

# PSYCHOLOGY

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VOL. XV. No. 1

JULY, 1930

Founded and Edited by Henry Knight Miller

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## IN AUGUST

**"HAVE I ANOTHER SELF?"** A true report of an astonishing adventure. How a man, rendered unconscious by unbearable pain, hitched up his team, drove several miles, put up his horses, walked a mile, took a trolley-car, and entered a hospital—waking up two weeks later, cured, but without the slightest recollection of his strange journey. A most remarkable narrative of the powers of the Subconscious Mind. Told by George Hart to Blanche Stoddard Eason.

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# Are You a Prisoner of self?



**H**AVEN'T you often felt the urge to do certain things . . . the longing of the heart for things you haven't . . . the yearning to rise to the heights you've dreamed about . . . to have the happiness for which every soul hungers?

You no doubt desire these things earnestly but probably tell yourself that it is useless to think of the impossible. You feel your own limitations—that you are held back by invisible bonds, a prisoner! You are—but a prisoner self-jailed!

You have only to free yourself to be the ideal individual you want to be—the man or woman you can be—the real you! That person of marvelous talents, of boundless possibilities, capable of finding independence, abundance, achievement, happiness and life's richest gifts—that person is the self you have limited—refused to acknowledge! Your higher self, released from its shackles, will bring you any rightful desire of your heart! A new freedom from the old imaginary limitations, a freedom of your own powers, can be yours—through the liberating truth of Christian Psychology!

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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?

**Y**OUR 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.

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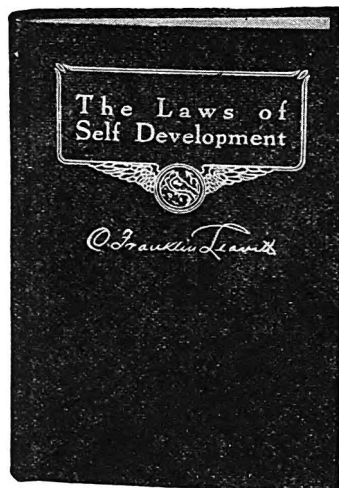
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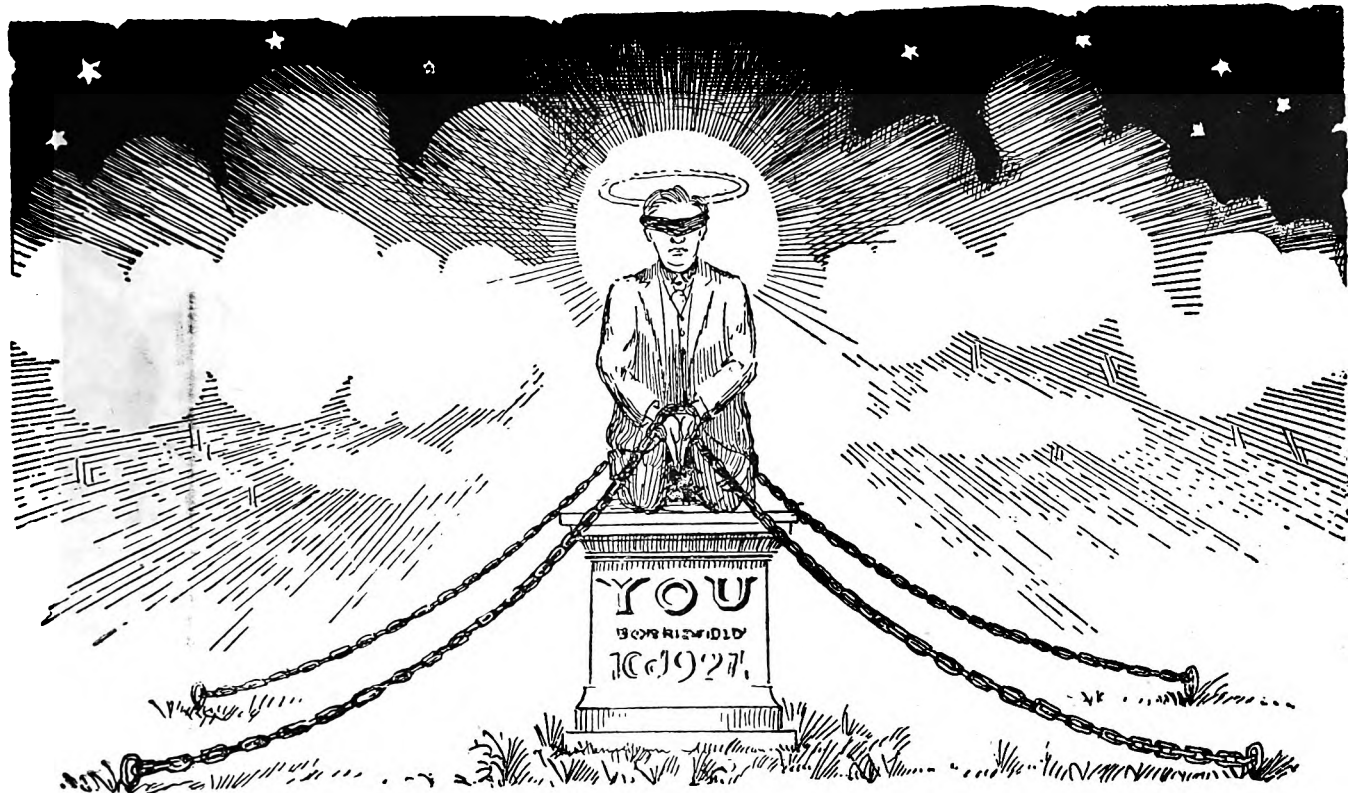
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### His Error

*Eggs*—What's the matter, fella?

*Why*—I got hitched up in a companionate marriage.

*Zee*—And now you find she's not to your taste?

*Roe*—She's marvelous, but I've lost her phone number.

—*Reserve Red Cat*

\* \* \*

A new motor horn is said to make a noise like a chord on a harp. That's a nasty hint to pedestrians!

—*Passing Show*

\* \* \*

### Plenty of Time

"Every time I kiss you, it makes me a better man."

"Well, you don't have to try to get to heaven in one night."

\* \* \*

### Proud of His Marksmanship

*Magistrate*—The evidence shows that you threw a brick at this constable.

*Burly One*—It shows more'n that—it shows I hit him.

—*Stray Stories*

\* \* \*

Approaching the clerk in a drug store a gentleman asked him for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.

"Do you want them put in a box, sir?" asked the clerk as he was counting them out.

"Oh, no, certainly not," replied the customer. "I was thinking of rolling them home."

—*The Kablegram*

\* \* \*

### Open for Business

*He* (just refused)—Then life has no further charm; I shall kill myself.

*She*—By poison?

"Probably."

"Well, you'll excuse my mentioning it, but Jack has just opened a drug store, and would you mind buying the poison from him? It would encourage him and prove your devotion to me."

He still lives.

—*The Kablegram*

He should subscribe to PSYCHOLOGY.

*I'm here to declare in loud, firm tones  
(And prove it upon the tee!)*

*I can bang out a drive like Bobby Jones,*

*With a swing that is loose and free.*

*I've a Hagen stance and a Farrell style;  
I can wallop the ball an Irish mile,*

*And my chip to the pin is a shot worth  
while,*

*Or so it appears to me.*

*Where the short putt calls for a hand  
that's firm*

*And the nerve to see it thru:*

*Do the cold chills run thru my epiderm?*

*Do I shiver and shake like a spineless  
worm?*

*I do!*

*My shots from the rough are great,  
they say;*

*My wooden play is fine;*

*When I fade to the right on a windy  
day,*

*I do it by deep design.*

*I can clear the traps that would like  
their toll;*

*I can turn my wrists for a longer roll;*

*I'm a golfing fool and a stalwart soul*

*As I hew to the shortest line.*

*With a two-foot putt to win the fight*

*When the air is tense and blue:*

*Does my heart feel weak and my head  
feel light?*

*Do I drop down dead in a nervous  
fright?*

*I do!*

—*John Kieran in the New York Times*

\* \* \*

Skirts had to be longer to be skirts  
any longer.

—*Arkansas Gazette*

\* \* \*

### Easy Enough, Ask Einstein

"Don't worry," advised the medico.

"It's only a carbuncle coming on the  
back of your neck. But you must keep  
your eyes on it!"

—*Army and Navy Journal*

\* \* \*

*Master*—What are the chief races of  
mankind?

*Boy*—The Derby, the Oaks and the  
Lincolnshire Handicap.

—*"Fresh Howlers," by H. Cecil Hunt*

"You say that I am the first model  
you ever kissed?" "Yes." "And how  
many models have you had before me?"  
"Four. An apple, two oranges and a  
vase of flowers."

—*John Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*

\* \* \*

### True Friends

They had been married only a short  
time when he was required to take a  
fifty-mile motor trip without her.  
Starting in the morning he swore he  
would return for seven-o'clock dinner.  
But seven o'clock found him absent.

When ten o'clock came the frantic  
bride sent this telegram to a friend of  
his in each of five towns thru which he  
would pass.

"Jack is missing. Much worried.  
Have you seen anything of him?"

Hubby reached home at midnight,  
having had engine trouble, and soon  
the answers began to arrive. Each  
telegram read: "Jack is all right. He  
is spending the night with me."

\* \* \*

*Mandy*—You-all reminds me of one  
of them flying machines.

*Rastus*—How cum, woman, how cum?  
'Cause I such a high flyer?

*Mandy*—No, sah, cullud man; it's  
jest 'cause you ain't no use on earth.

—*Paton's Monthly*

\* \* \*

### Bargain Day

*Officer*—Flag of truce, Excellency.

*His Excellency*—What do the revolutionists want?

*Officer*—They would like to exchange  
a couple of generals for a can of condensed milk.

—*Passing Show*

\* \* \*

### Charge It Up to Friction

"Now, Charles," said the teacher, "if  
your father can do a piece of work in  
one hour and your mother can do it in  
one hour, how long would it take both  
of them to do it?"

"Three hours," answered Charles,  
"counting the time they would waste in  
arguing."

—*Sydney Bulletin*

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

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Since releasing "PSYCHIANA" in April the response has been so overwhelming that we have been utterly unable to handle the volume of correspondence received. Requests for information literally came by the thousand while enrollments came in by the hundred. While we were sure of the success of this new teaching we were totally unprepared for the deluge of letters we received and so were not able to reply to even a fraction of them. Different office arrangements have been made, however, and we are endeavoring now to answer every letter received, and answer it personally instead of resorting to the printed acknowledgments we have been using. To the scores who have written us telling of the results received we say "Thank you." We will try and acknowledge every letter from now on.  
(Signed) DR. FRANK B. ROBINSON.

P-7

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**I**T IS not required of every man and woman to be, or to do, something great; most of us must content ourselves with taking small parts in the chorus.

Shall we have no little lyrics because Homer and Dante have written epics? And because we have heard the great organ at Freiburg, shall the sound of Kathi's zither in the alpine hut please us no more?

Even those who have greatness thrust upon them will do well to lay down the burdens now and then, and congratulate themselves that they are not altogether answerable for the conduct of the universe, or at least not all the time.

There is such a thing as taking ourselves and the world too seriously, or at any rate too anxiously. Half of the secular unrest and dismal, profane sadness of modern society comes from the vain idea that every man is bound to be a critic of life, and to let no day pass without finding some fault with the general order of things, or projecting some plan for its improvement.

And the other half comes from the greedy notion that a man's life does consist, after all, in the abundance of the things that he possesses, and that it is some-

how or other more respectable and pious to be always at work making a larger living, than it is to lie on your back in the green pastures and beside the still waters, and thank God that you are alive.

Men's "little ways" are usually more interesting, and often more instructive, than their grand manners. When they are off guard, they frequently show to better advantage than when they are on parade. . . . There is a passage in Jonathan Edwards' *Personal Narrative*, about a certain walk that he took in the fields near his father's house, and the blossoming of the flowers in the spring, which I would not exchange for the whole of his dissertation *On the Freedom of the Will*. And the very best thing of Charles Darwin's that I know is a bit from a letter to his wife: "At last I fell asleep," says he, "on the grass, and awoke with a chorus of birds singing around me, and squirrels running up the tree, and some woodpeckers laughing; and it was as pleasant and rural a scene as ever I saw; and I did not care one penny how any of the birds or beasts had been formed."

HENRY VAN DYKE

# RENEWED YOUTH

is renewed glandular vigor  
says modern science

By George Warren Ettinger

**I**F Ponce de Leon had travelled eastward instead of westward, would he have discovered the "fountain of youth"?

Surely, if he had penetrated into the high jungles of the Malay Archipelago, his hopes would have quickened, for here he would have found a race of men who seemed actually to have drunk of the fabled waters. Here he would have looked upon the historic race of Dyaks, noted for their superb physical powers, their vitality and surprising longevity. Explorers report that natives of these tribes live well past the century mark, still hale and hearty, in full possession of their faculties.

But perhaps even here Ponce de Leon would have failed, for he would have been looking for some miraculous fount and would have been misled by his own romantic dream.

We have long since discarded such ingenuous ideas, but we have not given up the search for the formula that will turn back the hand of time and kindle again the precious fires of youth. Only, today, it is carried on in the cold light of science and it is to the laboratory that we look expectantly for the happy announcement that the way has at last been found.

Science has yielded one epoch-making discovery in this direction—namely, that we are "as old as our glands." We know now that the mysterious endocrine or ductless glands are the key to the whole situation. Can we, in turn, control our glands? In the answer to that question lies our whole hope of restoring the vigor of youth.



Various methods have been tried—gland extracts, gland ligation, gland transplantation, electrical and heat treatments.

But many have held that Nature herself has provided, and man will sometimes find, all the elements necessary to maintain healthy, active functioning of the glands.

Have we not found renewed health for our other bodily organisms in the natural elements provided by the foods we eat? The precious vitamins, minerals and other life-giving elements are here if we will but refrain from destroying them by our artificial methods of treating and preparing foods. But where shall we find a natural food for the glands, containing the vital elements essential to their activity and normal functioning?

The question brings us back to the Malay Archipelago—and its long-lived race of native Dyaks. What is the reason for their prolonged youthful vigor? Scientists give credit to the Durian fruit—a unique product of these tropical isles, noted for its exhilarating and revitalizing powers and prized by the natives above all other foods.

Explorers have written much about the Durian fruit—scientists have investigated its peculiar revitalizing properties. Dr. Emil Carthaus, one of the world's greatest authorities on the botany of the Far East, writing on "Rejuvenating Plant Substances," says:

*"These fruits show an almost unbelievable difference in taste and aroma and contain numerous chemical substances which are entirely absent in the fruits of our Northern Hemisphere. There grows no other fruit on this entire globe which affects humans and animals in the way these fruits do."*

There is a wealth of other interesting data on this most remarkable of fruits. The story is too long to be told here, but a booklet has been prepared for readers concerned with the problem of regaining vitality, restoring lost energy and recapturing the joyous thrill of vigorous living.

This booklet tells what scientists say about the revitalizing effects of the Durian fruit—how rewards were offered to the man who could bring one back to the civilized world—how at last the delicious fruit-food called Lukutate was created and quickly became an international sensation—how it has brought new health, strength and energy to thousands of run-down, aging men and women.

Do you want to learn how to avert physical breakdown and premature old age? How to keep your body vigorous and tireless... your faculties undimmed... your mind alert... your spirit youthful? Do you want your appearance to reflect this physical well-being?

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By Sallie Graham Stice

I SING a song of simple things,  
Of whispering trees, of murmuring springs,  
Of thrushes' call, of cooing doves—  
All things that nature knows and loves.

I sing a song of care-free days,  
Of tramps afoot o'er wandering ways,  
O'er meadows flecked with daisies' gold—  
The quiet beauty of the wold.

I sing a song of peaceful nights,  
Of cricket note and fire-fly's light,  
Of sighing leaves on glistening lime,  
Of happy lovers' trysting time.

Oh, none can tell the joy life brings,  
If one can sing of simple things.



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

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# Are You an Extrovert?

By  
Henry  
Knight  
Miller

**D**O you ever ponder the questions: "What kind of a person am I anyway? Why do I dislike my work? I am not lazy but why do I get no joy out of my occupation? Why do I like to be alone or, the opposite, why do I crave company? Why am I self-conscious? Why do I blush? Why do I always want to be speaking or showing off, or the reverse, why do I fail to show off to good advantage and why is it such an effort to speak in public? Why can't I get along with my wife? Why does she always want to do the things I loathe? Is she just stubborn and trying to be mean? Is there something wrong with her? with me? or are we just different?"

These are but a few of innumerable questions which one asks when taking a personal inventory.

**U**NTIL recently there was no scientific basis of classification upon which men or women might identify their emotional types and understand the why or wherefore of their own behavior and that of others. When this psychological classification is understood our husband, wife, employer or employee stands revealed as not just obstinate or deliberately mean, but as one of a group or type of individuals who react emotionally to life's situations in a manner absolutely fixed and predetermined.

When once the scales are lifted from our eyes and we view our own and others' characteristics and idiosyncrasies with understanding and charity, sympathy and cooperation replace anger, suspicion and antagonism. Thus is the mission of psychology to the human race ever assuming more and more monumental importance in the scale of human values.

The basis of psychological classification of types is that of extroversion, introversion and ambiversion.

These terms are more simple to describe than define.

## *A Chat with*

In general, the extrovert is one whose interests and deepest satisfactions extend out from himself to other persons and to the objective world. The interests and satisfactions of the introvert are more largely found within himself in the world of subjectivity. The ambivert is one who strikes a fair balance between objective and subjective interests. In other words he is the normal type from which the others diverge, one in the direction of objectivity, the other in the direction of subjectivity. In this article we shall attempt to describe the extrovert. Next month we shall depict the introvert and the following month we shall discuss the ambivert, with general directions as to the means by which the extreme types may seek to more nearly approximate the normal.

**T**HE extrovert is the man of action. He is always happiest when doing things in an active and expanding way. He has no patience with details but yearns to blaze new trails, discover new continents, experience adventure and surmount physical difficulties.

The go-getter is this type. While the introvert is counting the cost, considering the difficulties and fearing possible failure, the extrovert plunges in, heedless of cost, ignoring difficulties and probably turns potential failure into splendid success.

The "hail-fellow-well-met" is an extrovert. He likes people, overlooks their faults, and gets a great kick out of mixing with the crowd. While the introvert likes to be by himself, dreads new associations and draws away from people, the extrovert is miserable when alone and happiest in a crowd.

Every lodge room is filled with extroverts. The Masons, Elks, Knights of Columbus, Rotary, Kiwanis and other clubs, not to mention the innumerable clubs for women, would have to disband if they depended on introverts. Those who do belong take back seats and listen while the extroverts run the organization, do all the talking and greet the new members.

The extrovert courts adventure. He knows no fear. You find him leading the charge in battle and getting a real thrill out of it. He is your prize-fighter, football hero, politician and social campaigner. He is restless, dislikes quiet, chafes at inaction and wants to be up and doing.

**C**OLLEGE is a tough place for the extreme extrovert unless his mentality is so sharp that he can gather up enough information listening to lectures to pass his exams. He is not amenable to discipline and probably will get expelled for being out every night wasting his time drinking, dancing and "necking" when the college authorities feel he should be in his room studying. That is why so many brilliant athletes are dropped from the college teams. They are

# the Editor

at home on the gridiron, but to sit and study is as foreign to their nature as for a fish to live on land or, better, for a lion to draw a plow.

Pity the introvert woman married to an extrovert man. Night after night she sits alone with her misery. She is sure Bill does not love her. Why won't he sit at home and read *The Pilgrim's Progress* while she knits or darns socks? They have such a nice home. He could sit in an easy chair and be comfortable. After a hard day's work, and she admits Bill is a hard worker, he should be willing to rest. What is home for anyhow? Yes, Bill must not care for her. Perhaps there is another woman. Oh, why did she ever get married just to be neglected? And so she enjoys a miserable time of it, nursing her wounds and disappointments with veritable oceans of self-pity and building futile air castles of the glorious happiness which might have been hers if she had only married a different kind of man.

**M**EANWHILE Bill is having a glorious time. He does love his wife but cannot see why that should doom him to horrors worse than Dante's *Inferno* by sitting at home every night. He would rather be horsewhipped and given his freedom. He is out with the boys playing poker. What if he does lose his week's pay, he had a glorious time. Or perhaps he really is at the lodge and gets a chance to make a speech. Boy! what a night! Or he may even be out with the bunch and there may be a blonde, brunette or red-head. But it really means nothing to Bill. He does not love his wife less, but life, fun, adventure, experience, change, more. He is not unfaithful. He is just Bill.

And every introvert wife lives but for one thing in life. To force her extrovert husband into her type. To reform him. To master the tendencies she does not understand and force him into docile, meek subservience. Thus the average marriage is an unending warfare in which neither combatant can hope to win without the psychic death of the other, and then the joys of victory turn to dust and ashes.

The case is just as hopeless when an extrovert wife has an introvert husband. He comes home thoroly tired out after a day of conscientious and intense application to some form of detail or routine work and wants to rest. His idea of heaven is to lounge in an easy chair and lose himself in a book, recovering from the sense of utter fatigue resulting from the exertions of the day. Nell has been home all day doing the housework and caring for the children. After dinner she wants to go places and do things.

"Let's go to the movies," she suggests hopefully. "Oh, hell," John grunts. "There is one of those darn wild-west pictures. Who wants to see a bunch of cheap actors dressed up as cowboys firing fake pistols at a lot of extras dressed up as Indians?" And that is that.

He reads for a while and is just getting settled



DR. MILLER

down for a quiet evening when Nell comes bursting in all excited.

"John, hurry and change your clothes. The Jones' are coming over to play bridge. Mrs. Jones has a new car and says she has so much to tell me about." Poor John curses under his breath and consigns the Jones' and all the Jones' in the world to a very warm climate, while he changes his clothes and prepares for another miserable evening.

**N**ELL wears herself to a frenzy trying to inject some ambition into her listless but contented husband. "How can you be satisfied to work all your life as a bookkeeper?" she challenges. "There is Phil Smith. You both started at the same time with the same salary. You are still drawing a salary of fifty dollars a week while Phil owns his own business, makes ten thousand a year, bought a fine home for his family and has a new Packard. Here I haven't had a new dress for three months, and Mrs. Smith who hasn't one tenth of my figure or looks is all dressed up like a Christmas tree. What's wrong with you, John? Why don't you have some get-up to you? I should think you'd be ashamed!"

**W**E will not record John's reply to this tirade. Poor fellow, he has no defense, knowing nothing of psychology and therefore not understanding his type. It would be a great comfort if he did understand why he could not do the things that Phil is doing and also that Phil could not do the things he is doing. Because he does not understand why he is as he is, he probably resorts to profanity,



alleges that women are ingrates who do not appreciate a hard-working man, gets up, slams the door and goes to the seclusion of his own room where he comforts himself with copious draughts of self-pity and curses all women, especially the nagging Nell.

There is a stupid adage inherited from the unscientific past to the effect that opposites should marry. There could be no worse advice. In the matter of physical difference there may be some biological advantage. The blonde may marry a brunette. A large man may prefer a tiny woman. From these extremes a balanced progeny may result. But in matters of temperament the wise young man or woman will seek a mate whose interests are congenial. It is no easy task for two extroverts or two introverts to live together in unbroken marital bliss. For extreme opposites there can be nothing but a protracted warfare with mutual misery, hate and ultimate divorce. The only exception is where one or both come to understand the psychology of the difference between them. With understanding there may result resignation to the inevitable and a reasonable degree of tranquillity. Both mates must seek to favor the opposite tendencies in the other. John must take Nell to the pictures more often and Bill must cultivate a degree of pleasure in staying home a fair part of the time. An armistice must be declared and all effort to force each other into the complete opposite groove must be forsworn. Then the dove of peace may nestle contentedly over the family hearth, where formerly only the devastating turmoil of unavailing combat resounded.

**Y**OUR extrovert finds the opposite sex very attractive. "Boy! did you see that gorgeous baby!" exclaims the extrovert. No—the introvert did not see—nor does he care a rap!

The extrovert does not have any fanatical interests in political or religious doctrines. Whichever side you are on he will probably agree with you. If you are an ardent wet he will readily agree that prohibition was a tragic mistake and is ruining the country. His dry friend's enthusiastic arguments for prohibition will be rewarded by a cheerful admission that it has probably helped the working man. He doesn't care if the country is wet or dry so long as it doesn't interfere with his getting a drink when he wants it. If the dries try to enforce the law they will find a veritable army of extroverts against them. But if the wets try to repeal the law the extroverts will probably be out at the ball game and forget to vote.

**W**HILE the extrovert is inclined to talk a great deal, you will never hear him talking to himself. He is at his best talking to a crowd. He is also characterized by a degree of persistency lacking in the opposite type. He sticks to a job until it is done, tho he may want to ask everyone in sight how he would do it. He does not shift easily from one thing to another. But he likes to work where he has plenty of company. Never put him on a job where he must work alone.

Our extrovert friend is generous. He will lend you money freely. But if he borrows, he may probably for-

get to pay. He just can't be bothered worrying about either collecting or paying debts. Life is too short. There are too many things to be accomplished and too much fun to be had to bother about little things like that.

**B**UT it is in the industrial realm that appreciation of the difference between extroversion and introversion is productive of the greatest social benefits. Two men of equal intelligence and ability may be engaged in the identical commercial activity. One succeeds, the other fails. One finds great personal satisfaction and a sense of self realization in his work. The other is miserable and has to drive himself constantly. He is restless, ineffective and obsessed with a sense of being thwarted. He is not lazy. At another kind of work he would be successful and happy. But he is an extrovert trying to do an introvert's work or vice versa. This is one of the greatest sources of economic waste and social disintegration. Employers of labor are paying innumerable men to do work at which they are only twenty-five to fifty percent efficient. The men are wasting their lives and the employers are wasting their money.

Prof. Donald Laird of Colgate, in whose laboratories invaluable work has been done in registering the distinguishing characteristics of extroversion and introversion, conducted an experiment with a large sales organization last year. The company put a new adding machine on the market. Two teams of average equal intelligence were allotted territory of equal buying ability. One team was composed of extroverts, the other of introverts. Some failed, some succeeded, but among the failures there were three times as many introverts as extroverts. In most cases of failure it is not so much lack of ability but lack of emotional responsiveness to the particular kind of work. An extrovert who is a complete failure as a bookkeeper, proof-reader or student may be a howling success as a salesman, promoter, doctor or public speaker. We will find next month that the reverse is equally true, that introverts who are dismal failures attempting to do extrovert work can be successful and happy in a type of work which coincides with their psychological type.

**I**N general the extrovert should be engaged in active occupations where he meets and deals with people. Prof. Laird suggests the following occupations for the extrovert: salesmanship, foreman, organizer, nurse, hotel clerk, politician, demonstrator, contact man, explorer. To these we might add lawyer, minister, doctor, promoter, sportsman, lecturer, actor, athlete. You may object; the lawyer, minister and doctor must be students, but in my extensive observation nearly every very successful representative of these professions has been a decided extrovert. There are many introverts in these professions, but in the main they are the rank and file, not the leaders.

In the last article of this series we shall set forth instructions as to how to cultivate the opposite tendencies so as to approach more nearly a balance between these extreme types and achieve the largest possible measure of success and happiness in life.







# Happy People

*The Rev. F. A. Prevatt and Dr. J. Willard Parish  
Receive Honorable Mention in the PSYCHOLOGY "Happy" Family*

## HAPPINESS EDITOR:

The biographies of famous people who have achieved success, health and happiness beyond the realization of the multitude serve as the greatest inspiration to mankind, because they represent living examples of what can be accomplished by anyone who resolves in his heart to attain his desires—substantiate his ideals.

My recent acquaintance with the Rev. F. A. Prevatt brings to mind the fact that all of the remarkable people haven't been accounted for yet.

Time means nothing in the life of Mr. Prevatt, except as a great reservoir of experience from which he continues to enrich life and draw from its inexhaustible resources all of the requirements for the maintenance of a radiant and exuberant vitality, which fourscore years and ten have not appreciably depleted.

To attain the age of ninety is, in itself, an achievement; to retain the enthusiasm and vigor of youth and go about the business of life as energetically as one's sixty-three year old son is amazing; to engage in several pursuits actively and successfully and return from each day's labor as full of the joy of living as one's robust baby-boy is nothing short of marvelous.

Mr. Prevatt has been twice married. His first wife died soon after their golden wedding anniversary. Eight living children, thirty-five grandchildren, and twenty-four great-grandchildren perpetuate the happiness and usefulness of this union.

His second wife was his church organist, whose father he had ordained as deacon and whose mother he had baptized sixty years before. Four healthy, beautiful children bless this union, and keep the world young and a happy place in which to live for their proud parents.

For a period of sixty-five years Mr. Prevatt has been active pastor of from one to five churches. He has baptized fifteen hundred converts, married five hundred couples and assisted in the organization of sixteen churches. When not occupied with his pastoral duties Mr. Prevatt looks after his farm, giving the gardens, live stock and poultry his personal attention. He was one of the pioneer tobacco growers, having built the first tobacco barns in this section of the country, which has become one of the greatest tobacco producing districts in the world.

"Labor is life," he says, "'tis the still water faileth."

*In the June issue; Esther Joan Ryan was announced as the Happiest Person in the PSYCHOLOGY Family. Homer Rodeheaver was awarded second place and Mrs. M. L. Duncan third place.*

*Rev. Prevatt, of Lumberton, N. C., and Dr. J. Willard Parish, Shelbyville, Ind., are the next happiest persons. Other letters about happy people will be published in subsequent issues.*

"By work — indefatigable work—to the accomplishment and perfecting of our ideals, do we justify and glorify creation."

Mr. Prevatt is commander of Camp Willis Pope Confederate Veterans, having served the four years of Civil War under Lee and Jackson, and experienced all the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. He was severely wounded at Gettysburg, but his desire to resume his place in the army, to lend his strength to the cause he

had espoused, to share with his companions-in-arms their perils, hardships and hopes, speeded up his strength to meet this mental urge, and he left the hospital long before his physician discharged him.

While in the Federal prison at Elmira, N. Y., he realized the efficacy of prayer, the futility of strife, the fruition of building and resolved to dedicate his life to the service of humanity. He saw his idea of service to his fellow-man as a means of expressing life, of blessing life—in the labor of his hands and the teaching of God's word. Seeking expression, increasing and multiplying and bringing forth fruit, fruits of service and understanding and happiness, thanking God that life was working in him for this good purpose.

When he returned from war at the age of twenty-five, he applied himself diligently to the cultivation of the soil, pursuing meanwhile his studies for the ministry. Prayer was the avenue thru which he released his life for communion with God. His ardor and earnestness, his faith in prayer, were so inspiring to others, the teachers assigned him the privilege of "leading in prayer" thruout the school term. So effectual had these prayers been their influence was manifested among the student body. When, at the close of the session, the young "praying parson" went to pay his tuition, the principal refused to accept a penny, assuring him that his prayers had more than compensated.

Consecrated to the joyous service of God and his fellow-men, he has lived to minister to others with humble, loving readiness, indifferent to his own interests in his desire and efforts to live in such a manner that God's perfection might be expressed thru him.

Working with a divine zeal which touched all of his activities with golden meaning, motivated by the passionate desire to palliate the sufferings and hardships of those whom war had bereft of loved ones, to heal the scars of his stricken and impoverished land, he went about the business of teaching (*Continued on page 72*)

# Krishnamurti

*A Young Man  
Who Does Not Care  
Whether or Not  
He Is  
The MESSIAH*

*By  
Claude  
Bragdon*



Underwood &  
Underwood Photo

*Krishnamurti*

I BELIEVE that I can write about Krishnamurti with that dispassion lacking which I should not care to write at all: I am not one of his disciples, I never belonged to his organization, nor am I a believer in his Messiahship as that is ordinarily understood. That I am his friend and admirer, however, tho we have met only rarely and briefly, I should be the last to deny.

What everyone may see in Krishnamurti is a young Hindu Brahmin, fragile-looking but full of power, with a face of great beauty, nobility and intelligence. He speaks with the low cultivated voice and admirable diction of the English university-educated man; his manners are charming; his clothes tho conventional have an indefinable air of elegance. What one perceives beyond this will depend upon divination of a different sort.

