

PSYCHOLOGY

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NAGGING WIVES

vs.

**FAITHLESS
HUSBANDS**

—
**Mental Inventory
OF MILLIONAIRES**

—
**HABIT --
Enemy or Friend?**

OCTOBER

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Find the Proverb **WIN \$15000**

Here's Your Chance to Win \$100.00 for Simply Finding a Famous Proverb and \$50.00 additional for Promptness-\$150.00 in ALL!

There is nothing else to do, nothing to buy, nothing to sell, in order to win this \$100.00. I have found that giving Big Cash Prizes is the quickest way to make my company more popular.

In these squares are the letters from a famous proverb. Start at "F" in the center square, go right to "I" up to "N" and left to "E." Blank squares are at the end of each word and at the beginning of another word. Cross the blank square. Then, continue with the line, connecting the letters that spell the words that make the proverb. Use each letter only once in each word. Cross the squares only once. You may draw the line up or down, right or left, but not diagonally. The period in the square is at the end of the proverb. It isn't as hard as it looks. BUT can you do it? Rush your answer to me. Send it by first mail.

S	•		F	E	A
D	R	E	N	H	T
B	I	F	I	E	R
	I	F	K	A	S
E	N		E	M	

tell when announcement was read and when answer was mailed. \$150.00 in cash will be paid promptly for the best and most original correct answer sent promptly. There is nothing else to do. How can you make \$150.00 more easily? Duplicate prizes paid in case of ties. This offer closes November 20, 1930. Send only one answer. Sending more than one answer will cause all answers sent by that person to be disqualified.

Be Quick - Win \$150

I want quick results, and will pay \$50.00 additional if your answer is mailed promptly, making \$150.00 in all. You

\$7750 Cash in ANOTHER OFFER

Everyone answering will have an equal opportunity to enter another prize offer, the first prize of which is \$2750.00—5 Automobiles—20 Prizes. Full free information sent you immediately. Send your answer on a postcard or a letter with your name and address. Do it right away. Be sure to tell when this announcement was read and when your answer is mailed. Address **F. B. Duane, 540 Plymouth Court, Dept. 51, Chicago, Ill.**

F. B. DUANE, 540 Plymouth Court, Dept. 51, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: Enter my answer toward that \$150.00 prize for finding the famous proverb and tell me how I can get this Buick Straight 8, or \$2750.00 CASH MONEY, without obligation or one penny of cost to me.

My Name.....

St. and No.....R.F.D.....

P.O..... State.....

Amazing Secrets of the Yogi



The Accumulated Wisdom of 4000 Years of Experience by the FAMOUS HINDU ADEPTS

THESE SECRETS

UNIVERSAL ORDER OF OCCULT SCIENCE

Office of Supreme Headquarters
432 Music Arts Studio Building
Los Angeles, California

December 21, 1929

Dear Mr. Haanel:

Having studied several Yogi Courses, I am in a position to state that this is one of the best I have ever read. In fact, I did not know that it was permissible to put some of these things in writing.

I was bound to the strictest secrecy when I was taught some of the things therein contained.

The Yogi teachers would not allow it to be printed, the lessons being given only by word of mouth.

It is a most valuable work and worth many, many times the price to any one wishing to acquire unusual power.

Very sincerely yours,
E. E. THOMAS, Master.
Universal Order of Occult Science.

Chicago, December 18, 1929.

My dear Mr. Haanel:

Stupendous! At last we have an accurate, understandable, workable translation of the hidden mysteries of the East written in the language of the West.

"The Amazing Secrets of the Yogi" is almost beyond belief—containing as it does all the wealth and essence of the accumulated knowledge of the Yogi—4000 years of sifting the wheat from the chaff—the true from the untrue—the essential from the non-essential.

Reaching for its foundation beyond the consciousness of man to the Divine Source Itself—this system of philosophy teaches the basic and fundamental facts of physical and spiritual life.

A student of this course will travel the path of progressive superiority arriving at last to a place where he will know—more of chemistry than the chemist—more of Physics, Medicine and Telepathy than many of our scientists.

A study of The Amazing Secrets of the Yogi will lift one to the very heights of power.

