

# PSYCHOLOGY

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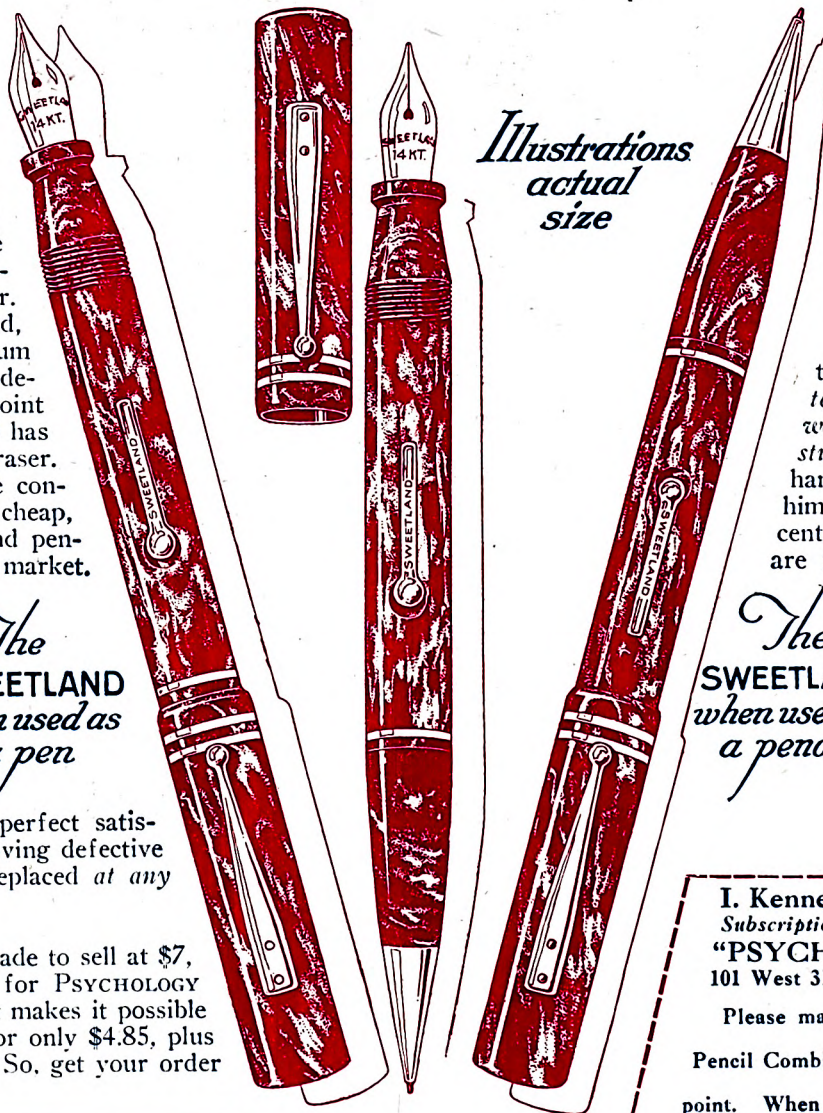
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# If you are well read—you can answer these 25 questions

January READING GUIDE

29 Visit the Land of Fire

South of Panama is Terra del Fuego—"The Land of Fire." The natives of this arctic country are really almost extinct. Darwin made a careful and vividly interesting study of their land and the life of its inhabitants.

30 First Problem Day Popular

Science, an art, a profession, a king's mandate and later by his life to do her duty to her teacher. What is this day which her teacher will let her perform and the king (teacher) will let her do?

31 What "Don Quixote" Really Was

Stays of windmills, towers of fair damsels in distress, oversteer Don Quixote, joins of years behind his time, set on a mad quest of knight errantry. Worlds of fun and willing souls are in this absorbing story of Cervantes.

Read from Don Quixote . . . . . Vol. 24, pp. 6-7

Don Quixote, the swiftest answerer tonight, you will not find in the pages. (See Reading Guide for January 31st.)

A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE NEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND.—CHANDLER

20. What woman is supposed to have been Dante's inspiration for *The Divine Comedy*?

21. What were "The Sonnets of History"?

22. Who was Siddhartha Gautama?

23. Who was called "the Father of History"?

24. For what was William Caxton famous?

25. What astronomer first proved that the earth revolves around the sun?

## 1 New Daily Reading Guide

Here are reading selections from The Harvard Classics appropriately assigned for every day in the year. Each can be read in about 15 minutes with leisurely enjoyment. By diligent regular reading of these carefully selected gems from the world's masterpieces, even the busy man or woman can easily and pleasantly accumulate a fund of genuine information.

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11. What were the "Spectator" papers?
12. What was the Holy Grail?
13. What is the title of the most famous collection of harem stories?
14. What is the source of the quotation "Is this a dagger which I see before me?"
15. What is Stonehenge?
16. Complete the quotation "If winter comes," and give its source.
17. What was the Epicurean philosophy of moral conduct?
18. The Autobiography of what famous Renaissance artist is an outstanding frank revelation of a dissolute age?
19. What early biographer wrote vividly of the lives of famous Greeks and Romans?

20. What woman is supposed to have been Dante's inspiration for *The Divine Comedy*?
21. What were "The Sonnets of History"?
22. Who was Siddhartha Gautama?
23. Who was called "the Father of History"?
24. For what was William Caxton famous?
25. What astronomer first proved that the earth revolves around the sun?

The correct answers appear at the foot of this page.

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VOL. XIV. NO. 2

APRIL, 1930

Founded and Edited by Henry Knight Miller

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## IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Owing to conditions beyond our control, we were compelled to skip the February and March issues of PSYCHOLOGY. All subscribers of record, however, will receive two issues beyond that indicated by their present expiration date.

We deeply regret the inconvenience caused and thank all our readers and advertisers for the patience shown.

## IN THE NEXT ISSUE

**HONEST JOHN FLAHERTY**  
—the strange story of a Healer, who hated sickness and whining, and forced a couple of weaklings into self-sufficient strength almost against their will. By **GLENN G. HOSKINS.**

**ORGANIZED BRAINS**—An interview with Helen Dryden, the highest paid woman artist in the United States. By **ANNE AYRES.**

**A PLEA FOR PATIENCE.**  
A scholarly discussion of the "Time Element in Creation" as it applies both to Nature and to individual life. By **ROBERT KINGMAN, M.D.**

**LOOK OUT FOR THE BOOMERANG!** An echo of the warning of Jesus as to what happens to the mind of the individual who gets into the habit of "judging" his neighbor. By **VINCENT G. BURNS.**

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# CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY



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

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

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

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

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

by poverty, limitations, lack, sickness, worry and disappointment.

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

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**What, after all, is my purpose in life?**

**Once I had real ambitions—are they unattainable?**

**Am I trusting too much to chance to bring me success?**

**What is my greatest weak point?**

**Is it lack of will, poor memory, mental laziness, mind-wandering or what?**

**Am I too old now ever to do anything worth while?**

**Am I "licked" by life, am I a "quitter"?**

**What can I do, now, to "find myself"?**



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Oh, Yeah!

Auto—Love-making is the same as it always was.

Matic—I've just read of a Greek maiden who sat and listened to a lyre all night.

—Sun Dial

Teacher—What is the difference between prudence and cowardice?

Fritz—When I am afraid it is prudence, when another boy is afraid that is cowardice.

—Nebelspalter, Zurich

"Your tour was not a great success, then?" said a friend to an unsuccessful stage manager.

"It was not," admitted the stage manager. "When we played tragedy the box-office receipts were a farce, and when we played farce they were a tragedy!"

—Tit Bits

#### The Happy Marriage

Mrs. Batt—And is your daughter happily married?

Mrs. Lett—Oh, yes. Her husband is scared to death of her.

—Answers

#### Page Reno

Because your wife is forty is no sign you can change her for two twenties.

#### The Privilege of the Bench

McGuinness had been posted to keep guard over the entrance to a road which led to an old and unsafe bridge. Presently a car came along and he held up his hand.

"What's the matter?" growled the driver.

At that moment McGuinness recognized him as the county magistrate.

"Oh, it's yerself, Yer Honor," he said genially.

"Yes, it is!" was the snappy answer.

"'Tis all right, then," said Mac, as he stepped politely out of the way. "I got orders to let no traffic thru because of the rotten bridge, but seein' it's you, Yer Honor, 'tis a pleasure—go right ahead, sir!"

"I never drink a cocktail save upon great occasions."

"What do you call great occasions?"

"Whenever I drink a cocktail."

—Purple Parrot

Banker—I'm sorry, madam, but your account is overdrawn.

Lady Patron—Oh, don't bother to apologize—but don't let it happen again!

#### Or Skips!

Marriage, which was formerly the greatest step in an individual's life, has now been cut up into a series of little hops.

#### Sympathy and Sympathy

Man (picking up child who has fallen)—Don't cry—tomorrow it won't hurt any more.

Child—No, and I sha'n't cry tomorrow.

North Dakota had at least two fine pharmacists present at the Minnesota meeting—namely, President Glen Cook of Fargo, John H. Vold of Grand Forks, and Carl Odney of Jamestown.

—Northwestern Druggist

Puzzle—find the inefficient pharmacist.

#### Heigh-ho!

"Except among a certain element drinking has practically stopped in this country. The younger generation is forgetting all about it. Oh, I hear about drinking, but I never see any of it."—Senator Wesley L. Jones.

It must be parsnips or broccoli that makes the house parties that way.

#### What Price Hurry!

As we go to press, aeroplanes are reaching the speed of 360 miles per hour. This seems perfectly terrific.

Lindbergh came over the Atlantic in thirty hours, with an average speed of ninety miles an hour. Had he flown at the latest record rate, he could have covered the trip in seven hours. In other words, the time will come when a man will be able to leave Le Bourget after his lunch, and when he arrives in New York, it will still be time for lunch. But the question arises, who wants to lunch twice on the same day?

—The Boulevardier (Paris)

"Are you sure that 'Oranges and Peaches' is the title of the book?" asked the bewildered librarian.

"Yes, that's what the professor said to get," insisted the college flapper.

"Who is the author?"

"Darwin."

Imagine the surprise of the librarian when it "dawned on her" that the book desired was Darwin's "Origin of Species".

—Indianapolis News

#### Two of a Kind

Dan—Where are you off to, Ben?

Ben—I'm goin' to see the doctor. I don't like the look of my wife.

Dan—I'll come wi' ye—I don't like the look o' mine either.

Old Mister Hubbard went to the cupboard

To get for himself a drink,  
But when he got there, the cupboard was bare,

So he took a nip from the sink.

—Verse and Prose

Another reason for the alarming increase of unhappy marriages is that too many girls marry before they are able to support a husband.

—London Tatler



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# *The* Burst *of Dawn*

*By*

Robert Kyle Beggs

THE aged Painter of the morning sky  
Had grown quite weary of his endless task.  
He had exhausted his complete supply  
Of color schemes. He raised his voice to ask  
The Higher God's assistance, or release.  
He heard no answer to his hopeless prayer,  
No sound awoke to break the still grey peace.

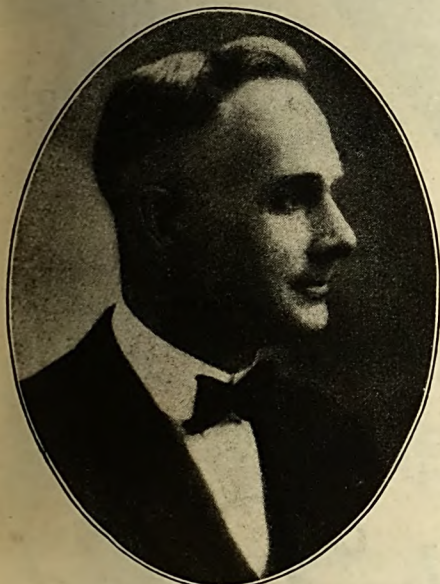
The aged Painter, out of sheer despair  
Hurled forth his color-laden pallet thru  
The misty morning sky of fading grey.  
And lo! With wide amazement did he view  
The masterpiece of tone that greeted day!  
A thousand vivid tints, in smear and streak,  
Adorning every cloud and mountain peak!



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Author of "Psychiana"

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### BELIEVES AND TEACHES AS FOLLOWS:

- FIRST**—That there is no such a thing as a "subconscious mind."  
**SECOND**—That there is, in this universe, a FAR MORE POTENT and DYNAMIC POWER, the manifestations of which have been erroneously credited to some other supposed power called the "subconscious mind."  
**THIRD**—That this INVISIBLE, DYNAMIC Power is THE VERY SAME POWER that JESUS USED when He staggered the nations by His so-called "miracles," and by raising the dead.  
**FOURTH**—That Jesus had NO MONOPOLY on this Power.  
**FIFTH**—That it is possible for EVERY NORMAL human being TO DUPLICATE EVERY WORK THAT THIS CARPENTER OF GALILEE EVER DID. When He said "the things that I do shall YE DO ALSO"—He meant EXACTLY WHAT HE SAID.  
**SIXTH**—That this dynamic Power, is NOT TO BE FOUND "within," but has its source in a far different direction.  
**SEVENTH**—THAT THE WORDS OF THIS GALILEAN CARPENTER WENT A THOUSAND MILES OVER THE HEADS OF HIS HEARERS 2,000 YEARS AGO, AND ARE STILL A THOUSAND MILES OVER THE HEADS OF THOSE WHO PROFESS TO FOLLOW HIM TO-DAY.  
**EIGHTH**—That this same MIGHTY, INVISIBLE, PULSATING, THROBING POWER can be INSTANTANEOUSLY used by anyone—AT ANY HOUR OF THE DAY OR NIGHT, and without such methods as "going into the silence" or "gazing at bright objects, etc."  
**NINTH**—That when once understood and used, this mighty Power is ABUNDANTLY ABLE, AND NEVER FAILS TO GIVE HEALTH, HAPPINESS, and OVERWHELMING SUCCESS in whatever line it may be desired.

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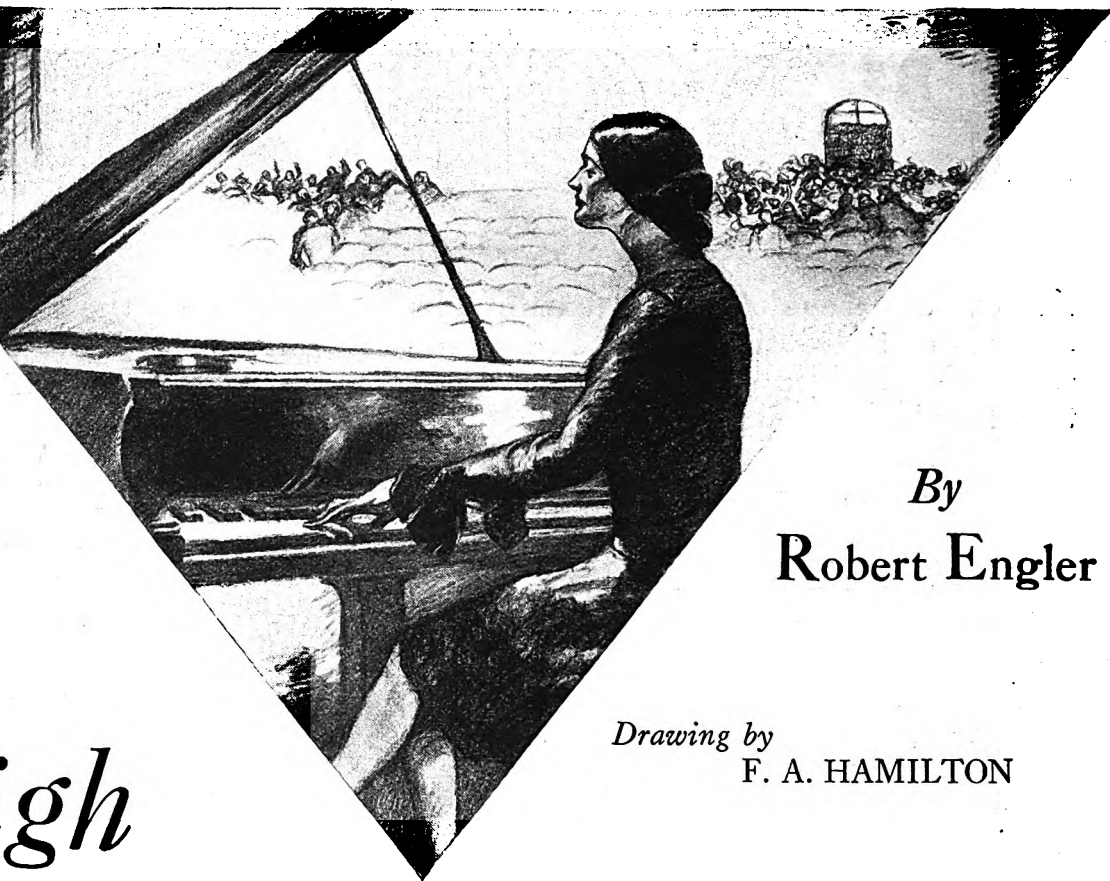
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*She sat down at the piano and played "Dixie". Something deeper than fear stole into the hearts of the milling multitude.*



By  
Robert Engler

Drawing by  
F. A. HAMILTON

# High Thoughts and High Deeds

**W**HAT you persistently and honestly think of yourself is the germ from which character grows.

It is the old story that if you think you can succeed you do succeed; if you believe you cannot, you fail. Your heaven and hell hover about in your brain cells. It is yours to command heaven to come down and bear you heavenward. It is yours to allow hell to rise and draw you into the abysmal depths. Character is consciousness of this free choice.

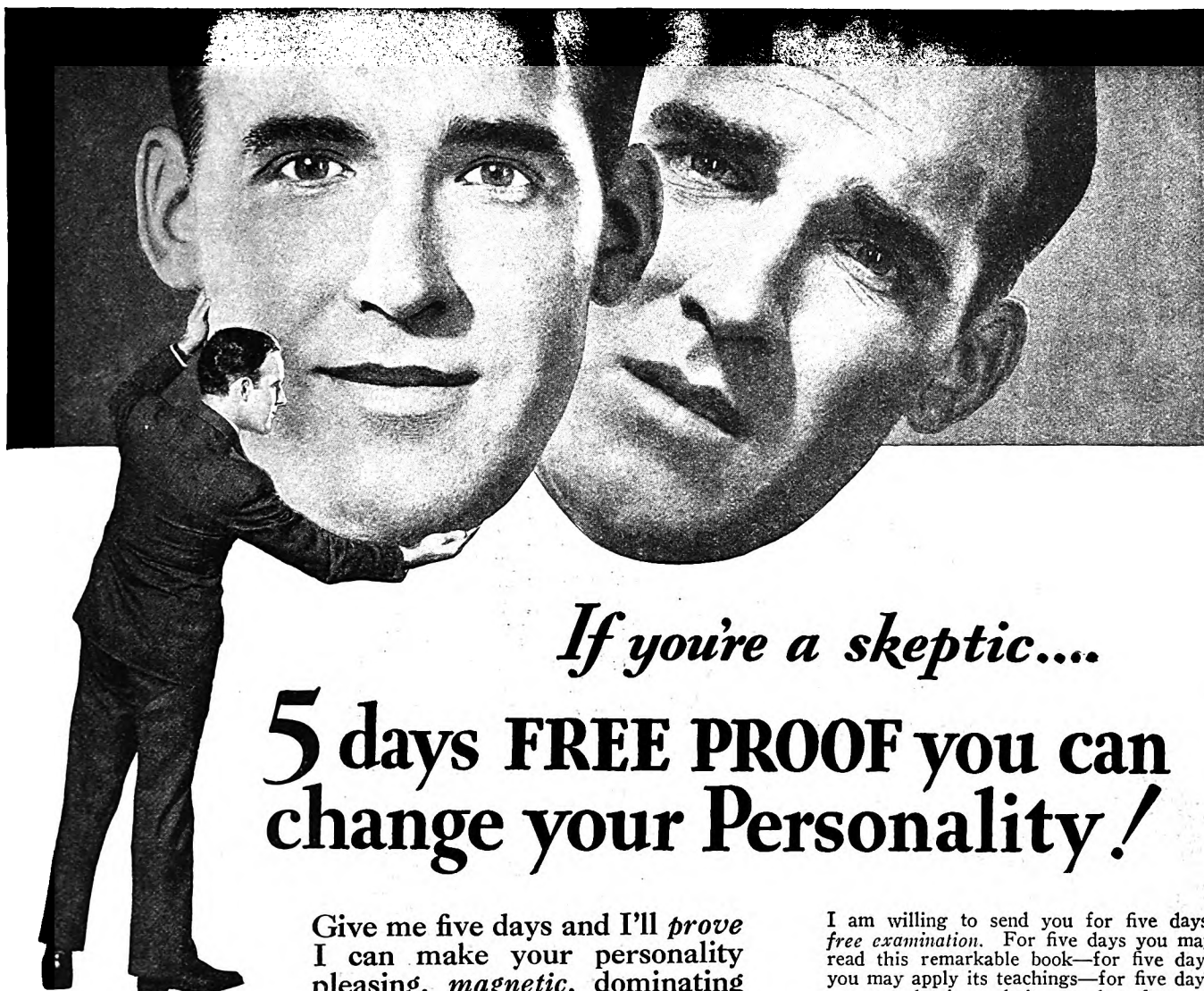
Your inner thoughts become outer actions. Thinking well of yourself pays large dividends. A young Southern girl had read much romance. She longed to place herself on a plane with the heroines of history. She was present one night at a political meeting in a great hall. The place was jammed. She sat near the front. Some one shouted "Fire!" Without a thought to her personal safety she rushed upon the platform. She sat down at the grand piano and played "Dixie" with all the fury that stirring song abounds in. Something deeper than fear stole into the hearts of the milling

multitude congested about the exits. Men sensed the poise and pluck of the girl at the piano and became more orderly. This fair-haired girl who would be a heroine had turned possible death and destruction into a sane dispersion of the large crowd.

You are a potential hero. You are a potential success. Be assured the stuff is in you. And your opportunity for expression will come. "I will prepare myself," said the immortal Lincoln, "and my opportunity will come." What a fascinating stretch of the imagination between the ignorant youth lying on his belly reading by the light of pine knots and the towering figure of the Man for the Ages in the White House!

Your inner thoughts express themselves outwardly. The tone of your voice, the light of your eye, the carriage of your body and the lines of your face all tell the world the kind of thoughts you are thinking. Think well of yourself and the world will think well of you. Believe in yourself and men seeing your belief will also believe in you.





*If you're a skeptic....*

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**YOU** wouldn't put up with the inconvenience of an old, worn-out car—piling up expensive repair bills—if you could get a new one by simply exchanging the old.

Yet that is exactly what you are doing when you allow an out-moded, negative personality to cheat you of happiness and progress!

To be a success today, you've got to be aggressive. You've got to be persuasive. You've got to be able to *dominate* situations. You've got to have that magic "something" that is possessed by every wealthy man—every successful woman. And that magic something is a *magnetic personality*.

Timid, self-conscious, ordinary personalities are disqualified right at the start. Look around you. Who is it that wins promotion? Not the colorless, shrinking, "afraid to open his mouth" clerk—but the man who knows how to assert himself! Who is it that wins social recognition? Not the shy, self-effacing woman—but the woman of definite *magnetic* charm!

## Trade in Your Negative Personality for a Dynamic New One!

If you don't think you can change your personality then listen to this: If, within five days, I cannot prove to you—without one shadow of doubt—that I can give you the secrets of magnetic power that win friends—win promotion—win conspicuous success in any field of endeavor—then I

will not accept one penny of your money.

That's a pretty big claim, isn't it? But I'm not afraid to make it. For I *know* I can develop your present personality—no matter how negative—so that you will be able to reach entirely unexpected heights of achievement.

Think what that means! No longer must you see others promoted to the positions you should have had. No longer must you see others enjoying the fruits of popularity while you are forced to play wallflower. Instead of just "getting by"—contenting yourself with *excuses* instead of *results*—you should find yourself striding ahead to *real* and *lasting* success.

## What Is the Secret?

My methods of developing personal magnetism are based upon the discoveries of Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student of the human mind.

Forty years ago Shaftesbury first applied his theories in his own circle of friends. Results were astonishing. His methods seemed to have the power of transforming people into entirely new beings. His fame spread. Great men came to him. Among his students and friends were Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal Gibbons and many others of equal prominence.

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# By *Beatrice Stevenson* The *Mind* of

**T**HE greatest consolidation in the world of every modern facility for the manufacture, storage and distribution of raw materials, manufactured goods and merchandise under conditions of maximum economy, efficiency and safety.

A world-wide organization, spinning a network of commerce over the seven seas and to every nation.

A vast, complicated plant, of wharves, ships, warehouses, factories, rails and trains—in his own home borough; a stately skyscraper, housing his executive offices in Manhattan; a corresponding edifice in the

dreams originated and how he has worked them out is one of the most fascinating narratives in the field of psychology.

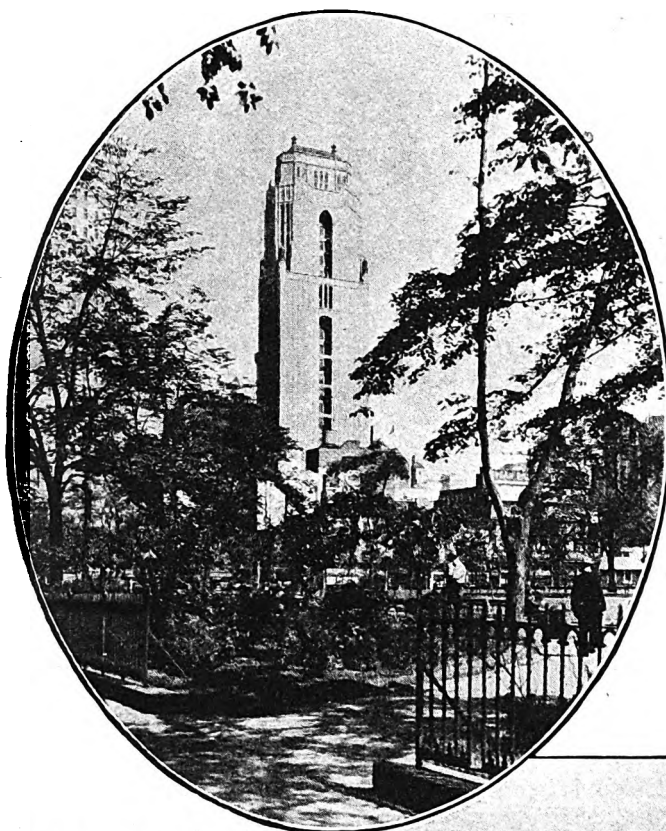
A boy's earliest impressions may sound the note of his future destiny. Irving Bush's childhood home was in old-fashioned Brooklyn, on what is now called Columbia Heights. It is a leisurely spot even today in the bustle of life, for the streets run to the edge of the water bluff and a view is obtained of Manhattan in the distance. One section contains a little foot bridge, which was built years ago for pedestrians, and is enclosed by miniature parklike squares. Joseph Pennell delighted to etch that spot.

Irving's boyhood ears were filled with the sound of the river boats, his eyes with the panorama of their continual movement. Father, mother and brother made up his circle. His relations with the father were sympathetic and intimate.

"We used to discuss business together when I was ten or so," says Mr. Bush with a reminiscent look in his eye. "My father owned an oil refinery situated in South Brooklyn and used to take me with him to visit the plant. When I grew older and had finished schooling I entered into business with him, and later when the Standard Oil bought him out before his death, I was an official in his company."

But we anticipate. Young Irving was accustomed to spending his summers on the farm of his grandfather in Michigan. There he would do the chores and fill the usual life of a farm boy. He remembers and relates one incident in his early youth:

"I began my business career as a merchant. When I was six and the proud owner of a little four-wheeled express wagon, I was presented with twenty-five cents. Deciding to combine merchandising with transportation, I invested in mushmelons, bought from a neighbor-



*The Bush Terminal Building, at 130 West 42nd Street, New York, when it dominated the section.*

heart of London; other offices in other national capitals—all originating in and emanating from the brain of one man.

Not many minds in the world are so well worth trying to analyze and depict as that of Irving T. Bush. How his



*The Bush House on the Strand in London.*



# Irving T. Bush

ing farmer. My transportation route carried me thru the village and I reached home with one-half the load of melons and fifty cents to the good.

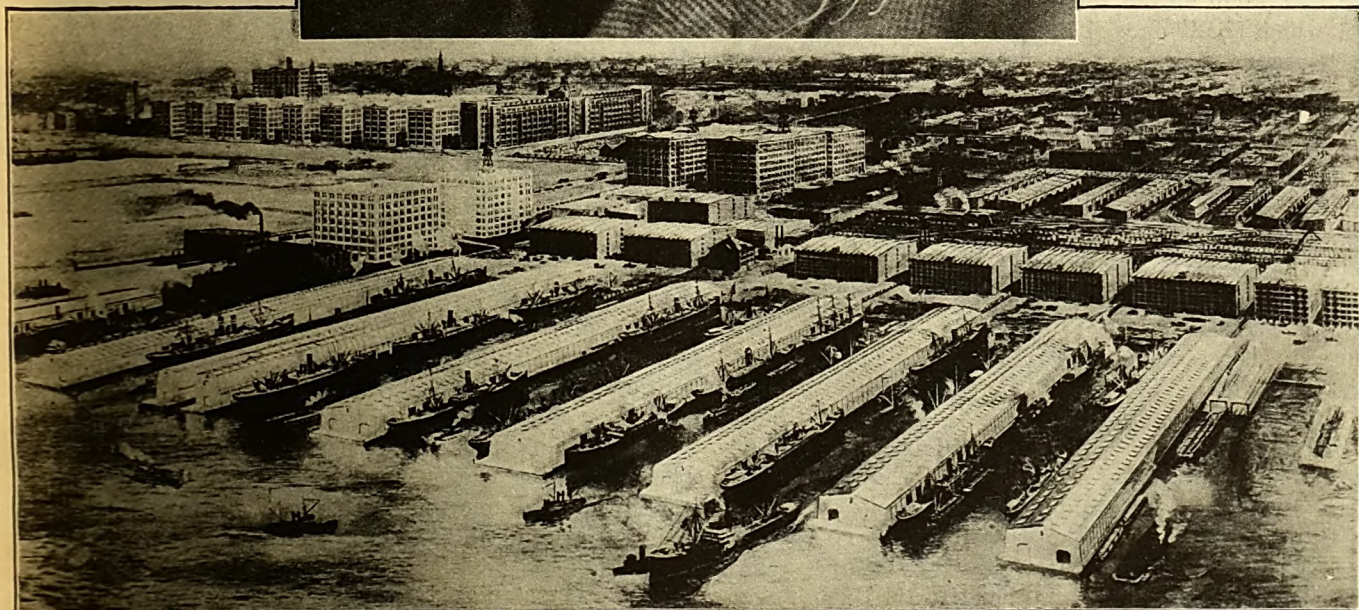
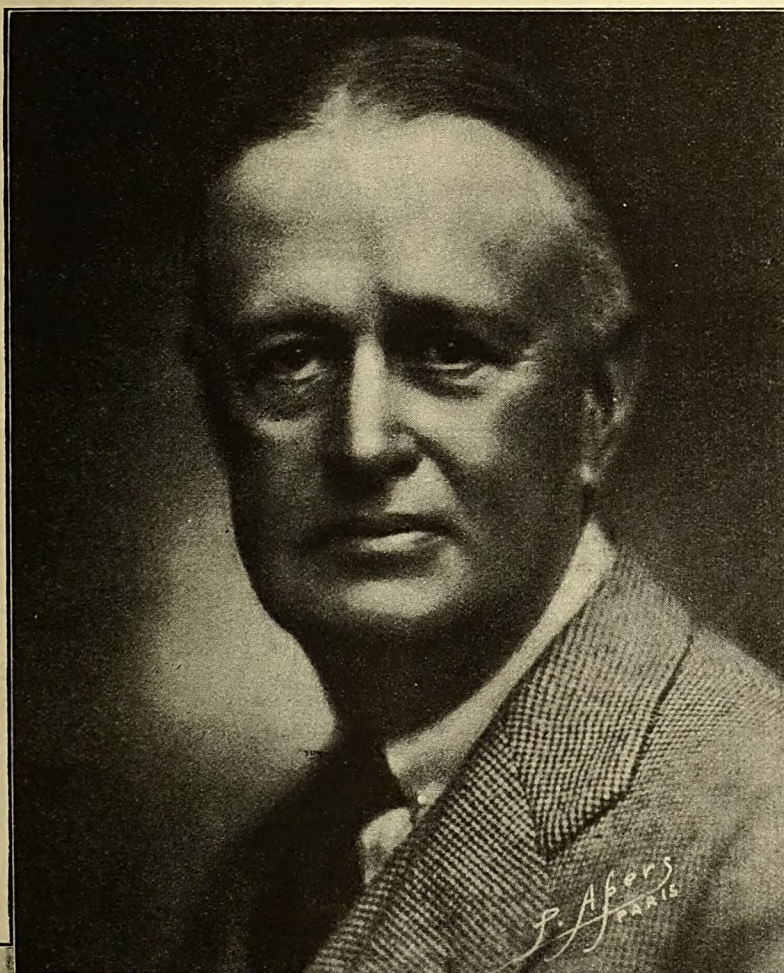
"But much as I loved the farm and the summers spent out there in Michigan, it was at home in Brooklyn that my true bent was formed. From my father I inherited a love of the water. Out of the back windows of our home we could see the warehouses and wharves, the square-rigged merchantmen with their cargoes of tea from the Far East. Thus I dreamed of ocean commerce and visioned the lands far away, from which came such fascinating craft."

Every boy, no doubt, has such sea-flung fancies, but to Irving came the chance to indulge in a trip which would

show him the beauties and the utilities lying in such dreams. Ten years before his death, the elder Mr. Bush had provided himself with a yacht with which to

tour the New England coast. That was henceforth the floating summer home of the family, for each had a stateroom and plenty of comfort. In this *Coronet* they crossed the Atlantic in 1887, and went around the world in 1888 and 1889.

With his father in their old horse-drawn buggy, Irving was also accustomed to driving down to the paternal oil plant, and one day as they jogged along Fourth Avenue and across the Gowanus Canal, they saw a cornfield—part of a fifty-acre farm—which was for sale. Irving begged his father to buy it, but the elder Bush decided he



A vast plant of wharves, ships, warehouses, factories, rails and trains built in Brooklyn. (Above) Mr. Bush whose brain conceived these gigantic plans.



was too old to change his line. Before his death, however, he did buy two blocks of property along the South Brooklyn shore, adjoining his oil refinery.

