin board—she'd dispose of things in this way for a small commission. Later Mrs. Randall added things purchased from wholesalers and quite innocently her business "started." Others can do this. Another woman from the Far West wrote me that she was doing successfully just what Mrs. Randall did.

PROSPERITY LEAGUE SHOP

WHEN I first began broadcasting nearly two years ago, and which I am continuing to do on "Every Day Psychology," I wrote out full details of how to run and manage a Prosperity League Shop. Several were opened over the country. We have certain symbolic figures on the literature and methods all mapped out for this. A Mrs. Hadden has one in my own home town, Plainfield, N. J. I personally am in no way financially interested. When Mrs. Hadden sells any of my things or my children's, she charges all alike—twenty per cent commission. This shop helps many women find a ready place for their goods. She has a retinue of cake makers, experts in bread, pies, box-lunches, candies, preserves, oh, just everything. What she has done others may do. Think it over. Every woman should have a remunerative interest. It pays.

What Can We Do For You?

(Continued from page 52)

eral of my friends and I have discussed and are in doubt about? A and B say that more people die in the summer than winter, due to the excessive heat in many parts of the country, and that this heat kills, in one way or another, many of those who have become weak from heart disease or some other form of weakness. C, D and E say that more die in the winter months on account of the confinement and the less hygienic surroundings. Which is correct if I may ask?

ANSWER:—

Statistics show that a great many more persons die during the winter than the summer months. The month of March is the highest in death rate, while July, August and September are the lowest. I take this from tables covering 4,000,000 deaths and averaged for a period of three years.

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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It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher!

WE always thought of her as an onlooker, you know. A sort of social wallflower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the center of attraction in any gathering.

That night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was *joking*. A rather poor joke, at that. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed—and went right on chatting. I was a little sorry for her. But I saw her chin go up, her eyes flash. She played a chord, and it rang through the room like a challenge. "Listen!" it seemed to say.

And suddenly the room was hushed . . .

She played *Anitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire. Everyone sat forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, she turned around and faced us, her face glowing, her eyes happy. "Well!" she seemed to be saying, "you thought I was bluffing. But I can play!"

We were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward in a mass to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "Why you are wonderful!" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!" An onlooker no longer—she was popular! She played for us all evening, and now no one would even think of having a party without inviting her.

She Told Me About It Later

We were lifelong friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You played superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?"

"No secret at all!" she laughed. "I just got tired of being left out of things and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course. In my spare time, you know."

"You don't mean to say you learned how to play so beautifully by yourself, right at home in your spare time?" I was astounded. I couldn't believe it.

"Yes—and it's been such fun! Why, it's as easy as A-B-C, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I began playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz. From the notes, you know."



"She played *Anitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that the room faded, and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp-fire."

"You're wonderful!" I breathed. "Think of playing like that, and learning all by yourself."

"I'm not wonderful," she replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. Why, it's like playing a game."

"You always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise everyone, the way I did?"

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