Sincerely,
J. AUSTEN CAMPBELL.

tell why many attract to themselves evils and misfortunes—others happiness and fortune, still others long life or the reverse. This has in all probability never been heretofore revealed.

They also tell of the many mighty wonder workers in India and the methods by which they levitate their astral bodies or transport them at will to any desired location. Another amazing secret!

They tell where the masculine, fiery and positive etheric forces come from and how they are distributed to all parts of the body; they also tell where the feminine, sympathetic and negative forces come from and how they are distributed.

They tell of the power to create, preserve and destroy.

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They tell how the ancient Yogis of India have acquired the wisdom by which they can manipulate the invisible forces of Nature and thus seem to work miracles. How they use the mind as an aerial to receive the unspoken thoughts of others.

They tell of the three phases of life or states of Being—of the Infinite, Omnipresent, Manifesting Power of the Universe—of a method of controlling this force. They will tell you of an attractive force which draws power from the Universal storehouse of Power and you may develop miraculous power and become a center of radiant magnetism.

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They tell of a wonderful secret which was wrested from the Japanese by a Jiu Jitsu champion. The secret is a method of resuscitation, or restoring life to persons who are apparently dead from drowning or sudden concussions due to any stage of collapse or unconsciousness.

They tell of an "inner light." When you are enabled to make use of this "inner light," you not only know, but you know that you know. You are no longer an experimenter, you no longer speculate or guess, you are in touch with the storehouse of power, and can replenish at will. Thus you may turn the tide of failure into success, thus you become a Master!

They tell of a higher plane of existence; on this plane all is perfect. On this plane the harsh lines of the face disappear, the voice becomes soft and beautiful. It is the Ideal state. On this plane the Ideal has become the Reality, the seeker and the sought are one.

These facts have been preserved only in the memory of certain living Yogis, who are the last descendants of a grand array of disciples, who have kept burning the torch of wisdom, kindled by the earliest and greatest ADEPTS OF INDIA.

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PSYCHOLOGY

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Happiness!

Success!

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IN NOVEMBER

MAKE UP YOUR MIND!

A practical, workable lesson in solving everyday problems. We are all supposed to know how to think—but not many are trained to think constructively, to take a problem and THINK IT THRU. It is the sort of training the schools ought to give, but don't. Are you bothered about making DECISIONS? This article will show you how. By Louis Win Rapeer, President, Research University, Washington, D. C.

STELLA WALSH

The world's fastest woman runner is a demure office girl in Cleveland, Ohio, and besides winning track fame and doing her daily job insists on going to night school. A fascinating sketch of this brilliant little champion, whose mind and body work swiftly and well. By Marion Rubenstein.

GARDNER OF GARDNER

Russell E. Gardner, Jr., of Gardner, Tennessee, broke the tradition of his family and instead of making buggies, insisted on making automobiles. Last year he sold ten million dollars' worth of them. He tells how he overcame the handicap of riches and tradition and built his own fortune. In an interview with Hazel Manley.

LIVING ON NOTHING

The true story of an adventure in economy. By Ashton Brown.

Arthur H. Howland, Executive Editor; Kaye Wheeler, Managing Editor; Judge Daniel A. Simmons, Associate Editor; Charles H. Doggery, Advertising Manager; Irene Kenney, Circulation Manager; James F. McCarthy, Executive Secretary; Samuel J. Schwartzman, General Counsel.

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WHAT ONE THING DO YOU WANT most?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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By C. K. OGDEN

*Director of the International Library of Psychology,
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by C. K. OGDEN

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- Chapter III. Impulse and Inhibition
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- Chapter XV. How the Mind Goes Wrong
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The Man with the "Grasshopper Mind"

YOU know this man as well as you know **YOURSELF**. His mind nibbles at **EVERYTHING** and masters **NOTHING**.

At home in the evening he tunes in the radio—gets tired of it—then glances through a **MAGAZINE**—can't get interested. Finally, unable to **CONCENTRATE** on anything, he either goes to the **MOVIES** or **FALLS ASLEEP** in his chair.

At the **OFFICE** he always takes up the **EASIEST** thing first, puts it down when it gets **HARD**, and starts something else. **JUMPS** from **ONE THING** TO **ANOTHER** all the time!