"When father died my dreams began anew and I saw the necessity of bringing to one place ships, railroads, warehouses and factories. There was at that time such endlessly lost motions, so much constant waste and expense in moving merchandise. The ships were on one shore, the railroads on another, and the factories scattered about any old place bordering the harbor. What piers existed were so crowded there was no room to handle cargoes.

"The unfinished bulkheads that my father had left alongside of the oil refinery called to me; I resigned from the Standard Oil Company and slowly began the task of filling in behind the bulkhead, starting at the same time a little coal business with the motto:

"'An honest ton for an honest price.'"

It was about this time that Mr. Bush met a clerk who was engaged in a cotton storage warehouse near the centre of Brooklyn. Upon agreement with him, they formed a small company called The Bush Company, Ltd. The stockholders were Mrs. Bush and her two sons. The company started out to build six warehouses and a small section of pier. The first brick was laid when Irving was twenty-five years old, and he joined the union to do so.

For \$1,200 he purchased from the Erie Railroad a short, squatty engine, with a water tank resembling a camel's hump. They painted the Company's name in gold letters on this diminutive locomotive and it puffed thru the railroad yard at work. Young Bush also purchased a badly worn carfloat from the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and counted as his third possession an old towboat which had once belonged to his father.

Now he was all set for business but no business came. He tried to get shipping from the Pennsylvania Railroad, the New York Central, the Erie, etc., but no one responded. Finally he came to the energetic conclusion that he must do something himself to convince his prospective clients. The psychology of such thinking is sound and shows a mind capable, energetic and resourceful. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain. He cast about for an idea of a cheap but bulky cargo which he might buy and personally ship to himself and thence to customers. Hay in Michigan, where he had spent boyhood summers, offered the happy solution. He sent West a young man who contracted to buy all the hay he could procure cheaply and ship it with the express injunction that it should go via the Bush Company. Success came thru the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad handling, and henceforth Bush floats had to be kept journeying back and forth to impress the railroads, whether justified by profits or not.

There were other obstacles. Ice in the harbor in winter was one of them. Also the difficulty of making the people of Brooklyn itself believe in the Bush idea. Wherefore he built a little pier and started a foreign trade with himself by buying two Norwegian ships, the *Bergen* and the *Banan*, and sending them to the West Indies. Return trips, however, were fated to be empty, so the owner had to buy bananas and bring those cargoes back to New York. The result of all this negotiating was finally a contract with the America-Hawaiian Steamship Line, whose *entrepreneur* was George S. Dearborn—a concern which brought Californian products and Hawaiian sugar into the Bush domain.

Another project which taxed the ingenuity of Mr. Bush was the encounter with the lemon trade. He got this concession because no one else along the river fronts wanted an article that was so perishable and had to have so much special care and expensive handling. A board of directors, raising bank loans, selling securities and tramping Wall Street to solicit support and interest, mark these days which seriously tried the mettle of the pioneer.

It became necessary to carry passengers to the piers.

An old elevated railway locomotive and two old cars were purchased, which ran on second-hand rails from the ferry-house to the pier. But now came word from Italy that fruits were not to be shipped thru Bush Terminal. Mr. Bush inquired just who the receivers were and found that most were foreign Americans who did business from cellars on the West Side of New York. He had a fine dinner laid out for two hundred and fifty of them at a first class New York club, entertained them handsomely, spoke persuasively of his project, how they'd sink or swim with him, how he'd bring them

thru to success. . . . And he did!

The ferry connecting his plant with New York (it was the Brooklyn Thirty-ninth Street ferry which ran to the Battery) was a bad proposition. Bush asked for an option, bought it, and thought he'd got ahead of this handicap. Development in general was, however, just then going bridge-wise and subway mad. It was hard to get capital for a ferry, so he proposed that the City of Brooklyn should own the ferry. The matter went before the South Brooklyn organizations, to the New York City Merchants Association, and finally to Albany with the support of a Democratic boss of Brooklyn, who helped the matter thru. Yet motor trucks were coming in fashion, the bridge was beginning to be generously used, and the bogy of the ferry-boat faded from mind.

So, step by step grew the great project, which laid itself out on land where formerly only a lone fisherman lived, until today it is, as (Continued on page 52)

Says Mr. Bush:

"If I had the power of choosing again, I would choose my own career, with all its drawbacks. I have built, and it is my own creation. When a man thinks he has achieved success, he proves himself a failure, for there is nothing that cannot be made better.

"I meet so many who proclaim that the human race is decaying, that youth is hopeless and that civilization falters. I do not believe anything of the sort—certainly not so far as the United States of America is concerned—and I am weary of pessimists. Nations are like forests. Trees grow old and decay. Some are uprooted by tempests, and great sections may be laid waste by fire. Yet somewhere there is always new growth."



# What am I Working for?

*An Analysis of  
Methods,  
Motives, and  
Rewards*

By

Edward Earle Purinton

“WHAT am I working for?”

This question is vital to anybody who plans how to succeed. Have you ever asked it of yourself? The complete answer, fully carried out, should be highly valuable in many ways. Those who arrive at the top knew where they were going, and how to get there.

Motive is the motor of the human machine. How fast and far could an automobile travel if the driver paid no attention to the motor, and knew nothing of its mechanism? Vast numbers of human beings, just as ignorant of their source of power, wonder why they fail to get ahead. Motive generates the force that guarantees personal advancement. A leader is always a master in the manipulation of motive.

Some of the largest business corporations are now specializing in the psychology of industry. Their officials know that superior work demands union of the worker's mind, heart and muscle on the job. His mind must be concentrated, his heart absorbed, his muscle trained. But the primary operation is always mental.

This truth is universal. Even wild animals in their daily activities are impelled and guided by instinct, a mental process. We human beings have protective instinct also, with reason and inspiration as additional forces of impulsion. Our work, to be healthful and productive, should occupy and satisfy instinct, reason, inspiration. Does it? How?

We Americans want results, more than any other people on earth. What fundamental factors produce results? Motives and methods rightly analyzed and organized. We have methods wonderfully well in hand, but as a nation are neglectful of motives. Other nations, England, France and Germany, even China and India, have in operation a more effectual system of racial motives.

But American millionaires, in general, might qualify as motive experts. In the United States there are about 14,000 millionaires; and most of them, outside those whose millions came by accident such as inheritance or speculation, got rich after studying the motives of their customers and employees. This unusual statement results from a detailed knowledge of the business procedure of the typical American millionaire.

“What am I working for?” This question, by the response it brings forth, classifies anybody as thought-

less, or foolish, or wise. Measurement to such effect is profitable.

A thoughtless person does not know what he or she is working for, beyond having a suspicion that the money gained might be useful. A worker of this type gets no pleasure out of industry, sees nothing ahead because failing to look ahead honestly and clearly belongs to a class of citizens justly deemed inferior, is apt to be listless, careless, dull, slow, unpopular and receives scant pay in proportion to scant effort.

A foolish person may have in mind reasons, motives or objects for working, but they are inadequate or unworthy, hence keep the worker down or lead him astray. The commonest of these false incentives are money, fame, position, appearance, prestige. The right view of each makes it only subordinate, never ultimate. A motive superficial, selfish or trivial is almost worse than none. Great work that produces great rewards is the embodiment of great purposes and ideals. Only superiority creates supremacy.

A wise person has a collection, and selection, of good reasons for doing good work. Their number is generally from about twelve to twenty—and the more the better. How many have you? A fine exercise for industrial, commercial or professional benefit would be to make a list of them right now, before you continue reading. Then you would find a comparison of your list with ours below very timely and interesting.

The average man works mostly for material gain. A childish proceeding. When we have grown to the stature of self-contained, self-renewed immortals, we shall work for the love of work, not for the hope of reward. Yet centuries must pass, if not cycles, before the human race has developed wisdom and power enough to blend love and labor, thus making love practical and labor ideal. Great work is always creative, and a creator finds contentment in creation.

But we are living today, even tho we should try to look thousands of years hence. Money rules today, as the unyielding standard of human values. So be it. Money can measure us right if we can first measure money right. We can.

The heads of powerful industrial organizations view money as a reward of merit. Officials and employees who are paid the most have the highest market value. Their work is superior in quality, quantity or special fitness to meet the public demand. Riches are accumulated by those who render (Continued on page 67)

# By Norris A. Huse Ten



Keystone  
View  
Photo

NORRIS A. HUSE

I HAVE a boy of fourteen and I used to wish I could build up an estate that would enable me to give him a helping hand when he got ready to launch into his business or professional career. At times I've wished I might arrange matters so he *always* could be assured *some* income in order that he need never under any circumstances face actual want nor suffer the mental torture that comes to a proud human being who for one reason or another finds himself entirely out of money or the means to earn it. But I've about come to the conclusion that such provision, tho prompted by man's natural instinct to protect his own, would be positively unkind and in the long run a decided detriment to the boy's success. As it looks to me now, even moderately helping to set the boy up in business would be merely starting him off on a crutch and that in the end, rather than thank me, he would blame me for having hindered his chances of achievement.

I am setting forth these conclusions not in the rôle of a philosopher or of Sir Oracle, who deems himself competent to solve its problems for the well known human race, but rather as a father who is, along with other fathers, seriously concerned as to what's best for his boy; and as a newspaper man who has been privileged to count among his friends a large number of "big leaguers" in various fields, and thus has had opportunity to get "close-ups" as to how they did it. I have paraded these friends of mine past the reviewing stand for mental survey to try to figure out the composite qualities that made so many of them either rich or famous—or both—and when the analysis was finished this one fact stood out above everything else—every last one of them had started *poor* and had been com-

pelled to struggle against great odds in his early days.

There's Roy W. Howard, for instance. At forty-two he's a partner and director of the great Scripps-Howard newspaper enterprises and is worth I don't know how many millions of dollars. He's been all over the world and has seen everything. He was president of the United Press Association and largely responsible for its development. To look at him today in his beautiful home at Pelham, N. Y., you wouldn't think he'd ever had a care in the world, but the truth is Roy Howard's father died when the only son was fourteen and the said son was left with the problem of not only earning his own living, but of supporting his mother. He carried papers in Indianapolis, became a reporter at seventeen and today is sitting on top of the world. That's what scratching for a living did for that boy.

Then there's Buckner, Emory R. Buckner, who leaped into the national spotlight last March when President Coolidge appointed him United States district attorney in New York City and he immediately began to speed up enforcement of the prohibition law by padlocking liquor-selling restaurants. Up until then Buckner was a law partner of Elihu Root.

Buckner was born in Iowa, the son of a Methodist minister trying to support a family on \$600 a year. After graduating from high school young Buckner was loaned \$30 by his father and advised to learn stenography so that he could earn his way thru college without having to wait on table in a boarding house.



Underwood & Underwood

JOHN MCHUGH  
Pres. Mechanics &  
Metals Nat'l Bank  
New York  
(At right)  
J. K. FRASER  
Pres. Blackman Co.  
New York

He took a shorthand course in a Lincoln, Nebraska,





# Fellows

*Who Started Low  
and Climbed High*

business college for six weeks on that \$30, became an expert court reporter in Oklahoma and then, with a little capital saved, entered the University of Nebraska at twenty-two. I entered the same institution on the same day, happened to sit next to Buckner in the first class and we've been friends ever since.

On Thanksgiving day of his freshman year Buckner was married. He did stenography on the side to support himself and wife, had time to be manager of the football team in his senior year and graduated with Phi Beta Kappa honors. This over, he moved to Cambridge, Mass., and entered Harvard Law school. Here he completed the three-year course in two years, earned \$4,000 a year by tutoring and stenography and graduated No. 1 in his class. On \$1,000 of borrowed money and with a wife and two children he located in New York City to practice law, became a partner of Elihu Root and today, at forty-seven, occupies a unique position among the outstanding lawyers of the United States.

You remember "Spotless Town," don't you? "Spotless Town," an exceedingly clever advertising campaign in jingles some twenty-five years ago, was the product of the brain of J. K. Fraser, then working for \$35 a week and today president of the Blackman company, one of the big advertising agencies of New York

ROY W. HOWARD  
Scripps-Howard  
Newspapers

(Below in oval)  
EMORY R. BUCKNER  
Former U. S. Attorney  
New York



Keystone  
View  
Photo



Keystone View Photo

KENT COOPER  
General Manager  
Associated Press  
(Right)

PETER B. KYNE  
(Left)

WILLIAM W.  
HAWKINS  
General Manager  
Scripps-Howard

City. Fraser, born in Chicago, was sent to Cornell and after graduating was

given the chance to earn his own way, starting from scratch. He picked New York as his meat and began looking for a job. There were times when he didn't eat as often or as regularly as he might have. He was a bit of an artist and finally managed to get three meals a day by drawing a new picture each morning to be displayed in a restaurant window to attract trade.

He made advertising pay from that day to this, is recognized today as one of the leaders of the profession, is on Easy Street and paints pictures by way of diversion.

Kent Cooper, recently appointed general manager of the Associated Press, had to quit school when his father died, and go to work.

His first job was in a grocery store at Columbus, Indiana, at \$2 a week. He had to open the store at 6 a. m., and to curry the grocer's white horse as (Continued on page 55)



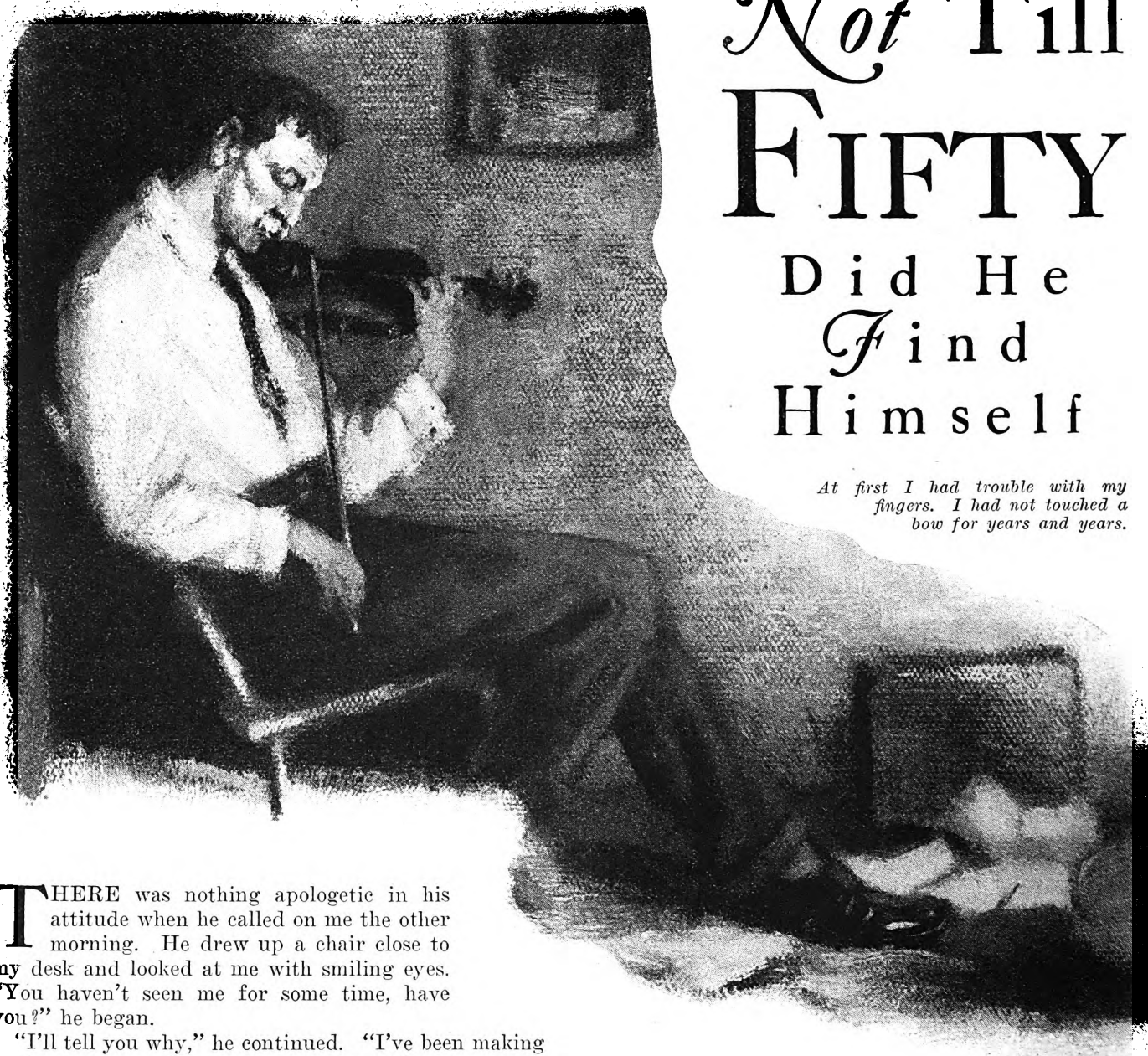
Wide  
World  
Photo



# Not Till FIFTY

Did He  
Find  
Himself

*At first I had trouble with my  
fingers. I had not touched a  
bow for years and years.*



THERE was nothing apologetic in his attitude when he called on me the other morning. He drew up a chair close to my desk and looked at me with smiling eyes. "You haven't seen me for some time, have you?" he began.

"I'll tell you why," he continued. "I've been making up for lost time. You know my story. It's not a pretty one. A failure and an old man. But that word is out," and he smiled again.

I could see that something tremendous had come into my friend's life, something that had never been there before. It was like a late burgeoning of a hardy rosebush, like new beauties blossoming in a mature woman.

"I must tell you about it," he went on. "I've had you in mind often. I've wanted to come to you before, but I was not ready. Not until I knew the miserable days of failure were over—that's what I told myself, and I worked the harder. You may think I needed no spur. But I did, boy, I did. I was jaded, the spring of youth was gone, I had formed habits. You know how it is. It wasn't easy."

He was speaking rapidly, trying to get his news to me. I said, "Frank, you are not the man I knew. Something splendid has happened. I wouldn't miss your telling me about it for the world. Take your time."

"Well, here's the story. Exactly ten months ago, on the twentieth of this month, I went home thoroly dis-

heartened. It was not the first time, but something stirred in my inmost vitals, where the spirit or soul dwells, I suppose. That night I went into solitude. I sat and thought—long thoughts. I thought of everything. The time had come for taking stock. It could not be put off again.

"As I sat there in the dark, my pulse hammering, the perspiration standing out on my forehead, I kept probing deeper and deeper. Never again was I going to fight a drawn battle. This was to be a fight to the finish. Time and again I told myself that it would be now or never. That ugly monster, procrastination, had made my life a hell to me and a joke to others. If I died for it, I was going thru with it that night. At that, I don't claim any credit. The honors, such as they are, belong to that something in my marrow which strengthened my will that black night.

"I went back and back. To my boyhood days, those happy, happy days. I saw myself again at the university, those perfect days. My profession of dentistry.

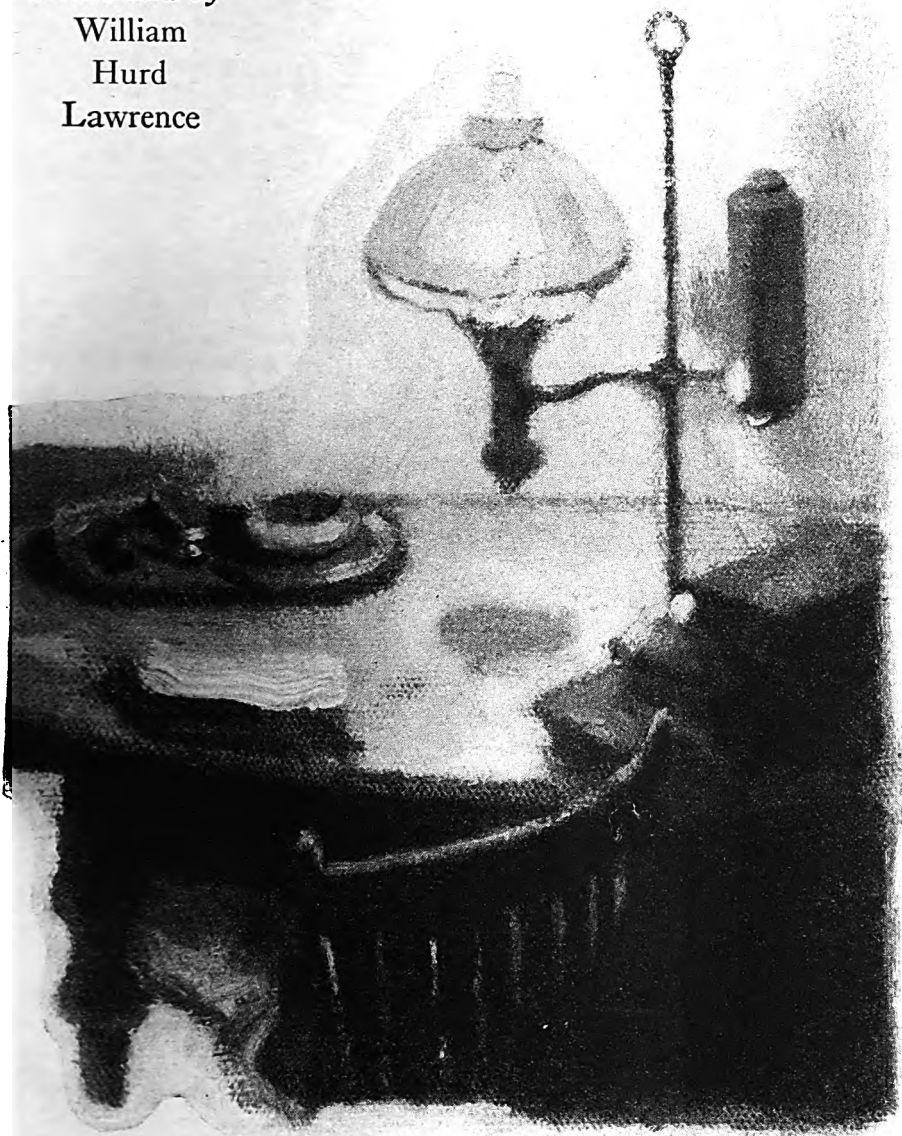


21

*The Story of a Man  
Who Forgot that He  
Was a Musician*

By Alex R. Schmidt

*Illustrated by*  
William  
Hurd  
Lawrence



But I hated it always—and gave it up. I went into politics and held minor offices. But that wasn't what I wanted. And then the years I had spent as a real estate salesman, stock salesman, promoter of various enterprises, but always as an employe, working on a commission and coming to my friends with these schemes, hoping they would listen to me so that I could earn enough for myself and family. I sat tight and

suffered again all the slights and humiliations of the long years. And the years had been long. Too long for the little I had accomplished.

"This cleared my mind. It was like taking down the old goods from the shelves and wondering what new goods to put back. This was the point I had been striving for, the point I should have reached years and years ago. Right then I began to probe. 'What,' I said to myself, 'can you do? You are capable of something. Even the dumbest clod has a distinctive faculty. What is your strength?'"

"There was a time when I'd have laughed at the very idea of putting that question. But that night there was no place for levity in my universe. Life was the grimest thing there was. No more wounds could matter. I was raw all over. I sat there thinking. I did not know that thinking could hurt so much. This process was different from any other. Taking examinations, working out the details of a sale or a trade, was child's play to this.

"I went over the old familiar ground, foot by foot. Then the idea came. Full-fledged, full-grown. Of course, that was it. Why had I not thought of it before? I had found myself at last. After a quarter century of flopping around in muddy waters I had come to shore."

"You talk like a poet," I said. His enthusiasm had infected me. His story enthralled me. I knew I was listening to a real human document, and there is nothing more gripping than that.

"I suppose you can't guess what I'm doing?" he asked.

"Writing?"

"No. Listen. It came to me after many hours. It was long past midnight when I went to bed at last. In fact, two o'clock had struck. But it was the most important, the most momentous session I had ever had, because I at last discovered myself. At last I became my own inter-

preter, critic and friend. Myself and I were no longer strangers, thank God. This was the way of it. The thought came to me, 'When you were eight years old you began playing the violin. You studied this instrument until you were nineteen. You practised many hours, you had mastered the technique of this instrument. You had been highly praised by music lovers and critics.'"

(Continued on page 58)

# In Love

## *A Call to the Joy of Being "At Friendliness with Life"*

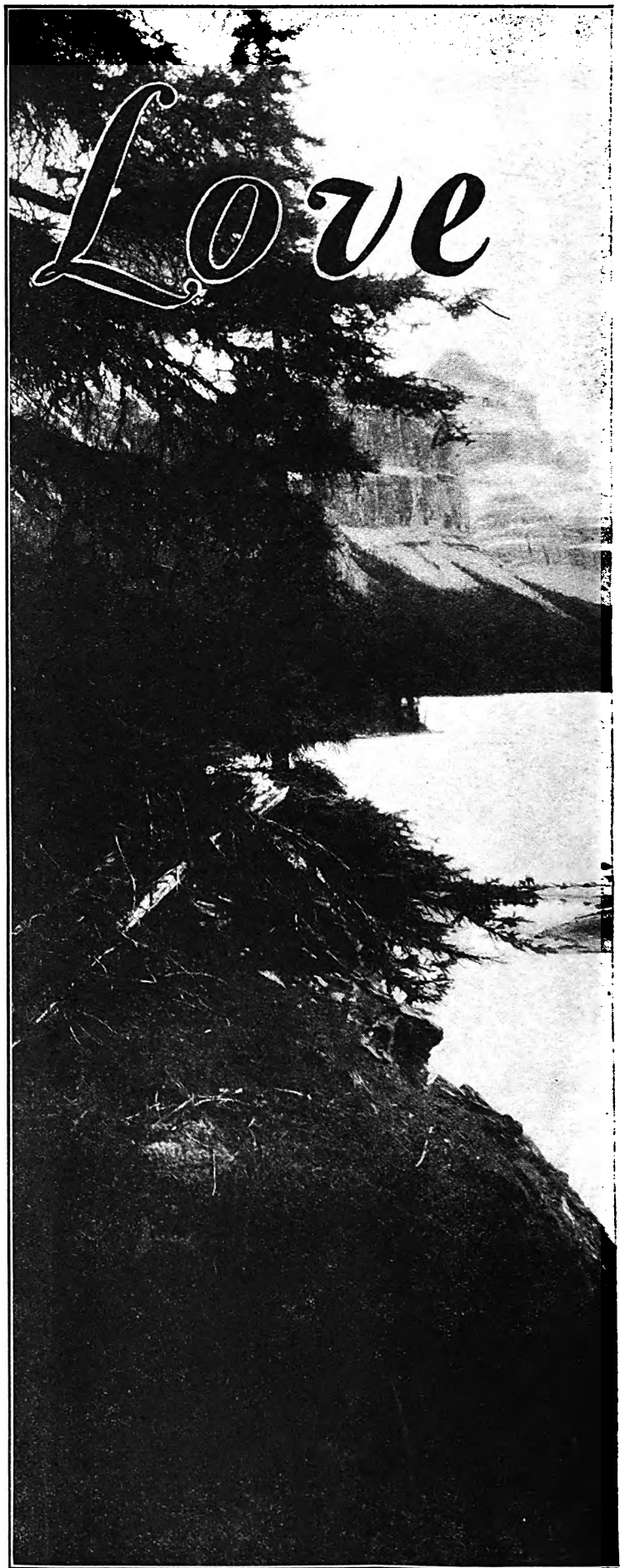
A LOON'S cry leaps into the night, leaving echoes of loneliness in its sound-trail. The moon sends its seeking path along the darkness of the lake, but does not dare penetrate the blackness of the water. It is Night in the Maine woods. The pale yellow light of my lamp clings to the nearness of me as if fearing to wander far.

I find myself longing for someone to knock at my door and disturb my self-imposed peace. I cannot help smiling at my folk-loving self who only a few weeks ago dashed from the city clatter of machines and man to bathe alone in the silence of the woods. It is amusingly disconcerting to find this desire for someone.

Tonight the stars are just as fascinatingly scintillating as on those first evenings when I gazed untiringly at them, the woods as potent in their forbidding proffer of mystery, the peace as sweet, yet I am not content. I have filled myself full of the food of the forest, the sky and the lake-music, have rested in their comfort and stretched my soul to their beauty, and now I am lonely.

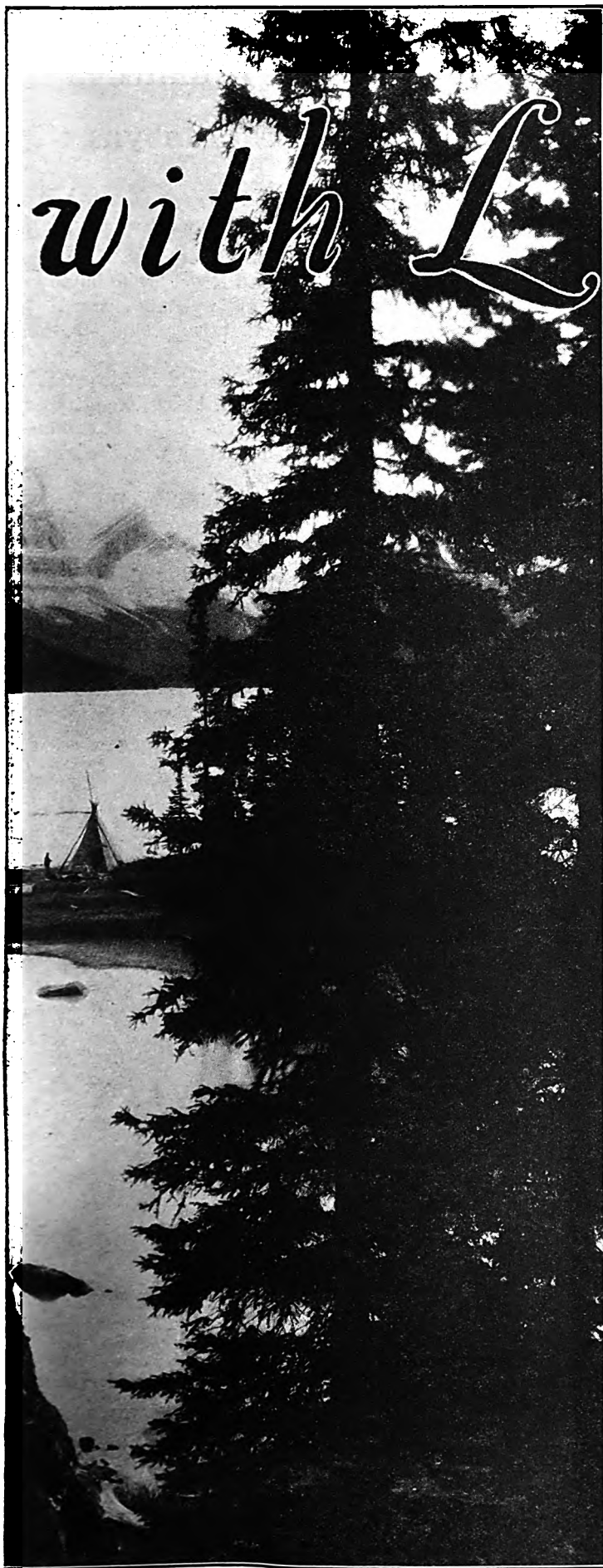
My thoughts turn city-ward—to the old drunk who sits under the Ninth Avenue "L" and smokes her corn-cob pipe, intermittently begging, her hat awry, her clothes a mess, her smile most lovable and her eyes kindly and wickedly wise. She calls "hello, dearie!" each evening as I pass her. We have struck up an understanding fellowship and life is richer for me, and perhaps for her, because I pass that way. Then, a few blocks on, there is a baby who sits in her very dirty perambulator all day, evidently. She is an ugly bit of humanity, half-witted for all I know, but there is a huge joke between us. We grin broadly and knowingly at each other each morning and evening. I tell over in my mind the people who answer my smile with their own and rediscover the grand, beautiful fact that they are Life.

Without them one is apt to succumb to that most insidious disease of the human race—loneliness. I do not mean the friends in the



*I have filled myself full of the food of the forest,  
soul to their*





*the sky and the lake music, and stretched my beauty.*

# with Life

By

Mary Catherine Speer

circle with whom we dine and wine; I am thinking of the unnamed friends, the old drunk, the baby in her perambulator, the porter, the person you pass on the street, those from whom you receive a blessing and never see again. They are the ones who give us a feeling of friendliness with life.

Great as is our desire to be loved, even more insistent is our desire to be free to love. And this freedom does not come if there is any hitch between oneself and the fellowship with the old drunk begging for pennies.

We are all charmed and delighted for an excuse to unrestrainedly love. That is why we create heroes. I do not speak of the Jesus-hero or the Lincoln-hero, but of the hero we set up for a day or a year to meet the present personal need as a release for our abundant love. We take this hero person and clothe him in all we consider beautiful in folks and pour out our ointment of the longing to love on him, when what we are actually doing is using him for a symbol for people in general, for the loveliness in humanity. We see something as highly worthy of a great affection in the old drunk, the prostitute, the fat old boy who shines our shoes, the jolly gum-chewing young thing who sells us five-and-ten-cent-store goods, as in our own mothers and fathers—yet—we are afraid to love—so we must set up a hero and love humanity thru him.

To prove this one need only attend one of New York City's thousand and one hero-exalting events. It matters little to the charmingly human child-city who the hero may be, a bishop, a hundred-year-old Tammany leader, a channel-swimmer, a flyer returning home—it's an excuse for a party. A party where all who wish may come and smile happily at each other thru the hero. The most perfect part of seeing Lindbergh's return home was the excuse he gave everybody for smiling at everybody else. Park Avenue poked Third Avenue in the ribs and they smiled at each other as they had really wanted to smile all their lives. They forgot that one was supposedly Rich and the other supposedly Poor, for Lindbergh, the hero, (Continued on page 50)

# Revenant\*

By Winifred  
Starr Dobyns

THERE was no use denying it to herself. She was glad he was going to die. She would be free! "Free! Free! Free!" Olive said the words silently, over and over.

How many wives, she wondered, would be glad if their husbands were dying? There was no need to keep up the old pretence any longer. At least to herself she could be honest.

She realized now how long she had been trying to deceive herself. She had tried so hard to be a loyal wife to Rodney. Well, she had done her part. No need to blink facts any longer. At last she could afford the luxury of being frank with herself.

She was glad he was dying. A great sense of relief flooded thru her. It was as if a great weight which had pressed upon her was lifted; as if bonds which had been holding her had suddenly snapped.

