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JUNE 1930

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What about *your* next 5 years?

Revolutionary changes are in prospect for the next few years.

Little business units are being merged into big units. Industries are reaching out into foreign markets. Production methods are being revolutionized. *Security prices are subject to a whole new set of conditions.* The strategy of the past is entirely unfitted for the new competition.

What are you doing to fit *yourself* to meet the new conditions?

In the next five years, business will offer more opportunity *and more danger* than any similar period for a long time.

More men will achieve independence. More men who might achieve it will fail because of a failure properly to analyze the facts.

A right program will be more profitable than it has ever been. A wrong decision will be far more costly.

Send for the facts

What the new Course and Service can mean to your business progress is explained in a newly published booklet, "What an Executive Should Know." It gives facts about this new training which we have not space for here. It should be read by every man who expects to win a secure place for himself in the next five years.

The first edition of 10,000 copies was exhausted in 24 days. We have just printed a limited second edition, and will welcome the opportunity of sending you a copy, free.

To help us prevent this book from falling into the hands of men for whom it has no message, we ask you merely to fill in the spaces in the coupon below. Mail the coupon today.

This book will interest only mature-minded men seriously interested in business education. If you are one of the merely curious—

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The Standard Publication of Practical, Inspirational and Applied Psychology

PSYCHOLOGY

Health! Happiness! Success!

VOL. XIV. No. 4 JUNE, 1930

Founded and Edited by Henry Knight Miller

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IN JULY

All the world is talking about KRISHNAMURTI. *Some say he is the Messiah. Even those who do not take that claim seriously —a claim, by the way, which others make for him but which he never makes for himself— stand in awe at the wisdom and power of this young sage from the Orient. Strange, too, that his message is essentially the message of the West—a plea for new venturing in the paths of Thought and Action.*

Probably no one in America is quite so well qualified to appraise KRISHNAMURTI *as is* Claude Bragdon, *mystic, artist, builder, philosopher.*

In a brilliant, compact article Mr. Bragdon gives his estimate of KRISHNAMURTI, *based on first-hand contacts with his fellow mystic from the East.*

DREAM—AND KEEP ON DREAMING. Six rules for developing your Mind and getting your Work accomplished. By J. Timothy Curtin.

SHAKE HANDS WITH MR. ——! What is revealed in a hand-shake? You express yourself by your hand-clasp and may learn to judge others by the way they grasp your hand as they return your greeting. A fascinating, practical article by Edward Ormerod.

ARE YOU EASILY INFLUENCED—or can you make up your own mind—and stick to it? A helpful, incisive article by Erving N. Peterson.

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

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WHAT ONE THING DO YOU WANT MOST?

ONE big desire—some one thing which would seem to make life worth living—dominates every heart . . . haunts one's waking and sleeping hours. You, yourself, want *one* thing above everything else in the world. You see it as a treasure of treasures . . . for you it means happiness. What is it? Answer the question for yourself.

It may be a long cherished dream of certain work you yearn to do, for which you feel naturally fitted . . . work which might mean fame, fortune, independence!

Perhaps there is some specific thing on which you have set your heart. A home? A car? A course of study? A trip abroad? Something for the house? Something to add to your comfort or enjoyment? A place of business of your own? Domestic happiness?

Or is it personality you want to cultivate . . . charm which draws one to the hearts of both men and women . . . the easy, confident manner which everywhere impresses?

Or your ideal may be perfect health . . . to have the grand and glorious feeling that it's great to be alive . . . that you are equal to any emergency.

Whatever your big desire, your cherished ideal . . . it now lies within your reach! Amazing, astounding, but nevertheless true. Your brightest dream, your life-long ambition can be realized—your gravest problem solved. You can have anything you want . . . *anything* not contrary to natural law. This is no rash promise, but has been proved again and again by students of Christian Psychology!

Practical Benefits

Christian Psychology is not a religion nor a creed, but an amazingly simple course in advanced practical psychology. Though new in application, its principles were known and taught by that greatest of all Psychologists, who said: "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." It is a scientific system for the fulfillment of human desires. It tell you exactly what to do to obtain the things you want most . . . shows you precisely why they have heretofore failed to materialize.

Backed by Authority

Christian Psychology is the latest and best work of the eminent psychologist, Judge Daniel A. Simmons, whose work and study, magazine articles, books, lectures and courses on practical psychology, covering a period of many years, have gained him wide recognition as an authority in the field. He was selected by Psychology Magazine as one of the great masters of psychology to lecture last year at its educational conference at Lookout Mountain. Judge Simmons has the additional distinction of being for more than fifteen years a judge of the highest trial court of his state.

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Leadership — Independence — Happiness — Health

HOW would you like to possess the Complete Key to Life's Supreme Prizes? Possess an actual key, *no idle theories*, but sound, practical, invincible laws of life whereby thousands have climbed to superb heights of joyous and exuberant being? To have unfolded to you the principles whereby you may rise to complete self-mastery — throw off fear, self-consciousness, inferiority, worry, disease, failure? *In a word, to "cash in" on your unrealized abilities?*

You Who Earnestly Want—

Independence—Freedom from fear, limitation and lack; a rugged sense of self-reliance; the power to direct big affairs; the joy of being your own boss —*creating, directing and profiting thru the exercise of your own organizing and directive genius.*

Happiness—The true joy of living, thru harmony, love, children, a home, plenty, service, friendship, appreciation, advancement and achievement, *and all that goes to make a man completely and constantly happy.*

Leadership—The zest of guiding the action of others, the realization of mastery over self and others; admiration by others who look up to you and await your advice or command; *the thrilling personality of the winner* that attracts others to you unerringly as the sun draws the water of summer rains.

Health—The *joy* of vibrant, perfect health, blood surging thru the veins carrying tingling life, zest, and power to every cell; *freedom from the tragedy of body limitation*, pain and lack of strength to stand every test; and *power to lead on to victory* thru rugged, all-conquering health.

Here Is What You've Been Looking For

Fourteen simple, forceful lessons have been prepared by Henry Knight Miller, teaching you how to use the principles of psychology to solve every life problem.

Dr. Miller, by means of the lecture platform, this written Course and PSYCHOLOGY Magazine, has taught millions of students in every land how to advance themselves to *Complete Self-Mastery, Health, Happiness and Success.* Thousands have paid high enrollment fees for these same lessons which, now produced in seven little volumes attractively bound in brown with gold lettering are offered at the ridiculously low price of five dollars (complete set of fourteen lessons) to all those who subscribe for a two-year period to PSYCHOLOGY Magazine. The price of the two-year subscription to the magazine is five dollars, making a total of ten dollars. There is a choice of two forms of payment: (1) Cash, for which 15% discount is allowed, bringing the cost of both course and magazine down to $8.50; (2) Instalment: three dollars with order blank coupon and $1.75 per month for four months.

Money? There's no need to go through life struggling and striving to make ends meet, and frequently "broke." Poverty can soon be turned into riches. You can have all the money you want!

Home? Men and women by the thousands, cramped in hall bed-rooms, and in uncongenial surroundings, can soon own a home of their own and live a life of joyous freedom.

Luxury? Why put up with the discomforts of life when you can easily enjoy comfort, luxury and ease? The best things in life are yours to command. Why not get and enjoy them?

Success? Are you tied down to an uncongenial job with no future ahead of you? Quick and rich advancement is yours to command—a better job, bigger pay, rapid progress, or a business of your own.

Love? The world is full of men and women with aching hearts, denied the companionship and affection of the opposite sex. Your ideal mate awaits you. You can easily find him or her and revel in the joys and thrills of loyal affection and love.

OUR GUARANTEE

If after receiving and examining this course you feel that together with the regular reading of PSYCHOLOGY Magazine it does not constitute the amazing life-transforming program set forth in this announcement, you will be at liberty to return it and receive full refund of money sent. You have nothing to lose! So, *come*, tune in on your larger-life by clipping the coupon TODAY!

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What Does Your Wife Think Of You, Now?

When you were married, your wife placed you upon a pedestal. You were her ideal. What has happened to you since then?

YOUR wife loved you—and married you—because she knew you were intelligent, honest, ambitious, considerate.

It must have seemed to her that surely, with all these fine qualities, you would some day make good in the world.

She hoped for more than just a mere living. She dreamed of some of the little luxuries of life—perhaps travel—or freedom from household drudgery; perhaps even to the time when you would be financially independent.

She hoped, for the children's sake, that your earnings would be sufficient to put them through college—so that they might face the world with as good an education as anyone.

Is your wife still hoping, dreaming, wishing? She does not blame YOU—she knows you are doing your level best. But if things are not improving, all her sympathy for you does not help matters. There are the same dishes to wash, the same inexpensive clothes to wear, the same humdrum life. You "can't afford" this and that and the other—the things which really make life worth living—the things which some of her old schoolmates have—and which many of your neighbors have.

Your wife may be just a little bit disappointed in you. But deep down in your own heart you are probably a good deal more disappointed than she is. For YOU know you have failed thus far to make her dreams come true. YOU know that you have fallen short of YOUR own estimate of yourself.

"What's the matter?" That is the question you both ask. And here is the answer.

NOTHING can help you but your own BRAIN. Make your BRAIN just a little bit more effective and you will MULTIPLY your earning power.

There is NO LIMIT to what the human brain can accomplish. Scientists and psychologists tell us we use only about TEN PER CENT of our brain power. Ninety per cent is UNUSED. It lies DORMANT. The longer it is unused, the harder it becomes for us to use it. For the MIND IS LIKE A MUSCLE. It grows in power through exercise and use. It weakens and deteriorates with IDLENESS.

What can you DO about it? Here is a suggestion.

Spend 2c for a postage stamp. Send in the coupon below for a copy of "Scientific Mind Training." There is no further obligation whatever. You need not spend another penny.

READ this little book. It has opened the eyes of hundreds of thousands of other individuals who had the same problem you have. Over 700,000 people, in all parts of the world, and in all walks of life have followed the advice given in this booklet. Lords and servants, princes and laborers, captains of industry and clerks, bookkeepers and bankers, men AND WOMEN of all types and of all ages have read this book and have changed their whole scheme of existence as a result.

This little book will tell you the secret of self-confidence, of a strong will, of a powerful memory, of unflagging concentration. It tells you how to acquire directive powers, how to train your imagination (the greatest force in the world), how to make quick, accurate decisions, how to reason logically. It tells you how to **BANISH the negative qualities like forgetfulness, brain fag, inertia, indecision, self-consciousness, lack of ideas, mind wandering, lack of system, procrastination, timidity.**

Men like Edgar Wallace, Sir Harry Lauder, Prince Charles of Sweden, the late Jerome K. Jerome, the famous novelist; Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of the National War Labor Board, and hundreds of others equally famous, praise the simple method of increasing brain power and thought power described in this free book. OVER 700,000 OTHERS PRAISE IT.

You have only TWO CENTS to lose by writing for your copy of "Scientific Mind Training." You may GAIN thousands of dollars, peace of mind, happiness, independence by reading it.

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Office Memo

From: Arthur H. Howland, Managing Editor PSYCHOLOGY

To: Book Department, Psychology Pub. Co.

Subject: HUMAN PERSONALITY and Its Survival of Bodily Death

It was good to receive the news that you are able to offer Frederick William Henry Myers' monumental work, "HUMAN PERSONALITY and Its Survival of Bodily Death," in one big volume of 470 pages at the surprisingly low price of $3.00. The price of this work was originally $15.00—and worth it!

This author's writings, which have long been recognized as standards in the field of spiritism, are indispensable to every earnest student of psychology. No other writer strikes quite the same note. He covers in his research not only the field of the human mind and personality before death, but after. He approaches the whole problem of life after death not from the religious or emotional angle—tho he was intensely religious and emotional in the best sense of ardent idealism and inspiration—but from the dispassionate, detached angle of the scientist. He reaches the conviction that life does not end with the grave.

Most fascinating are the reports from persons who have seen definite apparitions and received other manifestations of the fact of a life after death. Names, dates and places are incorporated in these reports and their indubitable authenticity has been established.

Step by step, Dr. Myers builds up his theory of survival and points the way to a clearer understanding of its characteristics. This, he believes, will come about by a development of the scientific attitude and further study of such states of mind as sleep, the trance and hypnosis. Meanwhile, all are urged to be on the watch for manifestations that may add to the sum of knowledge on this baffling problem—what happens to the human personality after death. He says: "Amid much deception, fraud and illusions, veritable manifestations do reach us from beyond the grave." And, "No man liveth to himself nor dieth to himself . . . like atoms, like suns, like galaxies, our spirits are systems of forces which vibrate continually to each other's attractive power."

Dr. Myers holds a truly unique place in the worlds of science and literature. A man of the loftiest ideals, his writings come to us with that rare combination of inspiration and scholarship that renders them truly priceless. I am really very happy that the readers of PSYCHOLOGY Magazine are having this opportunity to read "HUMAN PERSONALITY and Its Survival of Bodily Death."

Arthur H. Howland

Special Combination Offer!!!

To get your copy of *"Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death,"* just send your check or money order for $3.00 by return mail.

To get the wonderful combination of this book and a full year's subscription to PSYCHOLOGY Magazine, make your remittance out for only $4.50.

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Find enclosed check (or money order) for $3.00 for my copy of "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," by Myers. Or, $4.50 for the combination of this book and a full year's subscription to PSYCHOLOGY Magazine.

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Dr. Frank B. Robinson
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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 understanding spiritual law as He understood it, 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 TODAY.
EIGHTH—That this same MIGHTY, INVISIBLE, PULSATING, THROBBING POWER can be 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 correctly used, this mighty Power is ABUNDANTLY ABLE, AND NEVER FAILS TO GIVE HEALTH, HAPPINESS, and OVERWHELMING SUCCESS in whatever line it may be desired.

DR. FRANK B. ROBINSON

one of the keenest psychological minds this country has ever produced, and one of the most earnest, intense searchers into the spiritual realm, believes, after years of experimentation and research, that there is in this world today, an UNSEEN power or force, so dynamic in itself, that all other powers or forces FADE INTO INSIGNIFICANCE BESIDE IT. He believes that this power or force is THE VERY SAME POWER THAT JESUS USED. He believes further that the entire world, including the present church structure, MISSED IN ITS ENTIRETY the message that He came to bring. He believes that

The world is on the verge of the most stupendous spiritual upheaval it has ever experienced—the advent of Christ being of small importance when compared to it.

FREE — FREE — FREE

Every reader of "PSYCHOLOGY" is cordially invited to write "PSYCHIANA" for more details of this revolutionary teaching which, if true, might very easily be discussed the ENTIRE WORLD ROUND. Dr. Robinson will tell you something of his years of search for the truth as he KNEW it must exist, and will give you a few facts connected with the founding of "PSYCHIANA." NO OBLIGATIONS WHATSOEVER. Sign your name and address here.

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Budget

North—How do you spend your income?

West—About 30 per cent for shelter, 30 per cent for clothing, 40 per cent for food, and 20 per cent for amusement.

North—But that adds up 120 per cent.

West—That's right!

—*The Saturday Evening Post*

* * *

Patience Personified

The dear old lady stood on the cliff watching the revolving beacon on the lightship.

"How very patient sailors are!" she exclaimed. "The wind has blown out that light at least a dozen times, and they still keep on lighting it again."

—*Kimberley* (B. C.) *Press*

* * *

He Knew Why

He—Your lipstick is coming off.

She—No, it isn't.

He—It is.

She—I'm sure it isn't.

He—Listen! Any time I get as close as this to a girl her lipstick *is* coming off.

—*N. Y. Central Lines Magazine*

* * *

"Father," asked Boston boy, "why does Fido wag his tail so much?"

"That's a means of expression, son," replied the parent.

"But, Father, that isn't a means; it's an end."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*

* * *

Over There

The Statistician—A man is knocked down in a London street every twenty minutes.

Listener—Sorry, old chap, but I really can't swallow that one. No man's constitution could possibly stand it.

—*N. Y. Central Lines Magazine*

* * *

The Editor's Opportunity

"Dear Mr. Editor: Will you please read the enclosed poem carefully and return it to me with your candid criticism as soon as possible, as I have other irons in the fire."

"Dear Sir: Remove the irons and insert the poem."

—*The Kablegram*

* * *

On Schedule

It was his first day as an infantry recruit and he had experienced great difficulty in mastering the various bugle calls which governed the routine. He had arisen to its clarion, it had summoned him to meals, he had been haled to work and drill by it. Everything he did seemed to be done in response to it. At the close of an exhausting day he heard it again.

"Now what?" he inquired.

"Taps—that means lights out," he was informed.

"Gosh!" he ejaculated. "Do we even pet by that darned bugle?"

—*The Kablegram*

* * *

No Case Too Trivial

Gardener—Can I see the Secretary of Agriculture?

Clerk—Well he's very busy, sir. What was it you wanted to see him about?

Gardener—About a geranium of mine that isn't doing very well.

—*Denison Flamingo*

* * *

The Little Boy's Prayer

"And please, God, when I graduate, make me a capitalist."

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*

* * *

Mother—"There are hundreds of little girls who would be glad to have that spinach."

Daughter—"Name three."

—*The Saturday Evening Post*

* * *

Mistakes of Different Values

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake it's just what he expected.

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference.

But when an editor makes a mistake. Good night!

* * *

Advance Warning

The neighbors were coming home from the funeral.

"I'm sorry for Kate," sympathized one. "I'll tell you it's a tough thing to be left a widow with two children."

"It is," agreed a second. "But then, what could she expect? She knew he was a pedestrian when she married him."

* * *

"Johnnie, give a sentence using the word 'diadem.'"

"People who drive on to the railroad crossings without looking diadem sight quicker than those who Stop, Look, Listen."

* * *

General Debility

"The general was taken rather sick at the banquet last night."

"What from?"

"Oh, things in general, I suppose."

—*Columbia Jester*

* * *

Children

Freshman—"The world's round, isn't it, dad?"

Dad—"Yes, son."

Son—"If I wanted to go one block east I could eventually get there by going west couldn't I?"

Dad—"Son, I'm going to bring you up to be a taxi driver."

—*Buffalo Bison*

* * *

Irate Father—"I can see right thru that chorus girl's intrigue."

Lovesick Son—"I know, dad, but they all dress that way nowadays."

—*Tid-Bits*

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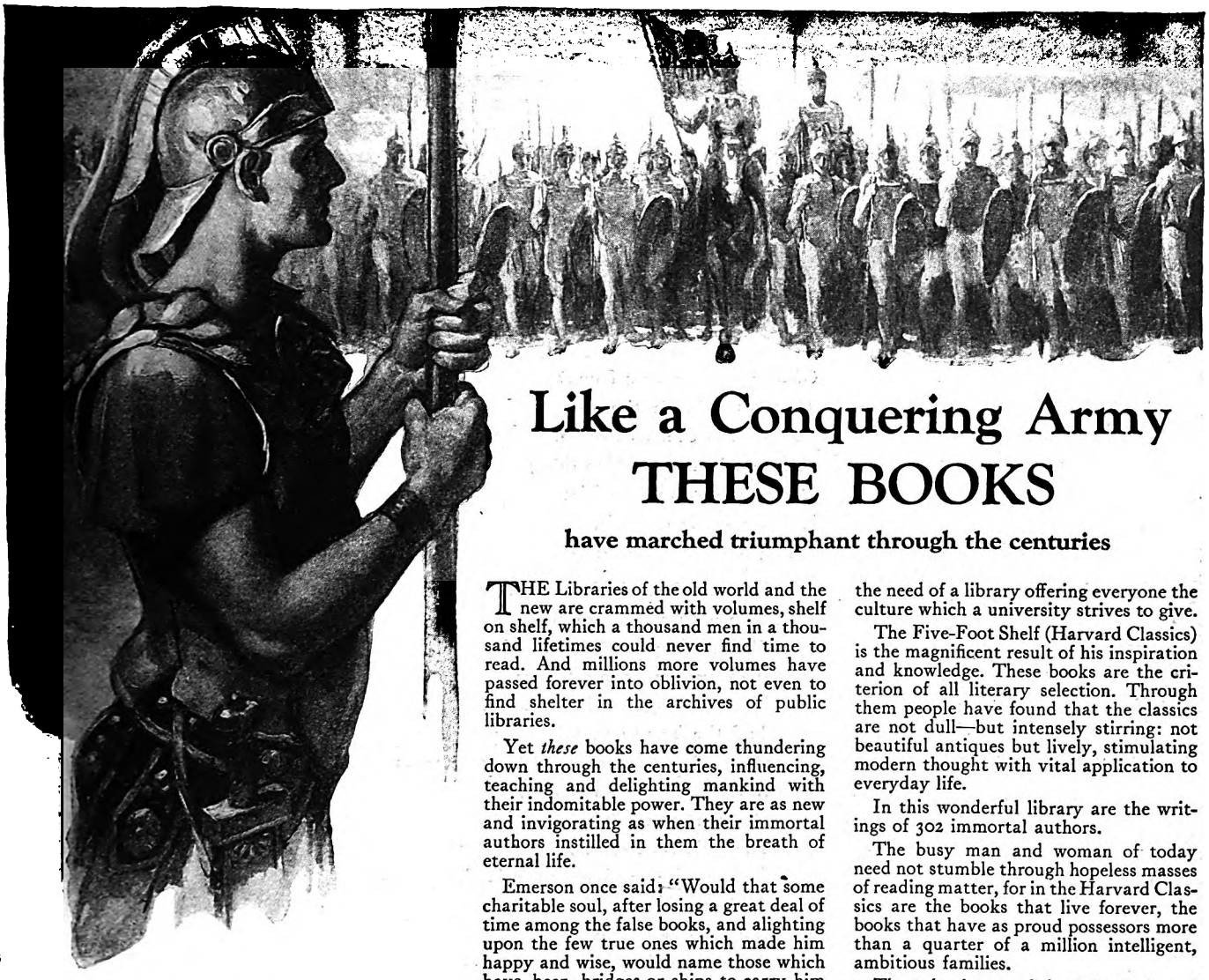

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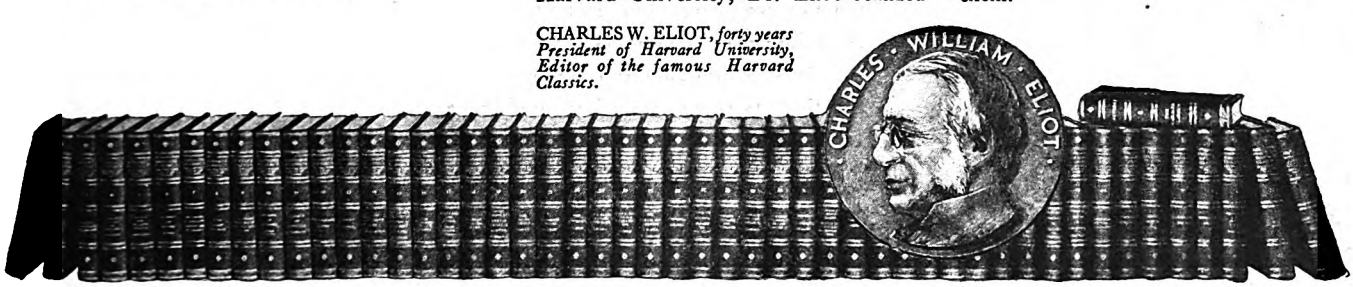

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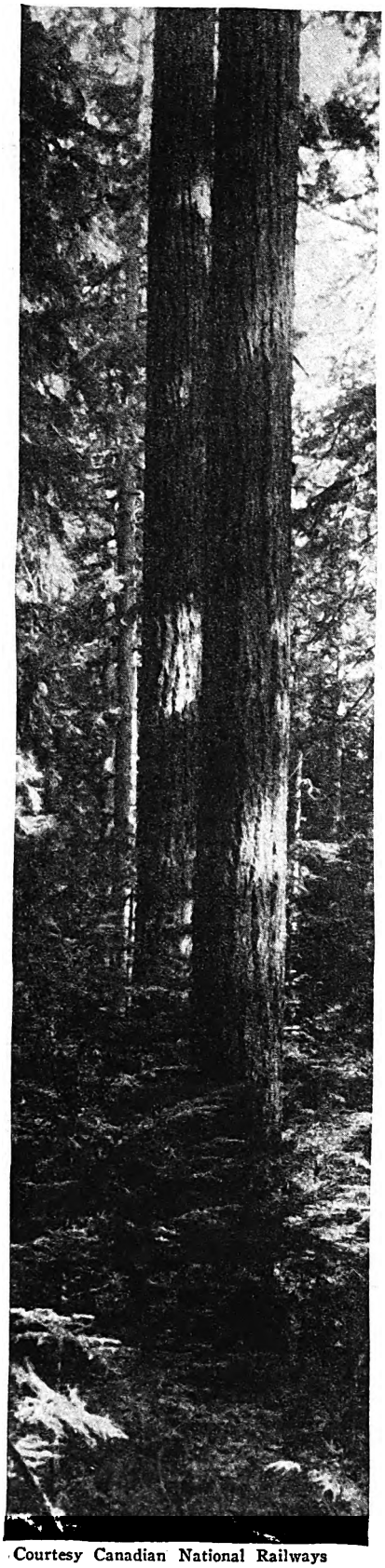
A Dream Is a Miracle

By Eva Dumbeck



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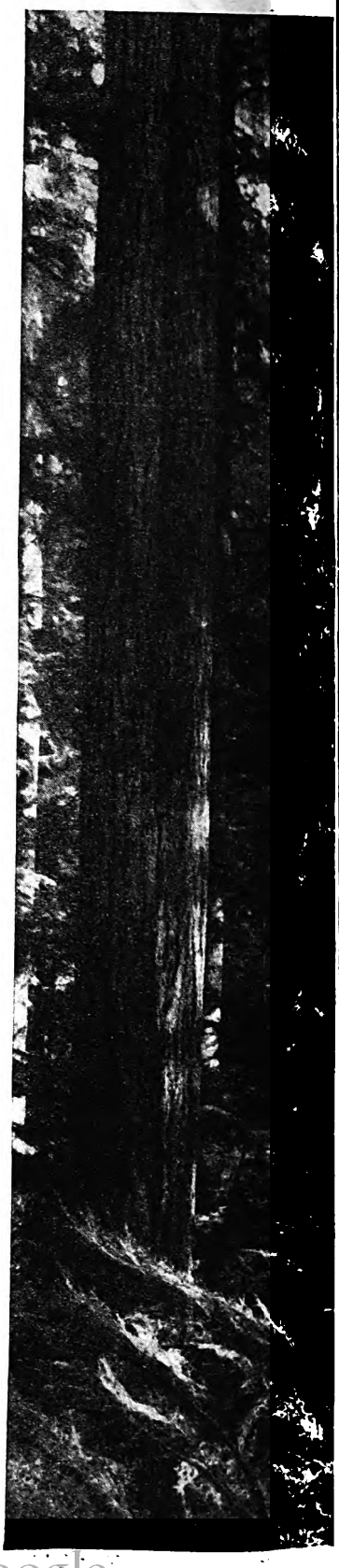
YOU are the true dreamers,
Who make your dreams come true;
But can you tell, you dreamers,
How come your dreams to you?
Think you a dream a mystery
Of swift and searing flame?
That is but inspiration—
To speak of dreams I came.
A dream is not a sudden thing
Come full-grown into life;
It is a miracle of birth,
And growth, and strife:—

Far back in a child's imagining,
Like a tiny mustard seed
Planted deep in the soil of his soul,
A dream comes into being;
Nourished by the glory that is life,
And the beauty that is the world,
Or, perhaps, watered by his own tears
In the anguish and strife
Of courageous living,
The little seed swells,
And the dream-plant bursts forth
And shoots upward.
Day by day it grows,
Strengthened by the experiences
Of every-day life
And the faith that abides
In the soul of the dreamer.
Eventually it stands forth
Beautiful in full growth;
And then, that mystery—a bud—
Makes its appearance
On this wondrous, living plant,
And the dreamer marvels
At his own thoughts and feelings:
His timidity is supplanted by confidence,
Even by an urge to be up
And to do something about his dream;
At last, the bud opens
And becomes a radiant flower;
And the dreamer,
In a burst of divine light,
Sees his dream blossom forth,
Into actuality, into truth,
Into a deed, an accomplishment!
Then he becomes a true dreamer
And knows the joy of dreams come true.

You are true dreamers
Who make your dreams come true.



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Why we Misbehave!

An Intimate Study of Modern Sex Life

BY DR. SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN, M.A., Ph.D.

A FRANK study of the deep-lying secret reasons why men and women, even if happily married, seek amorous experiences outside—why sweethearts even deeply in love may stray occasionally in search of diversion, for fun or excitement. Is there any way for the "injured" party to stop such excursions? Is it *wise* to prevent them? Is it better to sow these "Wild Oats"?

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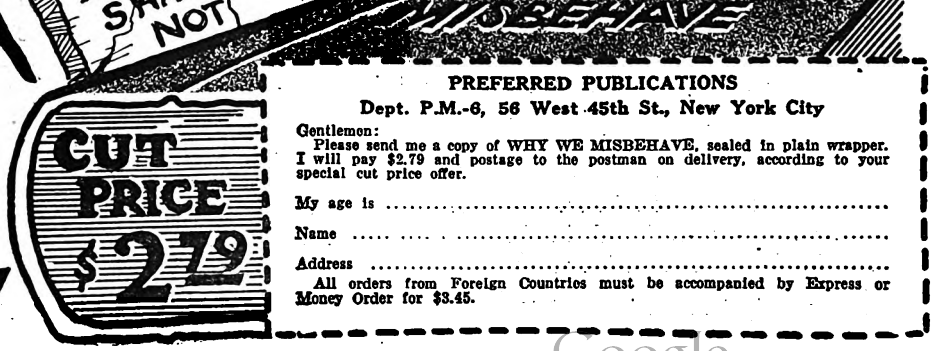

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Do You *Know* Your Child?

A Chat

By
Henry Knight Miller

IT IS of fundamental importance as we come to study the child to understand that the child is not a diminutive adult and therefore amenable to the same rules and in possession of the same consciousness as the mature person. The child is a child and has a psychology all its own. It must be studied as such and an effort made to sympathetically understand its peculiar type of consciousness and the character of its mental processes and emotional reactions.

Were it not tragic it would be amusing to hear some doting mother or grandma exhort a little savage of twelve to "be a nice little gentleman". If that boy is a real boy he could not be "a little gentleman" if he wanted to—and he does not want to! It is his place to be what he is—a boy, and our duty is to accept and understand him as such.

The child in its unfolding consciousness passes thru every stage of racial history. This is the key to a proper understanding of the child. If we can see the child not as a very imperfect imitation of father or mother, but as a product of social evolution, at the various stages of his growth reënacting the history of his primitive ancestors, we shall have infinitely more patience with his otherwise inexplicable behaviour.

Whether you accept the theory of man's ascent from lower forms of life, or adhere to a literal interpretation of Genesis, you must understand that primitive man was a gorilla-like being, more beast than man, who lived a crude, hard life, dwelling in caves, at war with all other forms of life, and interested apparently in but one thing—a blind instinct to preserve his own life in the brutal, selfish struggle to survive.

A slightly advanced stage shows man less of an individualist, establishing some social structure for mutual protection, but still a savage—cruel, bloodthirsty, rebellious of personal restraint. The principal laws were desire and strength. What he wanted he had if he was strong enough to get it.

For seemingly innumerable millenniums man was a wandering nomad, without property or fixed interests. Then with the discovery of agriculture he settled down. The land he tilled he claimed as his or his tribe's. He built rude homes, domesticated animals and acquired other bits of property.

Then followed the more marked development of the gregarious instinct. Man ceased to be an individualist or a wandering savage. His social interest, at first limited to his family, grew with the expansion of tribes and nations.

At first, in the relation of man with his mate there was evidently little or no romantic love. His union was either temporary or marriage was communal. If it was permanent and monogamous the woman was the mere property of the man, sort of between slave and domesticated beast of burden. Then slowly evolved the epoch of romantic love. The male wooed his mate with tender and passionate songs of love.

Then was born the philosophic spirit. Where first man just accepted the universe with no thought as to its meaning or mysteries, now about the tribal campfires he weaved his legends of Gods, angels, demons, witches, fairies, creation, floods, miraculous visitations, hymns of adoration, epics of war and adventure.

Finally the interests of man became exocentric in place of egocentric. He dreamed of service, brotherhood and altruism and established ethical principles and ideals.

Egoistic Period

Now the child relives each stage of this measured ascent from savagery to civilization. The infant is utterly egoistic. Its interest begins and ends in itself; personal pleasure and pain, comfort or discomfort are its only mental criteria. The mother who fondly imagines her baby loves her is enjoying a false hope. The baby loves only itself. The mother is a mere means of ministering to its comfort. "Me wants this," "Me wants that" are its first thoughts and among its first original words.

Now this is perfectly normal and natural. The infant is reliving the egoistic stage of human life in its infancy. The only tragedy is when one fails to outgrow this period. There are all too many adults who remain in this infantile stage of purely egoistic interest. Their only interest in life is self. Anything apart from self bores them to distraction. They are thirty, forty or fifty-year-old babies.

The child—especially the boy—merges from this infantile state into the consciousness of the savage. His interests are still largely egoistic but he grows oppressive, delights in inflicting pain, fights against restraint, wallows in dirt, engages in fist fights, breaks

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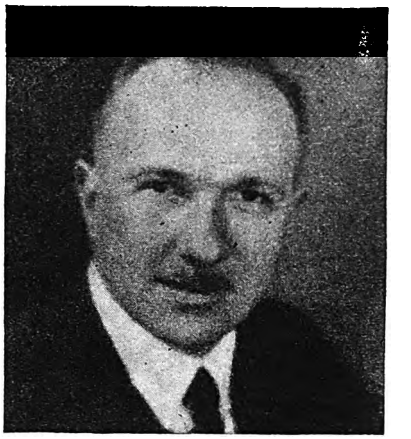
with the Editor



windows, ties tin cans to the dog's tail and throws snow-balls at the preacher.

All this is to be expected. Accept it as a normal stage in the child's growth. Guide the young "savage" more by suggestion, tactful reason and strategic shifting of attention than by brute force. Force brutalizes and exaggerates the savage propensities. And why beat a child for acting according to racial instinct and type? Rather guide him to the next and higher planes.

In the early reënacting of the consciousness of the savage, the child is interested primarily in the immediate family. This is true to type. Its love life having evolved out of the narcissistic stage of self love has broadened out to include the mother, father and members of the family group.

In the later half of this period the interest extends to others of the same sex and age. So far as the opposite sex is concerned this is a period of sex antagonism. To the boy, girls are weak, insipid, tattling things too fragile and tearful to deserve attention. To the girl the boys are "horrid things", rough, unkempt and unlovely. The love life is (innocently for the most part) homo-sexual.

THE GANG

But the gregarious instinct finds expression in the gang, especially with the boy. The interest in home, school, church and all else becomes secondary to the exploits of the gang. The good opinion of parents and teachers is of only nominal importance so long as is won the approval of the gang.

This period serves a useful purpose. The consciousness is broadened from narrow and selfish boundaries and the base for social sense and solidarity is laid. Do not fight the ganging instinct, but direct it. The Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and kindred organizations are ideal efforts to give constructive expression to this phase of the growing child's consciousness.

The acquisitive stage corresponds to the period when man began to acquire personal property. It is the period when the girl delights in possessing dolls, ribbons, doll houses, furniture, toys, etc. The boy comes home with his pockets bulging full of marbles, tops, stones, acorns, nails, buttons and an innumerable array of other objects worthless to all but the possessor, but of sacred value to him. Do not ridicule these things and call them "junk". That is a terrible insult to the happy possessor. They are the first things he has acquired. Encourage him to acquire other and more useful objects and help guide his activities along socially acceptable lines. This is a normal stage of development but again one must not stop here. Some acquire an accumulation fixation. Their whole life is an inordinate struggle to get, save and accumulate. Wise direction of the child to other and firmer interests will relegate this instinct to its proper and proportionate place in life.

There follows the epoch of phantasy and imaginative development. The boy lives in a world of Indians, cow-boys, pirates, soldiers and fighters. This is the real life to him. All else is tame and diluted in comparison. The unreal seems real. He tells great tales and is accused of falsehood when as a matter of fact the things he relates are quite truthful to him. They seem to have happened.