At his public lectures in New York (which are the only ones I have attended) he appeared nervous and ill at ease, his body swaying like a reed in the wind, his gestures stereotyped to a single pattern, his voice falling at times almost to inaudibility, depending too much (I thought) upon his paper memorandum. The total effect, however, was not one of weakness, but of power imperfectly controlled. He was extraordinarily simple, sincere, intense, and he fairly radiated that potent and mysterious order of psychic energy for which we have only the poor word "charm". In his answers to questions, free of the incubus of his memorandum, he became fully master of himself and of the situation.

The true greatness of Krishnamurti (for I see him as great) is revealed in his personality, which is so potent that "hard-boiled" newspaper men have felt it no less than learned pandits of the East.

One might simply say that his greatness is his character and let it go at that, for the potency of character

is proverbial, but this would be too easy a way out. That greatness is not fully revealed in anything seen, heard, read, but rather in *something felt*. Now felt things are conditioned and sometimes caused by our own imaginings, our hopes, our dreams; and the mere fact that Krishnamurti has been heralded as a Messiah would be reason sufficient to account for almost any emotional reaction, however intense. But it is nevertheless true that there are certain exceptional people who appeal powerfully to some indefinable sixth sense. Lacking that sense there is, of course, no appeal, but this invalidates nothing—any more than a lack of the aesthetic sense (in the recipient) invalidates a work of art.

What one feels first of all about Krishnamurti is a contradiction—he is, more than most men, a living paradox. Tho physically male and ethnically Hindu, he is of the androgynous type—psychically, that is, man-woman—and mentally he is a combination of the West and of the East. This bi-polarity extends to everything about him: he is both powerful and fragile, astringent and sweet, skeptical and full of faith. Honey and wormwood have been, thruout his life, his portion, a life compounded of elements stranger perhaps than any that have fallen to the lot of mortal man. From childhood he has been fed, clothed, watched, guarded like some predestined sacrificial victim, garlanded with preposterous assumptions, deafened by adulation, choked by the ever-ascending incense of idolaters. And out of this intolerable situation he has had to find his way alone.

Exasperated by unguessed indignities, seared by

outrageous suffering, shot thru by ecstasy, stilled by strange peace, he inspires wonder, pity and the sacred terror even as might the Ancient Mariner or the Wandering Jew, for all this and more is written in his face. It is clear that he loathes the rôle his fellow-religionists have created for him, that tho he loves them he does not share their views, and refusing to play the part as it was written for him, insists on performing in a way all his own. Treated inhumanly because believed to be superhuman, isolated from all men tho feeling himself nearer than lover or friend, it is small wonder that his patience is strained sometimes to the breaking point, and his affection tinged with something not unlike contempt. A messenger of peace on earth and good will to men he may be, but at such moments he appears more like a dark, avenging angel, and the gospel which he preaches has so many points in common with sheer atheism and nihilism as to cause one to wonder if he will escape some modern equivalent of the stake or the rack.

His flame-like ardor, his unsureness of himself as a person and his sureness of himself as a power, his un-bitter cynicism and unbrutal brusqueness, his way of toppling over age-old and firmly planted idols

with the feather of some casual remark—all these would seem to be the natural fruitage of some inner crisis, some cataclasm of the soul precipitated by his unique and pitiable predicament of having to wear the giant's robe—of being expected to meet egregious expectations in predetermined ways. One somehow feels that by reason of all this and in compensation for it he has undergone some experience, suffered some transformation, the reality of which is always with him, and that this is not in the nature of a single act or event, but of a continuing process incapable of definition or description in words. Because language is for the conveyance of *thought*, when we attempt to describe life-processes—to turn feelings into phrases—they become mere concepts, losing their dynamism and immediacy. "What is love?" someone asked Krishnamurti; he answered, "Why do you always insist on definitions? Love can be *felt*, it cannot be defined." His very insistence on being simple confuses oversophisticated minds: "I was told in India that if I would make my teaching more complicated I would have more followers," he once said.

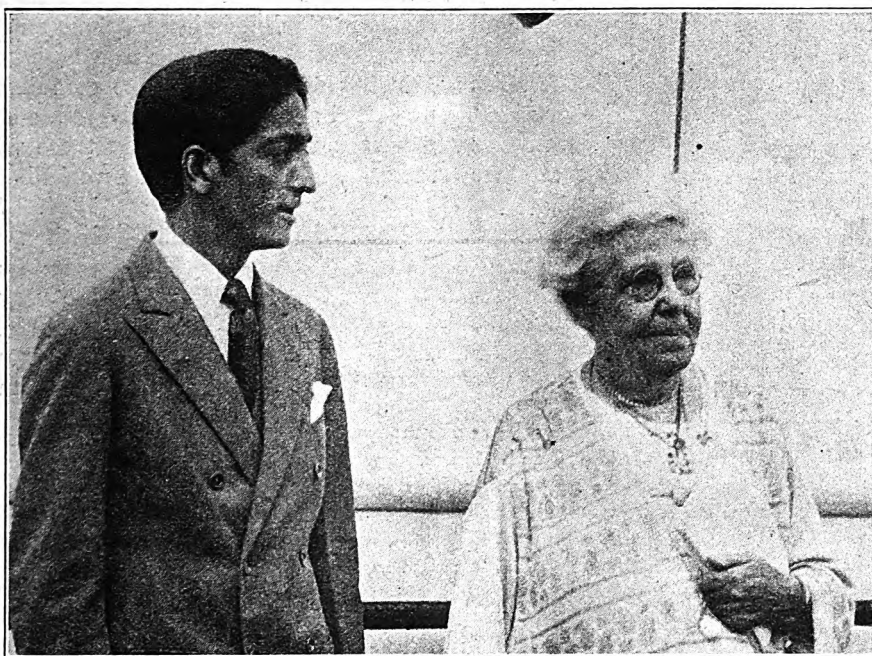
Those therefore who look to Krishnamurti for a new

religion or a new philosophy will be disappointed: he does not offer something *more*, but something *less*. He is a subtractor of everything which stands between man and his "maker" which is man himself—which is *life itself*. He strips bare, as he himself has been stripped bare, in order to arouse *action of liberation*. Life is the only god of his salvation. Life, he says, manifests and fulfils itself in *action*: he counsels us therefore to experience life ever new in action ever new. Canons, creeds, systems, formularies, are all, according to him, crystallizations—the reactions of past actions; the living, willing and thinking of long ago. These, he tells us, should be dispensed with lest the house confine the spirit, nor should we build "more statelier mansions" but live unhouseled under the naked sky of universal love and truth. "My teaching is neither mystic nor

occult," he affirms, "for I hold that both mysticism and occultism are man's limitations upon truth. Life is more important than any beliefs or dogmas, and in order to allow to life its full fruition you must liberate it from beliefs, authority and tradition. But those who are bound by these things will have a difficulty in understanding truth."

For this re-

lease of life thru action he will lay down no rules, prescribe no technique, no matter how insistently urged to do so. If he spoke his thought he would perhaps give as a reason that life, freed of old inhibitions, will develop its own technique of expression as inevitably as the powerful thought precipitates the fitting phrase; for to the question, "In what way shall I express life thru action?" he answered only, "Think and love!" People complain that there is nothing new in his teaching, and according to his own declaration there is not, but who has ever got to the end of "think and love"? The difficulty with such people is that they want to be *fed*, not flogged and flayed into action. In place of loaves and fishes he offers only the white flour of universal love and the sharp hook of thought. Honest doubt, the inevitable concomitant of thought, he sets great store by: "Of what importance is that to which you cling (he says) if doubt can destroy it? Of what value are your traditions, your beliefs and your accumulations if doubt is capable of sweeping them away? A man who is afraid of doubt will never find the truth. Doubt is a precious ointment: it heals tho it burns greatly. If you are afraid of little burns you will



Keystone View Photo

Krishnamurti, with Mrs. Annie Besant, who was the first to proclaim him as Messiah.



never destroy the impurities you have accumulated thruout your lives. In avoiding life, in fearing life, you shelter yourself in decaying things and in that shelter there is sorrow, but in inviting doubt you will create that which will be eternal and bear the stamp of happiness."

Krishnamurti's teaching will seem desolating until the perception dawns that *his blows are aimed only at our fetters*; it will appear nihilistic until the realization comes that life, unconditioned by personal prejudices, petty ambitions and vagrant desires is not a void but a plenum, that we exist for life, not it for us. Each one's individual uniqueness, when once it has been purified of all egoism, becomes a new vehicle thru which the universal life can realize itself. Every individual life, in this way, enriches the universe, for it gives to the universal life a fresh world in which it can rediscover and recreate itself. And the point at which this gift is handed over to the universal life is what we call liberation. For it is then that the ego relinquishes that which it has helped to build up, and a greater life takes this over. To talk of so-and-so "obtaining liberation" is a misuse of terms: that which is liberated is always life, not the individual. Indeed, it is at the expense of the individual that such liberation is achieved: life alone benefits by the transaction. It is true that the individual uniqueness which persists on both sides of the liberating process finds that instead of belonging to the ego it has really always belonged to the life universal, but that discovery is made at, or after, liberation. The process toward liberation must always seem like the killing out of individuality—hence its painfulness. The old saying that a man must die in order to live still remains true.

Questioned as to the difference between the life before and after "liberation" Krishnamurti answered that there is one simple mark which holds good of every manifestation of pure, or universal life: it acts but never reacts. Until we get rid of our egoism most of our conscious life is made up of reactions. Take love, for example. In most cases this is a reaction set up within us by some person who attracts us. A person who does not happen to set up this reaction we do not love. But after liberation, when pure life is in control, love becomes a life-force going out from ourselves. It is a searchlight which renders lovable all on whom its beams may happen to fall. It is independent of its objects, since the light can be turned just as easily upon one as on another. And the same thing is true of everything else in the liberated life. Wisdom, for example, is not knowledge derived from anything outside, it is a light which going forth from ourselves illumines everything

which it may touch. It is pure life manifesting as cognition.

Such, as I understand it, is the quintessence of Krishnamurti's teaching. In two words it is, *trust life*—"be not afraid with any amazement". Most of our troubles come from our fear of life, religion itself being a refuge from that fear. But if we trust life instead of fearing it life will sustain us: a person who, thrown into the water, frantically struggles to rise out of it is likely to exhaust himself and drown, but if he has confidence in the power of the water itself to sustain him, the more he immerses his body the more he is buoyed up.

Krishnamurti is meeting with opposition from many persons who had been prepared from far back to receive and accept him because they dramatized the whole thing in a different way. They prefigured a world-wide organization with himself at its head and themselves in the high places. Such an organization was in fact created, but he dissolved it by official act—the growing oak shattered the containing jar! His most powerful appeal seems to be to the elect of the post-war generation—not necessarily those who were born since the war, but for whom the world began, so to speak, in 1914. Such find in him both a voice and a direction: he declares to them the very things they have dimly felt, and tells them they have felt truly. So far from condemning their irreverence, their skepticism, their struggles toward freedom, which their elders view with misgiving and alarm, he urges them to break all their cages and spread their pinions in the vasty blue, making it clear, at the same time, that this requires a rigorous self-discipline. They recognize Krishnamurti as one of themselves, and yet they appear to have a sense of his transcendence different from, yet greater than that of his avowed and constituted worshippers.

Whether or not he is a "world-teacher" these young people do not seem to care—nor, for that matter, does he—but they know that he has sounded their key-note, the key-note of the coming time—for are they not that future? Like him, they are sickened by materialism and mind-idolatry. Like him, they are in love with life. They would tear down, as he would, that labyrinthine, many-colored, mind-woven tapestry which hides the door leading to that secret chamber where waits the Beloved—unlimited, ever-unfolding life.

To some minds Krishnamurti's teaching may seem to point toward the revolt of the person against every kind of authority, but what it really points toward is the revolt of the life-force against the personalized limitation of itself. That teaching is summed up in the phrase, "*Life ever new in action ever new.*"

## The Measure of Man's Soul

By Fred E. Truman

**SO YOU** would learn the measure of his soul?

It is as tall as he is and as wide,  
It is no deeper than his deepest thought,  
No lighter than his lightest fancy, wrought  
Of iron passions and of plastic pride,  
A wilful, wine-filled, overflowing bowl.

With finger marks and scratches on each side,  
His scars of battle, each one dearly bought,  
Receipts of Time for roads demanding toll,  
Stamps, that identify the kind of rôle  
He played in life, the kind of battles fought.  
We shall be curious as to how he died.

When Time disintegrates the clay-wrought bowl,  
We'll learn the earthly measure of his soul.



# DREAM—and Keep on Dreaming



Courtesy Canadian National Railways

## *Six Rules for Developing your Mind and Getting your Work Accomplished*

By J. Timothy Curtin

**D**O YOU know that you and you alone are the builder of your mental power?

Have you been blaming heredity, influence of others, poverty or too much wealth for your failure to have a good mind?

When you learned of a successful person, have you said, "If I had his opportunity, I could be a success"?

Stop that kind of thinking. Some men with the greatest minds were poorer than anyone in the United States is likely to be. The very greatest never heard of a college. Others were without a home. Some were certainly not understood and lacked opportunity.

You evolve your own mind. Not a thing that happens to you, not anything done against or for your welfare, can make or unmake your mind or affect your character.

Only your reaction to and use of circumstances, peo-

ple, opportunity, can beneficially change and develop or deteriorate and spoil your mind. You are the only person who can actually do

anything with yourself. Some one may put a fine meal before you three times a day, but you will starve unless you do the eating—people can't eat for you. Poverty may compel you to have only one meal each day, but if you eat with a right mental attitude, you can keep well.

Just so regarding that mind and personality of yours. Experience is coming to you every day. People, good and bad, bump into you all of the time. The libraries are full of good books, free! Man's created beauty and God's natural beauty are crowding upon your attention. Unless you react right to all of this, you will be like millions of others—no good.

You may become one of society's marvels, but also



you may be only one of the many persons of average ability. If you are one of the "average", don't be ashamed. It is important only that you develop to the highest refinement of which you are capable your personality and ability. If you do this you are just as praiseworthy as the most able person on earth.

One of the finest men I have known never got beyond being a laborer, but what a personality! He radiated happiness and good influence always.

One vicious-minded, ignorant person I knew, with a hateful, bitter personality, changed himself into an educated, noble, kindly worker for the public good by dreaming and working.

A timid, inexperienced woman day-dreamed herself to be a successful woman. Up to the age of forty she had had no business experience whatever. That was ten years ago. She, however, dreamed, worked, dared and dreamed greater dreams. Her personality has grown and her business is in the "million-per-year class" today.

One man knew that some men in his family were "good talkers". He, however, at thirty-five failed completely in making any kind of an address. He dreamed—listened to others—dreamed still more—tried to put his dream into action and dreamed again. Over and over again he tried to realize his dreams. Today, he is one of the best speakers in the United States.

We have often heard slighting remarks about the "dreamer"—the one who spends considerable time imagining a good time, a great achievement in business or professional work or an excellent story, a career in politics, law or statesmanship, an artistic dress, a wonderful building. In consequence the average person has become afraid to admit that he is "just dreaming".

I want to urge you to dream and keep right on dreaming. I wish we were used to another word to convey the thought, "Visualize and keep on visualizing."

You can train and direct your day-dreaming to your own advantage.

The dreams of the sleeping person are a disconnected, vague, usually ridiculous series of pictures and memories from the unconscious mind. Much of what you call dreaming things thru in your waking hours is analogous to the sleep dream. Your mind just wanders

and there is no real basis of knowledge, no directed action of the mind endeavoring to construct a dream of things as they ought to be.

Such dreaming is destructive. If you continue it, you will presently develop the habit of disconnected, incomplete thinking, and you will be harassed by a "feeling" that there is something you ought to do and have not done. Your mind will become disorganized and you will find it difficult to think things thru when faced with a genuine opportunity or problem.

To be able to dream (visualize) is not the result of a mere resolution. The ability develops with practice and conscious effort. As a child you dreamed (imagined, visualized) in your quiet moments. Childhood dreams were not hampered by a sense of inferiority or by knowledge. However, the same mental

processes must now be used. Dream some of your adolescent dreams again, moulded by information, experience and longings acquired since then.

This will start the machinery of your soul.

Then transfer the dreaming to some ambition, vocation, hope, longing for goodness, act, speech, politics, business or to some necessary work connected with your life today or the immediate tomorrow.

Repeated use of this visualizing, imaging machine will develop your thinking ability and lead to greater knowledge and service aspirations. More complete, clearer pictures of character, actions, methods, buildings, music, speeches, written articles and stories will come into the day dreams.

Your castle must be built in the air before you can successfully build it on the ground. If you are an architect you must use your

knowledge of materials, your sense of beauty, your knowledge of what is possible, your experience with workmen and every other material and human limitation or possibility, in dreaming a building.

Then you can visualize—dream the whole building in all of its beauty. This must be done before you can get down to the beginning of details in your plan.

I am sitting in the lobby of one of the most beautiful hotels in New York City. It is wonderful, restful and a credit to America. My gratitude to the builders, financiers and workmen is real, but my greatest obligation is to the person or persons (*Continued on page 63*)



Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railways

*Nature's beauty is demanding your attention.*



# “Tuned In”

## A Startling Story of “Radio” Psychology

By Charles M. Martin

**T**HE Twilight hour!

That blessed time of peace, between sunset and night, when the trials of the day are forgotten and every part of nature seems to relax.

Man stops his hurrying, and the birds wheel lazily. The insects hum in an undertone, and even the sea seems to speak beneath its breath. The sun pauses, then sinks slowly to rest, its work finished for another day. Contentment fills the heart and the quiet happiness of serenity comes to each mind that meditates.

Jack Trayton sat in his comfortably furnished hotel-apartment doing just that. Meditation during the twilight hour was as much a part of his daily routine as were the setting-up exercises every morning. It showed in his face, his bearing, his character, and was reflected by his present surroundings.

The psychology of color! The walls of his living-room were a warm gray, with a light blue-gray ceiling. The floor covering was of a similar motive. A silver vase with a single velvet rose adorned the dull mahogany desk. His business suit was of conservative gray, the soft silk tie of dark blue adding the only touch of color.

Trayton was contented. His face reflected the peace of the twilight hour and that knowledge which comes only thru understanding. He breathed a quiet prayer of affirmation as naturally as tho he were expressing a fact.

“I am happy,” he said. “I am healthy, prosperous and contented.”

He smiled as he thought of the words of a friend that very day: “I wish I were like you, Trayton. I don’t believe you have ever had a trouble in your life. You surely are lucky.”

Those words had told Trayton that he was a success. He had lost his fortune, his family, everything. He had lost his temper once, and had nearly killed. That time he had lost his liberty. Then the accidents that had

Some months ago we published a story by Mr. Martin, relating a true incident from his life—his healing from the effects of a fractured skull and blood clot at the base of the brain—by a sudden, strenuous, successful effort to save a drowning girl.

Here is another true story from his most unusual life. The occurrences contain so many intimate personal details that he asks to be pardoned for withholding actual names, but he writes:

“The story is true in every detail. On my honor. I do not claim to be a ‘healer’, I can only teach, and awaken hope and courage. I have always had a gift of awakening people to the possibilities of Conscious Thought. They do the rest.

“Personally, I am always repaid by the happiness it gives me. I do not want credit or monetary payment.

“I am earning my living as a traveling salesman. Many of my cases have been under medical care. I try to create a new mental attitude. The doctor can continue his care of the body.”

broken his body—and his health. He had gone down into the Valley of the Shadow, and while there he had found himself.

Right thinking; that was it. He had read somewhere that man was a thought-evolved being, and the practice of this principle had made him the calm, contented man he was today.

A young man of thirty-six, but old in experience and wisdom. His erect, athletic figure gave the lie to those accidents which had broken his body and had caused him to spend so many months in the hospital.

“Preparatory steps,” he smiled. “I enjoyed every one of them.”

He answered a knock at his door, admitting a worried-looking man of about forty-five.

“Sit down, Frank,” he said. “Where have you been for so long? What are you allowing to trouble you?”

“It’s getting my nerves, Jack,” the other answered. “If I don’t get a call from the studios soon, I’ll be in the bread-line.”

“Allowing doubt and fear to rule you, eh?”

“But, Jack, I’m just about broke.”

“You can attract any condition to yourself that you wish,” replied Trayton.

“I want to work, that’s all.”

“Hold it,” commanded Trayton. “Hold that thought with all your mental force. Then there will not be any room in your mind for anything else. Tell yourself every minute of every day that you want to work. Tell your sub-conscious mind every night the same thing. You will attract work to you, just as a light attracts moths. In the meantime, there is my purse. Borrow what you need and repay it when you can.”

The man who had entered with a face of gloom left with a smile of security and a step which bespoke confidence.

“Thanks, old trouble doctor,” he said. “I’m sure I will have a job soon.” (Two days later he signed a lucrative contract with a movie company.)



*As he spoke he  
leaned forward,  
watching the face  
of the girl.*

one in which a clumsy surgeon had severed a muscle of the right shoulder. This had caused the shoulder to drop five inches and had thrown the stomach out of position.

Later, an operation in the back of the shoulder grafting the useless muscle to a larger and healthy one. Then eight months in a steel brace which held the arm straight out in front of her. During this time she had scarcely eaten, and the doctors feared that she would starve.

He had seldom seen such courage. Never a complaint. Always a sweet smile and perfect good humor. But no food.

He could heal her. He knew he could. Or rather, teach her to heal herself. But her parents were stubbornly doubtful about anything they could not understand.

He had pleaded with them to let him take her to the big woods. Regular hours and simple living. Fresh air and sunshine, intelligent exercise and regular rest. Mostly, he had wanted to get her away from their influence of pessimism and gloom, and correct her mental attitude by a healthier mode of thinking.

"Bally rot!" snapped her English father. "Live in the woods, when one has all conveniences here in the city? And get sunburned and smoky like a bloomin' herring? And fancy such food! My dear fellow, you must have a tile loose, really."

In which the entire family had concurred, and poor little Rose had never in her life rebelled against the parental mandate. Now she was close to the border.

So engrossed was he in retrospection that he did not notice the approach of Dr. Mays. The doctor touched him lightly on the arm.

"Glad you got here, Jack," he greeted.

Trayton shook hands with the doctor who was an old friend. They liked, and thoroughly respected, each other.

Trayton's  
telephone  
rang sharply.

The operator advised that long distance was calling. After a moment's wait, an agitated voice came to him from the other end of the line.

It was Marie, the sister of his fiancée.

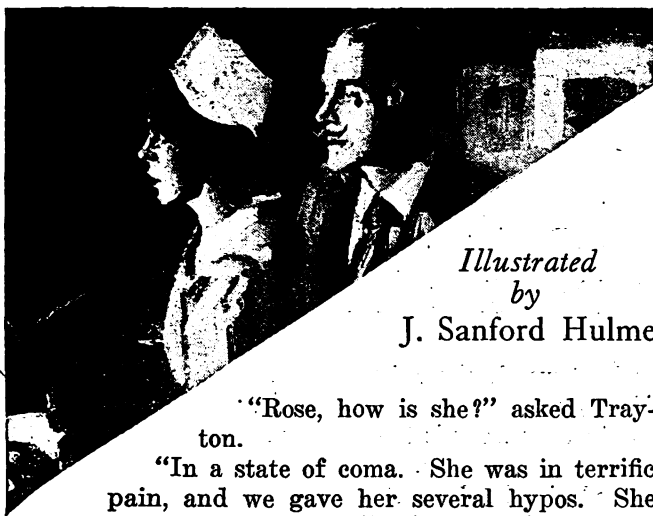
"Jack! Can you come up at once?" she cried. "Rose has been taken to the hospital and the doctors say she can not live until morning. Do hurry, Jack."

"I will be there in two hours," he answered. "Calm yourself and don't worry."

He hurried to his parked roadster and was soon working his way thru the city traffic. He drove rapidly but with care, and no sign of worry showed on his face. Seventy miles of smooth, open highway melted to nothing under the wheels of his fast, little car. In less than two hours he was climbing the steps of the hospital.

As he waited in the reception hall for the doctor, he reviewed the case of his Rose. He had first met her at a time when the doctors thought neither of them would live. Now his illness was forgotten because of the splendid health which had taken its place. With Rose it had been a bit different.

There had been a thyroid operation. Then a second



Illustrated  
by  
J. Sanford Hulme

"Rose, how is she?" asked Trayton.

"In a state of coma. She was in terrific pain, and we gave her several hypos. She will never regain consciousness, old friend. We do not know what has kept her alive the past year. Now she has no resistance, not enough to rally out of the unconscious stupor. She will die before morning."

"You are sure of that?" asked Trayton.

"Positive," returned the doctor. "The age of miracles is past."

"Is the radio a miracle?" asked Trayton.

As the doctor looked at him in amazement at this seeming irrelevant question, he changed the subject abruptly.

"What does Dr. Brown think?"

"We are unanimous in our opinion," replied the doctor.

"Then it can make no difference."

"What do you mean?" asked Dr. Mays.

"I want thirty minutes to make an experiment," Trayton said quietly. "I will sit beside her and hold her hand."

"Radio? Miracle?" The doctor was puzzled. "Some more of your weird psychology, Jack?"

"No!" The answer was low, but positive. "The law and the power of the mind are as natural as any of the laws of nature. I shall call her back, and she will awaken naturally. She will be unafraid and refreshed."

"I know what you have done for yourself and for others," said the doctor. "I will give you thirty minutes, and we will watch with the deepest interest."

They entered the sick room where the girl lay with the pallor of death upon her sweet face. The doctor marveled at the calmness of Trayton, who approached the bed with a gentle smile lighting up his strong features.

He seated himself beside the bed. Then he took the left hand of the unconscious girl in his right hand and, leaning back, relaxed himself. For a minute he concentrated his gaze on her left temple, while the fingers of his left hand rested against his left temple. His eyes closed and, perfectly relaxed, he sat without moving while the minutes ticked away.

One of the doctors started to whisper, but Dr. Mays silenced him with a gesture. He did not know how much he *believed*, but he did know the power of Trayton's mind, and he realized that titanic forces were being invoked. He understood that Trayton, in some way unknown to him, was concentrating in a mighty effort to pierce the darkness. He motioned for the others to observe Trayton.

No longer was he relaxed. The veins stood out on his forehead, and his body was rigid with repressed power. His right arm was extended straight from the shoulder, and his hand, as he grasped the hand of the girl, vibrated as tho by a motor. Suddenly he broke the silence.

"You *will* awake," he said in a low, confident voice.

As he spoke, he disengaged his hand, opened his eyes and leaned forward, watching the face of the girl. The watchers held their breath. A minute passed, and then . . .

Slowly the eyes of the girl opened as the color returned to her face. As naturally as if she had but taken a nap and had awakened refreshed, she smiled at Trayton.

"I did not expect you until morning, dear, but I am awfully glad you are here," she said.

"Must not talk now, dear," he soothed. "You are going to get some good sleep now, and I will tell you all the news tomorrow."

"I feel fine," she answered. "Can't you stay awhile?"

"Hospital rules," he said. "The doctors have let me stay over time now."

He kissed her gently on the forehead and left quickly. He felt just a bit tired. Dr. Mays met him in the reception hall and grasped his hand.

"That was wonderful, Jack. Fourteen minutes. Will you explain to me something of what you did?"

"First," said Trayton, "she will live!"

"She will," agreed the doctor. "We knew she would recover if she could pull out of that coma, but we were positive she could not come out of it. And I still insist that she could not have done it alone."

"Do you understand the principles of radio?" asked Trayton.

"Something of it."

"Well, from a powerful broadcasting station, a message is sent out on a certain wave-length. Those who have receiving sets, properly tuned in, catch this message. It is a matter of vibration. There is nothing wonderful or unnatural about it. Today it is an accepted fact.

"We know that the conscious mind works while we are awake. We also know that the sub-conscious, or unconscious, mind works all the time.

"I felt sure that I could send out a message with all the power of my sub-conscious mind behind it, aided by the strength of my will. If it was transmitted on the proper wave-length, in the proper vibration, it would be picked up by the antennae of her unconscious mind. Her unconscious mind would then obey the command I gave to my sub-conscious mind and do all the work. I also believed that it would draw from me and use my strength. Perhaps you noticed me put my fingers to my left temple?"

The doctor nodded.

"I always visualize my 'invisible servant' as being on guard there," continued Trayton. "I also visualized the unconscious mind of Rose as being at her left temple. Then, I sent out the command.

"Toward the last, I felt my right arm vibrate as tho it were a violin string, and I think I am just a bit ashamed of that, because it was a physical demonstration. But I *knew* she would awaken."



# F. H. Bennett's *Whole-hearted*

*The Dramatic Story of a Man who Would Not  
Stop Short of His 100 Per Cent Goal*



MR. BENNETT

EVERY day, save the first one of the week, a tall man, with exceptionally clear-cut features, forceful gray eyes, and a nose and lips that spell purpose, drives from his home on one of the hills of Montclair, New Jersey, to a pile of buildings near East River in New York. He drives his car as he lives and works, undeviatingly, eyes straight front, firm hands on the wheel. Often he makes a detour to another stone pile in a garden-like setting at Hamburg, New Jersey. The irregular stone pile, a granitic canopy above the old raceway, a picturesque realization of the art-in-industry idea, covers a water-mill one hundred and twenty-one years old. That old mill, rejuvenated into exceeding activity, is the place where

wheatsworth flour is ground. The row of stone buildings on the corner of Tenth Street and Avenue D in New York is the factory in which wheatsworth crackers are made. The man who drives to them is Frederick H. Bennett.

He is the man who discovered the worth of a grain of wheat. Not in mere dollars, tho dollars have followed the discovery. But in its ministration to the health of one hundred and ten million persons in the United States of America.

I believe that Frederick H. Bennett would be satisfied if he thought his epitaph would read: "Here lieth the man who gave the grain of wheat to his fellowmen."

That, literally, is what he has done. A big man. A tiny grain of wheat. These linked by a patience that was strained near the breaking point.

He was with the National Biscuit Company. Twenty-one years ago he left it. "Why?" His answer comes with a grim, New England setting of his lips. "Because I didn't know any better." Youth and a desire for more elbow room led him to that goal of the growing man, business of his own. For nine years he manufactured one hundred varieties of crackers. Then came illness as a result of too close application to business and the usual ignorance of the business man of that time as to care for his health. "I didn't know. No one seemed then to know," he said. He went to Dr. Robert McCaskie for health guidance. That authority on blood chemistry led him into paths of natural living.

His health was soon regained but he had gained more, a vision of how humankind should live to preserve its health and maintain its highest efficiency. One of the needs is coarse bread. "Whole wheat, if one could get it," growled Dr. McCaskie. "But that hasn't been done."

Frederick H. Bennett began to think. As a friend of his observed, he might have posed, in mood at least, for Rodin's, *The Thinker*. The idea of manufacturing whole-wheat flour possessed him.

"Not what is called whole wheat but the real thing," he said to his millers in Hamburg. In company with all who propose change in the world's methods Mr. Bennett was assured that it "couldn't be done".

"Can't make it more than one-fourth whole wheat," he was informed with emphasis.

"Why not?"

It couldn't be done because it hadn't been done was, in substance, the reply.

"Let's keep on trying."

There was a little gain. In time. A long time. Then more. It had reached the half whole-wheat stage.