She looked around her bright, chintz-hung sun-room where she had been sitting when Dr. Grant came out of the sick room to deliver his verdict. It was incredible that the familiar place should be unchanged when so much had happened. How long ago that seemed and yet it was only a little time. The doctor had just gone.

He had looked so tired from the long fight to save Rodney's life. His face was gray. His shoulders drooped from weariness.

"We have done all we can, dear child. I fear it is only a question of hours now."

Olive would never forget that moment—the shock of that incredible verdict. She had gripped the arms of her chair, striving for self-control.

"Your husband is in a state of coma; only his splendid constitution has kept him alive so long. He may not wake again."

Not wake? Rodney! Great, strong, virile Rodney! At first she had been stunned—no thoughts at all—everything just blank.

\*Revenant: one who returns.

"I am so inexpressibly sorry, Mrs. Lane." Dr. Grant had patted her shoulder sympathetically. He had looked at her anxiously and tried to get her to lie down. The nurse would call her if there was any change.

She could not respond to that fatherly kindness. She could not move.

At first the chaos in her mind held her insensible. And then relief! Intense, irresistible relief. Rodney was dying! He was going to live only a few hours. That strong, dominating personality would cease to exist. And she would be free!

"Nervous breakdown with complications," they had said. Rodney had been ill for many weeks. They had not let her see him very often. He needed absolute seclusion, the doctors said.



*The man sitting there, who had so strangely come back from death, understood.*

She knew that his great body had wasted away and that his strong, domineering brain had been very ill. They told her that he sometimes cried weakly, like a child. He was intensely irritable and pathetic by turns. It seemed to worry him if she came in to see him, so she had stayed away on the doctor's advice, making sure that everything possible was being done for his comfort.

Poor old Rod, he had loved her after his fashion; but the very quality of his demanding affection had turned



# The Story of Two Husbands



*Illustrated by J. H. Conlon*

her early love almost to loathing. He was a very insistent lover. His desire was to possess and absorb her completely for his own gratification. His personality, his desires, his wishes were the only things to be considered. She had never been permitted an independent life of her own. Against this invasion of her own personality Olive had erected strong, if invisible, barriers. She had withdrawn more and more into herself.

"By jove," Rodney said once, "sometimes I feel as if I hardly knew you at all. You're cold as ice on the

outside but I know there's fire burning in you somewhere."

Sometimes he apparently tried very hard to please her in an overbearing sort of way. But tho she tried her best to respond, it was of no avail. It had all been a mistake. They were hopelessly mismated.

She had thought in the beginning that they had so much in common. He had seemed to care for the things which meant everything to her—music and books and beauty. But, as time went on, she found that all he really cared about was money and power and success.

She had known when she married him that Rodney would be successful. She wanted him to be. She admired success, but not the success which rides roughshod over those in its power.

*All that she had longed to say, all the feelings she had so long repressed, leapt into expression under her touch.*

She had tried to interest him in putting some social reforms into his plant. She believed in the recognition of the rights of the workers—in shorter hours; in giving them some educational opportunities; encouraging them to take stock in the company.

Rodney had merely guffawed at any of this "high-brow nonsense," as he called it, and advised her "to stop reading those socialistic books."

"Rank Bolshevism," said he heartily. "Don't bother your pretty head about something you can't understand."

How she hated him when he said "your pretty head" in that tone!

Yes, she was glad—glad it was almost finished! Rodney was dying. He, who had been so proud and arrogant, must give in at last. The great frame was

powerless now. The breath would stop. He would be dead. And she was glad!

"But this is horrible! I am a murderer," she thought. "If I feel like this I might almost have killed him. If I desire his death I am really guilty of it."

And he was not dead yet. He was still her husband—but she was wishing for his death. She could not help it. She would be glad when he was gone.

No one must guess how she felt. It was bad enough to admit it to herself. For decency's sake she would have to pretend a grief she did not feel. Everyone had supposed that she and Rod had made a success of their marriage (her pride had seen to that) and now they would all condole with her.

There would be a funeral. She would have to wear mourning. Growsome! She shuddered. One should not wear mourning when one was glad!

"This won't do," she told herself sharply. "Pull yourself together!"

A bell sounded and she heard voices in the outer hall. They were already coming to comfort her.

"Darling Olive," Edith was saying, "I met Dr. Grant. He told me that Rodney is worse. I came in to see if I could help you."

Olive gave her friend a grateful glance.

"Is it true that the doctors have given up?"

Olive nodded. "They say it may be only a question of hours."

Edith sat down and took her hand.

"Dear Olive, if you have tried everything else and failed, will you try the man who has helped me so much? His cures have been wonderful and I know he can save Rodney. It is spiritual healing. He will call to Rodney's soul and breathe life into his body. He will heal him. I am sure he will. Won't you let me send for him?"

"But I don't believe in that sort of healing. . . ."

Her friend broke in. "It is not necessary for you to believe. If the teacher only has Rodney by himself for a time, I promise you he will save him."

The turmoil in Olive's mind increased. She must try everything possible to save Rodney's life. If she did this, she would feel less like a murderer. Of course this "healer" of Edith's was an impostor; such people could do nothing. But at least it would ease her conscience to make this last effort.

Edith was leaning eagerly forward, awaiting her answer.

"Yes, Edith, you may send for him. It can do no harm and I want to do everything."

Edith sprang up.

"I will telephone and the chauffeur can go for the teacher at once."

Olive sat almost motionless in her chair. She had lived years since Dr. Grant came out of Rodney's room.

When the healer came, Edith greeted him at the door and hurriedly explained the case before she brought him in to Olive. He was a small man with a dark, bearded face, piercing, black eyes and a quiet, suppressed demeanor.

He bowed gravely over Olive's hand and let his piercing eyes penetrate hers for the fraction of a second. She was too uncomfortably aware that those eyes saw everything.

At his request, the nurse was called from the sick room and he went in alone to find the unconscious Rodney. The door closed quietly upon him and once more began a period of anguished suspense.

It was two hours before the door of the room opened again and the healer emerged. He was paler than before and his eyes were more piercingly bright.

"Your husband will live." He spoke directly to Olive. "He is sleeping naturally now. He will wake in about an hour and he will need some light nourishment. You will find that he is healed and that his trouble has left him."

Olive gazed at him, overwhelmed by a wild revulsion of feeling. It was impossible not to believe him, he spoke with such quiet authority.

"It would be well to dismiss the nurse. He must not be surrounded by an atmosphere of illness when he wakes. I shall not come again as he will not need me. Your love and care will restore him."

Without further words he made his way to the door, quieting Edith's torrential gratitude.

Olive sat still, hardly breathing. It seemed to her that the most dramatic battle of life and death had been fought

before her without a sound and with herself as only a silent spectator.

Perhaps it was true that life had won—life—which would begin again the same dreary round.

She succeeded in expressing proper gratitude to Edith and in letting her friend know that she wished to be alone when Rodney woke. For she was strangely convinced that he would wake.

When she was gone, Olive went into the room that had been closed to her for so many weeks.

Rodney lay, sleeping quietly, propped against his pillows. She stood looking down at her husband. In the weeks since she had seen him he had lost so much weight that he was completely altered in his appearance. The ruddy fullness of his face was gone and in its place was a gauntness which lent an almost boyish delicacy to his features. He looked more like the Rodney who had first been her lover. (*Continued on page 68*)

## Divinity

(A Sonnet)

By J. Randolph Sasnett

IS it a good and noble thing to hold  
That man is weak and prone to sordidness—  
A creature vile with evil-mindedness,  
A slave to lust, in fleshly bondage sold?  
Is History's bitter tragedy all true—  
The race's blind and blatant selfishness,  
Its beggarly and meagre paltriness,  
And all that stains the past with ugly hue?

Far rather say the bright flowers of the spring  
Will grow into a color drab and dead,  
The lily's virgin white turn black, instead;  
That nestlings of the May will never sing.  
O, libel not the God within your soul.  
*Believe the Beautiful—and be thou whole!..*



# The Beautiful Adventure

## THE POTTER AND HIS PLAN

For I remember stopping by the way  
To watch a potter thumping his wet clay.

—Omar Khayyam

**E**ACH day of life is a beautiful adventure. We are ships upon an unknown sea. We are travelers in strange lands. And what we see is at best what we set out to see. And when this beautiful adventure comes to an end the paths we took shall altogether determine whether we shall be captives or conquerors.

Two men were speeding thru a beautiful cross-country in an automobile. Both were direct from the heart of business; men who had experienced defeat followed by the glamour of achievement. One was a lawyer, the other a merchant. The lawyer was complaining of the "whips and scorns" of the past, and could not for this reason come into the real enjoyments of life which should have been his. He looked out over the hills and vales, fresh with the blush of spring, and saw only the bare outlines of existence, "stale, flat and unprofitable."

A primrose by the water's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And it was nothing more.

He was one of life's captives.

But the other man. He had no quarrel with the past. To him the heartaches and reverses were the necessary rungs in his ladder of attainment. He looked out upon the scenes that passed in panorama before them and saw more than the naked eye could discern. He had learned to look upon the world as a fragrant garden, and the privilege of planning, striving and hoping as life's golden heritage. He was indeed, one of life's conquerors.

The story of these two men is in a measure the story of life. It is the story of those who live a blinded existence and the story of those who give some thought to the guiding principles of life and plan for happiness as an architect designs the

## Second of a Series of Articles on

## The Fight for Happiness

By  
**Curtis  
Gentry**



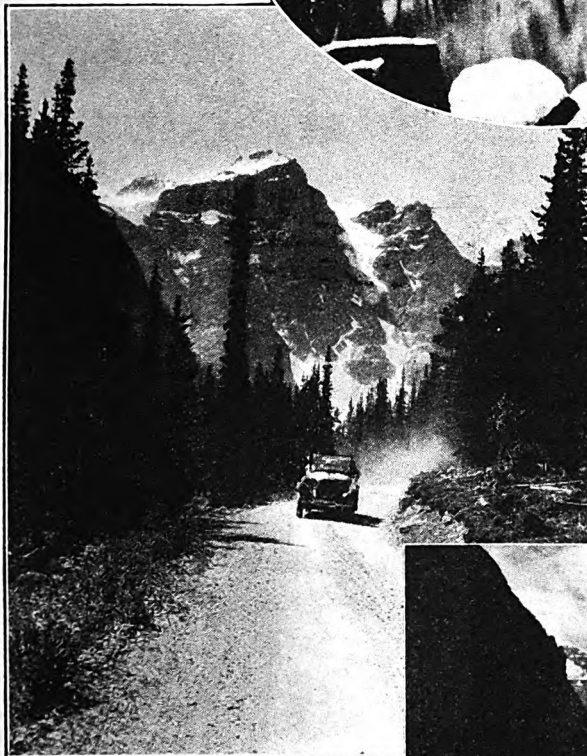
Photo by  
Harriet Geithmann

beauty of a temple.  
Matthew Arnold  
reminds us that  
Most men eddy  
about

Here and there—  
eat and drink,  
Chatter and love and  
hate,  
Gather and squander,  
are raised  
Aloft, are hurled in the  
dust,

Striving blindly, achieving  
Nothing; and then they die—  
Perish.

Few men have felt the throbbing pulse of humanity like the noted writer, Dr. Frank Crane. "I have met millionaires," he wrote, "successful business men, learned professors, gifted artists, and able preachers who have not the slightest notion of how to be happy. Think (Continued on page 59)



Two photos courtesy Canadian Pacific



# From "Wild Man" to

By Uthai Vincent Wilcox

A BROWN-SKINNED lad who first came to the United States twenty years ago as a "wild man" to be exhibited in the Jamestown Exposition has returned as an emissary of the artistic life of his own people. But he is more. As a recognized authority on architecture and city planning under Oriental conditions, business interests have asked for his presence in America in explanation of his plans.

With experiments in progress in the Philippine Islands for the cultivation of hundreds of thousands of acres of rubber trees, and surveys now being carried on for the development of hardwood and coffee and the mineral wealth of these islands, it should not sound so strange, after all, that the director of public works of the Philippine Islands is visiting the United States to learn the best methods of town and city planning.

The personal story of J. M. Arelleno is hard to match. The turning of a supposed "wild man" of the side shows into an architect, his advancement to a position of artistic dictator of his people, his appreciation of the close relationship that exists between artistic culture and business prosperity, is a romance full of inspiration as well as of social significance.

Mr. Arelleno is intensely concerned with emphasizing the fact that in the Philippines the potential sources of incalculable wealth have scarcely been touched. The future, he believes, holds practically unlimited possibilities in business. The towns and cities of these islands are, he hopes, to become models for the rest of the world.

That a new people may be ready for this industrial and business change this youthful director of public works is particularly interested in giving them an

appreciation of the world of art. He believes that a love for clean and beautiful surroundings, well-kept streets and lovely parkways will have inestimable value in raising the standards of business management and all-round efficiency as well as the domestic and social life of the people. Elevated standards of living, he points out, will also make the people of the island better buyers of American products, and thus help to stimulate industry and business here.

Mr. Arelleno relates an incident about a native town that wished to erect a monument in honor of one of its heroes who had died fighting for the islands' freedom. According to the laws of today such a monument was scheduled for prior submission and authorization to the director of public works.

"When the plans were brought to me," explained the director, "I told the mayor of the town that I was more interested in seeing the plaza where the monument was to be placed so as to know something of the setting that was to be given it than in seeing the statue itself."

In going to the town to inspect local conditions Arelleno found the plaza, or center park, nothing more than an empty lot, overgrown with weeds and, as he had feared, altogether unsightly.

"Let me take your money to make your plaza beautiful," he demanded of the mayor.

With some reluctance he was granted the necessary permission. By using the money judiciously he remade the park. Lawns were planted, winding cement walks laid, artistic benches placed along the paths, a variety of native shade trees planted and the older trees preserved from destruction. With the setting perfected, the townspeople were more eager



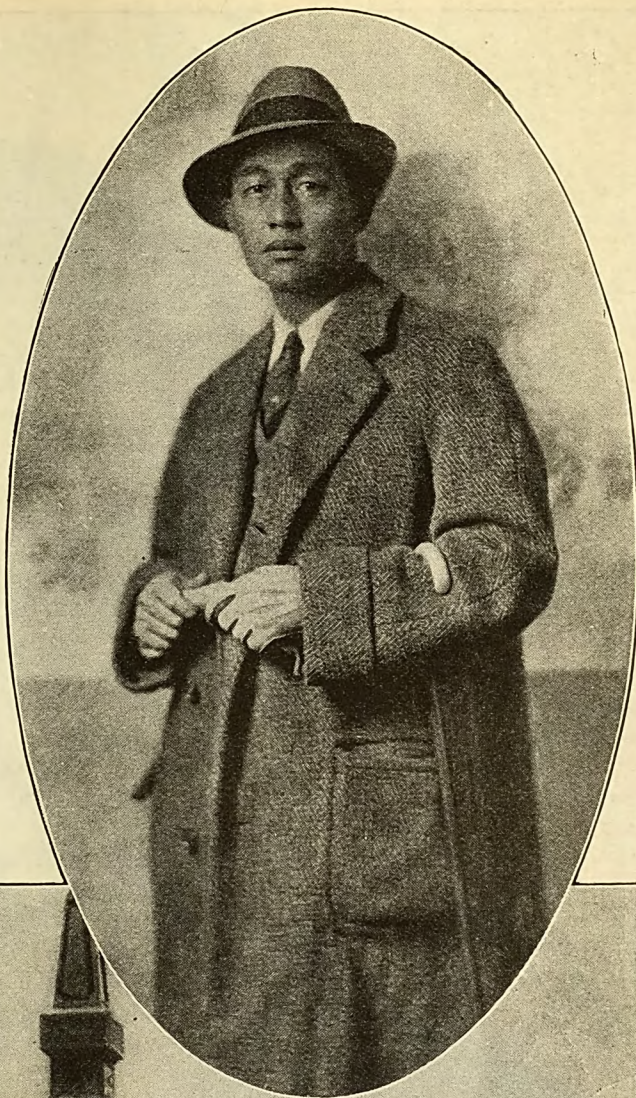
*The Legislative Building in Manila, designed by Mr. Arelleno.*



# Artist-Statesman

*The Story of*  
J. M. Arelleno,

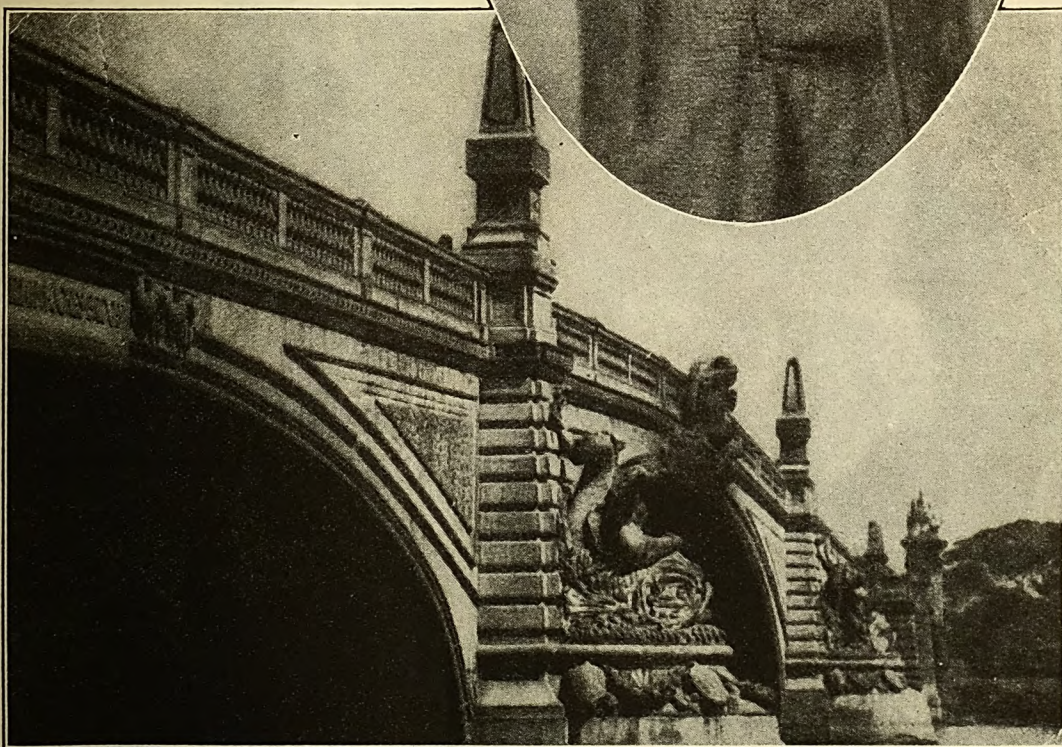
*Director of Public Works*  
*of the Philippine Islands*



than ever for a suitable monument in the center, and the additional money was very soon made available.

But the change was not wholly physical. An attractive park, clean and inviting, had its reaction in the temperament of the inhabitants.

"You should see the difference in that town now," Arelleno said. "Instead of a town run down at the heels, unkempt, unable financially to attend to the ordinary public functions, it has become a small city where business is brisk and prosperous, with the people coming in from the surrounding country to spend their money, visit the plaza, and do their trading. Civic pride has been awakened, and the retail stores



*The William Acheson Jones Memorial Bridge, designed and built by Mr. Arelleno in an effort to teach his people something of western civilization.*

and the banks reflect the new life of the people.

"The mayor, as a result of the change, the increased business and the appreciation of the town's people, was elected governor of the province and the Governor-General visited the place to commend the transformation of the town and to encourage the movement.

"The former mayor came to me saying that he was

in no way responsible except in cooperation, but I was glad to tell him that he should wear my shoes as long as his ideals for civic betterment lasted. I encouraged him in his desire and his awakened sense of civic pride, and now he is attempting to do for the province what was done for the town."

The zeal of this young "wild (Continued on page 77)







# By Joseph L. Obermayer *Opportunities in Banking*

## *The Attraction of Modernized Banking as a Career for Young Men and Women*

**T**HE business of banking in the past year has probably received more attention in the press and has been brought more forcefully to the public than any time in its history. Hardly a week passes that does not see the merger of great banks into still greater ones and the formation of new organizations to conduct banking business. The unprecedented activity in Wall Street has brought the banks further into the public eye so that probably no business of our modern life is receiving more public attention.

It follows most naturally that young men and young women of the country are wondering about a career in banking, looking into this field and asking themselves if it is not an opportunity for them. The profession of banker has long been one outstanding in the community and around it has grown up an atmosphere of exclusiveness—a feeling that a career in the banking field is only possible for specially fitted and lucky people.

What then is the opportunity for the young man? Banking is far from being overcrowded today. Nor do indications point to its being overcrowded in the future because of the exceptional progress of American industry with which banking must keep pace. And since there is plenty of room here for the deserving newcomer, the opportunities for him are proportionately greater than in many other fields, and the rewards commensurate.

In fact, the chances for satisfactory advancement in banking today were never better. Skilled specialists are conspicuous by their scarcity. With over 2,000 national banks having been granted trust powers within the last few years, we are confronted with an acute scarcity of available "timber" for trust service positions. Senior bank officers are being forced to accept increasing burdens, burdens which they would take delight in passing on to younger men if they be-

Born in Brooklyn in 1885, Mr. Obermayer's rise in the banking world has been spectacular. He attended public and high school in his native city, studied public accountancy at evening school, took the average "boy's job" in a local bank—and at the age of thirty-two was made treasurer of the New York Title Insurance Company, three years after joining the organization. He later became affiliated with the American Trust Company, of New York, and is now vice-president and treasurer of that institution and also vice-president and treasurer of its affiliated organization, the New York Title and Mortgage Company.

lieved they were ready by education and training to accept some of these newer responsibilities.

To remedy the situation, we have thousands of young men and women who are at present preparing themselves for greater responsibility. They are devoting several evenings a week to study along specialized lines. There are few businesses today wherein the educational facilities offered the young person are the equal of those in banking. There are some 29,000 students at present enrolled for special courses being given by the American Institute of

Banking which is under the auspices of the American Bankers' Association. These students are pursuing such courses as banking fundamentals, commercial law, negotiable instruments, standard economics, accounting, business forecasting, credits, investments and trust functions. Many universities offer courses in banking.

In the opinion of Craig B. Hazelwood, president of the American Bankers' Association, "What American banking and business need more than anything else are young men and women who can think."

Some years since, the opinion prevailed that banking was "a poor man's game," entirely unsuitable for the ambitious young chap eager to carve a career. But during our transformation from an agricultural nation to an industrial one, banking, like most other businesses has witnessed epochal improvement, and public knowledge of the banker, the services he performs in the community and the methods he pursues, has broadened considerably. Today, modern banking can be said to hold opportunity equal to any presented by any other field of business for the ambitious, and special opportunity for the specialist.

In its very nature, banking inculcates thrift, trustworthiness, neatness, self-control and courtesy. Under modern conditions, the quality of personality is being developed among bank employees and the fortunate

young person who possesses this unusual asset in combination with other qualifications will go far in banking; for in many banking institutions today the tellers' cages and grill work are being eliminated and low screens are being substituted, making for visible contact with the public.

The old conception of the banker with a "poker face"—imperturbable, even forbidding manner and the entire effect heightened by the high hat—this type of individual is fast disappearing. Today, junior executives who have been encouraged to ask "why" about procedure and routine are questioning many things in banking; they are endeavoring to cut red tape, to set more precise standards in control and administration. And among senior officers there is a growing tendency to encourage this mental attitude as well as to recognize the deserving student and the deserving aspirant, under a broad policy of continued advancement.

Since bankers are being consulted to-day on almost every imaginable subject under the sun—I might say that the fate of enterprises hinges on their advice—there is a pressing need for bank executives deserving the title. Naturally, the young man or woman who sets out to prepare himself or herself for a position of greater responsibility in a bank is soon recognized. We are fast ridding ourselves of the clock-watchers and the professional job-hunters and are doing all we can to attract and encourage those who can assist us by relieving us of pressing responsibilities and who can suggest and carry out newer and better methods. This type of individual is destined to go far in this interesting field of service, for banking, after all, is a public service.

Banking has kept close stride with the expansion of American business and the natural growth of population. For instance, we have today in New York State, 565 national banks and 536 state banks and trust companies, including 149 mutual savings banks. In Greater New York City, several of our great banks maintain more than fifty branch offices. New branches are continually being opened and the bank's personnel specialist is called upon to select entire staffs.

In some quarters advancement of employes has been so rapid that the young chap who might have been in the teller's cage several years ago thinking there was no way out, occupies a vice-president's chair today. But the point is that he decided to prepare himself to accept increased responsibility. Perhaps he questioned methods and suggested improvements. His efforts were recognized and the rewards followed as they always will. In the course of advancement he probably became chief teller, then assistant to a department head, then a junior officer. It is significant here that in the United States today the business of banking has positions for some 200,000 junior officers. It is these young men who will run our banks ten years hence.

Years ago, banks were extremely limited in the scope of their activities.

Their business was confined to the acceptance of deposits and the making of loans. In those days, soliciting business was considered undignified, and the banker's personal knowledge of his customer's business formed the sole basis upon which he would make or decline a loan. Today the modern banking institution might be likened to a financial department store offering facilities for service undreamed of by bankers of a previous generation. Here in this financial department store, just as in many well regulated department stores, there is a specialist in charge of each department.

Not long since, credit departments were unknown ex-

cept in our largest banks. Today every large metropolitan bank maintains its credit department and credit files, and customers' financial statements are now kept by every small bank. This department is the very heart of the bank. For those possessing the training and temperament most likely to succeed in this work a text-book and a special course on credits are offered by the American Institute of Banking. So in every imaginable subdivision of our business, unusually broad educational facilities are offered the young person who knows where he is going. If this young person has a broad cultural background, so much the better, especially since banking today is confronted with international problems and the broad-visioned executive is finding increasing favor among directors.

## Lines to Doctor Watson

By Emanuel Morris

I SAW a walrus in the air, his limbs of purple hue.  
A reflex sprang to life in me, I moved just what to do.  
Conditioned images galore, reposed within mine eye;  
Oh tell me Doctor Watson, might these things be stimuli?

They beat a brass plate near my head when I was two weeks old,  
And pressed a herring to my nose, a herring stark and cold.  
So now, when fishy smell steals near, I scream in pain, "What is it?  
Oh tell me Doctor Watson, could the reflex be implicit?

'Tis true I have not got a soul, a consciousness at all.  
Am nothing save a muscle with an epidermic wall.  
These pulsings I may show Without are merely The Within,  
Oh tell me Doctor Watson, could the stimulus be gin?

You've proved conclusively enough, there's no such thing as fear.  
That pain is but a movement, now redundantly is clear.  
I do not feel the sting I get when fooling with a bee—  
Oh tell me Doctor Watson, is the sting in it or me?

Ofttimes I'm rather puzzled since you've placed upon the shelf,  
That convenient little ego, which I used to term, Myself.  
Yet I've a consolation Doc, a muscular one too,  
When I whisper, "Doctor Watson, there isn't any you!"



# Letters to my Daughter

## Something About Charm

By  
Ouisse  
Vaupel

Hollywood, California, May 23, 1929

DEAREST ONE:

YESTERDAY I sang at a party. It was given for some thirty children and I was to sing for the grown-ups. This party was given in the home of a very wealthy family. You would gasp, dear, at the things they have in this house. Things lovely and beautiful. The party was held in the garden. It was full of gay ribbons floating in the breeze. With a background of the majestic snow-capped mountains, and the blue sky, and the lazy hum of the unseen singing things of nature and the many colored flowers, it was a sight to be remembered.

The little children ran gaily around with their lovely little dresses, colored so that they looked like a shaken wreath of primroses. Isn't it odd how much children look alike and act alike? I laughed all inside me at their sturdy little legs and their dancing eyes, and I thought of my own lovely girl. Oh, they were sweet! And, dearest, you would have loved the chubby boy who was having such a bad time, 'cause his belt had slipped, and he had to run around, holding up his pants with one hand. I called him over when no one was looking and pinned them up for him, and he was so grateful he kissed me.

Then I went into the big music room with Manuel, my accompanist, and started to sing my regular recital numbers. Before I finished I saw the little faces peeking in thru the curtains. So, then, instead of singing the encores some of the grown-ups were asking for, I got out my "pet" songs—those I used to sing to you. And the first thing I knew all the children were sitting down in front, near the piano. So I came down right among them and sang your songs to them. I sang with all my heart, for I was singing to you, my baby, so far away. The children were enthralled, and so were the grown-ups. And I kept on for almost an hour.

The threads of my love for you were woven into each beautiful melody. While the love in me was consuming, I could feel the flame shining in my eyes, and see the



OUISE VAUPEL AND AUDREY

Photo by Bachrach

reflection of it in the innocent faces of *my children*. 'Cause they *were* mine. Their little hearts responded to the love I was pouring out on them, and I was so very happy!

I felt as tho I were in heaven, and at peace with all the world. Never had a singer such an audience. So still, so dear, and so tenderly gracious.

Ah, my lovely one, if you could only know what I know! If there were only some way that I could pour this beautiful expression into your soul, so that you might drink of love and joy like this. And yet I know, as I stand on heights like this, that "this too shall pass." And tomorrow I'll have to go back and toil up the hill again. Till that day when I can forget the little old me, and join the masters of melody that flood me with that joy that is at times exquisite pain.

But it's worth it all, dear, to have those minutes that crowd into the life of a musician. For even tho the valleys are low and the hills are high, to fly, even for these brief, lovely intervals, is more than worth the climb.

You are sweet and wonderful, my own. I am with you always.

YOUR MOTHER

(Continued on page 50)



# How the Mind Emerges

LITTLE was understood of the unconscious and its relation to dreams, sex and strange mental phenomena

before Sigmund Freud began his great work. The study of evolution had demonstrated the inter-relation of all living creatures and the similarity of anatomical structure between many species. The science of psychology still lacked some great and epoch-making discovery to establish it once and forever on a firm basis of law; and to trace the gradual growth of the mind from the simple to the complex.

It will be recalled that Dr. Breuer, with whom Freud at first co-operated in the "talking treatments", observed some queer symptoms in the case of a young woman, which he had at first attributed to hysteria. The application of hypnotic treatment, which was then more widely than now in medical vogue, failed to remove these symptoms and her condition steadily grew worse. Dr. Breuer noticed, however, that his patient in her "absent" states would mutter to herself. He made her repeat the words that she uttered and by this method caused the ideas which dominated her mind to be reproduced. The tracing of the origin of these fancies which dominated her was actually the discovery of the "hidden motives" involved in the innumerable manifestations of the unconscious in its relation to daily life and morbid mental states.

Freud, who in the meantime had been studying under the celebrated Charcot, returned to Vienna to find Breuer, who was then utilizing the "cathartic method". It appeared to Freud that Breuer did not quite understand its relation to medical psychology and so he prevailed upon him to continue their investigations of his newly discovered procedure. Breuer had, however, lost some of his original enthusiasm about it.

Freud's faith in this discovery was not to be dimmed. They continued their observations and after some time passed, sufficient in their minds to establish the value of their findings, they arrived at the conclusion that the pent-up emotion in a patient, when prevented from having normal escape, would be converted into abnormal symptoms, either physical or mental. Also, while observing patients in their clinic, they noticed

## *A Review of the Development of the Psycho-analytical Interpretation of History and Life*

that the symptoms always had a relation to some event in their lives. This led them to the opinion that pathological experiences

were related to earlier ones, but that these earlier ones need not have been pathological in their nature; and that the earlier experience gave a mental character to the later pathological occurrence.

After co-operating for some time in these observations and experiments Freud and Breuer parted company because they strongly differed as to the part sex played in the forming of a neurosis. Going ahead by himself, Freud developed a technique of his own. By allowing his patient to talk on whatever came into his mind, he became convinced, after careful and critical

observation, that everything that occurred to the patient had some relation either directly or otherwise to some "wound" in his subconscious.

In the year 1895 Freud delivered his first lectures on his discoveries which were destined to herald the birth of psycho-analysis. At first he converted only three in the medical realm—Adler, Stekel and Sadger. But in 1900 Jung, and a small group of physicians led by him, began to utilize the Freudian method at the psychiatric clinic at Zürich. Eight years later, thru Jung's call, the first congress of this school of physicians took place in Salsburg and as a contribution to the science of medical psychology the *Jarbuch fur Psycho-analytische und Psychopathologische Forschungen*, a review published by Freud and Bleuler, came into existence under the editorship of Jung.

earnest and conscientious students now entered the field. Thoughtful and critical works appeared bearing the mark of scholarly ability and pioneer zeal. From the field of medical psychology the science of psycho-analysis spread to the fields of mythology and folk-lore. Explanations, backed by psychological interpretation, began to appear for the myths and legends of mankind. It was found that the desires of the human race which were yearning for gratification thruout the ages were depicted in myths and legends and that if one understood the cryptic key given by psycho-analysis he could decipher the meaning of all these ancient tales. The emotions of mankind, said the psycho-analysts, were

The clash of Sex and Civilization is a subject of never-ending interest to students of psychology.

Notwithstanding the wide divergences among the pioneers of the psycho-analytical movement, their work, particularly that of Freud himself, remains of great value.

To understand the hidden springs of human action and to make connection with the subconscious drives of one's own nature will help the individual to go forward constructively with the real work and experiences of life.



# from Chaos

By  
J. Benjamin

painted on a canvas of thought by a blind artist.

It is well known to anthropologists that the symbol played a very important part in the primitive productions of the human mind. Even today our method of conveying ideas is based upon a form of symbolism. The engineer who figures the boring of a tunnel, the musician composing divine symphonies, and the literary artist use symbols to a large extent.

Andre Tridon pointed out in one of his books that — "The language of all races is symbolical and man is constantly instituting in his speech comparisons between certain aspects of

nature  
and  
parts of  
the hu-  
man body.  
—We speak  
of the mouth  
of a river, or

hind all these turns of our speech. A relationship, hitherto unknown, was established between certain elements existing in language and the primitive thought of mankind.

Man has within himself two tendencies, one of which may be termed centripetal and the other centrifugal. One tends to carry him forward, the other displays a decided inclination to revert to a primitive state.

We see this tendency displayed, for example, in the anatomical structure of man in which certain rudimentary organs persist in growing, to the great discomfort of the human at times.