There are thousands of these **PEOPLE WITH GRASS-HOPPER MINDS** in the world. In fact they are the very people who do the world's **MOST TIRESOME TASKS**—and get but a **PITTANCE** for their work.

They do the world's **CLERICAL WORK**, and routine drudgery. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year—**ENDLESSLY**—they **HANG ON** to the jobs that are smallest-salaried, longest-houred, least interesting, and poorest-futured!

If **YOU** have a "grasshopper mind" you know that this is **TRUE**. And you know **WHY** it is true. Even the **BLAZING SUN** can't burn a hole in a little piece of **TISSUE PAPER** unless its rays are focussed and concentrated **ON ONE SPOT**!

A **BRAIN THAT BALKS** at sticking to **ONE THING FOR MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES** surely cannot be depended upon to get you anywhere in your **YEARS** of life!

The **TRAGEDY** of it all is this: you know that **RIGHT NOW** you are merely jumping **HERE AND THERE**. Yet you also know that you have **WITHIN YOU** the intelligence, the earnestness, and the ability that can take you right to the high place you want to reach in life!

What is **WRONG**? **WHAT'S** holding you back?

Just one fact—one **SCIENTIFIC** fact. That is all. And when you know what it **IS**, then you can easily learn how to apply it; make it carry you **STEADILY, POSITIVELY, AND DIRECTLY** to prosperity and independence.

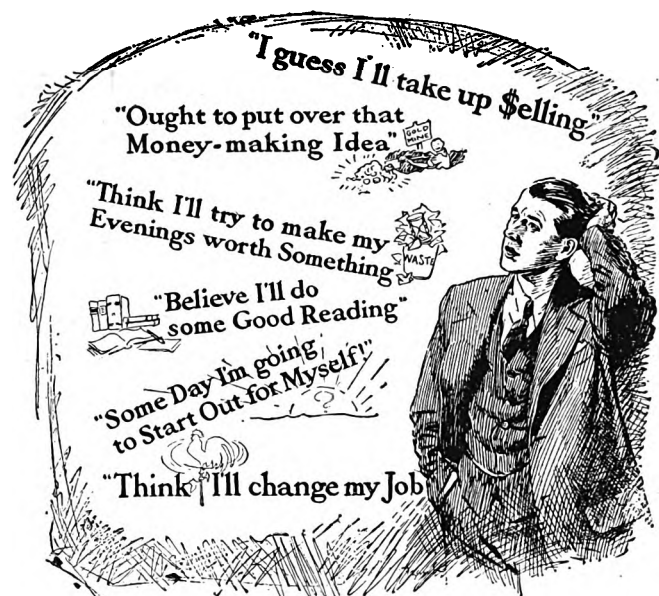
That fact is one which has been **PROVEN** and stated by the world's foremost scientists and psychologists. You are only **ONE-TENTH** as successful as you **COULD** be! Why? **BECAUSE**, as Science says, you are using only **ONE-TENTH** of your real **BRAIN-POWER**!

TEN per cent of his brain is all the **AVERAGE** person uses. He is paid for **ONE-TENTH** of what he really possesses because that is all he actually **USES**. The remainder lies dormant. The longer it is unused, the harder it becomes to use it. For the mind is like a muscle. It grows in power through exercise and use. It weakens and deteriorates with idleness.

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A Common Complaint

Frosh—Professor, I can't go to class today.

Prof.—Why?

Frosh—I don't feel well.

Prof.—Where don't you feel well?

Frosh—In class.

—*The Kablegram*

* * *

"You say you are going to marry a woman with 500 pounds a year income, and try to persuade me it is a love match?"

"It is—I love money."

—*Gutierrez, Madrid.*

* * *

Getting Located

"Shay, pardon me, offisher, but where am I?"

"You're on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street."

"Cut out the details. What town am I in?"

—*Woofus.*

* * *

A National Inference

Two small boys were out hunting in the woods and one of them stopped and picked up a chestnut burr.

"Tommy!" he called excitedly. "Come here! I've found a porcupine egg!"

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

* * *

A Legal Slam

College Lad (arrested for speeding)—But, Your Honor, I am a college boy.

Judge—Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody!

—*The Kablegram.*

* * *

Sounded Correct

Teacher—Johnny, do you know who built the Ark?