The girl dreams of fairies, castles, prince charmings and creates a world of vivid illusion more alluring than the drab world of objective reality. This is an important period in the evolution of genius. Imagination plays an important part in all great success. It is a prerequisite of all great invention, construction, industry, art, literature, music and drama. Do not seek to dry up the fountains of imagination but guide deftly. Children must be made to see for themselves the difference between reality and phantasy so they will not in later years attempt to evade the hardness of life in neurotic flight from reality.

Likewise the period of romantic love has its important and proportionate place. It should be encouraged, not warped and repressed, lest the love life be turned to unnatural inversion or perversion, burn itself up in autoerotic, homosexual and other negative channels.

The first discovery upon the part of the sixteen-year-old boy and fourteen-year-old girl of vital interest in the opposite sex is often jeered at by their elders as "puppy love". Sometimes the entire subsequent love life of the child is ruined by these ignorant taunts and ridicule. The love of children in life's springtime is the sweetest, purest, most natural, unselfish and uncalculating love life ever knows. Let no unwise cynic of maturer years, disillusionized by his own imperfect love experience, touch with impious hands this holy of holies of the child lovers. Let us rather seek to carry over something of the vigor, romance and unsullied sweetness of their simple, beautiful affection into our less lovely passions of later years.

ALTRUISM

At nineteen the normal boy is an incorrigible idealist and the girl's interest likewise becomes exocentric. The ideal of heroic service and self sacrifice looms large. This is the age that fights the world's battles. This is the age of decision for priesthood, ministry, social service, serving professions and other unselfish careers. It corresponds to the highest evolution of racial consciousness in our ancestry and answers the call of the Great Servant who said "I am among you as one who serves" and instituted a new piety—the cup of cold water in His name! (*Continued on page 56*)

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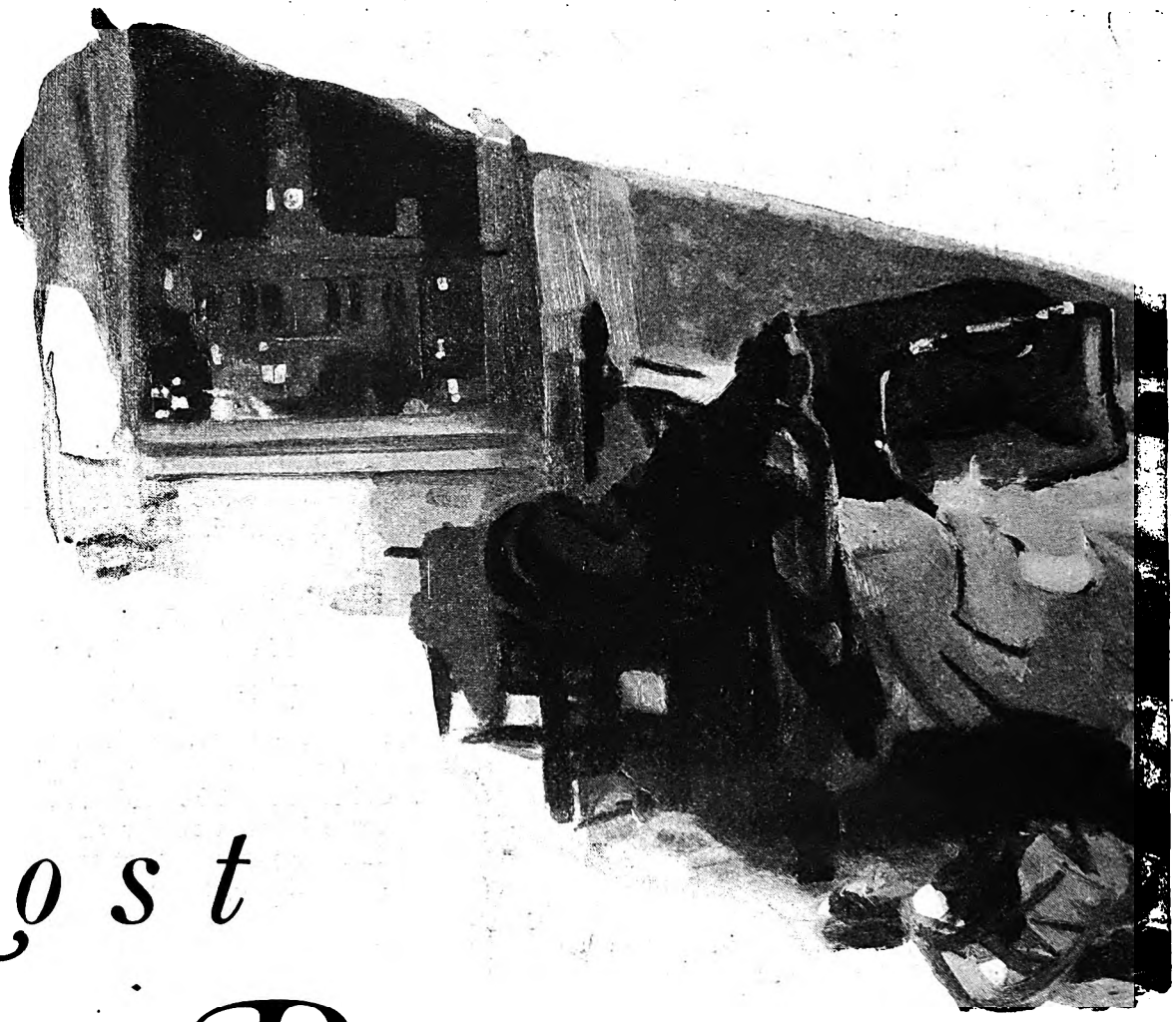
How Robert J. Thornton *Cashed-in On a*



The Lost Pocket-book

ROBERT J. THORNTON is the star salesman for Hoffman Publications, Inc., an organization that controls a half dozen trade magazines. In his daily work, which is the business of selling advertising space to manufacturers, he has gained a success that is a surprise to his friends—because Thornton is *not* the hard-boiled knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out type of salesman. A pleasant-mannered, quiet fellow with a wife and three children, he is the last person you would think could manage the job of canvassing prospects. And indeed, as he admitted to me, success has not always been his companion. For many years, and particularly during the period when his first child was a baby, he found the sledding hard and many times his family was put to frantic efforts to avoid starvation.

"It was just about that time," Thornton told me, "that I read a book on sales psychology. There is a whole lot of bunk written on this subject by hack writers who know nothing about it. Still, it is obvious that there is no smoke without fire, and my perusal of this book made me determined to find out what was in psychology that could be applied to one's daily life.

"All the books in the world couldn't make me believe that ways of thinking and speaking would bring in dollars and cents," he continued, "until the day I went to Philadelphia in search of a job. At that time we were practically broke, and it was my intention to put up at the cheapest boarding house I could find, or get an economical room, and breakfast on coffee and rolls. I had an appointment with a firm at ten o'clock in the morning, and I got to town the night before.

"Well, I put up at a dingy little place where I paid fifty cents for a night's sleep, and the morning found me in my prospective employer's office. Somehow I felt sort of desperate, but ashamed at the same time. I felt small, if you know what I mean. Mahogany furniture all around the place, and altho I am accustomed to that sort of thing, it was such a contrast to the room where I lodged, that it oppressed me.

"Perhaps needless to say, I didn't get the job. I had the references and I had the experience, but something kept the vice-president of the firm from hiring me. He seemed on the point of doing so several times, but always shied off to ask me more questions. When I left

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Strange *Incident—and Landed the* Right *Job*

By Hector G. Grey

Illustrated by Fred Reinert

at noon, I was told to come back next day, but I felt pretty sure I hadn't the job."

Thornton told me how he returned to his lodging and worked out the situation. His family was down to the last ten-dollar bill; he had seen this job advertised in the New York papers and answered the advertisement because he was so eminently suited for the job. The advertisement had called for three men: one for a fairly high executive position, and the other two for sales-positions that he could fill. Yet it seemed as if he were going to fail.

He had enough money in his pocket to stay one more night in Philadelphia. But when he opened his pocketbook, the currency had vanished. Whether he had been robbed or not he didn't know, but as the rules of this boarding house were strictly *cash in advance,* he had to move out.

The only place that will take in a traveler without advance payment is a large hotel. Thornton, in desperation, hiked his bag down to one of the largest in the city, and landed it inside the portals without the hall-porter suspecting that he had arrived on foot.

He checked into the hostelry, tipping the bus-boy with the last dime in his pocket. When he unpacked the bag that night, he found the money he had mislaid. It was too late to move out of the hotel, so he stayed the night, and went back to his prospective employer's office next morning.

"I had had a good breakfast," said Thornton, "on the principle that, as I was broke anyway, I might as well have one good feed.

"When I got to the office, the girl showed me in to another man, who turned out to be the president. He asked me if he had seen me the day previous, and I said, 'No'. He questioned me and we talked awhile, and then he told me that I seemed the sort of man they wanted—and I had the job! It was sales-division manager in their branch office in New York, which is why the advertisement appeared in a New York paper. But it wasn't until he mentioned this, together with the salary, that I realized I had been given the executive's job, and not the salesman's position I had applied for."

Thornton shifted his pipe to the corner of his mouth and laughed.

"Well, I didn't know what to say, but I felt it would be better not to mention that I had applied for the salesman's job. The president, (*Continued on page 78*)

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Outpointing the Octopus

Be a "Soul", not a "Crab", and It Can't Get You!

By Nola Dilworth Cocke

"THE 'sea'. Biblical imagery—'a mass of unorganized humanity'. Much as crabs darting in and out thru submarine channels. Hunted look. Hungry-eyed. Alert, stealthily scuttling ahead lest any one of them be the next victim. . . ."

Thus meditated the city-dweller as he stood at the fifth story window of the skyscraper and watched the crowd surging along the street below. Then the compelling thought that he, too, was keeping a sharp eye, ever nervously dodging about lest a tentacle with cruel sweep reach out and drag him in.

The telephone. Reminder again that he belonged to that "sea".

"Hello!"

. . . . . .

"Yes? Lamb chops for dinner? Shoes and new sweater for Billy? . . . Well, I'm afraid not today. You know, dear, the interest on that mortgage is due tomorrow. It's got to be paid. I'm dreadfully short."

. . . . . .

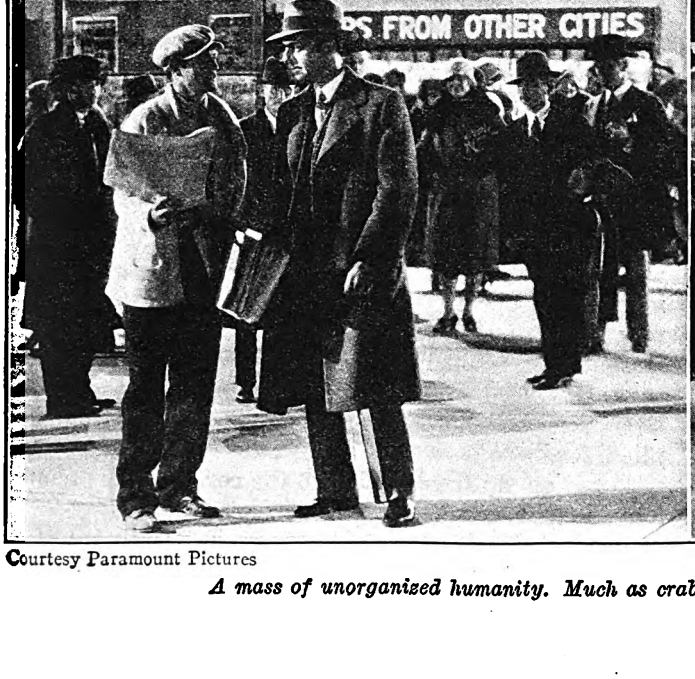
"Well, I know we've got to eat. And, of course, it's not *your* fault that Billy wears out his shoes. I'm glad he does—shows he's exercising and is healthy. . . . I'll see what I can do. You know I'll do the best I can."

He hung up the receiver and sat motionless. Almost haggard. "I'll do the best I can." These words were becoming a dirge over his struggling efforts, his dying hopes, his pierced buoyancy. His heart shrank, shriveled. Then seemed to burst its bounds. Would the struggle never end? This fight against the Octopus? "Fleshpots!" . . . He cowed in his chair, as if to avoid a tentacle that swept a semi-circle over his head.

The building jarred. The "elevated" had passed. "Full of submarine inhabitants endeavoring to escape the Octopus. . . . Its body feeds upon human hopes, ambitions, aspirations. Its eyes pierce a man's soul and see therein his flattery, his vacillations, his indecision, his—his imbecility. . . . Yes, that's what all men are—imbeciles. Else why this scramble? Why this rush? . . . Greed, love of power, love of praise—these are the phosphorescent coverings of the tentacles."

And then the skyscraper trembled. A subway train had passed. He laughed grimly, sardonically, "Another school of crabs scuttling away. . . ." His laugh died into a resigned moan. "What's the use? Nowhere is one safe from those dangling tentacles."

As a rule he was discouraged when the day brought no new employment. Today he was glad of the lack of it. How could he confine himself to claims and contracts and leases and suits? Just other tentacles with which the Octopus swooped in the crabs.



Courtesy Paramount Pictures

Courtesy Fox Films

A mass of unorganized humanity. Much as crabs darting in and out thru submarine channels.

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Ceaseless the noises from traffic and surging throngs on the street below. Ceaseless the whirr of the elevator. Ceaseless the ring of the telephone. His ears buzzed. His head roared. Pain racked his temples. "God," he moaned aloud, "is there no limit to man's crucifixion?" . . . Since when had he really prayed in earnest? How cowardly to have forgotten his God and then cry to him in his extremity! What was that force within him that provoked the unbidden plea?

Escape he must have—somewhere, anywhere—to be away from himself, his physical, material world. He rushed down and out. He caught the "elevated". He ducked as if to avoid an over-hanging menace. His hat pulled far over his forehead as if to shut out the sight of other struggling "crabs". That "sea". That "mass of unorganized humanity".

Looking up and out the windows he saw where in phosphorescent letters the Octopus had written over the skyscraper: "Greed." "Love of Power." "Love of Might." "Self-praise." . . . He closed his eyes where he sat huddled in the corner of his seat with that "sea" all around him. But the phosphorescence burned thru his eyelids—pierced his eyeballs, dizzied his brain. "Is there no way to be rid of the sight?"

The train was speeding on its way. It swayed and jarred. Finally, it jerked and stopped. He was jostled out. The tramp of hurried feet, the click of the gate, the shrill call of the gateman only added to the chaos of his weariness. He ached in every limb. In every sinew. His nerves twisted in contortion. "God, how can I stand this?" It was easier to call upon his God the second time.

Finally, came a thinning of passengers. The "sea" was calmer. The tide was at its ebb. "For a moment, perhaps, yes just for a moment," he grinned acridly. He slouched along. Furtively he glanced around. He saw that the buildings were low-squat and set in small patches of ground. The luminous writing in the heavens did not seem to burn so brightly into his eyeballs. But he must be on his guard the more. "It—the thing with its wiry sucking feelers—is only quietly waiting—making only a feint."

The city-dweller moved on quickly out the country road. As he hurried in his course, he glanced back nervously. "Will it not follow?" Then he jerked his head back and looked above. ". . . for the thing attacks from above. It holds its long spiral arms always dangling over one."

He sighted ahead a wooded area. He ran to reach it; he would be under cover there. And as he raced a sly smile covered his face. He would cheat the Octopus. It could not reach him there where close-woven branches would entangle its slimy, writhing arms. At last, into this cover he darted. His pace slackened. His face wore a triumphant look. He had won the first lap anyway.

He threw himself down upon the green moss at the foot of an ages-old oak tree. He buried his face in his hands. Soon the whisperings of the trees came to him. He wondered if they had their secrets. Were they discussing him? He sat up to catch the meaning. . . .

The wind played caressingly among their tender spring leaves. Faint flecks of sunlight glinted thru the fine, delicate tracery of their twigs and danced care-free on the sod. Here God seemed to look after his own. This ages-old oak had grown a century or more without thought of its own needs. God had given it its habitat, the warm brown earth, where in spring its roots had responded to the God-given rains, and the moisture had trekked its way thru the tiniest channel until bud had burst into leaf, into flower, into acorn. Winds had fanned its parched leaves when the store of sap had lost its strength. Up there high on its crown birds had sung to it; lulled it into reminiscence of a century of just such years gone by. And here at his feet a little violet was tucked away, seemingly of no importance. God had given it the same care he had given the giant oak. "They toil not neither do they spin. . . ." And yet (*Continued on page 69*)

Photo by Leo Zochling

The wind played caressingly among the tender spring leaves. He almost dozed under the hypnotic spell nature casts over man.

The city-dweller moved on quickly out the country road.

Courtesy Canadian National Railway

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Who *Is* Judge Simmons?

A Close-up of the Florida Judge Who Is Teaching Psychology to the Nation

By Arthur H. Howland

THREE or four times in a lifetime one comes across an individual who brings to mind that lovely saying in one of Riley's poems—about "Jim":

> When the Lord made Jim
> He didn't do anything else that day, but jes'
> Set around and feel good!

Whether it is the stars, or the far-reaching streams of ancestral blood, or mysterious charisms of psychic gifts, or definite, direct interference of a Deity—whatever it may be, the fact remains that here and there are persons so different from all the rest of us that ordinary mortals feel that it must have been some special act of creation that called them into being.

Judge Daniel A. Simmons, of Jacksonville, Florida, is like that.

I have walked with him thru country lanes, under the stars of a midsummer night and on the hard pavements of a noisy city; I have sat with him in quiet rooms, in a mountain cottage, in a bustling hotel of a busy city; I have sat in the chair alongside his desk in the office of his Institute of Practical Psychology; I have sat as a member of his audience, hearing him talk—about psychology, about finance, about God; I have sat in his court-room, observing his humanness on the bench as other human beings were being tried before him for high crimes.

And there is always about him that quietness of power. Lecturing, conversing, making decisions from the bench—he never raises his voice. He does not need to. People listen when he talks.

Judge Simmons loves folks. He wants them to be happy. He believes he has found a recipe for human happiness, and thousands of people all over the United States and in other countries look to him as the man who gave them the right directions to that path of happiness.

He used to be a preacher. He will always be a preacher. A preacher in the best sense of announcing facts that stand the test of real living. Tho he still keeps his connection with the church and frequently occupies the pulpits of his own and other cities, Judge Simmons has broken far away from the rigidities of the old dogmas.

I suppose one must call him a transcendentalist. He understands humanity so well, because his thoughts are at home among the stars. Riding with him along the pleasant roadways outside Jacksonville, he talked now of the overshadowing trees, now of the homes—humble or grand along the way, now of the factories and warehouses lining the river and the great ocean-going ships at the wharves, now of the silent, invisible stars.

To him the universe is a unit. One law, one power, governs all—and the secret of human happiness is to become linked up with that power, letting it flow thru our lesser lives, and to work out the principles of the eternal laws.

I came out with him from his court-room where he had begun the hearing of a charge against two defendants for murder in the first degree. We walked across the street to the offices of his Institute, where the bright faces of his fellow workers grew brighter as he came near. I went with him into an everyday restaurant a few doors away and heard him say, as he picked up the bill of fare——

"Well, Dave, what do I belong to eat today?"

He talks the language of human beings. Born in Alabama and residing all his life far south of the Mason and Dixon line, his words and voice have the lilt and phrasing of the South. A huge portrait of Robert E. Lee hangs directly behind the bench of the court-room over which he presides, but the old, terrible wounds of the bitter civil strife of long ago have left no scars in his soul.

He believes in Love, as the principle of human life. But he still clings to the belief that when human rights have been interfered with, there is need for the enforcement of social law.

His psychology may be summed up in a few words. He recognizes the fact of the subconscious mind. In each individual it is a section of the universal mind. It is universal in two directions: linking the human individual with all animal creation and housing the animal instincts; linking him also with the transcendental wisdom and power, the same as that which made the worlds, which he calls the Indwelling God.

This God, I heard him say in his lecture to the students of the summer school of psychology on Lookout Mountain, is "all-wise, all-powerful, timeless, deathless." The function of the objective mind—that small fraction of each individual entity—is to get a clear vision of what it desires for the fulfilment of life and then trust the Power Within to bring these things to pass.

He is genuinely practical, for all his high and deep beliefs. If you are sick, he says some simple remedies or clearly necessary surgery should be used to give the

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Inner Power the proper channel for its work. If you want a new house, or a new car, or a new job, or a higher salary, and are convinced that you have won the right to expect these things and that they will be used to make your life more fruitful and beneficent, you must not expect this Inner Force to do the work that may be done by your own hands and feet and tongue. All life is a miracle; but an orderly miracle.

At the moment Judge Simmons has four distinct lines of work, in all of which he is actively and enthusiastically occupied. One might add a fifth—which is so much in the nature of a pastime that he does not think of it as work at all.

First of all is his high position on the bench of the state of Florida. He is one of the judges of the Superior Court of that state; one of three assigned to the district of which the busy, modern city of Jacksonville is the centre. He was elected to this position fifteen years ago, and term after term the Florida voters put him back into office, recognizing in him not only the impersonal embodiment of Justice, but a fellow human being, whom well-doers and evil-doers alike can trust.

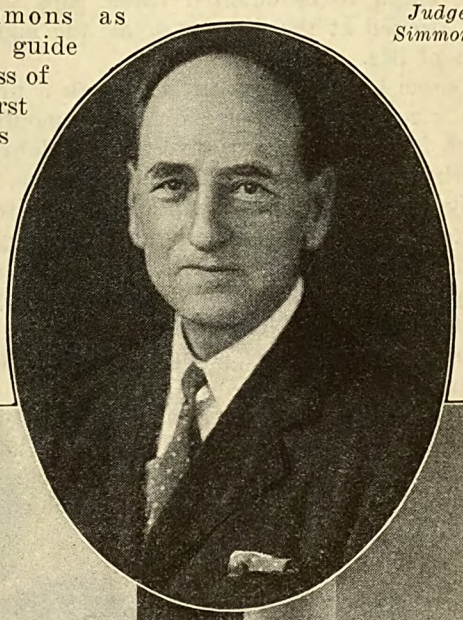
I have sat in many court rooms and observed many judges presiding in many kinds of trials, but never have I seen a judge so genuinely human. There is none of the awe and mystery with which so much court procedure is enveloped. A jury was being impaneled for a murder case. The judge left the bench and made an address to the hundred odd men who had been summoned from their work to face the responsibility of trying this grave case. He spoke to them, quietly, earnestly—man to man, neighbor to neighbor—pointing out the duty of laying aside personal interests at the call of the state. Going back to the bench, he made his decisions, as each plea for exemption was presented—kindly, considerate, firm.

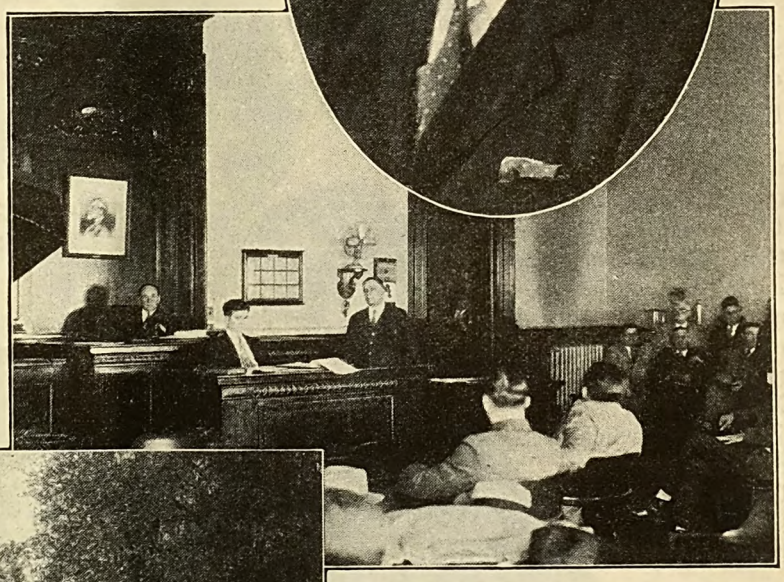
In spite of the terror of the case itself—a human life had been taken, and two human lives were at stake—the whole atmosphere of the court-room was that of serenity. None of the bickering, snarling, pompous ill-will and pretense that so often obscures the humanness and essential justice of a court-room. The result was, that altho the case was difficult and complex, a jury satisfactory to court, to "people" and to defense was selected in less than two hours.

Prisoners, court attendants, waiting witnesses, tentative and actual jurymen, clerk, stenographer, visitors—all felt the quiet, gentle, wise firmness of the man presiding, and without effort or friction his presence and personality dominated the scene.

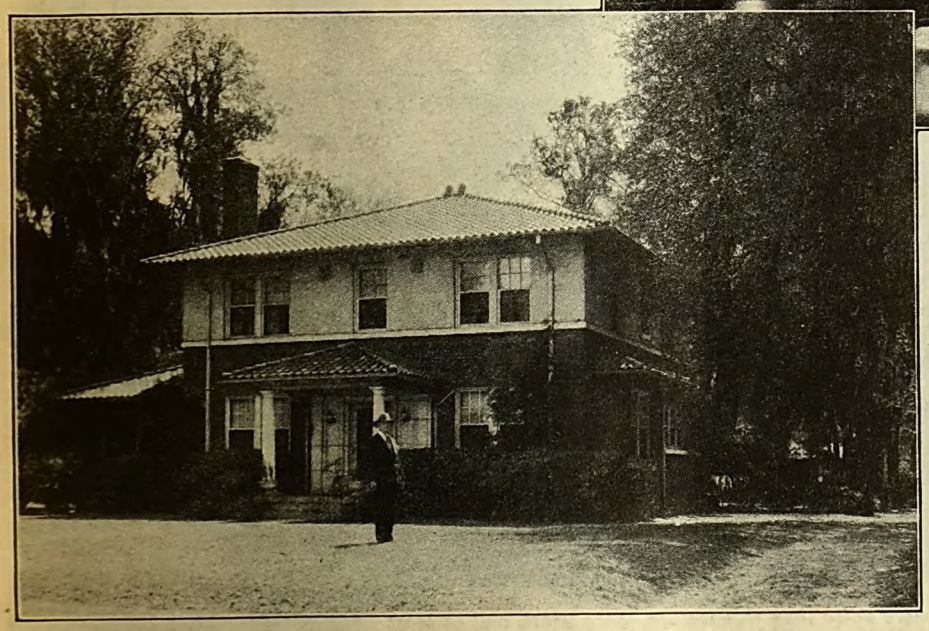
The judge's next interest is his Institute of Practical Psychology. From nothing at all, this movement has grown until it now numbers many thousands of earnest students, who look to Judge Simmons as teacher and guide in the business of living. First putting his principles of psychology into books, the judge developed the method of teaching by mail, and is now circulating seven or eight courses of instruction, keeping in personal touch with his pupils, taking and keeping his place as a dynamic factor in their daily lives.

Judge Simmons





The judge presiding in his court



The home of Judge Simmons in Jacksonville, Florida

I heard him say before the Lookout Mountain school that there were so many pleasant homes scattered thruout the country which had come into being because of the practical application of the principles of his Institute and to which he had received (*Continued on page 58*)

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Success—Unlimited

You Don't Need "Experience". Just Tackle the Job!

Says Jane Burr

FOR the sake of blundering youth, there ought to be outsized traffic cops stationed at the corners of all the highways of life.

I came to New York in 1910 with a private income of sixty-five dollars a month, which is just about sixty-five more dollars a month than the average heroine possesses.

My plans were quite simple and definite. With unlimited energy I was going to turn my ideas into poems, articles, short stories, novels. Then with the adequate proceeds I would duplicate my hospitable southern home on New York soil.

In other words I was going to succeed artistically and financially.

A friend of mine was giving up a twenty-four-dollar-a-month flat in Harlem so I took it. That left forty-one for food, clothes, drugs, doctors, etc. I was in a panic but I moved cautiously and made ends meet.

I moved cautiously—that's been the whole trouble with my career. I've come to believe, now, that God hates people who move too cautiously, just as I'm sure he looks down on simpletons that turn the other cheek. My new God is a just and wholesome and righteous God and I'm sure he believes that one good blow deserves another.

There is no use going into the hardships, the melancholy and the loneliness of the past nineteen years. The cooking, washing, ironing, scrubbing, cleaning, to save pennies when all the while I might have tuned in and earned dollars.

Did I write? Of course I wrote. I have sold hundreds of poems and articles and stories. I have seven books between covers, but I rarely receive large prices for my labor, perhaps because back in my brain was always the definite psychology of fear.

Conversations with myself usually ran in the following direction. "Don't get into debt. To struggle for money is degrading. Never spend a penny unless you have another to match it in the bank. Live modestly and graciously instead of in extravagance and panic."

That line of talk, like turning the other cheek, may be beautiful if you can do it without controversy—if you *are* your philosophy.

I'm not. I'm a violently controversial person, a person who shines in human contacts. By living in the dismal backwaters of life, I died emotionally and

Illustrations by J. H. Conlon

I had more poise than this woman, more youth and at least as much brains—yet she had time for a leisurely existence!

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was nearly buried when a sudden call from St. Louis sent me flying out there last summer to appear as witness in a law-suit.

I hadn't written anything in two years, my clothes were shabby and out of style; I had but one decent summer dress which I washed every night and ironed every morning.

And then I met a woman. She was hostess and renting agent in the hotel where I stopped. As she told me of her leisurely life, showed me her beautiful apartment, her many changes of costume, her bank account in five figures, my mouth hung open in an adenoidal stare.

I had more poise than this woman, more education, certainly more youth and at least as much brains. What was the matter with me that I hadn't been able to force the world to treat me as well as it had treated her?

I knew I was no saleswoman. I never could, even as a child, sell a ticket to the church festival. I always said timidly, "I have some tickets to sell for the festival. If you don't want to buy any, you don't have to." And, of course, they never did.

I knew I was no saleswoman but neither did she seem to be. Every time I saw her she was laughing and chatting or having tea with people and yet she kept that huge hotel rented up to the hilt.

She seemed not to sell but to place people in comfortable homes. I love home and home-making better than anything on earth. Why couldn't I show apartments and houses, help people to arrange their furniture, tear down useless partitions or construct useful ones? Why couldn't I go into the home-making business and still write if the urge ever came upon me again?

I dashed back to New York with a renewal of my girlhood pep, and made a list of all the big real estate firms in the city. In a smart new dress, hat, shoes, gloves and stockings, I started on my rounds.

In the first and most famous real estate office I was shown to the desk of a frighteningly grand-looking man. He scowled at me and snapped: "What do you want to be—a janitor?" I thought of my smartly-tailored gown, my five feet eight-and-a-half-inches of dignity and answered: "No, I want to be a renting agent." "Well we don't use women!" The words struck like leaden bullets on my brain. "Thank you," I said and walked out.

"Don't let it throw you," I whispered to myself as I entered the next place. There, and in the next, and the next I could not get past the office boy. "Write a letter, Madam, stating your experience and the exact position you wish to hold and it will be given our closest attention."

Then I began to get angry. I wanted a position and a weekly salary and I wanted it at once. I felt I must tune in while my new belief in myself was at its height, must grab for myself and my adopted daughter some of the worth-while things of life that everybody else about me seemed to be grabbing.

Whether it was the eagerness in my eyes or the anger that scared the office boy in the next place, I don't know, but I demanded the head of the personnel department and I got him. I have sent any number of women to him since and not one has passed the barrier without an appointment.

Mr. B— was charming. He deserves his place in what is known as a one-hundred-and-ten-million-dollar corporation. He looked me up and down appraisingly, smiled a most catching smile and said, "Well?"

I smiled back and my heart sang for the first time in years. Mr. B— is a nice man. He understood. I began to thaw out.

"Well, I want a job."

"What kind of job?"

"Renting agent."

"What experience?"

Of course I kept my writing career dark.

"I was hostess in a Bermuda hotel

(*Continued on page 62*)

In a smart new dress, hat, shoes and gloves I started on my rounds with a renewal of my girlhood pep.

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By Williston Merrick

A Mental

How Dr. T. P. Boyd—Known to Fiction Writers as "Dr. Babcock"—Locates Hidden Roots of Illness and Fright

THIS little complex was my very own—and it would have run me to earth if not for a kind of mental Sherlock Holmes who has since become a firm friend of mine. It all happened in this way.

To the world of readers I would seem a most uninteresting person and my life void of anything to make a story until fairly recently when, due to overwork and nervous strain, I became obsessed with the idea that I was going to die. I don't know how this sounds to you, but anyone who has undergone symptoms of nervous disorder will be able to understand something of what I went thru. I suppose cumulative fatigue units result in some sort of pathological depression which becomes more and more acute, morbid and introspective until it results in obsession of some kind. Certainly I went thru the stages of listlessness, frayed nerves, intense melancholy and even suicidal thought. I kept on with my work and I kept up with appearances, but every day I was that much nearer the edge. I got to think each day was my last, that I simply could not get thru it. It was not a question of death in any peaceful sense, but a black horror of sudden violent end at my own hands. What I suffered no one could know without so suffering. Friends, doctors and books I found useless. A church service had the most appalling effect upon me. I did venture to some lectures on psychological and spiritual principles but they did me no good, and I would go home with this nightmare closer than ever.

I have no doubt I would have landed in some institution for the insane had I not happened to take a suggestion offered by a mere acquaintance I met on the street who told me to drop in to see a man called Boyd—a sort of mental Sherlock Holmes, he said. Without any real hope of help but just as a negative reaction to this idea put into my head, I went up to the fifth floor of an office building and found the name, Dr. T. P. Boyd, on the glass door of a consulting room. I can remember hesitating several moments. Then I fingered the knob and slipped in.

A small office room and desk confronted me.

"Glad to see you. Sit down," said a firm, rather sonorous, voice.

I sank into a chair—conscious of his keen gaze.

"What can I do for you?" he said briskly, but not unkindly.

"I'll only take a few minutes of your time," I said apathetically, in the same helpless, despondent mood.

"What's your trouble?" he inquired.

"I'm on the very verge of collapse," I said, "a matter of minutes now."

"Well, don't collapse in here."

"I'm serious about this," I returned.

"So am I," he replied.

"How do you know you're going to collapse?" he questioned me.

"I've known it ever since I got up. I knew it yesterday and the day before."

"What?" he demanded. "You mean to tell me you knew the day before yesterday that you were going to collapse in this office?"

"No," I said, "I mean that for the last eight months I have known every day I would go off the handle or up the shoot."

"Now look here, my friend," he said slowly. "If some one told you every day for eight months that a certain thing would happen and for eights long months it didn't happen, what short little word would you naturally use to describe that person?"

"I know that well enough, Dr. Boyd," I responded wearily, feeling the uselessness of such an interview, "but tomorrow it will be just the same."

This seemed to interest him very much and he settled down to question me.

He asked my name, address and birth-place, year and day. He asked my mother's age at the time I was born and whether I was her first child or last child. He even wanted to know what condition she was in, so far as I knew, physically and financially. Was I married, had I children?

"The only reason you think and feel as you do is because of some broken law," he stated. "We'll find out where the break is."

His manner imparted a certain confidence. His penetrating eye noted all there was about me as he talked.

"Had any dreams of a vivid sort you can remember?" he asked with his observant eye on me like a gimlet.

I shook my head.

"Under doctor's care?"

I shook my head.

"Dipped into the teaching of any new-thought cult, helped by anybody of that sort?"

I gave some negative signal.

"Lived a good deal to yourself since your wife died, I suppose?"

This I admitted. I told him I lived in a couple of

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Sherlock Holmes

rooms, got my meals out.

He nodded.

"Live alone," was his verbal comment. "See friends now and then. Anybody out to get your scalp? Got some enemy ready to knife you in the dark?"

I almost smiled at the idea.

"You willing to look a policeman in the eye, 'fraid of being brought to book over any funny business in the past? Better tell me anything there is," he ended.

"Nothing like that at all," and I met his eye with willing gloom.

"Of course there's no hell fire in this," he went on, glancing at me keenly. "You haven't been converted over night within a year or lined up on the mourners' bench imploring mercy for your sins?"

The truth was that I had given religion the go-by for many years.

He seemed to perceive this.

"Well, now," he added, shifting in his office chair, "one thing is sure. You're worried over business matters, driving too hard, rushed, nervous and all that."