Metchnikoff, in his brilliant work on *The Nature of Man*, enumerates many examples of existing dis-

harmonies in the anatomy of man and can we not point to "disharmonies" in his mental structure also? Nietzsche, who preceded the psycho-analysts, foresaw many of their discoveries. In one of his books he states: "In our sleep

and in our dreams, we pass thru the whole thought of earlier humanity. I mean in the same way that man reasons in his dreams, he reasoned when in the waking state many thousands of years. . . . The  
(Continued on  
page 56)



Keystone View Photo

FREUD

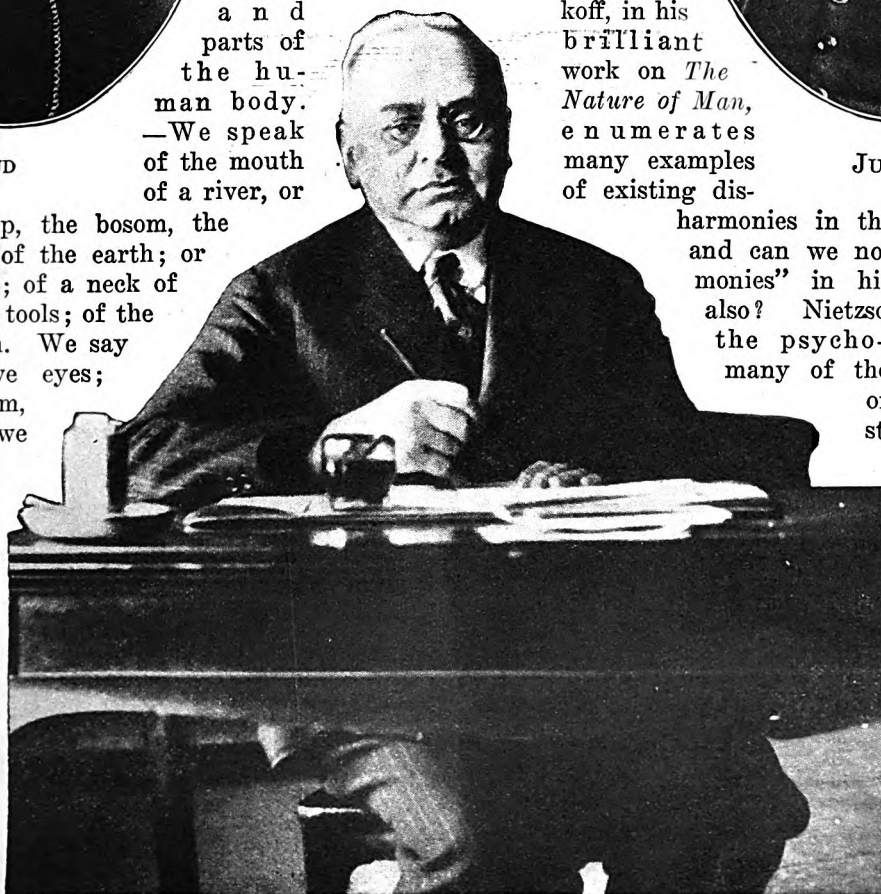


New York World Photo

JUNG

a cave; of the lap, the bosom, the womb, the bowels of the earth; or the head of a lake; of a neck of land; of a chest of tools; of the foot of a mountain. We say that potatoes have eyes; that a color is warm, facts dry; that we scent trouble, etc."

How these expressions entered our speech and their relation to the basis of our thought was probed by psycho-analytic investigators. It did not take long to find that there was a profound significance be-



Underwood & Underwood Photo

ADLER

# A Ruler of Darkness

By  
A. Taylor

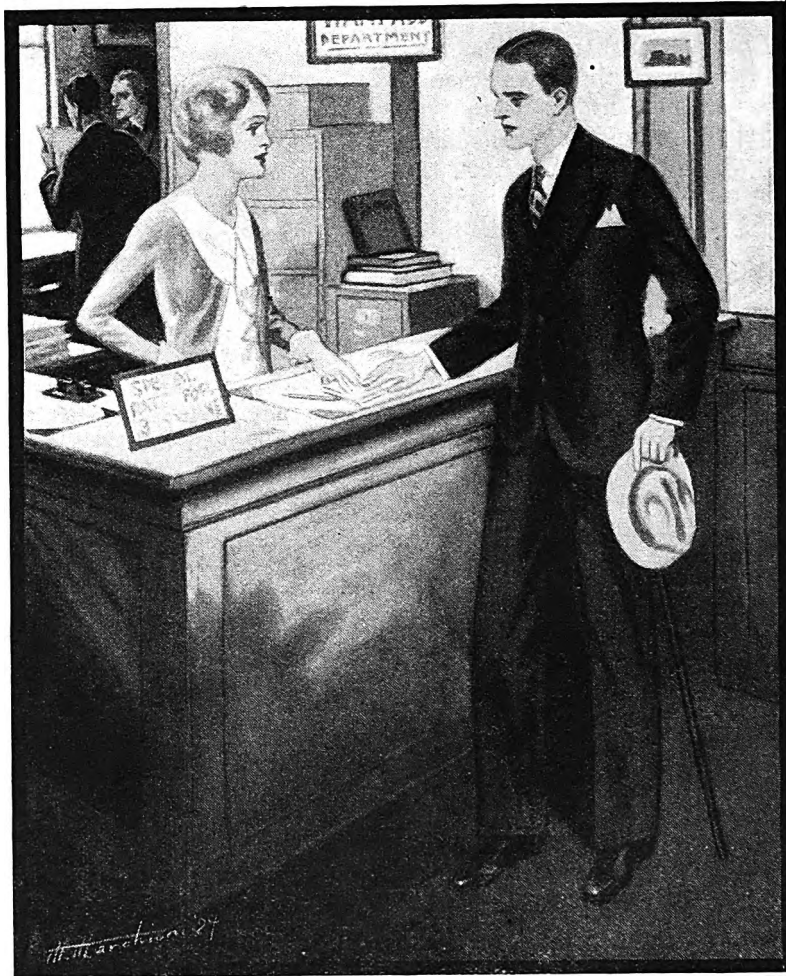
Illustrated by  
M. Marchioni

JOHN DEVLIN, managing director of *The Vanerton Daily News*, looked up at the smiling young man before him. To say he was surprised would but poorly express the astonishment he had experienced when his nephew entered his office a short time before. He could not fail to be amazed as he contrasted the scene with a similar one which had occurred in this same office about two years previously.

A young man, pale and thin, had sat before him then; just a boy, one of the left-overs from the war. Desperation and despair had been depicted in his face, and every movement had been an expression of despondency.

"Uncle," he had said, leaning his elbows on the desk and resting his head in his hands, "I am going away. I can't stay here any longer. This perpetual sympathy will drive me mad. Why won't people realize that I am a man, just as I always was, with a man's interest in life and a man's hatred of all the ill-concealed pity that I am confronted with wherever I go. I am not a fool—and I'm not a girl that I should be continually fussed over," he finished with a sneer.

He had gone away; and now here he was back again. It was a little difficult to picture that desperate boy in place of the confident, contented man who sat before



"I say," he said with a laugh, "I wish you'd word this thing for me."

## The Story of a Youngster Who Put the Reverse Twist on Fate

him at his desk now.

"Well, Rex," he said, "this is indeed a greater surprise than I had hoped for. Why, boy, no one meeting you in a casual way would ever know."

The young man laughed.

"Casual way," he repeated. "I'd go considerably further than that. I'll guarantee that I could converse for at least fifteen minutes with any stranger without his having the faintest suspicion that I am handicapped in this way."

John Devlin looked rather doubtfully at his nephew. "I hardly think you could get by with

that," he replied. "In any case I wouldn't advise you to bet on it."

"You wouldn't, eh?" said Rex, rising and pushing back his chair.

"Well, uncle old boy, just to prove you are wrong, I'll wager you fifty dollars that I can go down to any of your employees, talk to them for a quarter of an hour, and at the end of the conversation my secret will still be as much my secret as it was at the beginning."

His uncle rose also. "You're still rather a fool, Rex," he said, putting his arm affectionately round the young man's shoulders. "However, I'll take you on; I'd be glad to see you win, but I'm afraid you are expecting a little too much, lad. Just a moment," he added—as



his nephew turned towards the door, "I'll come down to the main floor with you."

They descended the two flights of stairs together. "I am going to the 'Want Ads' department," said Rex, as they reached the bottom, "I suppose it is still in the same place."

"No," replied his uncle, "It isn't. You'd better let me come along with you."

The young man declined the offer. "I'll find it all right. And," he concluded with a chuckle, "I'll call to collect this afternoon."

THEY parted, the elder man going down the steps into the street, and the younger passing thru the swinging door that led into the main office.

As he entered he came into violent contact with a small boy who was making a hurried exit.

"Here," said Rex, as he pulled up, "Why don't you look where you are going?"

"Why don't you?" was the ready response. "What's the matter with you getting out of my way, instead of expecting me to get out of yours?"

Rex Pemberton broke into a cheery laugh. "You win youngster," he said. "Here I say," he went on as the boy moved off, "where's the 'Want Ads' department?"

"Follow this counter," began the boy.

"Which counter?" broke in Rex.

"Why this counter in front of you," the lad raised his voice impatiently. "Follow it right along to the end, then turn to your left. There's a girl in a brown dress round the corner. She's 'Want Ads'."

Rex took a few steps forward. "I see," he said laying his hand upon the counter. "This counter."

"Yes," said the boy emphatically. "That's the one." Then a tone of mock resignation. "Say, Mister, would you like me to go over the whole story again?" But in spite of his offer he was evidently unwilling to carry it thru, for he darted away and was out of the door before Rex could reply.

THE young man stood still for a moment, an amused smile playing on his face, then taking his cane from under his arm he turned and followed the counter as he had been directed. Turning to the left when he reached the end, he took a few more steps then stopped.

He did not look around for the girl in brown whom the small boy had called "Want Ads", but stood with his back to the counter looking vacantly in the opposite direction. At length a male voice interrupted his silent contemplation of the somewhat uninteresting scene before him.

"Yes, sir, something for you?" queried the voice.

Rex swung round.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I wish to insert an advertisement in the 'Want' column."

"Just a moment," was the reply. Then, "Miss Graham—Want Ads," he called.

The girl in the brown dress came forward.

"Good morning," a low voice addressed Rex. "You wish to place an Ad?"

"Yes," said Rex, removing his hat, "I do."

"I see," replied the girl. "Well, just fill it in on this form will you?" pushing a pencil and a blank pad towards him. "You'll also see a place for your own name and address, and the number of insertions you want."

"Thanks," said Rex.

He half turned from her



"I made rather a mess of things at the finish, didn't I?" He turned on his side—and groaned.



and looked thoughtfully on the ground. For a few seconds he remained thus, then without changing his position reached out uncertainly for the pad the girl had placed before him. Turning again to the counter he leaned over the pad.

The girl in brown watched him a trifle impatiently. Whatever his advertisement was it seemed to require an unusual amount of consideration. At last however he raised his head.

"I say," he said with a laugh, "I wish you'd word this thing for me. It will cost me a small fortune if I do it myself."

"Why, yes, I may be able to help you," came the ready response in that low pleasing voice. "For what are you advertising?"

"That is awfully kind of you," said Rex. "I wonder if you would mind writing it for me too," he went on, pushing the pad across to her.

"I assure you that it will be less trouble for you to do that than try to decipher my writing if I do it."

Taking the pad from him, the girl returned his friendly smile.

"All right," she said. "Give me an idea as to what you want to say, and I'll try to say it in the least expensive way for you."

Rex raised his head, and let his eyes rest for a second on her face.

"I have an aged mother," he began, "and I want a refined married couple to live with her. She needs the woman for a companion and the man for a chauffeur and general protector. She is rather particular, and I am afraid it is going to be quite a task to please her. You had better mention that she is an old lady," he added as an afterthought.

Nodding her head Jean Graham commenced to write rapidly on the blank form before her. Rex waited until she had finished, then as she pushed the pad forward for him to read he broke in.

"Just a moment, I think perhaps we had better leave out the 'Old' after all. Mother hates to think she is aging."

Jean drew her pen twice thru the short word.

"That's right," said Rex quickly. "Now read it."

The low voice began.

"Lady desires companionship of a refined married woman whose husband would be willing to act as chauffeur. Both required to live in."

Pausing, she raised her head interrogatively.

"Is that sufficient?" she queried.

"Fine," said Rex. He gave his address and phone number and the transaction was completed.

"I will have your bill mailed to you," said the girl as she tore off the form.

Again the young man's eyes were lifted to her face.

"Er—yes, thanks," he said slowly.

There was an awkward pause while he stared vacantly before him.

"It's been awfully good of you to take so much trouble," he said at last. "I am afraid I have taken up more of your time than I should have."

The girl laughed.

"That is quite all right," she said. "My whole day is spent in helping people take up my time."

"I'm glad you didn't mind," said Rex in a low voice, leaning towards her, "because I should like to take up still more of your time." He paused. "The part that does not come into your day's work."

A frown gathered on Jean's brow. "I am afraid," she said, somewhat sarcastically, "you have misunderstood my attentiveness. I am paid to be attentive to customers," she finished emphatically.

Rex lowered his head.

"I am sorry," he said.

Then lifting his eyes for an instant again, "But I shall not forget you. And," he added, a smile flickering on his face, "you should always wear brown, it suits you so well."

The girl made no reply, but with an ill-concealed look of annoyance walked away.

Rex did not look after her, neither did he seem in the least disconcerted by her attitude, for there was amusement mingled with the satisfaction in his smile as he walked away.

HE made his way slowly to the exit, but as he neared the swinging-door he stopped and again stood

## Remember Tomorrow — and Grin!

By Mary Roberts

DID you have a rotten time yesterday? Well, that was yesterday . . . twenty-four hours ago! And nothing can ever happen again in just the same way. That's a grand and bromidic old platitude, but it's a grand old attitude! There IS something refreshing and buoying to feel that a thing that was bad has passed, and can never come again. Just think! Last summer's "hot spells" can never come again . . . O, we'll have hot weather, but not the same kind . . . Everything lets go and changes. Even that steam-shovel, that is raising Hades as well as a skyscraper, in your neighborhood, quits at five o'clock . . . and one day it will be gone FOR GOOD!

Remember tomorrow, and Grin!

with his back to the assistants.

Seeing him waiting there a girl came forward.

"Can I help you?" she queried brightly.

Rex turned. "I was wondering," he said, "if you could tell me where I can get the nearest taxi."

"I'll have one of the boys call one if you wish," replied the girl.

"Thanks," said Rex.

The girl raised her voice. "Here, Tommy," she said. "Get this gentleman a taxi."

The small boy with whom Rex had collided on entering the office hurried forward.

"Which gent?" he said. Then, as he noticed Rex standing there, "Oh him, me and him's old friends, ain't we, mister?"

Rex laughed, "Yes," he agreed. "Or old enemies."

The boy turned to the girl (Continued on page 73)



# How to Conquer Hate



Courtesy Fox Films

By John Walter Houck

**T**HE human heart is capable of extreme hate and extreme love. Most of us endeavor to cultivate an urbane, pleasing personality. And yet, in spite of our control of our emotions, we suddenly flare into a great wave of hate or love. This annoys us and causes us an uneasy feeling. The power of hatred to sour a disposition cannot be ignored.

"I hate that person," said a young college girl, referring to a popular classmate. This feeling of hatred worried the girl. So far as she could see, her hatred was absolutely unjustifiable. After careful reflection, caused by a feeling of remorse, she decided that she was really hating without a cause, and in her perplexity went to her psychology professor seeking an explanation of her problem. The professor inquired:

"Do you know the girl very well?"

"No," replied the student. "Mary and I met at the freshmen reception. Since then I have evaded her. The other girls think she is charming, but I hate her. I wish I didn't. I want to be fair to her."

"What makes you dislike the girl so unreasonably if you don't know her?" asked the professor.

"I don't understand it myself," was the answer. "You have told us in class that to hate without cause is morbid. I am worried about it."

The professor sensed a clue. He questioned her: "Did you ever know anyone else who looked like this girl?"

The student's face flushed and she breathed faster. "Yes, I did," she replied. "I knew a girl at boarding school who looked like her. She once lied about me and caused me a lot of misery. She had a personality

that completely dominated my own. I never let her know how much I despised her. I even pretended to like her."

"You think of your former unpleasant experience and recall all your mental anguish when you are near Mary, do you not?"

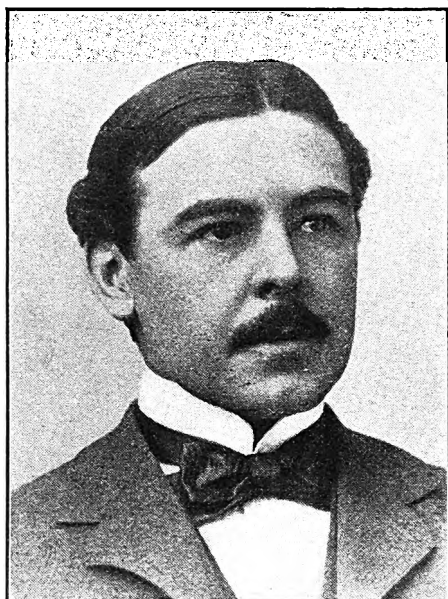
The girl confessed. "I do," she said. "I never associated the two girls together before, consciously, but unconsciously I have been re-living every experience which marred my life at boarding school whenever I have seen Mary. That is why I have evaded her. But tell me, what shall I do to conquer this hatred?"

The professor suggested that she try to think of another girl whom she knew at boarding school and loved very much. He said: "When you meet Mary think of the face of your boarding-school friend and treat Mary as you treated her. Do this until you tie up your former likes with Mary."

The girl worked hard at this task of conquering her hate. And with good results. Whenever she met Mary she smiled and tried to react favorably toward her. Mary, in turn, reacted kindly toward her. The girl found in Mary a good friend, and the emotion of hatred faded out of the picture and love took its place.

The way to conquer hatred is to find out why we hate so violently. Very often it is due to some former unpleasant association. Having ascertained the cause, we can substitute other associations which are pleasant, and our emotion of hate will readily disappear.

Hatred is an undesirable tenant in the mind. His damages are costly. Let's evict him and fill our mental house with the joys of kindness.



HENRY MILLER

# The Theater's Best Friend



E. H. SOTHERN

## Daniel Frohman

THE master of ceremonies on the stage of one of the largest playhouses in New York said, "Ladies and gentlemen, there is present in the audience today the world's most unselfish man."

The audience, and there were two thousand of it, turned its united face toward a tall man with bare, gleaming crown, scant beard and moustache, and benevolent smile. Daniel Frohman was the target.

"I hope that I am not embarrassing you, Mr. Frohman," said Taylor

*Talks to  
Ada Patterson  
about Friendship  
and Success*

Holmes, "but everyone knows what you are doing for the welfare of the player folk and we would like a word from you."

The man addressed rose from his chair far on the right side of the theatre. He bowed to the comedian, saying he had pleasant memories of Mr. Holmes as a member of one of his companies. He turned about so that his sweeping glance would include all in the vast playhouse and said: "I am here today for another reason. One of my pets, Miss



CECELIA LOFTUS



JAMES J. HACKETT



BILLIE BURKE



Laurette Taylor, is presenting a new playlet." He sat down and the audience beat its palms to the aching point and encircled with its smiles, as with a halo, the long head fringed with silvered brown hair, that rose above the slim shoulders of the man who sat in the extreme right seat.

I had seen the same man as the guest of honor at a dinner for which sixty-two persons paid \$1044 a plate. Beneath the glistening surface of that dinner, at which assembled some of the most distinguished persons in New York and America, was hidden a significant and characteristic fact. Daniel Frohman would not permit his admirers to tender him a Lucullan banquet at the prices that a Cræsus might pay for a meal unless the Actors Fund of America profited wholly and exclusively by the sumptuous dining. Since appreciation of his forty-four years of service to the stage prompted his friends to arrange such a feast, let it be ostensibly for him but really for the Actors Fund—and he would accept it. So was the Actors Fund of America, created and administered for the players who are sick or needy or aged, made richer and more useful by nearly \$100,000 while the million dollar drive for it continued. Daniel Frohman lives and works for the Actors Fund. I believe that he dreams it and that he talks of it in his sleep.

His deep, heart interest in the welfare of the people of the stage, his never-failing thoughtfulness have earned him the soubriquet, "Gentle Dan."

Mr. Frohman, in the spacious studio above his theatre where he is back-grounded by the photographs of stars of two generations and of the firmaments of two continents, and where, thru a fine slit in a curtain, he can watch a performance on the stage of his own playhouse, told me while a merry gleam shot athwart his friendly gray eyes, that his ambition had been frustrated.

"I was an office boy in the *New York Tribune* office. It was my aim to become a reporter, at fifteen dollars a week. I have not yet gotten that job. I was working for John Russell Young, on the *New York Standard*, from week to week on hope, when my energies were deflected into my present channel. Mr. Young left us to travel and I, at eighteen, was unable to keep the printers content with promises. We had to suspend. Someone needed an advance man for a minstrel company.

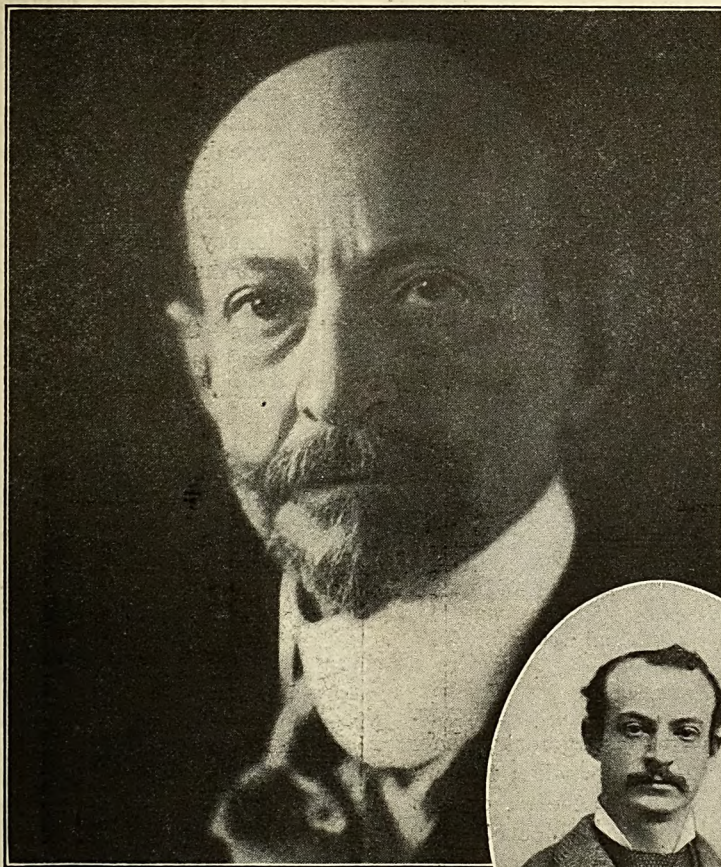
I was engaged because I could write the advance notices without any errors in grammar. For six months I went ahead of the minstrels, heralding their coming, proclaiming their genius, often depositing two dollars in one livery stable, taking out a horse and buggy and leaving it at another town to be claimed by the next man who had two dollars. I did my own routing and bill-posting. Six months taught me that the life of the theatre is one of vivid, inspiring personalities and of much beauty of purpose and achievement. Therefore I remained in it.

"One evening quite recently, from the stage box in my theatre, I saw Ned Sothorn play the rôle of a man who recaptured his youth in *What Never Dies!* Across the footlights, as he bowed to the welcoming audience, we exchanged smiles. For forty years before I had

caused his name to burn into the night above the old Lyceum Theatre and above the name of the play *The Highest Bidder*. That meant that he had been raised to the rank of a star. Had it been *The Highest Bidder* with E. H. Sothorn he would merely have been 'featured.' We both recalled, as we looked at each other across the intervening crescent of footlights, that he had come to me in trepidation saying 'I can't live up to that' and that I answered 'You must, Ned.'

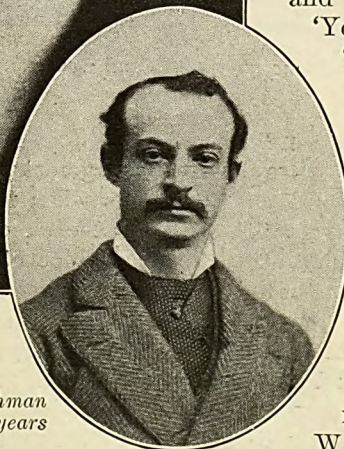
"While I was still an advance man for the minstrel company, I supped after the theatre with a young local critic and an actor. The young dramatic critic was Bradford Merrill. The actor was William Gillette.

After supper we strolled down Chestnut Street in Philadelphia to our hotels. We talked of our ambitions. 'I should like to be the manager of a great metropolitan newspaper,' said Mr. Merrill. 'I am not content with being an actor,' said William Gillette. 'I am learning how large are the royalty checks that authors receive. I should like to write plays.' 'I hope some day to manage my own companies and have my own theatre,' I said. The wishes of those three more or less foolish, perhaps a little wise young men (as you know) have been fulfilled. Bradford Merrill became publisher of the Hearst newspapers. William (Continued on page 61)



DANIEL FROHMAN

Mr. Frohman  
thirty years  
ago.





By  
H. G. Creel

# Trader and

## *First of a Series of Adventures in Heathen Temples*

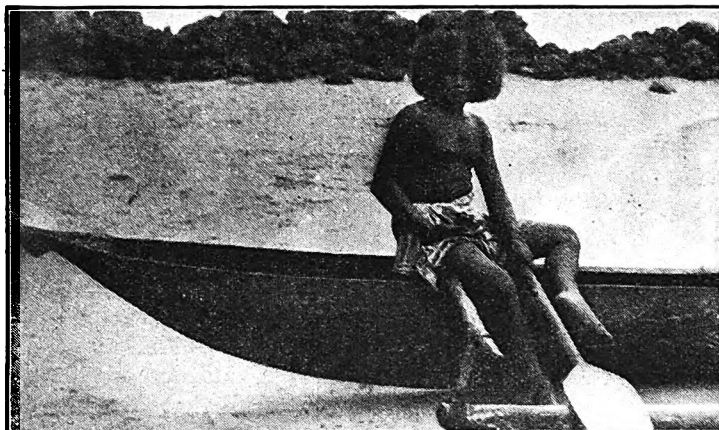
THE MISSIONARY wouldn't play poker. Not even for matches. And the Trader wouldn't compromise on dominoes. So tho I'd brought them together aboard the *Wilhelmena* there remained the finding of neutral ground from which conversation gracefully could glide to an exchange of ideas. Not that either needed an "excuse"; on the contrary they were anxious for debate. But being shipmates and white men, there was a natural edging to the line and a preliminary sizing up of one another.

The Missionary had been home on furlough and was going back to his station. The Trader, too, had been on vacation and was returning to Samoa to join his ship and again pick up the trail of copra. I, staff correspondent for an illustrated monthly, had started a rov-

opposition. Mostly it is expressed in what probably is the missionary's just complaint that while he opens markets for the Occident, "Commerce" supports him in niggardly fashion, if at all, and the trader remembers or recalls the history of better days, charging his present small profits to the past work of missionaries.

Probably the conflicting interests will never be reconciled.

There was no love lost in this case. The Missionary scorned traders as types, but made clear that the feeling did not extend to them as individuals. The Trader frankly despised all missionaries—this one included. Each, learning my business, and that I was new to the islands, gave me "facts" about the other's calling.

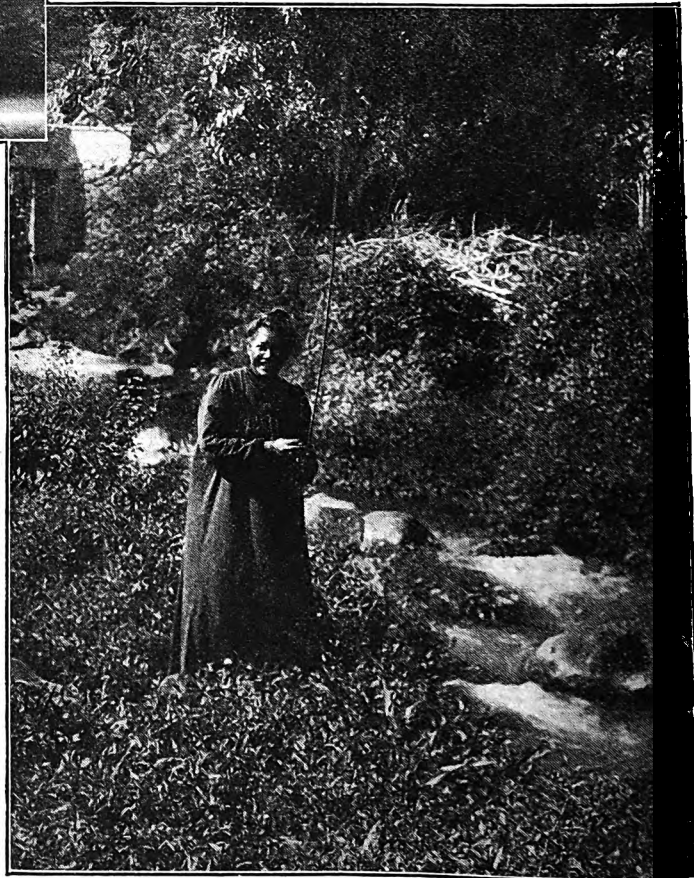


*The costume of the Fanning Island women.*

ing assignment among the South Sea Islands.

My companions were passive antagonists, their mutual distrust a relic of early days when traders and missionaries were figuratively at each other's throats and literally at each other's pocketbooks. Missionaries, shocked at the sharp practices and loose morals of traders, stepped into the breach and by influencing island chiefs and nobles, by official protests to European and American governments and by letters back home compelled more moral relations and less dishonest dealings with brown and black men and women. Traders retaliated by ridiculing the missionary message, which gained them support from native priests and sorcerers; by magnifying cases in which missionaries succumbed to temptation, economic and otherwise; by hampering them physically on the islands and by seriously discrediting them at home. Their propaganda made more difficult the collection of funds for work in the foreign mission field.

That picture has changed until today "trade" has become more or less dignified "Commerce" and missionaries are undeniably chosen with greater care and held to stricter account than in early times; but there remains a survival of the olden days of open



*After the missionary has had his say. Full skirts strike the South Sea Islander as equal to a lie. They say the implication is that the woman beneath is as fat as the skirt.*



# Missionary

## Discuss the Psychology of Clothes

THESE articles from Mr. Creel's pen will have unusual value as giving the facts of the impact of civilization upon savagery from the point of view of the "native." Few writers on conditions in the South Seas have succeeded in penetrating the mind of the inhabitants of those islands as did Mr. Creel. During his five years of residence in that strange part of the world, he lived among the natives, as a native, learning their languages, mastering their myths, their folklore, nursery rhymes, traditions—their psychology.

His articles represent the savage looking out upon civilization; not civilization looking in upon the savage.

Far from being antagonistic to the missionary, Mr. Creel is much sought after by mission boards and churches to present the problems of missions from the point of view of the uncivilized races.

For instance, the Trader was sure that if in early days missionaries had "kept their hands off and their noses out of" affairs in the islands no particular harm would have come to the natives. (He sharply divorced men of his vocation from blackbirders, slavers and pirates.) And the Missionary was equally certain that if men and women of his profession had not arrived in time partially to stop "the vile, ungodly practices" of the trading gentry the island population would have long since perished. Each supported his contention with history, with figures—and with deep conviction.

They were willing to repeat in each other's presence what they had said to me privately. And since the Missionary *wouldn't* play poker, and the Trader

*wouldn't* play dominoes, at eight bells we seated ourselves in a trio of deck chairs and approached the subject of the *tête-à-tête* by discussing clouds, waves, flying fish and porpoises. But the chance might not come again and I plunged conversation into deep water by asking:

"What has the native most to thank the white man for?"

"The Gospel," said the Missionary.

"Medicine," declared the Trader.

"And what has been most harmful?"

"Clothes!" boomed the Trader.

"Rum," protested the Missionary.

"The Kanaka had liquor before he saw white men," stated the Trader.

"Not the strong, vicious stuff brought by traders," maintained the Missionary.

"Kava was mild."

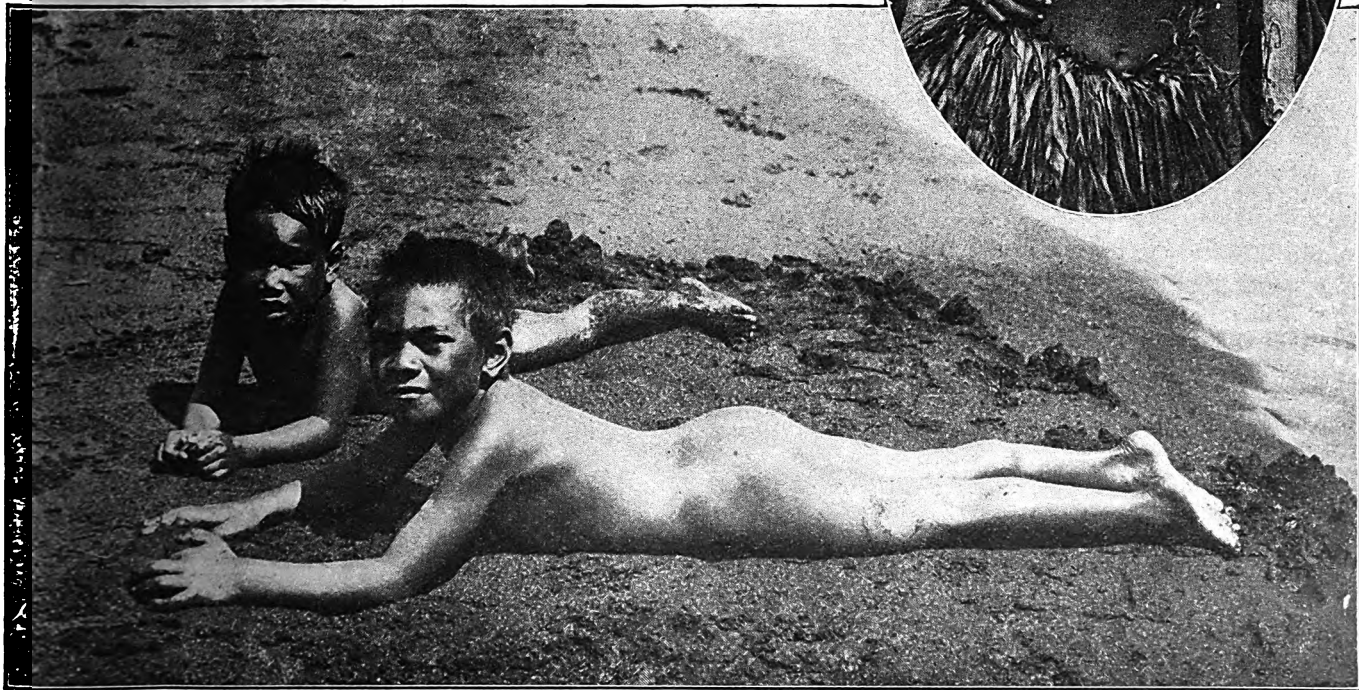
"What about palm wine?"