John—Naw.

Teacher—Correct for once in your life.

Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

* * *

"What are ye thinkin' about, Donald?" inquired his wife.

"Och, Janet," he replied, "Ah was just wonderin' what to put on the tombstone when ye're deid."

"Dinna ye bother yer head about that, Donald," said Janet. "Just ye put on the tombstone, 'Wife of the above'."

—*The Catalina Islander.*

* * *

Unrestrained

"Who is really the boss in your house?" inquired the friend.

"Well, of course, Maggie assumes command of the children, the servants, the dog, the cat and the canary. But I can say pretty much what I please to the goldfish."

—*Montreal Star.*

* * *

Sensitive Servants

Country Cousin (in town)—Out in the country we have to treat the maids and other help like members of the family.

City Cousin—Goodness! Really? Here we have to treat them with great respect.

—*Toronto Globe.*

* * *

The Drawing Card

A storekeeper had for some time displayed in his window a card inscribed, "Fishing Tickle".

A customer drew the proprietor's attention to the spelling.

"Has anyone told you of it before?" he asked.

"Hundreds," replied the dealer, "but whenever they drop in to tell me they always spend something."

—*American Mutual Magazine.*

* * *

A War Memory

The following precious preserved extract from a love letter written home to his wife by a soldier on active service will evoke tender memories in thousands of our former service men:

Don't send me no more nagging letters, Lettice. They don't do no good. I'm three thousand miles away from home, and I want to enjoy this war in peace.

—*The Kablegram.*

* * *

Smyth—In view of the fact that you said you always had the last word with your wife, how does it happen that she continually orders you about?

Stryfe—I meant what I said. I always do have the last word. Whenever we have an argument, I always say, All right.

—*The Kablegram.*

* * *

You Say It

Drimtaidhvrickhillichatan is a locality on the island of Mull, Scotland.

—*National Real Estate Review.*

* * *

The doctor smiled as he entered the room.

"You look much better today."

"Yes. I followed the directions on your medicine bottle."

"What were they?"

"Keep the bottle tightly corked."

—*Nebelspalter (Zurich).*

* * *

There's the Scotchman who signs all telegrams he sends his girl Xerxes. In that way he gets in two kisses without paying for them.

—*The Catalina Islander.*

* * *

Friend—And what is your son going to be when he's passed his final exam?

Father—An old man.

—*Daily Mirror.*

* * *

Miles o' Smiles

A certain salesman was proposing to his best girl.

"And, sweetheart," he finished, "I'll lay my whole fortune at your feet."

"It isn't a very big fortune," she reminded him.

"I know, dear," he replied, "but it'll look awful big beside your little feet!"

He got the job.

—*National Real Estate Review.*

* * *

A, I, O, U and Y

A is a town in Sweden; I is an island in Japan; O is a village in Normandy; U is a city in China; Y is a river in Amsterdam. (Aa is a river in Holland and Belgium, Eu is a town in Normandy, Oa is a cape in Scotland.)

—*National Real Estate Review.*

Fired from 20 jobs

*—Then suddenly
a simple discovery brought him
amazing, quick success*



David McLain who was fired from 20 jobs and then became head of the largest institution of its kind in the world.

TWENTY times David McLain started out on a new job, full of courage and enthusiasm. Twenty times he was "called on the carpet"—fired! Twenty times he reached the first rung of the ladder only to be pushed back to where he started.

Employers were glad to see him go. Undoubtedly McLain was mystified, miserable, discouraged. It must have seemed as if the whole world were conspiring to keep him down—as though the hand of everyone was set against him.

Yet today it is no secret that David McLain is head of a great business organization, a figure of national importance in the steel industry—wealthy, influential, sought after by important people.

A Remarkable Discovery

What simple principles of dealing with people did David McLain violate in such a way as to lose twenty jobs? And how was he able exactly to reverse his position—to make people work for him, not against him—and to finally go to the very top in his field?

In the lives of nearly every outstanding industrial and political leader, psychologists have found certain basic, fundamental principles which have played a vital part in their successes. McLain eventually practiced these principles as did Elbert Gary, Henry Ford, Theodore Roosevelt, Charles Schwab and hundreds of other national figures. This not only gave them an uncanny knack for influencing other people, but enabled them to overcome seemingly insurmountable obstacles in a way that has been amazing.