"That's true enough," I said. "Worry kills a lot of cats, I know. Didn't realize it soon enough. Had to slow down more and more. Pretty good bunch at our place. Let me down as easy as I want. But I'm better during office hours."

"How about a vacation," he suggested.

"Took one several weeks ago and cut it short to get back and be busy."

I shuddered over recollections.

"What's your own idea?" he asked me suddenly.

I had no more idea than the man in the moon, and he saw this instantly.

He paused musingly and drummed a little on the desk with his fingers.

"Brought up in Connecticut, on a farm you told me. Think back now, were you ever in a serious accident of any kind?"

I could recall no accident.

"Ever get frightened in the dark alone?

"Ever get wrought up over some book, blood and thunder story?

"You were a sensitive type of boy, however?"

"Yes, I was a sensitive enough kid."

Do you like to dig at the roots of a complex?

When your mental balance becomes disturbed and unsteady, do you try to locate the causes?

Have you gone thru the stages of listlessness, frayed nerves, intense melancholy and even suicidal thought?

Have you ever felt the insane asylum staring you in the face?

Call yourself on the carpet. Talk to yourself as a "Dr. Babcock" would and see what you find! This article will serve as an excellent model.

DR. BOYD

"Ever see some horrible picture?

"Ever see anyone killed?"

He got no response from these questions.

"Ever have a sickness when your mother and the rest thought you were a goner?"

"No," I replied, weary with this cross-examination, "I've never been dangerously sick till now."

"But you were a sensitive kid, you say. Impressionable. Had a vivid imagination."

I guessed I had.

"Your father, kind to you was he? 'Fraid of him at all?"

"He was a good father to me," was all I said.

"Ever punished in a way to scare you much?"

"No," I said, "my home folks didn't do that way."

"Ever see another boy punished in a brutal way?"

His eyes seem to pierce my memories.

"Well," I answered vaguely, "I remember the time Roger and I got caught climbing up the old windmill."

"Tell us about it," urged my questioner.

"There isn't any story to it," I went on. "We had an old windmill about ready to blow down. The tank up there supplied the house with water. Father was always going to have it repaired. It was a shaky old thing. The ladder was rotting away."

'And you two boys went up it," chuckled Boyd.

"We did," I admitted. "The folks had gone to town. We monkeyed around for most of the afternoon. Roger lived above us pretty close. He was bound to climb up that windmill. We got part way one time and father made us come down and promise 'pon honor to stay down. We teased him several times but nothing stirring. He said it wasn't safe for man or boy. But Roger knew we wouldn't have a bit of trouble. We didn't going up or going down until we reached just about the last step."

"What happened then?" inquired Boyd.

"Then father came back with the family. I was sent to bed and Roger was told to wait until his old man came home. His folks drove past our place back from town. Well, it happened that Roger's mother wanted to see mine and they drove right into our yard. Father explained why Roger was there waiting. My room was above where they stood. Roger started a few excuses but the old man was mad. 'You git home with us, by God,' he shouted, 'and I'll (*Continued on page 55*)

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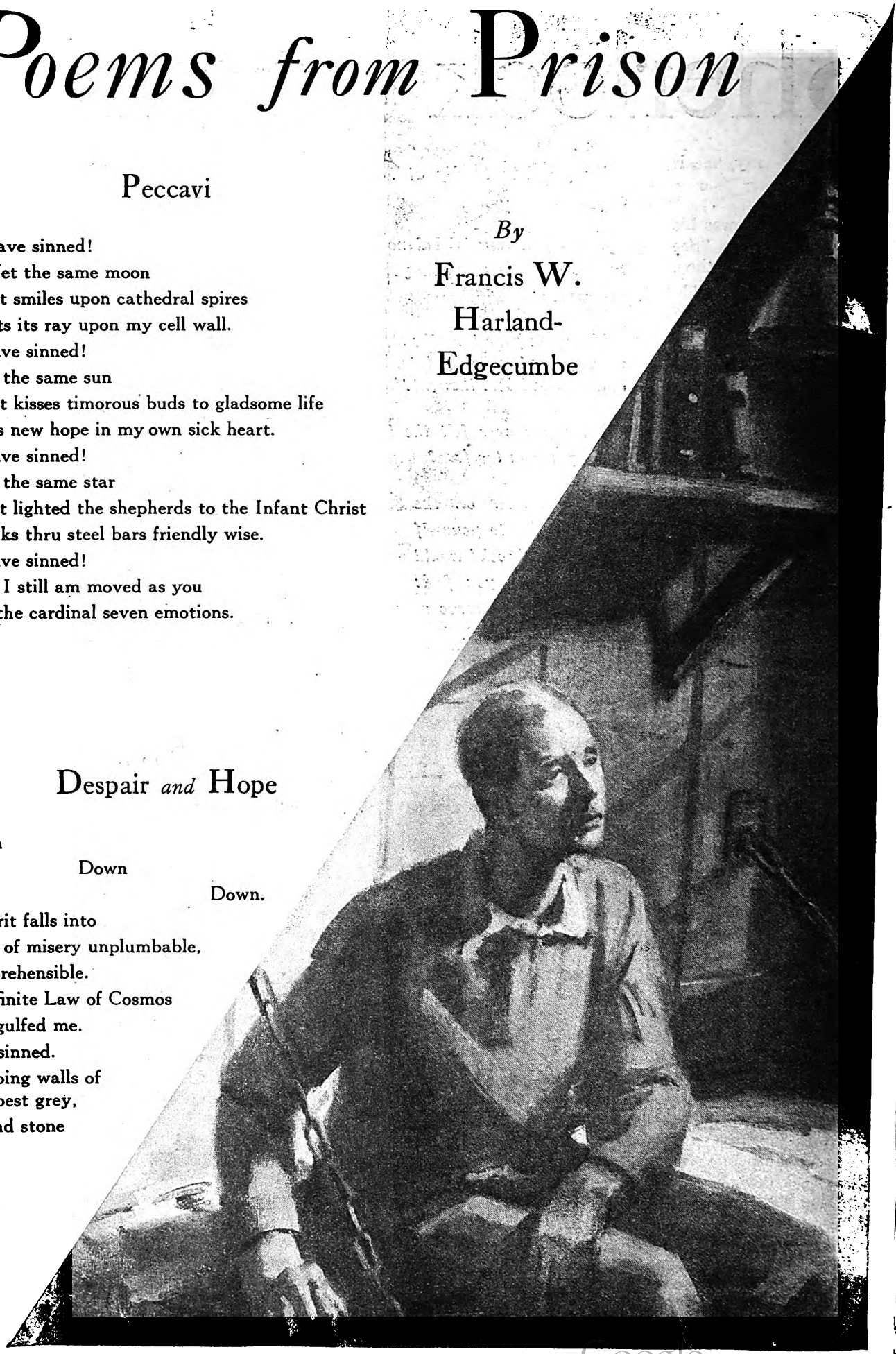
Poems from Prison

By
Francis W. Harland-Edgecumbe

Peccavi

I have sinned!
Yet the same moon
That smiles upon cathedral spires
Casts its ray upon my cell wall.
I have sinned!
Yet the same sun
That kisses timorous buds to gladsome life
Stirs new hope in my own sick heart.
I have sinned!
Yet the same star
That lighted the shepherds to the Infant Christ
Blinks thru steel bars friendly wise.
I have sinned!
Yet I still am moved as you
By the cardinal seven emotions.



Despair *and* Hope

Down
Down
Down.

My spirit falls into
Depths of misery unplumbable,
Incomprehensible.
The Infinite Law of Cosmos
Has engulfed me.
I have sinned.
Entombing walls of
drabbest grey,
Steel and stone

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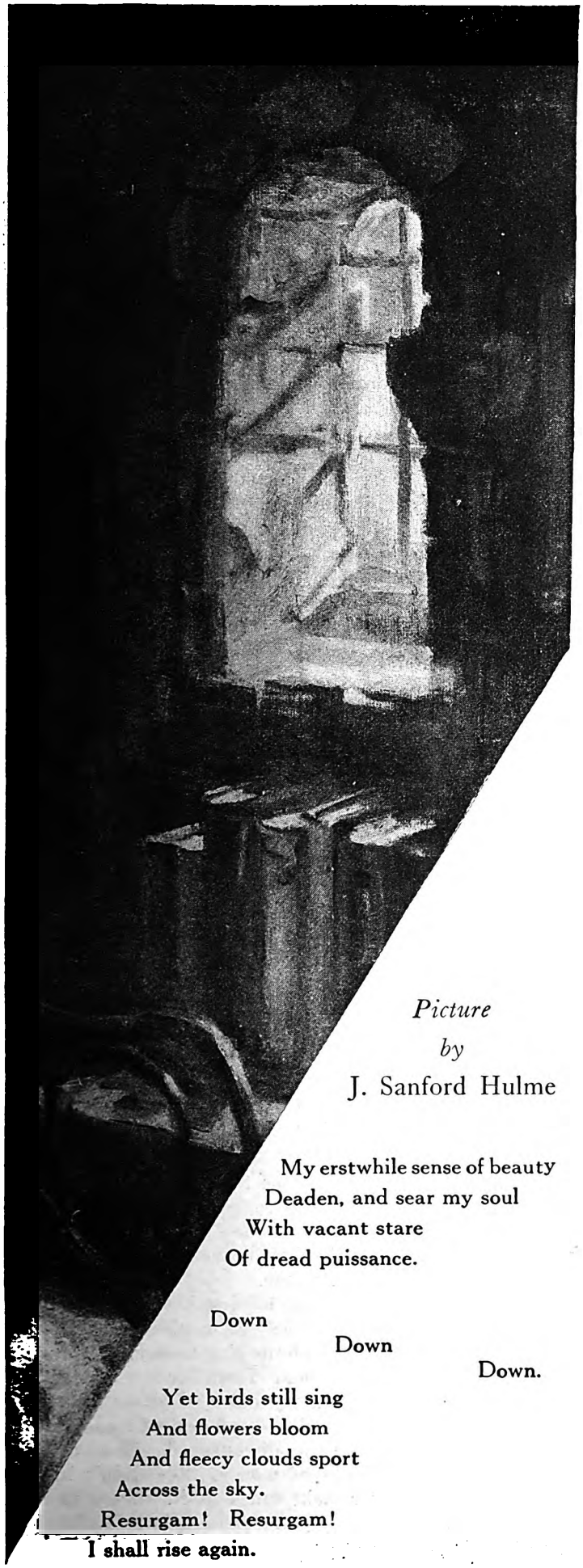

Picture
by
J. Sanford Hulme

My erstwhile sense of beauty
Deaden, and sear my soul
With vacant stare
Of dread puissance.

Down
Down
Down.

Yet birds still sing
And flowers bloom
And fleecy clouds sport
Across the sky.
Resurgam! Resurgam!
I shall rise again.

Bas-Relief

In full perspective now I see
The infinitesimal drops that went
To make the sea of trouble
That nigh engulfed me.
And in desperate contrition
Ebbed me in on a tide of law
To strand behind prison walls.
The moment clear I see when
Reason cried aloud for "No",
And in vacillation I said "Yes".
The hour of quiet repose,
Rejected for the glittering
Pleasures of the throng.
The day when tree and flower and bird
Called me to their everlasting tryst
And I—I held a tryst
With a worthless passing love.
The moment when a blatant flattery
Soothed my vanity and sped me on
To lose my truer self, until,
Enmeshed in falsity, I lacked the will
To tell myself the truth.

A Promise

I will go forth.
I will ambush the hours
And press them to my service.
I will take toll of the sun
And draw gladness from its rays;
From the gentle moon I will sap
A greater mead of kindliness
Than has ere been mine.

I will go forth.
I will give of the great gifts
Which are mine and mine alone.
Endowments long dormant
I will offer to more needy souls
And share the beatitude of sheer living,
I will blind myself to all but beauty,
Except it be some hurt or ache
Which I may alleviate:
And in that I too will seek
The greatness that lies
In human fortitude.

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"The Man Who *Builds* Men"

ACCOSTED, while mailing a letter, by a keen-eyed, smiling young man, who said, "I beg your pardon, do you carry life insurance?" a dignified, middle-aged man in turn asked his interrogator his name and what company he represented. The young man answered with such engaging directness and such a "come now let us be friends" manner, that after the man dropped his letter in the box he said, "I live a little way up the block. Come home with me, won't you? We'll talk it over."

They went to a home of prosperous air. The young man told more about the virtue of life insurance and, when pressed to do so, about himself. The man who had mailed the letter listened with the non-committal calm of the Sphinx. At length he said:

"Such a good insurance man as you are ought to be with a bigger and better company. Suppose you come with mine."

He handed his street acquaintance his card and smiled, while the young man read with bulging eyes. For he had tried to sell insurance to one of the officers of the Brooklyn Life Insurance Company.

"If you have the nerve to try to sell life insurance to a man at a mail box you can do anything that is legitimate. Come down to my office tomorrow and start work with us," he invited.

Martin T. Ford accepted the invitation. This marked the beginning of one of the most brilliant and outstanding careers in the world of insurance. It was the first year of forty-seven spent in convincing persons that since eighty-seven per cent of all legacies are in the form of insurance every man owes it to his family to insure his life. Convincing him that the insurance man is not a person to dispatch ruthlessly, but one who offers him a service that he needs. Convincing himself and others who fall under the spell of his logic and oratory that the man who writes a life insurance policy performs a greater service to mankind than does the representative of any other form of business.

"Marty" Ford they call him in the Equitable Insurance Company to which he came when it took over the Brooklyn Life. He was an agent with a high record for sales. The usual record of an insurance man is one policy to every seven persons interviewed. Marty Ford's record is that he has landed fifty per cent of his prospects. Every second man to whom he preached the gospel of insurance was convinced, allowed him to write a policy for him. Mr. Ford was sorry for the agents who "landed" but one man in seven. He witnessed their tactical blunders. He sympathized with them and was ashamed of them. He knew that they did not know their business and he longed to teach it to them. He went to one of the highest officials of the company. He addressed him by his first name: (Mr. Ford started this habit which the company has adopted.)

"Big business is done almost entirely by agencies within it," he said. "Let me start the Martin T. Ford Agency within the Equitable. I want to teach the boys how they ought to sell insurance."

The Martin T. Ford Agency was organized. It worked according to the rules governing the Equitable, but its methods were its own. Behind it, pushing it with panting earnestness, radiating the light of information, was the man who two years ago was honored by a birthday dinner in commemoration of his forty-five years of insurance sales and sixty-five years of life.

"Downtown knows you as 'the man who builds men,'" I said as I talked with him. "How do you build them?"

"By teaching them to make money. It is a curious fact that most of the men who have succeeded in insurance are men who have failed in a business of their own. That, tho it may seem at first thought strange, is a good start. For the man who has started in a business, put his money into it, and has done his best to make it go, has what I call 'heart'. He has courage.

"When he comes here he has lost his courage. He is despondent. He doesn't believe in himself. The first thing I do is to start him to making money. My system seemed to fail with one man. I sent for him and we had a heart-to-heart talk in my office. I drew from him the fact that he had made a good deal of money in his business and his wife was discouraged. She had been used to having plenty of money. She didn't believe that he would ever make much at insurance or anything else.

"I had had an exceptional wife and knew what a

The Price

By Thomas H. Lewis

How much does it cost for a cheery "Hello!"
Or a grip of the hand warm and strong?
Does it cost you a thought? Why, the price is so low,
You can buy a glad heart for a song!

How much does it cost for a frown or a sneer,
As you watch a man struggling on?
It may cost him his soul when he's broken with fear,
When his footholds on hope are all gone.

What shall it be—a smile or a frown?
A heart warmed to life? Or a soul trodden down?

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Martin T. Ford

Tells How He Has Made a Success of Selling Life Insurance for Forty-seven Years

In an Interview with Ada Patterson

MR. FORD

good wife means to a man's business success. I asked him to send his wife down to see me. I talked to that woman. I told her how my little wife, who had been a wage-earner, had met me one Saturday evening before our marriage and told me she had lost her job. I told her that she should take a job taking care of me. I was living in a furnished room at Brooklyn for which I paid two dollars and a half a week. I had no money. But I borrowed ten dollars from a friend. I gave the preacher five and we went to a cheap plain restaurant and ate our fill on a portion of the remaining five. I went back to work feeling like a king. That little wife used to go with me while I talked insurance to a prospect. She sat in a corner and listened. She liked to hear me talk. I lost her ten years ago and I had an awful battle to keep any heart in me. As I recounted these experiences the woman's eyes filled with tears. I asked her if she wouldn't be to her husband what my little wife had been to me. She promised. That man is one of the leaders, in my agency, in insurance selling.

"I build a man by making him happy. If he is not happy his work will fall off. I watch my men. If one of them seems droopy for three or four days, if his smile isn't there, I send for him or have one of my superintendents talk to him. We find out what is the matter and hearten him. The happy man does the best work.

"I praise a man. I believe in the everlasting pat. Yes, there is a danger of giving him a swelled head. But he is no worse for the swelled head for a few days. He enjoys it. And something will happen in his daily contacts to reduce the swelling. Life humbles a man.

"I build a man by eliminating a dishonest trend from him. I show him that crookedness may turn a sharp corner but right around the corner is the jail. I impress him with the fact that, looking down the long road, he will see that honesty and straightforwardness always win."

It has been said of Martin Ford that he sells insurance as he catches fish. For half his life he has gone out in the Jessie May, the most observed fishing craft in Great South Bay. Its owner is renowned for never returning from a trip without a showing of misnamed weak fish. He has specialized in weak fishing because these fish are the gamest in the Bay and the hardest to catch. He is the only fisherman who has never returned without fish.

He studies the fishing situation. By some strange divination he seems invariably to know what particular feeding ground the fish have chosen on that particular day. Strange knowledge, for their habits are migratory and seem, to the less initiate, to be capricious and without any governing law.

On a day when brother fishermen bring their boats to anchor and land with empty baskets and deprecatory smiles, he brings in a good catch. The story of the day's sport proves that he has met difficulty with adroitness. He may have varied the size of the hook. He may have adjusted the shrimp bait according to whether the fish's appetite was that day dainty or voracious. Or success may have come to him with a single gut lead while others used the double.

At sixteen Martin Ford was teaching school. He also gave dancing lessons. At twenty he was in New York, opening a lunchroom (*Continued on page 57*)

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After *Twenty* Years *on* Crutches

I SHALL probably be accused immediately of a heroic falsehood. How in the world could a human being, most especially a female creature, use crutches and not be horribly conscious of them? Has it been a tremendous egotism, a child-like penchant for attracting attention? But I tell you—I have been *practically* unconscious of them.

I use the word *practically;* it is only a concession to some memory in the back of my mind that demands, in fairness to absolute truthfulness of detail, to say there were times in my youth when I felt the desire to withdraw from some situation that would bare my limitations. For instance—I refused to finish my last year at high-school because I shrank from appearing on the stage with my classmates. It seemed, perhaps, beneath my dignity to parade across the platform before an audience.

That weakness was the birth of a great determination in me. It would never happen again, simply because I suffered such pain of defeat in my own lack of strength. If one can believe me—I never again allowed the consciousness of my limitations to form into thought. I crushed it with action before it was born. This explains the hair-raising escapades of my early youth; it explains my attempts at public speaking on the few occasions I have been asked; it explains the panting climbs to third balconies at theatres when I might have been seated, by the courtesy of the management, on the lower level; it explains a sunstroke from a five-mile walk on a railroad track; it also accounts for my much-discussed marriage and the fact that I have been placed in the category of martyrs because I allowed that marriage to culminate in motherhood.

I laugh sometimes with great glee over women. They really are astonishingly simple at times. When I announced with complete innocence of wrong doing that I was going to have my first child, I think the town's population was at a deadlock as to whether to lynch my husband or put me in the asylum. There was a great deal of genuine sympathy mixed in, of course. No human being is a hundred per cent idiot. But, here I was, being normal and happy; in fact, almost delirious with joy over the prospect of realizing a dream I had dreamed so long that I could not remember when it began. I had never cared much for dolls, altho that is the accepted theory of a child's maternal instinct; I had wanted something warm and lifelike; a puppy or a kitten. When I was nine or ten I had already visualized, to the smallest detail, how my first child would look. In this connection I must tell you something about an impression from that very early childhood.

A $25 Prize

How shall this mother act, now that her children's playmates have made them aware of their mother's handicap?

A Prize of Twenty-five Dollars will be awarded the writer of the best answer to this poignant problem.

Limit your answer to 500 words. Mail it on or before July 1. Address:

Editor, PSYCHOLOGY,
101 West 31st St., New York City

My grandmother was a fine old person who was a born match-maker. She had lost a great many tranquil nights pondering over and planning the proper marriages for my three older sisters. It is in this paragraph, too, that I must inform you that I was the youngest child of a family of six; born of a business-woman mother and a traveling and little-known father. Since our one servant was housekeeper, disciplinarian and sometime laundress for this lay-out, it may account for a very significant fact: *I had no one to make me feel sorry for myself.* But this episode with my grandmother will illustrate the lack of coddling more than I could work out in a chapter. One day as I was busily engaged in pulling weeds out of her flowers to escape sewing on embroidery as all little girls should be doing—I had an intense dislike for anything that looked like an invalid's pastime—I said to her:

"I wish I had a baby for every dandelion I find."

She stared at me from over her glasses with evident impatience.

"You might as well quit thinking those thoughts before you begin. You must never expect to be married."

Well—I didn't ever expect it, really. I just ploughed thru the non-essentials in my mind toward that great shining light of my desire. I can remember no terrific reaction at all to the foreboding in my grandmother's predictions. Her words might have had their influence in making me abnormally independent of men and also account for my complete disregard for matrimonial introspection. It may be a little shocking to say that, as I grew into the stage of romantic affairs, I passed cold judgment on the few knights who came riding as to their paternal possibilities. I was not moralizing. I was not consciously thinking it out as a problem. I was going blindly forward without reason or plan into the realm of normal womanhood and motherhood.

Where were the crutches all this time? To me they were nothing. Often an associate or even a new acquaintance would say wonderingly, "You know I forget that you are using crutches. I really ought to consider them and be more courteous." A flash of momentary annoyance—that they should be noticed at all—and I would go on being normal.

And now after twenty years of using crutches I suddenly become a *cripple.* I have a great fear that until my two daughters attain maturity I shall be one.

I am not a psychologist and so I cannot label the subconscious cowardliness that has dogged my footsteps for so many years—making me whistle and caper to keep from recognizing it. Not that my courage has

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I Suddenly Become *Conscious* of Them

The True *Story of* Ann Rice Ludlow

been my own. During the hardest part of the journey, when the natural buoyancy of childhood and early youth had gone, when my ugly-duckling stage had passed into some semblance of a swan and romance was blooming, I had beside me wonderful friendships to sing while I whistled; later I had the love of a wonderful mate *who had no sympathy at all to give me.* They are still around me, dear friendly things, but I have begun to suspect them of heroic self-sacrifice. I am just a cripple after all.

I do not like to write these things. I certainly could never utter them. C-r-i-p-p-l-e is a word I could never push past my lips. When I hear people

Mrs. Ludlow and Ann.

Eight-year-old Susan.

use it, people who are trying to be kind, I want to scream at them, "Don't label a living human being with that ignominy!" Now that the movement is nation-wide to aid children who come under this horrid classification I wish I might snatch the word out of usage and put something less unpleasant in its place. I begin to realize why I have always avoided association with any sort of abnormality; I begin to see why a beggar whining on the sidewalk, with his horrid crooked legs on display, fills me with disgust.

I am afraid to go on lest one should think me discouraged and unhappy. Never in all my life have I had life so near what I wanted. My children are the scintillating types of health and happiness which fill me with pride and satisfaction. Their failings are normal, interesting problems and fascinating to iron out. There is only one of these problems, which has arisen with my eight-year-old, which baffles me. (If I can *only* solve it before my two-year-old comes upon it.) The children at school have chided her with the fact that her mother is a *cripple.* (Damn the word.)

When this eldest of mine was very little she was never completely happy with a new outfit because she couldn't sport a nice little pair of "walkies", as she called them. She has always been an ardent admirer of her mother. There was never a question in her mind as to *who* was the prettiest, who told the nicest stories, who cooked the best food, of all the mothers in the world. It was *her* mother. She had a passion for having me appear at regular (*Continued on page 77*)

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The instruments for the tests were adjusted around the subjects' chests and arms in an effort to measure the emotions at the moment they felt them, as they observed certain scenes projected upon a screen.

Emotions *and* Pigments

IN January, 1928, blasé New York was startled from its mid-winter ennui by glaring headlines and special editions announcing what the tabloids were pleased to call "The Great Passion Derby". The entries in this American sporting event, it seemed, were blond and brunette chorus girls from some of the most popular of Mr. Ziegfeld's Broadway productions. The competition was held in the Empire Theatre in the presence of a clamorous army of reporters, special writers and camera men, and consisted of attempts on the part of the fair chorines to outdo one another in expressing emotion while viewing forbidden love scenes on the moving picture screen, enacted by the famous silver sheet lovers, John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

Your outstanding emotional characteristics are reflected in whether you are a blond, brunette or red-head.

At least, that is the theory of Dr. William M. Marston, formerly of Columbia University.

Whether you believe these theories are founded on sufficient cases to make them facts, or whether you feel there is any difference in the emotions of blonds or brunettes, you will be interested, as are the editors, in this breezy article by Justin W. Brierly, himself a former student and lecturer in the department of psychology at Columbia, who describes Dr. Marston's theories vividly.

How then, you may inquire, was it possible to determine whether the blond or her brunette rival was emoting most strenuously? And there's the important part of the whole thing. Science was on hand in the presence of Dr. William M. Marston, formerly of Columbia University, to measure the girls' emotions at the moment they felt them. It seems that whenever a human being—or a chorus girl—experiences love or passion or anything like that, her heart goes pitter-pat-pitter-pat-pitter-pat, just like that, and her breath comes in gasps. The extra strength of her heart beats, it further appears, increases the pressure with which the blood is driven thru the arteries.

One artery, called the "brachial" (arm) artery just above the elbow, is bound up in an instrument with a name that bothered the reporters terribly. It is called the "sphygmomanometer". A little dial on this instrument records the pressure at which the blood is flowing thru the artery underneath the instrument. When the dial shows that the blood pressure is increasing, the psychologist knows that the chorus girl's heart has begun to pump blood faster and more furiously under the stress of emotion. The scientist makes due note of this fact, and records at the same time what the girl is looking at on the screen. It may be that John Gilbert is focusing his love-compelling gaze upon the fair Greta: or it may be that Greta is pressing her charming lips fervently against those of the temporarily reluctant Mr. Gilbert. Whatever the scene may be, the scientist is able to measure the effect upon his subject's emotions by watching the changes in the sphygmomanometer dial.

Then there is the matter of breathing. Not only does the chorus girl's blood pressure mount as she begins to emote, but also her breathing becomes deeper and more irregular. These changes also the psychologist is able to record. About the girl's chest is bound a rubber tube constructed in such a way that the air within the tube is expelled thru an opening at the end whenever the subject expands her chest by breathing in. As the

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A Description of Dr. William M. Marston's Theory that Color of Hair and Skin Reflects the Disposition and Capabilities of the Individual

By Justin W. Brierly

chest is deflated again air is allowed to enter the tube. This interesting little respiration measurer is called the pneumograph.

The pneumograph is connected by means of a long rubber hose to a revolving drum, driven at a constant rate of speed by a clock motor. Around the drum is pasted a strip of smoked paper. This part of the apparatus is called a kymograph. At the end of the rubber hose from the pneumograph is arranged a long pointed marker which moves up and down with the breathing of the subject. This marker, when placed against the smoked surface of the kymograph paper, makes a very pretty graphic record of the subject's breathing by scratching off the smoke from the paper as the pointer moves up and down. Thus science is able to record automatically each pitter-pat of the chorus girl's heart and every irregularity of her breathing while watching such pictures as *Love* and *Flesh and the Devil*.

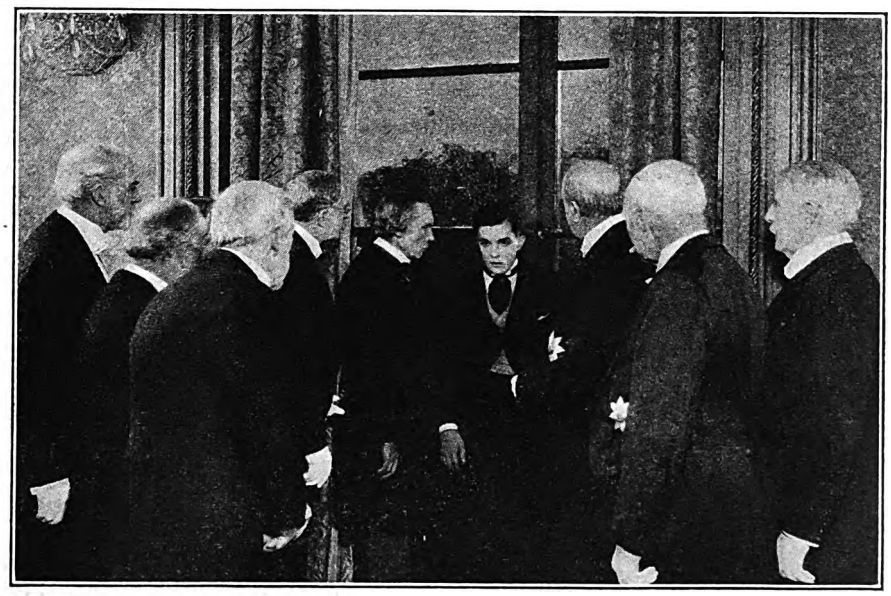
Dr. Marston, who believes he has discovered the emotion elements out of which love is compounded, used this love scene between Greta Garbo and John Gilbert as an example of a "captivation" scene.

To return to the Embassy theatre. The Great Passion Derby was on! The first two rows of orchestra seats were removed by a squad of mechanics. Two beautiful Ziegfeld girls were led down the aisle under heavy managerial escort, and were placed in the best possible seats for viewing the screen. The instruments were adjusted around the girls' chests and arms, and then, as soon as the smoke of flashlights and newspapermen's frantic questions cleared away, the great contest began. At the end of each test, the blood pressure and breathing records were inspected and the most obvious results announced.

"The brunette wins!" some volunteer announcer would roar, and the announcement would be followed by a general scampering of reporters to catch last editions. On would flash the Kleig lights as another pair of chorus girls, blond and brunette, were strapped into the apparatus. More pictures, another test. Reporters rushing again to the telephones. One enterprising scribe kept a taxi and a messenger waiting at the door of the theatre to receive and forward his copy. I have seen many a good murder trial which caused less excitement in Manhattan and, on the whole, I think that should be laid to Gotham's credit.

After the fuss was all over, I went up to Columbia to see Dr. Marston. He was rather sad about it all. "Of course, you realize," he said, "that these public tests were only a few of the long series of experiments which we are conducting to try to determine the difference of emotion between blonds and brunettes. We are also attempting to discover what differences, if any, exist between the emotions of men and women. Also, whether education and sophistication make any material differences in people's emotional reactions to motion pictures."

"Well, what have you found out, doctor?" I enquired. "What did your tests (*Continued on page 64*)



"Compliance" was represented by scenes selected from "The Student Prince," showing the prince compelled repeatedly to comply with circumstances and customs stronger than himself. He gave up his sweetheart to marry a girl he did not love, for reasons of state.

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Are you a Rule-Maker

An Incisive Bit of Catechism your Theories of Life and Give New and Better Method of

By George

I HAVE a peaceable feud with makers of rules. It is a feud without violence because conducting it in any other way would make me guilty of the charge I prefer against my opponents.

Furthermore, I should like to make this feud as impersonal as possible. It is not an affair in which I am against someone else, or against several or a host of persons. The cause is one of facts versus rules.

Perhaps you, dear reader, have always thought of rules as being associated with facts, and of facts as being related to rules. Let me assure you that the two seldom get on so well together as that. Frequently they disagree, dispute and clash.

The greatest difficulty facts have in making themselves at home with the human race is interference on the part of rules. The rules slam the door in the face of the facts whenever the latter attempt a friendly call on human beings. For rules are very proud in their own self-esteem. They assume that they confer a greater honor on the human race than anything else could possibly bestow.

Rules, like spoiled tabby cats, curl up in the most comfortable chair by your fireside and purr contentedly, for no other reason than that they are hogging the best, and feeling very comfortable over it. Chase them out, as useless encumbrances? Why, of course not! Where would the poor rules go? For rules must have people with whom to live. Otherwise, they become less than mere shadows.

I suppose you think I am an anarchist because I say such things? Indeed, I am not! The chief fault I find with anarchists, bolshevists and other queer people, is that they are so fond of peculiar rules, the kind that growl, yowl, snap and snarl.

But, you insist, one must have rules by which to live! O, yes, quite certainly, since we are human beings full of frailties. It is our imperfection that makes the rules necessary, and not our virtue. And I should like to be emphatic on that point. I wish I could get the people who air their own personal rules of conduct, and talk to other folks about them, to understand that by so doing they do not advertise their good points, but their bad ones.

Are not people really tiresome when they tell about their reasons for their conduct? They are different, they suggest, and do not conduct themselves like other and less worthy folks. Well, the Pharisee who went up into the temple to pray to God, and sniff at the publican at the same time, was a different sort of a person, too, with a set of rules that constituted his religion.

But if you have a set of rules that you consider worth keeping and living by, just lay them out before you and look at them in a detached and candid way. Ask yourself if they are really the best of all possible rules by which to live. You think they are? Well, let me assure you, whoever you are, that you are badly mistaken. You will never have rules for life and conduct that could not be vastly improved. If those precious rules you make so much of were twice as good as they are, they could still be improved not less than a hundredfold.

I shall let you keep your rules, if you insist on doing so, with one understanding; and that is that you shall hold them up for your own honest private inspection quite frequently, and ask yourself whether you cannot improve them considerably or discard them for something better. But, if you will not do that, I ought to insist that you throw all of them away at once. If you refuse to do that, I cannot avoid putting you over with the people who are my opponents in my feud with the makers of rules.

What makes some people cranky and disagreeable? The rules they live by. Each of them has a private rule, satisfactory to himself or herself, that everything should be exactly thus and so, and since very little, if anything, conforms to the rule, it is something to be unpleasant about.

Such people have rules about what they want, what they do not want; about what other people should do for them, as well as about what other people should never do; about what the world owes them, to say nothing about what they do not owe the world, and all that; and if they were to get rid of the rules, never to insist upon them again, they would in all probability be quite humble and pleasant.

Civilization, do you say, is a matter of rules? Well, hardly. People lived by rules—harsh ones, cruel ones—long before they were civilized. Do you know of anyone worse shackled by rules than the ignorant savage? He has rules about a lot of foolish, imaginary things that

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that Will Make You Overhaul
You Some Hints for Finding a
Forming Your Judgments

or a Fact-Seeker?

L. Rinkliff

keep him chained down constantly. He has rules by which he must be afraid. He must fear demons, ghosts, signs, omens, witches and charms. He must fear other human beings, sometimes his own relatives and friends, his neighbors, and far oftener, if not always, strangers, particularly people who are different from him in appearance, habits and speech. He has rules by which he must hate; rules by which he must be cruel. And those rules will keep him ignorantly savage so long as he holds to them.

Civilization, instead of being a matter of rules, is a system of getting rid of such encumbrances as rapidly as possible. They had a rule in ancient Sparta by which the helots, the enslaved peasantry, were denied every human right. They had a rule in ancient Rome according to which the slaves had a status scarcely better than that of the Spartans' helots. Why, there was a rule in France—it was still in full force and effect when the American Declaration of Independence was adopted—by which the population was divided into three classes: the aristocracy, who had everything their way; the middle class who were permitted to enjoy what the aristocracy did not care to monopolize; and the utterly poor people, laborers and peasants, who were allowed nothing. The people on the top insisted it was a very fine rule. How glorious France appeared in their own eyes, with themselves in the saddle! But the most notable, and in many ways, the most all around satisfactory result that rule ever produced was the French Revolution.

There was a rule in Scotland (other countries had it too) that said the nobility were beings of a type far superior to the common people. According to that rule, the laird very properly could look down on the plain man. But you remember, of course, Bobby Burns' "A man's a man for a' that". Well, that poem made the rule look foolish. The rule has lost some of its good standing each day since that famous piece of verse was given to the world. And why? There was a reason, but we shall speak of it later.