"It doesn't produce the effect of gin or whiskey."

"Ever been drunk on it?"

"Certainly not,"

(Continued on page 62)



Boys of the South Sea Islands take a continual sun bath. (Above) A Hawaiian girl in primitive costume.

# The Habit of "Stalling"

By  
L. E. Eubanks

PROFESSOR JAMES in his talks to students used to speak of the "agonies of beginning a task," and Professor O'Shea says that more energy is lost in agonizing about a thing than in actually doing it.

The old saying that procrastination is the thief of time does not tell half the truth. The waste of time is bad enough, but eventually one may become unable to do the thing at all—even late. Timidity grows on one. He keeps dreading everything and seeking easier and easier tasks until any really worth-while thing that looks the least bit difficult is not attempted at all.

There are some things we have to do; we know it, and know that the sooner we do it the better; yet we put off the beginning. A certain acquaintance confesses that he literally "fights" to get up on a cold morning. He knows he must not be late at the office and that lying there arguing with himself for fifteen minutes will do no good but cause him to have to hurry at breakfast and run for the car.

Why does he do it? Habit, that's the explanation. He has let the habit of dreading things get a grip on him. Deliberation is all right; of course many things have to be well thought over before a start is made; but once you have resolved to do a thing, don't keep hanging back and telling yourself that you can't do it. Such lack of decision will prevent your ever getting anywhere.

Don't fool yourself—you are either beginning or you are not. "Stalling" does not help—going thru a lot of unnecessary preliminaries, touching on the work here and there in easy places, and trying to fill in the time until you have to go home, to bed, and all that sort of thing. You're not fooling yourself or anybody else—and not doing the task. Take hold in the right way, force yourself to do it; jerk yourself down to business like that for a few weeks, and the *habit* will be formed for life. You'll have no more trouble getting started.

It cannot be too often repeated that the *start* is the hardest part, in any scheme of self-discipline. Mechanical engineers tell us that it takes six times as much power to start a fly-wheel from a dead stop as it does to keep it going once it is in motion. In other words, it takes only one-sixth as much effort to keep going once you have steam up and are on the way as it does to begin.

I know a man who faces the task of quitting the night lunch. For years he has been accustomed to eating at bedtime—no matter how hearty his dinner has been—and now the doctor says it must be stopped. But

## *A Warning Not to Lose Energy by Agonizing Over the Start*

Mr. Smith keeps putting it off. His stomach trouble is growing worse, and every week gives the habit a tighter hold. Yet he "just hates to start" that new plan. He'll have to do it, and the sooner the easier; he is losing valuable time.

Further, I know an unusually talented writer who wastes days, sometimes weeks, and worries himself into illness, before he begins a story. He knows from past experience that he can write, also that the sooner he gets at it the better; yet he makes all sorts of excuses to himself and his family, and keeps putting it off.

Now that man is not the least bit "lazy." Why does he do it? Habit. A habit contracted thru being his own boss. He is elated at success, and takes too long a vacation after each sale. He always magnifies the difficulties of writing and feels that he cannot possibly do again what he has done.

He has let the habit of dreading work get established. If he wrote for a living, instead of as an avocation, this fault would have to be cured, but he has been in a position that allowed him to loaf if he desired. He did it for two years, and now when ambition beckons him to greater accomplishments he finds the loafing habit his most serious obstacle.

We all know that self-confidence is very helpful. When you defer beginning work, and worry over its difficulty, you invariably lose in self-confidence. The easy things we do are easy partly because we think them so, and thinking that way, tackle them without the nervousness born of worry and dread. Absolutely nothing would ever be done unless a start were made, and if no one would attempt the hard, exacting task, there would be no progress. Advancement depends on the breaking of new ground, figuratively speaking.

Not only is it a fact that accomplishment is impossible without a beginning; but it is demonstrably true that our tasks usually turn out to be much easier than we apprehended. I once received from a prominent magazine an order for a piece of work which I never would have tried except for the confidence the editor had in my ability to write it. In spite of many misgivings, I forced myself to (*Continued on page 60*)



# Not So Gay

## Sober Themes Dominate the Mid-Season Plays

### METEOR

**T**HE tragedy of self-love is the theme of S. N. Behrman's play, *Meteor*, which the Theatre Guild is producing; love concentrated on oneself gradually decreases

Frank Craven and Edythe Elliott in "Salt Water."



Philip Merivale

the ability to love outwardly and consumes all love energy in the great I. The play is somewhat too verbose and lacks action, but is decidedly interesting as a psychological study of a man with super-abundant confidence in himself.

Alfred Lunt portrays Raphael Lord, the egomaniac, who believes he cannot fail, and has developed his mind to such an

Arthur Byron, in "The Criminal Code". (Below) Four of the criminals. (At the left, Russell Hardie.)



extent that he has become clairvoyant. Ann Carr, played by Lynn Fontanne, believes there are potentialities for good in such a character and gambles on her belief by marrying him. More and more he withdraws into himself and gloats over his abilities. Ann finds that conceit is a hard master and few who come under its domination ever serve another. Gradually Lord's love for himself usurps his love for Ann and she is powerless. If only once he could be wrong, not foretell an event correctly, she believes there will be a chance to save him. But when he does fail once it is not sufficient to destroy his years of built-up egotism.

All psychologists will be interested in this dramatization of a "case". We regret that Mr. Behrman has suggested no cure, but possibly he is leaving that to other psychologists, content to maintain his place as a playwright.

### DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY

**I**T must be set down as unfortunate that such magnificent artistry as has gone into the production of *Death Takes a Holiday* and such faultless acting as that of Philip Merivale in the leading rôle should be devoted to a piece that is essentially morbid, unwholesome and barren. The play is



Grace George in "The First Mrs. Fraser."

one that could not possibly have been written by anyone who has caught the spirit of the western world, and can have no possible place in American thought.

Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Edward Emery.

Written by Alberto Casella, translated by Walter Ferris and produced by Lee Shubert, the play comes to New York, where it will probably die after a few hectic presentations.

The theme is fantastic, even alluring. What would happen to humanity and to all of Nature if Death should temporarily cease to function?

Someone, possibly an American, may write a play dealing with that fancy. But to see *Death*, (Continued on page 66)

# What Can We Do for You?

Conducted by C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

**QUESTION:**—R. E. G. writes:—

I have been a worrier all my life and am about thirty pounds underweight. With the exception of feeling a little weak at times and having some foolish fears, I thought I was in fair condition. I went to a physician the other day, and after making an examination he told me that I had angina pectoris, which I believe is a heart disease. He told me that it was not as serious a heart complication as some other forms of heart trouble, but that I had better not get too excited or take too strenuous exercise. His statement rather frightened me and I now find myself even afraid to go to work. Have I good reason to be afraid or is it a disorder that I can go along with without much danger?

**ANSWER:**—

There are several forms of angina pectoris. Where it is a real heart trouble, of course there is some danger. But with the history you give I am inclined to believe it is a false angina and the result of neurasthenia. In this case all you need to do to cure it is to get away from worry and other forms of fear. When you have developed to a state of confidence where you are able to forget yourself, you will soon find the disorder removed.

Even tho it were a *true* angina pectoris, which I do not believe, I am sure that the fear you are displaying would be far worse than for you to live an active normal life. A normal life would tend toward carrying to your body the stimulation it is entitled to receive and must receive to be in a state of health. To carry about with you fears and thoughts of a limiting character would tend toward depression and weakness. If I were you I wouldn't have the slightest fear, but would go ahead and live my life just as tho the condition did not exist.

**QUESTION:**—"Down and Out" writes:—

I am one of the thousands who have recently suffered from stock losses. I realize that it is foolish to worry, but I have not been able to sleep for weeks now and am getting myself into a most depressed state. Suicide comes to my mind more often and it is harder and harder to fight off. I have a wife and two children and to do what I occasionally contemplate would be terrible and inflict a hardship on them that no real man would permit. And it has really been this thought that has kept me from seriously considering doing away with myself. Is there any suggestion you can make?

**ANSWER:**—

You do not state what your age is,

but I imagine that you are either comparatively young or in middle life. Just remember that this loss has in no way interfered with your earning power, except as you permit it thru worry and other forms of fear. You have the same powers today you previously had. The thing for you to do is to be game, face life with a smile and show enough confidence in yourself to believe that you can come back. You sign your letter, "Down and Out". I wonder if you recall the slogan used by the salvation Army, "A man may be down, but he is never out." That was a good and a very true slogan. If you will just apply this in your own case I know it will not be long before you will again be on top. Try just as hard as you can to forget the loss and use this mental power in a more creative, constructive manner. Each minute and hour you spend in dwelling on things of a depressing character are taking away from your mental strength. That same strength used creatively would add to your peace of mind and to your income.

A man came to me a few years ago who had lost all, and it represented over a million dollars. He hadn't even his home left. He was sixty years old, and told me that the only course he could see was the lake. I gave him help for a time and he got his nerve back and went after things harder than ever. At the end of the second year he told me that he made \$50,000 that year.

If you feel that you need help get in touch with some one, but don't go on thinking destructive thoughts, for it is sure to spoil everything. *Now* is the time to make an honest effort in the right direction. Be a man.

**QUESTION:**—G. E. L. writes:—

My wife is suffering from what the doctors call melancholia. They say that there is little they can do. Her condition is one of entire lack of interest in things about her. She doesn't care for even me or our baby; says love seems to be gone. All she does is to eat and sleep and sit around in sort of a dazed condition. This came shortly after the baby was born. Is this hopeless? Should she be sent to an asylum? What is the best course to pursue?

**ANSWER:**—

From your description it is quite likely that your wife's case has been diagnosed properly. And this sometimes occurs following such a trying time as childbirth. There may have been a slight poisoning at the time due to the state of the kidneys.

Your wife is not a hopeless case by any manner of means. Such a trouble, if properly attended to, is often of short duration; that is, a matter of months and not years. She should be forced into action as much as possible. Occupational therapy is the best form of treatment. Insist upon her taking baths regularly and doing all that she can to carry out her part of the household duties. Do not let her give in to this inactive state any more than is necessary. Cheer her up just as much as you can, keep her mentally stimulated and tell her constantly that she will soon be well and her troubles will pass away. Build up hope in her mind regarding the future. These good suggestions will in time have an effect and you will find her gradually improving. As you live in a warmer climate I suggest that you get her out-doors in the sun as much as you can. Insist upon her dressing each day; don't let her sit around in a kimono or be sloppy. Give her nourishing foods—plenty of fruits and vegetables.

When she again gets her mind under her control you will find her love for you and the baby will return.

She is probably not in need of sanitarium care, unless it were a place where she received very special attention of just the right nature. If you wish me to go into greater detail you can arrange for it by writing me.

**QUESTION:**—R. S. P. writes:—

Will you please settle a doubt in my mind regarding my baby? I am a young mother and having no mother of my own to guide me I probably listen too much to the advice of neighbors. One of my neighbors told me that it was weakening to the baby to give it a daily bath. Others tell me to do it. What is your advice?

**ANSWER:**—

You should give your baby a daily bath. It is not weakening. I suggest that you write to Dr. Herman Bundeson, care of *The Chicago Daily News*, Chicago, and ask him to mail you a copy of his book on the care of babies. You will then have something of a definite nature to guide you.

**QUESTION:**—R. E. D. writes:—

I have a little pet fear that takes a great deal from my life, especially at this time of the year. I love grapes, but I have a terrible time in eating them for fear I will swallow a seed. I am awfully afraid of appendicitis, and they say that seeds cause it. The other

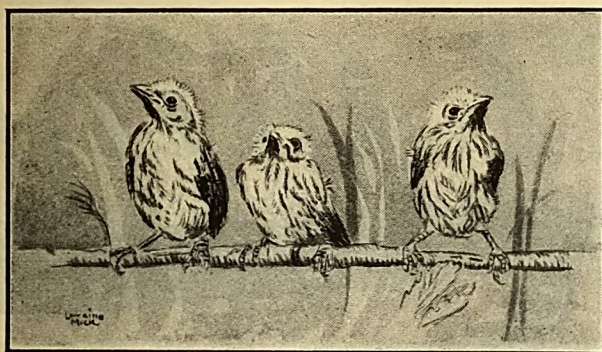
(Continued on page 54)



By

Pauline

Cleaver



Pictures

by

Lorraine

B. Mick



# You, too, Can Make MONEY



**W**E named January our Number One month. And we suggested that for the Number One month we make and see in completion our plans for the coming year.

In doing this we go back to ideas given us by Pythagoras. The wisdom of Pythagoras was soulful and mental; he knew the idea behind the apparent thing. That is what we want to get at; we want to realize that with us and our work, even our work of making money, the idea that precedes the plan is the main thing.

So we will call February our Number Two month. What does the number signify? It suggests a breaking up of the one—the unit, the whole—into two parts; the invisible and visible. The invisible is the idea; the visible is the idea *materialized*. I suggest that this month we put special stress on analyzing the way, the method, the technique, of working out our idea. It may be well to ask ourselves some questions:

What work have I decided to do?

Do I know all there is to be known about this work?

Does the work I have decided to do fit in with the needs of my community?

Will this chosen work really help others?

Am I preparing myself to improve this work steadily as it develops?

Am I rendering a real service to those who will buy

my work, my finished article or my time?

Do I enjoy the work I have selected?  
Am I willing to read every new idea along my chosen line and learn from others?

Am I working in a calm, restful, understanding way, so the latent powers within me will flow thru me with ease?

Examine yourself; examine your attitude relative to your work. This will keep you in a state of mind that will attract helpful and constructive suggestions and new ideas.

And now, as we always do in this department, I will tell you of the success of others and of the things some are doing, and how they work out their ideas.

If you, my readers, have any idea that you think I can help with, or need suggestions to turn your ability into money, write me.



## ANIMAL PICTURES USED IN VARIOUS WAYS

**M**R. LORRAINE B. MICK, of 1515 West Tenth St., Santa Ana, California, has been always a great lover of animals. When she was a little girl she actually had a cage filled with baby lizards. She loved and seemed to understand the nature of animals that would frighten or repulse persons of less feeling and understanding.

Thru any form of love or understanding, some gift usually follows. This was true with Lorraine. She began molding her pets in clay. Then she found she could draw. I want you to see some of her pictures. Notice the naturalness, ease and feeling in them. I wish I had space for many. One drawing would be adored by the children who know the story of *The Three Little Kittens*. Lorraine

Mick has drawn a perfect study of three kitties gazing at their heart's desire; sitting side by side in perfect cat-like concentration. Of course you knew animals do concentrate. Ever watch a cat patiently wait, while closely observing the quiet little mouse? Lorraine understands their antics; she shows this in her work.

Look at the intelligence in the eyes and characteristic gestures of the police dog! Mrs. Mick has caught this,

(Continued on page 78)





**M**RS. C. INGAT, Box 343, Alpine, Texas, writes:

I am just an old woman, no earning capacity, but I draw a small pension and three dollars of it goes for *PSYCHOLOGY* Magazine. I don't feel I could get on without it.

There are two articles in December, "Our Human Wings" by Edward Earle Purinton and "Ford & Trine" (Christmas Conversation), which I liked immensely.

I miss Lon J. Haddock's contributions. I appreciate Henry Knight Miller's monthly articles and many others.

**M**R. ALVIN W. MILLER, of Western Union College, Le Mars, Iowa, writes:

I have been reading *PSYCHOLOGY* for about six months, and I believe it is the greatest magazine published. Your editorials are wonderful and inspirational; the articles by the other writers are very good too. I received special benefit from the article written by Doris Baker, *Let's Conquer Those Nerves*, in one of your *PSYCHOLOGY*'s of last summer. I wish that your magazine were read by all who are victims of environment and circumstance, because it has encouraging and uplifting powers and qualities, the like of which I have not discovered in any other publication.

May you be very successful in your great work.

**H**AVELOCK ELLIS, the great English humanist and psychologist, writes to Mr. Kenneth M. Swezey, commenting on his article in the November issue of *PSYCHOLOGY*:

I have read your article on Bragdon with much interest. He must indeed be a notable figure, and his philosophical outlook is of a kind with which I have much sympathy.

**C**HARLES J. CENTILLI, 840 Michigan St., N. E., Grand Rapids, Michigan, writes:

I have read the article *I Have Talked With Ghosts* by Dr. Bowers, and also *Our Human Wings*, by Edward Earle Purinton, and my opinion is they are just what I've been looking for. Ever since I began reading your magazine I have realized the power of thought. I began investigating psychic phenomena and I often wondered why your magazine did not publish articles of that type.

**M**RS. WM. STRAUB, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

The November *PSYCHOLOGY* is one of the best issues I have ever seen. Mr. Lengel's article was excellent, as was the one by Dr. McDougall. But, from my own viewpoint, the article *What Can't He Do?*, by K. M. Swezey, was the most valuable. If what this writer says about the relationship of the sexes were generally understood, the world would be a better place to live in.

**M**R. A. J. HERBERT, 116 Dawson Road, East Windsor, Ont., Canada, writes:

Many thanks for the very valuable articles on the subject of suggestion in your magazine.

These are found to be of utmost interest for all who look for latest developments in the application of psychology. The writer hopes to see articles on this subject in every issue; indeed he believes that it should have a place of its own. They will certainly form an incentive to the student as well as the practitioner in suggestion.

The writer feels that the subject has more appeal when associated with the works of Christ Jesus, as they seem so very identical that they must be one and the same method.

**M**R. IRWIN T. WILLIAMS, Soldiers' Home, Danville, Ill., writes:

Just a few lines to inform you that you are spoiling your otherwise fine magazine, *PSYCHOLOGY*, by publishing such articles as, *I Have Talked With Ghosts*, by E. F. Bowers, D. C.

The article is supposed to be a "challenge" to the magicians, but it is evident that Mr. Bowers has been a "victim" of magicians! What good could ever come of exciting such horrible superstition in some of your weak-minded readers is beyond my power of comprehension and reasoning. And those who have clear visions and a broad philosophy of nature and life do not care to be intellectually insulted by such articles.

Psychology is a science and should be kept free of religious dogmatism, spiritualism, etc.

In conclusion I may add that *Science and Invention* will pay \$21,000.00 for genuine demonstrations and proofs of "spirits." And a few billion more dollars could be safely added to the offer.

**M**R. SAMUEL L. CARR, of 38 Park Avenue, Natick Massachusetts, writes:

I am more pleased than I can find words to express that you have opened your pages to such an article as that from Edwin F. Bowers, D.C., *I Have Talked With Ghosts*. So many of the magazines seem to fear offending their clientele by giving space to the expression of this wonderful, but little understood truth; these proofs of survival after so-called death.

The daily press refers to it guardedly, speaking of it only in an apologetic way, and it is thus doubly pleasing to a "believer" to be able to read so convincing an article in a magazine of such high repute and wide circulation as *PSYCHOLOGY*.

Millions of readers have a secret belief in these phenomena and are pleased to read about them. Millions more are convinced (if secretly) of their truth. I am quite sure that contributions of this kind to your columns, now and then, will be deeply appreciated by most of your readers and make *PSYCHOLOGY* a more welcome monthly visitor.

My hope is to see many of them.

W. M. H., of Wellston, Mo., writes:

**A** RECENT letter in your correspondence department reminds me of an incident of last year, about Christmas time. I called on a young couple who have three small children. The husband works every day, and is, from my point of view, a religious fanatic. He goes to church several times a week. The husband's widowed sister died just before Christmas, and her three children were added to this household. It was about eight o'clock when I called. One child was sick in bed; the husband eating his supper in the same room, which contained two double beds. The house was a living hell with filth; the odor was nauseating. The woman is a Bible-reader and claims that God answers her every prayer; she goes to church regularly, and contributes to it. She will not read *PSYCHOLOGY*, as she says it points to the devil. I told her this is God's well and happy contented world, and that if the next time she got on her knees to pray for thirty minutes she would cut it to twenty minutes and pray for grit and strength to push a brush with soap and water and clean the house of its filth and let the little ones out in fair weather to play in the sun and fresh air, the work of God would have a better effect. I said that God's work was "Cash and Carry", and delivered finished on the job. I got put out, after leaving \$25.00 for the little folks' Christmas.

Yours for more of the good things of life.



# Why Are We Nervous?

By A. Griffiths, M.D.

**"T**HERE would be less nervousness, nervous breakdowns, and insanity in the world if people knew more about the cause of nervousness," says Paul von Boeckmann, a noted authority on Nerve Culture.

Very true indeed. Most people are quite well informed on the questions of food, breathing, clothing, and exercise, but they know little or nothing about their nerves. Yet, proper care of the nerves is far more important than all other factors combined.

The noted British medical authority, Arthur T. Schofield, M.D., says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order." Then consider the medical statistics which indicate that at least 60 per cent. of all cases physicians are asked to treat are entirely due to nervousness, or of nervous origin. In other words, nearly all of us are nervous, and suffer certain mental and physical illness as the result thereof.

The cause of nervousness and nervous breakdown is rather complex, yet, in a broad sense, it can be explained in simple language. First of all, nerve derangement is seldom due to actual disease or abnormal condition of the nerves themselves. It is the messages that are transmitted through the nerves from the mind to the vital organs, and from the vital organs to the mind, that cause the trouble. Therefore, anything that disturbs or irritates the mind causes irritating messages to be sent through the nerves to the entire body, especially to the vital organs—the heart, stomach, liver, intestines and pelvic organs. This explains why fear, worry, anger, jealousy, and kindred mental turmoil cause nervous indigestion, constipation, heart palpitation, high or low blood pressure, etc. Worst of all, this cycle of mental and physical turmoil may lead to suicide or insanity. Our insane asylums are crowded to the doors because of conditions that owe their origin to nothing more than simple nervousness. Thousands of sufferers commit suicide every year, and millions of people are unhappy because of their nerves, that is, because of the irritating messages that are transmitted through the nerves.

Another form of nerve trouble is known as "Neurasthenia," meaning Nerve Exhaustion. As the noted scientist, Wm. Osler, described it, our nervous system stores a mysterious something, which, for the want of a better term, we must call "Nerve Force." This stored force represents our nerve capital. If we squander this force through excesses and undue strains, we naturally become Nerve Bankrupts, that is, the nerves become exhausted, and we have what is known as neurasthenia. Or, as another great scientist very vividly expresses it, "Think of a cut in your arm from which your life's blood is trickling away. Yet millions of people live on from day to day, permitting a loss of vitality which is even far more precious than their blood; namely, they ruthlessly waste their Nerve Force."

Nervousness, then, is due to two major causes: Crazy Messages transmitted through the nerves, and Waste of Nerve Force. Paul von Boeckmann, who during the last thirty years, has carefully studied the mental and physical characteristics in over 400,000 people with abnormal nerves, has proved by actual statistics, that at least 90 per cent. of these people are nervous or suffer in some way through their nerves, because of the two nerve abuses mentioned. He says, "It is difficult to imagine anything but perfect health if the nerves are in order." With calm nerves, and abun-

dant Nerve Force, the stomach can digest any kind of food, for digestion depends directly upon the "stomach nerves." And so, too, would the body be free from colds, for a cold can only be contracted during low nerve pressure, i.e., lowered resistance. The same is true with constipation, and scores of other complaints with which the average person is afflicted. Beard, the great authority on the Nerves, who originated the term, "Neurasthenia," agrees with him in this statement almost word for word.

Nervousness, and the train of evils that result therefrom, may be said to develop in three stages, which may vary greatly, according to individual characteristics; namely:

**FIRST STAGE:** Nervousness, restlessness, sleeplessness, lack of energy, poor circulation, and other minor symptoms of low vitality.

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

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

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

It is self-evident from the aforementioned facts, that it is of the highest importance that we give our nerves the utmost attention. We see evidence of nervousness about us everywhere, among our friends, in trains, street cars, yes, right in our own homes, and it requires no expert in nerves to see plainly the misery and unhappiness that come from nervousness.

As stated, to correct nervousness demands, first of all, that the sufferer understand his own condition—the "Why and How" his nerves act as they do. The cause of the trouble must be understood to be corrected. No medicine ever concocted can correct nervousness. There are drugs that deaden the nerves and make them calm. These are very dangerous. There are other drugs that stimulate exhausted nerves. These act similarly to dragging a tired horse behind an automobile to give him "pep." All "nerve drugs" are dangerous and unnatural.

Many books have been written, intended as a guide for keeping up the nervous forces and calming the nerves. In nearly every public library one or more practical treatises on this subject are on file.

The most concise and practical of all these books the writer has so far come across is one by Paul von Boeckmann entitled, "Strengthen Your Nerves," which may be found in many public libraries and at the National Medical Library at Washington, D. C. I advise earnestly that the sensible advice given in this practical little book be given careful consideration, by anyone whose nerves show signs of irritability, instability and exhaustion. The concise, understandable and non-technical information contained in this book is by far the most useful of any I have read. In these days of High Pressure my advice is, Guard your Nerves.

**NOTE:** Von Boeckmann is a high authority on the subject of nerve culture, and with the advice given in his book anyone can, in a short time, improve his control of the nerves 100 per cent. For over a million copies of this excellent work have been sold during the last twenty years. Every reader should avail himself of this offer, for, as stated, we are all nervous, more or less.

*"Strengthen Your Nerves," by Paul von Boeckmann, may be obtained direct by addressing him, Studio 1472, Cellini Building, 48 West 48th Street, New York City. Enclose 25c in coin or small denomination stamps. It will be forwarded promptly in plain wrapper postpaid.*

# Letters to my Daughter

(Continued from page 33)

Hollywood, California, May 30, 1929  
My Child:

"HAIL to thee, blithe spirit! Bird thou never wert." But nearer a bird I hope you will be than anything I know. The freedom of the creatures! I watch them—the adorable darlings. Singing out their joys, fluttering above the mean things of life that grub close to the ground. Always they seem to get along—in this glorious land of sunshine, and food-stacked fields of plenty. Plenty of room to soar and to soak in the sun, giving of their song, their life song, with abandon. Not even caring if they disturb the neighbors. Perhaps not even knowing that there are neighbors.

Should one take life seriously, I wonder? I suppose so. Seriously—but not too seriously. There seems to be a difference between taking things seriously and taking them tragically. And while we may desire, fully and wholeheartedly, to fulfill and accomplish a purpose, we should never *worry* about it.

I don't know, but merely living seems to be lovely and soul-satisfying. That is, if life is lived with charm and graciousness. There are certain people, you will notice, who seem to have this gracious charm about them, and who radiate quiet and peace. There is a time when we will have done with the strife and the heartache of the world. These beautiful souls seem to be there—as tho to teach us now how to live. They seem to wear a brooding air, wondering what all the hustle is about.

If I could only stop this mad striving and live as I would like, I would be one of these folks—someone who lives in a beautiful garden, the resting-place of a weary soul who seeks peace for a while. I could show them the colors in the distant hills, the colors they can't see in the brown of their lives—the gold thread running thru, in the gray of their days. Because, you understand, you don't see the rug you are weaving, for you are working on the "wrong" side of it all your life. It is only when your work is finished that you see the

colors. And because you must sometimes have a drab background to bring out the clear gold of your thought, you miss it—almost—until you turn it over.

And when you turn it over and see the design, you wonder how, with your tools so poor and your eyesight so dim, you could put so much of beauty into the warp.

I would like to be able to see the color behind the dark, so that I might show the *other* side of the rug of life to the worker. Sometimes in my music I can do this. But to be always peaceful and poised and see *behind* the things and *into* the soul of them, would be a gift from Paradise.

You must be still, you must be at peace, to see the threads of gold in God's perfect world. Because, as soon as the clamour of man's world starts, you can't hear the voice of the spirit. It is so soft and intimate that it is drowned in tambourines and cymbals.

I give you my hand, my sweet, to hold in the dark.

YOUR MOTHER

## In Love with Life

(Continued from page 23)

set them free to love, thru him, all people.

A few months ago I watched with keenest interest the setting up of a girl-heroine in the women's ward of the city hospital. It was a sweet thing to see and I would like to pass it on to you.

The characters are—Bella, the negress in Bed 8. Before she had grown fat and stumbled down a flight of steps she had been a complacent, satisfied prostitute, with a vast indolent knowledge of vulgar sins. Next bed was Jennie, slim, too thin, Jennie, unimportant, except that she was to be the heroine. Then came Kathleen, who had spent the best years of her life scrubbing foot-prints of lawyers and troubled clients off office floors. Her knowledge of life was less picturesque than Bella's. She must have felt as if some evil one had turned her into a broken-backed caterpillar crawling over the world of steps and flag stones.

They were lonely and in need of loving someone. So they saw Jennie—and made of her the heroine of ward K. Bella and Kathleen each assorted her store of facts and fancies and arranged them like flowers in a basket, pushing the mud to the bottom and showing only the blooms to Jennie—to ward K. They made endless efforts to amuse. Bella would gather from somewhere crisp-crinkled laughter, tumbled

buckets of sunshine, babies doing silly tricks and weave them into stories. Amusement offered to the heroine? No, a love offering to Ward K. It was a tender thing to see, Bella and Kathleen sending out their love thru Jennie.

Cramped in our lonely man-made houses of conventions, we are set apart from each other as conclusively as prisoners in cell blocks. Heroes for a day come by and free us, then somehow we get pushed back into our inclusive-exclusive walls. The cause for this is usually the human fall of the hero.

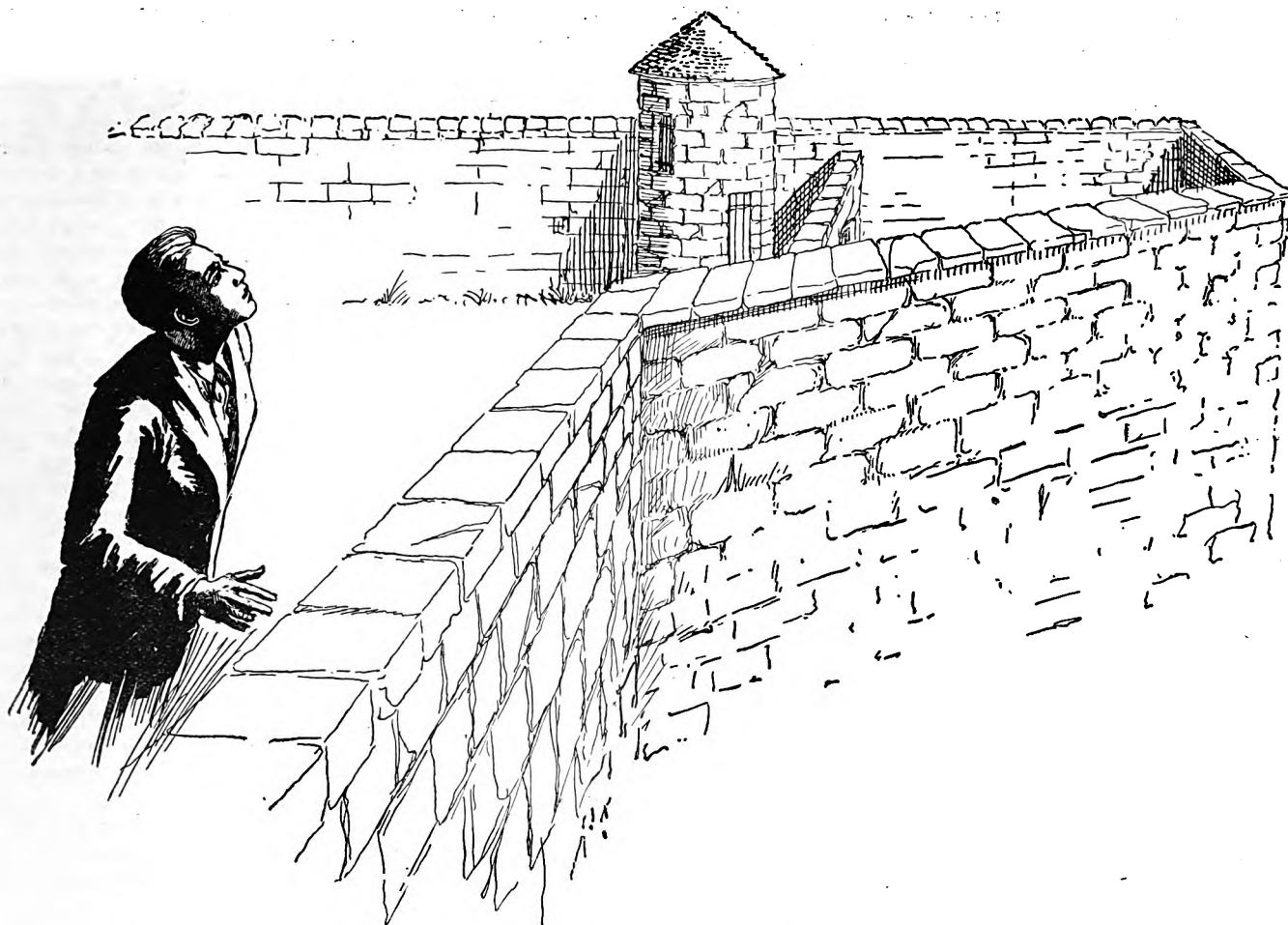
Heroes are seldom worthy of the love bestowed upon them, but that does not matter, for heroes are a means to an end—the end being our desire to be *at friendliness with life*. This friendliness with life does not necessarily come to us thru the circle of friends with whom we are on a social equality. They are the small pool in which we daily swim. With them we so quickly lose the spirit of adventure. We have seen Jim Jones in a splintering fit of anger. We have seen Mary Smith weep bitterly over trifling matters. We know their little grab-bag love affairs, their pathetic vanities, their cold-cream stages and after-dinner-coffee airs, their tooth-aches and heart-aches. Hardly the stuff for hero-worship, tho we love them. And we can never quite recover from the adolescent hope of being able to repeat in reference to another human being the

adage—"The King can do no wrong."

The King can do no wrong—what a tragic snag in human relationships! A snag particularly clever in ripping the dream garments of love. "He is perfect", breathes the girl. "She is divine", murmurs the lover. Let the rest of the world go by, just you and I in a world for two—goes the love song. But wise old Life knows the human heart is a social heart and cannot find happiness in a world for two, so she slips thru the closed compact of their love the awareness of other loves, in the mirror of love she shows them other human beings at their dreams. And the world is a tender place and smiles easy to give—until "The King Can Do No Wrong" tumbles from the throne. Disillusionment—the hero pedestal is empty, and there will be a searching for a new hero, love, work, a child, religion—anything to fill the vacancy.