Recently these surprisingly simple facts—so long overlooked by most of us—were brought to light by two brilliant men: Ewing T. Webb of publishing fame, and John J. B. Morgan, Professor of Psychology at Northwestern University. Working along lines approved by more than one hundred and fifty of the country's leading psychologists and scientists, they spent more than two years of painstaking research in collecting and correlating the amazing facts. And now in an astonishing



book entitled "Strategy in Handling People" they have at last revealed to the public the results of their work.

A Guide to Business Strategy

"Strategy in Handling People" is entirely different from any book ever written before. It uncovers some of the most surprising—yet astonishingly simple—psychological truths which have ever been put in book form. Not only does it take you behind the scenes of successes won by men like Owen D. Young, Herbert Hoover, Colonel House, Roosevelt and Dwight Morrow—but it shows exactly how you may apply the same strategy which has enabled over 200 of the greatest business and political leaders to forge ahead so rapidly.

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Who Am I?

By Marguerite
E. Stevenson

WHAT is this part of me that is called I? Surely 'tis not merely the flesh and blood and bone that form the body recognized as me by you, for Time, the master sculptor, has with his scalpel changed that plastic clay a thousand times. And even I, this wrinkled, graying I, may by the slightest flash of thought become again a smooth-faced child of ten, weaving a daisy chain. Or if but today, I were maimed and crushed into a hideous mass and just a tiny thought of yesterday remained within my brain, I would *still* be I.

Some days this "I" in me proclaims herself a queen, a gypsy, a wanton, or a saint. Am I then all of these or one, and who is the I who always bids the baser I's begone? Am I but the millionth cube that completes the perfect pattern of the whole, or am I a million cubes, each in itself a million? This I in me, whence did it come and whither does it go?

Except for fleeting moments when a curtain seems swiftly to be lifted, and I glimpse thru shadowy vagueness an I who lived in other times, I seem just I—the sum total of my clear memories and experiences. Wise men tell us that these are but photographic impressions left on human tissue.

Ah, then when this tissue is destroyed by Time's relentless hand, decays, and crumbles into dust, where is the I?

Who knows? Not I. Still, in some rare moments, I seem to hear an answer in the ceaseless roar of the ocean, in the soft twittering of birds at dawn, in the whisper of a vagrant breeze as it caresses the velvet cheeks of new green leaves or find it written in the perfect petals of a rose, in the color-stained sky at sunset, in the smoky blue mist that enshrouds a mountain. It is a wordless answer, yet in the midst of all this restless seeking it brings with it a sense of healing peace.

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That religious tradition and superstition have hidden the message in an interpretation of His teachings which is utterly erroneous.

THIRD:

That the very same Power which Jesus used and demonstrated, and which he said WE should be able to use, IS AT OUR DISPOSAL TODAY.

FOURTH:

That when Jesus said: "The things that I do shall ye do also," He literally meant what He said. We believe that the New Psychology is proving the existence of such a power, but is erroneously calling it "subconscious mind."

FIFTH:

That there is no such a thing as a "subconscious mind" and what has been alluded to as such is, in reality, nothing more nor less than the manifestation of an INVISIBLE, LITTLE KNOWN POWER—the very same Power that Jesus used and demonstrated.

SIXTH:

That this power was not exclusive in Jesus, but is UNIVERSAL.

SEVENTH:

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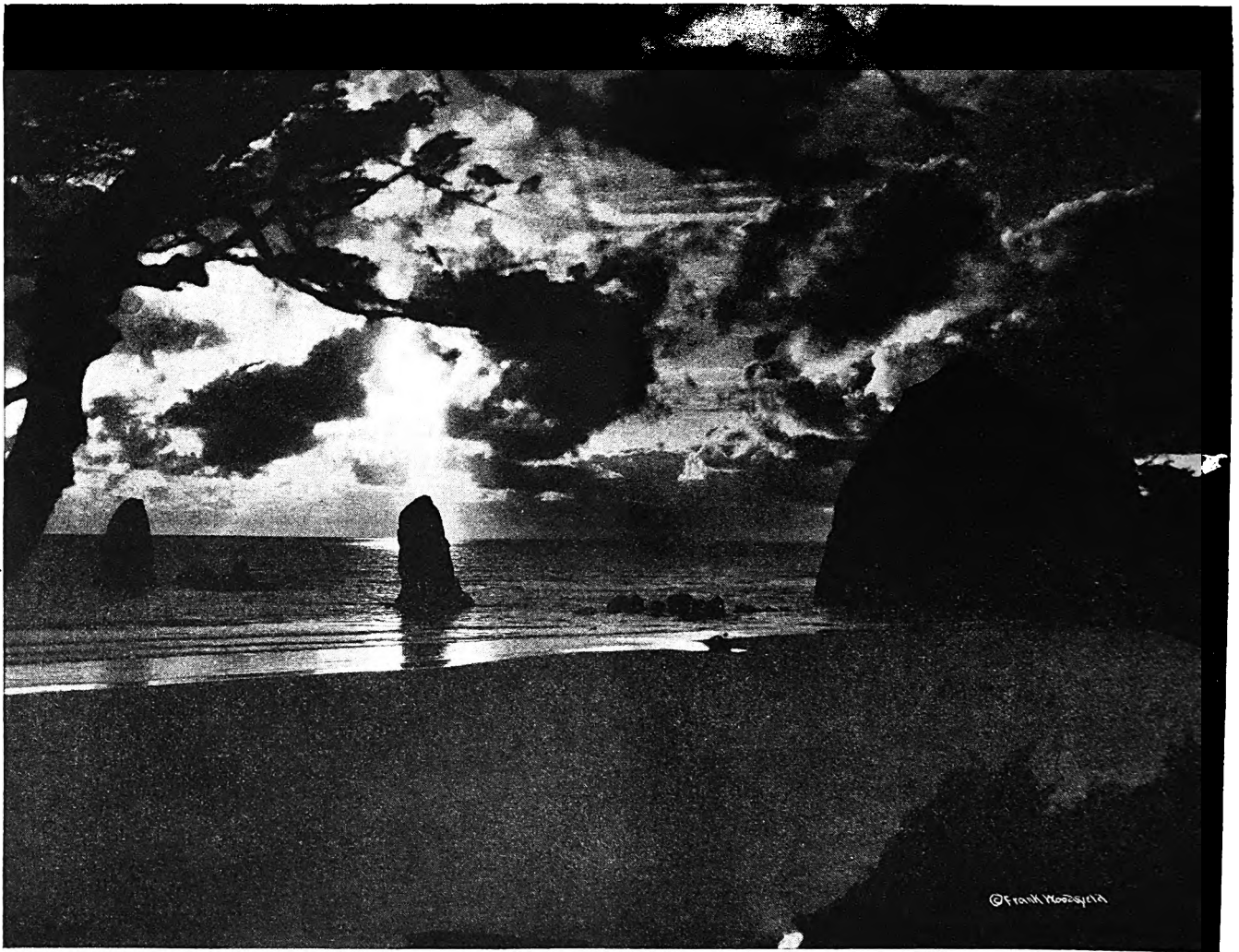
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Ocean Kissed

By Verna Thackeray Makepeace

BLUE stones and red,
Wet and glistening from receding tide,
Round,

Everyone,
From the wash of the waves,
Flung like a ribbon
For fluted miles,
Tossed forwards and back
By the will of the sea!
How came they thus,
These bits of granite?
So smooth, so round,
So like satin to my touch?

This one of venous purple,
Moist, heavy,
Cold heart of stone upon my palm,
Did the Ocean's kiss
Like magic
Dissolve your jagged irregularities
And mold you thus
Into this shining sphere?
Was the sea despondent
Because you responded not at once

Unto her liquid touch?
The Hard overcome by the Soft,
Sharp granite
Transformed by the sea's rhythm!
What agonies were thine
To gain this satin surface!
Hurled against your fellows,
Lashed by the fury of tempests,
Ground
In the mill
That tore from you
All your little vanities.

Ah, Infinite Ocean of Loveliness!
Bathe us
In thy Eternal Rhythm,
Absolve in thy caress
Our human frailties that rend and wound,
Soothe us into the satin surface
Of a Peace Profound
That we may be
Like the multi-colored stones
Flung in fluted ribbons
By the tide
To await the Ocean's kiss!