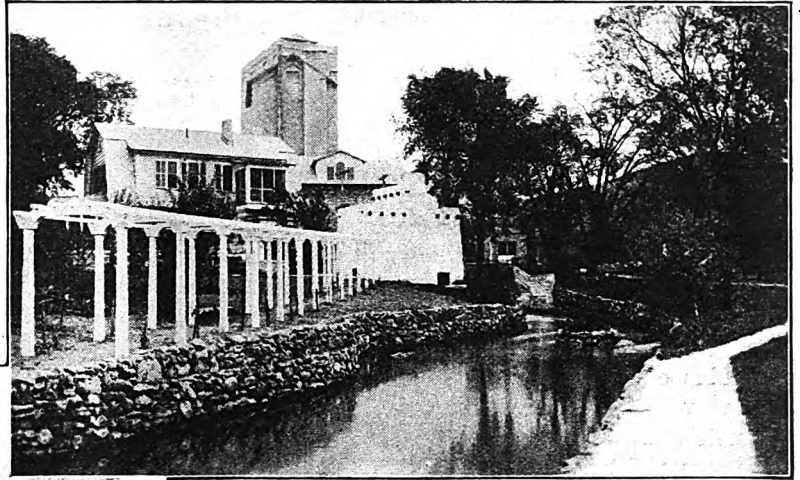
# Search for Whole Wheat

By Ada Patterson

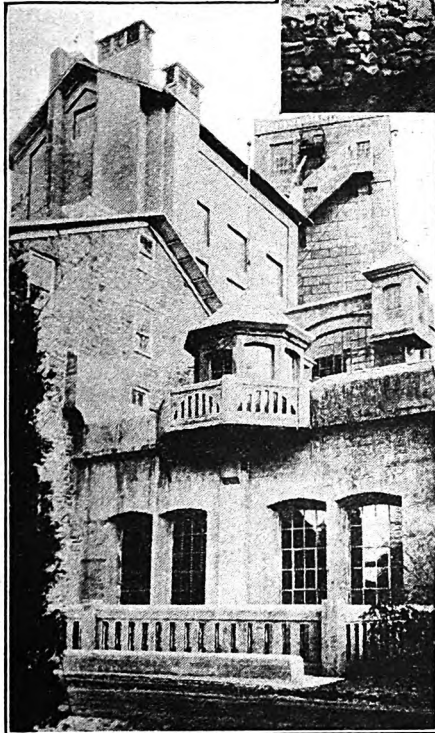
Sixty per cent. The years were passing. Mr. Bennett's strength and nerves were being worn to a fine edge. Seventy per cent. Positively as far as could be done. It was not humanly possible to make the portion larger. Pretty large at that, considering what it was when they had started. True. But Frederick H. Bennett came early to his desk before his men had gathered there. He left his desk while they were going home from the movies. Often he came back to it and worked and thought, making figures on a writing pad, head inclined, scowling at the figures. Making notes. Tearing them up. Making more.

"One evening at eight the boss called me," said one of his oldest and most trusted employees, one who, instead of saying, "It can't be done," said, "No harm in trying." And they worked in the factory at Tenth Street and Avenue D until two o'clock that morning.

Friends voiced their solicitude. "You're not in business for your health," they said. "But I am in business for their health," answered the man who was becoming of razor-edge thinness and, as the employee who had come with him from the larger company said, "His hair is a different color." Brown had given way to white. But he kept on figuring, hoping, believing, urging his millers to keep on trying. They had reached eighty per cent. That was good but not enough. Mr. Bennett never wavered. He held his men to their lines. The words "visionary" and "idealist" and "crazy" were employed within the factory walls. They came to Mr. Bennett's ears. He laughed,



*The century-old water-power mill now the home of Wheatsworth products, at Hamburg, N. J.*

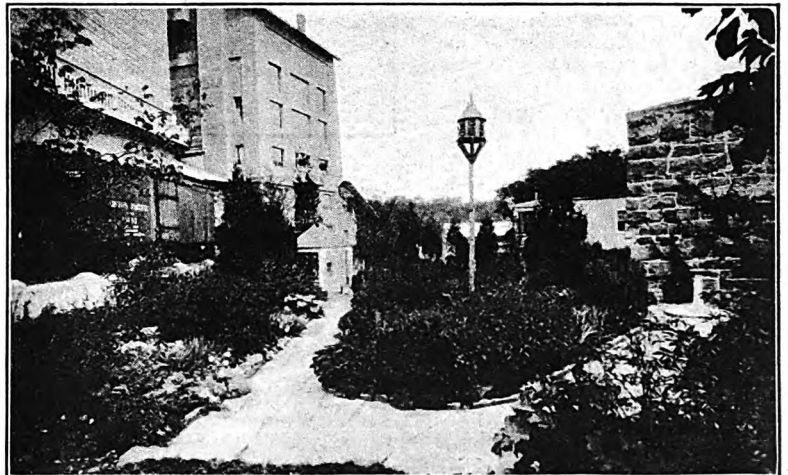


*A demonstration of Mr. Bennett's art-in-industry idea—another view of his flour mills.*

even tho mirthlessly, and said: "I'd rather be crazy than lazy." Even as Columbus held his ships on their course toward the land in which he believed, Mr. Bennett kept his purpose pointed to one hundred per cent whole-wheat flour.

It was an hour of which Frederick Bennett and his group of faithful men never speak lightly—that five o'clock when a miller, brown with the dust from nutty, new-ground flour, came shouting: "We have it—it's one hundred per cent whole wheat."

Mr. Bennett carried samples of his new product to Alfred W. McCann, who had been crying in the wilderness for whole-wheat bread and had been persecuted even to the courts therefor. Mr. McCann shook hands with Mr. Bennett, said he hoped so but was doubtful. Tests were made. He was convinced. Dr. Harvey Wiley, pure food authority and drafter



*The workers in the mill enjoy this refreshing scene.*

of the bill for pure food and drugs, and whose spirits had drooped as he told me the public cared not whether its food were pure if only the taste were agreeable, rejoiced with Mr. Bennett. Those three men, pioneers in giving the public what it needed but did not care about because it did not know its need, should be photographed in a group as were Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford and the late John Burroughs.

In a school of eighty-six pupils near Hamburg, eighty-two of the children were of the kind called backward. They were backward because undernourished. Some of them came to school without breakfast. Some after a breakfast of one cold pancake. When the plight of the backward school reached the owner of the Hamburg Mills, he ordered wheatsworth crackers and milk delivered at the school daily at noon. The school reports improved in direct ratio to those luncheons.

The late Dr. Frank Crane made this argument, an irrefutable one for genuinely whole wheat, citing Mr. Bennett's invaluable contribution to right living:

The Bible tells us of the miracle of the mustard seed which, tho it be so small, develops into a wide spreading plant. But a greater miracle is found in the history of a grain of wheat. Wheat is a grain that contains more of the food elements required by human beings than any other cereal product of nature.

Planted in the earth's bosom, it develops into man's greatest storehouse of energy. It brings to him from the universe the hidden powers of life.

According to the United States Department of Agriculture the average man or woman consumes about 5.3 bushels of wheat in a year. And this wheat contains not only a full supply of what the body needs in the way of food but also certain precious mineral salts which are nature's medicines to keep us healthy.

Whole wheat is everybody's drug store without the poisons or superfluities. Besides this, whole wheat contains those strange elements known as vitamins which science has shown us to be so essential to health.

But the manufacture of flour from wheat, like every other human activity, has been cursed by ignorance and wrong tradition. In order to make the flour white the millers have refined away many of its beneficial and wholesome ingredients. Nature has done her best to produce, in wheat, man's ideal food and it is no less than a crime against humanity to deprive growing children and adults of the extremely important parts of this food simply to make it look pretty.

Wheat is the staff of life for the people of Western civilization as rice is the principal food of the Orientals. As the Japanese nation has prohibited polished rice because it is dangerous to the national health, so Western people ought to know not to eat the products of wheat which, by refining processes for commercial reasons, have been deprived of their health and life-giving qualities.

Our sturdy forefathers knew nothing but whole wheat

and it would be well if we could lead our children back to the same sensible food.

Bennett, the pioneer, had reached one milestone. He had his perfect product. Another remained to be reached. Slow, laborious, heart-weighting was his task of convincing the public of the worth of actually whole wheat in the flour, the cereal, the nutty cracker sweetened with brown sugar.

"A grain of whole wheat is the perfect food," said Mr. Bennett when I called upon him at the new, sanitary and fragrant factory where the wheatsworth crackers are baked and packed.

"Now, what is in that grain? Iron which enriches blood and reddens cheeks; fluorine which improves sight, brightens eyes and builds armor-plate enamel that keeps teeth from decay; calcium for teeth, digestion, bones and resistance; silicon, for the nerves and

luxuriant hair; phosphorus that repairs and builds nerve tissue; potassium that keeps tissues 'young' and elastic; sodium which destroys poisons; magnesium that combines with phosphorus, silicon and fluorine to develop teeth and bones; sulphur which helps keep hair and nails from becoming brittle; iodine that builds the body to resist disease; manganese which works with iron, keeping blood a healthy red and burning up internal poisons; chlorine that helps to make gastric juice and is a basis of good digestion; oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen and carbon which make breathing possible.

"These sixteen sustainers of life are all supplied by the wheatsworth products.

"In whole wheat is the strength that sustains, the replenishment of vital forces that come only directly thru nature to us. You are dependent for your existence upon nature and to interpret nature correctly is your best guide to health. Natural foods are always to be trusted. Man cannot im-

prove them. We keep in the cracker all that grows in the grain.

"Children grow properly in strength and wisdom if their food is right and the simple diet, if natural, is cheapest and most satisfactory. As an example of the simple diet, milk and genuine whole wheat, in combination, make a complete, well-balanced, appetizing and sustaining food, containing all the essential elements. Children digest it thoroly and thrive on it wonderfully. It is, in fact, a normal diet, containing an adequate amount of the bulky residue (Continued on page 76)

## Good Health

By Grenville Kleiser

**H**EALTH, health, health, health,  
Health the very best of wealth!  
Health of body, health of mind,  
Health that's of the robust kind.  
Health of spirit, sound and pure,  
Health that strengthens to endure.  
Health from eating wholesome food,  
Health exempt from things tabooed.  
Health that does not slump nor shirk,  
Health from well-done useful work.  
Health quite free from useless stress,  
Health from daily cleanliness.  
Health as blithe as warbling birds,  
Health that thrives on wisdom's words.  
Health from prudent exercise,  
Health that sparkles in the eyes.  
Health immune from nervous waste,  
Health that knows no foolish haste.  
Health from rest and dreamless sleep,  
Health that comes from breathing deep.  
Health expressed in daily cheer,  
Health that has no doubt or fear.  
Health of outdoor life and sun,  
Health from walking, sport and fun.  
Health that laughs at drug or pill,  
Health of thought that knows no ill.  
Health that sits and stands erect,  
Health that speaks of self-respect.  
Health from gardening in the sod,  
Health that keeps the laws of God.  
Health, health, health, health,  
Health for you the best of wealth!



# He Helped People to See

## *The Story of Clarence Hawkes*

By  
Helen Keller

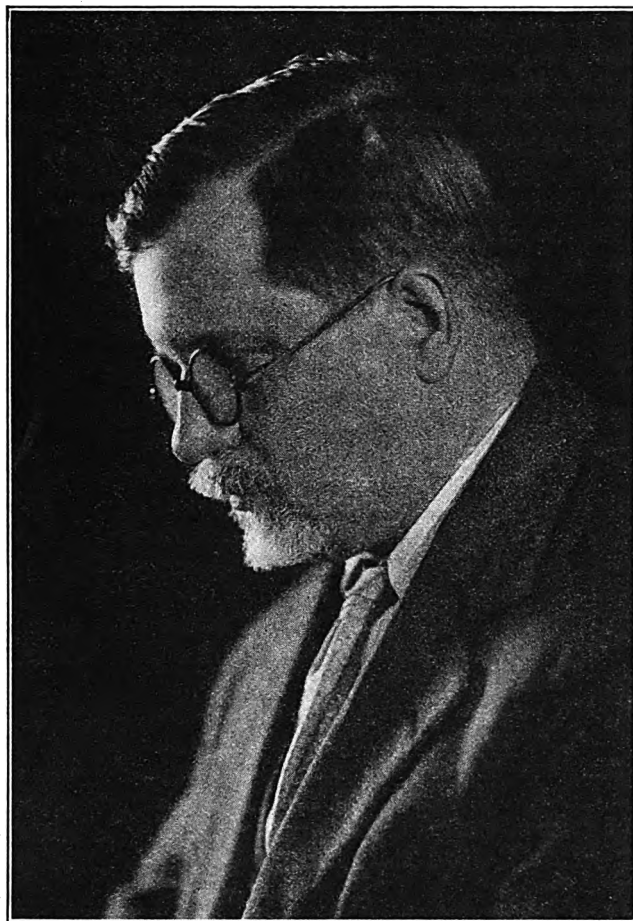
**T**HE blind have to live under a great strain all of the time to do even the simplest things, and Clarence Hawkes has done much more than the simplest things. His whole life has been a persistent



*Helen Keller, in spite of her triple handicap: blindness, deafness and imperfect speech, has raised thousands of dollars for the American Foundation for the Blind.*

struggle against poverty, darkness and other handicaps. He was one of the young blind whom misfortune hit hard, and yet he has lived one of the happiest and most victorious lives I have ever known.

He was a nature-loving boy with the eyes of a poet who for fourteen years drank in the beauty of the woods around his home in Goshen, Mass. Then a day came—the date, August 12, 1883; is burned into his mind—when night descended upon him forever.



*Mr. Hawkes, blind author, whose books have been translated into many other languages.*

The dreadful day began with happiness. Earlier in the month his father had presented him with a gun, and on this morning the two of them set out to hunt wood ducks. In the heart of the swamp they separated. In some way the father lost his bearings, and, thinking that he was shooting into a covey of ducks, shot straight into the eyes of his son.

After the first shock was over a small degree of sight returned, and when finally he was allowed to leave his room he could see objects dimly thru a thick haze. But the haze gradually deepened until at last there came a morning when there was left nothing but blackness. There followed a long series of consultations with doctors, and two years later when, after six operations, they told him that henceforth he would be totally blind his only feeling, for the moment, was relief that he was at last free from the torturing rack of the operating table. Then the old horror came back, greater than it had ever been. The rest of his life would be spent in darkness and he did not see how he could live thru the long weeks that lay ahead.

It is hard for a blind person to go on from this point. Many have not the courage, initiative and perseverance of Mr. Hawkes. Some are overwhelmed by

their disaster, some lack the imagination that sees new possibilities of achievement in Darkland. Others are too timid to venture unaided into any new enterprise. It is not easy for those with all their faculties to succeed in life alone, and it is impossible for the blind to make headway without practical assistance. It is to give such assistance that the American Foundation for the Blind has been established. It is to fill the place of advisor and friend to the blind of our country, not only during the trying period of adjustment but for the rest of their lives as well.

Clarence Hawkes was more fortunate than many others. "Like many another man," he says, "I got my start in life by having a beautiful and gifted mother. When I go back in memory to the very borderland of the forgotten I can see her. A slight girlish figure, an oval face with smiling lips and sunny brown eyes. This was how she looked as I held the ends of the reins while she drove our family horse along the wonderful winding country roads. Being a poet of no mean order herself, when mother told us fairy stories on a winter's evening before the dancing fire in the old Franklin stove, her language was always simple and beautiful. These fairy stories were discarded on Sunday evening, when we heard Bible stories, such classics as Joseph and his brethren, David and Goliath, and Daniel and the lions. It was from my mother that I acquired my love of literature.

"It was from my grandmother that I first learned to love the birds and the squirrels and all the beautiful living creatures that God has made.

"It was my father who taught me the more strenuous features of out-door life. From him I learned fishing, boating, camping and woodcraft. Father and my Uncle William had gone West in the Fifties and had picked up stories of wolf coursing and bear and buffalo hunting which thrilled me as few other stories had the power to do.

"But my real love of nature was even deeper and more fundamental than all this. Often when a mere lad, my eyes would fill with tears and my heart would pound like a trip-hammer when some beautiful scene from the out-of-doors burst suddenly upon my sight. My eyes would often detach a bit of landscape from the surrounding scene until it almost seemed as though it had been set apart from the rest

of the world and framed perfectly before me."

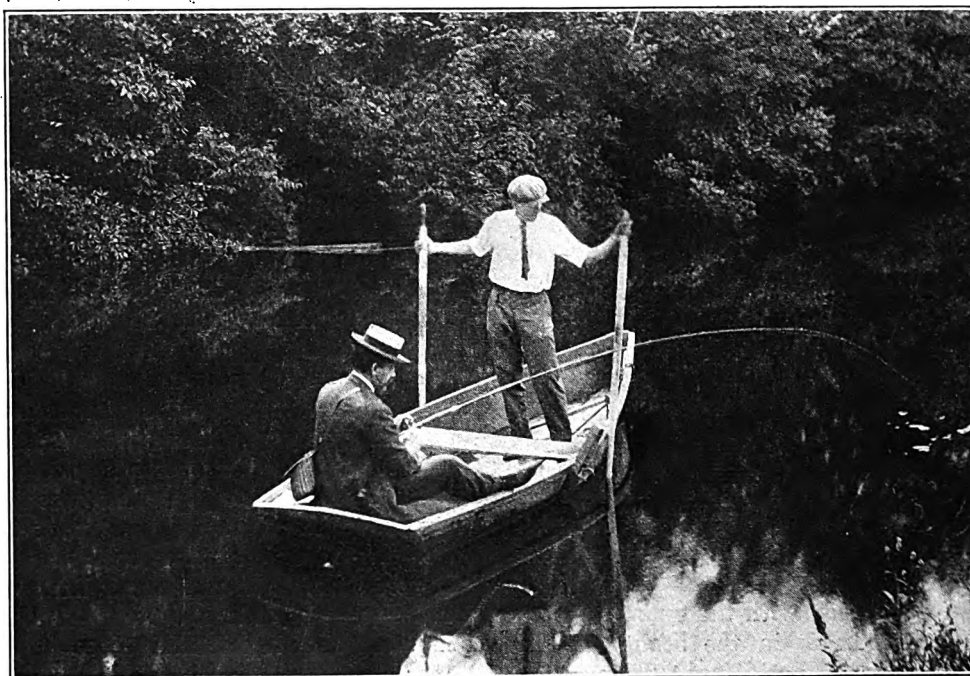
THE last doctor who operated upon Mr. Hawkes' eyes told his mother that the best thing to do was to send him to the Perkins Institution. Neither of them knew what or where the institution was, but it was this suggestion that ultimately led Clarence Hawkes into a useful way of living, which is what the blind need and want most. The blind suffer a great deal from the attitude of the public which varies all the way from that of indifference to that of the sentimentalists who think "the poor things shouldn't be allowed to do anything at all." When these attitudes are replaced by one of friendship and service, the hardest part of blindness will be overcome.

Clarence Hawkes went to the Perkins Institute for the Blind hoping that death would come to end his misery, and yet after a year there his outlook had brightened wonderfully. He had expected to find all the other pupils as unhappy as he was himself and was surprised to hear them laughing and calling out cheery greetings to one another. I was at the institute at the same time he was—he had been there two years, I believe, when I came—and I was a very gay and carefree little girl in those days in spite of my triple handicap of blindness, deafness and imperfect speech.

Most of the blind do not dwell on the tragic side of blindness. They regret silently that they cannot see colors in the skies and the flowers and in the eyes of their loved ones. But that is not their greatest misfortune. The bitter part of their trial is to sit idle, looking into the dark with nothing but the dark staring back at them. The blind man, above all, needs occupation; and the more active and normal he can make his life, the happier he will be.

Clarence Hawkes loves the woods as much now as he did when he was a boy. True he cannot see, but he can still hear and feel. He has a wonderful time fishing. He can tell when a fish tugs at the bait and he loves to battle with a big trout or pike. Mr. Hawkes tried to

learn music when he first went to the Perkins Institution, but discovered that he had no talent for it. He learned chair-caning, which did not especially interest him, but while he was at work he told stories to the other boys from the books he had read before he was fourteen, from books  
(Continued on page 72)



Mr. Hawkes landing a big bass at Fort River.

# Learn how to Use Your Head

## *Fifth of a Series of Lessons in The Fight for Happiness*

By Curtis Gentry

One lie in the Sultan's head will keep out twenty truths.—Arabian Proverb

**T**HE mind is never a vacuum. You may lose your food, the

house in which you live, everything, yet you will never be without thoughts. And whatever appears in the mind finds its way into action. In other words, every act is preceded by a thought. And learning to crowd unworthy images out of the mind with creative and useful ones is the greatest lesson in the world.

If you can do this you are truly the master of your own fate. You have found the secret of success and happiness. You are capable of ruling your own spirit, which, as we learn from the Bible, makes you greater than he that taketh a city.

The fact that we can crowd out the useless by keeping the mind forever filled with the useful is one of the most generous truths in nature. It is the salvation of the human race. And when we consider that not one thought can be erased, but is registered not only in the soul but in the body which houses you, we can readily see why this is the greatest lesson in the world.

Not one thought or act can be erased! What a startling truth this is! But when we reflect upon this fact for a little while we can see that nature has here given us a blessing instead of a curse. Because the thoughts that go into the mind determine the kind of thoughts that follow. And if we begin with good thoughts nature thus throws her weight on our side and helps us to continue in the proper course. It was never intended that we have many bad thoughts and, as it is, the good thoughts far outnumber the bad.

Nature gives us certain characteristics at birth. They are as unchangeable as the laws of the universe. But she has left a great deal for us to do ourselves. And she says to us: "I have started you out and provided you with enough tools to take care of yourself. What you are to be will be determined to a great extent by what you think and do from now on. I have left you to pick out your own information in this world. It is left to you to refrain from this and adhere to that."

But putting the greatest lesson in the world into practice is about the most difficult thing in the world. Many of the great men of history have been able to conquer and master wonderful fields of endeavor, but have failed to conquer themselves. It isn't hard to fight on the battlefield amid the glamour of martial music and inspiring military array, but it is hard to love when you have a tendency to hate, to forgive when

### *The Greatest Lesson in the World*

you want to avenge or to see the truth thru a cloud of prejudice. Not in the thick of battle, but in the cool, calm quiet of your lonely self is where the greatest battles are fought.

Will-power rules the world. And will-power determines what goes into the mind. It makes a poor man rich, a sick man well. It is iron in the blood of life. Without it life sags, hope flickers and men and women become dejected. To begin to rely on will-power is the beginning of wisdom, for wise men will not let themselves be destroyed by the enemy within.

"Men do not lack strength; they lack will," said Victor Hugo. And the mind back of the will is the only force that will give you strength, the power to make you move. Make yourself believe a thing strong enough and action inevitably follows. The Creator has so constructed the human machine that we gradually move in the direction in which we think we are moving. This is the psychological explanation of the old precept, "They can who think they can." It is the secret of achievement. And we cannot go in any direction other than the direction in which we think we are going.

The good work of controlling that which enters the mind is going on about us all the time. It may be seen in many walks of life. The physician, for example, lives in a different atmosphere from that of the lawyer, the minister from that of the business man. Each sees all things thru the eyes of his profession. So we conclude that what enters the mind is determined almost altogether by the desires, the purposes, the aims or ends which we have in life.

Then the important thing in life is a purpose. And no man reaches his highest degree of mental energy, does not even touch the borderland of success and happiness, until he has developed some all-absorbing desire which attracts only the thoughts that are appropriate to that desire. And then the right thoughts and the right interpretations of things will come as naturally and as inevitably as filings find their way to a magnet.

Such desires, aims, ends make you a growing individual, which is quite necessary. For success and happiness are never stagnant experiences. And a big desire, re-enforced with one stimulating fact after another, soon lifts you to the pitch where you will begin to say, "I will! I will!" And you are on your way before you know it. And when you start, half the battle is over. The traveler is already on his (*Continued on page 65*)





President Hoover and delegates from the two hundred organizations



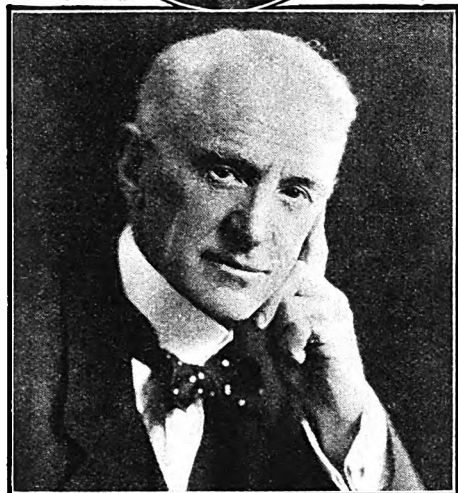
# Three Thousand

## A Report of the First International

WHAT is the function of love in the modern age? How far should parents mind their own business in the correction of children? How do psychology and psychiatry best fit in industry? What are the roots of domestic disagreement? How should society face

Almost two hundred organizations participated in this largest of all discussions of the ways and means of bringing the fruits of modern mental science into everyday life. President Hoover acted as Honorary President. In a great conference, representatives of the State and National Mental Hygiene Societies, the American Psychiatric Association, the American Psychoanalytic Society, rubbed words and elbows with brothers of such diverse associations as the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the American Bar Association, the Health Organization of the League of Nations, the National Education Association.

The barriers which had once separated medicine, psychology, psychiatry, neurology, and divided the various forms of social work into a thousand disjointed categories, had evidently at last been broken. One of the most encouraging features of the congress was the earnest effort of the members to rise above the single-road-to-salvation idea, and find a place for every

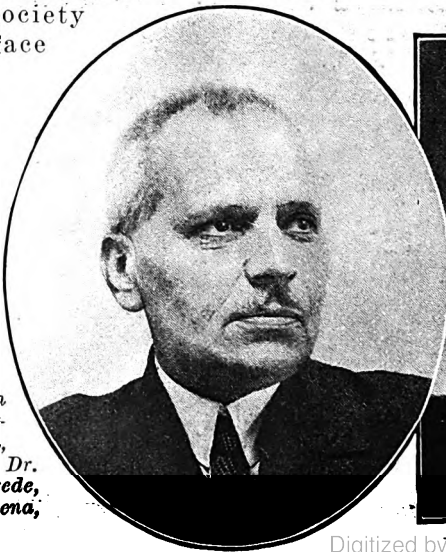


Sir Maurice Craig, chairman of the British National Council for Mental Hygiene. (Above) Mr. C. W. Beers, founder of the movement.

the problems of alcohol and crime?

To discuss a hundred such whats and hows, three thousand educators, judges, psychologists, psychiatrists, social workers, doctors, employers, from fifty nations, gathered in Washington, May 6-10, 1930. It was the occasion of the First International Congress on Mental Hygiene.

Dr. K. Herman Bouman, University of Amsterdam, Holland. Right, Dr. jur. Lothar Frede, University of Jena, Germany.





Hygiene is the culmination of a long dream. Thirty years ago a young man—brilliant, Yale graduate—passed from the land of Reason to that of Unreason. For almost three years, in three mental institutions—"asylums", as they used to be called—he wandered the wilderness of the insane. Mentally helpless, he knew everything that was going on, suffered the pernicious treatment—often torture—that was almost universally meted to mental cases at the time. He vowed, even in such condition, that should he regain the world of men he would expose the whole system.

Fate was kind to him. He gradually regained his reason. Finally he found himself free, and actively in business. However, he could not forget the horrible experiences in the institutions, and did not content himself until he had written a book which is now almost a classic, *A Mind That Found Itself*—an autobiography, sensitive, human, powerful because of its artlessness.

This book by Clifford Whittingham Beers bears the relationship to the mental hygiene movement much the same as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* bears to the Civil War, and Oscar Wilde's *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* bears to the wholesale reformation of prisons. It was the challenge to do something.

One of the first noted men to be attracted by its sincere message was the late William James. Soon followed Dr. William H. Welch, Miss Julia Lathrop, Jacob Riis, Dr. Stewart Paton, Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, former president of Cornell. The psychiatrist, Adolph Meyer, invented for Beers the name "mental hygiene". On May 6, 1908, fourteen people gathered at the New Haven home of Dr. Anson Phelps Stokes—now canon of the Washington Cathedral, then secretary of Yale University—and the Connecticut Society for Mental Hygiene was born.

A year later, the National Committee for Mental Hygiene was founded, and Mr. Beers became the secretary. At first the avowed purpose of the committee was to improve the treatment of people suffering from nervous and mental disorders, but the field for mental hygiene is so wide that soon it began to study the bearing of the mind upon the lesser maladjustments of the individual which had previously not been bothered with, and to study not only how to cure mental trouble but how to prevent it. It began to conduct surveys of mental hygiene problems, and to apply the knowledge gained, thru education and the promotion of beneficial legislation. It encouraged psychiatric social work, assisted the establishment of child-guidance clinics, developed trained workers, and cooperated with govern-

mental and unofficial agencies whose work touched its field at any point.

During its twenty-two years of existence, the National Committee for Mental Hygiene has received and spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in carrying out its activities. Organizations based on similar ideals have sprung up in many other countries.

Two years ago, Beers, tireless in his zeal, founded the American Foundation for Mental Hygiene, and was made its secretary. This organization made possible immediate preparation for the First International Congress—which was held in May, 1930, with Dr. William A. White as president and Clifford W. Beers as secretary-general.

By pointing out a then crying evil in our midst—using his own experience as an example—a single man had provided the spark which since had blown into this world-wide flame.

Before we go further into a few of the discussions of the congress, some might ask just what is meant by

Mental Hygiene, especially as defined by the mental hygiene societies. Does it consist of psychology, or psychoanalysis, or medicine, or physical culture, or what?

It consists of all of these things and more. Mental hygiene is a general end, and is not limited by one particular technique or another. It comprises the application of every branch of knowledge in an effort to help men, women and children make healthy adjustments to life. Furthermore, according to a recent introduction to the subject, mental hygiene "frankly seeks personal and social happiness in the belief that this normally follows wholesome adjustment".

More and more people are coming to realize that quantity in life is of much

less significance than quality. Mental hygiene is not so much concerned with how long a person lives or how many children he has, as with the nature of his adjustment to the world. In presenting figures of the magnitude of nervous and mental disorders as a public-health problem, Dr. Haven Emerson, professor of public-health administration, College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, first of all made this clear.

"Until now," he said, "it has been a commonplace of health officers, a by-word of propagandists of hygiene, that the amount and duration of life were fair measures of human merit and social accomplishment. The death rate has been the basis of confident expression of progress or evidence of failure. Hope of avoiding death has been from the time of Isaiah that 'there shall be no more thence an infant of days nor an old man that has not filled his days'". (Continued on page 67)

## The Word

By Eliot Kays Stone

I took the word that came to me  
And warmed it in my heart;  
I breathed on it the breath of life,  
And bore it to the mart.

I gave it wing—that living word—  
Among the throng it flew;  
Tired men and women took it up,  
And gave it life anew.

And it became a darting word,  
That flew about the land,  
And king and peasant, priest and knave,  
All held it in the hand.

There is a living word for you—  
For you and you alone;  
But you must breathe the breath of life  
On some word of your own.



# Thought and Food

## *A Plea for Better Cooperation Between your Stomach and your Brains*

THE average human stomach bears up surprisingly well, considering the terrible abuse to which it is put. In fact, many a man and many a woman will show absolutely no regard for the stomach until that organ plainly rebels; it won't go on—everything is blocked up. That is bad enough, but usually the entire system is glutted with poisons. It is not easy to free oneself of those deadly accumulations, considering that the stomach has been forced into a slavery, and a mighty objectionable form of slavery, at that.

Most people think it is necessary to partake of three meals every day. They think there is something wrong when they do not feel minded to eat. Usually there is something wrong, but it runs not along the nature of the thought. People will say, "I need more food of a different kind", when really they do not need food of any kind for the time being. Bear in mind a stomach delights in an occasional relief, too; why not give it a brief vacation, from time to time?

Countless are the people who will eat as much in hot weather as on

the coldest days of winter. In fact, there are people who will consume even more then, especially when they go on a vacation (not a vacation for their stomachs unfortunately!) or when they have idle hours to fill. Father will take the "missis" and the kids to some summer resort where they will do right well with everything in the line of eats and drinks available. Popcorn and frankies; "lemonade"! and sweet-corn; chocolate sodas and clam-chowder; hamburger sandwiches and more ice-cream; pickled goodies (?) and

orange ice. Enough—enough is right!

It is certainly enough for any stomach! But it is all put away without any regard for correct combination. Friend stomach assuredly shows its appreciation by means of the upheaval act. When it throws up what so thoughtlessly has been forced down, it has been irritated beyond limit.