There used to be a rule by which newspapers, books and other publications could be lawfully printed and circulated only by the express permission of the powers that were. But as, when and where civilization has developed, that rule has been knocked into a cocked hat. "Freedom of the press" took its place. One rule crowding out another? Well, exactly no! It was something else, and we shall come to it in a minute.

They used to have a rule in this country that said a woman should not vote. They used to have another rule according to which it was all right for some human beings to own, and to buy and sell other human beings, just as dogs, pigs and geese were sold, bought and owned.

The rules they used to have in this country and in others were legion, and the rules we have with us today are legion, too. I shall not attempt to catalogue them further, for there would no end to the job.

Well, you observe, a good rule is better than no rule at all. I cannot agree with you there. If you say that a good rule is better than nothing, you will have come nearer the mark.

But you won't be making a bull's eye, even then! To say that much is not achieving even so much as a fair batting average as a philosopher.

In time, the best of rules become petrified. They are followed, not because they are good any longer or just or applicable to current conditions, but because people have formed the habit of saying, "That is the way we have always done". And there is little, if anything, that is more damaging to body, mind and soul, than to do a thing just because it was done yesterday, last year, in the preceding century or during the Middle Ages. Art for art's sake may be good for the mind and heart, but repetition for repetition's sake and imitation for imitation's sake will never do you any real good either here or hereafter.

Well, if not rules, what then?

Why, facts, of course.

You will never find a fact that is not very much alive. All facts are vital, eternally so.

Perhaps you think you can relate some facts that are true today but that were not true some time ago. But wait, are you referring to facts or to your impressions about facts? Facts are always true, but our impressions of them may be greatly altered from time to time. On Monday morning it may be our impression that John Doe is a gentleman. On Tuesday morning we may have a very distinct impression that he is a rascal. Now those are two impressions (*Continued on page 68*)

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Esther Joan Ryan

Mrs. N. L. Thorness wins the HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE *for the Best Letter answering* PSYCHOLOGY'S *Question: "Who Is the Happiest Person You Know?"*

Harold G. Lawrance wins second place in the contest, for his letter about HOMER RODEHEAVER, *famous musician-evangelist.*

Mrs. M. L. Duncan wins third place, with her beautiful letter, in which she shows why she believes that she herself is the happiest person she knows.

Other letters about happy people will be published in subsequent issues.

THE EDITORS.

HAPPINESS EDITOR,
PSYCHOLOGY:

Just got a sudden desire to write a little about the happiest person I know—our daughter.

I wonder if happiness isn't a gift we are born with, or can we acquire it?

Well, Esther has always been genuinely happy. She is one of our eight children, all splendid children, but none quite like Esther.

It took a great deal of trouble to make Esther cry. She would have to be greatly provoked, even as a child, before she would cry. Tears would roll down her cheeks, but back of the tears would be laughter. She would suddenly dash them away and say, "Oh well, what's the difference? There is always something else to be happy for."

And that is her motto. She never stops to meditate on her troubles; is never sorry for herself. When going to school she could not have all the nice things a young, pretty girl desires so much. Our family was large, and we had all we could do to provide the necessities, but nothing made Esther unhappy. She always got some job after school and on Saturdays to help things along. I remember her as always singing and laughing.

She was married when she was twenty-one, and happily so. Her great wish was for home and children, but the home was not realized for years. Her husband, a road contractor, had to live in the camps, and in order to be with him she stayed out there in the rain and mud and woods. I almost got impatient with her, and said so. She would laugh and say, "Now, mother, my choice is to be with my husband, and I am perfectly happy making it as comfortable for him as I can. It is no use worrying, you know. I have visions of some day having a beautiful home. Just a little sacrifice now—and everything will be all right. And soon I'll have a beautiful baby, too, mother—and I am so happy!"

Then one day we received a telegram: "Esther very sick. Baby born but lived only three minutes."

I hurried to her side to comfort and help her—but *she comforted me,* altho I knew how disappointed she was, and so sorrowful. But again, the smile back of the tears.

"Mother," she said. "We won't worry. This could not be helped, and we will just go on and be happy again. The nurses here are so kind to me. Babies are born here every day, and they bring them in for me to see them, and sometimes they leave one sleeping beside me, so I can look at it a long time. And it makes me happy to think of these happy mothers who can keep their babies."

Yes, even in that hospital, Esther was happy, and made others happy.

We found that Esther could not have another child, and I thought, "Now poor Esther will be unhappy." I knew how much she wanted one. I almost dreaded to see and talk with her. I thought how unhappy this would make her—but I didn't yet know Esther.

We expected them very soon for a little visit, and one day, here they came—But—what is Esther carrying in her arms. Francis, her husband, is helping her out of the car very carefully. "Why it is a little bundle in baby blankets!" The bundle is put down on the bed. I carefully turn aside the blankets and look at the face of a little white, thin, puny-looking baby of four months.

"Why, Esther, what in the world does this mean?"

Esther is already in the kitchen, with nursing bottles and doctors' food formulas, but she stops long enough to put her arms around my neck, and, crying and laughing at the same time, said: "You know me now, mother. I am bound to be happy. If it doesn't come to me, I go and get it—See? We went to an orphans' home and picked this little girl out. We took her because she looked most like she needed a good mother. And, mother, she is soon going to be the healthiest, happiest baby you ever saw."

We drove two hundred miles last Thanksgiving Day

Homer Rodeheaver

Mrs. M. L. Duncan

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Is the Happiest Person in the PSYCHOLOGY Family

to spend the day with Esther and her family. And her dreams have come true. They are now living in their new, modern, beautiful home and have everything they want. Their little adopted daughter, Marilyn, is now four years old—a most adorable child, happy, good, and very intelligent and beautiful. And no child could be subject to more perfect love than she is.

I had a letter from Esther the other day, and she says:

"I am so happy, mother, dear. I am afraid I am too happy, perhaps. But no, I'll just go right on and be happy. We must have more folks in this home to share our joy. So we are going to take a trip over to the orphanage again and bring home another baby to make happy." And I won't interfere. Esther knows best.

I said to Esther one day: "Tell me your secret. How can you always be so happy?"

"O, I don't know," she said. "I guess I am just naturally happy. I never worry; that's no use. But I do all I can to help what can be helped, and there is plenty of happiness in this world if you look for it. And I am never afraid of anything."

Mrs. Esther Joan Ryan

Well, this is all of my story. It is full of mistakes, but I don't dare to write it over. I'll just send it as it is in a hurry, or I might change my mind about sending it at all. And if you cannot use it there is always a waste-basket handy.

Yours truly,
MRS. N. L. THORNESS,
308 North Second Street,
Missouri Valley, Iowa.

Dec. 14, 1929.

My Happiest Neighbor.

HAPPINESS, like good health and long life, is available to everybody, yet how few people earn it! Everyone is striving for happiness, yet it is never found in what we're looking. Happiness is not merely contentment with our lot, as many intellectuals believe. It is not merely pleasure, as modern epicureans insist. Happiness often seems the Great Mirage of Life, the pot of gold underneath the rainbow—when it is actually the song of the Bluebird within our own hearts. These were my thoughts when returning from hearing Homer Rodeheaver conduct a large chorus of several hundred voices. This man seemed to me the happiest man I knew. His face is usually wreathed in a smile. His magnetic personality and cheerful manner win everyone. On the platform, his enthusiasm, kindling earnestness and good-humor catch the singers and bring forth their best efforts. I was sure that this neighbor of mine had no set definition of Happiness—but I was resolved to find out his philosophy of life.

Marilyn Ryan

Two days later, I heard shouts from the athletic field just across from my home. Looking out, I saw that a hotly-contested baseball game was in progress. One player seemed to dominate—a black-haired man of youthful appearance and muscular build. He was my chorus leader of a few days ago. Now he was cheering his team-mates, running bases, batting the ball into the outfield, razzing the umpire, performing weird dances on the sidelines, with the fiery enthusiasm of a small boy in a back-lot game. There (*Continued on page 59*)

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Who

By
Nancy N. Bradford

JOHN'S mother was averagely intelligent for a fourth-grade graduate, a good worker, coarse, vulgar. She did not like children. She considered them a punishment and treated hers accordingly, not being overly conscientious and never having considered that children have certain inalienable rights.

John's father worked hard when sober, fought hard when drunk and was of a domineering disposition. He, also, was a graduate of the fourth grade. He did not like brats either, so John came into the world unwanted.

John was normally bright, physically perfect, abnormally self-willed and fearless.

Following the innocent, necessary law governing all babies, he began to learn by doing. At every turn he ran against a negative law: "Don't touch, burn." "Don't go near that step, fall." "Don't get that book, spank." There is nothing for a healthy, active baby to do, but to do, so John continued to explore, to learn by doing, and continued to run against an ever increasing number of laws and penalties. "You play in that road and I'll show you what I'll do to you." "Stop your crying or I'll give you something that will make you cry good and plenty. "Get out of that flour you little brat, or I'll wring your neck."

It may be you cultured people have never heard a small child thus addressed, but I assure you it is quite common even among supposedly respectable people. A multiplicity of laws and penalties, more laws than any small child could understand or obey, more penalties than any parent could inflict.

John continued in his active, self-willed way of learning by doing, altho the way was beset with many difficulties; for in spite of his adept knowledge gained by constant practice, he could not evade all the penalties as scoldings, cuffs and beatings were all part of the day's work.

By the time John was five years old, he was a specialist in the art of breaking laws and evading penalties, by fair means, if possible, by foul means, if necessary. He entered kindergarten. He learned many new laws, most of them at variance with his home laws. The other children came from homes similar to John's. Most of them liked the change from the scolding, sordid homes, to the pleasant, clean life of the kindergarten, and readily conformed to the new laws.

John liked the attractive, happy surroundings, too, but his five years of law breaking had made him incapable of understanding that any law could be other than an obstacle to overcome, and he continued to get what he wanted in the only way he knew—the way of law breaking.

The kindergarten teacher did not understand abnormally self-willed, home-made criminals, and in a few weeks John was socially ostracized. He was obliged to seek his playmates outside the kindergarten. He soon found street friends and mixed with older boys. He learned new laws, and each new law was a new obstacle to pit his brain against and become the victorious evader of the penalty.

There are hundreds of

At the age of ten he was beyond his parents' control, a worry to his teachers, a trial to every policeman and a leader of his gang, which looked up to him as a demi-god. For the next eight years he steadfastly perfected himself in his specialty, using all his natural resources to overcome the increasingly difficult obstacles constantly confronting him; often in trouble, more often victorious. Each failure, each victory, added to his skill in penalty evasion.

Courtesy Fox Films

John was a worry to his teachers.

When about sixteen years of age John began hearing and reading a good deal of house robberies and bank hold-ups—the easy escape of the robbers and the big money gained. He studied these cases. The study was made easy for him. The front pages of the city dailies gave detailed accounts of the boldest and most vicious of

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Was to Blame?

An Indictment of Society, the School and the Parents Who Made this Article Necessary

boys like John in this country.

these crimes, and described the easy escapes of the murderers. "Escape." He had been escaping all his life—why not again?

Robbing a bank was the biggest obstacle he had as yet encountered, but obstacles small or large were nothing in his young life. He talked over these heroic deeds with older men; he became acquainted with a man who had robbed a bank and was living in "swell" style. Why not he?

He chose a few of his most trusted followers. Together they planned a line of attack; planned as earnestly as a Sunday-school superintendent would plan a drive for increased membership or a political manager for a hard campaign.

John knew robbing a bank carried a heavier penalty than breaking into a neighbor's garage. But that mattered little. He had knocked against increasingly heavier penalties all his life—it was just part of the game.

So many robbers had been escaping the past few years that banks had offered a reward for a robber dead or alive. John knew this. He did not worry; there had always been a price on his head—beatings, policemen, jail, but as this price might mean his life, there was greatest need for the most careful planning; greater need to carry a gun, self-preservation being the first law of nature.

The day came for their attack. There was a slip in carrying out their plans; a policeman was killed, John was caught, tried and found guilty of the murder. And because the public had become so greatly incensed over the many escapes, and because crime was increasing at so alarming a rate among our youth, John was made an example and given the extreme penalty of death by hanging. To make the example more impressive and to appease the appetite of the revengeful mob who demanded "eye for eye" and "tooth for tooth", who feared John might be paroled or released on plea of insanity, he was given the additional penalty of the flogging and salt treatment. He was bound face down and his back bared. Strong men—but I will not describe this treatment; it would grate too harshly on delicate ears—be too harrowing for highly sensitive nerves. But it is supposed to be most scientific and curative for cases such as John's.

In a Christian country, a normal baby had been allowed to become a murderer. In a Christian country, the flogging and salt treatment had been administered and the death penalty given to an eighteen-year-old boy.

Who was to blame for John's misspent life? Not John. He had labored faithfully and long, courageously, stoically enduring hardships of all kinds, single-mindedly, indomitably perfecting himself in the art taught him by his parents from babyhood. Who was to blame?

1. The state which refused to John's parents knowledge of birth control. Husband and wife who do not want children have not the moral fiber which makes for reasonableness and conscientiousness in their rearing. An unwanted child comes into the world with the prenatal crime-breeding influence of rebellion and is a potential criminal at birth. It is better to keep the Johns from coming into the world than to keep them in reform schools and prisons after they come.

2. The kindergarten teacher who did not like "naughty" boys and could not understand that John's failure to conform to laws was only the result of wrong home environment and not moral degeneracy. A better understanding and a real heart sympathy with his non-normal attitude would have changed John's whole life.

3. The school, medical, (*Continued on page 69*)

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Does your Imagination

An Analysis of the Roots *of* Fear

FEAR might be described as an unsuccessful appeal to reason. That, however, would be a superficial and only partially true analysis of what is, unquestionably, one of the most destructive agencies that activate our mental faculties. Fear is an insidious thing, often exercising its restraining influence from the recesses of the subconscious mind, thus instilling intimidation that eludes conscious analysis.

The first step in combating any mental weakness is to know and understand that weakness—to ferret it out and expose it to the light of reason. The physical basis for bodily ills must first be understood before beneficial remedies can be prescribed. So it is with our own mental diseases and weaknesses. To understand robs them of their haunting terror. Ignorance certainly brooks no armistice and rarely yields to will.

Fear is ever present and does more to regulate action and thwart ambition than any other tendency of the mind. Yet we must not be too reckless in our condemnation for it often adds caution to an emotion that might otherwise plunge one headlong into a foolhardy and unnecessarily hazardous action. What we seek to prevent is the domination of fear, not its elimination. We seek to permit normal fear to regulate our emotions and not to lay its heavy hand upon our every thought. The total absence of fear is abnormal and gives reign to that unrestrained daring that marks the fool and half-wit. The cemeteries are filled with their remains. Yes, and the almshouses are filled with those who permitted petty fears to claim their lives.

An ambitious would-be diver runs to the end of the spring-board, suddenly halts and returns to safety, morally beaten. A clerk goes to the office in the morning resolved to "tell the boss a thing or two". He returns home nursing his grievance and with the mark of the coward in his eye and voice. A business man refuses to sign a contract. Big stakes are involved, but the element of risk holds him back. You say it is fear that deterred the diver, struck dumb the tongue of the complaining clerk and held the hand of the business man. But, *why* do some men dive, some tell their bosses their grievances, and some sign contracts that involve normal risks and great opportunities for profit.

We have set out in this manuscript to prove that fear has its basis in imagination. Those who object to the association of fear with imagination do not properly understand the meaning of imagination. Imagination is too often confused with a purely aesthetic thing giving rise only to beauty and works of art in literature and painting. Laymen are inclined to deny it a place of sufficient importance in every-day life. Yet imagination is almost life itself. It moves mountains as well as brushes and pens.

Imagination has been described as involving "revived responses"; that is the recalling of images not present to the senses but which at some previous time came within experience. Imagination is infinitely more than this, entering as it undoubtedly does into every mental process. At least we shall see how it is responsible for fear.

If the would-be diver, whom we mentioned previously, had had no imaginative faculty and instinctive restraint, she might have proceeded unafraid with her act of diving. Her imagination, however, supplied her with images that warned her of possible dangers. She could vividly picture herself on a hospital cot with a fractured spine or a broken skull. She might even have pictured herself in the undertaker's parlors. At any rate her images conquered her—rendered her impotent even in the face of what must have been a strong desire to learn how to dive. What else could have deterred her? Had she been unable to imagine possible consequences, unable to visualize vividly and accurately terrifying results, the act would have been consummated. *There was nothing else left to stop her.*

Let us analyze the case of the fear-struck clerk who so bravely resolved to invade manfully the sanctum of the "big boss". Would the "big boss" take this occasion to remind him of his errors, his delinquencies, his negligence? Would he recall those days of absence or the mistakes he had once made and that had cost the concern so much money? Would he become so annoyed that he would ask for his resignation? His mind continued to imagine still more dire consequences trailing in the wake of a demand for more salary. There was the matter of instalments on his car. He fearfully saw the sheriff coming to claim it. What would his fiancée say? Would he be able to continue payments on her engagement ring? What if they should take that? There was the leering image of his old rival strolling down Main Street with his sweetheart and a new diamond ring. There was the landlady waiting for the rent. The realism of these images terrified him; he shrank before them; his optimism, his daring vanquished. Cowards *are* imaginary! He found himself unable to exercise an imaginative control over his "fear". His imagination was lopsided. Mind pictures tormented him into docile submission; robbed him of every shred of self-reliance and determination.

Persistent fear, that is the persistent recalling of unpleasant, uninspiring and intimidating images, is a sure road to obsessions and a psychosis. Our poor

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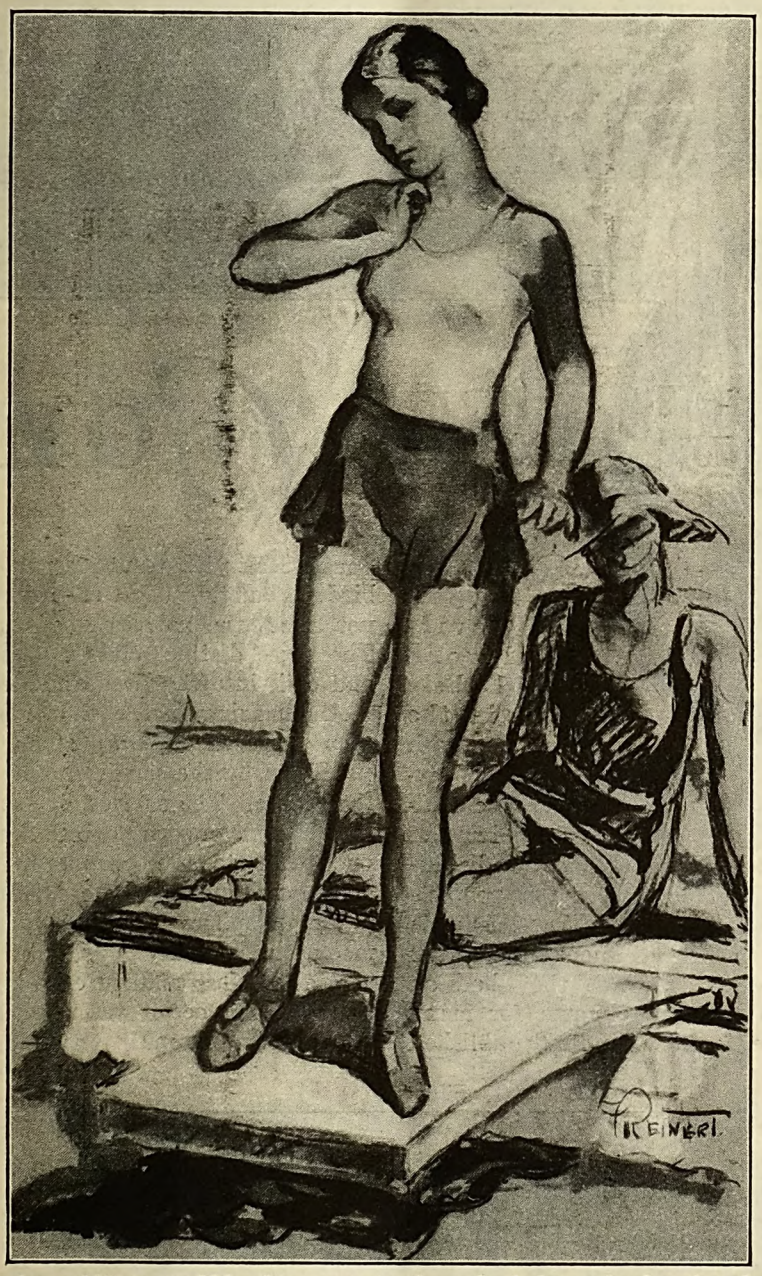
Scare or *Lure* You?

By
Raymond
Francis
Yates

Illustrations
by
Fred Reinert



An ambitious would-be diver runs to the end of the spring-board and suddenly halts.

friend, the clerk, might find himself in a constant nightmare of fear with the world ready to spring at his throat. The "boss" instead of being what he really is, a genial understanding man of character and patience, becomes a fearsome giant without soul or remorse. He exercises a painstaking vigil to catch our friend unawares, and to discharge him disgracefully and unceremoniously. The clerk's heart beats furiously in the presence of this imaginary beast who would make of him an object of pity and ridicule before his friends and, above all, before his sweetheart. Obsession finally sinks down on him and his life becomes a perpetual state of "fear". Nervous energy that should be applied creatively ebbs away in a neurasthenic orgy of emotion that finds no resistance in his crumbling mind. The future holds nothing but anguish or the asylum.

If our unfortunate example of the destructive power of abnormal imagination fails to realize his folly, events might suddenly take a turn for the worse. The fear of an act often gives rise to the act. The man might go to his superior and resign, thereby precipitating the very state of affairs that he wished to avoid. As a counterpart of this obviously abnormal action, we have the case of a person walking across a plank bridging a chasm of great depth. One might walk incessantly up and down a plank laid on the ground without the slightest danger of stepping off. Change the environment by placing the plank at great height and an entirely different state of affairs arises. Hypsophobia will grip eight out of ten men when making such a journey. Why? "Fear," you say. Yes, but that is not a satisfactory explanation. Imagination is at the root of it. Stop to analyze your own mental state when confronted with such a hazardous journey. If you are a highly imaginative creature, would you not be able to bring into vision a frightful and horrifying picture of your own mangled, broken and bloody remains lying in the chasm under that plank? You reach the center and stop, petrified with fear. You cannot look down. Why? Because you see yourself lying down there, your bones in slivers. Look down and you jump! You jump into the role supplied by your imagination. You make the unreal real.

Ignorance fosters foolhardiness and spectacular heroism. The ignorant man is not an imaginative animal. His image material is deficient and consequently his imagination is lacking in vividness. A highly-cultured being, whose adventures in literature and the arts have made of his mind a vast storehouse of facts and pictures, is more sensitive imaginatively. His analysis of a situation is (*Continued on page 61*)

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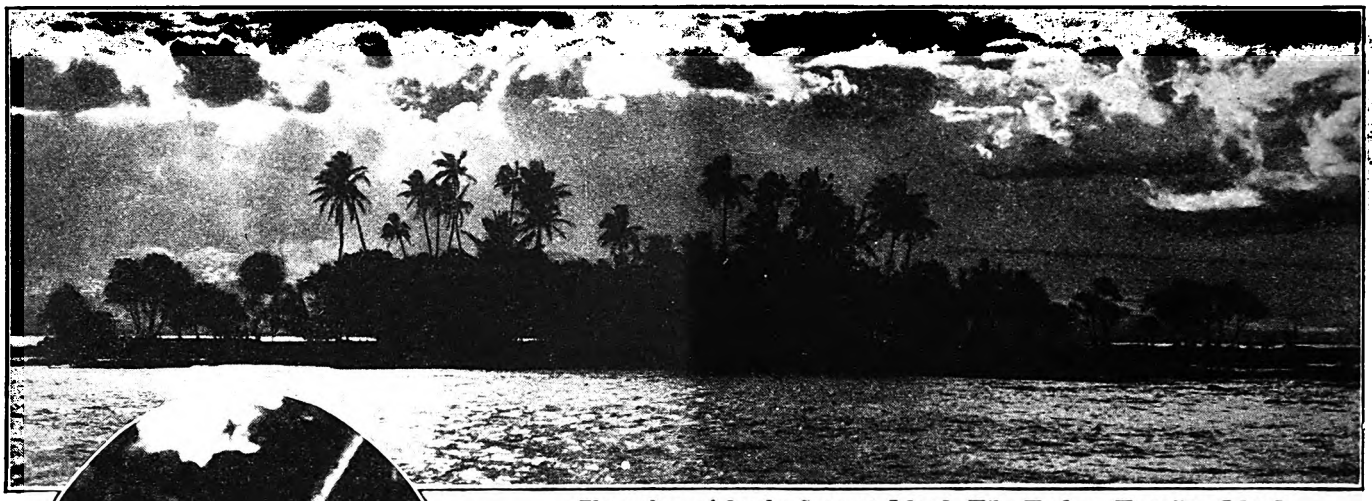


The palms of lovely Coconut Island, Hilo Harbor, Hawaiian Islands.

Native girls in a jolly mood.

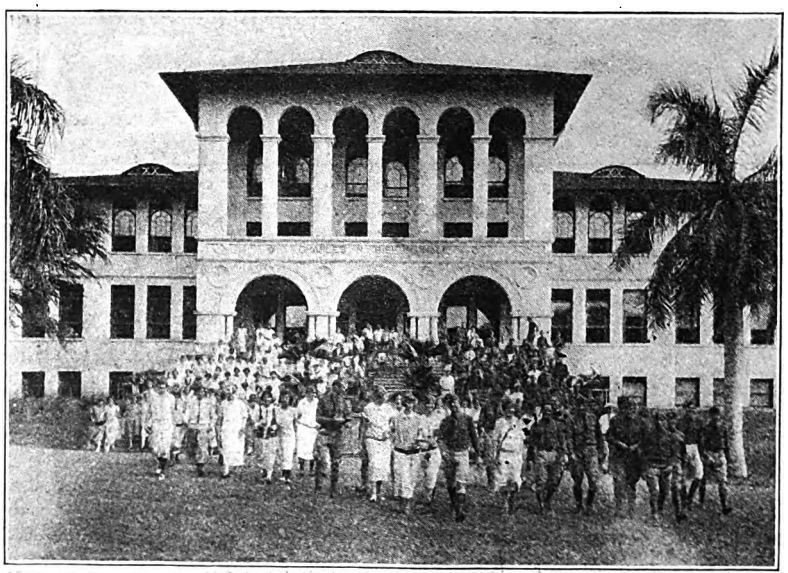
The Coming

SORCERY, magic and devil-devil work reached their height in the southern seas with the coming of explorers. Their advent gave impetus to weird rites on hundreds of islands; and the disillusionment which followed all but upset the people's faith in witch-doctors and conjurers. A remarkable fact is that the explorers themselves knew little of the wholesale turmoil they were creating; they had an inkling, but the full truth was not known for many years, and this is believed to be the first published account of what actually occurred just before the white men arrived. Certain it is that many explorers retired, lived their appointed times and died without realizing how deeply they damaged the people's belief in their native sorcerers. But to understand that we must go back a bit.

Three major classes of white men, first the explorers, then the traders, then the missionaries, spread canvas and sailed into the South Seas. There was a sub-class, pirates and blackbirders, but tho they were criminal and brutal they did not affect the natives so lastingly as did the others. The three distinct classes etched their imprints, good and evil, into the lives and destinies of island people.

An amazing fact is that *long before the first white man appeared on many of the islands, his coming was predicted* by the sorcerers and confidently expected by the people. The natives, of course, are brown or black; they had never seen a white skin nor had they imagined one prior to the prophecy. Yet their priests and *tohungas* announced the coming of a *white man.*

The prophecy was based on their worship of the moon, one of many gods, and on their belief or knowledge that close affinity existed between the moon and the sea. The ocean was revered as a great benefaction of the gods. From it came much of their food supply; in it they bathed or swam for pleasure; upon it they held aquatic sports; across its heaving bosom came cooling breezes; the steady rise and majestic fall of its waves and the regular crash of breakers on shore and reef gave them their first conception of rhythmic time; its cadence called into being some of their most artistic dances. They feared its fury as the wrath of the god who controlled it, accepting storms, typhoons, monsoons,



Students leaving Punahou Academy, one of Hawaii's oldest private schools. This school, with its beautiful modern buildings, was founded in 1836 by the New England missionaries.

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Tourists and settlers have followed in the wake of the explorer. Six photos courtesy of The Matson

of the White *Man*

By H. G. Creel

Second of a Series of Adventures in Heathen Temples

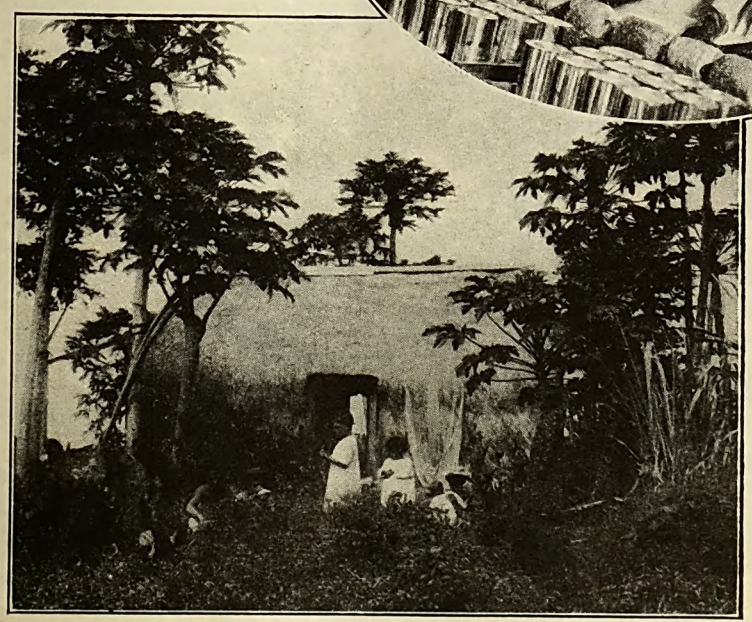
and tidal waves as the just consequences of their sins or as unexplainable actions of the god, whose wisdom was not to be questioned. But mostly the sea was gentle, calm and serene and they loved it. There were times, too, when the ocean cast sea-food on shore, and this always denoted good-will or, if done during a storm, it was a sign that the moon forgave them. Anything cast up by the sea was directly or indirectly a gift from above.

And so it happened that when the first explorer's ship was pounded to pieces on a hidden reef the wreckage, floating to distant islands, was believed to have been sent by the moon. There was great rejoicing, for this latest present was wholly new; not even the oldest men could recall a similar gift and no ancient legend or chant told of anything like it. It was wood; that they understood, tho its fiber was new and strange. But imbedded in it or interlaced thru it was a queer, unheard-of substance—iron. It was hard—harder than anything they had known and when they tried to pound it from planks and from beams their strongest rocks crumbled to bits. Their sharpest cutting instruments, sharks' teeth, made no impression upon it. Of all wonders this was the greatest.

Many and long were the sessions held in palaver houses, round leaping fires of cocoanut husks and in the mystic shrines of *tohungas* and sorcerers. Council after council was called, deeply sacred rites were invoked, minor sea gods were appealed to, but the mystery remained a secret. Why had the moon sent this gift? What was it for? What could it mean?

Intent on a solution they applied fire and

Hawaiian girls at work in a big Honolulu pineapple cannery.



A native grass home in Hawaii.

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found that the substance would not burn. So they burned away the wood to examine the metal more closely, and when the ashes were raked off found that the iron, some of it at least, had curled and twisted into odd shapes. Then they knew that fire applied to iron would make it malleable and to their joy they found that when the metal cooled it was again intensely hard and resisting. Quick to appreciate its possibilities they fashioned a few crude instruments—then joined in praise and thanksgiving to the moon.

But more wonders were in store. For again and again as ships went down in chartless waters more and more wreckage floated ashore—all bearing its quota of precious iron. The sorcerers grew serious. The repeated manifestations must foretell an unusual event. And, clearly, whatever it was, it had to do with the moon and with the sea.

Close-up of a night-blooming cereus flower in Hawaii.

In many tribes it was the custom for a neighboring chief, if friendly, to announce a future visit by a gift or a succession of gifts. Commoners, too, on special occasions, as a prelude to courtship and wooing particularly, would send presents to the father of the intended bride. Could it be, asked the sorcerers, that the moon was likewise announcing a visit, perhaps in quest of a temporary wife?

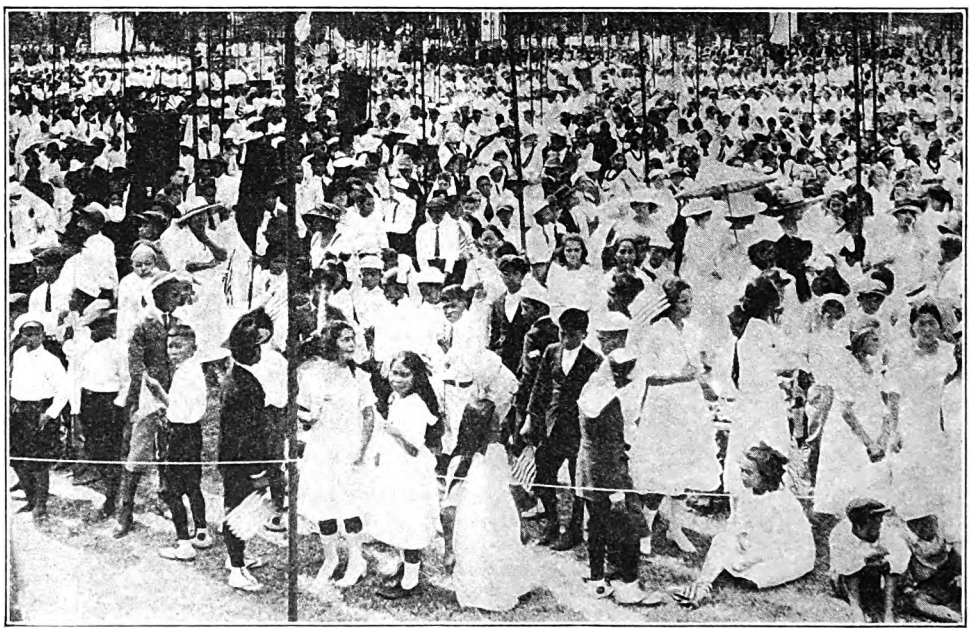
To the savage mind there was nothing incongruous in this, for several legends tell of gods of both sexes who took on human form, ascended or descended to earth, chose mates and lived with the people for long or short periods of time. Thus far every sequence in the swiftly moving chain of events was a logical step in keeping with those ancient traditions, and finally, therefore, the sorcerers announced that the sending of gifts had been interpreted — the moon would take on human form and appear among them, perhaps to choose one or more maidens for his entertainment while on earth. And the moon, they saw, was white; therefore the moon-god in his human form would be shining, glistening white.

In the course of months or of years ships bearing white men cast anchor in their harbors.

If some of the strangers were swarthy instead of glistening white they were in sharp contrast to the natives' dark skins—pure white to their startled eyes. And even before they landed the visitors began a display of magic by "paddling canoes backwards". The native when paddling always faces the direction in which he moves, but when small boats put off from the mammoth ships the watching savages observed that their oarsmen faced the opposite direction and assumed that they had eyes or some means of vision in the backs of their heads. And the joy of the natives was heightened because not one but many heavenly creatures were coming to visit them. Captains of vessels were accepted as gods, members of their crews as angels—all of them as immortals.

If anything were needed to assure the divinity of the visitors it was found in the quantities of iron aboard their ships. Nails and spikes, wire and staples —identical with those previously sent by the moon— and in addition, utensils and tools, to the savage mind in limitless profusion, had been brought from the skies.

The native method of felling a tree was to burn it in two at its base or hack it to splinters with stones and shells. But the gods brought keen, broad blades affixed to handles and with relatively few strokes from these magical instruments they saw the mightiest palm fall to earth. Their cooking pots had been fashioned from banana leaves or from *ti* leaves made into cups, partly filled with water and hot rocks added to make the



Two photos courtesy of The Matson

A few of Honolulu's many types of schoolchildren celebrating Armistice Day.