Oh, if we could only know early in this game of life that the hero is not in any one person, *but in Life itself!* In the upward flow of centuries that have brought us to this day with its intense beauty worthy of our worship. Beauty in every growing thing, in every human being, wonder and adventure in every second of each new-born day—there is our hero. Poor, silly things we are crying because our hero falls, crying because the day we would clutch dies. Builders of fences and clutchers of





## ***“I was Imprisoned —for Life!”***

“The knowledge came to me suddenly. Every plan I made to widen the activities of my life, broaden my rightful privileges, and gain success and happiness, were checked by the wall that surrounded me.

“For years I was unaware of this great wall. I thought that I was A FREE BEING and enjoying all the blessings of life. Then came the realization of why I was poor, unsuccessful, limited and unhappy. I FOUND the PATH TO FREEDOM.”

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happiness are we. Like children at a party with hands outstretched for prizes and goodies we claim "mine" and strive to worship. We forget that what we hope is "mine" is venerated with our individual conception of it and can never be an actual part of the love object—thus dooming ourselves to disappointment.

There isn't a concept ever conceived by the mind of man that we have not tried to personally possess. Even Jesus—Son of Man. What a bond for humanity, what a common meeting place if Jesus were not surrounded by man-made rites, if the universal longing for hero-worship could flood in one unhampered stream from the hearts of us all to Jesus, *Man at Friendliness with Life!*

But we have tried to possess him as we have tried to possess everything.

The desire to possess comes from fear. The true clutcher at life is probably a person with a deep inferiority complex, who wants to rubber-stamp his friends, bag them and pour them out on his miser's table to gloat his possessions against his fear for himself. He does not dare smile at the world and his affections hold a hammer and wires always ready to fence in his possessions.

It is impossible to lose. It is impossible to possess.

That if thoughtfully considered is one of the most comforting, peace-inspiring facts we can realize. For after all what is the cause for most of the misery of this world aside from actual physical need? Loss of friends, position, social standing, dreams, ideal, love, a gray army of lost things.

Did you ever stand on the mountain-top above the clouds before sunrise? The clouds billowing in great rolls of beauty below you, the scent of pine trees, the blue-gray of the sky, the new-born atmosphere of a reborn world. Then the sun shoots its golden-tipped arrows into the whiteness of the clouds and stains them with their rainbow dyes—glow on glow until the clouds roll up like huge balloons and the valley is spread below where tiny farms like children's toys are spread on the earth's green carpet. Do you dare have the temerity to want to possess all of this? You couldn't if you would. You have watched it in a receptive mood, your whole being stretched to the loveliness you have seen. Such glory is freedom, and it has given you a sense of freedom beyond any idea of possession. A freedom that is forevermore a part of you and a part of every other human being with whom you will come in contact. Because you have seen it, some day by word or look, because you have seen it I will see it, too.

How much more futile to try to possess a human soul! A human soul with its mountain-tops, its clouds, its valleys, its immortality.

The gray army of the lost are a dreary sight to us because we look upon them as previous possessions, once owned, now lost. But is it possible to lose anything? If you have looked into the eyes of another human being and in that second have known a mutual understanding, can you lose that—can that be taken away from you? Of course, it can't! It is a part of you and you are Life. Whatever you knew of Beauty in that one person whom you think you have lost is in its various parts in all other human beings for you, if you will see it. Loving Life you cannot desire to possess; loving Life you cannot lose.

Whatever there is in Life is for you—the smile the old drunk gives to you, the love the sailor gives to the girl on the wharf in San Francisco, the lure of African nights, the song of the North winds, the dreams of the world are yours, the forward march of the race, all yours if you take Life as your hero. Life in all its phases, indestructible beauty, utterly worthy of your worship. Life interest that will never fail you, that will carry you to the doors of Death with the strange faith that even beyond there may be Life.

## The Mind of Irving T. Bush

(Continued from page 16)

already stated, the greatest "consolidation in the world of every modern facility for the manufacture, storage and distribution of raw materials, manufactured goods and merchandise under conditions of maximum economy, efficiency and safety." Perhaps the keynote of this largest of the world's one-man ports is economic distribution. Traffic to and from Bush Terminal is moved around the congested areas of New York instead of thru them.

The Bush Terminal plant covers two hundred acres on the water-front. There are eighteen model industrial loft buildings containing more than 6,000,000 square feet devoted to tenant manufacture and distribution. The company rents buildings to four hundred manufacturers. There are more than one hundred and twenty-five warehouses for general storage purposes, these providing over 26,000,000 cubic feet of storage space.

There are eight steamship piers, with about 2,000,000 square feet of floor space. The piers will berth thirty-five steamers at a time. One is the largest double-deck covered freight pier in the world. The American-Hawaiian Steamship Company leases the big pier, which is 1,250 feet long and 272 wide. The

Port of New York has a shore line of nearly six hundred miles developed to handle ocean traffic, but the Bush Terminal handles twenty per cent of all the export and import traffic moving thru the Port of New York.

The Bush Terminal railway facilities include a fleet of locomotives and some thirty-five miles of track accommodating 1,000 cars, the yearly average actually handled being 110,000 cars. By means of car floats owned and operated by the Bush Terminal Company its road connects with all of the trunk line roads reaching New York. There is a union freight station in the terminal for the receipt and delivery of freight moving via trunk lines—facilities that are open to all shippers and receivers, irrespective of location. The company operates a cold storage plant with 1,000,000 cubic feet of space. Commodities range from dry cell batteries to reindeer meat. There is a plant for the fumigation and sterilization of vegetables and other commodities from foreign countries when on the list of merchandise not to be distributed without this precaution.

The Terminal also has a bank, United States post office, offices of the American Railway Express Company and Western Union Telegraph Company, a

hospital, a Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. The company has its own fire department, under the jurisdiction of the New York department. This unit includes the largest individual sprinkler system in the world. It was installed at a cost of \$1,250,000.

The company erected in New York a handsome thirty-story office building on Forty-second Street and a fine building on Broad Street. A third large building is in London, all of them distinguished for beauty in design and substantial, fire-resisting construction. The Forty-second Street building and that in London each represent an investment of about \$3,000,000.

And the man who stands behind all this enterprise is preëminently American, with slim, mobile face, tall, spare figure and silvered hair. Described as a practical idealist, he dreams dreams but keeps his feet sufficiently on the ground to make part of the vision come true. He says:

"My development was built on making one move take the place of two; of eliminating unnecessary effort and useless motion. The underlying thought was that every manufacturer would like to have at his command a modern fac-



tory building equipped with every device to make its use economical. He would like such a building located in a good labor market, and served by all the railroads. He would like to have at his command, when needed, a trucking and lighterage service that would carry his merchandise to every part of the city and harbor. The law of averages would work out to the end that, when the facilities were not being used by one tenant, they would be employed by others."

The theory was good and its working out was practical, yet discouragement and disappointment came at times to dampen the ardor of the founder. He acknowledges that "There were days when I did not know where money for absolutely necessary improvements was coming from, or how pay-rolls were to be met. . . .

"But, if I had the power of choosing again, I would choose my own career, with all its drawbacks. I have built, and it is my own creation. I do not think of it as complete, for I hope to do so much more. When a man thinks he has achieved success, he proves himself a failure, for there is nothing that cannot be made better. . . .

"I meet so many who proclaim that the human race is decaying, that youth is hopeless and that civilization falters. I do not believe anything of the sort—certainly not so far as the United States of America is concerned—and I am weary of pessimists. Nations are like a forest. Trees grow old and decay. Some are uprooted by tempests, and great sections may be laid waste by fire. Yet somewhere there is always new growth."

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Since earliest times, concentration has been man's most wonderful power. This power, which is closely allied to the power of reason, was primitive man's best defense against the lower animals. It was what differentiated man from the lower animals. Man's ability to concentrate has contributed more to present day civilization than any other single factor. And today this power is what distinguishes great men from ordinary men —successful men from failures.

### What Makes Men Successful?

Great men become great, not because their brain power is so much stronger than the brain power of ordinary men. Science has exploded that theory. Experiments have proved that brain capacity varies but little—that most men use only a small portion of the brain power that is actually theirs. Success comes only to those men and women who have learned to concentrate every ounce of brain power on a single objective.

Concentration in the lesser sense means focussing the mind on a single problem. All other problems are forgotten for the time being. The mind becomes completely absorbed in a single train of thought. All else is excluded.

Concentration in the larger sense means focussing one's efforts on a single ambition. All minor ambitions—all petty distractions—are subordinated to this main ambition. Mind, body and soul are bent towards the winning of a single goal. With proper concentration, this goal is bound to be attained.

Here is a striking example of the power of concentration. Take a magnifying glass and focus the rays of the sun on a piece of paper. If the magnifying glass is not focussed properly there is no re-

sult. After hours of waiting you will find that the paper has hardly been affected. But once you get the proper focus, the paper will catch fire instantly. That is exactly what concentration is. It is the focussing of the mind on a single problem. Once the proper focus is obtained, the mind attacks the problem and solves it easily. This intensified action of the brain is like a hot flame. It attacks and consumes all it comes in contact with. Such is the fire of genius—an intense and prolonged concentration that accomplishes the seemingly impossible.

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Once you have mastered this power of concentration, which I now disclose to you in my book "Concentration Made Easy," you have success within your grasp. No ambition is too exalted. No aim too high. You can quickly and easily accomplish things which heretofore seemed impossible. What- ever your work is, you will learn to love it—become absorbed in it. You will be fitted for greater work. You will astound your friends with your rapid strides toward success. You will astound your employers with your powerful concentration—your ready and easy grasp of all kinds of problems. One man writes, "I had almost discarded my efforts even though I saw others obtain wonderful results through psychology. Then I read CONCENTRATION MADE EASY and after that I had no more difficulty. I realized then that for so many years I had made no effort to concentrate—that I seemingly had lost the ability to do so. But it is very easy now."

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# What Can We Do For You?

(Continued from page 46)

day a physician told me that it was not true that appendicitis comes from seeds and such substances. What is your belief?

ANSWER:—

I think you are denying yourself a lot of pleasure without reason. The very best authorities state without hesitation that appendicitis does not come from seeds or such substances. The fact that in times past seeds were occasionally found in the appendix led to this belief. But it has been clearly demonstrated that the inflammation and infection is not due to this cause. I certainly would eat the grapes without fear, taking reasonable care not to swallow the seeds, which, of course, if swallowed in quantities, impede digestion.

QUESTION:—Q. E. T. writes:—

What's the matter with me? I have been out of work for eight months and unable to procure even an inferior position. I have spent much time in looking for employment but am always turned down. I am told that I am not bad to look at, but I don't believe I make a good impression on people. Just the other day I went to a place where they wanted ten men. Man after man was called in, not in turn, but rather thru some form of selection, and altho there were only eighteen men in the outer office, I was not called in even for an interview. Before going in, however, we were obliged to fill out an application blank which was taken into the private office, and then we were called by name. So there must have been something in connection with the way I filled out the blank that failed to make the right impression. What are your thoughts in the matter?

ANSWER:—

I do not believe that any man need be out of a job for a long period if he is qualified and shows a strong desire to obtain work. I agree with you that in the incident you describe it was probably the way you filled in your application that caused the manager to overlook you. It would be natural for such a man to interview all likely prospects and then make his selection. He evidently did not consider you a likely prospect. Had you had any previous experience? Could that have been the reason? Otherwise it must have been lack of positiveness and confidence you showed in replying to the questions. Negative replies to such questions are sure to mean that you will not be noticed. Managers want men who feel sure of themselves, who show initiative, who are willing to assume responsibility, who believe in themselves. You must lack confidence. I have had patients who make a poor impression

as far as looks go, but who, if they lose a position today, are able thru sheer nerve to land another tomorrow. They make great claims for themselves and get the position. Of course if they cannot live up to their claims they will not hold the job long.

You may be a very efficient workman and all that you may need is just the nerve to get past the first step—that of

## My Ship of Dreams

By Eva Dumbeck

IN my Ship of Dreams I traveled far,

Seeking the Port of Success,  
With only Hope for a guiding star  
In my search for Happiness.

But Hope was dimmed by Doubt  
and Fear,

And my Ship of Dreams so fair  
Sailed aimlessly on and brought  
me near

To that City called Despair.

But Faith now pilots my good ship  
clear,

As I sail the Sea of Life;  
While Captain Courage and Mate  
Good Cheer

Give battle to Storm and Strife.

Now I'm nearing that Port of  
Success,

On the shore of the wind-swept  
sea;

And there I shall find the Happi-  
ness

Which Hope has pictured for me.

obtaining the position. Believe in yourself and your ability and don't be afraid to make claims that you are all right.

QUESTION:—J. E. D. writes:—

I am a young man twenty years old and have never been to a party in my life, not because I have not at times been invited, but because I am just afraid. I had a terrible time getting thru grammar school and that is as far as I went. And the only way I did get thru was by my teachers granting me some special privileges and not asking me to recite before the rest of the class. I would rather take a licking anytime than speak before people. I even feel rather timid in conversing with my own brothers and sisters. What am I to do?

ANSWER:—

You are twenty years old and really a man, except in your viewpoint of self and your thoughts regarding certain social conditions in life. You have let your sensitive nature run away with you. You have let unreasonable fear get a strangle-hold and you have not even resisted.

My young friend, there is just *one* thing to do, and that is, *fight*. Accept every opportunity to exercise these mental powers of yours, such as confidence, courage, control, concentration and positiveness.

When I began driving an automobile I did so at first with fear and nervousness. I was too conscious of myself. But as I continued to practice, it became easier and easier and in consequence I became less and less nervous and apprehensive. When that act became subconscious, it proved to be a real pleasure instead of trouble. You must meet your fears in a like manner. Forget yourself just as much as you can and believe you are as good as the best.

QUESTION:—E. W. D. writes:—

I am a constant reader of *PSYCHOLOGY* but have failed to find anything that fits my case. When I become quiet I grow very sleepy. It is hard for me to read as I can hardly hold my eyes open. What is the trouble and is there a remedy for it?

ANSWER:—

This state you describe could be from several causes. The most likely causes however are nervousness, eye strain or auto-intoxication. I would suggest first an examination of your eyes. If you find them normal I would then assume that the trouble was from an infectious state, either auto-intoxication due to sluggishness or possibly a focal infection due to abscessed teeth or diseased tonsils. Unless there are marked indications of teeth or tonsil infection I would take it for granted at first that it was merely due to sluggishness and would follow out these instructions:

Eliminate meat, coffee, tea, pastry and sweets for thirty days. Procure from your druggist a package of sodium phosphate and use each morning as directed—about a teaspoonful, thirty to forty-five minutes before breakfast. I would advise the non-effervescent sodium phosphate. Every third day take a two-quart, warm enema with a tablespoonful of both epsom salts and glycerine in it. Mix these two in a glass of water and pour into bag when half filled. Get plenty of exercise.



# Ten Fellows

(Continued from page 19)

his morning daily dozen. Incidentally, he's willing to bet he's eaten more white horse hair than any other living man. He carried papers and later became a reporter on the home town daily where his first genius for efficiency sprouted in cutting the ordinary personal item, "Mrs. Blank spent the day in Indianapolis" down to this: "Mrs. Blank Indianapolised today."

Cooper was ambitious and eventually "Indianapolised" himself, getting a job as reporter on a daily paper in the Hoosier capital. Then he organized the "Indiana Press Association" and made a living by syndicating state capital news to daily newspapers out thru the state. At night he played a violin in a theatre orchestra. After a time he was hired by Melville E. Stone, then general manager of the Associated Press, and the first thing he did was to save the organization \$100,000 a year in telegraph tolls by some simple little plan. That was only fifteen years ago and today, at forty-five, Kent Cooper is in full command of this world-wide organization and has become an international figure.

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis is another product of a small town in Indiana who had to hustle for himself at an early age and who began by carrying papers. From that time on his career has been carved thru the rocks until, famous as a federal judge, he has now become Czar of Baseball-dom at \$50,000 a year.

John McHugh, president of the Mechanics and Metals National bank of New York, started as a telegraph operator on a Canadian railroad while still in his teens. Ambitious, he entered a bank in a small town in Nebraska to learn the business. Besides finance, he here learned human nature, dealing with farmers pioneering in a new country. Today he's one of the acknowledged leaders of Wall Street and in addition to being president of a bank is also president of the American Discount Corporation, an organization which he formed with a capital of 100 million dollars to help resuscitate Europe after the war.

A few blocks from the home of Roy Howard at Pelham is the mansion of William W. Hawkins, a native of Springfield, Mo., ex-president of the United Press and today executive general manager of the Scripps-Howard newspaper enterprises—the directing genius running a half hundred big corporations. At forty-two "Bill" Hawkins is an important personage and has everything in life that anybody could dream of wanting—save only the ability to take my number at tennis. And how did he get it? As a boy

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Hawkins was so poor that at times he went around with the toes literally sticking out of his shoes. He never went to college because he couldn't afford to. But he did get a job as reporter for the home town newspaper, later became city editor of Henry Watterson's *Courier-Journal* at Louisville, and then, burning with ambition and with a courage born of having been compelled to fight to live, he decided no field was too big to conquer—and came to New York. That was fourteen years ago and he landed with \$12 to his name. He got a job in the United Press, working for Roy Howard, and now he's one of the owners of the concern.

Peter B. Kyne, the celebrated author, had five cents he could call his own when he wrote his first magazine story in San Francisco some fifteen years ago. He spent that nickel for trolley fare to the editor's office and had to walk five miles home. But that manuscript brought \$100, and today Kyne is one of the highest priced writers on record as I had reason to know when, two years ago, I contracted with him for a short series of articles for newspaper syndication.

D. Lloyd George, another person of more or less note for whose entrance into the field of newspaper writing I claim credit, and whom I paid nearly \$100,000 a year for the past several years for writing a fortnightly article on current events, sprang from the ranks of those who are obliged to work, and there is significance in his rise from the home of his cobbler-uncle to the Prime Ministry of Great Britain and to the position of outstanding international leadership.

And speaking of Lloyd George re-

minds me of Bradford Merrill, general manager of the great chain of Hearst newspapers. Mr. Merrill at the age of fourteen was obliged to leave school, after one term in the old Boston Latin school, and to go to work to earn his own living because the family fortunes had become depleted. He got a job reporting on a Philadelphia paper, became managing editor of the publication while still in his teens, was later managing editor of the *New York World* and at the time of his death a few months ago had a commanding position in one of the great newspaper organizations of the world's history. I speak of him in connection with Lloyd George because only two hours after I received a cable from London saying Lloyd George had signed the contract giving me world rights on his articles, Bradford Merrill telephoned me to say he had received a private cable from London advising him of what had happened and asking what would be the price for the Hearst papers in the United States. When I called on him he agreed without a moment's hesitation to pay the highest price per word in newspaper history—and "L.G." is still appearing in the Hearst newspapers as a result.

Rome Miller owns two big hotels in Omaha—the Rome and the Fontenelle. His annual income from these properties is a fortune in itself. Rome Miller started life as a newsboy on the streets of St. Louis, later became a pilot boy on a Mississippi river boat, afterward opened a restaurant at Fremont, Nebraska, and because his place was so immaculately clean was selected to operate a string of railroad eating houses on the old Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri

Valley railroad running from Iowa thru Nebraska to the Black Hills in South Dakota.

I could go on indefinitely citing examples to prove that the boy who is hardest pressed to get along develops into the cleverest, most resourceful and most successful man—using "successful" always in the popularly accepted sense. I could point to characters of history such as Abraham Lincoln or to such modern exhibits as Al Smith, but I have preferred to adhere to my own personal acquaintances and friends because these have so much more strikingly brought home to me the point I am here trying to make. And I could offer further evidence by citing the reverse of the proposition, by referring to any number of youngsters who inherited wealth, or going, profitable business enterprises, and who, as grown men, have nothing but failures to their credit or who, at the most, have been content to rest on their oars and who have never been able to match in progressive achievement those who were put upon their own resources when they were mere boys.

Perhaps something of the psychology of the thing may be found in this little anecdote which I heard at Butte, Mont., a few years ago concerning the son of a local multi-millionaire celebrity who has since died. It was said that the parent in the case went into a barber shop and tipped the barber a dime. The barber said to him: "Do you know, Mr. —, your son always gives me a dollar tip." Whereupon the multi-millionaire celebrity said to the barber: "My dear man, I too could give dollar tips if I were blessed with a rich father."

## How the Mind Emerges from Chaos

(Continued from page 35)

dream carries us back into earlier states of human culture, and affords us a means of understanding it better."

This observation was later made by psychologists working on the new hypotheses that Freud's theories developed and attests to the penetrating insight of the German philosopher. How clearly the law of biogenesis serves to demonstrate this is plainly shown in the study of embryology.

It is known that each person has a libido which demands satisfaction of its desires. When satisfaction is not afforded thru normal means then the tendency for the desire is to break thru at the weakest point in the line of restriction. And when this also cannot be accomplished then there is an acceptance by the mind of the "next-best-thing" or as the psychoanalysts call it—a sublimation. That is the desire escapes thru channels not utilized by the mind when the desire can normally

be satisfied. It is a law of nature that a force tends to overcome the restraining factors of its environment, no matter what they may be. And no force in nature is greater or of more importance in the biological order of things than the sexual impulse.

Says Coriat, the distinguished psychologist and physician: "Unconscious thoughts are existent and active in the normal individual as well as in the neurotic. Unconscious thoughts or ideas frequently remain so, because a force termed resistance prevents them from becoming conscious. The act of repression usually meets with ill success, because the repressed impulse (wishes) and complexes continue to exist in the unconscious and thus send disguised substitutes into consciousness in the form of psycho-neurotic symptoms."—*Abnormal Psychology*—p. 18.)

When the day and its excitement are

over and the individual passes into the realm of sleep the unconscious desires steal forth to enact their little play in the form of a dream. But here, as in the waking state, the censor is on the alert and again the cloak of symbolism is thrown on the scene to hide the real nature of the desires that manifest themselves.

In reference to this point—one of Freud's disciples makes the following statement: "It is the censor which compels dreams to adopt the mystic language of symbolism to secure the possibility of dramatization of sexual material in dreams. If one has convinced himself of the wide use of symbolism for the dramatization of sexual material in dreams, he must have been struck by the question whether or not many of these symbols appear like the characters of stenography with a fixed meaning for all cases. In this connection, it is to be noticed that this sym-



bolism belongs not only to dreams but also to the unconscious folk ideas and is found as completely in folk-lore, myths, saga, sayings, maxims, and in the current wit of a people as in dreams. Among the symbols so used are really many which regularly or almost regularly mean the same thing; upon this, in greatest part, the general understanding and far reaching activity of those creations of the folk-mind depend." (*Freud's Theories of the Neurosis*. Dr. Hitchman—p. 105.)

Each age has its own code of conduct, customs, ideas, ethics, values, etc., and these cast their restrictions upon the individual and his desires. Thus every age, in a way, may be said to possess its own subconscious stratum. Society constantly changing the environment for the individual, compels him to hastily adopt and adjust himself to standards which are not always feasible for him to live up to.

Surrounded by the wall of restraint that society creates, the individual is not even allowed to talk of this vital topic in the same open and frank way as he would of any other subject that is of importance to his being. The whole matter is taboo. Hence there arises a feeling that there must be something obscene, filthy about it. And, so a stratum develops in the unconscious—the stratum of repression. Outwardly all may appear well. The individual goes about his daily tasks and does not evince any symptoms of his sexual nature. But, deep in his mind there is a personality different from that shown on the surface.

This is aptly illustrated by the observations of psychiatrists. It has been observed again and again that gentlewomen suffering with certain forms of insanity will utter violent blasphemies and obscenities. Immoral women, on the other hand, suffering with the very same forms of insanity would not show this symptom as pronounced as their better sisters. A clear illustration of repression and its resultant effects on some types.

A study of animism gives the first clue to the matter. Ancient man believed that he had a soul or spirit which actuated his life on this earth. After death this spirit traveled to another sphere, there to exist as an independent entity. The body was merely the abode of the soul and was looked upon as a distinct being. Certainly there was no understanding of the influence of body on mind as there is today.

Gradually man came to extend his soul to surrounding inanimate objects. He believed that everything possessed a spirit. There was a spirit in the wind that raged thru the forest destroying everything in its path and there was also a spirit in the gentle zephyr that lulled his tired body to restful sleep. But man at the same

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New York, N. Y.

time believed that there existed a mysterious force behind all life. Creation! Sex. He extended his sexual desires and feelings to his deified objects. Human emotions of whatever nature were cloaked over the gods. In time sex became the prime feature of man's worship and belief. This was in a more or less pure state of social consciousness. Sex became obscene with the advent of complex living, or as we term it, civilization. The closer man was to nature, the less sex seemed to degrade his thoughts, and the more natural he functioned in this respect.

In the subconscious man remains a natural being. He expresses his desires whether permitted to or not, and the way he expresses them depends upon the amount of restriction put upon him by his environment. He sees a secret appeal to his libido in the form and structure of many objects in his environment as he used to when he was a savage. He experiences by gazing at them and letting his thoughts wander at will a sort of sexual satisfaction. Some factors of environment such as risqué shows, racy stories, art pictures of a certain type, are so obviously created for, and based upon this tendency of man, that they supply an outlet for some of the repressed types.

For instance, advertising has an appeal to the observer which is often based upon sexual association. Posters and other designs which advertise commercial products, with their gaudy display of half-clad women, illustrate

with great clarity that man will look at an object which fascinates him sexually, quicker and also longer than at anything that does not have these attributes.

Consciously or otherwise, man desires to prolong his sexual pleasure and instinctively the libido will cling to anything which aids it in that direction. It lies in the very nature of man to seek pleasure and avoid pain.

The prolongation of love by the spiritual element was noticed by the philosopher Kant, who in his treatise on *The Probable Beginning of Human History*, published in 1786, wrote as follows:

"Reason, as soon as it became active, did not delay to exert its influence also in the sexual sphere. Man soon discovered that the stimulus of sex, which in animals depended merely on a transient and for the most part periodic impulse, was in his own case capable of prolongation, and indeed, of increase, by the force of the imagination.

Not only in the dream, both sleep-dreams and day-dreams, but in poetry, music, art, literature, etc., we find the wish fulfilled in symbolic form.

With a firmness that is at times difficult to understand, man remains anchored to the primal, which influences him in almost all directions, even to the seemingly insignificant or unimportant actions of everyday life.

Life is fast becoming more complex; and the haste of modern life compels man to systematize his daily activities

to the time allowed by his environment. Crowded subways, restaurants, theatres, stores, streets, etc., attest to the ever-increasing speed brought about by modern civilization which herds millions of souls within the narrow confines of a city. This quest for an insane velocity develops a confusing chaos in our minds. Greece produced her greatest thinkers when she bestowed leisure upon her people—leisure which is the priceless asset of every artistic soul.

And so with an unknown goal existing somewhere in the dim future, man is compelled to travel thru his brief span of existence at a terrific pace that tends to wither the best factors of his mind and body.

During all this rush and speed, however, the sexual silently works, influencing, compelling, inducing, prompting man thruout his life. But man does not pay any attention to all this. He is busily engaged with the objective factors of his environment, which, after all, are more conspicuous and important in his eyes.

Sometimes the sexual manifests itself with the gentle sweetness of a summer zephyr, at other times, with the invincible fury of a winter's gale. But in all cases we are dealing with the same substance—the libido. The workings of the libido cast a profound impression on the march of time, an impression of which we are now just becoming aware of thru our psychological investigations.

## Not Till Fifty

(Continued from page 21)

"There it was. Music. A profession, an art. I had tried to make myself a business man and failed miserably. There was a reason. I was temperamentally unfit for business. I was a musician. It was like the passing of a crisis. Unconsciously I relaxed. Thoughts stopped racing in my head. There came a feeling of content. It was like coming home after a long journey; like meeting, after years of separation, the people you loved most.

"Early the next morning I went into the storeroom for my violin. More time was spent in finding my music. From here on my story is mere routine and repetition. I started practising that day. I practised altogether eight hours. Each day and every day I did this. In a short time it became, as I say, a matter of routine. I felt that I had already taken the greatest hurdle when I had spent the long hours dissecting myself. I had always had an aptitude for music. Those long hours of practice were anything but dull. In fact, it was like coming back to an old love; relations were soon established and everything went smoothly.

"But at first I had trouble in making my fingers behave. I had not touched a bow for years and years; I did not have the heart. The reading of music was not so difficult; I found my memory was rather good. I also discovered that whole selections I had memorized were practically intact in my mind. But having them in my mind and interpreting them with the bow were two entirely different things. The bowing was what made me sweat. The bow would not respond. I could not get the smoothness of tones. It is one thing just to bow and another really to bow. You know what I mean. In one case you are a fiddler and in the other a violinist.

"Week after week I bowed and bowed; my wrist grew tired. I rubbed it with linament. I suffered from nervous strain, but clenched my teeth and stayed with it. After my daily stint I would lie awake nights, unable to sleep and thinking, puzzling about my bowing. When at last the notes did not shy out like tremulous birds but issued clear and full I felt better. I had what I wanted. My anxiety lifted. It began

to look as if I would reach that heaven I had finally located that night. At the same time my fingering got better and better. I had to train my stiff digits all over again. But the time came when they moved as fast, as lightly, as deftly as was needed.

"So for three full months I was re-learning what I had forgotten. After that I was learning what I had never known. I could feel myself improve. I progressed rapidly. In four months I had several try-outs, and orchestra leaders praised me highly. In another two months I was asked to become one of a chamber music quartet, and we play one night a week for a broadcasting station for which we receive \$100. We also play frequently, of course, before clubs, schools and elsewhere. Then two days ago, about ten months after I 'found myself,' I was given an audience with the leader of our symphony orchestra, and you see before you one of his first violins."

With that my friend Frank beamed and beamed. But his happiness was not more poignant than mine. What a wonderful thing he had done! Year



after year of ineffective, futile effort had not broken him. He had gone down into the very depths on that night of travail. He had had the great courage to take himself apart, to study every wheel and cog of his mechanism and had found what he was looking for.

And so today at the age of fifty, with children grown, and responsibilities behind, rather than before him, he has at last taken his place in the front rank with the successful men. When we stop to think that he has come this long way in ten months we can safely predict that he will go much farther. For myself, I really expect that he will become one of the great violin virtuosos of his day.

I have known Frank Marinus for twenty years. When I first met him I was working as a reporter, covering the City Hall detail, and he was a clerk in the Department of Public Works. He was a quiet, gentlemanly, likable fellow, but to one who gave him more than casual notice it was evident that he did not think this one of the best of all possible worlds. He had the eyes of the dreamer, the visionary. But he merely laughed when I referred to a hidden sorrow in his life. He would say, "This is all I'm fit for, I guess." But I knew that was not the answer.

Came a new city administration. This was before the days of Civil Service in that city, and Frank was dropped from the municipal payroll. For a time he thought of going back to dentistry, the profession he had fitted himself for at the University and to which he had given two discontented years. But he decided against this, feeling that he would only fail a second time. He tried farming for a number of years, only to return to his city a sadder but a not much wiser man. In

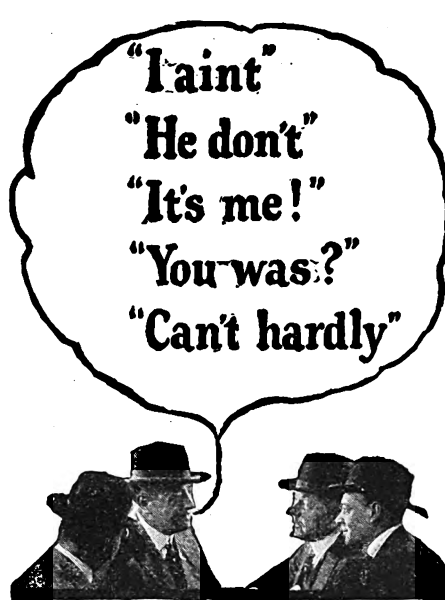
turn he became a ticket agent, bank clerk, secretary, manufacturer's representative and office-manager.

He says: "I tried my hand at selling stocks and bonds, insurance, real estate. At one time I ruled a gang of stevedores on the San Francisco waterfront. I seemed to get into new fields of endeavor at the most inopportune times, either during reconstructive periods, industrial strikes, or during times of uncertain and upset markets."

He had the sensitive nature of the artist and these reverses wounded him to the quick. For a time he worked as an accountant. But he could not concentrate on columns of figures; it was an irksome task and he was again a free agent. The branch manager of a life insurance company painted in rich colors the money to be made by a hard-working agent with the right sales talk. Again Frank tried and again he failed. Then came his entry into the real estate ranks. He had better success with this, drove himself to the study of properties, to the memorizing of sales talks, to interesting his friends in new subdivisions, sold houses, made a few big deals.

But eventually his luck gave out and his pluck followed. Came the zero hour—a painful period of petty borrowings here and there, the selling of his old automobile, and the avoiding of his friends. Things had come to a black pass, an impasse, in truth. This was the road he had traveled when he went home that eventful night and had that memorable wrestle with himself that lasted for hours.

Every man worth his salt has this soul-searing conflict. To most men it comes in the earlier years. To have waged and won this Homeric contest at Frank's age is an enviable honor and distinction.



## What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

*They may offend others as much as these offend you*

**I**F some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To you they may seem correct, but others may know they are wrong.

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## The Beautiful Adventure

(Continued from page 27)

of all the restless, worried, morbid, unhappy, complaining creatures who simply need a few primary lessons in the art of living. They think they want money, or notoriety, or to travel, or to get divorced, or to change their circumstances; but these things are not what they need; they need to know how to live. And nobody tells them. Churches and schools don't tell them, judges and prison-keepers don't tell them. Millions blunder along and make a mess of life because they have studied anything else under the sun except living."

We have been poor potters handling excellent clay. Men have, thru all the ages, lacked definiteness in the plan of living. Things about us have been mysterious and intangible when they should have been given form and meaning. The greatest of all arts, the art

of living, has been taken for granted or regarded as commonplace. Look at man today. He can run his business but he can't run his home. He has peddled his gold while his social brain withered and his heart crumbled. His idea of what is right is too often determined by what is expedient and profitable. He spends millions of dollars on wars which should go into the training of the minds and hearts of his children. The World War was a great joke on man's boasted intellect and morals.

But notwithstanding all of these weaknesses most of us have the greatest faith in his ability to overcome it all. His declaration of religious toleration, his abolition of slavery, and his growing desire for international peace are manifestations of a powerful force for

good that is running thru the centuries. Slowly but surely the world moves around to what is best.