Your stomach, bear in mind, puts up with a vast amount of abuse. But its toleration terminates, too. Ordinarily it passes along the everyday questionable (Continued on page 74)



*By*  
**Frank W.  
Faulhaber**

Underwood & Underwood Photo

*There are so many varieties of "irregular" foods that can be prepared in so many tempting ways.*





*High pressure salesmanship takes cognizance of the power of the eye.*

# Shake Hands

**D** ID YOU ever shake hands with a dead fish? Or fraternize with a fellow who handed you a lump of cold putty to shake at meeting or parting . . . or permit your knuckles to wander into the cloying embrace of a steel vise or a sportive pile-driver?

If so, and memory serves . . . place the name suitable in my title.

**C**RIMINAL identification functions thru such exact and tangible media as photographs and finger prints. Psychological identification of types leans to the personal aura, human-eye expressions and hand-shakes. In the olden days the villain was always a "hang-dog" looking fellow. Probably most of us have never seen a hanged dog, if that is what the expression means, hence are not quite clear as to just what the classical villain did look like. However, it was a hang-dog expression he wore. Then, the honest man always looked you straight in the eye. Nowadays when a fellow looks us straight in the eye—that is, if he looks us *very* straight in the eye—we rather suspect he has ulterior designs on us in some form or other; we put a firm hand on our pocket-book or the thin wad that represents our remaining stake in the universe, and prepare ourselves to say the sternest and most final sort of a "No!"

Then the old-time villain for the most part carried the marks of his villainy somewhere about him . . . whereas nowadays he is as likely as not to take you for a sociable ride in his shining Rolls-Royce before springing the mine that is to be your undoing. That remark about the wicked flourishing like a green bay tree was, we consider, made centuries before its time. We believe that we could show the wicked of that day a thing or two about flourishing, and at that we wouldn't know a bay tree if we were to meet one.

**I** NTERPRETATION of the personal aura, that portion of atmosphere immediately surrounding the individual, which, it is now quite generally conceded, partakes of the psychic qualities of the

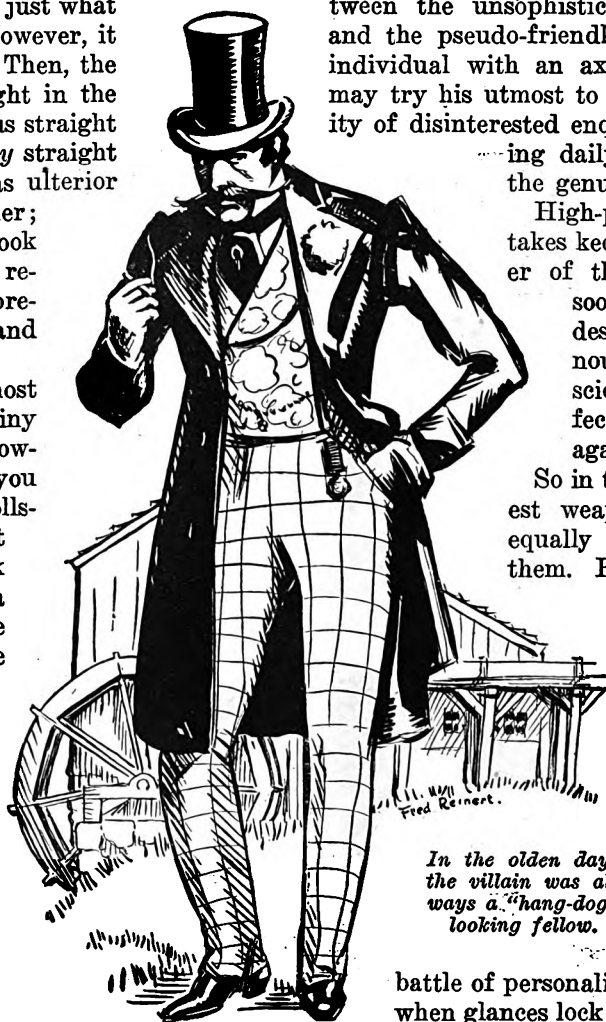
"owner," if one may be so called, is yet not very well understood by the man in the street.

This man knows very well, however, that there are certain persons who exert over him at times either pleasant or unpleasant influence, very often without a single word or even a glance of the eyes being exchanged. He guesses there must be something in all this "psychology stuff" and lets it go at that. Some day, no doubt, men will recognize the unspoken antipathy or antagonism in the aura of a neighbor as readily as they now recognize the need to duck when someone points a hair-trigger shot-gun at them. But not yet . . .

It is the villain nowadays who looks you straight in the eye. Children do too, of course, but to the initiate there is a vast and readily-recognized difference between the unsophisticated gaze of childhood and the pseudo-friendly regard of the mature individual with an axe to grind. This latter may try his utmost to give his glance the quality of disinterested enquiry . . . men are learning daily to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious.

High-pressure salesmanship takes keen cognizance of the power of the eye. In warfare, no sooner is a new, increasingly destructive modality announced than the world's scientists are agog to perfect some new protection against it.

So in the war of wits, the sharpest weapons are matched with equally keen protection against them. Honest men do not always look you keenly in the eye today—at least when you are aware of it. The simplest and best protection we have against the active magnetism of the predatory human glance is to prevent the aggressive one catching and holding one's own glance. So may one avoid the battle of personalities that may be set afoot when glances lock . . . the outcome of battles



*In the olden days the villain was always a "hang-dog" looking fellow.*

# With Mr.—!

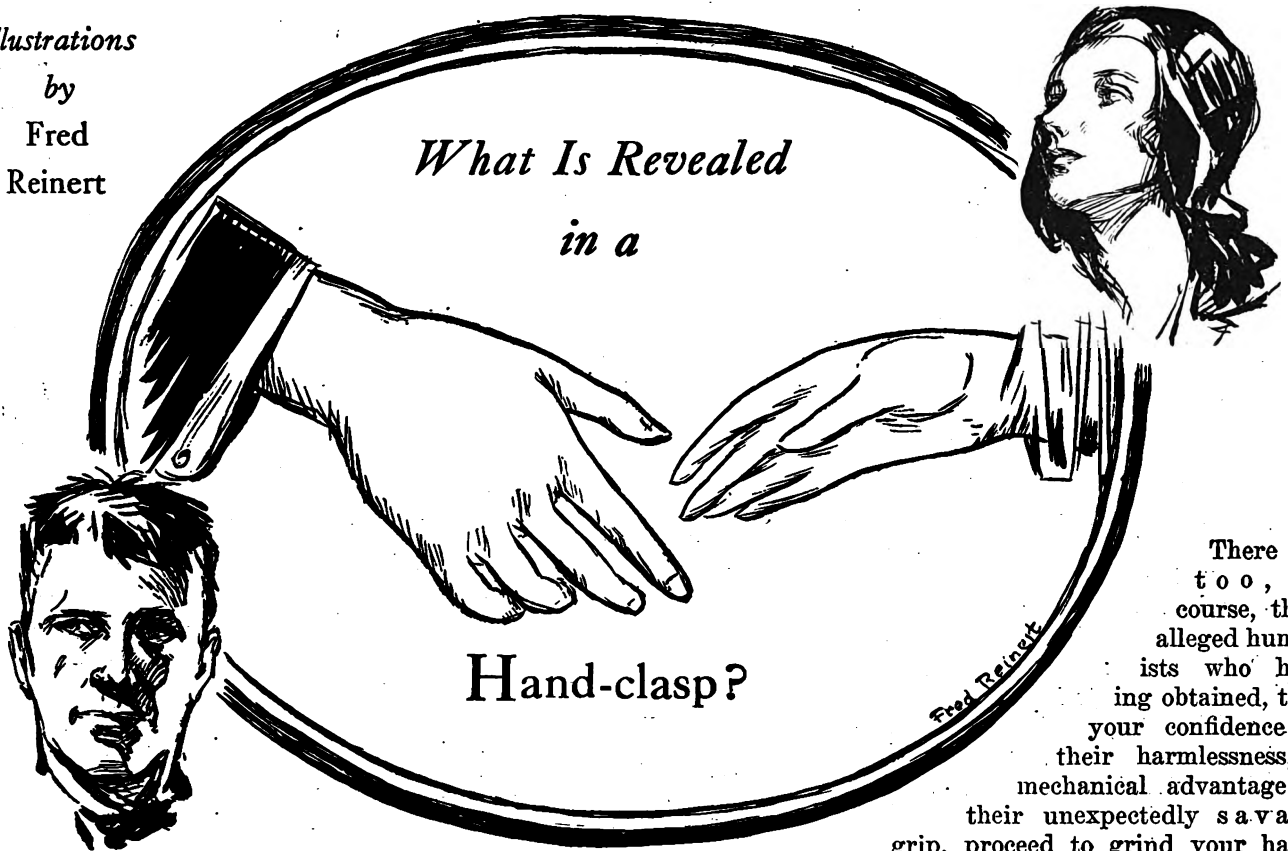
By Edward Ormerod

Illustrations

by  
Fred  
Reinert

*What Is Revealed  
in a*

**Hand-clasp?**



is notoriously uncertain. So honest men do not always look you straight in the eye . . . while dishonest ones very often do.

Even in his hand-shake a man is sometimes a liar. Yet in this personal exchange there is involved such a penetrating of the outer aura of the persons concerned, and such a truly tangible passing to and fro of the psychic selves, that herein is less opportunity for humbug and pretence.

Certain things men do not do . . . Judas, betraying with a kiss, has become in his very name anathema thru the centuries. Primitive people, having partaken of food with the stranger, thereafter must not act to his detriment . . . being "a stranger" still may they not "take him in". It may be that Africans with hearts full of treachery and malice aforethought rub noses in the traditional African fashion, thereby simulating the friendship that actually they do not entertain . . . but for the most part when men in the world grip hands on a proposition, it means something.

Even here, one must take care to avoid generalizations that will be sure to mislead disastrously. We have known a most successful bank manager of unquestionable integrity and social charm and ability whose hand-shake always gave us the willies. It reminded us of the dead fish we spoke of in starting. It must have been a survival of some spineless ancestor whose spinelessness had been gradually working out of his descendants thru the years, but had leaped to full life again in this man's hand-shake.

There are too, of course, those alleged humorists who having obtained, thru your confidence in their harmlessness, a mechanical advantage in their unexpectedly savage grip, proceed to grind your hand-bones to dust. These are the "steel vice" or "pile-driver" lads we spoke about. Since, happily, we are equipped with two hands, the best method we know for dealing with these fool pests is that suggested by the Cockney watching the progress of a slugging match: "It 'im in the wind, Bob!"

In between these extremes lies the infinite variety of legitimate hand-shakes, and all the qualities of personality they display.



*Nowadays the villain is as likely as not to take you for a social ride in his Rolls-Royce.*

The wobbly man, of uncertain mind, will display his uncertainty in his hand-shake. He will give the impression that he wants the shake to be a whole-souled one, but because the mentality prompting the contact is not whole-souled, neither can the hand-shake be.

The fussy woman who wants to convey all sorts of friendly froth will shake hands with the front part, the fingers of the hand. She will grip firmly and shake decisively, meaning apparently all manner of friendly things. The shake is just like herself; peppy and friendly, but not much to it.

The nervous man will probably proffer a hand moist with perspiration. There will (Continued on page 73)



# Are You Too Easily

## Can You Make Up Your Own Mind—and Stick to It?

**H**E is a weak character—easily influenced." How often we hear this phrase in the course of our daily conversation. It is true that some of us are more easily influenced than others. Those persons who are easily influenced are known as suggestible; those not easily influenced are known as negativistic. Children, on the whole, are more easily influenced than are adults; we refer to them as being suggestible.

But the degree of suggestibility for the normal person is not a fixed quantity. Happily, for the average person, this state is something which we may control and, so to speak, turn off and on.

When we feel that some one is attempting to influence us to our disadvantage, we usually protect ourselves with a cloak of resistance, a temporarily induced negativism. When we feel that some one is willing and able to influence us for the better, we lower the threshold of receptivity and actually invite more and more dominance on the part of that person.

He who would influence himself for the better, that is, practice auto-suggestion, should therefore attempt to lower the threshold of entrance for the beneficial commands. Helps to this end are, relaxation of all of the voluntary muscles, monotony, limitation of movements, looking into a fire-place, gazing into a crystal and listening to certain types of music. We find ourselves lowering the threshold when on a hot summer day we are suddenly exposed to a refreshing, cooling breeze. Here also lies the reason for the success which so often attends talking business at meal-time: the influence seems to be imbibed with

the meal. When we wish to resist influences which we do not consider beneficial, the reverse procedure should be followed. Here we must see that all of our voluntarily controlled muscles are not relaxed, that



Photo by Paramount Pictures  
*Men have been transformed from drudges to executives by the magic power of the right suggestion.*



Photo by Fox Films

*Good hard muscles signify backbone and may do much to prevent encroachments on your purposes.*

there is no great source of monotony, that our movements are not impeded, that we do not deliberately fixate our gaze and that we do not listen to certain types of music which, we have found from experience, tend to render us more suggestible. This explains many of our natural tendencies in every-day life. Tension in the facial muscles tends to keep us on the alert, guarding the entries of the mind. This also tends to explain the impulse to keep active and moving when beset by unreasonable doubts and fears. Controlling suggestibility, or your willingness to be influenced, is a matter of great importance. To control one's own behavior as well as the behavior of others, one should be able, first, to control suggestibility. Needless to say, the

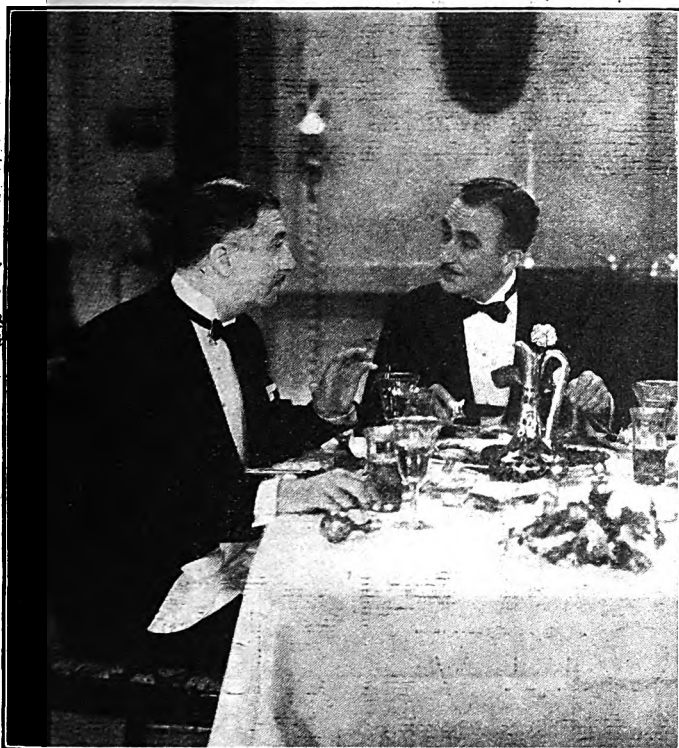
# Influenced?

By  
Erving N. Peterson

methods of controlling suggestibility have not been exhausted by the methods given above. Tobacco and alcohol increase suggestibility, and coffee and strychnine decrease it. Consider such a factor as prestige, which is often used to increase suggestibility. Like sheep, humans tend to follow the leader, and respond favorably to that which has been sanctioned by those to whom they look up. Many guard themselves against this type of influence. Certainly it is not necessary for



*Looking into a fireplace aids suggestibility.*



Two photos by Paramount Pictures

*Success often attends talking business at meal-time: the influence seems to be imbibed with the meal.*

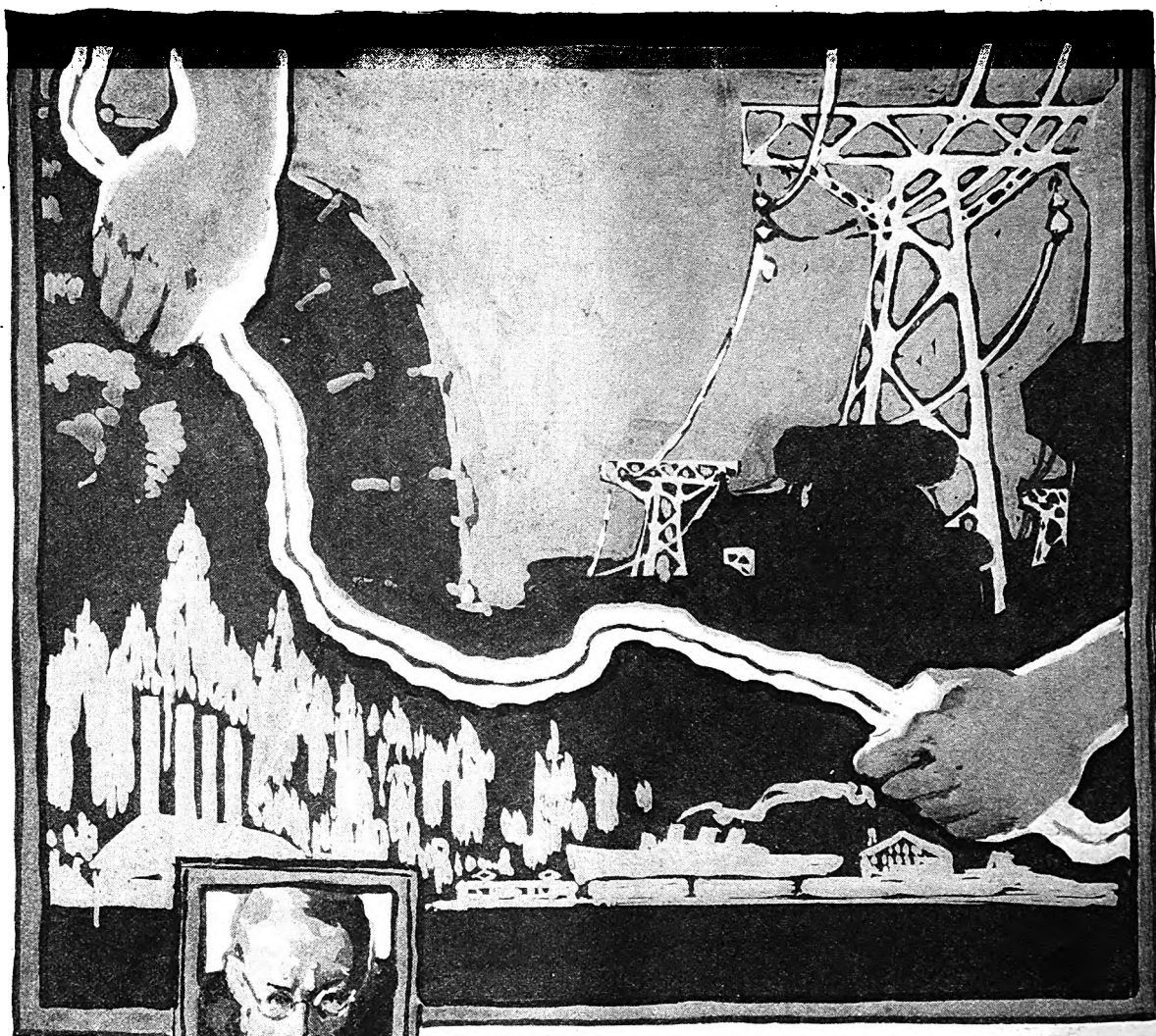
all of us to use a certain brand of soap or cigarettes just because some prominent person gives the article an endorsement.

We now see the reason why an indirect suggestion is more powerful than a direct one. A direct suggestion is likely to arouse the sleeping dogs which guard the entrance to the mind, thus closing the avenues of entrance for every influence, good and bad. The indirect suggestion is usually too subtle to be noticed as it passes the portals of the mind. We do not recognize it for the influence that it is. If I deliberately tell a person that he is a healthy-looking individual, he is likely to ignore the statement. If I ask him the secret of his exuberant health, it is quite another matter, since my foil of ques-

tioning hides the fact that in a sense I have commanded him to believe that he is healthy.

A serious question is that of detecting which suggestions are beneficial and which are harmful. There is no very clear-cut answer to this question, since in the field of suggestion it often happens that one man's meat is another's poison. Tracts on the value of silence can hardly benefit a man who is already dumb with taciturnity. Inspiring advice to be up and stirring can do little good to a person broken down from over-activity. What, then, shall be our measuring stick for the value of a suggestion? In the absence of a better answer, let us give this one: "results." If the results, over a period of time, are satisfactory, they argue for the value of the suggestion. It is understood that you would exert your common sense in the first place to choose your suggestions with due regard to your own experiences and the experiences of others. Any influence which causes you to think, work and feel better, is a constructive influence which you should attempt to preserve.

Reservoirs of good suggestions are accumulated by all happy and well-adjusted persons. These spiritual resources often consist of favorite poems, pictures or melodies—in fact, almost any controllable environmental influence which one might hold in reserve. Some of our greatest persons are known to have had veritable mints of such material at their beck and call. Choosing our influences consciously is a certain step on the road to self-improvement. Degeneration, on the other hand, is apt to follow the thoughtless and easy acceptance of each new fad and taste. Moral courage of no mean sort is often required to ward off some of these negative influences. There need be little difficulty, however, if one approaches the problem from a positive standpoint; in that case, one is so busy building up and reacting to the positive influences that the (Continued on page 74)



*The fact that Steinmetz had a hump on his back does not explain the power of his mind to grasp the nature of electricity.*

# Don't Worry about Everybody's *Aberrations*—Has Them

**I** WOULD rather have the right aberrations than a million dollars. By aberrations I mean the habits of thought and conduct that are deviations from the normal, or, to quote Winston, "Partial derangements of the mind". I am also talking specifically of the aberrations of adolescence. Before the period of puberty eccentricities are perhaps hereditary; after adolescence they are deliberate. It is generally conceded by the best psychologists that the great majority of aberrations are developed by boys and girls in the adolescent period.

Behind every great success is an ulterior cause. If we could delve freely into the lives of great men, we

should find at the beginning of their success a shock, an obstruction, an obstacle or a state of mind

that threw each of them off the normal course of thought and action, and consequently produced the aberrant habits that later carried the "unfortunate" person into fame. Many successful men owe their positions in the world to being jilted by a sweetheart, to having an oppressive parent or to being made fun of by members of their adolescent group.

But understand me: I said the *right* aberrations. Some are not so desirable.

*Says Samuel Taylor*







MARY NOLAN

**A**T Universal City the stars and officials have a little lunch-room all their own that opens off the big studio café. This lunch-room is decorated so that it looks like an old-time western cabin, with Indian rugs and rustic tables; pelts of wild animals hang on the log walls. You eat, as it were, in the midst of a western set feeling a good deal like *The Flame of the Yukon* or any lady in a Robert Service poem.

I lunched there sometime ago with Mary Nolan. Mary was the dark horse on the Universal lot, one of their newest trump cards. Upon seeing a preview, about two years ago, of *The Foreign Legion*, in which Mary supports Norman Kerry, one of our local critics lost his head and burst forth into a paean in his praise of Mary—he called her “the most beautiful girl on the screen”. Praise like this from one of our home-town critics who is literally surrounded by screen beauties is praise indeed!

Mary has made a decided hit with the-powers-that-be by her acting in her recent pictures. People say that she will be another Greta Garbo—a warmer, more vivid, more beautiful Garbo.

I found her to be a simple, unassuming girl with faultless features, with great tragic eyes, a lovely voice with a trace of English accent lingering in it; a girl who, by force of tragic circumstances, has developed an astounding philosophy of life.

About three years ago Mary Nolan was a dancer in the *Follies*. In those days she was known as Imogene Wilson. She was the bright, particular star—and shone despite the fact that she was surrounded by a galaxy of youth and beauty such as only Flo Ziegfeld can gather.

Gay, light-hearted and beautiful—she had Broadway at her feet and Fifth Avenue, too. She was the toast of New York and one of the town’s most skilled dancers. Naturally she had the world from which to choose.

# The Girl

By

Madeleine Matzen

She could have married any number of millionaires, famous men or titles, but she loved instead—unwisely.

The one whom she loved almost broke her heart, and to forget she gave up her dancing, changed her name, and accepted an offer to play in German pictures for the UFA Company, an offer that carried her away from New York and brought her to the great German film plant on the outskirts of Berlin. She ran away from her tragedy.

She made three pictures for the German concern. In these pictures she played rôles similar in type to those played by Lillian Gish in this country. She was the betrayed, the hunted and persecuted heroine. She played the terrorized girl and played it well, with but one difficulty. She *could not cry*! There was, of course, always the handy glycerine bottle as a last resort, and her work was otherwise so excellent, so inspired, that real tears became a secondary consideration.

“I had shed so many real tears in America that when I arrived in Germany I could not cry. I could not shed a tear for six months!” she told me, her great eyes looking as tho they were always holding a river of tears in check.

“Then all of a sudden one night I started to cry—and *could not stop*! They carted me off to the hospital where I continued to cry. I cried for days! I had a bad nervous breakdown, my heart was affected—it beat with great thumps against my side, like a hammer. I thought I was going to lose my mind! I lay in that hospital for weeks, growing more helpless each day,” she went on, her eyes dark with the memory of it.

“Finally they told my manager that I was going to die. By this time my money was gone and I guess my manager thought it would be useless to waste any more money on a doomed person like myself; anyway they planned to put me on a stretcher and carry me to a charity hospital. That night for the first time I began to think seriously about life, about myself. It seemed such a futile thing for me to die in a charity hospital, for I was too young and I *had* made a success of my profession—dancing. I hated to die without being able to hold tight to the memory of one unselfish, generous act on my part. I suddenly realized that I had been neither a good girl nor a bad girl—that I had been selfish and perhaps silly—that I had missed out on the real things of life. Suddenly I *wanted to live—how I wanted just to live!* I knew then that you can never

# Who *Came Back*

## *The Story of Mary Nolan's New Personality*



*The girl who was Imogene Wilson.*

run away from trouble—you must stay and face it! My sense of values changed overnight. I determined to live, to do something with my life, to mean something fine in the world if I could, and then I tried to pray.

"I said over and over to myself, 'Dear God, let me live! Dear God, let me make something of my life! Dear God, make my doctor understand!' for this doctor of mine was a good man, the only good person near me that I could reach out to. . . .

"Do you believe in miracles?" she asked me then, breaking off in the middle of her story.

I hesitated, then I shook my head.

"They *do* happen!" she cried. "They *do* happen! For next morning I was better. The kind doctor came to my rescue himself. He made it possible for me to remain in his hospital and not to go to the charity place. And right after that my pictures for UFA began to attract attention, the critics praised my work; and when I was growing well and strong a splendid offer came to go and work in Hollywood. And here I am! I am well! They like my work here and everyone is so kind to me! And I believe in God; I know that he is my greatest friend. It may sound mawkish to you—but it means so much to me!" she said very simply.

The waiter came and whisked away the plates that had held our delicious luncheon. He brought us little rolls and coffee. People passed the table and stopped for a word with Mary. Carl Laemmle, smiling his famous smile as he sauntered by, patted her shoulder encouragingly. Crawford Kent stopped to chat a moment. Norman Kerry gave her a jolly handclasp. Reginald Denny waved a happy hand at her from his big table across the room. Mary was his leading lady in *Be Yourself!* Sam Jacobson, head of the publicity department, beamed at Mary like a proud parent. "Isn't she a great girl?" he asked me.

Then there was a lull and Mary went on with her story.

"While I was getting well, there in the German hospital, I began to think about life. I don't believe I ever really thought of it before. It was so exciting to discover that I had a mind and that I could use it. And while I was pondering away I stumbled upon the fact that nothing that people do really matters. Nothing matters in the world. If there are earthquakes and

floods, it does not matter—because it is all part of a great Plan. If the ones whom you love and trust betray you—that does not matter either. They do not *mean* to do it. They cannot help their natures—it is all part of a Plan—a big and divine Plan—if we can only see it."

I mentioned a notorious murder that had so recently horrified the country. I spoke of the perpetrator of the crime. "Is he part of the divine Plan, too?" I asked.

Mary nodded her head. "I think so! After all he is just a victim of circumstances. He had no training or understanding at home. He was born with a strange nature, his parents separated, he fell into bad company—he is just a boy. In some way I am sure he is part of the great Plan! I do not believe in capital punishment!" she added.

"Last week they executed a woman for murder. They should not take a woman's life, for a woman *gives* life!" she cried. "And even if the body is destroyed, doesn't the mind live on? The more I puzzle over these things the surer I am of the fact that death is not the end of things."

Here was tolerance and wisdom—all in the mind of a girl who was, but a short time ago, the toast of New York, a girl who shone in Flo Ziegfeld's *Follies*, a girl who now spoke slowly and thoughtfully and who sometimes corrected her statements carefully, so intent was she in giving me the truth. Here was no parrot-like repeating of wisdom gleaned from others.

I do not like many women, for women do not interest me, but I like Mary Nolan. I fancy that most people who meet her feel the same way about her.

I asked her about love—if she still believed in love.

"Of course!" she cried surprised. "Of course. That's part of the big Plan—the *greatest* part!

"I would like to marry and have children. My sister has two. But not for a while. I want to do big things in pictures first. I am not content with 'vamp' rôles—I want to play *real* women—a vamp is not a real woman.

"And I hope I shall fall (Continued on page 53)



# The Art Side of Speech and Song

By  
Henry Gaines Hawn

*Continuing the Series of Articles on the  
Psychology of the Voice*

IN a preceding article upon correct speech, the statement was made that in both function and method of instruction all vocal delivery should be considered as being ninety per cent psychological. Now follows a still more startling assertion, namely that the art of voice is one hundred per cent psychologic!

A moment's reflection should make this self-evident. Where in the body can we find a muscle which by tensing or relaxing can record or manifest an emotion? Where is the reverence muscle—where the anger muscle? What nerve may be employed to express envy or sarcasm? What adjustment of organs of speech can be consciously adjusted to give forth the ideas of hate, rage, love or any emotional content of words?

As was admitted in the chapter in January's issue, a small amount of conscious physical manipulation may be employed in speech and voice production, but, to repeat with an added emphasis, not one muscular movement can be knowingly made to give emotional qualities of tone. These emotions must be thought, conceived in the brain and emitted. Take note, I do not say, must be "felt". That brings to the fore the old, old problem, "Do you have to feel an emotion to interpret it?" The answer is, clearly, no. Does an actor have to feel in a murderous rage, before he depicts this mood? While pretending to stab his fellow actor to the heart, how careful he must be, not even to scratch him.

Nothing is more difficult in the actor's art, than to be "funny" upon command, or at the demands of the text, when his personal "feeling" is one of sorrow; to "down it" with a broken heart. Here we have the supreme test of the actor. To understand an emotion is quite distinct from "feeling" it.

Many people of the theatre insist upon the fact that they do feel. Yes, true, but such "feeling" is the reaction from artistic delivery of a pre-determined emotion, rather than the cause of it. When Rachel, the French actress of a bygone age, was told that she shed actual tears, etc., that she forgot self, her reply was, "Nonsense, not for a moment! I was thinking of my next words, and of how my skirts were hanging." Her critics asked her what made her cry. To which she replied, "My voice made me cry." This same psychologic experience obtains in the whole gamut of emotional interpretation. The jolliest kind of laughter may be produced by "willing it", irrespective of feeling, as actors tragically know, when their own moods are sad.

In daily life how often are we called upon to laugh heartily at a joke, that came out of Noah's Ark! All these manifestations of human moods are accomplished by mental action and determination, in no way influenced by muscular control, consciously used.

All of this is of prime importance, owing to the fact that no word, in any tongue, has a fixed meaning. Its true implication is that given it at the moment of utterance. "No", is more frequently not a negative, than it is. "No?" with a rising inflection means, "Is that so?" "No", with a rising and falling inflection means, "You don't say so, isn't it awful?" "No", with no inflection means, "Maybe I did, maybe I didn't". "No!" with an emphatic command inflection means, "Absolutely not, I refuse." This change of content in a word is a record of the mind back of it, and often of the emotion which prompts the peculiar utterance of the moment.

This applies with equal force to words when grouped into clauses, phrases and sentences. "Oh yes, you're a good boy!" may assert a fact, but said with sarcasm is an accusation of the boy being a bad little imp. Can sarcasm be expressed with a muscle? It is a figment of the mind.

Only recently I heard a woman with a beautiful (natural) singing voice, sing these words:

I love thee! I love thee!  
'Tis all that I can say.  
It is my own vision in the night.  
My dreaming in the day!