(*Continued on page 70*)

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Dividends of Discipline

By Edward Earle Purinton

WHAT makes prosperity or adversity? Largely, the presence or absence of discipline.

You may question this statement. Thank you. We like to have our statements questioned. Honest doubt leads to investigation, which finally reveals the truth. A statement perfectly sincere is complimented by a challenge from a doubting reader. Facts in point are submitted for your consideration.

A traveler from the Orient, here on a lecture tour, says that about 100,000 natives of India have been living, or rather starving, on a cent a day. That is the pitiful amount of their income. Why? Because they have a religion, philosophy and theory of life all subjective and inoperative. Dreamers only, they have never made their brains and bodies get down to business. They are void of discipline. Hence, they starve.

Why is America the richest country in the world? Partly because of natural resources, chiefly because of a system of national discipline equalled nowhere else in the world. The American army and navy, schools, athletics, mines, factories, business organizations, health institutions, are managed with a supremely great effectuality of discipline. Consequently, production is highest and wealth largest. Our citizens are trained to get results. That means prosperity.

A false notion prevails, that speed is our dominant racial characteristic. It is not speed, but control. The speed follows the control. Our engines, automobiles and airplanes have beaten the world's records because their drivers were masters of discipline, having their machines under absolute control. Every leader is a disciplinarian—and something greater, but a disciplinarian first.

"Do more—and do it better." That is the slogan of a true disciplinarian. He regards discipline, wisely, not as a constraining but as a constructive force. The constraint is merely to regulate the construction.

Did you ever watch the vast, yet precise, operation of a huge American factory? That shows the dynamics of discipline. A yearly output worth millions of dollars is guaranteed by the faultless action of machinery and man power so organized that every least detail is regulated by scientific management. What is most apparent? Discipline, discipline, all day long. The dividends are in proportion to the discipline.

Go to the opposite extreme, that of artistic performance, and you find the same rule holds. A world-famed pianist or violinist has not only understanding of the meaning of music but also the training to convey the meaning.

A small boy shuns discipline—a great man seeks it. The small boy doesn't like to be told what to do or how to do it. Like other small animals, he prefers to run around loose and get nowhere. Void of inner control, he likes the sense of outer freedom to help him forget his inferiority complex.

Whoever hates discipline hasn't grown up, or hasn't learned how to view and treat discipline. Or—terrible to confess—he may be a potential criminal. The function of jails, penitentiaries and reformatories is to warn and confine persons who run wild after outer freedom and away from inner control.

To be frank, however, we must acknowledge that youngsters and prisoners are not entirely to blame for yielding to wayward impulses. When, as often, vigilance becomes a vice, those under the scrutiny of vigilance officers may feel justified in resentment that leads to rebellion. Many of the people having authority to enforce discipline do not know how to do it. This seems true of parents, teachers and (*Continued on page 72*)

Don't Put It Off

Resolutions for 1930

By GRENVILLE KLEISER

DO you wish to nobly live?
Don't put it off.
Think sometime to freely give?
Don't put it off.
Foolish to regret and sigh,
Time and chance go fleetly by,
This is the time to really try—
Don't put it off.

Like to free yourself from debt?
Don't put it off.
Plan some way relief to get?
Don't put it off.
Useless to procrastinate,
Sit inert, bemoan your fate,
Do it now before too late—
Don't put it off.

Want to start the next year right?
Don't put it off.
Make a saddened life more bright?
Don't put it off.
Prove that you can meet the test,
Serve a cause, work with zest,
Resolve today to do your best—
Don't put it off.

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The Delivery

"SOME people can never write a song or sing, but there are lots of them that could if they only let their imaginations play around. You feel a certain rhythm beating in your head, and if you let it come out thru your fingers—you have a tune; if it comes out thru your vocal chords—you have a song; if it comes out thru your feet—you have a dance; if it comes out thru your typewriter—you have a story."

So believe the Delivery Boys, Johnny Tucker, who was a fireman, and Joe Schuster, who was a chewing-gum salesman, both now radio entertainers whose names are connected with many of the popular tunes Broadway and Main Street are humming. Tucker and Schuster, whose jobs are to exploit new songs and put them over in a big way, are song-writers on the staff of the Witmark Company, now owned by Warner Brothers. They are a good team, creating songs and singing and playing them, and also singing songs of others which their company sells.

Rudy Vallee, whose orchestra is entrancing popular music lovers, collaborates with them occasionally. Ruth Etting, star of Ziegfeld's *Whoopee,* features their song *Maybe, Who Knows* on Columbia Records and the Vitaphone.

It's a tough pull most times to be able to earn a living doing the thing you like most to do—and these men have gone thru all the preliminary stages. But fame and prosperity have marked them well and crowned their efforts with favor.

"Joe and I get along fine," Mr. Tucker said. "I'm Irish from way back and he's Jewish and we work together great." He smiled his broad Irish grin, this boy who was born and raised in the old gas-house district of New York, and has had no musical education except the training he received as a youngster in the choir of the Epiphany Catholic Church. He has plugged along ever since he was thirteen taking any job he could get—if there was music connected with it. He worked as a stockboy in Wanamaker's, hoping he could eventually land in the music department; and when he couldn't, he left. Joe got a job as a photograph-salesman, because there was a big music publishing house on the same floor, and he wanted an introduction there. He got it and sold them a song! But that was long ago, before he ever met Johnny or was making his way commercializing the only thing he loved.

Tucker and Schuster are writing theme songs for the movies as another part of their routine. A popular song writer fell down on the song for a new sound picture, and just about fifteen minutes before "shooting" time the Delivery Boys were called and asked to write a song at once. "It wasn't hard for me that time," said the Irish boy. "The hero had been ditched by his sweetheart—and I knew how that felt." In a few minutes he and Joe had written a song, appropriate and tuneful, which so pleased the producers that the boys are favorites in this comparatively new field.

These two men, who are scarcely thirty, who have struggled year after year with a goal ever in sight, have several other songs to their credit which have been in the class known as "hits". One of them is *The Dance of the Paper Dolls,* which was featured at hundreds of graduation exercises this year. Thousands of copies have been sold and orchestras everywhere are playing it. John Siras had an idea that "A Dance of Kewpie Dolls" would make a good song, and asked Johnny and Joe to work it out. "Somehow I couldn't visualize kewpie dolls dancing," Johnny said. "They're so plump that I couldn't imagine them doing a graceful dance. I was then a member of the fire department and one of the boys saw the title while I was working on the idea in the engine house. He pointed to a fireman who was studying to be a lieutenant, 'He'll be cutting out paper dolls if he doesn't stop studying.'

"Soon I went over to the piano and tried to make my fingers do a tune that kewpies could dance to—but somehow it didn't work. My mind trailed off—kewpie dolls—paper dolls—when suddenly a long strip of paper dolls I had seen a man cut out on a vaudeville stage from a single strip of paper flashed into my mind—jumping and kicking silhouettes. Right away there came to me a tune paper dolls could dance to. We worked it out and wrote the words and changed the name to *The Dance of the Paper Dolls,* and after I got with Warners, they brought it out. It's a hit. All the kids are singing it and teachers are using it in their schools.

"The inspiration came to us about *Maybe, Who Knows,* while we were walking along Broadway one night. Joe said to me, 'Maybe *Paper Dolls* will be a big hit.' I said, 'Maybe *Sleep Baby* will beat it,' and Joe answered, 'Maybe, who knows,' and we both looked at each other and knew that would be a great title. We went up to the office and wrote it in half an hour and placed it the next day.

"*Y-O-U* was originated when we passed two deaf and dumb mutes on the street talking with their hands. I turned to Joe, 'There's the title for our melody!' 'What is it?' Joe asked. I motioned with my fingers Y-O-U. And we wrote the song."

Johnny was a fireman for seven years. He still is. Not officially. But deep down the lure of the bells of the fire engine means music to him. Some of his best songs were composed in the firehouse. It took him a long time to gain final admittance to the New York Fire Department, but he was determined—he knew they had a swell band and that was the direction he was headed. He was with the Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, first, and was eventually made an axeman with the Jackson Heights fire station, H. and L., 154.

"It's the excitement I like. It keeps me stimulated all of the time. I can't work unless I'm doing something exciting. Monotony kills me. Even when I was a little boy of two or three I wanted all kinds of engines. I've never forgotten that exciting clank-clank

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Boys Who Just Naturally Like Music

By Kaye Wheeler

that makes everything clear the path for the oncoming engine."

When he did get into the fire department he found that the band needed no pianist—only a trombone player. But he set himself at work immediately to master the trombone and was soon a member of the firemen's band as first trombonist. Then it was discovered he could sing, and he became known far and wide as "The Singing Fireman".

Joe Schuster and Johnny Tucker

An amusing story is told of Mr. Tucker's ability to compose at the slightest provocation. There was a fire in an apartment house and the firemen had cut thru two walls in an effort to save the block. After "The Singing Fireman" had rescued two women he and the men were sitting in a room watching to see that no more flames broke out. Someone spied a piano and asked Johnny to play a tune. In a few minutes he had composed a song that was popular several years ago, *Maggie, Yes Maam, Come Right Up Stairs.*

At first "The Singing Fireman" was afraid to give up the fire department and go wholeheartedly into the music business. His friends urged him to try. Helen Strong, the champion collegiate dancer of Brooklyn and Queens four years ago, who is a good friend of Mr. Tucker, has great faith in him and finally convinced him that he belonged to music. She sings his songs over the radio and at various entertainments.

The fire company was loath to part with their chief entertainer. When he left, the members of the Jackson Heights company presented Mr. Tucker with a gold badge inlaid with diamond chips and topped with a beautiful stone. Never before in the history of the fire department has such a token of esteem been presented to a man on retiring who has not served twenty years. In return Mr. Tucker gave a big party for the boys at the firehouse with Jerry Solo and the Primrose Four as the entertainers.

Joe Schuster also finds excitement necessary to the best creative work. Two of his most popular songs were written out of experiences that absorbed his whole being. He thought his girl had another sweetheart. He couldn't find out for sure and wouldn't ask her. He worried over this until it occupied the foremost position in his subconscious. Suddenly there came to him a song: *You Know You Belong to Somebody Else,* which netted him a large sum. Whether dragging the worry out to the light, as our psychoanalysts would say, was responsible, or the money (*Continued on page 73*)

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Get BUSY!

The Place of ACTION *in the* Fight for Happiness

By
Curtis Gentry

THERE is something in activity that creates an electrifying current, which, with magnetic force, draws everything into its path of progress. Energy clears the sky of clouds, rolls back the mountains from the plains and sweeps on to victory where slothful strength and hardened force have slugged along and failed. Activity is stimulating, enlivening. Energy produces energy; heals the sick and retards old age. It starts the blood to circulating thru a weak body, electrifies it with hope and takes it to a garden of success instead of a cemetery.

Some men are so full of energy and ambition that they are unhappy with anything short of the best.

Once, while Cæsar was with friends in Spain, he was found reading the acts of Alexander the Great. He became sorrowful and finally burst into tears, it is said. His friends, seeing him thus moved, marvelled at the cause. "Do you not think," he answered, "that I have good cause to be unhappy when King Alexander, being no older than I am now, had in olden times won so many more nations and countries—and that I hitherto have done nothing worthy of myself?"

At the age of twenty-two Milton lamented because he felt that he had not accomplished much. But at that time he had written one of his great poems.

And Cæsar and Milton and all the others who have written their names upon the pages of history did so thru activity. The real man wants to accomplish something worth while in life. And no other than real men ever attain happiness. There is no glory like the glory of achievement. Happiness is not found along the meshes of shallow brooks, but in the beds of streams cut deep by the hands of effort.

The human machine is so constructed that unless it is kept active there can be no real enjoyment of life. This is a God-given quality that has made work a pleasure when accompanied with the right attitude. Yet, how many miserable people there are who fail to realize this truth! How many have health, possessions, comforts, and yet are miserable, all because they do not understand the philosophy of activity!

On the other hand, there are those who have been born deaf, dumb, blind and with other maladies and misfortunes, who have forged their way ahead in business, politics, literature, and what not, because they made life absorbing by forgetting their misfortunes in activity. "There is more pleasure in wearing than rusting out."

The man of action is more successful than others because he beats the other man there. "My enemies did not know the value of five minutes," said Napoleon. A young artist wanted to make a portrait of a famous queen. After several efforts he succeeded in getting an engagement with her. When the appointed time came the queen was there, but the artist was late. She could not wait and he lost his opportunity.

Two young men start out in the same business. Their mental equipment may be about the same, but the more active of the two will soon be the leader. It happens everywhere, in all walks of life. The man of action does not wait for opportunities—he makes them.

Said Tennyson:

> **How dull it is to pause, to make an end,**
> **To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,**
> **As tho to breathe were life.**

Young man, if you have an idea which you think will help the world, bring it forth. It will find fertile soil. Don't be afraid of your years. The world has more than once bowed before the genius of youth.

At the age of fourteen William Pitt, the younger, had written a tragedy with a political plot; and Schiller and Pope had begun to write.

At fifteen Grotius edited an encyclopædia, and Victor Hugo presented a poem to the French Academy.

At sixteen Leigh Hunt was a prolific writer of verse; Bacon pointed out the errors in Aristotle's philosophy, and Alexander the Great was a commander in his father's army.

At seventeen Michael Angelo had a place in the palace of Lorenzo de Medici; Mozart had enraptured the German court; Chateaubriand had won his commission; Alexander Hamilton commanded the attention of his country, and Galileo was close to the secret of the vibrations of the swinging lamp in the Pisa Cathedral.

At eighteen Charles Spurgeon was a well-known preacher; Zwingli was a profound student of the New Testament; Joan of Arc was leading French armies, and Bryant had immortalized himself in the poem, *Thanatopsis*.

At nineteen Bach was an organist at Arnstadt; George Washington was a trusted public surveyor, and the steam engine was taking form in the brain of Stephenson.

At twenty Robert Hall was swaying the multitudes; Wallace had thrown himself against the arbitrary authority of Edward I, and Washington Irving was a successful writer.

At twenty-one Beethoven had enrolled his name in the music world; Wilberforce was a member of Parliament, and Mazzini had written a great political essay.

At twenty-two Alfred the Great had begun his career in public life; Rossini was without a peer in the realm of music; Algernon Sidney (*Continued on page 74*)

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Which Are You?

Scientists say that the chemical elements composing man's physical being can be purchased in a pharmacy shop for sixty cents. Even at that price the purchase would be a nonsensical waste of money!

These same scientists admit, however, that the REAL part of MAN is neither chemical nor visible matter. It is a priceless gift from God, and a power beyond human duplication.

Your Infinite Mind A Creative Power

The Invisible part of man that makes him "a living Soul" is a part of the Creative power of God's Consciousness. It is UNLIMITED IN its CAPABILITIES when properly released from its sleeping dormancy. You are either a mass of matter, enslaved by the conditions around you, or a MAJESTIC MIND, MASTERFUL and DOMINATING your WHOLE LIFE.

YOU CAN CONTROL the fate of YOUR CAREER, the destiny of your course in life, and the outcome of your desires and ambitions. You can use this infinite power in bringing into realization your fondest dreams. The Rosicrucians for ages have been the most successful demonstrators of the marvelous miracles of the power of Infinite Mind.

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You, Too, Can Make Money!

Says Pauline Cleaver

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

A SCHOOL teacher, because of an accident to her right hand, could no longer hold her position, yet she learned to do plain and stenciled painting. This did not cramp the hands as steady writing might have done. Besides, after her accident, she was extremely nervous. So she started a business of making trays.

At first this young woman paid fifty cents for black tin oval trays. On these she stenciled red and pink roses, large ones, with big green leaves. This gave a colorful tone when the trays were placed on a side-wall table or used for passing drinks. As these trays were sold for two dollars and fifty cents, the teacher wanted smaller ones for those wishing to pay only one or two dollars.

She bought flat cooking tins; many were square, with a narrow edge about a half-inch high. These were painted all over in pale green shades. A group of three roses was gracefully painted in the center. From these other ideas were added to the selection of painted tins. For example, one new house-wife wished her kitchen to have cans for tea, coffee, etc., in colors to match her gay blue gingham curtains. These were done so beautifully that other "special orders" came in. The business grew.

That is why I urge you "to begin!" One idea brings another as you work. The gratification of having your work appreciated, too, is immense. But you will never realize the full meaning of this until you try it for yourself.

TREASURE-CHEST TRUNKS

I BOUGHT a substantial chest in unfinished wood, measuring about four feet long, two feet wide, and two feet high. On this I placed heavy iron hinges and an old iron lock. I looked over old pictures for a color scheme. I found the pictures of the Japanese wedding chests. Tho the Japanese chests were differently shaped, I decided to use the same coloring. I first lacquered the chest in Chinese red, and copied from some old pictures queer, symbolic dragons and flowers. Of course in no way did this work measure up to the Chinese or Japanese, altho many friends declared it more unusual and attractive.

A dealer offered me seventy dollars for as many as I could produce. However, having no time for this, I drew a picture of my chest, giving details in a letter, and sent the idea to one of my readers, who has successfully worked on this for some months. This woman is exceedingly clever, and I am sure, if she ever tires of making treasure chests, she will go in for desk boxes, which are quite similar, tho much smaller and cheaper.

THE LITTLE FIXERS

HERE is a wonderful story about two boys. John was twelve years old and Ned was fourteen. These two friends decided to make some extra money. They wrote me, neatly filling in the blank form which I sent them, and answered every question intelligently. They were neighbors and wanted to get into some congenial work together. They told me among other things that they could make benches and foot-stools, and that they simply "loved to paint things and make them look new and bright." Here is one paragraph of the letter I wrote them last March:

Now, after following the above advice, I think this is the thing for you to do. Take the benches and the foot-stools that you have on hand, and paint them according to the enclosed pictures. I have found the paints I've mentioned to be reliable and "right" for this work. After these are finished, send post cards announcing a sale of these things at your home. Write on the cards with colored pencils—the colors you use in your work. With the money you make on this sale, buy ready-made unpainted book stands (small ones), low magazine tables, "convenience tables" for coffee, tea, etc., similar to the enclosed pictures. Then paint these, giving more variety to the colors. (I'm enclosing pictures of colored tables.) Have another sale, this time sending your own cards, and see what happens.

The boys did not take the letter lightly; they did exactly what I advised them to do. In October I received another letter from them, a part of which I wish you to read:

We have faithfully done everything you told us. We even worded the cards as you said, exactly. And we signed under our two names, "The Little Fixers." We have all we can handle. Yes, we make no promises we can not fulfil. Next year we are going to add some new pieces of furniture. We pay cash as we order, and save a neat amount. Both Ned and I love the business, and will write you our plans, and how much money we have made. Heaps of thanks. We re-read your letter often, and have pasted it in our scrapbook, the one you told us to make for the other ideas. Good luck to you; we are crazy about your articles and never miss reading them. Fondly (for we already feel like we really know you), Ned and John, "The Little Fixers."

What do you think of these chaps? If you know two such boys who wish to utilize their spare time, why not pass this article on to them? Remember, I ask my readers not only to look to this department for self-help, but to learn thru it to pass ideas on to others.

AN ORIGINAL QUILT

AS long as we sleep in beds we shall want hand-made quilts. Why not introduce new ideas in old quilts?

Mrs. Allenby lives in the South. She is slightly lame and does little walking. So she had to keep her hands occupied. She had made and sold for years the ordinary pieced quilts. She wrote me that these were becoming monotonous, and asked for a suggestion. As she seemed to feel limited in her expressions, I suggested that since she was already known for her quilts she might change the style and design. She followed these suggestions. She bought twelve yards of unbleached muslin, which is strong and inexpensive. This was dyed a soft greenish blue and made into a cotton-padded quilt. From an old book on the months and their meanings, she found a flower named for each month. She then found in her scrap bag bits of cotton goods in suitable colors, and cut her flower designs from paper on which she first drew the outlines. She would appliqué the flowers twelve inches apart. Twelve designs of twelve different flowers were repeated until the quilt was covered.

The roses were cut from rose colors, and the leaves, of course, were cut from green. As these were stitched on, no other quilting was necessary. There were yellow jonquils, red poppies, orange chrysanthemums, blue bells and

(*Continued on page 77*)

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Speak French, German, Spanish or Italian in a *Short Time*

How can you expect to enjoy the romance and beauty of South America if you cannot talk to the natives in their own language?

Could you go to Europe and make yourself understood by customs, railway officials, hotel people, taxi drivers, waiters? Here is a way to learn the language you choose, quickly.

LEARNING to speak, read and write a foreign language may seem the most difficult of tasks.

You may feel that it is *impossible* for you to learn except after years of hard study, which you do not care to undertake.

Yet here is an *agreement* that, not only can you *learn* French, Spanish, German or Italian, in YOUR OWN HOME, by MAIL—but that you can learn it *very quickly*.

The trouble with every other method of teaching foreign languages is that your mind is cluttered up with a mass of translations, rules, exceptions to rules, grammar, and dozens of other intricate details.

The Pelman method is so different, so much simpler, so much more PRACTICAL that there is no basis of comparison.

A Striking New Idea

Here is the revolutionary new principle of the Pelman method in a few words: In English, French, German, Spanish and Italian there is a great body of words (reaching up into the thousands) which are practically identical in all these tongues.

If you were asked to read a French, German, Spanish or Italian newspaper, you would probably give up without making the attempt. Yet, as a matter of fact, you already know a very large number of the words you would meet with. You would recognize most of them "at sight." Others you would be able to guess correctly from the way they fit in with the words you know.

Really, instead of being totally ignorant of these four languages, you already have an excellent start toward learning one or all of them!

It is this remarkable fact that lies at the basis of the wonderful success that has come to the Pelman Language Courses, wherever they have been tried.

Learn as Children Do

Just like a child learning to speak, you do not bother at first about grammar. Instead, you learn from the very first lesson how to use the language itself. When you can speak, read and understand others readily, then—and then only—you get the knowledge of grammar you need in a new, simple way.

Suppose, for example, that you have decided to learn French. (The Pelman method works just as simply with other languages.) When you open the first lesson of the Pelman method you will be surprised to see not a single word of explanation in English. But you soon realize that no English is necessary. You find that you already know enough French words to start—and you can easily discover the meaning of the unfamiliar French words by the way they "fit in" with the ones you recognize at sight.

By means of this revolutionary system, within eight to twelve weeks you will find yourself able to speak a foreign language more fluently than those who have studied it for years in the toilsome "grammar first" way.

This is no exaggeration. In England, where this wonderful new method was originated, tens of thousands of people have found that it makes foreign languages astonishingly easy to learn. In America this success was at once duplicated. This is by far the most practical and sensible way to learn French, Spanish, German and Italian.

Agreement

Every Pelman Language Course is taught under the absolute agreement that if, after completing it, you are not entirely satisfied with your ability to read, speak and understand the language, your tuition will be refunded instantly upon demand.

(*Signed*) B. C. McCULLOCH,

President, The Pelman Language Institute, New York City

Send for Free Book

A FREE book, yours for the asking, shows you what a real cultural benefit, what a wonderful means for pleasure, it is to have another language at your command. This book actually shows you that you can read, at sight, a page of the language you decide to learn. It shows why it is possible to make the agreement that you will learn either French, Spanish, German or Italian within a short time, to your satisfaction, or it will cost you nothing. To send for this book places you under no obligation. No salesman will call on you. Mail the coupon at once.

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Suite LG-1419, 71 West 45th St., New York City
Offices in London, Paris, Stockholm, Delhi, Durban and Melbourne

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Please send me full information about the Pelman System of Language Instruction.

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Address.....

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I am interested in
☐ French ☐ Spanish ☐ German ☐ Italian

What Can We Do for You?

Conducted by C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

QUESTION:—G. S. A. writes:—

Summer is here and I am afraid to expose myself to the hot rays of the sun. Two years ago while at a summer resort I went in bathing, and the following day could not leave my bed because of sunburn. This has led me to believe that my body is more sensitive than the average person's and that exposure would be dangerous. I have been afraid to expose myself since, and naturally this takes away part of my pleasure while vacationing. Do you think that in my case exposure to the sun would be dangerous?

ANSWER:—

Some skins are more sensitive than others. I recall one woman who could not use the finest kind of soap without irritating the skin. But this need not keep you from having a good time while away or going in the water. You probably overdid your sun bath on that day at the beach. A person with a sensitive skin should expose himself to the sun's rays only a short time at first, and when you come out of the water you should put on a robe and cover up the skin as well as possible. I should also have a sun hat so that your face will not become too burned. People are inclined to overdo sunbathing in the beginning and thus offset the good effects that might be produced. If you will let yourself gradually sunburn you will have no ill effects. You really need not be afraid.

QUESTION:—W. E. D. writes:—

I am a married woman, and of late years my life has been unhappy thru the development of a fear in connection with pictures of people who are dead. I cannot look at one without its almost sending me into convulsions. This fear began at a funeral I attended a few years ago. I have had to have all photographs of dead people removed from my home and I dare not visit the home of others for fear that such pictures will confront me. Can you give me any helpful suggestion?

ANSWER:—

If you study your fear carefully you will find that it is not the picture of the dead person you fear, but something that the fear calls to your mind thru association. Are you afraid of death? If so, you should develop a philosophy of life which destroys that fear. There is nothing to fear in death, for everything in nature indicates that life is progressive in character and that so-called death is merely a change in form and a forward step in our development. Therefore, there is nothing to fear. Nothing ever dies. We speak of a tree being dead, but in reality it has merely changed form. Part of it has gone into fertilizing the land, part of it perhaps into coal, and even a part of it, in certain sections of the world, into diamonds. Nothing ever dies.

I had a patient a short time ago who had similar fears. Hers were brought about by someone telling her that dead people haunted the living and that one can feel the spirit atmosphere when in contact with the dead. This woman developed the thought that she could picture a spirit near her when in the presence of a picture of a dead person. That, too, called for a different philosophy, and when the viewpoint is changed, the fear disappears.

QUESTION:—I wish you would settle a question for us. Our family has had an argument over the children of two cousins of mine who have infants about the same age. One child is rather sickly and small, while the other one is quite large for its age and very healthy in appearance. The cousin with the smaller child says that he will probably be a "mental" type and that such children are quite likely to possess a finer mentality. How much truth is there in this statement?

ANSWER:—

Statistics show that babies who are normal, strong and healthy physically, are more likely to be normal and strong mentally. The physical side has a great deal to do with mental growth, and the mental affects physical development. The mind and body are so closely interwoven that it is impossible to state just where one stops and the other begins.

QUESTION:—L. E. D. writes:—

My mother died two years ago. It was a terrible blow to me and I have never recovered from the sorrow. I can picture her sweet face, for she was very sweet, and tears come to my eyes each time I do so. I lost twenty pounds the two months following her death and I have never been able to regain it. I feel terribly. Can't you please give me some thought which will help me fight this?

ANSWER:—

Did you ever stop to reason out just why you feel as you do? You are not worrying about your mother, are you? You believe that a sweet mother like yours is happy wherever she is. Well, you are grieving on account of *your* loss. It is a selfish grief in a way. What you must do is to try to be socially active, to get some very definite interests outside of self, and to try to turn your mind away from these thoughts which cause you sorrow. If she could talk to you she would tell you not to grieve, that she was happy. And if there is a possibility of one who is gone sensing things in connection with those who are left, you are making her unhappy by grieving.

Don't make a practice of visiting her grave frequently and thus keeping the sorrow green. Try to think of her as she was and not as being in the cemetery. You will please her by doing this and will thus give yourself a chance to be the happy girl she wishes you to be. I am sure you are going to take a different view of the whole matter.

QUESTION:—Q. E. N. writes:—

Are bananas a good fruit to eat? I have sometimes thought that they upset me. What is your opinion?

ANSWER:—

Bananas, when ripe, are good, wholesome food and neither hard to digest nor harmful. Even babies five or six months old can have a little without harm. However, we do find a few persons who seem to react unpleasantly to even the very best foods. There are some who find even milk disturbing, tho it is nature's food for the baby who at such an age has a very delicate stomach and digestive organs. If I were you I should not hesitate to eat bananas.

QUESTION:—L. E. P. writes:—

I have a five-year-old son who has developed unreasonable habits in connection with eating. He will eat only two or three articles of food, and unfortunately two of these I consider bad for him when overindulged. One is sugar. He will not eat any of the nourishing foods that we place on our table and will go hungry before he will eat what he does not want. I have whipped him and tried in every way I know to force him to eat the things I believe that every boy should have. Have you had such cases? What can I do to break this habit, for if I cannot I am afraid I will break his neck?

ANSWER:—

My suggestion would be that you outline what you believe to be a reasonable diet and insist on his eating what

(*Continued on page 76*)

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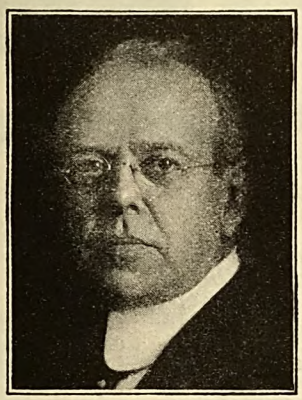
"An Authoritative Discussion of a Vital Question"

Some of This Book's Valuable Chapters and the Subjects Handled by Dr. Stemmerman in His Personal Teachings

More and Happier Years
The Nature and Significance of Constipation
Preventing Constipation
Germ-Life in the Intestines
Encouraging Good Germs to Supplant Bad Germs
Flatulence . . . Acidosis . . . Heartburn
Three Myths: Liver Disease, Stomach Trouble and Biliousness
Bad Breath and Body Odors. Their Meaning and Correction
Hemorrhoids or "Piles"
The Treatment for Hemorrhoids
Insomnia; Nervousness
Constipation and Its Effects on the Sexual Functions
Constipation and Skin Troubles
Constipation and the Prostate
Personal Beauty Depends on Correct Elimination
Dangers of Fasting
New Drugless Way to Cause Bowel Action
Headache—Chronic and Occasional
Rheumatism and Arthritis
Colitis and Other Results of Constipation
Is the Enema a Friend?
Is Exercise Worth While?
Exercises that Benefit, Especially in Constipation
The Ideal Weight for Height
The Technique of Defecation
Internal Visceral Auto-Massage
Relief by Lubrication
The Cure by Relaxation and Milk Diet
Why Are Drugs in Disfavor?
Reviewing Some Drugs Used in Constipation
Yeast—A Great Hoax
Furnishing the Body With Heat, Energy and Repair
When Do We Eat?
Weakening the Staff of Life
Baking Powder, the Sinner
Food Idiosyncrasies
What Will You Have to Drink?
Shall We Eat Fruits and Vegetables?
Husband in the Kitchen
We Survey Certain Foods
The Beneficial Necessary Soup
Spinach, Lettuce, Liver and other Pleasantries
Too Much Sugar Will Shorten Your Life
Food for the Aged
The Management of Constipation



Wm. H. Stemmerman, M.D.
— New York University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College

Dr. Stemmerman's Great New Book

INTESTINAL MANAGEMENT

Will Bring You Longer and Happier Life

THERE is an easy, rational and helpful way of directing the behavior of your intestinal system, and thus becoming the master of your health. Put your intestines under control, and gain a life of longer years and happy well-being. Relieve the strain upon all your vital organs—heart, liver, kidneys, lungs and brain—by making your intestines do their daily duty of assimilation and elimination.

A large percentage of the American people, young, middle-aged and elderly, suffer from constipation, occasional or chronic, and very frequently in entire ignorance of this cause of their troubles. From this almost universal disease many other diseases result. Constipation is in fact a great destroyer, whose toll of breakdowns and suffering, inefficiency and tragedy no man can measure.

Dr. Stemmerman's new book is the result of thirty years of intensive study and practical experience. It is scientifically correct, by the best modern medical precepts and authorities. It is comprehensive, easily understood and downright interesting. You need this book, if you choose to win more abundant virility and long life.

You owe yourself a knowledge of the latest accomplishments of modern science in the treatment of that most prevalent disease, constipation. Therefore WE HAVE PREPARED AN ENTERTAININGLY WRITTEN AND EASILY UNDERSTANDABLE BROCHURE, which contains, for young or old, man or woman, valuable information regarding constipation. This information is ordinarily not readily available to the average person nor is it to be found in such clear, every-day language as we present it in this brochure. For example, it contains THREE COMPLETE CHAPTERS, namely, "Insomnia," "Is Exercise Worth While?" and "Shall We Eat Fruits and Vegetables?" from "Intestinal Management." All this is in addition to a full review of Dr. Stemmerman's great new book which is now being used by hundreds of people throughout this country as a complete guide to health.

It is vitally interesting and extremely important, to you, to read in this brochure the facts regarding the ultimate evil effects of neglected or improperly treated constipation.

On the other hand, it is comforting to know that Dr. Stemmerman has perfected easy, harmless, but positively effective methods for quickly relieving the disagreeable symptoms of constipation and for permanently causing this real disease to disappear.

"INTESTINAL MANAGEMENT," so fully described in this brochure, actually shows the means of acquiring real happiness, increased business efficiency and all the practical, material advantages, as well as spiritual uplift, which naturally follow the acquisition of good health. Dr. Stemmerman's book shows how good health and clear brain come promptly to a toxin-free and normally acting bodily mechanism.

If you are truly interested in gaining and retaining health, send the attached coupon without delay; clip it NOW before you mislay or forget it.

A Simple Test of the Intestinal Functions

After luncheon chew and swallow about six ordinary charcoal tablets, obtainable at any drug store. Next morning note the color of the evacuation. If the color inclines toward black, AND IF THE BLACKNESS HAS DISAPPEARED BY THE FOLLOWING DAY, elimination is good. If blackness still shows, then your elimination is delayed and faulty. Try this easy test and it may point out the cause of your headaches, dizziness and those dull and dreary days that lower your resistance and efficiency (from "Intestinal Management," page 26).

ARDEN PUBLISHERS, Dept. 171
Highland Park,
Los Angeles, California.

Send me your brochure at once, without cost to me. It is understood that this does not involve me in any obligation whatsoever.

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(Write very plainly)

Address.....

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

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J. C. DOMINGUE, Houston, Texas, writes:

On account of the fact that I failed to inform you of my latest and present address, which is the above, I missed this month's issue of your irresistible PSYCHOLOGY, which I regretted much—until I got one at the corner drug store. I don't want to let such an incident occur again, for PSYCHOLOGY is the best magazine in the world. At any rate, it is the best periodical I've ever had the pleasure of reading, and it is welcomed and cherished like the sunshine.

I derive much pleasure in saying that both Dr. Miller's editorials and Dr. Leavitt's articles are especially outstanding and decidedly interesting indeed. There is something God-like about Dr. Miller's writings. His "Chats with the Editor" are much too short. I just can't get enough of his sublime philosophy and psychology.

He should contribute a monthly article, too—in addition to his "chats." The whole magazine is truly magnificent from cover to cover.

RELIGION—PRACTISED OR PREACHED!

Clarence E. Peterson, Reynolds, N. Dak., writes:

MANY are the times I have gone back to that editorial of August, 1927, "The Religion of Life," and received encouragement to carry on.

I know what it is to incur the wrath of the church. Your statement that religion can be either a blessing or a blight is true. Unfortunately, too often a curse.

It is now over three years since the iron heel of the local pastor came down on me and I was forcibly reminded that as far as religion is concerned there are many who are still living in the Middle Ages, and perhaps some in the Dark Ages. I have learned that as far as certain Christian denominations are concerned, religious freedom is a myth.

On September 18th, 1925, father passed on, and the pastor took advantage of the opportunity to preach a sermon that was an insult to the memory of a man whose life had been spent in the service of God and fellow man. I came down hard on the pastor and his religion and won the support of every right-thinking man and woman in the community. The pastor and his followers decided that I had sinned against him; that because I had criticised the pastor, I had punished him.

The church council, consisting of the pastor and deacons, called on me and indicted me on four counts. I was asked to retract and beg forgiveness which I could not conscientiously do, but I stated that I had been unreasonably severe. The pastor and deacons immediately gave out the statement that I had retracted everything. It took me a year and a half to get the pastor to admit what had actually happened. I handed in my resignation stating that the pastor and deacons had destroyed my faith in the conception of Christianity, and asked to be released. My resignation was refused, which is equivalent to denying a man the right of religious freedom. I was then called upon to retract before a special meeting of the congregation. Refusal to do so would result in expulsion. I refused.