Progress in the art of living has lagged far behind the progress of the material world about us. But it must not in the future. The race that has climbed to such heights of material grandeur is capable of developing a richer mind and a purer heart. For the human mind is a beautiful garden, filled with a million flowers, and man has stopped only at the outer edge and plucked but a few. The human heart is a gorgeous palace, with a million rooms trimmed in purple and fine gold, and we have just entered within its inviting halls. And foolish, yet masterful man, will yet touch those unplucked flowers; will yet fully discover this wonderful palace.

A thousand years from now nearly all of life will be as fine as a walk thru a summer garden at twilight.

And this great progress will be the result of giving more specific attention to the simple rules of life. Already civilization might have been sublime if man had developed himself as much as he has developed the matter about him! Lives would have been strengthened, enriched and made more fruitful. Even empires would have been glorified beyond a dream, misunderstandings cleared and international peace established. Such is the far-reaching influence of the individual life.

It is necessary to stop and think—to get one's bearings in life. All of this "eddyding about" is due to a lack of discovery. How much time do you devote to an inventory of your qualities, your possibilities? Most people are too busy to take stock of themselves and make plans for the future, for happiness. Too many are fooled into thinking that the general noise and commotion of

which they are a part is the great heart of life. Their lives are guided by the whims and shallow notions of the moment instead of plans that stretch over the months and years. Therefore, the least ripple upon the waters of life disturbs them, and the least hitch in the machinery of existence throws them at the mercy of the rude winds. And then they become disappointed with life, think they have been cheated, robbed of their due.

Not so with those who learn to accept the correct arrangement of things in the universe. The wise man is never surprised at his portion of life's heritage. He has taken an invoice of himself and has adjusted his course to the general current of things. He has stopped at Nature's shrine, learned her laws and then set out to obey them. No wonder he remains serene and confident while those about him are lost in a hopeless scramble. The difference is that he knows where he is going and the others do not. He is a potter with a plan.

He is a Benjamin Franklin planning his life as tho he would live forever, but beginning with only three loaves of bread and a confident heart. He is an Abraham Lincoln who said to himself, "I shall study and maybe my time will come." He is a John Burroughs, standing at the "summit of years," saying, "The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and wonder of the world. I hardly know which leads, beauty or wonderment."

Such heroes as these teach us that those who have nothing to do always live shallowest and die soonest, that "joy is not in things," but in our planning and carrying out those plans.

And a person's biggest and grandest job is planning for happiness, learning how to live. All other plans are mere

schemes to this one big end. And blessed is the man who stops along the highways of life to think.

The most fortunate make their plans when they are young. They build the structures of their lives with a happy zest that others know not of. Savonarola at twenty-two spent a whole night planning his career. Alec Murray is said to have awakened to the possibilities of life at fifteen and taking a spurt of energy learned several languages in less than two years. Benjamin Thompson at fifteen years of age was aroused to a frenzy for sciences. At the age of seventeen he walked nine miles every day to attend lectures at Cambridge University. At thirteen Benjamin Franklin sat up all night and read poetry. A little later he wrote poetry and sold it on the streets of Boston. He started the first public library when he was only twenty-one years of age. Shelley was so absorbed with the beauty of life that at thirty he stated that he had lived longer than his father. "I am ninety years of age."

Perhaps these men were gifted, you will say. Maybe you are gifted too. There are a number of examples of men who did not discover themselves until late in life. They may have been slower in developing, or they may not have had the opportunity to come in contact with the life forces needed to lead them out.

The plan that we decide upon is always best for us at that time. Later we may learn that another is better. And by a gradual elimination, by constant effort, which means thinking and acting, we move around, before we know it, to the permanent plan which is to engage our time the rest of our lives. Then comes the joy of success, the exhilarating joy of victory over one's lesser self.

## The Habit of Stalling

(Continued from page 44)

try, and my reward was a \$60 check—for two days' work! I never would have had the courage to attempt it voluntarily, but after being forced (in a way) to start, I found it not at all impossible. Verily, we never know whether we can do a thing or not until we try; and the start may be the only hard part of it. So why not be a "self-starter"? Why not build into our lives the *habit* of putting courage, confidence and determination into things we do?

Personal success of all kinds depends primarily on will. Instead of spending years theorizing and putting things off, why not take hold of that will of yours and get busy? The key to success is in your own pocket—or, more properly, your own mind.

Getting control of the will is not

really difficult. Decision is the foundation of will; you must decide definitely what is to be done, then make the beginning. Visualization of yourself as conqueror sounds like a good suggestion, but I think it sometimes has a depressing effect by making the road to victory seem too long. Never mind about that; be satisfied now with a start.

Let's keep repeating it. For strength of will grows with astonishing rapidity under the influence of exercise. What most of us do is to drift along with the current, following the lines of least resistance, until we have almost no power of resolution. Emerson believed that we should force ourselves every day to do something we had rather not do, in order to keep the will in good fettle.

A certain woman whose greatest fault was loss of temper over trifles said that she seemed to have no will. The reason was that she had never used it, never practiced self-discipline of any kind. But we all have a will; and all we have to do to make it serve us is to *try*. No matter how small your beginning, success will be the final reward; invariably, the will responds when exercised.

Start! Not tomorrow, but today. Without a beginning there can never be a victory. But the results are so immediate, from even the smallest start, that we cannot fail. Decision and action are irresistible, but they have no chance if shackled by procrastination. The entire science of harnessing the will may be summed up in that one word—**START!**



# Daniel Frohman

(Continued from page 41)

Gillette is the author of *Secret Service*, and *Sherlock Holmes* and other dramas. That I acquired the old Lyceum Theatre company on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street and founded the Lyceum Stock Company, you know already."

From the wall he lifted a photograph of Georgia Cayvan, whose brilliant career was eclipsed by tragedy, another of Bessie Tyree, the sparkling southern comedienne who left the stage while her name spelled success above theatre doors, to marry James Metcalfe, the dramatic critic. One of the late Henry Miller, who owned a theatre and had companies of his own when he died two years ago. "A fine actor and a charming gentleman," said "Gentle Dan." "With a handicap that he deplored more than did any of his associates. He would swear ferociously in the morning that he would not play a part that had been assigned him and I would prepare his understudy for the part. Miller would arrive in the evening letter perfect and in most amiable mood, ready to 'Go on.' He held reflectively in his palm a faded replica of the features of that tall knight of romance, the late James K. Hackett in the character of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which he played at the old Lyceum. Of Cecelia Loftus who became Mr. Hackett's leading woman, and star in her own right. He regarded the piquant, pictured features of a lovely young woman.

"For her I resigned my rights to all English plays to my brother, Charles" he said. "To this younger brother of mine who was collecting plays of English make I said 'The field isn't wide enough for both of us. I will give it over to you but you must allow me to bring Billie Burke to this country.' She came, as leading woman for John Drew, in a play my brother controlled, *My Wife*. But she appeared in many plays in this new Lyceum Theatre of mine that has succeeded the old, before her marriage to Florenz Ziegfeld."

"Why do you think the wishes of those young men who walked down Chestnut Street after their Welsh rarebit supper came true?" I asked. The most unselfish man swung round from his desk and thoughtfully regarded me.

"It was cerebration."

"Conscious or unconscious?"

"Both. You have noticed that when you are thinking toward one object how the facts you discover in your reading and the events you encounter every day contribute to it. Like the tributary streams feeding a river. A well defined purpose is the spring from which flows a river of achievement. The incidents

selected from every day contribute to it."

"If a young man told you of his ambition and asked your help in achieving it what would you do?"

"I would tell him to celebrate. I would explain that he must give some thought every day, whatever his environment or occupation, to plan for the accomplishment of that ambition. My contribution, if I were able to see him often, would be to talk to him of others who had achieved in the field that interested him. If of the stage, for instance, should he want to be a comedian, I would tell him stories of other comedians. If a tragedian I should talk to him about Richard Mansfield."

"And it was Mansfield, wasn't it," I interjected, "who used to tell of the advice he received to give up all thought of going on the stage since he could never be an actor?"

"Yes. And Ned Sothorn's father ordered him off the stage, telling him that he could never act."

"Is the great desire to achieve in some art or profession a guarantee that its owner will succeed in that art or profession?"

"Often, but not always."

"What advice will you give to those who contemplate the stage or any other art of expression?"

"I would say 'Test yourself. Give years to the effort. If you have mistaken your talent you may be the first to know it.'"

For the fulfillment of such wishes as those of the three young men, strolling on Chestnut Street at midnight, Mr. Frohman made a further suggestion. While he called it a suggestion it had the force of a commandment of success.

"Strip yourself of the garment of versatility. It is a decorative garment but may be a positive hindrance." I said that to a young woman in this office. She is a talented young person who could do several things well. She could draw cleverly and was a musician. She was a graceful dancer. She had received considerable recognition on the stage. But she came to me to talk of the screen. I said 'Don't give your time to any of these. Think and work for the screen.' Now she is earning \$2,000 a week. That is Madge Bellamy. You have seen her in *Summer Bachelors* and other screen plays."

"What have you learned about human nature?"

"To look for that light of nobility that shines thru most natures. To develop talent by encouraging the talented to be themselves and to guide them gently, if at all."

Daniel Frohman in his seventy-sixth year, has the figure and the light step



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of a boy. He seems not to walk but to be catapulted into the theatre, so swiftly does he go down the aisle on the first night of a play. He can dance down men who are his juniors by fifty years. He told me that he has preserved his figure by sleeping on the floor or on a board hammock, stretched on heavy chains outside the window of his studio, and both his health and figure by eating only one substantial meal a day.

Once a week he gives a luncheon to eight friends from the ages of eight to eighteen years. Three of these are the late Nora Bayes' adopted children.

"Association with youth is a tonic" he assured me.

"You have contacted with your thousands, tens of thousands—say hundreds of thousands—since you helped to found the Famous Players-Lasky motion picture company" I said. "What is your rule for getting on with folk?" "Gentle Dan" smiled, lifted a paper-weight with his long, pale fingers, set it carefully back in its place on his plateau-like desk.

"My philosophy is comprised in one word, 'Tolerance.'"

But for Mr. Frohman himself "Tolerance" is far too slight a word. Rather must we say—*warm-heartedness!*

For he knows that the art of entertainment is a precarious one. Poignantly aware is he that a plump season may be followed by three or four seasons that are lean to skinniness. That upon the sunny substance of Broadway success may attend the shadow of barnstorming obscurity and penury. He knows the hidden stories, revealed only by death, if then, as of the widowed actress turned wardrobe woman, who was maintained by the Fund at the Home for Incurables for eighteen years. He knows of the actor stricken four years ago by paralysis who never grows better and who lives in a small room in an obscure hotel where his wife breaks the rules of the

hotel against cooking in private rooms, with the hotel management's tacit connivance. He knows that eight or nine times a month the Actors Fund pays the final expenses of some devotee of the stage. The simple obsequies in an undertaking establishment, the burial service read by a surpliced or a frock-coated cleric, the last dignified journey to a Brooklyn cemetery, with Actors Fund officials in the carriage that follows. He gilds the sombre picture with his ineffable courtesy.

"Dependents?" he says to those who come softly weeping to him with their stories of successive seasons barren of engagements, an empty purse and an accumulation of years pressing upon them as a heavy weight. "Failure? Not another word of that, my dear friends. You shall be guests at the Home that you have helped to rear and to maintain. You are getting back interest on the principal of the energy you have expended in playing at benefits for the Fund. You are guests of the profession you have served well."

Before a bent-shouldered woman who walks with faltering steps, a wrinkled face that was once surpassingly fair, he bows with a blend of old-school grace and modern sincerity. "I used to spend my last quarter to admire you from the gallery," he says, "and now it is my privilege to admire you for nothing at close range."

To withered cheeks rises a tide of pink at this gallantry, which is part of the unselfishness of the world's least selfish man.

A young actress who had been seeing a play with me said while we were making our way out into the wintry chill, "Won't you wait here a moment, please? There is Daniel Frohman. I want to get into his way for a word and a smile."

And she is but one of many thousands who would go far out of their way for that word or that smile, and who, having received it, will treasure it to the end of their days.

# Trader and Missionary

(Continued from page 43)

exclaimed the Missionary indignantly.

"Any man that's been thoroly soused on palm wine," chuckled the Trader, "has seen pink elephants that all the distilleries in Christendom can't match. It's—"

"Then why," interrupted the other, "why did natives quit palm wine and sell their very souls for gin?"

"Now you're asking questions," grinned the Trader, "and I think you know the answer well as I do. But our friend, here, don't. The fact is the Kanaka never liked gin better than palm wine. But wine was scarce and hard to get." He turned to me. "You

had to draw it from the top of a tree, you could only get it once and it killed the tree. When the whites brought liquor—I don't say they should have done it, understand—but when they brought booze with a wallop and all you had to do to 'draw' it was to pull out a cork, and when that didn't kill his trees, the Kanaka turned to the white man's gin."

"And as often he turned from it," protested the Missionary. "Many times it was forced on him by unscrupulous men—for the profits they could make from the trade."

"I'm not defending it," replied the



Trader; "and there was times when liquor was landed on threat of shooting up an island unless the chief agreed. But you've got to admit that traders never told natives they'd go to hell if they didn't drink it; and no trader ever refused to baptize a Kanaka unless he bought his gin."

"Nor did any missionary."

"But they did worse, for that's what they told them about clothes. And I say wearing clothes has done the Kanaka more harm, bred more disease, and caused more deaths, ten to one, than all the liquor south of the Equator."

"You mean to say—"

"That Kanakas were told they'd go to hell and burn forever if they didn't put on clothes and wear them; that after missionaries worked them up with pictures of everlasting torment they wouldn't baptize them till they put on clothes and promised to wear them. And furthermore—the Trader plucked my sleeve for greater emphasis, 'in plenty of cases the missionary sold—sold, mind you—the very clothes the native had to buy.'"

"That's an old story," frigidly observed the Missionary, "never verified. It was not true at our station and I've never met a man who knew of its happening elsewhere. Do you," he asked the Trader, pointblank, "know any ordained missionary, Protestant or Catholic, who ever refused to baptize men and women or to receive them into the church unless they bought clothing of him?"

"N-n-no, I don't," confessed the Trader. "But there are men who *do* know it. They were there at the time."

"Can you name one?"

"Not offhand, no."

The Missionary smiled, not gloatingly, but with righteous triumph as he turned to me. "You'll hear many tales about missionaries," he said, "and if you'll trace them they'll end as this one does—nowhere. Our friend, the Trader, has been deceived, that's all, for that story and others like it have no foundation in fact and were started for a definite purpose. Actually, missionaries encourage a proper, modest amount of clothing—"

"Why?" exploded the Trader.

"Decency requires it."

"Whose decency? Not the Kanaka's."

"That's a matter of opinion."

"Whose opinion? Not the Kanaka's."

"Yes, the Kanaka's."

"Then what about—?"

"Of course I mean natives brought in contact with civilization," interposed the Missionary.

"So do I," was the Trader's retort.

"Now then," he questioned me, "are you going to Tahiti?"

"I expect to."

"Then put this down in your notebook and when you get there you'll find

it so: When the first missionaries went to Tahiti the natives sent them back. They didn't harm them, they didn't kill them, just bundled them into their boats and shoed 'em away. They kept coming, but that made no difference to the Kanakas who had opinions of their own and one of them was that they *didn't* want missionaries.

"Finally a missionary man got to thinking that they had never seen a white woman and maybe if he'd take his wife they'd let him stay. It was a foolish thing to try—an unarmed white man and a lone white woman poking themselves in where they knew they weren't wanted but they did it. The natives saw them coming, and a crowd squatted on the beach to meet them.

"When they set foot on shore they were surrounded by a gang of delighted Kanakas, for they think the fatter persons are the more beautiful they are. You see," he explained to me, "this woman wore a long skirt, clear to the ground, her idea of 'decency,' and the Kanakas, never having seen anything like that, jumped to the conclusion that everything underneath that skirt was solid meat. The missionary man made the biggest hit of his life by showing them a 'fatter' human that they had ever dreamed of seeing.

"They crowded round, getting closer and closer, tickled pink and telling each other, and telling the missionary what a prince he was for giving them a look at so much beauty all in one bundle. They sent runners inland to call the chief, and with special orders to bring their fattest women to come get an eyeful and learn something.

"And then it happened. One of them put his hand against the skirt—and found there wasn't solid fat underneath! He couldn't believe his senses and told another one to try. The lady objected but that only made it all the worse; there was a screw loose somewhere, and the Kanakas were going to find out where. They grabbed the man and held him tight while others took off her clothes, all of them, and found he had brought a woman—and not a specially fat one, at that.

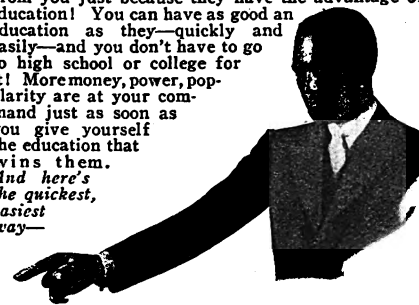
"Mad? You bet they were mad. She didn't compare with the common run of their women, let alone the prize 'fatties.' But that wasn't what riled them. It was her clothes. They turned on that man and gave him the devil for trying to fool them. 'If you wanted to bring a woman,' they asked, 'why weren't you honest enough to say so? What do you mean by wrapping her up to make her look fat? We're not children; you can't fool us,' they fired at him. 'Now then,' they went on, 'if you and your woman want to stay you can ask the chief about it, but if she stays she'll have to dress as *honest* and as *decently* as our women dress.'"

Which meant, the Trader explained,

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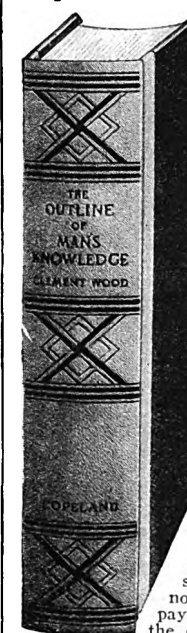
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that she'd wear nothing above the waist and very little below.

"What did the missionaries decide?"

I asked.

"That woman put on her clothes in double quick time," was the answer, "the two of them jumped in their canoe and left the heathen to their fate. But that's not the point," he hurried on. "Missionaries say it's indecent *not* to wear clothes and the Kanakas say its dishonest and indecent *to* wear 'em. They never thought of indecent exposure till missionaries scared it into them—and I say clothes have been their greatest curse."

The Missionary was ready. "The story is true," he remarked, "but I can't agree that many converts have been scared into wearing clothes. It is natural for Christians to clothe the body. When Adam and Eve sinned and God spoke to them they were ashamed for their nakedness and wore coverings of fig leaves. No one told them to; they just did it. There were certain decencies to be observed tho there were only two people on earth."

"Who put it into their heads?" demanded the Trader.

"The God who made them," came the swift rejoinder.

"Then why didn't He tell the Kanakas the same thing?"

"He did—by sending missionaries."

"Then why can't missionaries make more converts? For longer than a hundred years they've been in the islands and haven't converted a fourth of the Kanakas. The copra trade is bad enough, but if it didn't show better profits than the missionary business there wouldn't be a trader left."

"Preaching the Gospel to heathen is not a 'business,'" corrected the Missionary. "And we have nothing to do with the results obtained. We do not read, 'Well done, good and successful servant,' but 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

"Gentlemen," I interposed, "we're getting off the subject, we were discussing clothes. You," I remarked to the Trader, "said that clothes had done the native more harm than—"

"Than gin and whiskey—and that clothes were brought by missionaries. Now put this down straight," he cautioned, "and let's talk facts, no matter what we believe:

"Before the white man came, the Kanaka wore little or nothing and what he did wear was fit for the climate. His clothes were made of grass, or of *kapas*, made from shreds of inner bark of trees. Most of it held together when dry, but let water get at it and it fell apart. So when the Kanaka went swimming he took off his clothes and didn't put them back on till his body was good and dry. When they were caught in a rain they stripped to the skin, men and women, and wrapped



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their clothes in leaves to keep the rain off; when the shower was over they stayed naked till their bodies were dry before they put their clothes on. Do you see what it would mean to wear white man's clothes?"

"No, I don't," I admitted.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "can you imagine men, women and children rushing into pants, shirts and dresses the minute they got out of the water, or letting their clothes get soaked with rain and wearing them all the rest of the day?"

"It wouldn't have been comfortable," I conceded.

"That's what bred tuberculosis!" he exploded. "When the sea breezes hit that water-logged clothing it got cold and clammy; it clung to the skin and chilled them to the bone. Good Lord! man, that's how you cool water on the hottest day, hang it up where a breeze will hit it. And those clothes, wringing wet, clamped down on their hides like ice. They never had a chance. It gave them colds, chronic colds, congestion, tuberculosis—and they died, died, died—God knows how many!"

"Those who didn't wear clothing also died of tuberculosis," remarked the Missionary.

"Of course—when they caught it from the people who did wear it," flared the Trader. "And it was just like that with measles," he went on. "White men brought measles. That wouldn't have been so bad if the Kanakas hadn't rushed into water to cool off when the fevers came on. That's just what they shouldn't have done, but they didn't know. It drove their measles in—and they died in heaps and piles. The diseases spread; live natives caught them from the dying or dead; Kanakas that had never seen or heard of white men caught them and died—never knew what hit them. And, sticking to the subject, the point I'm making is that all of it happened because of clothes."

"What about syphilis? Missionaries didn't bring that."

"You mean traders brought it. All right, let's say they did. But give a Kanaka syphilis and galloping consumption at the same time—give him the trader's disease one day and wringing wet clothes every day, and measles, tuberculosis or pneumonia will slam him in his grave before the other thing gets a start. Now get me right," he pointed a finger at me, "I'm no saint, but I'm not a devil, either. I know the white man did wrong in giving the Kanaka gin and in giving him disease. I'm not defending either. But I'm telling you that for every native killed by gin or syphilis there were ten to a hundred killed by clothes."

"There were devastating scourges long before the white man landed," reminded the Missionary.

"There were," agreed the Trader, "but Kanakas multiplied in spite of them; they weren't bad enough to kill off whole tribes. It took clothes to do that. And if the Kanaka had his way about it he'd ditch the whole business and go back——"

"To savagery, idol-worship, cannibalism," assured the Missionary.

"And that might not be as bad as it sounds," responded the Trader. "There was a reason for everything the Kanaka did, good reason, too, I'm thinking—just as there was for the kind of clothes he wore."

"What reason other than sin or ignorance can a man have for worshipping idols," asked the Missionary, "or for eating human flesh?"

"I know all the best answers," nodded the other, "just as you do, but they're the white man's answers. What I'd like to see, what I'd like to read would be the Kanaka's side. Do you know," he placed both his hands on my shoulders, "that the heathen has never been heard, that *his* side has never been put in a book? If I was doing what you're doing I'd quit asking white people what they *think*; I'd go straight to some of these old Kanakas and find out what they *know*."

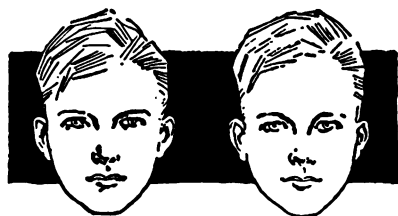
"That's not a bad idea," I agreed. And to the Missionary, "What do you think?"

"Somebody ought to do it," he conceded, soberly. "There are unsolved puzzles which should be unravelled. But you know, beforehand, that by talking with *tohungas* you'll get only their side of the matter. In all fairness you ought to check their reports with those of the early missionary martyrs, the men and women who came out here a hundred years ago and gave their lives because they loved God and their savage fellowman."

The Trader arose, at which we, also stood. As we bade each other goodnight the Trader concluded, "Yes, sir, if I wanted to get to the bottom of things I'd go straight to some of these old *tohungas*, ask them straightforward questions, man to man—not Christian to heathen—and put down just what they told me. Why don't you let the heathen speak? It's never been done."

I found a quiet, secluded spot away from the light and gazed thoughtfully into a cloud-bespeckled sky. "Why don't you let the heathen speak?" The thought was intriguing. But more intriguing was the admonition, "It's never been done." Why not, I nodded, go to the older, wiser natives——

A DECK steward waked me shortly after midnight. "Beg pardon, sir," he apologized, "but there's a bit of a blow coming up and there'll be rain presently. "Beg pardon for waking you, sir, but I knew you wouldn't want to get your clothes wet."



## One of these Boys Will Fail - IF

**B**OTH possess equal health and intelligence, both have qualities that make for success, but only one will succeed, for the other one stammers—he will fail. He is dominated by fear. He will dread to meet people, for he will lack the self-confidence so necessary to succeed in all walks of life, but especially in business; and the humiliation of his disability will result in an impairment of his nervous system—a condition often the beginning of ill health.

All stammerers are fully aware of their handicap; they know how it feels to be regarded as "different" from other people—and often laughed at. They know that their affliction sets them apart from all others who are normal. They know that stammering is a handicap which prevents their greatest success in business or their participation in social affairs. But all stammerers do not know that their handicap can be removed.

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Beginning on page 72 will be found an explanation of the causes of stammering. The results of stammering are also fully described, giving the basis of the conviction held by leading speech authorities that stammering should be removed before it becomes deeply rooted in the muscular and nervous system. The text beginning on page 196 is devoted to a description of the Bogue Unit Method, which is based on the principle of co-ordination between the mind and the speech organs. It has restored perfect speech to stammerers everywhere. No drugs or medicine are used, and the method is highly endorsed by physicians.

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# Not So Gay

(Continued from page 45)

masquerading as a Balkan prince, taking the part of a guest in the household of a European nobleman, and finally carrying off the fairest woman in the group who chooses him for a lover, knowing that he is Death in fact—is a spectacle that chills the blood and sickens the heart.

Not to make friends with Death, but to conquer him is the problem that intrigues the New World.

## THE CRIMINAL CODE

**H**OW a hide-bound criminal code can crush a decent boy, break his spirit, keep him confined year after year working in the stench of a jute mill behind prison bars, because of a tough break which anyone might get, is the theme of Martin Flavin's drama, *The Criminal Code*, which William Harris, Jr., is presenting at the National Theatre.

The boy spends years in the prison, with the inmates as his only human contacts. Despair, bitterness, hatred, gradually crowd out his respect for law—that law that so unjustly sent him up. Too late comes the gleam of light, too faint to pierce in time the black walls of the dungeon where he has been thrown and beaten because he won't squeal on his friends—the other criminals. Too late comes the love of the warden's daughter. The slow uneven working of justice cannot offset the brutality of the prison guards. Desperation has driven him to commit a real crime.

No more devastating and intense criticism of our penal code has been offered than Mr. Flavin's exciting drama and Mr. Harris' vivid presentation. Arthur Byron is superb as the warden who "plays the games according to the rules." Russell Hardie, as the prisoner, gives a heartrending interpretation.

## RED RUST

**R**ED RUST, a play by the Russians, R. V. Kirchon and A. Ouspensky, is presented by the younger element of the Theatre Guild, at the Martin Beck Theatre. Psychological in its effort, the play seems to be not so much a bit of propaganda for the future of Communism as a defence of the Russian revolution up to date.

The play makes it obvious that with the revolution, as with every new "cause", there will be those whose acts bring reproach upon the movement. The other characters give the lie to this treachery.

As Terekhine, the traitor, Herbert J. Biberman is excellent. He portrays vividly the evil element that seeks to

use the clashes in Soviet Russia to cover a multitude of sins. Gale Sondergaard is equally skilful in her portrayal of "Nina." The entire cast merits honorable mention, as does the symbolic setting, where, in the background, Lenin's tomb stands in a red glow thruout the whole performance.

## RUTH DRAPER

**R**UTH DRAPER, who has mastered the monologue to an almost unbelievable degree, is presenting her delightful new repertoire at the Comedy Theatre. The ability to produce numerous imaginary, but vivid characters on the stage, the nuances of her lovely voice, which can be harsh



MISS DRAPER

and shrill if demanded by her character, her keen and human understanding of all types of persons from a debutante to a miner's wife, have given Miss Draper a unique standing in the dramatic world.

## THE FIRST MRS. FRASER

**S**T. JOHN ERVINE'S delightful comedy, *The First Mrs. Fraser*, starring Grace George, presented by William A. Brady at the Playhouse, hands all the laurels to the older generation. The theme revolves around the ever poignant question of a husband's and father's infatuation and seasonal pursuit for youth—possibly for reassurance!

Mr. Fraser eventually attaches himself legally to one of the young things, but finds a butterfly is pretty difficult as a mate. Mrs. Fraser No. 1, who graciously accepts the passing years, is truly interested in her former husband's happiness, and the battery of

cross-examination justly dealt by her to the second Mrs. Fraser is a keen psychological study of the contrasts between the malicious, selfish impertinence of a type of young modern and the calm, forceful wisdom of the older generation.

A. E. Mathews and Lawrence Grosmith ably support Miss George with her seasoned charm and unostentatious sophistication.

## RICHELIEU

**I**F enthusiastic audiences mean anything, Walter Hampden's new production of *Richelieu* is on its way to share the popularity of *Caponsacchi* and *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Whether or not every situation could stand critical analysis is beside the present question, but the play has those qualities of color, intrigue, love, humorous relief, even moments of power, which make for "good theatre".

Hampden has given a new picture of the aging Cardinal, representing him quite effectively as a man crafty, but devoted above all to his ward and to the State. Claude Bragdon's scenery and lighting rank among his best.

## SALT WATER

**S**ALT WATER is a typical John Golden comedy, bursting with homely humor, surrounding humble, everyday types of people. Its action largely concerns seafaring folk, and it does not require too vivid an imagination to sniff the salt air. Frank Craven, hero of so many Golden comedies, is ably supported by a well chosen cast.

## THE LITTLE SHOW

**T**HE very popular musical revue, *The Little Show*, belies its name. It is a truly big show in the generosity of its entertaining features. There is good music; artistic, if not elaborate effects; clever dancing; exceptional acting and delightful humor. It is the last word in sophisticated entertainment of the revue type. Clifton Webb and Fred Allen share the honors. The latter, with his rollicksome comedy, almost carries away the honors, but Webb evens the score in his negro impersonation in the "That Kind of a Man" number.

## SUBWAY EXPRESS

**S**UBWAY EXPRESS, which A. L. Erlanger is presenting at the Liberty Theatre, is one of the more clever and novel thrillers of the season. The stage mechanism of a subway, where the murder takes place, is adroitly worked out. Eva Kay Flint and Martha Madison are the authors.



# What Am I Working For?

(Continued from page 17)

largest service, which fact is a general rule of industry. Earning capacity depends on skill, knowledge, experience, energy, ambition, cooperation, reliability.

However, money is not the principal object of the men who make the most and do the most with it. By query and observation we have analyzed the motives and purposes that actuate many of the nation's leaders in lines commercial, industrial and professional. What is each working for? A composite answer, from one who represented the majority, would be as follows:

## TWENTY WORK MOTIVES

1. To improve standards;
2. To foster better relationships;
3. To qualify for leadership;
4. To express and evolve myself;
5. To gain full control of the human machine;
6. To get things done that are worth doing;
7. To value and enjoy leisure more;
8. To profit by daily association with ambitious people;
9. To cultivate the acquaintance of master minds;
10. To earn the largest possible income for the best possible work;
11. To afford the equipment and supplies for health, comfort, efficiency;
12. To provide a sufficient bank account in reserve;
13. To guarantee ultimate financial independence;
14. To practice economy without sparseness or stinginess;
15. To make my loved ones happier thru what I can provide;
16. To be able to help good causes and friends needing my support;
17. To render fine services by means of my activities;
18. To maintain a wise balance of egoism and altruism;
19. To demonstrate the practicality of ideals;
20. To spiritualize the common things of life.

This twenty-point standard of industrial motive confers a new meaning of dignity and authority on everyday work. Most of the items are of general appeal and usefulness. Which do you regard as specially vital to your interests bearing on your vocation? You may find it helpful to go over the list and check the paragraphs worthy of note in your life plan. You might, after that, select the one most deserving

your attention for constructive thought and systematic effort looking toward accomplishment.

Suppose, for example, you choose paragraph ten, which will doubtless be as popular as any. The start in realization would be to ask certain questions and make vital application of the answers.

Why aren't you earning more? Is the reason lack of knowledge, or of skill, or of ambition, or of determination, or of opportunity, or of something else needed? How can the specific lack be met? Who earns the largest income of anybody in your line of work and what is the amount? Why should that be more than you receive? How do you explain the difference in earning power? What could you do to increase yours accordingly? Might facts or suggestions financially useful be had from any book, magazine, correspondence school or national association? How can you locate such possible sources of valuable information?

A study of promotions of employees and officials in various large industries shows that higher pay almost invariably follows higher quality of production. So the ambitious worker should concentrate on better work, safer work, cheaper work, faster work, easier work. This, we believe, is the correct order. To reverse the order would be a fatal error—anybody wanting first an easier job presently won't have any job at all.

**Better work.** How can it be made so nearly perfect as to delight everybody and receive just criticism from nobody? Are there not scientific standards of measurement by which you can judge its character and plan improvements accordingly?

**Safer work.** Do accidents or mistakes ever occur? If so, what are they and how might they be prevented? Have you read the national Safety First literature to see whether it applies to your occupation or mode of living?

**Cheaper work.** What economies and savings might be put into effect? Have you investigated and experimented along this line? Is waste of motion and material absolutely cut out?

**Faster work.** Do you operate on a time schedule? Is the mechanism of your production faultless? Would greater output result from better equipment, arrangement or system?

**Easier work.** Have you developed a plan to rotate or alternate activities, thus avoiding monotony and weariness? Are you preventing nerve strain and eye fatigue by a healthful, comfortable posture and a good light free of glare? Is your work really a pleasure, as you can make it if you want to?



## FREE!

### Body Chart

If you will mail the coupon below, this Anatomical and Physiological Chart will be mailed to you without one cent of expense. It shows the location of the Organs, Bones of the Body, Muscles of the Body, Head and Vertebra Column and tells you how the nerves radiate from your spinal cord to all organs of the body. This chart should be in every home.

cord to all organs of the body. This chart should be in every home.

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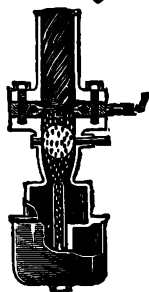
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### Happiness Contest

The Happiness Contest is over! That is, all the contributions have been received and recorded. Most of them have had their first reading.

The prize-winner will be announced in the June issue of PSYCHOLOGY.