But with no quality of "love" in her tone. She might just as well have sung: "I hate thee! I hate thee!" What was lacking? The thought of "love", which would have mirrored itself in a quality of tone, with no agent of expression, but the mind.

This is equally applicable to speech; to think with consideration and kindness puts these elements or attributes of the spirit of man into his spoken words. Once in a while we meet men and women whose speech is not in keeping with their true personalities. One of the country's most prominent men asked me in private why he was so unpopular with his subordinates, and why he had so few intimate friends. A short diagnosis of his speech methods showed that he (unconsciously) used short, didactic sentences, and very abrupt, falling inflections, and a very explosive stress (pressure) upon his consonants.

"How dare you come out (*Continued on page 77*)





Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway

By

Uriel Buchanan, Ph.D.

# The Supreme Force

THERE is but one force in the universe, which is inseparably related to all created things. It is in the whirlwind and surging sea, in the earthquake and the lightning's flash, in cloud and sunbeam, in the growing plant and bursting bud. It gives brilliancy to the bird's plumage and harmony to its song. It gives to the animal its strength and beauty, and endows man with courage and will. Think of the wonders of chemistry and the magic of alchemy, to have shaped from the one primordial essence the infinite variety of forms which inhabit the universe. The atoms which now pulsate to every throb of the human heart have responded to life in other forms—in beast and bird; in plant and stone; in sea and air and fire—thru aeons of time. And these forces bounding thru our veins possess the attributes of Infinity—being indestructible, immortal, undying. They are concentrated in man in great volume and variety of power, and he has made use of them to conquer the earth and sea.

There is no possible source for anything outside of the Infinite Power, for it embraces everything that is. There is no center or place which confines it, yet it is not absent from the minutest point in space. No object or idea can have existence apart from it, for it is omni-

present. It is the only reality of life. It is impossible for the human mind to fathom the mystery of this power, which had no beginning and can have no ending. The more we apprehend of its workings the more evidence we have that its manifestation is governed by immutable laws. Every individuality composing mankind is an inseparable part of this power. The recognition and faith in its reality will enable you to appropriate intelligently and draw upon it as much as you will for your happiness and success. It is a never-failing force which you may learn to use in all efforts. It will manifest thru you in greater fulness as you keep your mind in the right current of thought. You must cease trying to generate force by a spasmodic effort. Call your wandering thoughts to a peaceful center within the mind, place your reliance on the Supreme Power which you feel flowing to you from the unseen, and use your will only to direct that power as it plays thru you, as you would steer a boat that is moved by the wind.

To you as a part of the Supreme Power belong knowledge and wisdom and all things you can receive and appropriate. You will gain increasing power to draw from the exhaustless source in proportion to the



force of demand. Keep in mind the idea that you are a magnet drawing from the universe all things necessary for happiness. You are made of forces which you have drawn to yourself by repeated demands. These forces have been built into your body, and have become literally a part of your flesh and blood. If you have entertained negative, timid, despondent thoughts, you have a corresponding weak, disordered body. If you have earnestly demanded of the Infinite the things which will elevate and ennoble and give strength and courage, these principles are incorporated and will act on you for perfect wholeness, beauty and refinement. Persistent, silent demand of the Infinite Power for positive, imperative thoughts, for abundant energy, for enthusiasm, determination and courage, if held in the mind with unwavering confidence, will bring you the desired response. Every aspiration which goes out from the heart as a positive, earnest demand will attract a power to effect results. By your desire you can create for yourself a thought atmosphere corresponding to your motive and purpose. If your thoughts are high and lofty and you ask for wisdom and purity, you will attract similar influences from the unseen and from kindred minds whose thoughts are in unison and sympathy with your own.

Aspiration, demand, desire, when concentrated in the right direction, for the most enduring good, will lift the mind above all morbid fancies, all hatred, apprehension and fear, will free the body from physical ills and give support, confidence and courage.

If it is your desire to live in harmony and peace with the world, to be just and kind, to be progressive, prosperous and happy, keep yourself in sympathetic touch with the Infinite Power. Its hidden light will make your pathway clear to the realization of all that is true and good. Can you not realize the wonderful possibilities at your command, patiently awaiting recognition? Within your being are sympathetic chords which should vibrate in response to all the symphonies of nature. If there are visions of beauty to which you are blind, and joyous harmonies you have not heard, and depths of feeling you have not fathomed, know this for a certainty, that as you open your mind and heart to the higher and purer influences and place yourself in a child-like attitude to receive, you will draw nearer to the bright and beautiful unseen world, and the finer forces of the world will draw nearer to you. Keep your mind in the thought of truth and purity, of health and vigor, and become as a magnet in the proper attitude of aspiration to attract the element of finer material. Every thought or desire to be better, more noble, more refined, every determination to rise above all that is selfish and sordid, arouses an

element of strength which works in you and thru you as a magnetic current of ever-increasing power. You will gradually cut off the undesirable thought currents from inferior minds and will bring yourself in closer communion with the higher realm of thought and intelligence where all things needful will come to you. The mind should be trained persistently to shut out all morbid, depressing, fear currents of thought, and to be ever receptive to the positive, inspiring thought currents coming from helpful sources.

When matters look dark and uncertain, and you are discouraged and haunted by fear of loss, of sickness and misfortune, if you will look within and invoke the aid of the unseen elements, you will command a silent force which will banish weakness and give renewed strength and cheerfulness. Any great success is gained by the exercise of personal power and the recognition of an unlimited capacity to draw from the unseen currents the inspiration and energy to move things and shape events at will. If you lean on others, their support will be withdrawn. If you play with luck in the game of life, you are sure to lose. If in your mind you think it impossible to do what another has done, if you are overawed by the world's pretentiousness, if you behold the display of wealth and feel that these things are beyond you, by your negative, timid thoughts you place

the only real barrier to reaching them. If you have sufficient faith in your own ability and in the universal force with which you co-operate, if you feel that the best things the world can give are none too good for you, that you have the knowledge, the talent and the executive ability to move things, to influence people and command attention, if you live in this permanent state of mind, you will draw to you the material counterpart of every thought-command. Put your mind in harmony with the Infinite Source and in line of correspondence with the things you seek, then you will receive impressions in regard to the steps to be taken to reach the goal desired.

The less you depend upon others and the more you trust your enlightened reason, the clearer you will see and the more strength you will have to stand alone. You will realize that as an inseparable part of the infinite power of good, you may command the qualities needed to accomplish wonderful results. You will receive an impulse and inspiration that will be finer and more effective. You will advance to higher planes of usefulness and will grow in knowledge and understanding.

Keep yourself positive, and banish all unwelcome thoughts that seek entrance. Study yourself, your relation to environment, your desires and possibilities. Surround yourself by those (Continued on page 76)

## The Sea

By Elizabeth Kleiser

WHAT is this mystery  
That holds me dumb  
As the tides go and come?  
Mutely and reverently I stand  
As one awaiting a command.  
Is it the Voice of God, O Sea,  
Voice of Eternity?

What is this mystery  
That holds me dumb  
As the tides go and come?  
Worn with the suffering of human toll,  
Is it the longing of the soul  
That hears God's voice, O Sea,  
And yearns to be free?





# Finding the *Melody of Life*

MY DAUGHTER:

**H**Y HO, what a lazy woman your mother is! As lazy as a tramp. Just lying in bed all day long, letting lazy thoughts drift like clouds across my horizon and settle where they will. The telephone is ringing and I answer not. I like to hear its insistent demand, and then ignore it. It gives me a thrill to speculate on what I am missing. Perhaps, who knows, a big chicken, cooked with all the nice smells a good cook can bring out of a chicken. Or perhaps a show, with a pompous big man, with a broad expanse of shirt front, trying to be nice to a singer of songs. Or even a ride thru bright sunshine. No—I refuse to answer.

I am having more fun playing at what it is. I refuse to be bright and entertaining—or even nice to anyone. I am just being myself. Just lying here and looking at the passing show! My own show.

Honey, whatever you cultivate in life, try and learn to be *happy with yourself*. Try and play with that indescribable thing that dwells within you—that soul of you that is so lovely and so dear, when you learn to know it. That soul that tells you the truth, if you listen; tells you the facts of life—not as the world sees them—but as they *are*.

You'd be surprised how music brings this thing out. And art. And imagination.

Hug it to you, and some day you may be able to lie in bed and laugh to see the caravan pass. And be completely happy doing it. It is just like playing "hookey" from school, and I sometimes think that maybe that is one compensation of having to go to school. Just to have that snugly feeling about doing this, 'cause no one would approve of such nonsense.

And then I have to think of you—my little thirteen-year-old. Sometimes I spend whole minutes doing nothing but that. Then tears roll down my cheeks and I put them carefully away. And sometimes they are round and shining and look like pearls. And so they are. Pearls of love, surrounding a little speck of loneliness.

And this is my rosary for you. Only, instead of a cross on the end, I'm putting a bright shining star, to let you see when the skies are dark, and make you forget that they are merely hiding for a while. And then you will not forget the *real star*, the great, universal love, all rolled into light—and shining over all of us, and in us and thru us.

Bye, my dearest one,  
YOUR MOTHER.

*More Letters*

*to my*

*Daughter*

*By*

Ouise Vaupel

DARLING LITTLE BUD:

**T**HERE is a vagrant, elusive thought that has been running thru the thread of my soul for days. It seems to vanish, and then, at a most unexpected moment, it breaks thru. It concerns the word "success", and the thought of what this means.

In my activity—because you really can't call singing work—I come in contact with many successes—that is, from the worldly viewpoint. Rich men, high in office, with power and material advantages. And I wonder about success. For these people don't seem to enjoy

their high office. They seem discontented, somehow.

I was talking the other day with a banker, a man who had reached a position of power excelled by few. His mere word makes stocks tumble in the turmoil of the market, where men become greedy and sick with the changing of prices that means the crumbling of their world.

This man, powerful as he is in the world of finance, is one of the most unhappy creatures I have ever met. He has a wife whom he doesn't love. His secretary, who loves him, he merely tolerates. Altho enjoying her mind, her intellect, he has no love at all. He has everything else—but no love. No little child's arm to steal around his neck, no tear-drop to fall on his cheeks when he thinks of the sweetness of what a meeting would be with a loved one. No sunsets to be watched into bed, with some one who loves them. No flowers to pick, with a hand stealing into his. No laughing at a little puppy's antics. Nothing but emptiness—and he'd like to end it all.

And I was singing for a group of such people, and happy and free from all these complexities of life. The birds outside seemed to sing louder as I sang. And dear, they *talked* to me. Only yesterday a bird actually came to my window and said, as clear as could be, "Listen, can't you hear the world?" Of course it wasn't the bird, darling. But I like to think it was.

And so, getting back to my thought of success, I was healthier, happier and could give them more than they, with all their money, could give—if only a moment of forgetfulness. And after giving with all my might, I still had more happiness out of the little concert than anyone else. For when I had finished singing they went back to their troubles, and themselves. While I had the uplift in my soul and the communion with my spirit. And with the God of my song nothing could touch me, because I was in tune with that.

And darling, I wonder if this isn't success, after all? I give you this passing thought, dear. Take it

and use it for what it's worth.  
YOUR MOTHER.

MY DEAR LITTLE CHILD:

LIFE has been topsy-turvy the last few days. I am having a sort of spring housecleaning of my soul. All the plans I have made are going awry, not at all as I wanted them to go. And after I had made them up in such neat little packages and had gotten them in trim little cubbyholes, all set in rows, the whole structure blew down. And there I was, all bewildered again.

Now, here is a little thing I would like you to remember, darling. When you get a smug sort of mood, and you think you have laid out all things in life—sort of as you lay out your dinner dress—don't be surprised if something comes along and upsets it all. And don't take it greatly to heart, for this is a form of growth much to be desired.

At the moment the soul may revolt. The plans meant so much. But after a little meditation, you realize it might have been terrible if all these smug little things came to fruition. As a matter of fact, the unexpected in life often arises to break down our ignorance. It makes us wonder. It makes us think. It takes the whip out of our puny hands and shows us the laws of life—and in no mistaken way.

So, when trouble comes out of a still quiet sky, it is often because we need it to grow on. Oh, my child, I wish you could be spared these things! And, yet, why should I be the one to keep you from growing? But, like all mothers, we want our babies always to be babies. We want to feel their downy heads on our breasts and shield their little feet from thorns. And, yet, you fledglings have a way of growing up, and mother tears are "slimsey" food on which to nourish you to full stature.

The marble of your life is still uncarved and unspoiled. Look up for your inspiration, and as it flits by, try and engrave the image on your stone, so that all men may see your soul in your work.

And, darling, choose something that will busy you beyond your bodily death. Something that will grow, and that you can take with you when you pass thru the door into the next life. Something you may be eager to go on with when you finally gain the life to be. Then you won't have to begin again at the beginning, because you had chosen only temporary, worldly things.

You have all eternity in which to do your work. Choose something that may take that long to perfect. And always you will be eager and free from the fear of public opinion. Loneliness will never peep into your heart if it is filled with a real worth-while urge.

I must leave off now, dear, and tell you, again and again, that I love you.

YOUR MOTHER.

# Why Are We Nervous?

By A. Griffiths, M.D.

The principal causes of nervousness can be explained in simple language. They are two: First, Nerve Weakness; Secondly, Derangement of the Nerves.

Nerve Derangement can be explained crudely as follows: Our nervous system is somewhat like a great telephone system, in that it transmits messages from one part of the body to the other; the brain being the central office. It is the character of the messages sent through the nerves that causes nervousness; messages that flash from the mind to the vital organs and muscles, and back again to the mind. Therefore, anything that disturbs or irritates the mind causes irritating messages to be sent through the nerves to the entire body, especially to the vital organs. This explains why worry, anxiety, fear, anger, grief, jealousy and kindred mental turmoil cause nervous indigestion, heart palpitation, high or low blood pressure, constipation, etc. Worst of all, this cycle of mental and physical upheaval may lead to insanity or suicide. Our insane asylums are crowded to the doors because of conditions that owe their origin to nothing more than simple nervousness. Thousands of sufferers commit suicide every year, and millions of people are unhappy because of their nerves, that is, because of the irritating messages that are transmitted through the nerves. Nerve weakness is entirely different from nerve derangement. It is a condition known as "Neurasthenia," meaning, Nerve Exhaustion. As the noted scientist, Wm. Osler, described it, our nervous system stores a mysterious something, which for the want of a better term, we must call "Nerve Force." This stored force represents our nerve capital. If we squander this force through excesses and undue strains, we naturally become Nerve Bankrupt, that is, the nerves become exhausted, and we have what is known as neurasthenia. Or, as another great scientist very vividly expresses it, "Think of a cut in your arm from which your life's blood is trickling away. Yet millions of people live on from day to day, permitting a loss of vitality which is even far more precious than their blood; namely, they ruthlessly waste their Nerve Force."

Nervousness, then, is due to two major causes: (a) Crazy Messages transmitted through the nerves, which disturb the mind and vital organs; (b) Nerve Exhaustion, due to abuse of the nerves and ruthless waste of Nerve Force. Paul von Boeckmann, who during the last thirty years has carefully studied the mental and physical characteristics in over 400,000 people with high-strung nerves, has proved by actual statistics that at least 90 per cent. of these people are nervous or suffer in some way through their nerves, because of the two nerve abuses mentioned. We see evidence of nervousness about us everywhere, among our friends, in trains, street cars, yes, right in our own homes, and it requires no expert in nerves to see plainly the misery and unhappiness that come from nervousness. He says, further, "It is difficult to imagine anything but perfect health if the nerves are in order." That is, with calm nerves, and abundant Nerve Force, the

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

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

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

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

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

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned here apply to you, especially those indicating mental uneasiness, you may be certain that your nerves are weak and deranged. Fight this weakness as you would fight for your life. *Conquer it*, or it will conquer you. To correct nervousness demands, first of all, that the sufferer understand his own condition—the "Why and How" his nerves act as they do. The cause of the trouble must be understood to be corrected. No medicine ever concocted can correct nervousness. There are drugs that deaden the nerves and make them calm. These are very dangerous. There are other drugs that stimulate exhausted nerves. These act similarly to dragging a tired horse behind an automobile to give him "pep." All "nerve drugs" are dangerous and unnatural.

Many books have been written, intended as a guide for keeping up the nervous forces and calming the nerves. In nearly every public library one or more practical treatises on this subject are on file. The most concise and practical of all these books the writer has so far come across is one by Paul von Boeckmann entitled, "Strengthening Your Nerves," which may be found in many public libraries and at the National Medical Library at Washington, D. C. I advise earnestly that the sensible advice given in this practical little book be given careful consideration by any one whose nerves show signs of irritability, instability and exhaustion. The concise, understandable and non-technical information contained in this book is by far the most useful of any I have read. In these days of High Pressure my advice is: Guard Your Nerves.

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

The book, "Strengthen Your Nerves," by Paul von Boeckmann, may be obtained direct by addressing him, Studio 1473, Cellini Building, 48 West 48th Street, New York City. Enclose 25c in coin or small denomination stamps. It will be forwarded promptly in plain wrapper, postpaid.—Advt.



# Imagination—and the Subliminal Self

## Another Lesson in Mental Medicine

By C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

WE have heard much about the pleasures of the imagination, and we cannot deny that fancy is the chief constituent of our esthetic life. The young traverse the sunlit way of the future, bordered with flowers and overhung with skies of Italian purity. The old go backward to delightful scenes, their loveliness enhanced by the darkening environment of the present. Many of you older readers have carried in mind a picture of that great big home you once lived in, and on visiting it in later years have been surprised to find how small it was. We talk about living in the present, and some fancy that they really do live only in the "now". But they do not. A close inspection will show that their lives are projected either forward or backward. They really live in both the past and the future. The "now" is but a point of time, a touch here and there. The stream of consciousness rolls on and when we come to review its course but few impressions are to be found. Look backward upon your own life and see how few recollections come to mind of the thousands of little thoughts and experiences of which life in the past has been made up. They are whole months, and even years, that have left no conscious evidence of their passing. Why? Because the "now" of life is made up merely of points of contact, momentary and fragmentary. And those who do recall so often thru fancy are materially changed.

And the future of our hopes and fears is so blended with the present as to be inseparable. There is a "past" and there is a "future", but for contemplation there is no "now". The present, before we can develop consciousness into contemplation, becomes the past. The future rolls in upon us, passes what we call the present and then is gone, forever lost in the gulf of the past. Accordingly, it would appear that life is lived only in the imagination. No wonder that the fine tissue of its fabric has been termed a "vapor".

I say we have heard much of the pleasures of the imagination; we might hear of its woes and likewise of its utilities. Unhappy experiences are but unhappy fancies. Out of the rushing stream of consciousness, which to us as I have said is made up chiefly of mere

contact-points between two eternities, we gather material out of which fancy weaves fabrics of weal and woe. They are both unreal, and for their existence the ego is wholly responsible.

The utilities of the imagination are then the utilities of life, for life, conscious, sentient life, is lived wholly in the fancy. The so-called realities of life are in truth the realities only of fancy.

I have thus far made allusion wholly

### Singer

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

THERE was a time  
When I could not sing,  
For my heart and my soul  
Were a-sorrowing.

But that was years  
And ages ago,  
Ere I learned that sorrow  
Is all we know.

Now I laugh at pain,  
As I sing my song  
In the hope that I strengthen  
A soul less strong.

to objective existence, which, in our present environment, is alone conscious, not forgetting, however, as I would not have the reader forget, that the Self, with its unconscious experiences and volitions, constitutes the real figure, the true background upon which we discern evanescent forms.

This deeper and truer Self rises into view at times and shows its vast proportions. Its limits are undefined and undefinable, since they are those of the universe itself, of which the individual is a part.

The utilities of the imagination consist then essentially in what comes from yielding our sentient life to the domination of the subconsciousness. We are to come to a realization of our greatness and claim unlimited power over our objective environment. In other words, realizing the beneficence and meaning of true existence we are to train and discipline our forces so that they shall always minister to our good. We are to bring our imagination into constant subjection so that it shall

be our servant instead of our lord.

Bear in mind that imagination is one force, whether you use it constructively or destructively, just as electricity can be used in ways which will assist man and make him happier, or, on the other hand, when not understood and misdirected, may kill.

You must have at times considered the wonderful care given the body by what is commonly called "Nature". Some prefer to call this great Supervisor and Guardian, God; but I prefer to call it the Great Subliminal Self, the True Ego.

Observe how careful and conservative is this better self of all our physical concerns, holding in view not only purpose of utility but also of comfort. It is as tho an omnipresent and kindly power was putting forth every effort to maintain for us suitable relations with our ever-changing environment. We may be said to have life as long as we are in adjustment to the surrounding media. Accordingly, to live means for us, mentally and physically, continual change—change too, not consciously wrought. If we were dependent for adjustment on what is commonly recognized as the essential ego, our conscious selves, how inadequate and inefficient would be the results. Changes of temperature, of climate, of atmospheric pressure, of food and water and clothing, to say nothing of the changes of mind with accompanying customs and habits, all have a tremendous effect on the physical organism, requiring more care and attention than the conscious self could possibly reckon upon and grapple with.

Then there are the injuries to which we are all subject, some of them involving organs essential to the maintenance of life. When they occur, see how intelligently and deftly our watchful ego patiently proceeds with its conservative work! Where there has been a break in the continuity of tissue, as in fractures of bones and in open wounds of soft structures, observe the promptness and adaptability of reparative action. The vascular system fairly swarms with white blood corpuscles, which are hurried to the breach and poured out in numbers into and about the gap, beginning a process of repair thru immobilization. In large wounds we find this ego reuniting muscles and even nerves and arranging for renewed blood-supply to the parts. It is truly

wonderful when contemplated from its true angles. But the average person gives such things little thought, and thus he has an inferior idea of his real self. What I have related is but a glance at what the Subliminal Self is doing for your physical body day after day. It has the welfare of your body deeply at heart, and if you will just cooperate a little you will find everything running smoothly.

Do you not feel that you should take a greater interest in these powers within? A better understanding will set many things right that are now causing you great unhappiness and misery. The more you understand this real self of yours the more you will trust it, and the more efficiently it will work.

Most sickness is due to lack of understanding and wise direction. You feel that you are not what you should be, but you have lacked faith in your own ability to be well, efficient, triumphant.

Use the power of your imagination to picture yourself all that you long to be—in health, in work, in love, in every phase of life.

Trust the inspiration of your imagination; then trust the vast power of the Subliminal Self to bring to pass all you long for.

## The Girl Who Came Back

(Continued from page 45)

in love—but since my illness my views on men have changed. I demand more in men. I think that I have learned to look a little below the surface. I have learned to love people rather than a person.

"So now I live alone with my little cat. I am lonely, yes! But I go home after a hard day's work and feed my little cat. She jumps up on my lap and purrs herself to sleep. She asks little of life or of me—and I am in a way content. I have found a certain happiness in my work. Of course, no one is ever truly happy—that is part of the Plan, too. If we were truly happy there would be no urge to accomplish big things, would there?

"In my heart I am an old woman, tho in reality I am just twenty-four!"

I look at her there in the dim light of the studio lunchroom. Her hair is like ripe wheat; her eyes grey. She is frail, her manner and voice are sweet and hesitating—but not too sweet, and the hesitance is unimportant because of the frankness, the directness of her glance. She has had a hard training in the school of German screen acting. I think she is Universal's best bet. I feel sure she will go far—this frail girl. And as I said before, I like her.

Imogene Wilson is forgotten, Mary Nolan is being acclaimed.

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## FROM JUNK TO PROSPERITY!

SEVERAL months ago, when the big firms had to turn away hundreds of their employees, one disheartened man was advised to come to me. When he walked in he was actually faint from worry and fatigue. He was discouraged. "Well, I suppose there is nothing you can do for me, but Mr. Franklin told me to come to you," he said.

After telling me a bit of his history, I found that he had made several odd and end pieces for his own home. I showed him pictures of the new, iron flower-pot and smoking stands, which also could be made from old lamp stands which that very morning I had seen in a junk shop. I drew detailed pictures of how to convert these once electrified stands into antique-looking standing candle lights. These when new sell for eighteen dollars. In a note book I had him write certain things which he needed as a "mental boost", and I sent him away quite cheerful.

Yesterday I had this letter from him:

My dear Pauline Cleaver,

God knows, if you do as much for every one as you did for me, you will lead a blessed life. You asked me to write you and tell you if I did what you wrote out for me. Altho it is only three weeks since I called at your studio, here is my report.

I went to the junk shop you told me of and the man sold me the old stand for a quarter, promising to hold ten others until he heard from me. I cut off the old, worn electric wires, painted and fixed in the saucer as you explained, put a bright candle in it and sold it the next day to a fine woman in a gift shop, who says she will take all I can make. She sells them for twice what she pays me, but I'm glad she can do this for she certainly pays me many times what they cost me, both in time and material.

Later, I bought the other stands from the dear old junk man, and even he is interested in my new work, and just as you predicted, when I talked to him he offered other pieces and suggested things I could do with bits of actual junk.

The best part of this is the way I feel. I really believe I couldn't be happier if I had inherited thousands of dollars. I've found out so many things, oh, so many things I can do. I'll never be afraid again of losing a job. I

know now I have within myself resources, in fact, you are going to be surprised next time you see me. I want to tell you my *big plan*. I have a plan I know you will agree with, for your enthusiasm and belief in me have done just everything. If I were in charge of young men, I'd have every single one write you or see you and learn what you have proved to me.

You, reading this, must appreciate how happy a letter like this makes me feel—to be a Doctor of Advice and to have at hand constructive, practical ideas to pass on.

I want each of you, my regular readers, not only to do your share of the world's work, but just as much as you are able, to pass on your ideas and encouragement to others. Cheerfulness, enthusiasm and hopefulness are more catching than measles—and the results are different. Do you know if each one of us did just one little constructive bit of thinking and speaking each day, this would be a happier world? You've heard this often before—yes—but have you tried it? That's the thing, try it. Get down to discovering your abilities, put your ideas into practice, then help others. You can do this, and not only *You, Too, Can Make Money*—but *You, Too, Can Help Others To Make Money*. Will you try?

## "THE HANDY-MAMMA"

AN elderly woman, whose children are grown up and married, found she could use to advantage several hours a day. Never having any money she suddenly awakened to the thought "that every one is doing it". She wanted to try her hand at a bit of money-making.

While she was rehearsing what she had already done for the family, I showed her a new door brace. One of my women had made this for me, and one day sold twenty-three for a dollar each. The materials cost only twenty-five cents. Think of the profit—and it took so little time.

Have you seen the heavy, tin book-ends? They sell for ten cents a pair—and less by the dozen. The ends are so turned that they form right angles. The part the books rest on slips under a door. The part that goes under the door can be covered with black oil-cloth and sewed with large stitches of

heavy green embroidery thread. After the upright end is covered it is easy to attach oil-cloth flowers or stuffed balls of colored oil-cloth and cotton, making them appear as a bouquet. The pastel shades, with green oil-cloth leaves, make also charming color spots under a door. The oil-cloth is easily kept clean, and the idea is new and useful. One could make these in colors to suit any room, hall or office.

Mrs. Haynes made several of these and sold them first to her own acquaintances. Now she has a table of oil-cloth "specials". She has multiplied her own ideas and discovered all kinds of uses for oil-cloth. You know you can get beautiful colors, and book ends, telephone-covers, scrap-books, kitchen-books, scrap-baskets, pillow covers for the car or piazza and many other things can be made—and made beautifully from this material. Mrs. Haynes is enjoying her new work and reports: "I was never happier in my whole life. It does something to me to know I can earn a bit of money. I always hated to ask the children to give me a little cash, yet I had to do it."

## AN OFFICE GIRL

A YOUNG woman of twenty-one was employed in one of the down-town offices at fifteen dollars a week. She could not live on this money when her mother became ill, and she wondered how, with an eight-hour-a-day job, she could possibly make more money!

Knowing little about sewing or hand-work, she began by enameling in color, with tiny geometrical designs, plain, inexpensive coat hangers. She tied twelve wooden trouser hooks to each hanger by colorful cords. What were these to be used for? The woman who washed out her own stockings could slip each stocking into a trouser holder and the coat hanger was hung at night in an open window or near the radiator. These convenient and pretty little hangers sold for fifty cents. Certainly they sold! Orders piled up. Miss J— had to have assistance in the evenings. When her mother felt better she also found the work diverting.

Can one help out? Certainly!



## SUIT-CASE COVERS

**H**AVE you a shabby-looking, leather suit-case? Want it freshened? If you do, your friends may admire it, and want you to fix theirs.

Have you seen the new luggage with a striped tan background—quite like the new awnings? That is just the material for this and you can buy it by the yard. Get just enough at first to try the idea on your own suit-case. It will take a yard. After you cut the flat sides and pin them over your suit-case, allowing for a lap-over to close with snaps, bind the edges with a brown or black slick cotton binding, and behold! Very smart effect, isn't it? Now do the same thing to your hat box so it will match.

I need not tell you more, for when you do this much your own brain will be planning other things.

## SONNY'S OLD EXPRESS WAGON

**M**RS. HURDLE'S son had outgrown his little express wagon. And the Hurdles because of Mr. Hurdle's new work, had to leave the country to move into two rooms in the city. Where did the wagon express come in?

Mother Hurdle and little Jimmie found an old wooden box that exactly fitted into the wagon. This was nailed to the floor of the wagon. The lid of the box was made to open with hinges. The new piece of furniture was then painted in red Chinese lacquer and a stenciled design of old gold was "antiqued" on the sides and top. The inside of the box was enameled in tangerine shades. This was fitted up with two, small, glass compartments, and within were placed an electric stove and a few cooking utensils. The cover when opened back made a table—the handle was even left on so as to pull the box to the corner when not in use. So many things, when no longer useful in their present condition, can be converted into attractive usefulness—and money!

Remember that imagination is one of man's greatest qualities. Exercise your mind and imagination and recall every talent you've expressed. Take an account of your abilities, know the things people need and wish to possess and soon, "YOU, TOO, CAN MAKE MONEY".

## A DOLL HOUSE SHOP

**S**IX little girls wrote me together. They were just leaving the doll-playing age. They wanted to form some kind of club and make a little money for summer vacations at camps. One mentioned having a large doll house. This gave me a thought.

I had them repaint the doll house and

equip it with dolls and toys. I suggested they buy a dozen or more dolls at wholesale and dress them completely. As one of the girls lived on a main motor road, the doll house was moved to the edge of the lawn, and a brilliantly painted sign easily seen by motorists read:

MARY ANN'S PLAY HOUSE  
DOLLS, WARDROBES and TOYS for  
LITTLE and BIG CHILDREN  
COME IN  
VISIT TOY TOWN and MAKE the  
KIDDIES HAPPY

Around the house were two green tables and several chairs. One of the girls played hostess and poured lemonade at ten cents a glass. This too was profitable. One little lady sat within the doll house sewing, dressed as an old-fashioned mother. The dolls were arranged as tho they were playing. Little doll-size boxes of home-made candies were also made and sold.

These children—for the oldest is only fifteen and the youngest twelve—are making a great success and MY! they are having great fun as well!

## A DOG LOVER

**S**OME time ago I had a letter from a man who said he had found a great inspiration in my "Dog Washing Story." I hope my readers remember that story for it was the saving of a tramp—making a man of a parasite.

This man's letter tells his story:

My dear Mrs. Cleaver:

I have read your book, *You, Too, Can Make Money* several times. Not only I but the whole neighborhood reads it. It has almost started a "Thinking Club" down here. It's a great book and a great thing for one woman to have so many ideas to pass on to others.

Now about myself. You know your dog washing story! Well I have always loved dogs. When my pets died I buried them here on my place. I have five acres, three miles from town. I do some writing in a small way. Well, I thought, I can't go into the dog-washing business; that is no problem in the country, but where to bury dogs and do it in some thoughtful nice way is a question. So I fixed up a half acre of ground for a dogs' cemetery. I have more ground if it becomes necessary. Then I did a little landscaping for this just as we would for a regular human cemetery. Next I sent out notices to kennels, knowing they'd pass the word on to dog lovers. Of course, I also send cards to private owners as I hear of them. I have already had many replies. I am sure the idea will appeal to all those who love pets.