My appeal to the highest authorities was ignored.

Tho I cannot even begin to tell you what you have done to help me thru your magazine during these years, you have taught me to believe in myself, when it seemed that it would be impossible to carry on any longer.

I feel as tho I have only begun to live and I feel sorry for those whose lives are being warped by the kind of religion that is being thrown at us here.

Dr. Miller answers:

I assure you that my heart goes out to you in the brave battle which you have waged in the cause of freedom and true religion.

You are entirely correct that any religion which is built upon fear and force is not of God and offers little for human consolation. Personally, I would wash my hands and have nothing to do with it. Expulsion from such a church would be an honor to the individual with character enough to refuse to be ground under the iron heel of such dogmatic and ecclesiastical folly.

All honor to you and the stand which you have taken, and rest assured that God is on your side rather than on the side of the pharisees, blind leading the blind.

Mrs. Lona Lowell, 211 E. Martins, Del Rio, Texas, writes:

I HAVE read PSYCHOLOGY for two years and my hungry soul needed it. I discovered it at a time when there seemed no silver lining to my dark clouds.

But I am so disappointed over the last few issues that I am really sad. PSYCHOLOGY is not as interesting as it used to be, and others have called my attention to the fact. Why can't we have more from you, Dr. Miller? Why take up a page with the theatre? We get that in any magazine. And Pauline Cleaver's page is so simple. Couldn't we have a friendship column? It would be like traveling, almost. Get acquainted with other PSYCHOLOGY readers all over the world, perhaps exchange books. Please, Dr. Miller, don't you think this would be just the very thing for your magazine?

And couldn't we have more from Lon J. Haddock? I like Dr. Leavitt, L. E. Eubanks, Edward Earle Purinton. In fact there are many. I read your page the very first.

Dr. Miller answers:

I am sorry to note that you have not found recent issues of PSYCHOLOGY as helpful as you did formerly. Frankly our great editorial problem in PSYCHOLOGY is striking a happy medium between inspirational articles and what we term fact articles. The latter have more to do with the principles of essential psychology than the former. I think you will find that we have reached an almost perfect blend of these two elements in the May issue.

The issues which to you did not seem so helpful have called forth enthusiastic praise from many readers who prefer the fact type of article. Nevertheless our intense desire is to make PSYCHOLOGY Magazine helpful to everyone, and we are therefore doing our best to neglect neither type.

We are always happy to hear from our readers as that gives us a human barometer whereby we can judge the reaction to our editorial efforts.

E. N. Thompson, Snohomish, Washington, writes:

I WANT to look over the editor's shoulder and tell him how very valuable I think PSYCHOLOGY Magazine is.

Have studied Physical Culture for about thirty years and also New Thought, Mental Science, Christian Science and Theosophy—they all helped too—but I had a lot of emotions I didn't know what to do with. After reading my first PSYCHOLOGY, four years ago, I knew I had found the answer, if I was willing to pay the price. I have been paying the price all right and getting results too, and anyone can get the good things PSYCHOLOGY promises.

Am sixty-four years old and in the best physical and mental condition I have ever been in, and don't let any one tell you one must adopt stiff joints after he passes the sixty year mark.

Dr. Miller answers:

I am indeed happy to know that PSYCHOLOGY has proven such an inspiration and help to you and led you to the solution of your problems of emotional control and the rationalization of your subconscious forces.

It is always a great joy to hear from the readers whom we have been privileged to help to a larger measure of life's good things.

I trust you will tell your friends about PSYCHOLOGY and encourage them to read our publication.

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Sherlock Holmes

(*Continued from page 25*)

lock you in the shed until the rats eat your legs off—and they will, too.'"

"How did Roger feel next day, d'you remember?"

"Next day," I said, "next day I didn't see Roger. I didn't see him for just about a week, I think. I stole over to his place and looked around after dark one night, I knew the shed where he was locked. All I heard was a moaning sound, as if his legs were being eaten. I ran home awful fast. I asked father about what had happened to him. I guess father must have been pretty busy. He said, 'Ask the rats.' Well, we boys got our lesson all right. When I saw Roger I could hardly believe my eyes. But we never went up the windmill again."

I now realized that Dr. Boyd had got me talking. I felt better for it somehow, but I was surprised at his pleased expression.

"Does that story give you any clue?" I asked.

He smiled at me broadly.

"That story," he said, "clears up the whole thing."

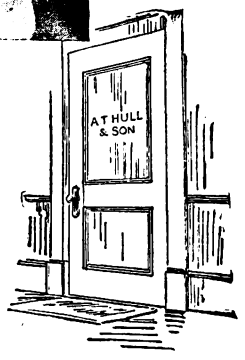
I stared at him blankly, I am sure.

"Now, listen to me," he began. "Underneath the ordinary rational part of your mind with which you are familiar is a subconscious mind with which you are not familiar. It plays lots of people tricks. It's been playing tricks with you. Got that much?"

I nodded at him in a dumb kind of way.

"There are myriads of impressions stored up in this subconscious memory of yours and a vast proportion of them as harmless as harmless can be. But fear, dread, terror of a vivid sort, impress the subconscious mind in an abnormal and harmful way. No greater mistake than to frighten a child. Roger may or may not have suffered the effects of such a punishment. You were, probably, far more sensitive than he. You imagined him pent up in the dark for days and days, with rats gnawing at his knees, when he was out bright and early playing the next morning, altho ordered to keep away from you. The impression of horror stamped upon your subconscious mind has lasted all these years. It is vivid now, from the way in which you tell the story. Had you kept in good health, free from nervous strain, surrounded by a normal family life, this latent memory of punishment would not have caused you any trouble. But you got seriously run down, nervously depleted, your objective mind tired out with conscious thought, your subjective mind laid bare and allowed to assume the place of authority, too much in evidence, so to speak. In other

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



At 45 he made a fresh start . . .

But his sons have NOW the training he postponed so long

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

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

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

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

His sons did not wait until they were 45

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

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words, your mental balance becomes disturbed, unsteady, tremulous. Things begin to bubble up from beneath, like sulphur in Yellowstone Park. Ever been to Yellowstone Park? Great place to watch sulphur in the open. Works off beautifully into luminous pools when no resistance is offered. But just you visit the Devil's Paint Pots and other places where sulphur is suppressed."

Here he stopped to wink at me for some reason.

"Well, this hidden memory, stored up in the subconscious since your boyhood, got loose, it came up to the surface, so to speak, just like a young geyser or a warm mineral spring with fumes. You know that rotten egg water? Hotels thrive on it. Well, you didn't. You didn't understand what it was. And you got to take it seriously. And the more seriously you took it, the more it had you scared. Finally you think it means you're going to die. And every morning from the time you wake you keep thinking you're going to die. Everybody shakes his head over you. And you get so unnerved that your conscious mind, which is the captain on the bridge, turns the ship over to the crew who belong in the stoke-hole, and the good old boat begins to stagger."

I stared at Dr. Boyd in sheer amazement.

"Stare all you like," he said, "that's the whole thing. You have been the goat of a little complex, serious until you see that it doesn't amount to a paper of pins. A complex is just one of these little tricks which the subconscious mind likes to play. Most people have dozens of them, but they get no real chance under normal conditions. Your subconscious mind has held this mental specter that something dreadful had happened, or was about to happen, was on the verge of happening right now, for over forty years. And it will recur to you as a memory for years to come. Whenever it does just say, 'Rats.' It's over with forty years ago. Roger is all right, was all right the next morning. The thing is a mere bugbear. Once tell yourself this, like a captain on the bridge giving orders, and your mind will spring back to normal with a snap. Just try it. When the sense of coming horror makes itself felt in any way at all, just call up the engine room and shout down the tube to whoever is there greasing the machinery, 'Hallo, there, engine room—RATS'."

He got up, laughed in a hearty way and grasped my hand.

"Now, we'll say it together, good and loud. Ready!"

"RATS!"

I joined him vigorously in this declaration.

I cannot put into words how relieved I felt. For the first time in months I felt natural. I was about to say something grateful. He interrupted.

"Now, let's fix this forever," he said. "We'll have just two or three minutes of silence together during which you grasp the idea that this sense of calamity is a mere bogey dating back to that old windmill. And I'll do the rest."

What he did mentally or spiritually in those short moments I cannot say. But I do know that I walked out of that office cured of the whole thing. I say cured. I did go back twice to his office. He talked about the positive power of mind and of how the subconscious mind was a good servant but a bad master. And he prayed with me affirmatively.

"You're boss," I remember he said emphatically.

In fact he was a man of very emphatic and positive mentality.

Not long afterward I met the same acquaintance on the street. I had not seen him in the meantime. I must have presented a very different front.

"You saw that chap I told you of—glad you did—some Sherlock!"

"Yes," I said, "he cross-questioned me thru my wife and business clear back to an old windmill when I was a kid."

"Psycho-analysis," said my friend.

"May be," I said, "but it feels good."

"What's the cure?" he added curiously.

And I told him:

"Rats!"

Do You Know Your Child?

(*Continued from page 15*)

1. Never repress a child at any of the foregoing stages of development. Each epoch is a normal expression in its unfolding cycle of life. Repression never cures but always aggravates. It is the basic cause of every neurotic complex. Rationalize, redirect, but never repress.

2. Let the child see the reason for every command. It responds readily to every appeal to reason, justice and necessity but vehemently repudiates every apparent injustice and inconsistency.

3. Do not bully a child, compelling it to do your will simply because you are larger and can beat him if he disobeys. This is the rule of mere brute force, the law of the jungle, unmitigated tyranny and unworthy of mature and reasoning parents.

4. Appreciate the power of suggestion. The child is functioning largely in the subconscious. The impressions which will determine its subsequent life are being stored up. Never say a single word to a child which you are not perfectly willing to have become a permanent part of his consciousness. Avoid all negative suggestions. Use constant constructive suggestions.

5. Never scare a child by threats. "Look out or the boogy man will get you." "Be good or the rag picker will put you in his bag and carry you away." "Do what I say or I'll beat you within an inch of your life." "If you don't behave you will go to hell and burn for millions of years." These damnable, destructive fear suggestions have done more to warp, cripple and curse human life than all other factors combined. Character is never matured thru fear, only thru reason. Hundreds of criminals, derelicts, failures and paupers with whom I have talked attribute their ruin to "fear complexes" fastened upon them by their parents, ignorant of psychology, teachers of the old school and irrational adherents of the devastating errors of the more unintelligent forms of religious propaganda.

Better sear the child's face forever with a branding iron than scar its soul with the degrading and ruinous poison of fear.

6. Never "break a child's will". You had just as well break its back. Thank the powers that be that your child has a will and therefore some hope for the future. Direct it, guide it, but do not seek to break it. This is one of his most priceless possessions. He will amount to nothing in life without it. To break it is to send him into life's battle unarmed, doomed to defeat.

7. Appreciate the fact that children are great imitators. They love to act out in the realm of phantasy the drama of life as they see it. Give them, therefore, the best possible material by living a reason-controlled life, free from negative emotions of anger, fear, worry, jealousy and envy.

8. Seek to overcome bad habits in the child thru redirection of attention and replacing the negative with constructive habits. Do not emphasize the badness of negative habits but show the desirability of the good habit with which you would replace the bad. You can do much with sleep suggestion in this field. While the child is asleep suggest quietly that he will do the desirable things and as a result his negative habits will seem undesirable to him and therefore be broken.

9. Never discuss sickness, weakness, poverty or any other limited or nega-

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tive conditions. The boy who is constantly reminded that he is not as strong as other boys, that he has a bad heart, that his father died of some harrowing disease, is being encouraged by his mother to grow up weak, neurotic and sickly. Let him get out and rough it, play, wrestle, fight and toughen up. Plenty of exercise, fresh air, wholesome food and an untroubled mind will largely overcome any possible physical handicaps.

10. Make a chum and confident of your child. Talk to him constructively about life's problems and mysteries. Never shame him for a natural curiosity concerning his origin and the meaning of life's functions. Let him think of sex as a normal and beautiful culmination of life's progressive evolution, the seal and consecration of his future life union.

The Man Who Builds Men

(*Continued from page 29*)

at 711 Broadway. It failed and a patron, an insurance man, gave him a chance with an insignificant company.

"One evening as I started to walk across the bridge after a fruitless day, dragging my feet because I was too tired to lift them, I remembered a prospect who had an office near the bridge. I stood there and held a debate within myself. 'I'm too tired. I haven't enough strength left to make an effort. I will not be able to convince the man.' I listened to the answer made in that inward forum. 'But if you don't you will have wasted a day.' I turned back. I found the man was still in his office. I talked to him for an hour. And sold him my first thousand-dollar policy.

"Men fear to enter the insurance business because of the snubs they may receive. They need not fear them. When I was beginning I met a few. But I generally sold the man insurance after all. One reason why a man who is called upon may be testy is that he thinks his time will be wasted. One of my methods of approach is to say, 'I ask five minutes. If at the end of that time I haven't interested you I will go.' And I keep my word. You notice that I use the present tense. For I still sell insurance. To train a beginner I often send with him one of my trained men or go myself to present the argument."

"How do you sell insurance to a hard customer?" I asked. "One who doesn't want to buy?"

"By using aggressive methods. If I wanted to sell you a policy I wouldn't approach you with an apology. I would not say, 'I was in the neighborhood and stopped in to try to interest you in life insurance.' I would say, 'I have come to offer you the service of one of the greatest insurance companies in the world.' I am always positive."

"Don't you make the man angry?"

"It is a good thing, occasionally, to make a man angry. For human nature is disposed to be just and even, when its nerves are not overwrought, to be kind. If you have made a man angry while trying to serve him he will know he has been wrong, and in nine cases out of ten he will go farther to make amends than he did to offer an affront.

"I love my fellow man. And I have faith in him. That spirit wins. If one doesn't have it by nature one can plant and grow it in oneself.

"The great thing in life insurance is to believe in the service you offer. Don't go forth grovelling. Know that you represent a strong and able company. Know that it is in your power to serve the man for whom you offer to write insurance. Tell him so. Respect yourself and consider him.

"The most difficult case I had came to me thru a rumor that one of the great figures of finance intended to buy insurance. It came to me, quite accidentally, thru the secretary of the man's lawyer. But I didn't know the man's name.

"I went to the lawyer and told him I had heard indirectly that one of his most powerful clients wanted to buy insurance. I asked him to tell me this client's name. The lawyer laughed. 'I have an influential client who wants to have a policy written but he wants it from another company.' I said, 'Tell me his name and I promise you that if he will not buy from my company I will arrange for the sale thru the other.' The motivation of the drama, as playwrights would say, was that the lawyer's brother was an official in the other company. After my third interview with the lawyer I obtained the financier's name. I called on him and told him that I had heard he was interested in insurance and I wished to present the advantages my company offered. He said he was interested but that he had determined to buy from the other company. I induced him, by my earnestness, to listen to the reasons why he should insure with my company. After an hour's discussion he said, 'You have convinced me. I will take out a policy in your company.' I had not hypnotized the man. I had presented my arguments for the service of my company with all the conciseness and earnestness I could master."

"When a young man comes to your office and asks for work, how do you know whether he will become a good insurance agent?"

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"By the heart he shows. I use that word meaning heart for work. I mean his courage. The man who wilts at rebuff will not write much insurance.

"Granted that 'heart', the courage that is indispensable, it is my job to convince him that he and the company perform a service for the man to whom they sell insurance. I send him forth strong in that belief.

"A beginner must be made to understand that he will make money at insurance. If he doesn't he will lose interest and faith. I send with him one of my best men or go myself to talk with the prospect. He learns by listening to the argument. When the policy has been written he receives his commission. That convinces him. Money has great conversational powers.

"The beginner's spirit may grow faint. One of the best writers in the company, a record man, came to me at the end of six weeks and told me he wanted to give up. He hadn't written a policy. He was sure he could never sell insurance. I took him in hand. I pumped courage into him. I made him believe in himself and the company once more. I sent a man out to help him sell. You would be surprised if you knew who that man is. One of the best writers of insurance in the world."

My feminism received a blow from Mr. Ford's usually kind hand. "No, I don't find women effective in insurance," he confessed, tho with reluctance. "Something is always happening to them. A widow came in here and told me that her husband, a friend of mine, had died, and that she needed work. I started her after a prospect to whom she sold a policy that brought her a commission of $2,000. The next time she came to my office I introduced her to a caller, an official from Haiti. She married him and had no more use for any business."

MR. FORD must know how to build men. All of the men of his agency are Ford built. His leaders average $400,000 worth of insurance sales a year.

His own rewards in life insurance have been great. The young men in his office have fixed their gaze upon a shining mark. "M. T. has made a million at it. Why not I?"

Marty Ford smiles away the narrower, personal view. "Remember that you are in a business that does more for humanity than any other business in the world," he adjures the men he is building. "Have the faith. Have the vision."

Who Is Judge Simmons?

(*Continued from page 21*)

personal invitations, that he could spend the rest of his life accepting these invitations to be a guest in these homes. Their inmates look to him as the builder of their domestic happiness, as so many thousands look to him as the builder of their business or professional success.

Over in the rooms of the Institute, across the street from the court house, his associate Mr. Edwin C. Coffee is in executive charge of the activities. Mr. Coffee is also a lawyer, but joined forces with the judge at the beginning of his psychology work, and has found that work so interesting that he devotes his entire time to it. In addition to the work of directing the activities of the institute Mr. Coffee gives many personal consultations, applying the principles of suggestion and hypnotism to those who come to consult him, and has to his credit many cases in which health and happiness have been restored to ailing bodies and troubled minds.

The judge himself, occupied as he is with his work in the court room and his chambers, finds little time for active supervision of the work of the Institute, but looks in several times a day, gives counsel and decisions where required, answers the correspondence turned over to him and may often be found late at night, engaged in study in his own office, planning new lessons and keeping heart and mind in tune with the pulsations of the splendid movement that is the outgrowth of his inspiration.

There is also a general work-room where the mailing is managed—happy people, busy hands, smiling faces mingling with the rush of pamphlets, letters, envelopes, stencils and stamps. And at a neat desk in the judge's office, diminutive "Mollie" Adlerstein takes care of the administration of mail and the accounts. As the judge and I came in together from our morning in the court-room, "Mollie's" face was beaming over the record of so many new enrollments during the morning—enrollments of new students for new courses, the mail representing every section of the country, with, as always, some messages from other lands.

No local classes are conducted by the Institute, but the judge is frequently asked to lecture on psychology before churches and other organizations of his own and neighboring cities. Jacksonville and other Florida localities contain many Institute students, and as the judge walks along the sidewalks of his home city the greetings of his neighbors show this blended deference due to judge and teacher—all touched and warmed with the attitude of friendliness. He is all these things to Jacksonville — judge, teacher, neighbor, friend, brother—all the things felt by assiduous Dave in the restaurant, as Judge Simmons asked—"Well, Dave, what do I belong to eat."

The third active interest of the judge is in economic reform. For a number of years he has made a special study of the "Sales Tax," as a solution of the vexing problem of public welfare and has definitely committed himself to that scheme. I heard him lecture on it before the Business and Professional Women's League, of Jacksonville, and before a gathering of business men, representing vast holdings of Florida real estate, much of which has become unproductive. Again, the same poise that stamps him everywhere. He is the sort of man that just seems to *belong* wherever he is.

It was just so that he fitted into the personnel of teachers and students at the summer school, slipping in among the group so unobtrusively that we scarcely realized his presence till it began to be felt in renewed happiness and hope and friendliness thruout the camp.

His fourth interest is with his farm, where he has for some years been experimenting with different varieties of figs, seeking to prove which of the many is best suited to the upper Florida soil and climate. The farm is of eighty acres, located ten miles out of Jacksonville. I walked with him over its fields, his interest in the fig shoots, the snowy turnips and red and yellow carrots, for the time being just as intense and concentrated as in books, stars or men.

That is the sum of the man—quiet, intense concentration. Again, life is all one; creation is a unit. He has found and keeps his place in it, and is willing to help others do the same.

It was the first Sunday of February. I had left snow and ice and bitter winds in the North. Now I was stooping to pick violets from the grasses bordering the judge's Florida fields. And I had to confess that he has come far nearer than I to understanding the unity of all these mysteries, as I recalled Tennyson's lines, the judge intent on his saplings and I on my violets:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you, here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

His fifth interest I had not much opportunity to appraise. He spoke little about it, but it seems, again, to belong, almost inevitably to the man, as I know

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him. Up aloft in a quiet place he has a laboratory, where he spends some time with models and draughting paper, driving his mind into the problem of more efficient air-craft flight. Already he has taken out a number of patents, is in correspondence with engineers in this and other countries, and I predict that out of that laboratory will come before long some new device or some improvement on present devices that will still further extend man's conquest of the air. A fitting contribution for this man to make whose mind is so at home equally amid the things of earth and amongst the stars.

My Happiest Neighbor

(*Continued from page 37*)

were shouts of "Home Run, Rhody!" and I knew that here too this singer was "playing the game."

A day later, when strolling around the shore of Winona Lake, I came upon five youths in bathing suits sliding down a long chute into the water. With much laughter and splashing, they emerged to try it again. One of these "youths" was Homer Rodeheaver who had built this chute from the second story of his home for the enjoyment of his young friends and himself.

Here was a public man who refused to grow up, a man who saw sport as something social and altruistic rather than a selfish exercise. I asked myself if this musician who had sung and played before great audiences in every large city believed that a healthy body linked in some way with art to form an approach to happiness.

I knew that my neighbor was a champion tennis player, a clever gymnast and had even met Colonel Bogey on golf courses. In fact there were few sports in which he did not engage—taking defeat good-naturedly, but usually excelling. On interview, however, I found that the physical was to him a means to an end, not an end in itself. Sports brought vitality to his leadership and carrying power to his voice, but above all, enabled him to know and enjoy his fellow men.

Thruout our community, Homer Rodeheaver is known as a "real fellow." His presence in any gathering is an evidence of a jolly good time. He is a mixer because he likes people, and he likes them because he knows that right relationship with them leads to mutual happiness. Is this happy manner of his merely a professional attitude? I learned that it is part of his personality and characterized him as a boy. He has made cheerfulness a habit.

I stepped into our auditorium one evening and heard much noisy clapping and shrill catcalls. Hundreds of boys of the Chicago Boys' Club (on their annual outing) were holding a "stunt" night. On the platform thirty boys sat cross-legged while Homer Rodeheaver lead them in rousing choruses—sometimes singing with them, sometimes playing on his trombone. For two hours this man sang, played, gave impersonations, performed tricks and did athletic stunts. Every time he stopped he was greeted with a roar of protests. At the close, he spoke in simple, earnest, telling words of the value of a clean and honest life. Many evenings he went down to the Boys' Camp, to swim with them or to sing and talk with them until taps. The hours spent with these boys he regards as among his happiest. And they, whose rough contact with men on city streets gives them almost unerring judgment, regard him as a big brother and friend.

My neighbor loves youth and life and likes to contribute to it. I asked him what he thought was the most worthwhile thing in life. He replied, "To do something worth-while for some one else." There is nothing new about this formula—it has been known to civilization for several thousand years. But how has Rodeheaver followed it? It is not known to many that he brought to this country a number of Japanese students and educated them at his own expense. Nor is it known that there are hundreds of struggling young men and women he has helped to an education or to special training along social service or religious lines.

A few years ago, when I was a college dean, several Italian students presented themselves for admission without enough money for tuition. A wire to Rodeheaver (in California) asking him if he would help, was answered promptly: "I'll put them thru. Bill me for tuition and expenses." Altho sometimes he has had his confidence and generosity abused, he has never regretted these investments.

On inquiry, I found that Rodeheaver does not consider happiness dependent on ambition, education or possession; on art or beauty; on fame or money, not even on family or friends. It is true that this perennially happy man has attained a fame and income that many might envy, but, on his own confession, he has not found real happiness in either. His money he spends as freely as he makes it and thus snatches some happiness in seeing it serve others. Much joy comes to him from his home, his mother, sister, brothers, yet he cannot accept any conception of happiness that conditions it on people, things or anything except a state of mind within Friendships to him are as normal and necessary as the sun in the sky. He numbers his by the thous-

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ands because he is constantly revealing his faith in people's abilities and goodness of heart. Yet friends cannot bring happiness—his type of happiness is far more subtle.

I asked him frankly for his idea of true happiness. He seemed amused, and countered by saying that a contented mind did not necessarily bring happiness. At one time he thought he was happiest when singing before huge audiences or leading large choruses. But long ago he found that his happiest hours came when he slipped away from crowds to sing, play or talk to unfortunates in sick rooms, tuberculosis sanitariums, hospitals, or homes for old folks or crippled children. At these times he came nearer that peace of mind (not ecstasy of spirit which modern youth calls happiness) which pervades his life like roses in a room. He declared that true happiness is found in the old precept: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "When we analyze our happiest moments," he said, "most of us will find that they have come when we have been doing something for someone else."

SACRIFICE

Only by sacrificing oneself can anything noble, creative or permanent be attained, he stated. Thus the tree produces its fruit, an author writes a book, a great man leads a nation and an individual attains happiness. Happiness does not depend on persons or events and is not the spirit behind ambition, fame, money, learning. It is never an objective, but always a by-product; not a right we inherit but a power we acquire; not a motive but a reward; not cause but effect. This is Rodeheaver's philosophy of happiness.

Whenever he is on the platform, he invariably comments pleasantly on the excellencies of the singers, speakers and leaders. He seems ambitious to acquaint the audience with the merits of all those responsible for the program. He wants to push the other fellow. Is this simply a gesture to draw attention to himself? Observation of many occasions effectually refute the charge.

One day Rodeheaver invited the members of a luncheon club to be his guests at a Winona hotel. More than a hundred sat down. Rodeheaver presided, and during the program spoke so glowingly of soloists, speakers, singers and members that a stranger would never have guessed the national reputation of the host. His habit of seeing only the best in people leads him to regard them always as doing favors for others. Thruout his career, this trait is prominent. He constantly puts himself in a secondary role, giving it, however, a vitality that appeals. His magnanimity and cheerfulness form a pleasing background for his easy, buoyant manner, forceful personality, and his gifts of music and leadership. He dominates situations, but in a friendly way. He receives much praise and many rewards but returns them to the world twofold.

I caught another cue to this man's happy life. He begins each day with fine equilibrium of mind and body. He admitted that every morning he tried to exhale, with his daily dozen, all fear, worry and indecision of the day before, and to inhale in deep generous breaths, all the zest, cheerfulness and spirit of adventure he could command.

He once said that no man or woman could be happy by himself, that happiness was a twin. Nothing can quite equal that happy state of mind one gains when adding a little color or symmetry to the shifting patterns of human life about us. To be happy, a man must be courageous enough to give up pursuing happiness. Instead, he should use his talents to promote the joy of others.

Surely the religious bent of Homer Rodeheaver influences his view of happiness. I have known this neighbor for two decades. I have seen him sway immense audiences and lead large choruses. I have heard him give very definitely his conception of the religious life. His religion is simplicity itself, but, like Lincoln's, fundamental and far-reaching. It is a human religion whose language is worship—thru music, sermon, prayer, verse. But his religion is more than the language of worship. It is defined by a creed, but it is far too broad to be confined to a creed. It is based on experience, but experience is merely the fruitage of religion and not religion itself. No, his religion is practical, broad and intimate. It is building up a network of friendly contacts, of kindly relationships between men and men, and men and God. It is the will to believe in both human and divine goodness. It says that our abundant life should be divided among our neighbors. This religion makes us responsible for being brave and cheerful and unselfish and for bringing laughter to the lips of children and peace and good-will to the world. When this responsibility is accepted, Happiness will walk by our side.

Homer Rodeheaver sings his Christmas Carols over the air, to vast audiences, and gives his messages of music and holy love to shut-ins, to youths, to men and women everywhere. He dedicates his money, energy, time and talents to men. It is his way of leading a happy life. In this conception of happiness—in spite of the derivation of the word—there is no place for luck—for that haphazard idea which says, "Go out and hunt the four-leaf clover of good-luck if you would be happy." His idea of happiness says, "Sow the seeds of health, laughter, zest for life, love for men and God; cultivate them carefully and later you will harvest True Happiness."

H. G. LAWRANCE,
Dec. 28, 1929. Winona Lake, Ind.

Happiness Thru Married Love

DEAR EDITOR:

I've looked for the happiest person I know, but I haven't had to look very far. For I'm my happiest neighbor. Would it be fair to write about some other person who is very happy when I know I'm the happier? No one is happier than I. I challenge anyone! I grasp every opportunity to tell every one of my happiness, and I just couldn't resist writing to the PSYCHOLOGY Magazine to tell how contentedly happy I am.

I'm nineteen years of age and have been married one year. My husband is twenty-two. The wonderful love we have for each other is the main cause of my happiness.

We live on thirty dollars a week; have a cozy furnished apartment and an old tow-truck in which to ride around. We have no children yet.

Do you think we are afraid to live and be happy with these small assets? No, our life is before us; we can make it what we want. We're seriously, happily enthused about slowly but steadily building our future. We believe our foundation is firm and fine. Truly, we ask no more.

It's because we have so little, and yet so much, to start with; because we have little money saved; no lovely home; no car, no child, that we are eagerly, tenderly, honestly starting these things on the way. Our thirty dollars a week will eventually increase to forty or fifty; our apartment will, in time, become a lovely home of our own, and the tow-truck is already being rebuilt into a powerful roadster. The baby is on the way right now.

Happy! Why shouldn't I be happy? I'm the happiest person in the world because I love, I adore my husband, and because he loves and adores me. Love, true love, inspires faith and trust. It also demands respect and admiration. Add these together, and the sum is Beauty. Beautiful Love!

I revel in it; I glow in it; I breathe in it; I thrive in it, and I live in it. I'm happy! Gloriously, contentedly happy in it.

I'm most happy because I'm to bring a baby, our very own baby that we've created together, into the world. The baby will be our deepest expression of the love we cherish. It will be the most perfect, the most wonderful and important outcome of our love. Around the baby we are building our future.

I'm happy because I can serve my husband; can wash, iron, sew and cook for him; that I can laugh and cry with him; that I can think, talk and worry

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with him. We work together in all things. These little things make me tremendously happy.

When I awake in the morning, I'm happy because the sun is shining or the rain is raining. I'm happy because I can laugh, sing and jump. I'm happy because I can work until I'm tired. I'm happy because I'm able to get tired. I'm vitally interested in everything that is going on. I'm happy with people.

But—if I couldn't see my husband smile or frown; if I couldn't hear his voice or feel his arms around me—and—if I couldn't feel secure in his lasting love and if our love wasn't growing bigger every day, I would never be so happy, so thoroly happy as I am. I'd then look for a happier neighbor than myself to write about.

But could I possibly have or find a happier, more contented neighbor than my very own self?

Life, full of pure, unselfish love, is what makes me so very happy.

"The Happiest Person in My Town."

MRS. M. L. DUNCAN,
7113 Hawthorne Avenue,
Hollywood, California.

P. S.—I was just bursting with love and happiness and had to write. I feel better now.

Oct. 8, 1929.

Your Imagination

(*Continued from page 41*)

quick and his measure of hazard keen. In fact he may be too quick in visualizing possible dangers. This is a tendency of cultured minds. Fools who rush in are rarely recruited from the intelligentsia. Rather the intelligentsia are made up of the angels who fear the bogies brought forth by their imagination. The really intelligent and highly-imaginative man is rarely a person who makes great sums of money or contributes greatly to human progress. Real successful business men often labor under a psychosis; they are victims of a one-track desire insensitive to the mental operations that make other men retrench. A poor Italian digs himself out of a ditch into a successful contracting business and a $50,000 home. Imagination or blissful ignorance? Of course, one must grant that the man had innate judgment and reason, but it is by no means necessary to endow him with imaginative power to explain his success. As a matter of fact he, in all probability, was not sensitively imaginative.

What is the remedy for the active imagination that so effectively and often so insidiously prevents men from exerting constructive effort? Perhaps the great remedy is the realization of the cause. If one knows the cause of a mental tendency one can at least discount it to a certain extent. A cautious man can see to it that he becomes less cautious. By this we do not infer that he could become rash and foolhardy, but that he should try the remedy of seeing how many good points he can discover in analyzing a new idea or proposition rather than the number of bad points. Of course, we must grant the fact that the avowed and incurable optimist might permit his imagination to find too many good points. He discovers favorable factors so easily that ten minutes of thought concerning the business possibilities of a new venture invariably lead up to the door of the Rolls-Royce sales salon.

Good sound judgment lies somewhere between the imagination that sees too many bogies and the imagination that sees too many million-dollar homes. If a man arrives at a million-dollar home before he solves the problems that his new proposition offers, he is defeated before he starts. On the other hand, if he is the type that leans too much to caution, as a result of a fear-instilling imagination, his analysis of a venture, if persisted in long enough, may land him in the almshouse. Both the extreme optimist and the extreme pessimist are highly imaginative beings, while the man who makes the money is the man who is practical minded, hard headed, perhaps ignorant, whose imagination can supply him with only the bare necessities of normal mental life. He does not possess enough imaginative power to overestimate or underestimate. He runs no risk of becoming mired in his own vapors. If he operates a fruit stand he is not dreaming of a chain of them between New York and San Francisco, before he sells his first bunch of bananas. Nor is he mentally introducing himself to the sheriff at a bankruptcy sale.

To fully realize the power of imagination and the deterrent nature of the fears that it might conjure up, we have only to think of the man who was offered one-half interest in Bell's telephone for one thousand dollars. The man's fear of losing his thousand reigned over what imaginative judgment he might have had, had he cautiously analyzed the many attractive possibilities of the Bell telephone. Imagination will scare and lure.

The man who realizes that his imagination gives rise to unnecessary fears has gone a long way toward curing himself of a mental trait that has kept many a productive, fertile mind lashed to a grindstone and a menial job. Perhaps the best cure is that of cutting short cogitation. It is the man who thinks quickly who makes the valuable

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decision. What great executive has not been a fast, keen thinker with decisions coming with unerring accuracy? Long, drawn-out meditation is often the cause of indecision. The longer an imaginative being meditates the greater the possibility of arriving at no decision or at a decision that is not justified.

Moral: Think fast and be on your guard for those imaginative bogies that frighten you with their meaningless gestures.

Success Unlimited

(*Continued from page 23*)

for three months. All my life I have met people socially, so that I know how to handle them, and I've rented the shacks on my farm for the last seven years."

"I think we could use your energy."

My heart fluttered like a whole nest of birds.

"What I really want, Mr. B—, is a brand new building, one that isn't even finished, so that I may sit in that little one-room builder's shack in the street and rent from the blue-prints. I'd like to change each apartment to suit the prospective tenant, give each commercial flat an individual twist—make it into a regular home."

He looked at my lovely gown, my scrupulous gloves.

"It's a dirty business, plowing about over plaster and boards and bricks in an unfinished building."

I leaned forward and whispered:

"I bought this dress to get the job. You ought to see me in overalls."

He laughed.

"When do you want to go to work?"

"Now. Where's the building?"

He laughed again.

"Report at the W—e at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and Broadway tomorrow at nine o'clock. I apologize for putting you in this cheap building, but after all you've had no city experience. Also, remember I'm only engaging you for a three-days' trial."

"That's all right," I said, "thank you," and started out.

"Oh, Miss Burr," he called, "you know how much we pay, don't you?"

"How little, you mean? Surely, I do. You pay thirty-five dollars for a six-day week and ten dollars for every apartment rented."

"All correct but the ten. We pay thirty-five with a period after it."

"It's a shock but I'll work seven days a week so that'll give me forty dollars and sixty cents. I'll be at the W—e in the morning at nine."

It would have taken sticky fly-paper to keep my feet on the sidewalk. I sailed along. At last I had made a wedge in that world where money is, where people live at ease, where ability and energy talk in dollars and forget the pennies.

I was at the W—e at nine next morning and so was Mr. B—'s assistant. He told me they had changed their minds and would have me start in at the P—a, near Columbia College.

We dashed over there and I was given some meagre instructions about leases, and told that until further notice I was in control of the one hundred and seventeen apartments, the telephone operators, the elevator and door men, the superintendent, the roof and the basement.

While I was gasping for breath, Mr. B—'s assistant left me.