If it were possible to roll all these Happiest People into one, the composite "Happiest Person" would be about forty-six years old, of medium build, a family man of rather poor circumstances, living in a small town. He looks upon life as a game to be played. He has sweet faith in God and a great love for man. He looks upon misfortunes merely as obstacles that it will be fun to overcome.

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A lawyer in our circle of friends accumulated a good fortune out of his fees. How? Largely because of his reputation of never losing a case. Litigants flock to such a lawyer. He resolved, early in his career, never to take a client whose cause was not absolutely just. The court, soon observing that he always had right on his side, uniformly made decisions in his favor. Success naturally followed.

A certain doctor has a lucrative practice, while other doctors nearby are in financial straits. He cures where they fail. He prescribes few drugs, relying mostly on diet, psychology and physiotherapy. He has the only diathermy lamp within a radius of about twenty miles. During a recent epidemic of influenza and pneumonia he made, with diathermy, wonderful cures that other physicians regarded impossible. His fame spread accordingly.

A music teacher with a private studio has many pupils, in the face of hard competition. She is not personally attractive, not socially popular, yet a favorite in her profession. Why? Because her pupils at her recitals play so beautifully that girls in the audience wishing music lessons come and beseech her to take them as pupils. She knows her work, does it best, and rightly has the most to do.

Money follows merit. Money, how-

ever, does not mean success. The great rewards for great work are not financial, but mental, social, moral, spiritual. Among the most valuable are these:

**The consciousness of doing our most and best;**

**The feeling of winning out in the game of life;**

**The expression of inner talents, powers, convictions, aspirations;**

**The vision of manifold opportunities that high success offers;**

**The improvement of relationships among those affected by our work;**

**The origination of a product or service new, greatly needed and far superior;**

**The gratitude and esteem of those whom our labor serves;**

**The satisfaction that crowns the making of a masterpiece;**

**The pride of the one most loved in the deeds most valued;**

**The sense of immortality that grows with embodiment of immortal ideals.**

Such rewards invite our close attention. Are they not worth having? They will belong to us when we have discovered ourselves and put ourselves into our work.

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## Revenant

(Continued from page 26)

A wave of pity swept over Olive. She had loved that young Rodney, and now he lay so helpless and weak. On the coverlet his fine, long hands were almost transparent. They might have been the hands of an artist. Olive had always felt that Rodney's hands looked as tho they did not belong to his aggressive, businesslike personality. Now they seemed to complement the face upon the pillows.

But pity again gave way to cold despair. This change was only the passing touch of illness. That hard, domineering character would always repel her. It would all be the same. She would have to carry on as before. She must wait now for Rodney's waking.

She sank into a chair drawn up beside the bed. A great weariness filled her. The fleeting glimpse of freedom had made the commonplace round of life unbearable.

She had sat so for perhaps half an hour, when she turned to the man on the bed and found that he was awake and watching her with wide open eyes.

She started as she met his dreamy gaze which, as she looked at him, changed to a slow smile.

"Olive. . . I must have overslept.

How sweet of you to wait for me. I'll get up at once."

That smile was irresistible and, in spite of herself, Olive smiled at him.

"No, Rod, you must not get up yet. You have been ill and you must stay in bed a little longer."

"I'll? I. . . really? How long? I don't feel at all ill, you know. Only rather hungry."

"Of course. You shall have something at once. Lie still until I can bring it. Will you promise?"

"Yes, but don't be gone long." His look was searching, yearning almost.

She adjusted his covers gently, trying to keep her hands from trembling. She was glad to escape from the room. She must think. She must understand what had happened. Rodney was so changed. He had never spoken like that before. His whole personality seemed different, even the voice was altered.

She was profoundly shaken, almost frightened. Could illness do so much in a few weeks? Of course this new gentleness was only part of his weakness. Rodney would always be Rodney. As soon as vitality returned. . .

She took up the tray which cook had prepared.

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When she entered the room, Rodney was sitting up in bed, a faint flush on his cheeks, an eager light in his eyes. Now that she faced him directly, the difference was even more apparent. She tried to keep the tray from shaking.

His eyes twinkled as he caught a whiff of the delicate broth she was bringing.

"Chicken broth? Good! Only there's not enough of it. You tell me I have been ill, but I believe I have been starved. Sit down, darling, and tell me about it. How long have I...?"

"Almost two months."

"Two months? Why, what day is it now? I can't seem to remember..." He passed a puzzled hand over his forehead. "It seems such a long time... I have a feeling that I have had some kind of a bad dream... but I can't remember what about."

"Don't try," said Olive soothingly. "You will soon be strong again. You must rest now."

The broth was finished. Rodney nodded drowsily.

"Yes, I'm very sleepy. But don't leave me, Olive. I want you to stay... I love you, Olive..."

The next morning Rodney was stronger and it required some firmness on Olive's part to keep him in bed.

Dr. Grant, in conference the night before, had agreed to remain out of sight, but he outlined the care Olive must give the patient.

She tried to bribe Rodney to stay quiet by an offer to read the morning paper to him. He was a confirmed devotee of the market reports and the sporting sheet.

"I would rather talk to you," he smiled. "Perhaps after a while you could read something to me. Now I feel I want to make up for lost time."

Olive glanced up quickly.

"Lost time?"

"I have missed so much of you during the weeks you say I have been ill."

Lost time indeed! For she felt she had never known this Rodney. Or was he... She trembled but brought herself up sharply. Ridiculous to have her nerves fail her and give her these hallucinations, now that the strain was over. She was bitterly sure that this new tenderness was only the weakness of an invalid.

"Sit there framed in the window, where the green of your gown and the gold of your hair will blend with the acacia tree outside."

This was stranger than his indifference to the morning paper. And the voice! The voice!

Rodney lay in apparent content, asking a few questions about the world outside. Gradually memory was returning but he showed no eagerness about his business affairs or the matters which had absorbed him before his illness.

His cheerfulness was infectious and Olive's enforced calm relaxed a little. As the hours passed, she almost dared to be happy. Rodney led her on to talk of her interests, the books she had been reading, her friends, her garden.

The wonderful part of it was that he was so deeply interested in her; not only as a means to his own pleasure, but in her personality, her interests, her mind. There was that give-and-take as between friends. Friends! She and Rodney!

When presently he dropped asleep and she stood looking down at him, she tried to analyze and interpret this miracle. Why did he seem so changed?

The tall body was emaciated by illness, but it was the same body. Yet, somehow, not the same. Because the spiritual force which animated it—which glowed from the eyes, and smiled on the lips, and spoke thru the voice—was different.

In spite of dawning happiness, it was deeply disturbing. This was not the husband she had known and lived with all these ten years. In spite of herself a strange, eerie fear took hold of her. She tried to shake it off. These hallucinations came because she was overtired from the strain of his long illness. When she was rested, she would feel differently.

That evening Rodney asked her to play for him. Not since the early days of her marriage had her husband shown any interest in her music. Now he begged her to go to the piano and leave the door open so that he could hear.

"Play some Chopin, Olive, and some of those new things of Debussy you were working on, but Chopin mostly."

Olive's fingers trembled as she sat down at the piano. Altho Rodney had heard her playing constantly during ten years, he was always bored with her music. He would not know Chopin from Jazz. This was incredible.

Well, she would speak to him thru her music. She could say things to him better this way than any other. If he understood she would know... She gave herself up to her playing.

After half an hour she went back diffidently to where he lay. She almost hoped that she would find him asleep, but Rodney was awake, his eyes glowing with new brightness. He reached for her hands and, without a word, pressed them to his lips. It was a long, silent, soul-shaking contact—the first since his illness. It seemed to Olive the first in life.

"Thank you," was all he said.

RODNEY'S convalescence was rapid. In a few days he was able to get up and even to walk in the garden. He was delighted to be about, and enjoyed everything.

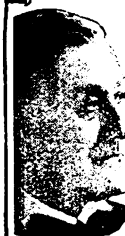
As the days went by, Olive became

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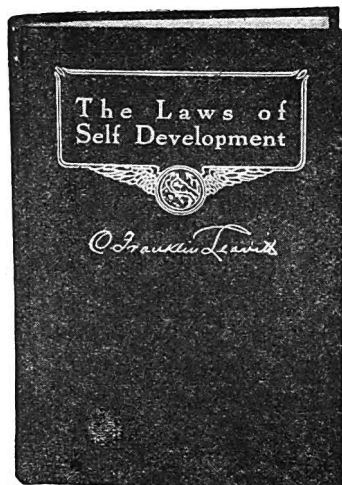
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more and more convinced that something very strange had happened either to Rodney or to herself—she was not sure which.

"Perhaps I am going mad," she thought, "but this man is not my husband."

She was drawn, irresistibly drawn, to him as he was now, but *was he Rodney?* She tried frantically to recall just how he had looked before his illness. How much the same, yet how different!

As her husband grew better and life outwardly took on a more normal aspect, the confusion in Olive's mind increased. The deeper she penetrated into Rodney's mind in the constant companionship of his convalescent days, the more she felt that she was making the acquaintance of someone she had never known before. His appreciation of the books they read, his tastes, his attitude toward life, all were new.

Strangest of all was the change in Rodney's attitude toward his business.

"I want to talk to you about it," he said shortly after he had returned to his office. "I believe we could do a great deal more for our employes than we do. The hours are too long for one thing, and the conditions in the plant are not ideal by any means."

Olive listened, hardly crediting what she heard.

"You know I don't see how we could have let things go on as we have. I can't understand why I have been so indifferent all these years."

He began eagerly to outline plans for bettering the conditions of his employes. This indeed was a new Rodney!

While all this made her breathlessly happy, the strangeness of it was racking her nerves toward the breaking point. Olive was aware that sometimes Rodney caught her watching him curiously, and while he always met her gaze with his pleasant smile, she knew he wondered what was troubling her.

The difficulty went even deeper. Rodney was in love with her. She was tremblingly conscious of a new tenderness and freshly kindled passion, and yet while she yearned to respond, something held her back. There was an uncanny sense of mystery that laid a cold hand on her warm impulse. She was tremulously sure she loved him. All the old shrinking was gone. She felt she had at last really fallen in love for the first time—and *with a stranger*.

It made her afraid. She could not give herself up to joy while she had this weird feeling that another man stood in Rodney's place. Her old habit of facing facts asserted itself. She must know the truth. She could never be happy while this mystery persisted.

She was sure that he was troubled by her sudden withdrawals and her

strange reserves, but he was showing the most delicate consideration of her feelings.

This could not go on indefinitely. Her nerves were weakening; she could not sleep. Rodney was concerned about her condition.

"You have nearly killed yourself taking care of me," he declared. "You ought to go away for a while and get rested."

Dr. Grant agreed that a change was what Olive needed and she felt a little ashamed at the eagerness with which she accepted the suggestion. She felt she would be running away, and yet she must be where she could think. She needed detachment to restore her sanity.

Before she went she decided to take Dr. Grant into her confidence. She felt that it was impossible to regain her mental equilibrium without some outside help.

But when it came to putting her thoughts into words she found it very difficult. Even with Dr. Grant's fatherly sympathy, she could not bring herself to give expression to the thing which was troubling her.

He advised her to see a distinguished specialist in New York.

"This is entirely out of my line, Mrs. Lane, but I am sure that Dr. King would be able to help you."

So she decided to go to New York, but said nothing to her husband about her plan to consult the specialist.

The evening before she left, Rodney begged her to play for him. He sat in the semi-darkness of the music room where he could watch her face in the glow of the light on the piano.

Olive knew that she had never played as well as tonight. All that she had longed to say to him, all the feelings that she had so long repressed, leapt into expression under her touch. And the man sitting there, who had but lately so strangely come back from death, understood. There was no need of words between them.

She played for nearly an hour, Chopin, Schumann, Debussy, Ravel, pouring out her soul as she had never dared to do in words.

Finally her hands dropped into her lap. It was very still in the room.

Rodney rose and came to lean near her against the piano, but he made no effort to touch her.

"Olive, I know you love me. Tonight I feel sure of it. And I know too that something is troubling you. Can I help you? Is there anything I can do?"

A flood of questioning, a despairing longing to make him give his own explanation of the mystery overwhelmed her. She longed to throw herself into his arms and let enigmas go unsolved and problems seek their own solutions, but she knew that she could never find rest that way.

She shook her head and tears welled

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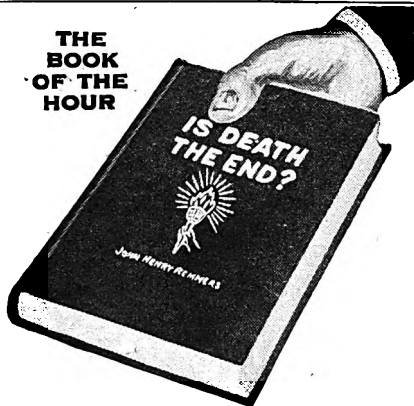
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into her eyes. He could not help her.

"All I want is to make you happy, Olive. If you can overcome what is troubling you, I shall be happy too." His voice deepened. "You must not feel that you have any responsibility toward me. You have taken care of me too long as it is. You must feel free to stay away just as long as you will. When you are rested, perhaps you will send for me. I believe I can make you happy if you will let me try."

Olive drew in a quick breath.

"You need only wire the word 'Come,'" he said.

Olive nodded, not daring to trust her voice, and without a word she left him.

A WEEK later she sat in the office of Dr. King in New York. In these cool surroundings given over to science, it seemed more and more that she must have been the victim of childish hallucinations. She began her story diffidently.

The great man heard her with quiet interest, occasionally prompting her with a question.

In her desperate need of help, she gained courage and determined to hold back nothing. She laid the whole story of her life with Rodney before the doctor: their early love, her disappointment in him, his illness and the strangeness of his recovery.

When the recital was finished and the doctor's questions answered, she waited in breathless anxiety to hear what he would say. It seemed to her that her whole life hung in the balance.

"This is an unusual case, Mrs. Lane, but one not entirely outside our experience.

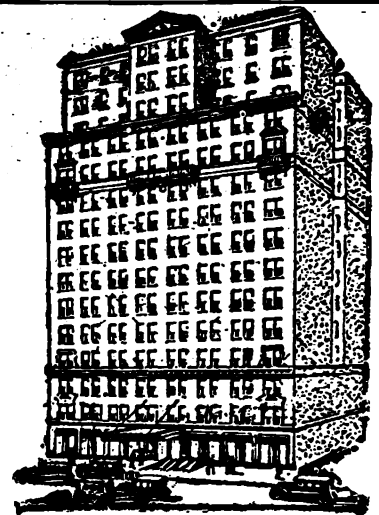
"Your husband is suffering from what we call dissociation of personality, or rather, from what you tell me, I should say that he is benefiting by it.

"We all know that in each of us there exists one or more of what we call 'personalities.' In some cases there are many or multiple personalities. Your own experience when you felt yourself to be a murderer is a case in point."

Olive nodded and the doctor continued.

"From what you tell me, your husband had two distinct sides to his nature. One was the man with whom you first fell in love. This man you felt to be sensitive to beauty, unselfish, interested in the higher life of the mind and the spirit. The other was the man who became absorbed in material success, money and power.

"A conflict arose between these two natures. For a time, for many years in fact, the second man was successful. He completely dominated the personality of your husband and forced the other aspect of his nature down into the forgotten regions which, for want of a better name, we call the subconscious.



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The doctor paused. Olive's face was pale, her eyes glowing.

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"You may set your mind at rest, Mrs. Lane. Your husband is still your husband. His recovery is a victory for love. It is a victory for you that the qualities in him which you loved have survived and that his other nature is dead."

The doctor stopped speaking.

Olive was sobbing quietly, her head on her clasped hands. The flood-gates were open, but the tears were of joy and gratitude.

Presently she found herself trying to thank the doctor, but he smilingly disclaimed her obligation.

"You have yourself and the power of your husband's love to thank, Mrs. Lane."

Olive hurried from the office, cheeks flushed, eyes bright with happiness. Her feet could not carry her fast enough to the nearest telegraph office.

She snatched up the yellow blank and in an instant handed her message to the bored young man behind the desk. In a tired voice he repeated the message.

It contained only one word.

## A Ruler of Darkness

(Continued from page 38)

who had called him. "He's half crazy," he said in an undertone. "Think he's lost himself; guess I'll have to take him by the hand or else he'll lose his way to the door. This way, mister," he went on, coming up to Rex and taking him by the hand.



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Rex allowed himself to be led unresisting, and they went out into the street together.

At the bottom of the steps the boy loosed his hand.

"Just a minute," he said. "I'll try and get that taxi feller across the street."

He ran to the corner and gave a shrill whistle.

In a few seconds he was back.

"All right, mister," he said, "he'll take you, but you'll have to go across to him, there's no place to park here."

"All right, youngster," said Rex. "You'd better take me over and put me in tho, or else I'm likely to get lost," he added with a significant smile.

The boy looked up as he took the hand Rex held out to him.

"Say you're a queer guy," he said.

"Are you sensible and pretending to be crazy, or crazy and think you're sensible? Come on," he concluded, leading the way.

A few yards from the corner a truck was slowly backing up preparatory to pulling away from the curb. As the two stepped on to the road it shot back suddenly.

"Look out!" shrieked the boy as he darted forward.

Rex hesitated, apparently bewildered, and before he had made a movement in any direction the heavy vehicle had backed on him.

A FEW minutes later, when John Devlin returned to his place of business he found his nephew lying pale and still on the floor of the assistant manager's office at the far end of the main floor.

"What's wrong, what's wrong?" he said hurriedly as he went in.

"This man was knocked down outside," said the stenographer who was standing helplessly by.

"Well, didn't you call a doctor? Didn't you give him anything?" came impatiently from the manager.

"We called a doctor, but, but—," was the hesitating reply.

The man flung open the door. "One of you go up to my office and get a bottle of brandy out of my desk," he called sharply across the counter facing him.

The girl nearest the door went on the urgent message. In a few moments she returned.

"Jean," she said to the girl in the "Want Ads" section, "will you take it in? I don't want to go in there."

Jean took the flask without a word and went into the office.

As she opened the door, John Devlin reached out his hand for it.

"Get me Fairview 3922 on the line," he said abruptly.

As the girl walked to the phone her eyes fell on the prostrate figure on the floor. There lay the man who not five

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teen minutes before had been talking and laughing with her across the counter outside.

She shuddered as she obtained the desired number and handed the phone to the manager.

"Roll up my coat and put it under his head," said the man as he took the receiver from her.

"Hello," he went on turning to the instrument, "Mrs. Bennett? Get the spare room ready. I am bringing my nephew home; he has had an accident."

Jean's eyes opened wide in surprise.

There was a movement and a suppressed groan from the figure on the floor.

John Devlin quickly replaced the receiver and bent over his nephew.

"How do you feel, Rex?" he said.

There was a long silence, then:

"Me—oh, I'm all right," came the feeble response. There was another prolonged pause.

"I made rather a mess of things at the finish, didn't I?" he went on at last. "I was doing fine till then—she didn't know—she was quite angry with me."

A suspicion of a smile crossed his face and he opened his eyes. They wandered aimlessly round the room, but apparently failed to notice Jean who stood watching him in amazement.

He turned on his side and uttered an exclamation of pain.

"That's pretty sore," he said faintly.

"It is, eh?" said his uncle. "There'll be a doctor here shortly, and when we've found out just how much damage you have done to yourself we'll get you home."

"Oh, then we're not home yet?" said the younger man. "I thought this was a rather hard bed."

Wearing a perplexed frown, Jean drew closer.

John Devlin raised his head with a smile.

"My nephew is blind," he said by way of explanation.

"Blind!" said the girl in profound amazement.

"Why, who have we here?" said Rex his face brightening, "Miss, Miss, er—Want Ads."

"You, you—," she began. "Why he can't be blind," she said incredibly, turning to his uncle. "I was talking to him for about fifteen minutes just a short time ago. Why it's—it's impossible."

Rex raised himself on his elbow, opened his sightless eyes and looked towards her with a far-away look.

"You should always wear brown," he said with a smile. "It suits you so well."

The girl lowered her eyes to her brown dress.

"But, but how do you know?" she queried, perplexed.

His smile broadened. "I found out,"

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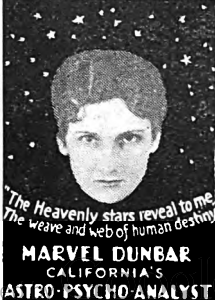
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he said. Then more seriously, "Do you believe now uncle, that I am on the way to overcoming my infirmity? My blindness doesn't rule me, I am still the ruler in spite of the darkness, tho I can't quite gauge trucks yet.

"You're right, lad," replied his uncle. "Amazingly right."

"All right, then," replied Rex. "I'll be around to collect this afternoon."

## Adler at Columbia University

**T**HE people of the United States are better adjusted socially than the citizens of most European countries, according to Dr. Alfred Adler, Viennese psychologist, who is conducting a series of studies and researches in individual psychology at Columbia University.

Dr. Adler, world famous for his discovery of inferiority and superiority complexes, expresses disagreement with the view of the American psychologist, John B. Watson, that man's conduct is the direct result of external stimuli which "condition" him to certain types of action impossible of escape. He believes that this pattern of behavior has its inception from within and not from without.

"Life's failures are all examples of lack of interest in others. The neurotic, the criminal, the drunkard, the professional beggar, the suicide, the prostitute, the insane person, the sex pervert, all answer to this description.

"In earliest childhood our physical inequality results in a normal feeling of inferiority, which reappears at intervals thru our life as we face each new series of difficulties. It is the motivating cause behind all constructive action.

"To counterbalance his feeling of inferiority the child early invents a goal of superiority, a way in which he strives to excel. Just as his body develops toward its final physical form, so his mind creates an ideal final form toward which every effort, thought and movement tends, consciously or unconsciously, and despite every obstacle.

"To know what goal the mind has selected is to understand at a single leap the whole network of thought and action which is the 'behavior pattern' of the individual.

"Now, people may, and often do, make mistakes in choosing their final goal of superiority. The pampered child determines that to be pampered is a form of lording it over others, and that he will demand pampering as long as he lives. His whole existence is so ordered that he may see himself seated upon an imaginary throne, with other human beings obliged to wait upon and serve him. This form of superiority is anti-social.

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"The only true and adequate compensation for our normal feeling of inferiority is the consciousness that we are part of all humanity and of its accomplishments. It is this sense which makes for great achievements, useful, and happy lives.

"No one can determine for another the direction in which he will walk, but the child can be helped to understand the choice he has to make and to choose a goal of superiority which fits into the social scheme.

"Courage, combined with sufficient training, is at the basis of real success in life. Fears come from lack of social interests, which results in a sense of greater inferiority.

"We are the masters of our fate, and must each choose our goal and shape the pattern of our own behavior. But the child should be shown how to avoid mistaken patterns and select a useful occupation as his concrete objective. How to help the individual to correct his false start in family school and later life is a task for teachers-psychologists and physicians in their own fields.

"In his entire life-span the human being faces but three problems. They are the problems of his adjustment to the Cosmos, to Society, and to Sex.

"His failure to adjust himself to the laws of the cosmos, or physical universe, results in immediate disaster. Here Nature has no pity. To one who willingly or unwillingly offends against her mechanics, she replies ruthlessly: 'Get away!' To the man who steps in front of a railroad train or forgets the sternness of gravity by walking off the roof of a building, her only answer is: 'Get away—get out of my world.'

"Social and sex failures do not meet such peremptory destruction. Yet the lack of sympathy for his fellows of the unsocial individual brings in a feeble measure this same reply of 'Get away!' To the person whose generous smile and broad healthy optimism indicate that he is interested in others, and has thrown his lot in with the common lot of mankind, success in his life's undertaking is a foregone conclusion.

"The world needs more of these normal, kindly, socially adjusted men and women."

## Wild-Man to Statesman (Continued from page 29)

man" and his determination to prove the soundness of his theories is an encouragement to Occidental cities. The use of western methods for Oriental conditions is proving successful. Even volcanic troubles are being overcome

# Plain English About WRITING for PUBLICATION

[No man ever becomes too educated to fail to grasp an idea told in words he learned as a child.]

NO student of the technique of writing for publication can find in any training course any trick of the trade that he cannot dig out for himself if he possesses the necessary spark of talent—and keeps at the digging long enough.

Every successful practitioner of the art of writing knows this is so.

That is why, in telling those who write, and those who would write, about its service, the Newspaper Institute of America does not choose to select words that may be taken to mean: "Here, at last, is a magic key, the possession of which will enable you, in your own home, in a few short weeks, etc., etc."

## 182 years of digging

The training course of the Newspaper Institute of America represents 182 years of digging. That figure is the sum total of newspaper experience of the men responsible for this instruction. These men are ready to work with you—advise you—read what you write—edit and revise it constructively. Your enthusiasm, plus their ripened judgment—it would be strange indeed if that combination could not accomplish something. Strange, also, if their long experience would not make it easier for you in more ways than one.

## You start at the bottom

This training is conducted by mail. The emphasis is on writing. During the first few weeks, you are given simple assignments to cover—as if you were being "broken in" on a great metropolitan daily. Gradually the pace quickens. Before you realize it, you are swinging into the more difficult special stories and interviews. You are gaining confidence—facility—style. And you will soon be ready (if you possess any natural ability at the start) to begin doing some real "bread-winning" writing. Checks for \$25, \$50, and \$100—for short stories, brief articles, humorous contributions, items of current interest, and other material that can easily be turned out in spare time—are goals worth aiming at.

## Why newspaper writing!

BECAUSE the important thing is to start you writing and keep you writing. Newspaper writing deals entirely with facts—reality. Your mind is not distracted with problems of invention, plot and character. You concentrate on learning how to use words accurately—expressively—vividly. There is no other training like it. Nine out of ten of our best-selling authors and dramatists attribute their success to their early newspaper work.

## A challenging test

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by the planning of cities and towns that will not be easily swept away by lava streams.

J. M. Arelleno designed and built the new structure now serving as the meeting place for the Philippine legislature. Few legislative halls in the world are more attractive. Such a government building could well be set down in any civic center of any country. Arelleno's design for another building, which is to house the Bank of the Philippines, was selected as the finest of many submitted by architects from all over the world in open competition. And this decision was made not in Manila but in New York.

The new post-office was also a first prize which was awarded to the once "wild man." The William Atcheson Jones Memorial Bridge across the Pasig River was another result of Arelleno's plea for the combining of beauty and utility.

All in all, this talented Filipino, developed from such unpromising beginnings, is universally recognized as one of the foremost leaders of his people on their advance toward a civilization that will combine the happy benefits of prosperity and culture.

## You Can Make Money

(Continued from page 47)

and so feelingly does she give this out that one studying her work responds, and gains also a better understanding thru her pictures.

What will Mrs. Mick do with this talent of hers? What would you suggest doing with such a talent?

Now here are only a few things that I believe Mrs. Mick has planned to do in 1930. Read this list, use your imagination as you read, and carry each idea out in your mental vision, and maybe you can help some one with a similar talent to join our ranks of making money.

Are you an owner of a cat, dog, bird or unusual pet? Then why not send a snapshot or photograph to Mrs. Mick and have her make a charming drawing of this pet? If you have a faithful dog who has endeared himself to the family for years, why not write his history to Mrs. Mick and have her make a special Scrap Book of him with sketches of his antics?

Are you the editor or manager of some small local paper? Then why not engage Mrs. Mick to place, daily or weekly, one of her drawings to amuse and educate the children in the doings and love of animals?

Have you seen the new pen-wipers? On a piece of thin kid an animal sketch is made in colored inks. Then this is cut out as a silhouette. The pen-wiping layers of kid are cut and tied on. These sell for one dollar, they are hand-made

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## 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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and unusual. I'm sure the up-to-date gift houses could use all Mrs. Mick can make.

Little six-year-old Nancy Fawcett has a pet she could not bear to be separated from. It is a Cocker Spaniel. Would any gift be more welcomed by this girl than a surprise picture, in color maybe, of that beloved animal? I am sure she would ask next for an appropriate frame and keep it in her room. Then when the day comes that her pet is "no more", what amount of money could purchase Nancy's picture?

Have you seen the panels of animals for children's rooms? Why not have these made of the real household pets? How much more valuable and intimate this would be than to buy already-made pictures you find in the shops.

## EASTER CANDLES

A YOUNG mother told me lately that every Easter she gave a party to the children. On the table, her chief decoration was her rabbit candle lights. I asked what she meant by rabbit candle lights. She explained that she bought a dozen or more little china rabbits—and on their backs she made or fastened the cup-like holder for a yellow candle. These she used to light the table on Easter for the party. Now we immediately see that had we known this before Christmas, we should have had Santa-Claus lights. But let's remember this for next Christmas. We will use it for Easter, and some of you may get busy booking orders for those who have no time for this work. Then think up appropriate ones for birthdays and the many other holidays. And as I'm always saying, first DO—actually DO one thing—then observe how rapidly other ideas grow and spring from the first thought.

## MORE BOXES

TODAY I heard of two uses for old cedar cigar boxes. The first was from a boy who divided the box into eight compartments by heavy cardboard. Then the entire inside was painted in red. After pasting an appropriate picture on the outside, it was shelled. These were used for all kinds of odds and ends that clutter up a table.

The other use of the cigar boxes was for little traveling vanity cases. The woman who did this kept a small supply of cold cream, lip rouge, powder, tooth paste and listerine, a pair of small scissors, a nail file and also things for mending in the box, and when she started for a week-end trip, or a night from home, she grabbed up the already-packed box. In this were all of the tiny little things many of us often forget. Of course, her box was also made beautiful and "different" in appearance. The same idea may be carried out for cigarette boxes.

## 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 easily changed, being present. This is a form of inferiority complex. You have become TOO conscious of self. It is not enough for one to tell you that your trouble is imaginative and to FORGET IT, for that is easier said than done. Yet, if you go about it in JUST the right way your limited, unhappy life can be changed. HABIT is at work in your case.

I have written a 100 page book, based on my experience of over Twenty years service in helping people cast fear from their lives. It has been a most interesting experience and has made it possible for me to be of the greatest service to YOU. This book is called by many prices, and is full of truths which will be of the greatest service to YOU in YOUR life. Don't fail to procure this book from those who purchase it. I offer an opinion by letter WITHOUT CHARGE. The cost of the book and this analysis is

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Perhaps the changes in the commercial business world of today, has affected your income very materially. The Hoover administration has called the American people to a WORK POLICY. We are now on the threshold of the New Year 1930. Millions upon millions will be invested in new and National enterprises within the next five or ten years. We are looking for three high-type, self-possessed, educated, refined, confident sales people, who are willing to embrace a real opportunity and reach for a grip higher up, who can present a business proposition to business people, which will establish you in one of the greatest markets of today. We want real sales people, but if you have had no selling experience we can use you, providing you are willing to work and conform to our methods. No salaries or drawing accounts, but a real opportunity to earn large income and become part of an expanding organization. Full or part time. Special proposition to out-of-town sales representatives prepared to handle a block of our stock. Copper Chief Mines Co., 101 West 31st Street, New York City.

# Psychology Study Page

Conducted by Edward Earle Purinton

**D**O you want the most and best results from Psychology? Then you are invited to make regular use of this page each month, for the personal application of special articles to your needs, problems and desires. The habit of original thought followed by progressive action has helped to make all the world leaders. This page will offer incentives to such thought, such action. You may wish to preserve some of your answers, notes and comments. A pencil and large pad of writing paper should therefore be at hand before you commence your productive study.

This exercise will be found particularly valuable and interesting for class work in high school or college courses or Psychology clubs.

It will also make a fascinating study-game for an evening at home.

## THE MIND OF IRVING T. BUSH

(Page 11)

**W**HAT was Irving T. Bush's motto with which he began his independent business?

What decision did he reach for convincing prospective clients that he could take care of their shipping?

What is the key-note of the Bush projects?

How is the problem of congested traffic solved?

How does Mr. Bush sum up the principle of eliminating lost motion?

What does Mr. Bush say of the man who thinks he has achieved success?

How does he feel about pessimists?

Does he believe civilization is in danger?

In what respect is a nation like a forest?

## TEN FELLOWS WHO CLIMBED HIGH

(Page 18)

**W**HICH of these ten leaders has evolved a career that seems to you most worth while? Explain the psychology of his motives and achievements.

Study the faces of the men whose photographs appear in the article. Decide which man you think you would like best, and state the reason for your choice.

Why is the inheritance of wealth often a curse to a boy starting out in life?

Do you know any boy or young man whose poverty forces him to work for a living, and whose character you admire? Give him a copy of this article, as a practical aid to encouragement and advancement.

How could educational institutions put a premium on youthful industry along the right lines? What methods would you advise to put a stop to the laziness, extravagance and irresponsibility of modern American youths?

On the basis of this article form ten rules of success, whereby any young man should reach the top. Then talk them over with a young man of real talent and ambition whom you know personally.

## WHAT AM I WORKING FOR?

(Page 17)

**D**O you thoroly enjoy your work? If not, discover why not, and how you can.

Why should, and how does, a master worker become financially prosperous?

Are other people in your vocation earning more than you? If so, why? How can you make your income equal, or surpass theirs?

Analyze the twenty work motives listed in bold type, check the five that most appeal to you, and ask yourself

what you can do to make each more effective in your work plan or method.

Have you resolved to produce ultimately the best and greatest work of its kind? What aids will you employ? Put this resolution into effect?

## NOT TILL FIFTY DID HE FIND HIMSELF

(Page 20)

**W**HAT do you consider the most remarkable feat in the process of illumination and rejuvenation that distinguished Frank Marinus?

Why are so many people misfits in life? How could this tragedy be avoided?

Have you found yourself, and are you doing the one thing you can do supremely well? What are the proofs whereby you may know?

It is always darkest just before dawn. Will you remember this in your next dark hour—and look with hope and resolution for the dawn?

Age is no barrier to the soul awake and empowered from within. How will you achieve your finest success after middle life?

Would not some of your friends about fifty years old be greatly helped by this article?

## IN LOVE WITH LIFE

(Page 22)

**W**HY must a good lover also be a good loser?

Name three advantages in cultivating a mental attitude impersonal and impartial. Do you need to cultivate this attitude?

Is it possible to hate the sin yet love the sinner? How would you redeem the sinner?

What hero do you admire most? Are you proving the admiration by emulation, putting his superior traits and virtues into your own life and work?

Do you easily make friends with strangers? If not practice the fine accomplishment frequently, as a means to mutual benefit and enjoyment.

Are you ever lonely? Get from your community organization of associated charities a list of the poor people, especially children, needing your love and help. Start being a fairy godfather or godmother—and watch your loneliness vanish!

## CONCLUSION

**W**HICH article in this number appeals to you most? Why do you value it specially? Could you not render a welcome service by showing it to a friend who would be glad to read it?