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In his books you will find further helpful information and instruction by which you will be guided, step by step, on the pathway toward YOUR GOAL!

**Q**UESTION:—L. O. R. writes:—

I have a son who is a veteran of the World War. He was gassed and has never become engaged in active work since. He is thinking continually that he is likely at any moment to develop tuberculosis. When I tell him that all of these years have passed and he has not as yet contracted it, he replies, "But it is almost sure to develop in time for my lungs are weakened and all in from the gas." Can you give him any word of encouragement?

**ANSWER:—**

Your son's worries are not based on facts. Statistics show that "gassing" does not cause tuberculosis. Both army and private reports have been compiled since the war and each states in very definite terms that there is little or no danger. It is my opinion that this thought has become a sort of obsession with your son and he has become a neurasthenic. His disease is undoubtedly just in his mind. He could be rid of this if he were to become interested in the mental side of life and train himself away from his fear thoughts. Fear is what is holding him back. Work would be good for him.

**Q**UESTION:—D. O. R. writes:—

I have a sister who is deathly afraid of dirt, or rather, germ life. She is not afraid that she will be killed by it, but rather is afraid that she will transmit some disease to another. In consequence she washes her hands every time she touches anything and will never shake hands with anyone. She draws back when another offers his or her hand, as tho in pain. Is she insane, and is this likely to develop into some form of insanity that might prove dangerous to us?

**ANSWER:—**

The mental disorder your sister is suffering from is more common than you perhaps imagine. It is not in-

sanity, for it is not a true brain disease, but simply a fear which has taken possession of her. This fear was brought about thru something in the past impressing itself on her mind, perhaps something she read or that someone related. Being sensitive and impressionable she began to dwell on it, gradually feared it more and more, until she became literally trapped by this thought of germs. She will get rid of it only thru an intensive mental training which will explain her fear to her in its true light. Her lack of experience and understanding is what permits the fear to remain. There is a doubt in her mind as to whether she might or might not injure another, and as long as that doubt remains she will suffer. For this reason the statements of other members of the family are hardly sufficient, for she does not look upon them as authorities and therefore cannot be convinced that they are right and she is wrong. These "dirt" obsessions take on many forms, some of them very peculiar and were I to relate them they would seem almost unbelievable to the mind of a normal person.

**Q**UESTION:—H. A. D. writes:—

I am a man fifty-five years of age and all my life I have done work of such a confining nature that I have not had an opportunity to indulge in any of the favorite outdoor sports. My business is now in a condition where I can take considerable time off and could take up such a game as golf if I felt sure it would not harm me. I have heard many reports and read many articles on this subject and there seems to be a difference of opinion as to the advisability of a man my age exercising in that way. What do you think about it?

**ANSWER:—**

I think a hobby often saves a person's life thru its keeping him from being over serious and self-centered. And

I am also a great believer in exercise. My suggestion would be for you to begin by walking a little more than you are accustomed to, and gradually increase your walks until you have built up your muscles, wind and resistance. This you could do in about a month if you indulged in it daily, and unless you do exercise daily it will be of little value. Then I believe you are ready for nine holes of golf. Gradually you can add to the number of holes until you are playing eighteen. I would not pass this mark. One trouble with golf is that men become overenthusiastic and overdo it. I have known a number of men of your age to play twenty-seven or thirty-six holes, with a past history of physical inaction. Such people are likely to pay dearly for their fun. Try to be reasonable.

**Q**UESTION:—J. H. R. writes:—

The other night I went with a friend to visit one who tells your fortune by the date of your birthday. When my turn came she told me that I was born under a certain star and that, in consequence, I could expect to be a nervous woman with little prospect of real greatness. She stated that my life was cut out for me at birth and that my destiny was planned by this star under which I was born. It made somewhat of an impression on me, but since thinking it over I have decided to write to you and get your opinion in the matter. Am I destined to be a nervous, no-good sort of woman?

**ANSWER:—**

The planetary system *may* have something to do in forming our temperaments and natures, but to say one is fate-driven is foolish. You may have a nervous temperament, even a neurotic nature, and the planetary bodies may have had something to do with this. But to say you are destined to live a worthless sort of life is just rot. One who possesses a nervous, emotional,

sensitive nature really has more power at her command than a phlegmatic person. Napoleon was a neurotic, but he used this tremendous power in such a way that he nearly conquered the world. He was full of energy; tireless; to a degree, egotistical; but he had a power within which never recognized defeat. President Wilson had a somewhat similar nature, and in his case we see how this same force can work creatively or destructively, according to our thoughts toward it. As long as he was in the ascendancy his powers worked constructively and he did real things. But when his fourteen points, which were so close to his heart, were turned down by Congress and he saw himself defeated, it crushed him and he became a sick man and died.

If you were to drift and seek lines of least resistance your nature would perhaps get you into lots of trouble. But why drift and why seek lines of least resistance? Use your powers constructively, believe in self absolutely, and you will succeed in life.

**QUESTION:—M. E. L. writes:—**

There is much talk about fasting and I am wondering whether or not it is really beneficial. What is your opinion and how long do you think one should fast, if you do believe in it?

**ANSWER:—**

A prolonged fast should be indulged in only under the direction of a physician, and then it should have some definite part to play in connection with disease. To fast just as a fad I believe foolish. Many women are harming themselves materially thru the restricted diet plan and the fasting, in order to reduce. I believe that a fast, one day a week, might be helpful, provided one's energies and resistance were normal. This gives the organs a little rest from their work. But when long fasts are considered you should remember that the stomach is composed of muscles and that absolute rest will affect those muscles quite the same as putting your arm in a sling. They will be weakened. In eating, following a fast, real harm can be done unless one comes back in just the right way. So be careful.

**QUESTION:—L. A. M. writes:—**

The minute I become conscious of myself in society or even on the street with others, I begin to feel uncertain of my movements and find walking straight difficult. I can walk about the house or outside alone without a bit of trouble. I cannot account for such a state and am wondering if you could offer a solution?

**ANSWER:—**

Thru some suggestion you have received in the beginning of your trouble

you, as you have said, became too conscious of your walking. There is no good reason for it and your uncertainty is entirely due to your wrong mental attitude at the time. Walking under certain conditions has become linked up with fear in your mind. If I make a mistake in writing on my typewriter and then begin to watch my fingers, I am quite likely to follow it with several other mistakes. Walking is supposed to be a subconscious act and the only way that consciousness is supposed to enter into it is thru your consciously directing your step toward a certain goal. A little poem in Dr. Hyslop's book has just come to my mind which fits your case exactly:

A centipede was happy till  
One day a toad in fun  
Said: "Which leg moves after which?"  
Which raised her doubts to such a pitch  
She fell exhausted in the ditch  
And could not walk nor run.

Strive to turn your attention away from self just as much as possible and forget yourself when walking. When you have actually developed the power to ignore your trouble, it will end.

**QUESTION:—L. E. G. writes:—**

I seem to be very sensitive to drinking water to which I am not accustomed. When I travel I frequently have an upset spell from the water. And if I go without drinking I do not feel well, for I drink a lot of water when at home. Is there anything that I can do to help myself when traveling? I make two trips a year.

**ANSWER:—**

It is my opinion that most of the bad effect you have from drinking water when away from home is due to your own thoughts. Sometime when away you conceived that an upset state was due to the water you drank. The next drink you took you probably had more or less fear attached to the act, and perhaps, only by chance, you again felt a little worse than usual. This was convincing proof to your mind that it was the water and from then on you watched yourself.

Of course, a very decided change in the chemicals contained in different waters may produce certain results in a sensitive person, but the result is more frequently an effect on the bowels than it is on any other part of the organism.

Try having the water heated. It need not be boiled, but just brought to a simmering stage. Then pour in some cold water, about a third of the quantity you have boiled, and let it cool off so that it will be palatable. If you are in a rural district where there might be the possibility of typhoid or some other disease which is spread in such a manner, put a drop of iodine in each glass

(Continued on page 78)

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Why don't you write?





# Under the Reading Lamp

1 Jer. Wm. Korninev 25

**THE FUTURE OF AN ILLUSION.** By Sigmund Freud. Translated by W. D. Robinson-Scott. New York: Horace Liveright and the Institute of Psycho-analysis. \$2.00.

**I**T is probably absurd to voice the fantastic wish that the great Freud had been born in the United States rather than in Austria. If he had been born in America he would not be the man he is; and if he were not Sigmund Freud the world might not have had psycho-analysis.

But it does seem unfortunate, to say the least, that the man who seems, as Wells has said, to have turned over a new leaf in the Book of History by the new light he has thrown upon the facts of Man's inner life, should have been born under an autocracy. One must confess to a mild surprise at some of the ideas voiced in this latest book from the pen of the great master, ideas that began to be exploded on the Western Hemisphere a hundred and fifty years ago, and that are becoming more generally discarded with every passing decade.

One refers here chiefly, of course, to the idea that it is necessary to have one class of society in subservience to another class. Freud builds up his argument against religion by the statement that it is necessary to "force" men to work, that there is an "upper class" which determines the code of culture and must compel the lower classes to yield to the demands of this culture.

Further, he fails to recognize the real relation of work to thought; of industry to psychology; of business to philosophy. And this is all the more curious because Freud has done more than any other individual to compel mankind to recognize that the only way in which mentality can be developed is by sharp contact with the realities.

These apparent weaknesses of the earlier chapters of his book about religion will tend to weaken and obscure his argument. Many readers who will accept the first part of the book will reject the latter part, and vice versa.

The public has known for some years that Freud considered religion a racial

infantilism. He now puts that thesis in the form of a considered treatise. His argument is that during the first stages of cultural development, while mankind was breaking away from instinctive, anti-social impulses, it was necessary to lead the masses to believe in authoritative deities who would endorse and execute the code of the master class. And religion was also a solace that all mankind needed to bear up under the cruel rigors of nature. But as culture develops this will be less and less necessary.

He states bluntly that religion is an illusion; it is the childish belief in things that are not true. It is the projection of the "father image" from childhood. And as individuals and the race grow up the illusion disappears.

There is undeniable charm throughout the book, the charm of the modesty that always goes with true greatness. Freud nowhere asserts that he is infallible. He argues his case with hypothetical debaters, putting down simply what his own opinions are. The following paragraph gives the essence of this latest message of his:

And so I disagree with you when you go on to argue that man cannot in general do without the consolation of the religious illusion, that without it he would not endure the troubles of life, the cruelty of reality. Certainly this is true of the man into whom you have instilled the sweet—or bitter-sweet—poison from childhood on. But what of the other, who has been brought up soberly? Perhaps he, not suffering from neurosis, will need no intoxicant to deaden it. True, man will then find himself in a difficult situation. He will have to confess his utter helplessness and his insignificant part in the working of the universe; he will have to confess that he is no longer the centre of creation, no longer the object of the tender care of a benevolent providence. He will be in the same position as the child who has left the home where he was so warm and comfortable. But, after all, is it not the destiny of childishness to be overcome? Man cannot remain a child forever; he must venture at last into the hostile world. This may be called "education to reality"; need I tell you that it is the sole aim of my book to draw attention to the necessity for this advance?

One ends reluctantly the pleasant task of commenting on this excellent work of a master. Many paragraphs and points plead for quotation. One

more must suffice; it is Freud at his best. He is talking again about realities:

It is one of the few noble and gratifying spectacles that men can offer, when in the face of an elemental catastrophe they awake from their muddle and confusion, forget all their internal difficulties and animosities, and remember the great common task, the preservation of mankind against the supremacy of nature.

**TO THE PURE.** *A Study of Obscenity and the Censor.* By Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle. New York: The Viking Press. \$3.00.

**"O**BSCENE, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent, and disgusting"—the six deadly adjectives of the obscenity law. What do they mean? Try to define them—and then try to find someone who will agree with your definitions! The law that concerns itself with the censorship of literature has been always more or less absurd because of just this weakness. Obscenity fluctuates with time, race, environment, and personality. Only the crusaders of the Vice Societies (who are apparently immune from the effects of vicious literature because of their continuous association with it) can touch it with their finger.

Take any book, however artistic—except, of course, the Bible and Shakespeare, which must not be questioned—put it in the hands of one of these crusaders, let him take it before a hoary and respectable judge and a dozen of the cream of the local Merchants' Association (whose grace in the community must be maintained at any cost) and the chances are a hundred to one that it will be grandly condemned. Not that these men feel that the book would injure them. Oh, no! But that it might deleteriously affect almost anybody else. Upon the verdict of such flimsy legerdemain a writer, publisher, or bookseller might be sent to jail.

There are solely and deliberately pornographic books which are easily recognized and disposed of. It is the discrimination against real literature that presents the difficulty; for the standard of judgment is as variable as the individual mind. What reading, if

any, particularly arouses sexual feeling is hardly known. As a result of a questionnaire sent by the Bureau of Social Hygiene of New York City to many thousand school girls, it was discovered that it was not the banned books of Boston nor the privately printed *erotica* that headed the list as the source of earliest sex information, but the Bible, the dictionary, and the encyclopædia. Further down the line we find *Mother's Magazine*, missionary pamphlets, Spencer's *Faerie Queene*, Lydia Pinkham's advertisement. The censor is confronted by such conditions.

The authors of this book tell in a delightful and fair manner the history of the problems of censorship and the long fight for and against the suppression of the printed word. Mr. Seagle is a lawyer and journalist. Morris Ernst is a lawyer who has been on the frontier of the anti-censorship cause for years, and has been associated with many prominent cases, including that of Mrs. Dennett and of *The Well of Loneliness*. Together they have made a source-work of interest to everyone who writes, reads, publishes, or sells a book.

KENNETH M. SWEZEY

**EMOTION AS THE BASIS OF CIVILIZATION.** By J. H. Denison. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

**H**ERE is a book which I desire earnestly to commend to every reader of *PSYCHOLOGY* Magazine.

"Nothing is more dangerous than to give the forms of a democracy to a people without its spirit," says the author, and reasoning from this postulate he draws his conclusions from the experience of mankind beginning with the very dawn of organized human life.

In his preface he states his purpose in the opening paragraph: "The aim of this book is not to present new historic facts or the results of a profound research into certain periods of history, but rather to indicate a new viewpoint from which the recognized facts of history can be studied. It seeks to discover the methods that have been used in the past to cultivate the emotions that are of value in social construction, and to stimulate the reader to consider what emotions are essential to the success of our modern democracies."

Notwithstanding the modesty of the author he does present many historic facts that are startlingly new to most of us. In fact the book constitutes a general review of world history showing how the civilizations of the past were made possible by certain extraordinary devices thru which emotional attitudes were created which served to hold men together in large groups. The main thesis of the book is that every successful civilization has owed its suc-

cess to an elaborate system by which certain emotions were cultivated; that it has met with disaster when its rulers have neglected or interfered with this system, and that a perfect coordination is necessary between the forms of government of the group and the emotions which are developed by its religion and customs. The Patriarchal, the Fratriarchal, and the Modern Democratic systems are severally discussed, together with the particular "cultures" that have been basically responsible for their development. Regardless of what fallacy of reasoning may be back of it, it is the group "spirit" that counts, when it comes to getting things done, and the author strikes a fundamental psychological truth in his statement that "a logical demonstration of the truth of a statement may not transform it into a belief, while an emotional dramatization of a statement that is not true may create such a sense of its reality in the minds of the people that no logical proof will convince them of its falsity."

The author sums up the work by recommending a culture based on (a) The rights of the individual rather than the "rights of God." (b) Truth and Reason, rather than traditional lore and superstition, and (c) Individual Conscience rather than "morals" and formulae.

LON J. HADDOCK

**THE HEART OF ASIA.** By Nicholas Roerich. New York: Roerich Museum Press, \$1.50.

**FLAME IN CHALICE.** By Nicholas Roerich. New York: Roerich Museum Press, \$1.50.

**N**ICHOLAS Roerich is one of those men who fascinate by expression which seems to surge from the depths. In his songs (both in paint and word) one hears the rolling of the ocean, the throb of earth, the blood-pulsing of peoples, sweet and moving, blending into harmonies which are recognizable by natures which may on the surface appear entirely different. For five years Prof. Roerich led an expedition thru Central Asia; painting, determining the locations of art treasures, studying the religions and the migrations of the races, spreading his word of love and brotherhood. On the surface, he found, Asia has been somewhat corrupted; but in its spirit still burned a great flame of wisdom and beauty. Asia longed for the best of Western progress. In far-off Mongolia and Tibet, people asked continually about Ford and Hoover. Buddhists talked of Jesus with a reverence that would shame the average Christian. In *The Heart of Asia*, Roerich expands the impressions of his trip, and demonstrates, incidentally, how much of our own lost

(Continued on page 79)

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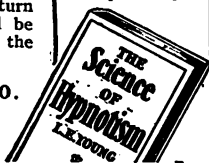
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**R**EV. E. R. MACWILLIAM, East Florenceville, N. B., Canada, writes:

I want first to congratulate you on the increasing usefulness of *PSYCHOLOGY*.

I have been a reader of it from its first issue. In fact, I have all the issues kept on file for ready reference and find a continual use for the early numbers.

**D**R. J. F. FALLS, St. Mary's Church, 528 N. Broadway, Piqua, Ohio, writes:

Vivian May Williams' article on *What is Religion?*, which appeared in *PSYCHOLOGY* not long ago, is the most blasphemous article I have ever read. Her colossal ignorance of metaphysics is a crime. No soviet communist could, in his most rabid moments, "out-do" her.

**C.** E. LeCRONE, Leesville, La., writes:

The reply of Dr. Miller to A. A. Roback in "A Chat with the Editor," July issue of 1929, was greatly enjoyed by the writer, who is one of the subscribers to *PSYCHOLOGY* who has been greatly helped by the articles from the pen of Dr. Miller as well as from other contributors to his magazine.

From Dr. Miller's reply I quote the following: They ignored academic psychology because they knew nothing about it. Their teaching was a weird jumble of New Thought, Christian Science, Theosophy, Yoga Philosophy, Hygiene, Occultism and Suggestion.

I confess to having scant knowledge of New Thought, Christian Science, Theosophy, Yoga Philosophy or Occultism, but believe I have a fair knowledge of what constitutes Hygiene, and considerable practical knowledge of suggestion which we all use from the time of our birth. The greater number of persons use it unconsciously, nevertheless make daily use of what Maude K. Jones terms, "One of the strongest forces in the universe; a powerful force for good, and likewise a mighty force for evil."

Quite recently I accidentally pinched one of my fingers so severely as to cause a blood-blister. Some persons believe it the better way to open the blister at once and allow the bloody water to drain out. However, I did not open it but made the auto-suggestion that it would not amount to anything, in fact would not cause me any pain or trouble, and went back to my desk and forgot about it. That evening before retiring I happened to think of it, and upon examining my finger found the blister had almost disappeared. The next morning wanting to again examine it I was unable to locate the finger that

had been hurt; there was no pain and no evidence of where the blister had been. What caused the pain to cease so soon after it had been pinched, and what caused the blister to disappear so quickly and so completely that in less than twelve hours after the accident there was absolutely no trace of it? Perhaps an academic psychologist would be able to explain it on the basis of "willed reactions".

The late lamented Dr. Frank Crane would no doubt explain it by saying it was the man inside of you that calls the little phagocytes to come and attend to any wound from which we may be suffering. Perhaps it is the power of which Henry Ford said, "I have never done anything of my own volition, I was always pushed by invisible forces." Doubtless this is the power Herbert Spencer had in mind when he said, "There is an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed."

My own personal belief is based on that part of the Bible which says, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Emerson says, "There is no thought in my mind but it quickly tends to convert itself into a power and organizes a huge instrumentality of means." He also says, "Thought is the property of those only who can entertain it." Marden says, "The possibilities of thought training are infinite, its consequences eternal, and yet few take the pains to direct their thinking into channels that will do them good, but instead leave all to chance." Channing says, "Silent thought is, after all, the mightiest agent in human affairs."

*PSYCHOLOGY* Magazine is, I think, doing a wonderful work in arousing people to a knowledge of the marvelous power they have within which can be used for their moral and spiritual uplift. May Dr. Miller's future successes be greater than his past.

**M**R. CORNELIUS S. LINFIELD, 217 Linker Bldg., La Crosse, Wis., writes:

New hope springs to me in writing to you personally, Dr. Miller, as I feel there exists this affinity between us in the sense that "like attracts like".

I love your Magazine—*PSYCHOLOGY*—for the good it is doing in the world, and the thought that such a channel gives new birth to countless ideas in the hearts of men and women is naturally a condition of rejoicing.

Kindly accept my sincere congratulations in supplying the masses with the food that inspires, as the result can only proceed from such unselfish work.

**G.** L. HUGHJON, 1608 Stuart St., Berkeley, Calif., writes:

I was just scared white when I could not find February *PSYCHOLOGY* on any

of the book stalls. By the way, I lent two *PSYCHOLOGY* Magazines, one of 1927 and one of 1928, and I miss them, especially the one containing Lon Haddock's address.

I read and reread Judge Simmons' ad, Leland Wells Pollock, David V. Bush, the Amorc, Pelman Institute and others. I wonder why we are not a nation of super-men or demi-gods, with all of the array of divine teachers. Why do they all want their pay in advance? If they can do what they say, they must be above wanting any such trivial thing as money. I personally know of a party that paid for three courses in applied psychology at \$25.00 per, borrowed the last payment. The same party has a sick wife, and is now looking for work, with no funds and a hospital bill of \$400.

I know that no science is responsible for all the wild utterances of self-styled wonder-working.

Dr. Miller answers:

Concerning the advertisers in *PSYCHOLOGY*, I am under the impression that none of these teachers is rolling in wealth. Their principal interest seems to be to help those who study their course. It is necessary for them to charge a fairly substantial price to cover the big expense of advertising, office overhead, printing, stationery, etc.

The fact that one man who studied such a course was unable to demonstrate the value of the teachings in his own life does not mitigate against the course in question. Thousands have demonstrated that they could achieve a larger measure of health, happiness and success thru the principles that all of these teachers set forth, but they are not wonder-workers and there is no magic power which will transform the life of any individual merely by his buying a course.

The best that any teacher can do is to offer a technique or method. Then it is entirely up to the individual to use the technique and to faithfully follow the method. Even then results would depend largely on the earnestness with which the individual employs the principles which have been set forth.

**J**OHAN C. ROSE, 1112 Forbes St., Pittsburgh, Pa., writes:

I wish to tell you of the wonderful benefits which psychology and New Thought philosophy have conferred upon me. First of all, I was able to develop my powers of imagination and volition to a wonderful degree.

Psychology has furnished me with the key to thought and culture, having enabled me to penetrate into the very mysteries of life.

New Thought has aided me to acquire health and new and abundant vitality. I was abandoned by the doc-



tors, and had scarcely enough energy to carry on with my work. But thanks to the powers of imagination and volition I have succeeded in bursting asunder the shackles of disease, old age and various other weaknesses. I am now quite healthy and fairly glow with vitality. I have tapped that inexhaustible cosmic reservoir from which all blessings flow. This energy and vitality is such as that which youths and maidens possess. It is the vitality of the young.

Psychology has enabled me to forge ahead in the world. Money comes to me without even striving, it almost seems.

Thru psychology I have formed many friendships with both young men and young women.

**M**ARION GREY, 1518 East 84th St., Cleveland, Ohio, writes:

The constant reading of your **PSYCHOLOGY** Magazine was, I feel, instrumental in bringing to the surface that dormant power within.

**V**IRGINIA HOLLAND, 4014 Brooklyn Ave., Seattle, Wash., writes:

A word of appreciation for the enjoyment of your magazine, **PSYCHOLOGY**. As I am particularly interested in poetry, I wish to thank you for the poem *Divinity* by S. R. Sasnett. It seems to me he has the fine quality of combining depth of feeling with perfect expression, and I hope that his coming poems are as full of content. Such articles as *The Theatre's Best Friend* by Ada Patterson are of excellent value to young people. I can only hope such good material will continue as it gives **PSYCHOLOGY** a tone of quality and eliminates "Yankee Noise".

Mrs. Lottie S. Belnap, 605 Ward Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich., writes:

**I**T might interest you to know that most of the study of psychology which I have done in the last six years has been thru books or courses which I have found advertised in your magazine. I have taken it ever since about the time you started and always get a great deal of good out of it.

Miss Ada May Hill, 2418 University Ave., New York City, writes:

**I** BELIEVE the April issue of **PSYCHOLOGY** indicates a decided trend toward better psychological articles than I noticed the last time I read your magazine.

Take for instance the article, *How to Conquer Hate*, by John Walter Houck. It is concise and clear-cut; presents a true psychological problem with a positive solution. One does not have to be a psychologist to understand it either.

On the other hand, I think A. Taylor in the interesting little story called *A Ruler of Darkness*, shows what can be done with psychology, but misses the vital part of the problem by skipping those two very important years. The fact that the man succeeded in overcoming the mental depression of his blindness was a very fine thing, but how did he do it? What happened during those two most eventful years?

Joseph Mandese, 1362 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York, writes:

**K**INDLY explain to me the meaning of the phrase, "All men are created equal." It is mentioned in the United States Constitution and in Abraham

Please use coupon

Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg.

If this is true, then why are some men smarter than others, even tho they try their best to become a success? Also, some people are deformed at birth. What chance have they to succeed in life?

## DR. MILLER ANSWERS

**A**NSWERING your inquiry of recent date, the phrase concerning equality of all men is a very beautiful demonstrated ideal, but is not substantiated by facts. Men are created without any basic quality. The task of **PSYCHOLOGY** is to help those who are handicapped to overcome their limitations and to achieve a larger and fuller life.

Henry Lund, Kingston, N. Y., writes:

**Y**OU will surely pardon me for interrupting your time with this note. By a peculiar mental command, I was led Sunday morning, August 18th, to go to town with my boy, who usually goes for the Sunday paper. While in the store I glanced at the magazines (a large display) and saw just one, your **PSYCHOLOGY** Magazine. My thoughts were the most happy ones. Honest, I felt, "Here is my saviour and our problem is at last to be solved." I never knew such a magazine was in existence. I hope I never will be without it, such a wonder, time-absorbing magazine. Every word written in it is, in my opinion, a new and great hope for a pure civilization, and a chance for a poor, struggling, dare say broadminded, right-thinking person to get in touch with real authority for mental guidance.

A. W. Hall, Portland, Maine, writes:

**I** THANK you for the help I received from you while visiting Portland, Maine, two years ago this fall. What I have learned about psychology will help the world. It costs one nothing to be happy. It costs one nothing to be healthy. It costs one nothing to love Nature. It costs one nothing to use the other fellow-man as he would want to be used himself. It costs one nothing to train his mind into the prospects of becoming one with Infinite Mind. It costs nothing to develop our Subconscious Mind.

Yours for the success of your great step in helping the world thru **PSYCHOLOGY**.

I thank you.

**RICHARD REILLY**, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, writes:

I have been reading **PSYCHOLOGY** Magazine for the last two years and find it both interesting and educating. I was deeply interested in Glenn G. Hoskins' story, *Don't Say You're Sick*, and only hope more articles by this author will appear in future publications of **PSYCHOLOGY**.

**M**RS. MARY HUNTINGTON, 115 E. 90th St., New York City, writes:

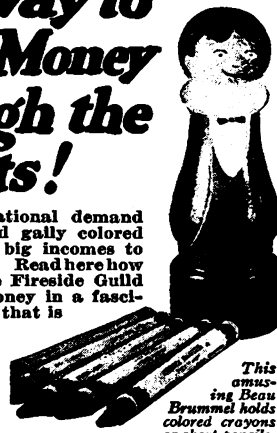
I like your magazine and I am perfectly sure that it gives the public exactly what it needs and wants more and more. When people begin to understand mental things, they are "well away", as they say in England.

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By Natalie Adams



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himself a prominent artist and recently a member of the U. S. Government Commission to the Paris Exposition.

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# Don't Worry About Aberrations

(Continued from page 43)

persons who have developed aberrations; who have become criminals because of harsh treatment; who have become criminals because of too lenient an environment; who have tremendously distorted ideas of their importance in the world; who have tremendously dwarfed ideas of their worth to society. There are, technically, as many different kinds of aberrations as there are people. Everyone has his peculiarities: "Everyone in the world is a little queer, except thee and me, and sometimes I think thee a little queer." There are aberrations of emotion, of logic, of impression, of action, of reflex, of instinct, and, in fact, of every human trait that may be changed from the normal.

Practically all of these aberrations either begin at adolescence or first show themselves strongly at that time. Adolescence is a period of storm and stress, of blind gropings, of repressions, of thwarted desires, with the consequent aberrant outlets. Of course, many aberrations have their roots far back in infancy; but they are classed as adolescent because of their submergence, and their plastic, vague condition before puberty. At puberty, the adolescent for the first time realizes his powers, both mental and physical. If he is tending toward aberrant conduct his actions crystallize; if he is unstable and not ready to withstand the shocks characteristic of the broadened horizon of adolescence, he will develop degrees of abnormality.

And aberrations after adolescence? They are comparatively few, being mainly restricted to the narrowing and hardening of the thought processes incident to approaching age. The chances are against a person surviving the turbulent period of adolescence with normal conduct and then developing aberrations in calmer maturity. Of course, there are characteristic abnormalities of maturity, the most common being, perhaps, the extreme religious fervor attendant upon old age; but we shall discuss nothing but the adolescent aspect in this article.

The examples given are of the undesirable type. They are cases of tendencies that eat away the moral fibre.

There are cases of aberrant conduct, however, that have changed history. "The greater the genius, the greater the unsoundness," says Nisbet. The classic example of Napoleon clearly shows that aberrations and unsound nervous systems are not always conducive to undesirable actions. Joan of Arc was perhaps a victim of hallucinations, which does not in the least detract from her great feats. It is clear that Joseph Smith, the founder of the

Mormon religion, was not entirely normal—for which the Latter Day Saints are profoundly thankful! The greatest character in modern fiction, Sherlock Holmes, is a victim of manic-depressive insanity—and that is one of the reasons he so captures the interest of the entire world. The idea that abnormalities in a man damn him from rational consideration by his fellow beings should be set aside. We should be willing to see good in the eccentric neighbor before the whole world forces his virtues on us by acclaiming him a genius. And we should not be too

Lamb was troubled with insanity, Milton was blind, Charles Darwin neuropathic, and Francis Thompson tubercular. Poe had his touch of insanity, and Nietzsche went thoroly insane after struggling many years.

The gentlest, the most logical, the clearest lines ever written were penned between periods snatched from frequent fits of sickness during which the author was at times out of his head. The greatest basic inventions that make possible the mechanical age we live in were accomplished under stupendous difficulties, and by men who, for some reason or other, had acquired an abnormal amount of that something that simply will not let them know when they are licked.

## The Swallow and Your Mind

By Berniece N. Banks

A WHIRL, a dart, a dizzy dip,  
and up,

Up, into the blue poignant skies,  
Soaring above life's petty sighs,  
Breathing a message, "Do not  
despair",

Flashing the freedom of divine  
care.

A whirl, a dart, a dizzy dip, and  
up,

Up, into the vast realm of thought,  
Your mind at peace, of goodness  
wrought,

Blotting out a long imagined night,  
Revealing the vastness of mind's  
light.

quick to judge anyone bad because of one bad trait.

Considering genius as a form of aberration, or at least the result of abnormality, we can thank our lucky stars we are not all born perfect.

THE greatest literature ever produced was written by sick men; deformed men; abnormally short, tall and fat men; diseased men and drug addicts. To quote Helen Leonard in *Plain Talk*:

Demosthenes stuttered and Pope was a hunchback. Cæsar was epileptic. So were Napoleon and Dostoevsky. Johnson was partially blind and scrofulous. Steinmetz was dwarfed and deformed. . . . Even Carlyle was dyspeptic, and the liberal and wise Alfred the Great was the victim of a lifelong internal disease. Byron had a clubfoot, Gibbon a hydrocele; Keats had tuberculosis,

BUT are drives to abolish inferiority complexes true aberrations? Most certainly they are. It is decidedly out of the normal for a man to make superhuman efforts merely to feel equal to his companions. That was the starting point; but the beginning is soon obscure and the potential genius does what he does because of a drive, a force, a *something* that will give him no rest until he is doing it. His is the same case as Arnold, who was impelled to steal from stores in his town, except that by his actions the genius is benefiting the world as well as satisfying his own abnormalities.