I had never before really read a lease thru. I had always been told by renting agents that if I wanted the flat I'd have to sign on the dotted line. I always signed. Now I know there are any number of changes in your favor you can force the owners to make, if you only show them you're as wise as they are, or wiser. People demanded changes and I telephoned the head office about it. Mr. B—'s answers were always the same, "We don't change leases," or "We don't reduce prices—but don't lose 'em!"

Gradually I came to realize that we did change leases and we did juggle prices if we had to. It's an endurance test. If you don't weaken, they'll give in—if you do weaken, you'll pay.

At Columbia, I was in my own element. The apartment house was full of students, teachers and exchange professors. I treated them all as tho they were my guests and would have given them tea if there had been any place in the lobby to rig up a table. I pointed out all the nice things about the apartments, and all the defects. People would look at me and say, "I never heard of such honesty."

I answered, "Well, if I were a slicker, I'd only talk up the advantages, then you'd be on your guard. I point out disadvantages and that puts you off your guard. While you're off, I make you sign on the dotted line."

"There you go again, being honest."

It took me three weeks to get that lobby as clean as I wanted it. Mop strings festooned the feet of all the chairs and the big rugs were dotted with all sorts of tiny rubbish. I told the porters gently how to vacuum the rugs and asked them in my best tone to remove chairs when mopping instead of swishing the thing in and out the legs. They would not do it, so each morning I worked for an hour to make the lobby look spick and span. Gradually, shame made them do it properly.

I rented so many apartments the second week that my salary was raised to forty dollars for the six-day week. With the extra day it came to forty-six dollars and sixty cents.

At the end of three weeks, Mr. B— phoned and said, "Look here, I only engaged you for a three-days' trial."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, you're wasting your talent up there. Report tomorrow at Seventy-fifth and West End where the apartments are three thousand five hundred a year."

I reported there and worked thirteen hours a day for three weeks, showing as many as forty people a day thru the building, and could not rent an inch. I wasn't a bit scared. Somehow, nothing could shake my confidence in my ability to establish people in homes. I was as comfortable and at ease in my mind as tho I had been doing a week's washing. If I could handle people at Columbia, I could handle them on West End, tho I'll admit Babbitts with money are less in my line than poor exchange professors.

Without saying a word to Mr. B—, I went snooping around all the buildings within a radius of three blocks. I pretended I wanted to rent an apartment and thereby obtained prices and floor plans.

My survey proved that we were at least three hundred dollars too high on everything. Our building was three years old and we had no electric refrigeration and no dining rooms. We had dining alcoves, which I have come to look upon as a bad investment, except in apartment hotels. Dining alcoves attract old people and young couples and floaters. A family man in the height of his career wants a real dining room with a god-fearing dining-room table under which he can put his legs. He's the man with money and the spender, therefore we want him in our expensive apartments.

I announced to Mr. B—that our prices were wrong. He said, "If I had wanted to reduce the rents three hundred dollars, I would not have lost a single tenant." "You make a mistake," I said. "You should have reduced the rents and kept the people."

My suggestion was turned in at the next meeting; the rents were reduced three hundred dollars and I rented ten in as many days.

My ego expanded to bursting point. I was sure at last that I had inherited my father's nose for real estate. In one year's time I've come to smell a bargain in land one mile off and as for beautiful building materials, I love them so that when I see a load of really fine wood I could bite into it as tho it were cake.

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After the horror of moving twenty-eight families in and twenty-eight out on the first of October, I decided to retire to my own little flat in the Village and see if I could finish a novel that had grown dusty with age.

I had averaged about seventy dollars a week all summer and felt like some sort of millionaire. But I wasn't permitted to retire. Mr. B.—asked me as a favor to take over a building on Central Park West for eight weeks. The super's wife was ill, otherwise he could have handled the few people who stroll in after the renting season is over.

I then confessed to Mr. B—that the last twenty-five years of my life had been devoted to writing and I wanted to finish a book.

He said, "Fine. There's a nice little office where you may write your head off. Most renting agents have so much time on their hands they stand at the front door biting their cuticle. You may look upon your book as cuticle."

I took the job and there in absolute comfort finished the book, all the while drawing my salary.

Mr. B— used to phone, "How's the book coming?"

"Fine, except that three or four times a day people come in to look at apartments and disturb me."

"Why don't you tell 'em to come back in an hour?"

No sooner had I finished on Central Park West than I was given entire charge of a small and still unfinished co-operative apartment building in the Village. I took it on a commission basis and in eight weeks have averaged one hundred dollars a week. I'd have to struggle hard not to sell it all by August first and make about five thousand dollars for myself.

There isn't a thing I've ever refused to do for a tenant, tho I have laughed inwardly at their requests. I've emptied the pans under their ice-boxes, changed the water in gold-fish bowls, taken the dogs for a walk and petted the cats to keep them from being lonely. I've paid C.O.D.'s for them and lent them taxi fares out of my own pocket and listened to their marital difficulties by the hour.

"I wouldn't be chamber-maid for the tenants," said Mr. B— one day.

"Oh, nonsense. What does it matter? I don't mind it and it makes the whole building just one happy family with me as the mama."

One of the circulars of the little co-operative building reached a real estate man in the Village. He called me up, we lunched together and during the meal I had an original thought on the management of co-operatives. It's probably the only original thought I've ever had in my life and I'm sure I'll never have another this side of heaven, but the real estate man was impressed.

"Miss Burr, I'm putting up a big co-operative in Washington Square next fall. Would you like to take it over?"

I said I would.

This morning he called me up and asked what I thought of a certain secluded little square in lower New York where the real estate harpies have not yet pounced.

I said, "It's good. Are you acquiring a block of property there?"

He was non-committal, but of course I know that is exactly what he is doing. These big operators will buy an old house and sit on it for ten years, if necessary, waiting for the next and the next house so as to tear them all down and put up something big. Sometimes they'll get two ends of a block and wait years for the middle.

I told this particular operator that four buildings are going up within two blocks of that small obscure square, and that a friend of mine has been offered ten thousand dollars for a ten-years' lease she has on a near-by tea-room. "Did she sell?" he asked. I answered, "She did not!"

In the afternoon paper there was an announcement that he had bought in that particular square. He was just testing my real-estate nose.

All the big real-estate people are putting women in as renting agents. Men are not successful. They say in an indifferent manner, "Three rooms and bath," or "Ten rooms and five baths," and let it go at that. A woman will try to visualize the furnished apartment. "If you have a big piece, it might go here and if you have a console table it would look charming there," and so on and so on. With her own imagination, she develops imagination in the prospective tenant.

While a building is going up I am the enemy of the builder and the friend of the owner. When a building is finished I become the enemy of the owner and the friend of the prospective tenant.

I still feel I am no saleswoman. If people begin to beat me down on prices, I use myself as a decoy, get a deposit and an application and transfer the fight to the main office. Sometimes the tenant wins, sometimes the office. In either case, I remain the tender-hearted and deeply sympathetic friend of both.

There is no doubt if you can make your brain work in one direction it will work in another. During every in-between moment I am writing like several houses on fire. In other words I never close my desk except when I'm asleep. While I'm at parties, I'm either collecting material for stories or scenting out buyers for my new co-operative. And the way I'm spending money! I have good clothes and my daughter has good clothes and we take taxis when we're tired and I give three or four dinner parties a week, in cold blood, at a one dollar table d'hote place in the Village.

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I don't believe my loneliness and suffering and poverty paved the way to my present success at all. If I'd lived like a queen and earned money instead of living like an alley cat and saving it, I might make the next three months look like twenty thousand instead of a mere five! . . . So much depends upon the line of approach.

To me, getting a job, now, is like a man's second million—you can't stop it from coming!

Emotions and Pigments

(*Continued from page 33*)

in the Embassy Theatre, for instance, actually show?"

"Those tests," replied the psychologist, "gave just the same general type of results that have been obtained from other tests made in the laboratory and clinic. Only, of course, the public experiments were not as satisfactory because of the uncontrolled conditions under which we were obliged to work. If you want a serious explanation of my findings concerning blonds and brunettes, I should prefer to discuss results as a whole."

"Certainly, doctor," I agreed. "What have you found to be the outstanding emotional characteristics of the blond?"

"Submission," said Dr. Marston promptly, "and also dominance. The normal blond enjoys, above all things, submission to people she loves, both men and women. She is often quite childlike in her submission; and when she is in love she is quite insatiable in her requirements for continuous petting; but at the same time the blond has more than her share of dominance emotion or aggressiveness in going after money, pretty clothes and amusements of all sorts. She prefers submission. But when she cannot find any one to pet her, she is apt to turn dominant very abruptly. While in this state of emotion, the blond is cold, hard and mercenary."

"When you say the blond is submissive," I broke in, "do you mean that she is loving? Do you mean that she submits to a lover?"

"Not necessarily," answered the psychologist. "It is a little hard to explain, perhaps, unless you understand submission emotion in its simplest, most childlike expression. We have found that very young children experience an emotion which leads them to submit to their mother or nurse. They take spontaneous pleasure in carrying out the mother's commands and being controlled by her in various ways. So far, the emotion is one of simple submission. This is one of the four primary emotions. Then we also find that the same child enjoys still more the emotion which he experiences when petted and caressed by a loving adult. The child laughs and cuddles deeper in the arms of his mother for the sake of obtaining still more caresses. Now this emotion is a combined feeling made up of submission and a more active primary emotion called inducement. The child submits joyfully to the pleasant stimulation of hugs and caresses while at the same time he induces further caresses by cuddling against the mother or holding out hands and feet to be stroked and tickled. This simultaneous combination of submission and inducement emotion is called "passive love." Both the primary emotions of submission and inducement must be present to make real love emotion. Tho this passive love emotion appears spontaneously in very young children, it is just the same emotional combination of submission and inducement that develops in sexually mature adults into the kind of love we call 'passion'."

"Well, then, doctor," I inquired, "you said that the emotion a blond likes is submission. Do you mean that her submission emotion is simple submission, like that of a child, or is it combined with inducement in such a way as to make her unusually passionate?"

The doctor smiled. "You certainly have learned to ask important questions," he said. "This time you have asked a question which cannot be answered arbitrarily for all blonds as a class. We must allow a good deal of leeway for individual differences in development and experience. Some blonds obviously have married and some have not. Some have been fortunate in their love affairs and so have developed real passion, while others have been less fortunate, and, therefore, have received less love development."

"But can't you say anything about the blond type as such?" I persisted. "Do you really think that blonds tend to retain a rather childlike simplicity of submission emotion?"

"Perhaps they do," confessed the emotions specialist. "I have always found the inducement emotion of blonds to be at a minimum. And it takes a great deal of passive inducement emotion to combine properly with submission in order to generate adult love passion. I have found many blonds, at least, at about the same stage in the development of passion that the child reaches when he has learned thoroly to enjoy the physical caresses and petting of his mother or nurse. This enjoyment of the mother's caresses consists mostly of submission, with just a tiny bit of inducement beginning to mingle with it."

"What proof have you," I asked, "that blonds' passions are in this child-like state of development?"

"That was one thing," said Dr. Marston, "that showed up rather well in the Embassy Theatre tests. The blond girls did not begin to show any considerable amount of emotion until the screen lovers actually began to hug and kiss each other. Assuming that they were vicariously experiencing these physical caresses, the implication would be that the blond girl experienced her greatest love excitement during the actual physical pettings and caresses of the loved one, just as the child experiences its happiest moments of passive love in the arms of its mother. Moreover, many blond women who have come to me for emotional analysis have reported that they suffer from coldness and lack of passion except just at the moment of being caressed. The whole clinical picture is one of much active submission and very little inducement."

"What happens, then," I asked, "if the blond's husband or boy friend stops petting her? Surely she will not submit tamely to a lack of loving!"

"That is just where most of the trouble starts," responded the doctor quickly, "in the love affairs of blonds. They do not like to induce the lover to continue his attentions. Moreover, most blonds absolutely refuse to induce a reluctant friend, man or woman, to pay attention to them. You remember that I mentioned dominance as the second greatest blond emotion? Now, when a friend or lover ceases to treat a blond in the way she desires, her dominance flares up almost instantly. Instead of inducing the inattentive one to pay more attention to her, she is most likely to act dominantly by cutting off her friendship or love from this individual altogether. If she still feels the need of being petted and caressed, she turns easily to someone else who offers these attentions spontaneously. Or, if the affair has gone somewhat deeper, the blond may find herself so hurt and disappointed at the neglect by her former lover that she deliberately turns from love altogether, and throws herself feverishly into business or pleasure-hunting pursuits, agressively rejecting all proffers of friendship or love."

"And what about blonds as gold-diggers?" I asked. "There seems to be a general idea on Broadway that blonds hold the world's championship at this favorite indoor sport."

"Well, now, I don't know about that," said the doctor. "You'll find many brunettes, especially those with brown

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eyes, well up in the running in all gold-digging contests. But this much is true. The blond woman who has never had any deep love affairs or who has had a vital disappointment in love of the sort I have just been talking about, quickly discovers that she can use her childish, superficial love responses as a bait which men are eager to swallow. Such blonds enjoy submitting to many men a little; and they have not the slightest intention of submitting to any man a great deal. They soon find that a little bit of love submission, which they enjoy, can be sold at a high price to the pleasure-seekers of Broadway. Most habitués of the night clubs do not want any more than a trifling love submission from the girls who entertain them, despite a good deal of popular propaganda to the contrary. Gold-digging, of course, is use of love for appetite; or in other words, a sale of a little love for much money. Blonds of the type described are ready to give a little love, and the Broadwayites have much money. Therefore, the prevalence of blond gold-diggers on Broadway."

"So that's why gentlemen prefer blonds!" I exclaimed. "They want to buy love, but not too much of it. And most blonds, as you have described their emotions, are ready to meet the masculine demand on both counts. Now, doctor, what about brunettes? Have you found them more emotional than the blonds?"

"The same old question!" sighed Dr. Marston. "I have been asked that question a thousand times. It is not a question of brunettes being *more* emotional, but rather of having a *different pattern* of emotions. When you started asking me about blonds, you put the question properly. You wanted to know the distinctive emotional characteristics of the blond. Well, now, if you like, I'll give you the outstanding primary emotions of the brunette. The brunette has strong inducement and almost equally strong submission thoroly integrated, or combined, into mature love emotion. But she prefers the active rôle in love affairs always. Active love lays the emphasis upon inducement rather than upon submission."

"Is active love something different from passion?" I interrupted. "You referred to passion a while back as 'passive love'."

"Quite right," assented the doctor. "Active love is called *captivation*. It first appears, in children, when little girls from three to five years old begin to flirt with their fathers or with older boys and male visitors to the home. They solicit spontaneously the attentions of their mothers and older sisters as well as the admiration of the masculine sex. The word 'captivate' means 'to take captive by charm.' And this describes quite accurately the emotional behavior just mentioned. There is necessarily a lot of submission in the emotion of captivation. But inducement is by far the controlling element. Little girls especially enjoy this emotion of captivation when they act as 'teacher' or 'mother' in 'playing school' or 'playing house.' Then, during adolescence, love excitement is added to captivation. The mature woman who seeks to captivate a man by her physical charms reaches a very high pitch of love excitement."

"And how do you know," I interposed, "that brunettes specialize in captivation?"

"Well, for one thing," said the scientist, "in motion picture situations, the brunette shows by far the greatest emotion while one lover is in the process of captivating, or inducing, the other. In one of the scenes from *Love*, for instance, John Gilbert and Greta Garbo stand gazing at one another. Gilbert is exercising his maximum powers of captivation and Greta is resisting, her face never changing its expression of cold superiority to Gilbert's charm. Finally he takes her in his arms and kisses her fervently. Still she shows not the slightest love response, and he is compelled to release her and leave the room without having succeeded in his attempted captivation. This is one of the scenes that seem to excite brunette girls most. It is a captivation contest between man and woman, with neither side victorious. The physical caress of the man is not reciprocated, and, therefore, simply represents part of Gilbert's captivation technique. There is almost no passive love or love submission in this scene. It is precisely this sort of extended captivation behavior which brunettes enjoy for its own sake. When the captivation is finally successful on one side or the other, and passion takes the place of captivation, they begin to lose interest and their emotional symptoms subside accordingly."

"If brunettes want to captivate and blonds to submit," I said, "should a brunette girl always marry a blond husband, and vice versa? Can brunettes get along happily together when united in love?"

"Answering your last question first," replied Dr. Marston, "brunettes when married often make ideal couples. For one thing, both enjoy more or less continuous struggles for love captivation or supremacy over the other. And then, for another thing, a brunette girl at times is capable of extreme self surrender and passionate love. The man must be clever enough to know, however, when his brunette wife or girl friend really wishes to be made to submit. If he picks the wrong occasion, and insists upon trying to make her accept the passive love rôle when she feels like captivating him, the sparks will fly, and a violent, tho temporary, quarrel may ensue. In the end the

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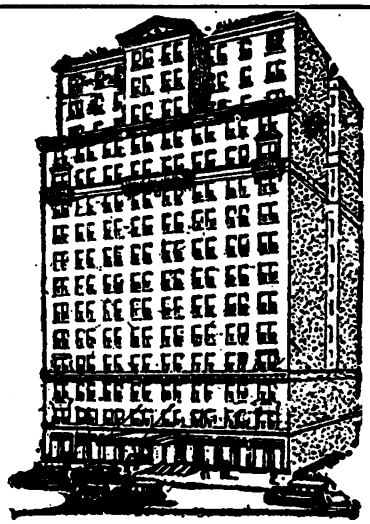

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brunette male, because he is a male, must yield and become the girl's love captive if peace is to be restored. Brunettes really are doubly gifted in their love development, normally possessing both strong captivation and almost equally strong passion. Their predominant wish, however, most of the time, is to captivate."

"And my other question, doctor, about brunettes marrying blonds?"

"That question," replied the psychologist, "is not so easy to answer. Love happiness in marriage between a brunette and a blond depends largely upon the individual development and love experience of the individuals concerned. For two reasons. First, if the blond yields or submits too easily, in too childlike a way, then the brunette will not find the game of captivating her blond lover sufficiently exciting to hold her interest. In that event, she may turn to more difficult, and, therefore, more exciting captivations of other men. And, in the second place, happiness of such a union will depend upon whether or not the blond has acquired, by love experience, enough active inducement to captivate his brunette wife on those occasions when she feels she must surrender to some lover stronger than herself. Such occasional captivations are not difficult for the love-trained blond to accomplish, however, since the brunette is apt to take the initiative even in her active submission behavior."

Half a dozen students were waiting to see the professor.

"Will you excuse me a few minutes, Mr. Brierly? You can look over those page proofs, if you like."

The proof sheets in question were those of Dr. Marston's new book, *Emotions of Normal People.* The book presents, for the first time, a full description of the primary emotions which this psychologist has discovered at the root of all human behavior, from infancy to old age. Data from the psychological laboratory first suggested the existence of these basic emotions, but Dr. Marston has gone further and has found how they work out in actual cases which have come to him for the analysis and adjustment of personality.

Dr. William Moulton Marston is a graduate of Harvard College, class of 1915. He studied psychology there under the well-known professor, Hugo Munsterberg, and in the course of his researches discovered that deception could be detected by recording the blood pressure of a person who was telling a lie. Dr. Marston's original claims for this now famous Deception Test were very modest. He said it was "highly diagnostic" of deception. But such a test naturally appealed to the public imagination, and it was christened the "Lie Detector" by newspapers and magazines. Dr. J. A. Larson, who is chiefly responsible for proving the

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usefulness of the blood pressure test in court cases and police investigations, referred to it in an early article as the "Marston Deception Test." Prof. C. T. McCormick, of the North Carolina University Law School, has recently published an article showing the importance and value of this test, and the extent to which it is now being used.

But Dr. Marston was not satisfied to let this "Lie Detector" be used as a patent medicine, the ingredients of which were unknown. He was convinced that "fear," "anger" and "deceptive emotion" were all complex emotions made up of a number of simpler emotional elements. He set out, therefore, to discover these simpler, primary emotions, in just the same way that chemists of the last century discovered and described the chemical elements of hydrogen and oxygen, which when combined, make water. After working patiently in the psychological laboratory and in the psychological clinic for more than fifteen years, Dr. Marston now believes that he has discovered the four primary elements of all human emotions.

Two of these primary emotions are felt toward antagonistic things and people. They are "dominance," which is felt toward one's weaker opponents, and "compliance," which is felt when one realizes that the antagonist is stronger than one's self. Dominance enables us to attack our opponent and clear our path. Compliance enables us to concede the right of way to the stronger antagonist and thus save ourselves from destruction or injury. When these two primary emotions are wrongly mixed, rage and fear result. Rage means there is too much dominance in the mixture, and fear means that compliance is sweeping us off our emotional balance.

Then there are two other primary emotion elements which are expressed toward people who are felt to be closely allied with ourselves. "Submission" is felt toward closely allied people emotionally stronger than ourselves. And "Inducement" is felt toward attractive persons emotionally weaker than ourselves, whom we would lead and control. Wrong mixtures of inducement and submission produce jealousy (when there is too much submission) and hate (when there is too much inducement).

In a flash I seemed to see deep into the spring of human conducts which, before, had been puzzling and mysterious. Human wars and human loves seem very simple and inevitable when you think of them in terms of Dr. Marston's recent discoveries, the primary emotions. And human fears, furies, hates, jealousies, seem so needless. "Appetite," the normal compound emotion made up of dominance and compliance, in proper mixture, is the emotion that enables us to desire money and jobs and houses and clothes, and to satisfy our emotional souls by their possession. "Love," also, is a normal compound emotion, composed of the right mixtures of inducement and submission. Passive love enables us to submit, passionately, to our loved one. Active love enables a beautiful woman to captivate her lover's body, soul and mind. Furthermore, according to Dr. Marston, women are the only ones properly equipped in body and emotions to be the world's love leaders.

But, the psychologist goes on to say, women are as yet far from qualified for this possible love-leadership, chiefly because they have not yet developed sufficient appetitive strength to enforce their love rules on the man. I quote from his new book:

It seems to me by far the most hopeful symptom of emotional evolution within the period of recorded human history, however, that women are beginning to develop both the power and willingness to support themselves. . . . Presumably it is because women so vastly preferred love response to appetitive activity that they refrained so long from developing *dominance* emotion to the point of appetitive self dependence. For example, I asked a class of thirty girls, recently, to express their preference between having an ideal love affair and possessing a million dollars. These girls are students in a physical training school, and have shown themselves, in other tests, to be much more dominant than the average female group. Twenty-five expressed preference for the love affair, and five for the million dollars. Of these five, two explained that if they had the million dollars they could have the ideal love affair anyway!

The doctor dismissed the last of his students and turned once more to me. I hastened to put the red-head question.

"Doctor," I said, "I've learned a lot about women from you, and a lot about normal emotions. I begin to see how you can measure the love emotions of blonds and brunettes so successfully because I really believe you have discovered the emotion elements out of which love is compounded. You are an emotions chemist. But tell me, if a blond wants passion and a brunette wants captivation, what is there left for the red-head?"

"Ah!" sighed the doctor. "The red-head. Well, biologically, she's a brunette, only more so, and so she is emotionally, too. The brunette, as I've tried to show you, wants more captivation than passion in her love mixture, but she does want a mixture. The red-head takes her captivation straight. She never intends to submit to anybody on earth, if she catches herself doing it. When her victim submits, her fun stops, and so she is very prone to start a quarrel just for the sake of settling it—in her own favor. Red-heads understand this trait in one another, and two of them frequently enjoy a happy, fighting, married life together. The red-heads of either sex are extremely

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lovable, if you grant them the necessity for avoiding peace at the cost of submission, and so do not take their tempers too seriously. I've had a number of letters from red-heads, for instance, since the blond-brunette tests, demanding in no uncertain terms that I include them in my next experiments."

"What were you, doctor, before your hair turned—er—grayish? And which type of girl do you personally prefer, blond, brunette or red-head?" I asked eagerly.

"My hair was medium brown," smiled the doctor. "And that qualifies me to prefer them all!"

Rule-Makers and Fact-Seekers

(*Continued from page 35*)

of a single fact. That fact is that John Doe is a human being, and as such is quite capable of being a gentleman, a rascal and many other kinds of a person.

Of course, the only way we have of learning anything about a fact is thru our impressions of it. We like to say, authoritatively, "The facts are these," when, if we are thoroly and honestly intelligent, we shall say, "My impression of the truth is thus and so."

Living is a matter of being alive to facts. Each experience should leave us with at least one impression of at least one fact. Not the same impression, time after time, but the varied and enlightening impressions that one receives from different viewpoints. More than that, we often find it very helpful to compare our understanding of a fact with the understanding that others have gained. We need to check our impressions of a fact against those received by other folks.

One cannot, of course, become very well acquainted with facts by remaining narrow minded and opinionated. There must be a willingness to consider the other fellow's viewpoint as well as our own. There must be recognition of the fact that no human mind ever encompasses all the truth; that there is always a strong likelihood—if not an absolute certainty—of some truth being on both sides of a question; and that new truth is constantly arising in each of the great issues of life.

Rules are as dangerous as dynamite, unless you are willing constantly to consider revisions of them. If you are determined to hold fast to a rule as it exists, and to persist in being blind, deaf and dumb regarding any and all facts that may throw light upon its value, be assured that you are headed for serious trouble.

You can make rules by skimming over the surface of things, accepting what pleases your fancy, and rejecting everything else. The material you select out of which to make your rules may be nothing but rubbish, but rubbish plus conceit will turn the trick.

Facts, therefore, are concrete conceptions of the truth; rules are formulations of our own notions about what we like and do not like.

When Burns wrote his poem, "A man's a man for a' that," did he give to the world a new rule? Or did he not state a fact?

Was it a new rule that established freedom of the press? Or is not freedom of the press a fact that will not be kept down?

Slavery has been the result of rules, but liberty is an inevitable fact. Superstition has always been a mass of rules, but intelligence is the recognition of facts.

Everything worth while in human experience has come because there is a fact back of it. The things that have hindered, hampered and oppressed mankind have gone and are going, because they have had nothing but rules to support them.

Are you a rule-maker or a fact-seeker?

You owe yourself a frank answer to that question. You need to sit down and ponder it as earnestly as anything that has ever arisen in your life.

If you are a rule-maker, you are simply forging chains, shackles, handcuffs and other impedimenta for yourself. You are suffocating your mind, dulling your sensibilities and paralyzing your powers of expression. You are your own prisoner and your own jailor, your own serf and your own tyrant.

But, if you are a seeker after facts, you are the only kind of a human being who is really free. You can deal with the toughest things in life, and need never surrender to them, because you know that facts annihilate every obstacle.

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Outpointing the Octopus

(*Continued from page 19*)

man groveled in the dust, became anemic, in the fierce fight to live.

While his mind dwelt on these seeming partialities, he saw thru a vista in the trees a man plowing in a near-by field. Until domesticated by man even the beasts that did this plowman's bidding were sheltered and fed by God. . . .

Finally soothed, his mind in some repose, he almost dozed under the hypnotic spell nature casts over man. A crunch near him. He looked up and saw the plowman coming down the trail thru the woods. He was whistling. Sweat stood on his forehead. He wiped it off with his clay-soiled handkerchief.

Soon he faced the city dweller who heard his nervous, abashed laugh and his words, "'By the sweat of your brow,' you know. . . ."

The city-dweller, startled, looked up. He could not resist the simple, confiding look man gives to man in a supposedly companionable world.

The plowman had hesitated. The city dweller made a motion for him to be seated.

"I come here often for my lunch," confided the plowman. "I like the taste of that water over there. . . . God was sure good when he put that spring there for me to drink from. . . . Have a sandwich. And a piece of cake? . . . Nobody can make better cake than my old woman."

"Thank you."

The city-dweller munched away at the lunch for some moments silently. "Yes, the cake is good—excellent. But don't you wish we were like the trees, and had nothing to do but drink in the rain, feed our roots in the warm brown earth? . . . Even this little violet doesn't have to bother itself about the means of life. . . ."

The plowman flushed, looked embarrassed, his eye for the moment dull. The silence was a tangible thing between them. Each felt something beyond the ken of material flesh and muscles and nerves.

The buzzing of a fly broke the tension. Simultaneously each glanced in the direction of the sound. At their feet a fly was struggling for its life in a spider's web. And as they looked the spider closed upon the fly. While the frank, open blue eyes of the plowman had been fixed upon him, the city-dweller had almost forgotten the Octopus. The spider went its way, licking its jaws after its repast. A bird darted down and greedily seized the spider, and then flew victoriously away to feed its offspring. A small cloud for a moment seemed to cross the face of the sun. No—it was only a hawk that was swooping down upon the bird.

The city-dweller closed his eyes, bent his head upon his knees. "Is no being safe?"

The plowman tenderly explained as if reading the other's thoughts, "They don't know much more than to eat when they're hungry." Innocently he added, "The weak is always the victim. . . . Ain't you noticed that with man?"

"Yes," bitterly, with clenched teeth, admitted the city-dweller.

"But man is different from these here insects and birds," pursued the plowman. With sympathy, albeit with a shade of curiosity, he questioned. "Ain't you ever had somethin' stir in you that wasn't your thoughts or your feelin's—somethin' that just cries out of its own accord, 'I'm boss, I'll live and not die'?"

"Yes," quickly and seriously assented the city-dweller.

"It's somethin' that nothin' can reach. . . . It's yours to do with like you want. There ain't nothin' that can touch it or take it from you if you ain't a-mind it should. . . . You say, God feeds the trees. But what's left when the lightnin' strikes one down to earth? What have you got, what have I got, when we are left helpless and torn to pieces?"

"The soul," nodded the city dweller, the muscles of his face relaxing. . . .

* * *

A RESOLUTE calm overspread the city-dweller's face as again from his office window he looked out upon the street below—upon the "sea". . . . "A sea of souls. . . . No tentacle can reach the soul—if you ain't a-mind it should."

Who Was to Blame?

(*Continued from page 39*)

legal and judicial systems which had no method of diagnosing John's case while he was still a home and school criminal.

4. The school system which failed to make the same arrangements in providing specialists for the unmoral and well children, as it did for the children who were non-normal physically and mentally.

5. The system which failed to provide sufficient truancy officers to keep John in school, either regular or non-normal, as long as the state law required.

6. The state which permitted John

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to leave the control or supervision of the school system at the most critical period of his adolescent years.

7. The system of school and city which failed to provide, in the congested districts, proper play and work grounds thruout the whole year, with sufficient number of specially trained teachers and guardians. How many children in the thickly populated tenement districts can go to the parks every day?

8. The police system which failed to segregate or reform John while he was confined to petty larceny.

9. The system and parents who teach children that policemen are enemies instead of friends. A policeman bears the same relation to the child in the street that the parent bears to the child in the home. Both should maintain discipline. Both should be friends.

10. The churches which failed to reach John and his parents. Every church needs to realize more fully its duty in sharing with the school and city the responsibility in the reformation of these home-made criminals and their parents.

11. The Parent-Teacher Association which failed to instil a few fundamental principles of child training into the brains and hearts of John's parents.

12. The state which permitted its future parents to graduate from fourth grade with no basic knowledge of the duties of their almost certain vocation —the vocation of rearing children to be physically clean and morally useful.

13. The state which permitted the unlicensed, unrecorded or carelessly inspected sale of firearms.

14. The system which pays higher salaries and demands better training for the teachers in high school than for those who work with the child in his earliest character-forming years.

15. The system which allows a self-confessed murderer to go free on any kind of a plea. Whether he be born or made a criminal, whether he be rich or poor, educated or illiterate, young or old, of good birth or low, he is an unsafe character, a spreader of murder germs and should be no more released than a leper or a maniac. The system which releases a robber or murderer is as much, and more, to be blamed than would be a health officer who released a patient suffering from a malignantly contagious disease.

16. Public sentiment which encourages the flaunting of these hold-ups and murders before the eyes of the morally weak. A normal boy may not be affected. A boy of John's type, a street and slum product, is susceptible to these big-money, easy-escape crimes.

Many people believe that for a potential murderer to know he may be hanged will deter him from planning a like crime. Every man who enters business knows that many men fail, but if every man failed no mentally responsible man would ever have courage to make a start. The street and slum potential murderer is like the business man. A few robbers and murderers are sentenced—more escape. The Johns are ambitious and venturesome. They have the true sporting spirit; they take the chance; they will be the successes who can know no failure.

The proper time to have segregated this boy was when he failed to respond to the refining influence of the kindergarten. It should have been done for two reasons: he was a germ spreader and a germ receiver; his natural talent as a leader, combined with his wrong attitude toward law and life, made him a contagion, a source of infection to every child responsive to these qualities, and he, in turn, was a receiver of germs more virulent than his own. But his segregation came too late and murder was the logical sequence.

Even tho this boy was sinned against by home, school, church, city, state, society and the professions and courts, no one could think he should be allowed his liberty. Who could think he ought to hang?

What should have been done with him?

But this study only takes John thru the long stages of humanizing and remedial treatment.

The Coming of the White Man

(Continued from page 44)

water boil; the men from the moon brought great iron pots under which they built their fires. And instead of laboriously making fire by friction they touched rocks with tiny sticks—matches—and flame leaped out from the ends of the sticks.

There were far too many evidences of "magic" to place these visitors in any category but that of gods, so the natives worshiped the explorers and placed all on the islands at their disposal. In Samoa to this day whites are called *papalangi*, which means "come from above" or "sky creatures."

Because a god can do no wrong and because their legends told of other gods who had taken human wives for a season there was no protest when these first explorers violated the most sacred *tapus* and *tabus*. They entered forbidden places; they ate with women; they crossed the shadows of royalty; they wore colors *tapu* to all but rulers and they did not humble themseves before chiefs and priests. They drank from *tabu* springs. Their licentious conduct with native women was condoned because as gods they were above man-made law, and social excesses were not only permitted but they were heightened because, clearly, it was a form of entertainment desired by the gods.

Such was the experience of practically all explorers first to touch shore in the South Pacific, for even where their coming had not been predicted they were accepted as immortals. This was literally the reception given Captain Cook when, in 1778, he discovered the Hawaiian Islands, the most isolated group in the world. Cook landed, remained with them and actually sailed from Hawaii, leaving the natives firmly convinced that they had entertained a god and a band of angels. The tragic consequences of his return would not have occurred had not a sailor sickened and died, proving that the strangers were mortals and not immortals. When that shocking realization burst upon the people of Hawaii and of other islands it threatened the prestige of the sorcerers and it was years before they regained the complete confidence of the people; on some islands they were never restored to their former supremacy. This, say the natives, accounts for the fact that in the early days of missionary effort a percentage of heathen turned to the Christian God.

But those things have nothing to do with the first receptions given explorers thruout the South Seas. Nor with the further fact that the coming of a *white man* was predicted and that the prophecy was fulfilled.

And stranger still were the legends of Hawaii, amazingly like stories of the Old Testament. For instance, the natives believed in a triune god named *Hikapoloa*, composed of *Kane*, *Ku* and *Lono*. In the beginning there was no earth, no light, no sun, moon nor stars. Chaos ruled the universe. The Trinity willed that light appear and it came. Then they made three heavens, a dwelling-place for each and then, in order, the earth, sun, moon and stars. Next they made many angels to serve them.

In accord with the opening chapters of Genesis they created man from the dust of the earth, found it was not good for him to live alone, caused a deep sleep to fall upon him and while he slept took a rib from his side from which they made woman.

The man and woman were placed in a beautiful garden and told they might eat of everything but the *tabu* breadfruit tree. Satan came to the woman in the form of a lizard, tempted her, she tempted the man and together they fell and were driven away. The legend

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relates that they had three sons, *Laka*, *Ahu* and *Ka Pili*, and that "*Laka* was a bad man and killed his brother, *Ahu*."

The story continues and tells that the people multiplied, rebelled against the gods and the Trinity decided to destroy the earth by water. But there lived a man, *Nuu*, whom they wished to save so told him to fashion a great canoe and put a top upon it. When it was finished he and his wife entered, his three sons and their wives and a male and a female of every living thing. Then the waters came and covered the earth. How long the canoe floated I was never able to learn, but after a while the waters went down and *Nuu* and those with him grounded on the top of a mountain. When *Nuu* stepped from the canoe he saw the moon shining and mistaking it for the god, *Kane*, offered a sacrifice to the moon. This so angered *Kane* that he made a rainbow by which he descended to earth and upbraided the Hawaiian Noah. *Nuu* convinced him, however, that his mistake had been an honest one and *Kane* relented; as a perpetual reminder of his forgiveness he allows the rainbow to appear in the sky.