The fact that a man had a hump on his back does not explain why he became the greatest electrical wizard of the age. It is also folly to say he did it *in spite* of the hump. It was not the crookedness of his spine; it was the hump *plus* a tremendous aberration. Deformity has downed many men. The vast majority of such are beaten before they are born. A very small percentage, however, develop a fanatical yearning for attention and admiration at the time when such cravings are the strongest—at adolescence. They blindly grope for an outlet for their desires. They develop aberrations of startling proportions, and they sometimes shoot up like a rocket, because of them.

A young adolescent, unsettled and unadjusted, may receive a terrific shock that destroys all his ideals. He will be disillusioned; certainly his conduct will be altered. He may, like many others, throw the world overboard and become one of the bitter perverts which society could so well do without. Yet he may, as a very few have done, evolve a fanatical drive to forget the shock, to prove it was wrong, or to overcome the condition that startled him. Such men become our great evangelists, reformers and preachers.

Everyone is a little abnormal. No one is perfectly round. We all wobble a trifle on our axes. Eccentricities are in everyone. The person who claims to be a "good, old, average American citizen, with good common horse-sense" in all probability is below average; for we always boast of things we wish we could do, but cannot. The person who dismisses all original people with the remark that they are "eccentric" or "queer", more than likely has some devolting personal aberration that makes him fanatical in suspecting others of the same condition.

The question is not *are* you aberrant, but *how* are you aberrant? Since we are all off the track to same degree, it resolves into the query as to which side are we off. Inasmuch as no one can remain absolutely neutral, why not consciously join the right army? Why let the adolescent blindly grope for light, when it is so easy to light the lamp?

**H**ERETOFORE, chance has decided whether a shock at the pubescent period should create a Hoover or a Hickman. Why cannot people who know the facts lend a hand at the proper time? Why can't we stop for an instant to give a push in the right direction to the adolescent swaying in the balance? Why do we persist in retaining the complacent theory that "everyone has to go thru it; just let him alone—he'll come out all right"? Why does an educated

people countenance this "hands off" policy?

I realize something is being done. It is worse than nothing. Well-meaning, but apparently ignorant, men and women visit the various high schools to give talks "to boys only" and "to girls only". There is a secrecy about the whole affair, an under-current of guilt and shame, and the lectures are aimed to scare the youth into a frightful state of worry without showing him what to do about it. Facts are terribly distorted or but half told for the sake of effect. Only one side—and a very biased side—of the case is presented. The lecturers say what not to do, but not what to do. The worthy reformers are defeating the very thing they wish to put over. They forget they are talking to people who have access to books which state the correct facts—and also the other side of the case.

Such methods are worse than useless. The adolescent may be helped temporarily—conceding the utmost—but sooner or later he will find authentic facts that discount what he has been told, and the upshot will be the throwing away of the whole thing, and the probable reaction toward the opposite side.

But why have so many failures in society? If aberrations are inevitable, let's have the right kind. Abnormalities make criminals and also geniuses. Can't we have a few more of the latter, seeing that there was not a hair-line of difference between the initial shock or starting point of the aberrant drive?

## Dream—and Keep on Dreaming

(Continued from page 24)

who dreamed this beautiful building into existence.

But they did not dream it when they first tried. It is the result of a long series of experiences in dreaming, planning and building and then more study and observation and dreams partly realized—finally the wonderful hotel. This concrete realization of their plans has now become an incentive to dream greater beauty and build more perfectly.

What is it you wish to be as a man or a woman? First, I hope, a useful, good character. Then in proportion to the ability that you have or can develop, you want to do "something" worth while.

Splendid ambition—but first, dream!

Visualize yourself as you wish to be in character and mental development and achievement. The mere fact that you can conceive beauty of action or character, can dream, imagine, visualize certain things in any one channel of human accomplishment proves to a psychologist that you have the latent

ability to accomplish the dream. We know that you will never be anything but a drifter unless you visualize an objective or a particular accomplishment.

However, you will soon learn by experience that you will have to work your dream into acts, words, materials and human contacts.

Work, "brain sweat", more work, repeated effort with partial success, then another and another effort with increasing success (with constant repetition, meanwhile, of the dream, changing and improving it with experience and growing knowledge) is the mental and physical history of anyone's real accomplishment.

Mendelssohn, Schubert and other great musicians dreamed their great music with brain awake and alert, but they had to learn laboriously all about the notes and instruments of musical expression. Much other necessary knowledge had to be accurately acquired. Then, note by note, they tried to express the dream.

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You will be limited by material things, by human workmen, by lack of comprehension on the part of others who ought to help.

You will be delayed, more, however, by your own lack of exact knowledge or by the fact that you haven't trained your mental processes and their body connections to express your emotions and thoughts.

For instance, you dream a newspaper statement or a magazine article. You know what you want to write, but the dendrites between your thought and emotion centers and your speech centers are not perfectly built, and you can not "get the word". (Dendrites are delicate nerves connecting nerve centers in the brain. You build them yourself as need arises.) Also your vocabulary may be limited.

In consequence, the first result of your effort may not be all you dreamed. Some of your best feelings and ideas may not get across. But it will be something!

Dream on—study words and illustrative phrases, facts and incidents. Practice speaking and writing the thoughts repeatedly and in time your dream will be measurably realized. If you get to the state of mind where you are satisfied, you can count yourself a failure. Dream on and work.

Perhaps you are a salesman. Tomorrow you may have to approach an important customer. Very well, have a dream! See yourself, your clothes and your general appearance. Dream about the man and his peculiarities. Dream out that "approach", your tone of voice and manner (or one you have heard a good salesman use).

Visualize yourself without the fear or faults of speech of which you have been guilty. Dream out in detail the selling talk. Dream about his reactions. Dream thru the whole talk and the answers to the probable questions to a successful conclusion with the "name on the dotted line".

The latter is important. You may know of a probability of first time failure, but you must dream away beyond the first time toward a success, and finally great success.

The very process of thought helps to build these dendrites, and when you start to put the whole dream into action you will have something to help you—a dreamed-out set of actions and words.

The actual use of the words, tones, action, you dreamed will complete the development of the dendrites and repeated improvement and use will strengthen the dendrite connections until it will become comparatively easy and habitual to think, act and create in the better way which at first was "only a day dream."

You will be disappointed at first even

if you make the sale. In retrospect your tone and approach and selling talk may not be remembered as the wonderful improvement you dreamed. Old habit may have asserted itself somewhat—memory of your thought-out selling talk was incomplete when time for action arrived.

Dream on, work, try again and dream greater success. You now have had another experience and have more knowledge.

Again you may succeed, but not get the order—some one may have been there first. The prospect may have been worried about the business or his family and he might have been feeling "grouchy." But you succeeded, nevertheless.

Your approach was better and your tone of voice and your selling talk were nearly right. Well, that is success.

The results were not all you had hoped for, but the experience has made you more confident and able. Have another dream and use the improved product on the next prospect. Follow this process and you are bound to be-

## Poems

By Anel Charlene Creel

TO write a poem,  
Read a poem,  
Any one can do.

To love a poem,  
Laugh a poem,  
Joys for me and you.

To live a poem,  
Be a poem,  
That's attained by few.

come a good salesman in the line you are handling, or some other line.

You are one of the workers in politics and human welfare, perhaps.

What earthly use are dreams there, you say. The selfishness, the stupidity of the mass, hinder on every hand—they want the practical, immediate act. Very true, and you must satisfy them. Jesus, a dreamer, also rendered practical service. His thought and ideals were not much understood by the mass, but age after age his dreams have reached the minds of a larger and ever larger number, and now we are commencing to understand fully the truths and ideals he expressed.

Suppose that he had not dreamed! Most of our readers would not now have the liberty to dream anything about advancement or improvement of themselves. The basis of the United States Government is brotherhood and respect for the rights of all. These ideas came from Jesus and his dreams.

About 3000 years ago Micah dreamed

of a world without war and put the idea into the crowd thought. Only a few received it and dreamed and talked. It came down thru the ages via poets and other dreamers and an ever increasing number comprehended and believed. Finally it fused with the thoughts started by Jesus. Woodrow Wilson caught the vision and fixed it in the plan of a League of Nations.

Since then the League has been developing into a usable instrument of international understanding. "The Dawes Plan," "The Kellogg Pact," and the "Young Plan" have shown the way and expressed the conviction of the world. It is no longer the idea of a dreamer, but the hope and desire of all peoples.

Imperfect as the result is as yet, suppose that no one had dreamed the beautiful ideal of friendly human relationship in a warless world.

Dream on teacher, doctor, lawyer, preacher, welfare worker, statesman, and tell your dreams to others. Put them into words and try to get action. The results will have to depend on the average level of intelligence and the degree of unselfishness of the mass of the people, of course. You will not see a perfect realization immediately.

But be certain of this—you will have a perfect result in the increase of your mental ability, the growth of kindness and tolerance in your thought. You will be a bigger, better personality because you have used your brain magnificently.

This result is all that you can hope for positively—and for you as a person it is enough. Dream on and on!

I recently visited a building in New York City. It is a joy to the senses. It has the so-called modernistic use of the straight line in its design. Really it is a perfected form of Egyptian art.

The artists of that far-off time produced wonderfully beautiful effects in architecture but they did not have the material nor the trained mechanics now at our command. This building would make them speechless with joy. Their dream has come into almost perfect expression.

Suppose they had not dreamed their work of art for us to improve upon?

"My people perish for lack of vision," said the prophet.

And you will perish, shrivel and amount to nothing unless you as a person in the stream of life have visions about yourself and your position, your development of mind and your character, also good dreams about your fellow beings and the society they form.

The following rules will help you in your day dreaming about any action or characteristic you wish to perfect, whether it be the development of character and ability, or a sale, or the creation of a building, a machine or the correction of a fault.

1. Keep your mind centered on the one dream. Do not let your mind wander. Soon you will be able to hold steadily to one line of thought for long periods.
2. *Dream perfection*—then try for it and note the mistakes; dream again and try, try until you succeed. You can.
3. Acquire information, facts and experience as you discover them missing in the whole fabric of your dream.
4. Train the mental and bodily processes necessary to put your dream into reality. Train them by using them.
5. Don't get discouraged. You

may not get the total result you dreamed about, but you will improve and will accomplish if you keep on "thinking it thru in your day dreams". Keep on acquiring information and experience and act again.

6. Don't refuse to admit your present faults and correct them. Be eager to improve your dream by learning from others.

We are all relatively ignorant, but you are hopelessly foolish if you do not admit to yourself the ignorance that is peculiarly your own. Correct the fault—increase your knowledge, then dream and act yourself into one of the useful persons of the human family.

## Use Your Head

(Continued from page 33)

way when he turns to face his destination. "To him who presses on at each degree new visions rise." He soon finds that "every achievement leads to something more." That "every advance makes further advance possible." Trust yourself. Be confident, pure, but bold. It is in you and you alone to be master or servant. Riches, success and happiness are creatures of the mind. They are merely expressed in the outer material world.

Too many begin life with the wrong perspective. They proceed with irregularity, by accident. They enter into life with a rush, a plunge, sway this way and that, and are knocked about little mindful of the rules of the game. They are like wet-weather streams that have no permanent course. No wonder they are thrown off their feet at sudden reverses. They have not learned the secret of determining what goes into the mind. Every person has his day of trial, and fortunate is he who has so planned his life that he can move on to calmer waters when the storm comes.

And in this connection it is well for us to observe two prominent men of letters as analyzed by Thomas Carlyle.

"Byron, a man of endowment considerably less ethereal than that of Burns, is born in the rank not of a Scottish plowman, but of an English peer: the highest worldly honors, the fairest worldly career, are his by inheritance; the richest harvest of fame he soon reaps, in another province, by his own hand. And what does all this avail him? Is he happy, is he good, is he true? . . . Byron, like Burns, is not happy; nay he is the most wretched of all men. His life is falsely arranged: the fire that is in him is not a strong, still, central fire, warming into beauty the products of the world; but it is the mad fire of a volcano and now—we look

sadly into the ashes of a crater, which ere long will fill itself with snow!"

"The error of Burns," says Carlyle, "was the want of unity in his purposes, of consistency in his aims." And he lays the cause of Burns' unhappiness not to nature but to himself. "Nature fashions no creature," he says "without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration; least of all does she neglect her masterpiece and darling, the poetic soul."

Neither Byron nor Burns was true to the best that was in them. Neither understood the greatest lesson in the world. Both of them could have been very happy if they had obeyed the rules of proper human conduct. Great poets are the most honored of all men. We inevitably cast a halo about them. They are to us just a little nearer heaven than most men. What a great opportunity these two great poets threw away! Burns died young as a result of intemperate living. Byron never reached real maturity. "His desires were stronger than his will."

Real happiness is impossible to the man who, in the least as well as the greatest of things, cannot move over them and push on to victory. Many a little act of a moment has marred a man's happiness forever. One may be even wise enough to foresee the consequences of a certain evil and yet not be able to refrain from doing it. This may be the result either of habit or a cold spirit of reckless abandon. They never realize what has been done until "the silver cord is loosed or the golden bowl be broken."

A baby never learns to walk until it ventures. Man is a grown-up baby. A boy reared in hot-house seclusion, forever relying upon his parents, never learns the secret of will-power. He fails in the courage necessary to ven-

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ture. As a result some of the most productive cells of his brain lie dormant all during his lifetime. He never experiences his best. Self-reliance is the great moulder of men. A man never becomes great until he falls back upon his own resources.

The rose alone can make its perfect bloom  
And cast its crimson folds in radiance fair.  
The rose alone can make its own perfume  
For friendly winds to cast upon the air.

And I alone can set my heart aflame  
With noblest aspirations long delayed.  
And not one passing soul can make my name  
Nor live the plans which I alone have made.

But will-power is never developed in an individual until he has a desire to accomplish something. It has been said many times that the greatest story ever written is that of the man who climbs by the strength of his own will upward from poverty to a glorious achievement. The man who does this and builds the fabric of his success upon the plain virtues of honesty, industry, religion and faith in humanity deserves the most beautiful crown that the world has to offer, and that crown is the inward joy of knowing that you have fought a good fight and won.

Prominent men in history have been mentioned who missed being happy because they knew nothing about the greatest lesson in the world. There is an equal number who knew a great deal about this lesson and practiced it to a fine degree. Look at the serene lives of Shakespeare, Gladstone, Washington and the scores of others who moved gracefully thru life reaping a harvest of contentment because their lives were well-ordered. Such persons reveal to us the beauty and usefulness of selecting the right furnishings for the mind. For these men never got beside themselves. They were too big for trifling events. Their minds were filled with tested truths. There was no room for degrading matter. And a man who so lives, whether he is an humble workman or a statesman, is certainly listed among the wise.

### Playing the Game With Nature

Nature seldom presents her bill on the day you violate her laws—O. S. Marden.

"LIFE is like a chess-board," says Huxley. "The rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But we also know, to our cost, that he never

overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for our ignorance."

And you and I must play the game to which Mr. Huxley refers. We are in it inevitably when the first beam of consciousness dawns upon us in childhood; when nature places us upon our own resources with the chess-board of life before us. She gives us the first move. And whether we are an expert or a mediocre player depends altogether upon ourselves. And so the wise ones plan their strokes and make them tell. Plan them alone. For the greatest questions of your life must be decided in the secret chambers of your own heart where only the sunlight of your own conscience has admittance. There is one place where your good friends and close relatives cannot enter.

### Star Shroud

By Cyrus C. Johnson

SOME evening when the sun has set,  
The dew shall fall, the grass be wet,  
My heart shall sleep  
My soul forget,  
Beloved.

On dreamful wings my shade will trace  
The outpost stars to seek thy face.  
Death cannot bar thy lovely grace,  
Beloved.

If I in Ardath's fields must be  
Forevermore estranged from thee  
Then cursed be immortality!  
Beloved.

The rules of the game are many; too many to be contained in a thousand volumes, yet nature has miraculously provided a way for us to learn them. She has given us three immortal guides. They are love, which takes care of us in society; the five senses, which direct us in the material world; and conscience, our guide spiritually.

And we may read all of the books that have been written pertaining to health, our duty to our fellow men, the appreciation of the beautiful and the cultivation of the human soul, yet we shall find at last that nature has covered the gist of it all in the intuitive and instinctive powers which she has given us. And if we study these qualities carefully, listening to them attentively when they whisper into our souls words of warning and encouragement, there can be no doubt of the outcome of this little game with nature.

And the closer we get to nature's heart we find that accident does not play as big a part in this world as we sometimes imagine. Nature frowns upon chance and luck. She has no favorites. She directs her work smoothly. There is no great blustering about when she sets out to mould a real man.

Most people never find success and happiness because they look upon nature as something too commonplace for serious guidance in life. A cut finger will bleed. This is one of her laws which everyone knows and which most people heed. But another phase of the same law, "Whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap," is not by any means universally heeded. Oh, if every man in the daily walks of life could only realize the importance of this truth in the affairs of business and society as in the spiritual world! How much better player he would make! How many blunders, heartaches, disappointments, it would save him!

The great directing law of nature says that only those who find themselves are happy, that only the honest are contented, that only those who play fairly really succeed, that only the pure are healthy, and only those who are in love with something get the full meaning and unrippled joy of life. These laws are as simple as grains of sand, yet as priceless as rubies. Learn them and you know the art of living.

Man cannot expect the fulness of life without paying something for it. And what he pays need not necessarily be called a penalty, as some have referred to it. It means that man must make a studious and systematic adjustment of himself and obey the rules of nature as his native powers lead him to know them. Nature has not really cursed man with stern commandments. Would it not be better to call them rules, directing forces, instead of the harsher name of laws? Let us look at nature as being a friendly contestant in this little game, not a ruthless opponent who always rejoices in our defeat.

Some persons harm themselves greatly by relaxing into the belief that the heart of nature's wisdom is reserved alone for the great. It is true that the philosophers and poets go to her shrine for wisdom and inspiration and come away enriched beyond measure, but sometimes the humblest in the eyes of the world are wisest in the understanding of her various ways of doing things. The quiet, continued success of many an ordinary traveler thru life is due to a careful interpretation and application of her rules.

This ordinary traveler may see that frivolity is sometimes mistaken for happiness, and he consequently avoids the frivolous life. He finds out that frivolity is an intoxication of the enjoyment senses, and instead of being happiness, it is an enemy to happiness, for frivol-



ity leaves bad after-effects. And nature doesn't work that way in order to bring happiness.

Likewise the ordinary traveler may find that pleasures are temporary, that they are incidents, that they bring happiness for a little while, but are not the fountain-head or source of it, because pleasures depend too much upon moods, incidents and objects. Real happiness, he discovers, is found only in enjoyment and that enjoyment is based upon temperaments, attitudes and one's life philosophy. And when he discovers these latter things he has found the secret of happiness.

And those who have found happiness thru enjoyment make little to-do about it. They pursue their course quietly, reservedly, but deeply and richly. Nothing that happens in the world disturbs them long at a time. They have found themselves and know their relation to the laws of existence. They have accepted the universe and adjusted themselves to it.

A man is usually led to the house of enjoyment by a very familiar guide known as conscience. This guide tells the man that he must lead a healthy, wholesome life, that he must have an unwavering aim in life to do something really worth while. It doesn't necessarily mean that the man will always reach his goal as outlined thru his aim or purpose in life, but if he is sincere with himself—and that is essential—he will most surely find enjoyment. "Tis better to travel hopefully than to arrive," said Stevenson. Nature does not always expect you to get material victory in order to find happiness, but she does require you to get moral victory.

The benevolent force behind the rising sun and the up-shooting plant means little to a child. But it should mean much to a man. For that force is the great provider of all human wants. It

is nature pouring out her love to us. But here is a man in the last stages of a deadly disease caused by wanton habits. He would give all of his material possessions for the privilege of turning back the clock of time ten years. Nature is collecting her little toll. He wanted those privileges, as he called them, and now he must pay. Nature has won in that game, but she does not rejoice in her victory. She is only doing her duty. And it is best for the world that that punishment should come.

But nature is just as ready to reward as she is to punish. She provides more laughter than tears, more sunshine than shadow. And what we receive depends to a great extent upon ourselves. We make the selections, she only fills our orders. "The universe pays every man in his own coin," says Zimmerman. "If you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; if you love the world, and earnestly seek for the good therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends, and nature will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth."

Nature has given us every advantage in this little game. Aside from allowing us the first move, and bestowing upon us the rewards for good deeds, she forgives trifle violations of her laws by healing us when we are sick and by giving us another opportunity when we have made some little mistake.

Truly could Wordsworth sing with a glad heart that

*"Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
Thru all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy."*

## Three Thousand Experts Confer

(Continued from page 36)

From that, Dr. Emerson continued, it is a far cry to the determination of the modern health executive, Sir George Newman, that the object of preventive medicine is "to build a better tabernacle for the soul of man to inhabit".

"We look about us historically and see the swiftly changing emphasis from matter to the spirit of things, from an almost purely environmental attitude toward the causation of infection to the present evidence of personal responsibility for the transmission of disease. The very structure of law as well as our social activities for health, discloses the shift from dominance by the physical sciences of the sanitarium to a pervading interest in the influence

of instruction, example, conduct, in the personal forces of social association, in adjustment to the attack of communicable fears, in forestalling epidemics of superstition and mob mentality."

During the congress, much, of course, was said about the training of children, for children are of the stuff upon which all future development depends. At present there are almost a hundred and fifty full-time child guidance clinics in this country, who try to step in to redirect the feet of a child in whom organic disability or poor environment has produced an unhappy adjustment to life.

The child who functions normally is characterized by the fact that he attracts no exceptional attention. He

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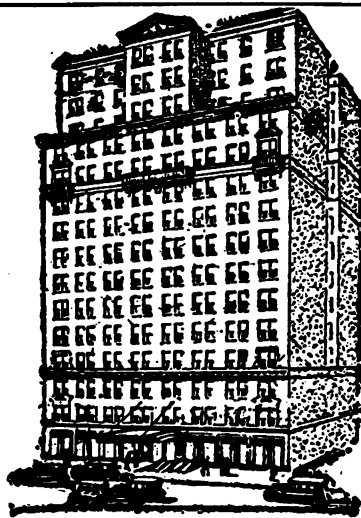
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plays, eats, sleeps, like the rest of the boys, and performs his school work ordinarily well. On the other hand, there are children who force the attention of everyone who associates with them—if not in one way, in another. There is the continuously restless child, the exceptionally bright or dull child, the child full of fears, the child who persistently lies, steals, tries to rule the household, is sensitive, or cruel.

All of these manifestations are no longer regarded as inherent "badness" in a child, or even as qualities independent in themselves, but as symptoms of disturbances deep in a child's life, which can often be detected and straightened out by proper treatment.

Engaged in child guidance work are men and women who still entertain serious differences of opinion concerning the validity and practical applicability, for the understanding and the management of the problems in this field, of the various contemporary schools of psychology. According to Dr. Bernard Glueck, this is rather good for the movement. "The choice is a wide one, ranging from the excessively timid, so-called 'common sense' approach which finds an unusual virtue in a strict avoidance of any generalizations whatsoever, to the extreme opposite, where a courageous experimentation in both technique and thinking characterizes the approach."

The effects of the various methods, when put in practice, are rapidly increasing our knowledge. As an example of two extremes, we might take psychoanalysis, which believes strongly in cause and inner motive in conditioning human action, and behaviorism, which emphasizes, almost to the exclusion of everything else, the effect of environment in conditioning the action. Psychiatrists who have worked long at the clinics are coming to the definite conclusion that the truth lies somewhere midway.

"Much useless effort," said Dr. Glueck, "is still being expended in the direction of environmental modifications in connection with child guidance practice because of the belief in the theory that the human infant comes into life with an absolutely clean slate, so to speak, upon which its destiny may be written at will. It is maintained by the supporters of this theory, as is the case with the behavioristic school of psychology, that given the proper environmental conditions and a normally endowed infant, the child can be made to develop into any kind of adult one may desire. There is a certain degree of truth in this assertion, but it conceals the fundamental fallacy of it. It is only by ignoring entirely the evolutionary history of man that one can fail to recognize the wealth of environmental influence which has become internalized and part of the human

organism in the course of evolution and which is now transmitted from generation to generation in the shape of innate dispositions known as instincts. It is this native endowment of drive and aim which constitutes the nucleus around which the self as differentiated from the not-self develops. It is in connection with the necessary adaptation of this self to the world surrounding it that the difficulties and maladjustments of life develop."

Endowed with certain instinctive impulses of his own, a child is thrust into a world created and maintained out of the dispositions and preferences of adults. This alone is sufficient to cause a maladjustment, due to an internal conflict. If, thru some weakness of disposition, conduct is expressed which does not click with the environment, there may arise a number of difficulties of adaptation. If, on the other hand, the impulses are too strongly repressed, and expression is circuitous or inadequate, other difficulties are encountered.

"Intelligent management of this internal conflict offers opportunities that go beyond immediate adjustive requirements—opportunities that carry the promise of genuine preventive measures.

"Normality, or normal adjustment to life, is practically synonymous with the achievement of a stable and workable compromise between the contending claims of instinct and culture. Too severe restrictions upon the living-out of that basic natural self which we identify with instinct not only leads to an unwarranted and crippling limitation of life, but predisposes the organism to seek outlet and release by means of circuitous and disguised reactions that we know as the manifestations of neurosis and misconduct. On the other hand, a weak, poorly integrated self, incapable of coping with the claims of instinct in yielding to the demands of society, also leads to maladjustments characterized by various forms of anti-social behavior and personal disintegration."

The question occurs again and again as to how far children should be directed and how far they should be allowed to follow their own impulses. There have been periods in which opinion has swung violently from one side to the other. Hornell Hart, professor of social economy at Bryn Mawr College, felt that both extremes were disastrously wrong. In Puritan New England, parents were very emphatic on the question. Children were to obey their parents in the Lord. The divinely sanctioned pattern for behavior was to be communicated thru the father, and woe to the child who defied the law thus laid down! Since then the religious support for the absolutism of parents has ebbed, but the Puritan parental pattern still lingers.

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"Many fathers and mothers cling to the belief that they are in duty bound to impose, by violence if necessary, their own conceptions of good behavior upon their children. Others merely rationalize their own impatience and ill temper under the guise of parental discipline. Still others do not bother with excuses, but allow free course to the irritation and anger roused by the inconvenient behavior of their offspring."

This type Prof. Hart characterized as the "autocratic parenthood".

"Against this coercive discipline a rising protest has been gathering. Our American mores are built upon Puritanism, but our revolutionary Declaration of Independence declared its allegiance to the cult of freedom. Arising in France, the slogan of liberty has spread thruout our civilization in rebellion against all dogma, whether Catholic, Puritan, philosophical; political or economic. In intellectual fields this movement of rebellion has definitely passed its zenith. It is being replaced rapidly by the constructive and open-minded spirit of science. But in family relations the demand for liberty is still rising toward high tide. Parents debate the question whether children should ever be punished, or ever be required to do anything against their free choice. Children do not debate the problem—they take their independence for granted. Schools spring up consecrated to the new dogma of freedom: there are to be no set curricula, no requirements, no direction—only the provision of materials from which the children are to choose freely the activities which appeal to their interests.

"Yet—in spite of the widespread vogue of liberty—increasing numbers of thoughtful observers are pointing out that mere elimination of restraints is failing to produce fulfillment of personality. The child turned wholly loose by his parents grows up so often into an intolerable pest, disliked and avoided by others and miserable himself, that many modern parents are searching and experimenting toward sounder solutions. The child left wholly unguided in school demonstrates usually the fact that he is not competent to direct his own education. We must seek beyond mere release if we would find the conditions under which family life will achieve fulfillment of personality for its members."

Again a medium was suggested. It was Prof. Hart's belief that a child should be carefully led along those lines which will best bring his personality into full blossom. This ideal requires first of all that the parent, the teacher and the social worker shall gain insight into the possibilities of each child. "Is Bob, who tinkers defiantly with the automobile, really a potential engineer, inventor or mechanic? Is

Gladys, who so hates algebra, cut out really to be a cook? Is Edwin, who sulks so persistently over his theme writing, capable of exquisite experiences if he were encouraged to understand music better? Are the bitter wranglings between Fred and Mabel symptoms of a strong interest in each other which might, under wise encouragement, turn into a memorable friendship?"

Then comes the problem of applying the insight. Means must be found that the deepest and fullest possibilities of the child shall be aroused, released, facilitated and integrated—that is, freed from internal or social conflict.

During the congress there were almost three hundred discussions, and over fifty main topics—touching marriage, prohibition, schools, industry, social work, mental disease, religion.

Prof. Hart carried his discussion of child training to the question of morality and marriage. Do we dare apply such ideals as stimulation, release, facilitation and integration of purpose, in the field of sex behavior? Hart insisted that we do. But neither along traditional nor popularly-conceived "modern" lines. The basis of the Puritanical idea of marriage is largely limited and false. But so, also, is the basis of what he summed up as "Soviet Libertinism". The future freedom must be guided by a sensitive and deep insight into all the factors involved, so that sexual behavior will bring to both the individual and society the fullest and richest experience.

Dr. V. V. Anderson, director of employment, placement and personnel research, of R. H. Macy & Co., was emphatic in his belief that mental hygiene was the very groundwork of intelligent personnel policies. It was thus not only "a necessary equipment for all executives, but, on the part of the worker himself, a primary essential for healthy job attitude, work interest, life adaptation, and thus effective production." He described in considerable detail the results of personal experience and extensive surveys.

Regarding crime, Dr. Franz Alexander, lecturer at the Psychoanalytic Institute, and psychoanalytic expert to the court in Berlin, complimented the United States. "Nowhere," he said, "is the social application of psychiatric knowledge so advanced." He went on to further dispel the idea that criminal behavior was necessarily a typical abiding characteristic of an individual. It was often merely the result of the interrelation of his traits of character and his situation in life. Under unusual circumstances any one may commit criminal acts, and a great number of our criminals would cease to act criminally if their social situation were changed. Lack of respect for existing laws may have all sorts of motives.

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Mental hygiene helps to explain them, and so to deal with crime at its real roots.

In his paper on alcohol as a problem of mental hygiene, Dr. K. Herman Bouman, of Holland, referred to some situations which we are beginning to forget in America. He spoke of the increasing loss of productive value of a person as drinking became more and more habitual. When a person had joined the group of the partially or totally unproductive, he had to be supported or provided for, and then, not only the man, but all his dependents, became charges upon the community.

He spoke of the deterioration of the germ plasm, and of the offspring of drunkards. Alcoholism, with syphilis and tuberculosis, he linked together as "the three great diseases".

Holland had never tried prohibition, but has had limitation for some time, and with fair success. More important, however, than legislation, has been a change of attitude of the people due to education, and the awakening of an ethico-social sense, in addition to a number of practical social organizations for the treatment and reclamation of drinkers.

Some of the subjects were of such

individual interest and importance that they may be treated in subsequent issues of this magazine.

Whatever may be the immediate practical outcome of the First International Congress on Mental Hygiene—part, at least, of which is clearly calculable—one was impressed by a new eager and impartial spirit. Here were between three and four thousand men and women, gathered together not to prove or disprove some pet argument, but to contribute whatever they had of knowledge to a common fund, that people might find in life a more rich, intense and happy experience.

## The Mind of an Air Girl

(Continued from page 18)

"I was quite cocky when I found I was learning so fast as a student. It took experience to make me realize that the greatest asset to a good flier is care—never to take a chance. On one of my first solos, when I was so small I couldn't see over the cockpit and had to have a lot of pillows at my back, I was landing in a ground fog. Instead of checking carefully where I was, I *thought* I knew. Down I came. I crashed into a tree, smacked up the plane and ruined it. For six long weeks after that I was afraid to land. I could take off easily, fly without any worry, but how I dreaded landing. I was horribly frightened. I had to make dozens of perfect landings before I could convince myself that I could trust my judgment again.

"I never take a chance. Statistics show that the human element is responsible for ninety-eight per cent of all accidents and only two per cent are caused by structural failure. Planes aren't human, but they will do nearly everything you want them to do, if you know how to handle them properly. Good judgment and quick, decisive action count in all cases. Judging the elements with which you have to contend and never losing your head.

"I've been in many accidents, but not one that has really frightened me since that time I crashed into the tree. I always know what a plane will do and I'm never surprised or taken off my guard. If the motor cuts out I'm not afraid because I know I can make a forced landing if I have any kind of a decent space."

When Miss Smith was trying for the altitude record she lost consciousness 27,450 feet in the air when the oxygen tube supplying her with air froze. Her plane dropped probably 5,000 feet.

"I wasn't frightened. I know that even if it does happen again, as soon as the plane reaches a lower altitude the tube will again supply me with air and

I will regain consciousness. Incidents like that occur but they are not serious if you know just why they happened and don't get frightened."

Probably this is part of that so-called "mysterious" element which has made Miss Smith different from other girls her age. She knows her job, knows it from start to finish and feels that she can meet any emergency. Experience, piled on experience, thru years and years, has given her complete confidence, even at eighteen, in what she can do. To her that is part of the business. To know within a fraction of a second when to land to keep her plane from bumping, unerring judgment that even few men possess, is hers. She knows what to do if the motors cut out, if her gasoline tank is empty—and she is miles up in the air.

Most of us are so old when we begin our real work that we feel it necessary to learn quickly, to get something done in a hurry, that even if we have to skip over the details we must arrive soon; the urge to haste is always present. Possibly if more of us began to write or paint as soon as our hands could hold a pencil, to dance as soon as our legs could carry us, or to fly as soon as our feet could touch the rudder bar, no longer would there be that urge to skip over details that should be mastered. By the time most of us start, possibly we, like Elinor Smith, should have years behind us of experience that now makes her fearless.

Her perfect poise in handling her plane was exhibited when she was trying for the endurance record. Another plane passed hers and saw her sitting comfortably in the cockpit reading a book.

"That was the only time flying was dull," she explained, "just sitting there hour after hour with almost nothing to do. I love to read and I get so little time for it that I tried to catch up a little."

Miss Smith went up in an airplane

for the first time with Bert Acosta, when she was eight years old. She loved it from the beginning. Even today when she hears a motor over her house she runs to the window to see what kind of a plane it is.

As soon as she could take a plane up alone she began to "give time" to her brother, three years her junior, who was eager to learn to pilot.

"We were flying over Mitchel Field on Long Island two years ago when I first started to teach him and the motor of our plane cut out," she said. "We had to make a forced landing, of course. We weren't supposed to land on Mitchel Field but I headed straight for it and we came down without trouble. In a few minutes we had the plane in shape to take off when a man appeared from a hangar and asked where the pilot was and what we were doing in the field. I explained that I was the pilot and was giving my brother some time when the motor trouble developed. 'Why, you young . . . , who do you think you are to be piloting a plane, much less giving anyone any time.' I pulled off my helmet and when he saw I was a girl he nearly fell over. I guess we must have looked rather young. I was only sixteen and not very tall and my brother only thirteen. He absolutely refused to let me take the plane off the field. When I insisted he finally compromised by saying he would go up with me and if he found I could handle a plane he would let me go, otherwise he would dismantle the plane and have it wheeled off the field. I didn't want to take him up as we had other plans but I saw it was my only chance to avoid trouble. I took him up all right. I did a couple of loops for him and put the plane into some right and left spins and he was convinced I could fly."

Miss Smith has demonstrated time and time again her remarkable ability as a pilot. In an advertising stunt for the Irving Parachute Company of

Buffalo, New York, some time ago, she flew more than four thousand miles and landed in as many as three cities a day, giving exhibitions with parachute jumpers. In Cleveland, where they put on the biggest exhibition of all, even the newspapers became excited at Miss Smith's ability. She carried six jumpers and they were supposed to make spot landings ten feet apart. It was necessary almost to stall the plane in order to perform this feat—but Elinor Smith did it. "For sheer showmanship and clever handling of a plane Miss Smith cannot be beaten," one of the papers reported.

Again at Hampton Roads, Va., this eighteen-year-old girl proved her unerring ability to land right. She, Lady Heath and Captain Lancaster were flying to the Miami races. From Hampton Roads she and Captain Lancaster were to fly alone. A piston blew as Miss Smith was making a take-off and at seventy-five feet her motor cut and she had to make a forced landing in a marsh. It took only a fraction of a second for Miss Smith to get a complete survey of the marsh and she nosed straight down to one of the few dry spots.

She and the captain were uninjured. They were informed that they were the only two ever to have come out of that marsh alive. Someone asked Elinor Smith how she could have picked out a dry spot in that marsh. Her answer was, "I wasn't brought up on Long Island for nothing."

It was Elinor Smith who was selected to fly Herbert Glover of the Columbia Broadcasting Station from Roosevelt Field to Lakehurst to meet Mr. Frank Nickelson who had just arrived in this country aboard the Graf Zeppelin. He was carrying the twelve gold Hammond trophy medals to be presented by President Hoover to the twelve aviators who had performed the outstanding feats of the year in aviation. Mr. Nickelson, who had carried them from France, handed them to Miss Smith and she in turn flew with them to Washington to present them to the President. Miss Smith arrived somewhat ahead of time and was informed that the President could not see her until the next day. Miss Smith could not wait but turned the medals over to the President's secretary!

Another spectacular feat accom-

Rastus was asked what regiment he would join if another war occurred, and it was suggested that probably he would like the cavalry.

"No," said Rastus "when they sound the 'Retreat' I don't want to be hampered by no horse."

\* \* \*

"Since you do not have any speedometer on your flivver, how do you tell how fast you are going?"

plished by Miss Smith was flying under the four East River bridges in New York. She is the only pilot, man or woman, who has ever done this. Miss Smith was warned of the danger but she studied the air currents, by doing time on flying boats for a week before she undertook the flight.

Altho Miss Smith knows Long Island air and its marshes and the atmosphere under and above its bridges she does not know New York City. "I can find my way about nearly every other city in the country, but I can get turned around in New York in a minute," she said. "I don't like cities much. I prefer the country. San Antonio is my favorite city, however."

Miss Smith is the only girl ever to have flown an army plane. She was demonstrating at the Curtiss Field when a new Curtiss Falcon had just been completed for the army. She asked to take it up and was permitted, and set her unofficial speed record of 188 miles an hour.

"Of course," she said, "it is more difficult to handle such a heavy plane, but girls can do it. That is the main trouble today. Most of them are still flying the light open jobs and won't try a heavy cabin job. But I truly think almost anyone can learn to fly. It is like any other business. You know how you want a thing done because you have been thru it. In flying you develop the physical senses more."

Has Elinor Smith developed thru years of experience that super-efficiency, that feel of the rhythm of a plane, that quick and decisive judgment that men admire and respect in her—or are these intrinsic qualities, qualities which must be inherited? Natural as it seems objectively for Miss Smith to have attained the foremost rank in the aviation field, would she have had her interest and enthusiasm for flying if she had been discouraged at every turn; if she had lived miles away from any flying field; if her parents had refused to permit her even to go up in a plane; if her environment had fostered her musical ability instead of developing her as an aviatrix?

Psychologists may disagree, but it does seem rather natural to expect that, with circumstances fostering development, many women will soon be in aviation and stealing masculine triumphs.

"That's simple, when I go ten miles an hour my tail light rattles; when I go twenty miles an hour my fenders rattle; when I go thirty miles an hour the doors rattle; when I go forty miles an hour my teeth rattle; when I go fifty miles an hour my bones rattle."

"What happens when you go sixty miles an hour?"

"I don't know, but I think I go to heaven."

—Arizona Kity-Kat

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# He Helped People to See

(Continued from page 32)

his mother and his brother had read to him, and stories his mother had told him and stories he made up himself. He loved poetry and decided that he, too, would be a poet. He knew that it would not bring in much money, but something was singing inside him, and he kept at it year in and year out until his poetry was noticed. One of his sonnets was praised by no less a critic than Edmund Clarence Stedman, and one of his shorter poems has been a source of great help to me. It is called *Erosion*.

"Even the little waves that idly dance  
Against the cliff, will crumble it to  
sand;  
And so with ceaseless toil the slightest  
hand  
May wear away the walls of circum-  
stance."

THE summer after his graduation, during a long convalescence from grippe, he wrote a lecture on American poets. He wrote more poetry and some of it was accepted, but the struggle ahead was a hard one. The day before his mother died he gave a lecture to help pay her doctor's bill, and two days after she was buried he lec-

tured again to help pay her funeral expenses.

IN 1892 he moved to Hadley, Mass., and seven years later he married a gifted Hadley girl to whom he had been engaged for five years. His wife was an artist who loved the out-of-doors as much as he did, a companion who sympathized with his struggles so thoroly that she was able to furnish the inspiration and help which had always been his mother's part.

Three years after his marriage Mr. Hawkes wrote his first volume of prose, a dog story called, *Master Frisky*, which centered around his own beloved collie. His next volume, *Little Foresters*, which is wrought out of his own boyhood experiences, was his first real nature book.

Others followed in quick succession as he drew upon his own first-hand knowledge and upon stories told him by his father and uncle and his friends among trappers, guides and frontiersmen. Their accuracy has never been disputed. He was even able to point out to Theodore Roosevelt an error in his own writings concerning the moose.

To attain such truth to nature would be a fine achievement for anyone, and especially for a blind man. "I could never have done it," he says, "without the help of the three P's—patience, perseverance and pluck."

Clarence Hawkes' outlook in his writing is always cheerful. He has even planned a humorous book about the hard experiences he went thru during his first years of lecturing. This is characteristic of the writing of most blind people. They are shot thru with color, adventure and humor. They reflect the brave spirits of their authors. Blind authors, like most blind children, make a great deal of fun of their difficulties.

Clarence Hawkes was a shy, sensitive boy, and his sensitiveness is reflected in all that he has written. He wrote his autobiography, *Hitting the Dark Trail*, in 1915. It was translated into French by Eugene Brieux, the dramatist, and printed for the blind soldiers. It is a book which has helped thousands of blinded Americans and, as Brieux said, was not only a life-line to the soldiers but to the blind in all parts of the world.

## Happy People

(Continued from page 19)

people to bear no malice, to eradicate all hatred from their hearts, accept the wisdom of God, and pledge their loyalty anew to a country reunited—to His glory.

A serene, abiding faith in God, living in harmony with the divine and natural laws, Mr. Prevatt presents an inspiring and indubitable example to the fulfillment of the promise: "All these things shall be added unto you." All who have attained and accomplished, in any way, have been led on by faith, a faith that sees ahead, and leads us naturally and easily into the realization of our highest good.

Mr. Prevatt says: "If one keeps faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can, with perfect certainty, count on waking some fine morning and finding himself one of the competent ones of his generation in whatever pursuits he may have singled out."

Mr. Prevatt affirms the law of health, peace and plenty as ruling and governing life. "Be ye temperate in all things." "Eat moderately, feed the mind thoughts of health and vigor, and the whole system will reflect energy and vitality." "With a mind constantly

refreshed by new and youthful ideas," Mr. Prevatt continued, "thought is stimulated and the body manifests youthful ideas of spirit, and, consequently, is made young."

His world, at the age of ninety, is still a world of youth and beauty—about him an environment in which he is at peace, with ideals fulfilled. He still goes about the Father's work each day with faith and hope—all that He gives him to do, he does in the love, joy and youth of Spirit.

Mr. Prevatt reads without the aid of glasses. "Eyes," he says, "become clear and strong when the mind holds the clear and strong image of perfection. Sight is received when the vision is directed heavenward. Eyes have been called the 'windows of the soul' because they are the outlook of spiritual consciousness. The physical eyes, if recognized as closely related to the spiritual vision, become channels thru which spiritual vision expresses itself.

"Learning to live in the present moment has power to relieve us of all belief in time, all sense of doing without things we have anticipated, if only we will take the attitude of enjoying them at the present time. Youth is not a matter of time—it is a mental state,

co-ordinate with perfect health. You can have that health and the boundless energy and capacity for work or enjoyment that go with it, not by taking thought of what you shall eat and drink, not by diet and exercise, but solely thru a right understanding of what you should expect of your body; for mind makes contact with the body thru invisible spirit substance and its allied finer forces. Only the consciousness of one's relation to God and His blessings can attract good things to us. Looking for evidence of these blessings, we find them appearing in our life. They come into manifestation as the eyes are turned heavenward—inward, to behold them. Faith is not only the substance of things hoped for, but the very power of God in manifestation.

"To forget one's self in loving service is the best happiness insurance in the world, and while you work at whatever the Father has given you to do, work with a smile, with a heart full of love for your fellow-man, with a song of praise for the good things of life and with never a fear of old age."

So his is not only a happiness of longer duration and greater fullness than any I have known, but a divine content, not intermittent nor sporadic,



but perennial—a sublime and beautiful realization of a benediction from God Himself.

ANN WEBB,  
Zinzendorf Hotel,  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

## Dr. J. Willard Parish

HE is just a country doctor taking care of sick folks 365 days in the year, but he has certainly captured the blue bird of happiness. It perches right on his shoulder every one of the 365 days. Who should know better than I—his nearest neighbor?

Somebody has said, "False happiness renders men stern and proud and is never communicated." Therefore, the doctor's kind is the true sort because it has rendered him gentle, kind and sensible and loyal, and he shares generously all that he has. Dr. Parish isn't a bit niggardly with his happiness. He always slips in a good big dose of it right along with the medicine he dispenses. His percentage of cures is proof that his method is a good one. This kindly soul has neither wife nor children nor close relatives, and he quite puts to rout that piffle about sour and crusty old bachelors. On the contrary he is the jolliest fellow you ever saw—oh, no, none of that manufactured optimism—not a thing Pollyannyish about him, but somehow he diffuses a steady and good cheer that gets under your skin and makes you feel good too.

Fees don't bother Dr. J. Willard Parish a bit, yet his "patient" list is so large he has attained material success and has plenty of this world's goods, which he is constantly sharing with others along with his happiness. Whether or not he is needed is the only thing that matters to him. Even if he knows there isn't a cent in it for him he goes right along on his daily

grind, carrying encouragement and hope hand in hand with his medicine case.

Not content with carrying into saddened and suffering lives physical healing and mental uplift, and glorifying God by caring for His children every hour of each day, he has made his yard into a lovely flower garden that he may take with him into the homes of the lowly, Beauty as well as Hope and Healing. Always you will find him slipping a velvety pansy, brilliant dahlia or a big fluffy chrysanthemum into the eager hands of little children or old people. And his shut-ins and chronics are often made happy by pert little bouquets of saucy bachelor-buttons or fragrant sweet-peas. The doctor is so busily engaged in living a life that he has no time to think of making a living. But somehow the strange and rarely beautiful thing about this happiness business is, it seems like the more you give out, the more you get back. When I asked my neighbor to what most he attributed his enviable, happy life, he answered with one of his infectious smiles, "I believe it's because I've never compromised with my ideals. People mean so much more to me than things. I'd rather endow a hospital ward (and he has) and drive my Ford than put the money into a high-priced car. Guess I wouldn't be termed a success as a business man but—pshaw, I've gotten a wonderful lot out of life."

As I left the doctor busily engaged in planting tulip bulbs for the coming spring he said softly: "About this happiness question—perhaps we might say that after all, service is the germ seed that blossoms eventually into the full-blown flower of happiness."

MAY LUCE,  
President Hotel,  
Atlantic City, N. J.

## Shake Hands with Mr.—!

(Continued from page 39)

be a quick clutch, and a quick let-go—you'll get the dead fish suggestion if you hang on a little. That's just like the man—he clutches a matter smartly, but is not likely to hold on.

Another shake is that of the man who obviously wants to please. He grasps very firmly and whole-handedly; he is apt to overdo it. If so, we get that promptly, and are on our guard more or less as regards him.

Then there's the ideal hand-shake . . . cool and firm, of just right pressure and maintained for just the right length of time. Usually it is accompanied by a pleasant brief glance of the eyes straight into those of the other

individual. It means everything it suggests . . . dependability, dignity, honesty, cordiality, health, good-will.

Now let's turn about and work from effect to cause; let's consider their hand-shakes as indications of this or that quality in our acquaintances, checking up frequently and noting particularly those exceptions that exist as sign-posts warning us against too great generalization in our observations and conclusions.

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## Is Your Life Just A MISTAKE?

I say "mistake," for practically all of the Worry, Unhappiness and Limitations are "mistakes" due to a lack of understanding. Thus strong habits have formed which make you feel "trapped." These "mistakes" have nothing to do with your birth. You possess the same powers as do others. Some of the "mistakes" are: a feeling of inferiority—self consciousness and lack of initiative; Worry, Apprehension, fear of insanity or disease; fears attached to many things in life which ordinarily are not feared; all of which means LACK OF CONFIDENCE.



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## BIRTHDAYS

Have you ever felt at sea over a birthday gift? There is one book that is prized above a thousand others. It is Henry Knight Miller's "LIFE TRIUMPHANT," a collection of twenty-three beautiful essays.

# Are You Too Easily Influenced?

(Continued from page 41)

negative ones fall into oblivion from sheer neglect. Reservoirs of good suggestions become balance wheels of emotional stability, or to change the figure, give the personality a lower center of gravity.

Great men have often owed their careers to the power of a single suggestion given at the proper time. The phrase, "try it," made Seashore pre-eminent in the experimental psychology of music. A slight incident in the life of Lincoln set his heart on emancipation. Men have been transformed from money-grubbers to philanthropists, from drudges to executives and from invalids to robust examples of health by the magic power of the right suggestion. If a single suggestion can be of such momentous consequence, we may begin to appreciate the power of the continued influences with which we are in daily contact. That is why even a

mildly unfavorable environment tends to "drag us down," why health and disposition suffer when we are engaged in any work that is of a distasteful nature.

To avoid being unduly influenced by persons, places or conditions re-read and study the fifth paragraph in this article; also consider the following suggestions:

1. Watch your muscular condition. Good hard muscles signify backbone and may do much to prevent encroachments on your purposes. Tensing the muscles makes us more critical and thus aids in warding off undesirable influences.

2. Abstain from sedative drugs such as tobacco and alcohol, since a sleeping city is easily taken. These drugs are not stimulants except to the heart: they tend to lull the brain to sleep.

3. Understand the secrets of mental influence: study books, courses, magazines and advertisements dealing with applied psychology.

4. Avoid telling your business to others. Knowledge is power and knowledge about your personal business gives others power over you.

5. Develop mastery and leadership. Mastery in one field will give you confidence in others. Mastery is built on mastery. Develop your strong points and the weak ones will be swept into the storm-center of your development.

6. Beware of excuses. "The meek shall inherit the earth," does not mean that the world belongs to the flabby muscled, the spineless and the weak-minded: it is simply a plea for humility and reverence in the presence of the great unknown.

## Thought and Food

(Continued from page 37)

foodstuffs it has long since known, and to which it has tolerantly adapted itself. To be sure, Mother Nature is lenient, agreeable, resourceful! But, there cometh a day. If your stomach could think out loud, you might often hear it say: "You've got many innings now—but wait'll I get in my knocks!" Often a homer, over the fence, and often the game's over, too!

The American stomach is really a slave. It is broken in very early in the game. There are so many varieties of "irregular" foods that can be prepared in so many tempting ways that, much against its will, the stomach soon becomes familiar with them. It is simply a subject of the master. The master, yet what a master he—or she!—usually is! And the stomach soon becomes tame; it is supposed to be subordinate to the mind, yet it really knows what is best for itself. The stomach holds the key to longevity; everything that starts its journey at the mouth, and then proceeds to and thru the stomach, either contributes to or takes away from life. That is inevitable.

We may think that the stomach is dependent upon ourselves, yet we are really dependent upon our stomachs. The average bread-basket has long since lost its faith in the most of us. We expect good work from the body, yet how can the body give it, cluttered as it is with all sorts of poisons, all due to the owner of the body? Don't blame it on your stomach! It's doing the best it can under the circumstances. If you're seeking for real co-

operation, co-operate with your stomach; find out how willing and eager it is to work with you, and for you. And it will help your entire body. It will make you a better and happier man or woman, too!

If you think you've got the whip-hand over the stomach, you're fooling yourself! Sooner or later troubles will trace their way back to the real culprit!

Three times a day, without exception! And consider the in-betweens. A lot of people like those in-betweens. You've probably read of that experience where in a certain English town nearly all the people were sick, and nearly all the time. A probe revealed the fact that the people were eating nearly all the time! Ten times a day! It was traditional with them, and probably still is! Well, three times daily, with the in-betweens, is bad enough, *worse* enough for any stomach!

You will go on *your* vacation, will you, and still keep your stomach to the chains? Manifest a little consideration for it now, why not, instead of making its work still more difficult. Up to you! You've got the upperhand now, yes; but a turnabout will come. But those chains may rust out—then beware! Either the stomach will knock you for a goal or decide to give in, completely, leaving you to fight it out for yourself. And then, try to do it! You can't get along without your stomach!

Less food—and better food. That's what is desirable! You can hang on to your three meals, surely, but don't

make an absolute fetish of it. When friend stomach decrees that a little leeway be shown, that it be given an off-day, for instance, why not accede to its hint?

Give your stomach a little change, a little more freedom; don't subject it all the time to undesirables and subjugate it to functioning along unhealthy lines. Simply get away from the old standbys, and switch to fruit for a time.

Apples—and oranges. Pears—and pineapples. Strawberries, blackberries, raspberries—all have their places. Peaches and bananas. Indeed, can you really conceive of more healthful foods than such as Mother Nature regularly furnishes?

Why not keep that stomach in mind, at the table—and also away from it. Food, to be sure, should be liked, but it also should be needed!

Fast—fast for a time!

I can do without meat, and do so, but I cannot do without apples. So must I have oranges. Dried fruits have the call, too. The fact is I am largely *fruitarian*, the vegetables that I eat being raw—none cooked at all. And with nuts, what more could you really want or need? Your little experimentation here may reveal wonders and in itself urge you into deeper fields. Certainly many a hardy meat-eater who will take to fruits for a change will be tempted to continue. Results convince.

And when you extend your experiments to include other foods Mother

Nature regularly furnishes us, you will soon have a really appreciative stomach. And your ills—they will belong to the by-gones! You will have happier life. Healthier life. More useful life. And, you can put it down for a

certainty, more added years.

Is it not worth a trial, dismissing meat and all the other culprits, enlisting fruit as an aid, and thus giving your stomach a well-earned recess?

Try it—and convince yourself!

## A Breakdown—Why?

(Continued from page 49)

muscle of your body. You will soon find yourself smiling with the relaxed muscles of the face, and the tendency to anger has been overcome. It is a physical impossibility to become angry with relaxed muscles."

If any of my readers wishes to test the principle of tension and relaxing, let him tense one arm with closed fist and notice how it trembles. Open the hand and the arm becomes quiet, is restored to control. This will make plain why the person under great tension lacks self-control and will illustrate the value of voluntary relaxing of the muscles. We have heard and read so much about the effect of mind over matter that we ignore largely the effect of body on mind. Can you concentrate easily when suffering from a tooth-ache?

If we recognize the need of preserving our own elasticity, and see that one helpful method is to relax the muscles from time to time, an important first step has been taken in the right direction. We are utilizing the essential power of muscle upon mind. Of course, we are not likely to control the action ourselves of the extravagant waste of energy which accompanies continuous tension. Without this comprehension we are not likely to control the action of the body as we should.

The believer in the Scriptures may point to such passages as these in Leviticus, XIX: "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart. . . . Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge . . . but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." When he learns that the physical scientists in their laboratories have proved that a human being when angry generates some kind of poison which gets into the blood stream he may see how modern science checks up these ancient moral sanctions.

If a man knows that when he becomes angry at another, he does not harm that person but only poisons his own constitution, he may understand that his anger is defeating his own purpose. Finally he may learn that anyone who becomes enraged is simply making a fool of himself and punishing himself instead of the person who has aroused his wrath.

Does this not supply a deep meaning to the advice given by Jesus: "Whoso-

ever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also"; and that further apothem: "Do good to them that hate you!" Did not Jesus, approaching the problem from the spiritual angle, sense the universal truth that our best defense to evil is good, and the only answer to hatred is love?

To those who say this is a world of actuality, not of ideals; who laugh at both the Old and the New Testaments in their solution of the problem of human fellowship, the question may be put quite appositely: If these are not sensible solutions of the difficulty of dealing with one another, will you offer a better solution?

If they say: Oppose hatred with hatred, war with war, the rejoinder is: The world has been doing that, and the result is—failure.

Those men and women who keep their temper, preserve their dignity and meet all evil with good are those who finally prevail, and at the same time maintain their health and well-being, mental and moral. Perhaps they have been animated only with the spiritual purpose, but it aids them in retaining mental and physical balance.

Theirs is a vital and a practical religion which proves itself in its effect upon themselves and upon all with whom they come into contact. They have preserved the elasticity of body and mind and are always at ease. They have the answer in their equanimity and poise. The stress and strain of existence does not exist for them because they are above it. The various problems of fear and worry and all those disturbing emotions which play havoc with countless, uncontrolled, ill-directed lives do not exist for them. They live the unperturbed life and enjoy the thrills of personal achievement from day to day, without the excessive excitement which shows its effects in perpetual tension. They have mastered the greatest of all secrets, that of adjustment to life in all its endless variations, thru well-balanced self-direction and sensible self-control.

Back of it all lies a great fund of common sense, so-called because it is so rare, maintained thru that elasticity of mind and body which meets every event calmly, justly and fairly.

## 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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# The Supreme Force

(Continued from page 48)

who have kindred desires and talents. Strengthen your forces by keeping in touch with those who can help you realize your ideals. Do not dwell on the past with its mistakes and disappointments, and have no fear concerning the future; for your life is in the keeping of a faithful power, and if you are true to the highest and best, in the light of the knowledge that is given you, all will be well.

Hold ever in mind an image of the ideal you are seeking to make manifest. That image will become a central living magnet which will begin to draw you the experiences that must be encountered and the conditions that must be overcome before the ideal can be attained. Concentrate all the forces of your being on the undoubted duty of the moment; then the numberless wants will be forgotten and the troubles and uncertainties of life will pass away. The pathway of today is illumined by the experience you have gained from the yesterdays; and the light that dispels the mystery surrounding the present gives greater knowledge, which will shine with increased brightness tomorrow. The things that are true, the things that are good and all that is helpful, will gravitate to you only in proportion to the degree that you desire and invite them.

**THO** the unwelcome duties of the hour may cause unrest and the barren outlook of the future discourage, have faith in your power to triumph over all things which would wrest from your grasp the glorious heritage. Have faith in the harmony, the love and the goodness of the immutable laws which govern life and destiny. Tho there are times when we ignore the monitions of the higher self and grope in the darkness where we

hear but a faint echo of the voice of truth and catch only a gleam of the light, yet if we look more deeply and listen intently, there will come to our vision a glimpse of the beckoning ideal and a foregleam of nobler achievements. In the most trivial occurrence of daily existence there will come to those who have faith a whispering of the voice which calls out in the wilderness and leads thru life's turmoils to the final awakening and deliverance.

There are many who live idle and useless lives because they believe they have nothing within them worthy of attention. The fact that we possess the mysterious gift of existence is sufficient cause for lofty endeavor. In every mind are possibilities which should be recognized and unfolded. It is the duty of each to make the best possible use of his talents. We should see beneath the falsehood and weakness, we should pierce thru the mask and discover the power, the talent and the yearnings which await our encouragement and help. There is a refuge, a strength, a fountain of happiness at the summit of the inner life, to which all who are noble may go for inspiration and guidance. From the deepest recess of this refuge arises a joy which banishes sorrow and floods the heart and mind with peace. When things go contrary to every desire, and you find no cause in the present events for rejoicing, there is always a refuge deep down in the consciousness where all the opposing forces shall beat in vain. There is not a beautiful thought, or a generous deed, but had its first impulse deep down in the inner life. Back of every noble deed are countless unexpressed impulses for good which have never been brought to the surface. But every lofty desire will ennoble the character and strengthen some purpose.

## Bennett's Search for Whole Wheat

(Continued from page 30)

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## Speech and Song

(Continued from page 46)

without your rubbers?" may be expressive of concern as to a person's health, but "How dare you, etc." suggests impatience and annoyance. This explosive utterance was doubtless due to years spent in ordering employees around, but, whatever its cause, was most unpleasant when used in social contacts.

The poet says:

God made a world of loveliness,  
Of stars and flowers and birds.  
But made not anything at all  
So beautiful as words!

Beautiful poetry; but only a half-truth, for words can be terrible, scorching, deceiving, soul-killing as well as beautiful. It is all a matter of emotional content, and the implication rests with the speaker who thinks his mood into his words. Some may be born with this power of vocal interpretation, but most of us have to acquire it by the aid of an auditor. How else can we account for these expressions heard in our every-day life: "Well, what are you cross about?" "I'm not cross at all." Or, why are we so often called upon to explain, "My dear fellow, I didn't mean it that way!" Then why say it that way?

To paraphrase Robert Burns:

Would the gods the giftie gi' us,  
To hear ourselves as ithers hear us!

In papers to follow, it is hoped that some helpful things may be said to enable you who read to correct what is amiss in your speaking, reading and even thinking, for of all the arts speech is the most universal, the most essential, for the individual. It not only expresses character but forms character. Let us conclude with Brown-ing's words:

Art was given for that.

God lets us help each other, so, by lending our minds out.

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## What Can We Do For You?

(Continued from page 57)

of water you take. But don't drink more than four glasses a day. After adding the iodine let the water stand for a few minutes before drinking.

**QUESTION:—O. R. L. writes:—**

Will you please tell me the cause of birthmarks, and can they be successfully removed?

**ANSWER:—**

Birthmarks are simply an overdevelopment of blood vessels in a certain area. The depth of the color is not very great and can be removed thru an operation.

**QUESTION:—"Worried" writes:—**

I have a boy eight years old whom I have worried a lot about on account of his being such a heavy eater. His appetite is enormous and I am afraid harm will come to him if I am not able to check it. If I refuse to give him food he will go to the neighbors and obtain it. He is not much of a candy eater, nor does he like cakes and pastries like some children I know of. Even bread and butter will satisfy him, but he asks for something frequently between meals and I am wondering what will come of it. What have you to say about such a condition? Do you think it is from a diseased mind or body?

**ANSWER:—**

If your boy is healthy in appearance, not overweight to any great extent, and active, I would not worry about his appetite at all. Most healthy children like to eat, and during the developing stage it is called for to a certain extent. If your boy is drowsy, lazy, or considerably overweight, I would then try to regulate his eating in some way. But if he is apparently strong, healthy and happy, I would not try to force a restricted diet on him, but would merely try to see that what he eats is good, substantial, wholesome food. Of course if he is too thin, worms might be present and I would watch the stool.

**QUESTION.—S. W. R. writes:—**

What do you think of two young men, both in their thirties, who seem to be in love with each other? When they are separated they write each other letters and use terms such as honey, sweetheart, baby and many others. It is positively disgusting. The older of the two works in the office where I am employed. He pays no attention to

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women. I accidentally found a letter that was written to him by the other young man. It was a regular love letter. They dress well for each other and are happy in each other's company. No one else seems to matter to either of them. I really believe they would marry if such a thing were possible. A thing like this is surely out of the ordinary. Kindly give me your opinion of human beings of this type.

### ANSWER:—

Such people as you have described are homosexuals, and probably inherited a tendency or were born with this kink in their make-up. The tendency may be partly physical and partly mental, or all mental. The voice of such people is usually high and soft, rather like a woman's, and their mannerisms quite like the female. In these cases nature in some strange way fails to give to them the normal sex instincts and desires with which the male is usually furnished. They often associate with women but have no strong love for the opposite sex. These people are really to be pitied more than condemned. I have had such patients who have fought this tendency as hard as the human is likely to fight, and yet at times find themselves giving into this strange attraction. They often live a very isolated life and are quite unhappy. Where the tendency is not too strong a reasonable correction can be made thru a form of mental training and by giving them a thoro understanding of themselves and their normal powers.

## Under the Reading Lamp

(Continued from page 59)

heart we may recover by turning sympathetically to the best that may be found in the East.

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