The legends flow on and on, leave Genesis and tell of a Hawaiian Jonah who displeased the gods, was upset in his canoe, swallowed by a great fish and later cast up on the beach.

These legends and others, many of them so like our Bible stories, were centuries old when Cook and other explorers touched Hawaii. It is unlikely that the stories were told them by whites, for even had an unrecorded company visited the islands prior to Cook's landing it is unthinkable that they would have told the natives all about the Old Testament and nothing of the New. And it is a fact that Hawaiians did not hear the story of Jesus until the coming of the missionaries in 1820, more than forty years after Cook's discovery.

Natives who have not forsaken their ancient beliefs stoutly maintain that their pagan stories are originals and scout the idea that they are changes in or adaptations from the Old Testament. Missionaries, of course, are equally positive that in some unexplainable way the Old Testament was communicated to the people and in the course of centuries was changed and altered to suit island conditions.

The account of the Fall of Man, for instance, is identical except that "apple" has been changed to "breadfruit" and "snake" to "lizard." Missionaries point out that because there have never been snakes in Hawaii it is logical to believe that in the course of telling and retelling thru the ages the native priests decided that the islands' most repulsive object, a non-venomous lizard, was the form adopted by Satan when tempting the woman.

The missionary is convinced that his version is the original and the other spurious. But not so the native. In support of this position a Hawaiian said to me, "Look in your own Bible and where your god curses the Tempter you will read, 'Because thou hast done this . . . upon thy belly shalt thou go.' That proves that before the lizard tempted the woman he did *not* have to go on his belly. The *haole* (white man) who wrote your own Bible," he continued, "knew that the Tempter walked on legs and was not a snake, but a lizard. You got the *mélé* (history) from us and changed it to suit yourselves. Our *mélé* is the original; *haole mélé* is taken from ours."

Several times in these articles we shall come upon similar instances—forms, ceremonies and beliefs treasured as our own to which the heathen of the South Seas claim prior right. And the fact is that native priests are able to present their claims so clearly that they hinder and interfere with the work of Christian missionaries.

That, too, in degree was the experience of explorers. If they denied or ridiculed a preposterous pagan theory, either a plausible explanation was forthcoming or they were asked to explain an involved phase of their own theology. In my own experience I became friendly with several aged *tohungas* who gave me some of these Hawaiian legends. When one of them had finished the tale of *Nuu*, the Hawaiian Noah, I checked back over my notes and found that a rainbow had appeared at night, while the moon was shining. Thinking I had uncovered a flaw I asked how that could be and he told me of the lunar rainbow which later I was to see many times in the brilliantly moonlit tropical nights. "But, *malihini*, (newcomer) if I no could tell," he continued, "that no make it bad lie. Some things no can explain." Then suddenly he asked, "Are there horses in the white man's heaven?" I assured him there were not. "Then what became of the horses which took your Elijah's chariot to heaven?" he asked.

But it was not the function of those early explorers to debate with natives. They were not so much interested in their religion as in their strange ways and customs. For the explorers were scarcely less astonished than were the natives. They had come upon unknown islands inhabited by kindly, gentle people many of whom were cannibals; a race or races passionately fond of music and flowers; a land of iron-clad *tabus* and *tapus* (prohibitions infractions of which frequently carried the death penalty); a people to whom the punishment of children was revolting and unthinkable; marvelous swimmers and

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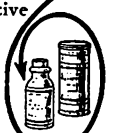

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skillful inter-island navigators; races without a written language but which had preserved their histories for centuries with legends and chants; examples of artistic tattooing that have never been equalled; sorcery which to this day challenges the respect of most white men and which many missionaries do not call fakery but brand as the work of the devil; islands which to the present time have never known a poisonous plant or flower nor a venomous snake or reptile; a people of strange, exotic dances thrilling to the explorers.

In Fiji these same explorers learned of a prehistoric Tower of Babel built to let natives peer into the moon, but which crashed from a great height. In New Zealand they found the people savages in that they were cannibals, barbarians in that they had a form of government and civilized in that they had rudimentary knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic—and a system of daily delivery of mail.

When explorers returned with their tales of wonder, their vivid accounts of a guileless people whose richest treasures could be had for a few worthless pieces of iron, and more especially when they hinted of possible pearls, the second class of white men, traders, sprang into action.

For the most part traders were not scientists, as were the explorers. And while many of them were partially motivated by love of adventure they fitted out their ships and made the venture for gain. They, too, set sail for the southern seas on voyages of barter and trade and exchange—for profit.

Dividends of Discipline

(*Continued from page 45*)

employers and also judges and policemen. Discipline should be made attractive. The benefits should be kept in the foreground. When the owner of an automobile is learning how to drive he doesn't object to the restraining hand of the expert or to the traffic rules of the highway. These are essential aids to advancement. So are all forms of discipline, properly regarded and utilized.

In general, what is discipline for? To help us to know, command, conserve, use and promote ourselves. To sharpen our eyes, open our ears, close our mouths, train our muscles, steady our nerves, quiet our feelings, straighten our backbones. To increase our assets and decrease our liabilities. To make us more lovable. To keep us in line with a great purpose, attainable only thru a vigorous and rigorous method of training.

The demand of discipline is that we take command of ourselves. It is an exhibition of outer control as is education for inner control. It puts us on our mettle, challenges us to be equal to both necessity and opportunity, shows us how we have been wrong, stupid or weak.

This process often hurts. It generally feels unpleasant while we are getting used to it, or growing out of it, or working thru it. No matter. Human feelings, notions, whims, caprices, inclinations and habits must be forced to behave; and if ours need to be hit hard, we should exult that we are strong enough to take the blows and wise enough to profit by them.

Complete self-government is what will enable us finally to dominate circumstances and events. If thru severe discipline we can attain self-government, the outcome will be all salutary.

A pronounced individual naturally objects to the rule of discipline. The way to stop its being autocratic is to make it automatic. Get used to it so you don't let it bother you, don't even notice it as unpleasantness or intrusion. Almost any kind of discomfort may be ignored into oblivion, or smiled away. The good ultimate effect, not the bad temporary feeling, is what really counts.

Are you undergoing a form and term of discipline that you recognize as such? If so, why and how? What necessity brought it? What opportunity will come from it? Prior to analysis of cause and effect, it may be well to realize anew the importance of mental attitude. How we do a thing depends on how we view it.

The immortals have been masters of discipline. They welcomed it, conquered it, made it help them—not hinder them. A superman finds discipline the open door to his high destiny. The greatest discoverers, inventors, writers, philosophers, business men, have triumphantly gone thru a chastening process that hurt.

What, now, is your form of discipline? How, by means of it, will you become greater, stronger, finer, better able to do immortal work and evolve immortal character? We would suggest a close analysis that others have found profitable. The dictionary gives three main definitions of discipline. We quote them, and offer comment:

1. "Systematic training or subjection to authority, by instruction and exercise." This occurs in business, the school, the home. It covers routine, order, safety, hygiene, exactness, promptness, neatness, economy, courtesy, cooperation. Manifestly these objectives are all fine, but not all easy of attainment. For example, it seems to hurt the average man to keep his things in order, as every good housekeeper knows. Yet if the housekeeper is expected to make all her cookery perfectly wholesome, she finds that process equally distressing. Harmony should result from discipline.

2. "Training obtained by misfortune, trouble, etc." This we may all expect, sooner or later. The sooner the better, as we shall then have a longer time for the realization of benefits accruing. The problem is individual, while any observed under the preceding heading is a mutual affair. They should be treated differently.

3. "Punishment for the sake of training." Most of us need punishment for grievous mistakes in this life. Many of the saints, prophets and ascetics have deliberately punished themselves to balance up their account with Fate, and put them on the list of future creditors, with cosmic rewards accumulating.

What are a few of the distinct benefits that compulsory training surely confers when we are in line with its purpose? Evidently these—and many others which you can discern by a focus of thought on the subject:

The discipline of work teaches us the importance of regular hours, habits, duties and responsibilities; of production, economy, service, cooperation.

The discipline of competition shows us the need for ambition, caution, silence, investigation, mental and material resources, finer method and skill.

The discipline of hardship cultivates in us the saving qualities of courage, poise, resiliency, firmness, will power, adaptability, endurance.

The discipline of pain forces us to learn how we have been living wrong, and what we must do to get right with nature.

The discipline of illness offers us a chance to rest, think, meditate, investigate, find how illness may be avoided hereafter.

The discipline of poverty makes us practise thrift and value money keenly, so that when we have it we shall not waste it.

The discipline of loss urges us to be more careful, and if necessary to acquire balance thru increase of a wise and just selfishness.

The discipline of loneliness invites us to make friends with good books, little children and strangers who would esteem our friendship.

The discipline of failure leads us to success, by marking with the wreckage of our past mistakes the pitfalls to avoid in future.

The discipline of misunderstanding helps us to understand ourselves, and

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then to be ourselves regardless of blind public opinion.

The discipline of defeat stirs us to declare ourselves undefeated, and to maintain that stand while we engineer the victory to follow.

The discipline of sorrow clears our mortal vision, gently revealing the spiritual bonds of eternity, that naught on earth can sever.

Have we the power of understanding? Then fortunate are we whom discipline serves. Our discipline arrives to prove what we are made of and how we can make far more of ourselves.

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The Delivery Boys

(*Continued from page 47*)

received, in a short time he bucked up enough courage to ask the girl to marry him. They became engaged.

After a quarrel a short time later he wanted to see her, but wasn't sure she'd make an engagement with him. He took a taxi to her home, figuring it would be harder for her to refuse him in person than over the phone. All the way he kept thinking how much he wanted to see her—and before he arrived his song, *Oh, Say, Can I See You Tonight?* was born. He made nearly three thousand dollars for this one idea, and his name was before the public.

From earliest childhood both boys were determined to get into the show business. Music was born in their souls, and they followed a tune as a piece of steel does a magnet. Neither of them had any "pull" except that. Johnny's debut was as a member of the old Gas-house Trio which performed on amateur nights in the old Dewey Theatre on 14th Street, when he was about twelve years old.

"The gas-house district had plenty of saloons at that time and there was always an opportunity to entertain in the back rooms. It wasn't such a nice atmosphere, maybe, but I got a chance to sing and play, and that's what I wanted. I didn't like school because it took so much of my time, and I wanted to get on with my music. I wanted to meet people high up in order to get a chance for myself. My sister taught me to transpose, and that was a big step. I felt I was ready for a big job. Mother sang in St. Anne's choir, so I suppose love for music ran in the family.

"I left school when I was thirteen and got a job in a perfume factory, but I couldn't stand the sickly sweet odor, and there wasn't music anywhere. Next I got a job with the Peck Press at three dollars a week and I felt independent. It was while I had that job that Herby Reilly, Willy Lyons and I formed ourselved into the Gas-house Trio. But I began to fear I might lose a finger in the press, which would handicap my playing, and I gave up the work. It hurt me to throw up a three-dollar-a week position, but I couldn't take the risk. After a few other odd jobs I landed at Wanamaker's as a packer of bundles, but that didn't pan out either."

None of these jobs satisfied the craving for music in the heart of the little Irish boy, and he gave up one after the other in spite of the fact that he needed the money. He had made up his youthful mind to be a musician, and with the will power of a man he stuck to his purpose. His soul cried for expression along the only line that he wanted to succeed in. It is little wonder that hundreds of persons are humming his tunes and listening to him night after night over the radio.

But he finally landed in a music-roll department of a store. His boyish hopes beat high. At last he had scored! Now he would get a chance. But day after day went by and he was kicked from pillar to post—but nothing ever happened to give him the chance he needed.

"I began going from music house to music house trying to get an audition, but no one would give me a tumble. Well—one music house did, but I still hate to think about that. There were a lot of people in the room when I started to sing and play, but when I got thru there wasn't anybody left—not even the man who said he would hear me. 'Maybe I ain't so good,' I thought, and I sneaked away before anyone else could see me.

"I was discouraged and got a job as an iron worker with the Western Electric Company. A terrible thing almost happened at the plant. A cut from a piece of iron caused a bone felon on my finger and the doctors thought it would be necessary to amputate."

Johnny was heartbroken. The secret visions he had stored away for the time faded as he listened to the decision. He couldn't keep back the tears, and he sobbed as he told the doctors of his dreams and plead with them to save his finger. Dr. Embury, a violinist as well as a doctor, realized how fatal to the boy's hopes an operation would be and worked day and night to save the finger—and won! Johnny has never forgotten.

Soon after that Johnny Tucker and Harry Blissard formed an entertaining team and hired themselves out at five dollars a night.

"It was fun getting paid for singing and playing. Sometimes the hours were late, and we had to be at our jobs early in the morning, but we never thought of giving up. There was only one goal for me and nothing else mattered much."

The young man joined the Navy as

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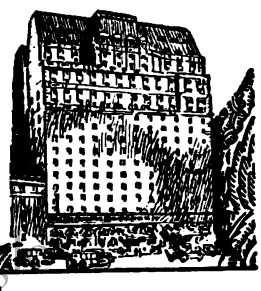

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a seaman, hoping he could get into the band. Sure enough he was soon the leader of the band, with thirty-five men under his direction. Mrs. George Gould met him, and was so pleased with what he was doing that she wanted to adopt him. "But I had my own mother, and, of course, I wouldn't leave her." However, Mrs. Gould gave the Receiving Ship at New York an organ and helped them in numerous ways.

"But I had to leave the Navy to take care of my mother and I found that by this time I could support myself with my music. I got a job as a piano player in Barron's cabaret, Arcadia Hall, Brooklyn. I tired of that very soon. That kind of night life didn't appeal to me."

It was at this time that Johnny was finally admitted to the New York fire department, and established a reputation for singing and playing. He wrote all of the time he was with the company, altho many of his songs are just now being produced.

Mr. Julius Witmark gave him his real start. Al Cook of that company had long been convinced that Johnny was worth a chance, but he couldn't convince the bosses. Fifteen years ago, when the little boy was tramping around looking for a job, Mr. Cook had tried to get him into the organization, but he couldn't make the grade then.

Joe Schuster was with the Witmark Company long before Mr. Tucker. In fact, he was instrumental in getting his present partner a job there. He had heard the Irish singer and had an idea they could work together to mutual advantage. Those who listen to them as they broadcast over Station WOR, and many other smaller stations, agree he was right.

They have been made members of the Authors, Composers, and Writers League. To become a member one must have written at least six good songs and produced one hit. They have been made honorary members of the Detectives' Benevolent Association of the police department in New York City for the many favors they have done for the cops.

Tucker and Schuster are still writing songs from their own experiences. Simple themes appeal, they know, because they touch a responsive chord. They have trained their imaginations to feel in musical terms, and always new ideas, tunes and words are jingling around in their heads.

"Ideas grow best during action. Lots of ideas come to us when we're riding on the subways," the singers said. "Night time seems best for inspiration. But when you do get an idea write it down. Don't trust it to your memory. There're a lot of good ideas that get lost because their originators won't put them on paper. Just one idea developed might make your name a by-word and mean success, and the more ideas you work out the quicker new ones come.

"It's good to have a collaborator on songs, too. Often one of us goes stale, and the other comes along with a whale of a good idea, and that puts pep into the first fellow, and his mind begins to function, and first thing he knows he's back in the running. New ideas begin to bubble."

The Delivery Boys have just finished a number called *Blue Butterfly*, which was sung at the Capitol Theater in New York City for two weeks, and is going over big. It has been sent around to seven other Publix houses for showing.

To visit the men in their studio one could scarcely apply the word *work*, in its accepted meaning, to their money-making activities. Their work is their fun. They react to it as most of us do to our special hobby—and they get paid for these reactions. Lightness marks the atmosphere—with customers asking for songs instead of eggs, vaudeville troops seeking samples of songs instead of silk. Music is everywhere.

Get Busy

(*Continued from page 48*)

began to attract attention, and Schiller had written *Die Rauber*.

At twenty-three Browning had written *Paracelsus;* Cæsar had won the "civic crown" for distinction on the field of battle, and Whitefield was preaching in the town chapel at London.

At twenty-four Dante was distinguished as a soldier and poet; Ruskin had written his *Modern Painters*, and Newton was working on the law of gravitation.

At twenty-five John Keats had written his poetry and was nearing death; Huss was stirring the world's religious thought; Coleridge had written the *Ancient Mariner*, and Southey was writing volumes of poetry.

These men heard the voice of Nature within them and they answered with action. The present civilization is no place for doubting Thomases, for those who halt between two opinions. "Why stand ye here idle?" The greatest play is yet to be written; the finest piece of music is yet to be composed; the best form of government is yet to be devised; the greatest painting is yet to be put upon canvas; the airplane, automobile and steamboat are yet to be perfected; business dealings are to be made smoother, factory work less irksome and slums are yet to be abolished; world peace is yet to be established, and the noblest life is yet to be lived.

ONE of the most pitiable sights in a lifetime is that of a man growing old without having one worth-while desire fulfilled. And all the more unfortunate is that man if he is endowed with ability and never finds a way to express it. Who knows but that many a boy has grown up to manhood, and gone on to his grave as a mediocre individual, when it was in him to do something unusual?

Another unfortunate thing is that a large number seem to hit upon their life work only by accident. It is said that at one time only one vote prevented Henry Ward Beecher from becoming superintendent of a railway. The world barely missed losing a great preacher. Cromwell was about to sail for America when a bill was passed prohibiting emigration.

These facts are staggering in their significance because of the great seriousness attached to finding the work to which one is best fitted by Nature. It all the more impresses us with the great importance of determining the set of the sail as early in life as possible.

The greatest thing any man can do for himself is to be able to analyze his powers and develop them before it is too late. Nothing in the world is more conducive to success and happiness. And the ability to do this distinguishes the successful man from the failure. If this were practiced scientifically the heights to which civilization would reach in the future are almost beyond the imagination to conceive.

We do not set our sails. Nature does that at birth. We can only determine the way they are set. And science is just now beginning to teach us that finding one's tendencies is largely a matter of self-analysis. Benjamin Franklin's father took him to see men at work at the various trades in order to determine the lad's inclinations. In the present time such a method is impracticable. But the average person sees enough of life, its various trades and professions, in the natural course of things, to determine his own future if he uses his mind intelligently.

Nearly every person, early in life, experiences likes and dislikes for certain trades and callings. This wells up in the individual in the form of a desire, sometimes growing into a passion, to want to pursue a certain line of work. The biggest job you have is to allow that desire to come into your heart and mind, and then to feed it with the soul-bread of life until it moves you to action. Can we conceive

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of anything of greater import than this? Think of the thousands who have followed such desires to success and happiness. And happiness comes only to those who are so absorbed and so active.

The inclination which you have to follow a certain line of work in life is Nature's way of talking to you. It is an expression of your own ability to do that thing. And Nature works with the same precision in this matter as she does in converting water into steam.

We need only to read the biographies of the world's most successful men to see that the dreams of youth made them what they were. The dreams may have been indefinite, but they dreamed on and on until they learned to clarify and visualize the fulfilment of their dreams. This was done by the help of books, association, lectures, schools, home-training, general experience, observation and self-inventory—chiefly the last.

The next important step after discovering the inclination, or desire, is to *keep forever before you the thing that you want to do in life. If you do this your whole being will gradually move in that direction.* And then you will be one of those to whom Carlyle referred when he said: "Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life."

Dr. Frank Crane once said that he was the happiest person in the world because he was doing just exactly what he wanted to do and people were paying him for it. At forty-eight years of age he was a preacher and earning a comfortable salary. He left the ministry and began work at a dollar a day in a newspaper office. Soon he was preaching to millions every day thru his editorials.

It is the great desire, the love for one's work, that makes civilization. If money were the only reward for labor the world would be a very unhappy place indeed. The satisfaction that comes from knowing that a piece of original work has been well done is one of life's greatest joys.

"I am happy," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "because I have done good work."

And every great desire does not necessarily mean an ambition to hold the greatest office in the land, or to write a great book. It means a wholesome, all-absorbing ambition to do some worth-while task honestly and efficiently. While a great poet may find his happiness in literature, a woman may find an equal happiness in her desire to make of her house a splendid home. And what is simpler or greater than a fine home!

One big desire in life is usually made up of a number of smaller ones. Edison does not stop when he invents one thing to bless mankind. And this desire of his to create, to invent, is just as scientific in his being as the laws that govern the actions of Nature anywhere. He can no more stop doing those things than the earth can of its own accord cease to move around the sun. And success and happiness are governed by rules that are as immutable as those that exist in the natural world about us.

IF a man does not have a desire, can one be created? Before hope is abandoned be sure of yourself. Nature is good to everybody, and the man is a very low creature indeed who has not received a worth-while desire of some kind. It may be there in a dormant form. Work, hope and be patient—and it will come. No, it is almost impossible, if not entirely impossible, to create a desire if Nature has not placed one within you. And if a man cannot create a wholesome desire life becomes a maze, and this is one reason why men wander into unknown and dangerous paths. Such persons are life's vagabonds, drifting aimlessly with every turn of the wind. They are forever fighting misery while others forget their adversities by fighting for some big purpose.

All of us should remember that Nature throws her weight on our side when we have definitely decided upon a life purpose. Everything is interpreted in terms of law to the lawyer, health to the physician, art to the artist, commerce to the business man. Thus we are able to concentrate in a way that makes success a certainty if we do as much for ourselves as Nature does for us. And so do we find the wise Solomon informing us that, "A man's gift maketh room for him and bringeth him before great men."

There is a very successful lawyer, now a judge, who is an example of how practical it is to keep forever before you the things that you want to do in life. At the age of sixteen, while plowing in his father's field, he made up his mind to be a lawyer, live a few miles from the city, have a garden and a cow, and a number of other particular possessions. One afternoon, while standing in his garden with his son, he recalled the thoughts which first flashed into his mind forty years before. There they were, all of the things which he had wanted and worked for. The dreams, desires and the inclinations were the impelling motives which had raised him from poverty and obscurity to success, wealth, honor and happiness.

The following, which has been said of Thomas A. Edison, may be said of any man who has really found himself:

For such a person with such interests inviting him, not only the working day but life itself will be too short. To quit work, to retire, for such as he, is to die. For, come when it may, death must seem to him but putting a rude interruption to some absorbing problem.

Nervous and Mental Breakdown

This trouble, which is so prevalent in the United States today, is causing untold suffering and limitation through being little understood. The first course is usually to resort to drugs, then rest cures are tried and the poor patient goes from bad to worse. Such troubles really represent a loss of confidence and control and an inability to forget one's self. It usually represents an active, good type of mind, which has become introspective. The advice, so frequently given, to discontinue work for a time is poor, for it gives one all the more opportunity to brood and dwell on self. Eventually the patient becomes literally "trapped" by his own thoughts of fear.

Dr. George E. Dodson, Professor of Philosophy at Washington University, says: "Not hard work, but Mental Conflict is responsible for Nervous Breakdowns which affect one out of every ten persons in the United States." My twenty-three years in specializing in such disorders has shown this to be true.

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Through lack of understanding your symptoms seem very alarming to you and you become overserious to the point of its being impossible for you to forget yourself. At moments you feel that it is all very unreasonable, but habit has forced you into a "mental trap" from which you can see no escape. Your family physician does not understand your trouble and you are at a loss as to what is best for you to do. And things gradually go from bad to worse. NEURASTHENIA IS CURABLE when understood and you receive proper direction. It is a matter of changing your viewpoint so that you are able to view yourself and life from a different angle—it is a matter also of training and development of both a mental and physical nature. YOUR fears CAN BE REMOVED.

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Unless indeed the "beautiful adventure" prove but a new and more wonderful initiation into the mysteries of the universe than anything he has heretofore dreamed of.

And on the other hand, nothing is more conducive to unhappiness than for a man to try to do the thing that he is not fitted for. Something is always going wrong. There is no steady flowing to the fulness of fruition. There is no grace, no dignity, no real expression of the wholesomeness of life.

"Shoemakers are cobbling in Congress," says Dr. Marden, "while statesmen are pounding shoe-lasts. Real surgeons are handling the meat-saw and cleaver, while butchers are amputating human limbs."

"I do not forbid you to preach," said a bishop to a young clergyman, "but Nature does."

Because man wants to be something worth while he is probably the least natural in many of his acts of all of God's creatures. If he would think more before he takes a step he might find the right course outlined for him, and find it much more easily. Instead he depends too much upon chance and too little upon Nature within him.

Swift had this in mind when he wrote:

"Brutes find out where their talents lie;
A bear will not attempt to fly.
A floundered horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barred gate.
A dog by instinct turns aside
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats Nature.
. . . . . .
And where his genius least inclines
Absurdly bends his whole designs."

Frequently you will see a man's whole life change. Existence seems brighter. There is greater zest in his efforts. His face is aglow with renewed health and happiness. *He has found himself*, has come unto his own. The mysterious, scarcely audible voice of Nature which had been whispering in his soul has been interpreted.

As the years go by schools will become more and more efficient in ascertaining the life tendencies of the student. Then worry over the selection of a life work, loss of energy, nights of dreaming and doubting, will, to a great extent, be avoided, and that energy will be saved and directed into the proper channel. Men and women will then find the inspiration and glory of those who are in love with their life's tasks.

What Can We Do For You?

(*Continued from page 52*)

you wish him to or nothing. Take the sugar off the table. Place food on his plate with the instruction that he is to eat it or go without, and then pay as little attention to him as you can. And stick to this policy until he does eat it. I had a case of a boy of about the same age who went five days without food before he would come to the diet his parents wished him to have. But this broke him. Don't be afraid that he will starve to death, for there is no danger. He will in time become hungry enough to eat an old shoe if he cannot find anything else. See that foods are kept away from his reach between meals. I will guarantee that this will work if you will stick to the plan and not let tears or anything else move you. Whipping him will do no good.

QUESTION:—D. B. H. writes:—

Almost every night I suffer with a cramp in one leg or the other. It comes in the fleshy part of the lower limb. I occasionally have it in one of my feet. Can you tell me what it is from and what I can do for it?

ANSWER:—

Sensitive people who have a tendency toward nervousness and tension, frequently suffer from cramps. This tension can be greatly increased by insufficient covering at night, thru your being in a more nervous state than usual, or thru auto-intoxication. I would eat plain, wholesome foods, have plenty of fresh air and sufficient covers to keep warm while in bed. I would see to it that my bowels were regular.

QUESTION:—S. H. T. writes:—

What is your idea regarding the proper way to sleep? I have read a number of opinions. Some say to sleep on one side, and some another; some recommend hard beds, and others soft ones. How is a person going to know just what is best?

ANSWER:—

If you rest comfortably I would not bother my head much about whether you were sleeping just as another might advocate or not. I do believe that sleeping on the right side is perhaps better than the left, because then the heart is not in any way crowded, and if there is still something left in your stomach from an evening meal the stomach has a better opportunity to empty. If you are nervous you might try the suggestions given in an article I read recently on the easiest way to relax and the best way to offset the conditions forced on one by being in an upright position all day long. This article states that by lying on the floor on one's back, and relaxing as completely as possible for fifteen

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minutes, one will rest far more than by lying on a bed or lounge. The author gives the experiences of many prominent people who do this and of some who sleep either on the floor, on a board in bed or on a very hard bed, on their backs, with seemingly good results. They claim it gives the circulation a better chance and helps the muscles which naturally sag considerably thru being in the upright position so long each day. I have tried relaxing on the floor since reading the article and I believe it does make one feel better, but for sleeping on the floor or on a board, I shall leave that to someone else. You might try and see how you feel.

You Can Make Money

(*Continued from page 50*)

other colors that made the quilts correct for any bedroom.

This same idea could be carried out with toy designs for children, and if we go a few steps farther on, even golf clubs, bridge cards and other pet notions could be outlined.

For smaller articles you could make chair seats, bench covers or pillows in silks and other materials. Of course these would sell!

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Many of these ideas may not be adaptable to your surroundings, but they will show you how others are working. Look about you carefully, and take stock of all available circumstances which will help you earn that extra money you need.

Twenty Years On Crutches

(*Continued from page 31*)

periods at her school. Pride oozed from every pore. I have often had a good laugh with her teachers over her ridiculous little antics.

Not long ago she came home for lunch and something had happened. She clung to me with passionate tenderness but said nothing at all. That

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afternoon I was to call upon her teacher. The invitation had been urged upon me for days. When the child had finished with her food she leaned dejectedly against the table. Her eyes were sad with a new knowledge that was hurting terribly.

"Mother—are you coming?"

"Yes."

"Will you please not come at recess."

Wonderingly I asked her why. Her little face was white with a sort of desperation. She could hardly speak.

"The kids stare at you, mother. It is *not* because you're pretty. It's because you're *crippled.*"

Something kept her from sympathizing with me openly. It helped me to laugh.

"Well, for goodness' sake, is this the first time you ever knew that?"

The dessert came on then and it was our favorite; hers and mine. She didn't eat hers.

SO here I am. The old *ghost of a fear* has become something tangible. It steps on my heels in the daytime and prods me awake at night. I determine ways and means of making up to my children for snatching them out of nowhere into a situation which causes them pain. Perhaps it *was* selfish. I know that later on they will grow into an understanding of it all, and who knows but what I might hear them say as my husband has said to me, "I wouldn't *want* you without your crutches."

The Lost Pocket-book

(*Continued from page 17*)

who was the real boss of the firm, gave me an order on the cashier for my railway fare and expenses and made an appointment with me in New York for the next week. I had gone into the matter of references in my letter and this must have gone thru two departments, each executive thinking that my application referred to his department.

"But that isn't the whole of it. As I waited for the cashier to make out a check, the vice-president came out of his office and asked me to wait a moment. I did so, and he took me inside and said that he was sorry but he did not think I was quite suited for the job. In other words, I was turned down by one man for the job of salesman, while the other gave me the job of sales-manager."

"What did you do?" I asked him.

"Oh, I told him that there was a mistake, and it was the job of sales-manager I was after. I must have seemed different that morning because he looked as if he believed me. It was on my way back to New York that I guessed the key to the situation. When I came for a job, after staying in a

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dirty room all night, I brought some of that atmosphere with me. I felt cheap—I lacked confidence. The second day I came straight from one of the best hotels in the city, having had a tub bath and a shower in a tiled bathroom, and I felt like a million dollars.

"And that," said Thornton, "was my first lesson in psychology; one that I've always remembered. In fact, when the question arose a year ago as to whether we'd buy a house out in Long Island, it was the memory of this experience that made me decide to spend the extra money in return for the 'atmosphere' such a home would give me."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF PSYCHOLOGY, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1930.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Henry Knight Miller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Publisher of the PSYCHOLOGY Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Psychology Publishing Company, Inc., 101 West 31st St., New York City; Editor, Henry Knight Miller, 101 West 31st St., New York City; Managing Editor, Arthur H. Howland, 101 West 31st St., New York City; Business Manager, Henry K. Miller, 101 West 31st St., New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Psychology Publishing Co., Inc., 101 West 31st St., New York City; Henry Knight Miller, 30 Ball Road, Mountain Lakes, N. J.; Jessie J. Miller, 30 Ball Road, Mountain Lakes, N. J.; James F. McCarthy, Massapequa, L. I., N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none, so state.) None.

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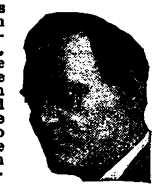
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only).

HENRY K. MILLER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1930. State of New York.
(SEAL) JAMES G. COLEMAN.
(My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

IS IT HARD FOR YOU TO FORGET YOURSELF?



Have certain fear thoughts become such an obsession in your life that you find it impossible to forget yourself, and in consequence you are unhappy and miserable? Are you constantly looking on the dark side of life and expecting something terrible to happen? This is due to your possessing a sensitive nature and not being in command of it. It is dominating YOU, instead of you dominating IT. It means you lack confidence and the proper understanding of yourself and your powers.

Today all such states of mind CAN BE ADJUSTED. Your viewpoint is faulty through "doubt" being present. This is a form of Inferiority Complex. You have become TOO conscious of self. It is not enough for one to tell you that your trouble is imaginative and to FORGET IT, for that is easier said than done. Yet, if you go about it in JUST the right way your limited, unhappy life can be changed. HABIT is at work in your case.

I have written a 100 page book, based on my experience of over Twenty years service in helping people cast fear from their lives. It has been a most interesting experience and has made it possible for me to be of the greatest service to YOU. This book is called by many priceless, and is full of truths which will be of the greatest service to YOU in YOUR fight. Don't fail to procure this book. To those who purchase it I offer an opinion by letter WITHOUT CHARGE. The cost of the book and this analysis is

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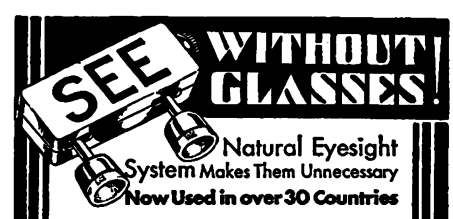

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Psychology Study Page

Conducted by Edward Earle Purinton

DO 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.

WHO IS JUDGE SIMMONS?
(Page 20)

WHAT do you consider most remarkable and admirable in the life work of Judge Simmons?

Should not every judge be affiliated with a preacher—in some church or in himself?

How would you apply both law and love as treatment for criminals?

Have you the "quietness of power"?

Why should we all be transcendental, yet practical?

Which of the five great interests of Judge Simmons appeals to you most? Why do you prefer it?

"THE MAN WHO BUILDS MEN"
(Page 28)

HOW is right money-making a man-building process? The answer lies in this article.

Trace the huge success of Martin T. Ford to his mastery of applied psychology. Check on the margin all the statements in the story of psychological significance. Count the check marks—you should have at least fifty.

Explain how and why "the happy man does the best work". How can you be happier in your work?

Do you believe in your work as vitally and thoroly as Mr. Ford believes in his? Who or what is responsible if you do not?

Wherein could the average business man study and emulate the example of Mr. Ford to advantage? Cite three or more particulars.

SUCCESS—UNLIMITED
(Page 22)

LOCATE five main reasons for the quick success of Jane Burr.

Why and how should clothes be a business asset? Are yours?

All success is "an endurance test". Have you stood it, and won?

Being honest pays in every kind of business. Show how it paid here.

Why do women far excel men as renting agents?

If you want a better job, how has this article helped you get it?

DO YOU KNOW YOUR CHILD?
(Page 14)

WHY should every grown person study this article? How has it given you a better understanding of a typical, normal child?

Can you see mistakes of ignorance in your past treatment of any child? If so, what have they been? How can you prevent them hereafter?

Which of the ten rules at the close seem to you most vital, most important, for universal adoption?

Measure the child you love most by this article. Go over the article with the child in mind, and check up the facts and suggestions, point by point, as they apply to your estimation and care of that one child. Talk over your findings with a close relative of the child.

Think of some unique, effective method to induce the finest parents of your acquaintance to read this article with a new and eager interest.

DOES YOUR IMAGINATION SCARE OR LURE YOU?
(Page 40)

WHAT is the purpose of fear?

Is your dominant fear only caution—or does it go so far as to mean repression, stagnation, stupidity, failure?

Analyze one of your abnormal fears. Discover how it is only a silly and useless imaginary reflex of subconscious memory. Banish it. How?

Most fears are liars and thieves. Explain this statement.

How would you proceed to conquer and rout an obsession?

Have you trained your imagination to act with reason?

Does it always help you to visualize success?

Do you need to think more quickly, actively, productively? Form the habit if you deem it essential to your advancement.

ARE YOU A RULE-MAKER OR A FACT-SEEKER?
(Page 34)

IS the article based entirely on facts? Read it carefully and see.

Do you challenge any statement? If so, give it your clearest thought, and decide whether you or the author should be considered a fact-seeker.

Most young folks are likely to be rebels, hating rules. Should the rebels or the rules be changed?

When rules are broken, how would you advise parents, teachers, employers or policemen to act toward the offender?

Do scientific facts constitute the reasons for all your rules of living—as to eating, drinking, dressing, sleeping, exercising, bathing, working, etc.? Analyze your own rules, and find good reasons or amend the rules.

CONCLUSION

WHICH 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?

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