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Wise old publishers chuckled. *True*, this new magazine *did* have a particularly powerful and human appeal, but hadn't they proof that nine out of every ten young magazines fade away after the first year—sucked into a whirlpool of bills payable?

Time passed. PSYCHOLOGY Magazine rounded out its *second, third, fourth, fifth year*—carrying a volume of circulation and advertising which was the envy of a dozen or so long-established publications. The wise old publishers blinked. Attempts were made either to buy out Henry Knight Miller, editor and founder, and add PSYCHOLOGY to other groups of money-making monthlies, or to blot it out by means of propaganda among newsdealers and advertisers all over the land, and by means of letters to correspondents. These attempts failed. Advertisements flooded in a golden stream into the PSYCHOLOGY office. Newsdealers and readers alike reported confidentially to Dr. Miller, whose strategy was to ignore these cowardly maneuvers and let the expanding success of PSYCHOLOGY as the world's greatest inspirational magazine speak for itself.

In its eighth year, PSYCHOLOGY Magazine is enjoying a prominent position in the publishing world. It gains new power every time a crisp, new issue comes off the press. PSYCHOLOGY is unquestionably an outstanding magazine-success. It is a young concern with tens of thousands of boosters, holding promise of an incomparable financial future.

Unlike other young magazines, PSYCHOLOGY has not had to spend huge sums of money to put itself on the map. *It carries no forced circulation.* The

people themselves, recognizing the indisputable worth of having a national magazine devoted to health, happiness and success thru self-mastery, have demanded more and more copies—have passed PSYCHOLOGY on from friend to friend. Every member of the family falls in love with its fine, clear manner of discussing intimate human problems. Few there are who can read an issue without getting a welcome shaft of light on some personal or business problem. *Its intrinsic merit spells its success.*

We, The Publishers' Securities Company, before entering into this agreement with Henry Knight Miller to sell a block of PSYCHOLOGY stock, made a careful survey and analysis of the history of the growth of PSYCHOLOGY Magazine. We recognize in this magazine all the potentialities of a veritable gold mine from the standpoint of investment! You, perhaps, know people who purchased only one share of the "right" stock several years ago and who, today, are reaping tremendous profits, dividends and stock bonuses. We want you to know that we class PSYCHOLOGY Magazine with just that type of "right" organization.

Fortunate people who bought stock in the "early days" of, let us say, the companies publishing *Cosmopolitan*, *Physical Culture*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and *The Vogue* are reaping vast profits today. You are being offered a similar opportunity, in connection with PSYCHOLOGY, to those offered years ago by organizations that are immensely rich today! PSYCHOLOGY Magazine is still in its "early days," and it is growing at a rate that *promises to far outstrip* the growth of very many older publications! The few dollars which it now takes to purchase one share of stock you will never miss, but these few dollars should bring you handsome profit a few years hence.

We urge you not to feel that the purchase of only one share of this stock at twelve dollars is *too small an investment*. Having achieved a permanent place in the field, growth and earnings from this point should be substantial and rapid for every stock-

Dominance

PSYCHOLOGY Magazine, in its steady advance to the front rank, has already absorbed two other magazines—*Success Magazine*, which for many years was published by Dr. Orison Swett Marden, and "*HOW*" Magazine—together representing an addition of some 45,000 readers. Upon the annexation of these two publications, the Editorial Department was flooded with unsolicited expressions of delight with the brilliance of Dr. Miller's editorials, the varied articles by his staff of eminent psychologists, and the broad, helpful scope of the magazine in general.

Thousands of letters on file point to the fact that the phenomenal growth and vitality of PSYCHOLOGY Magazine—its splendid circulation and handsome advertising revenue are natural results of the almost unbelievably close reader-interest it enjoys—the incomparable Good Will of its readers.

PSYCHOLOGY is the standard monthly magazine in the field of Applied Psychology. *It DOMINATES the self-improvement field.*

Revealed in Profit-Sharing Opportunity

Unique Subscriber - Ownership Plan

In collaboration with the Publishers' Securities Company, PSYCHOLOGY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., has arranged to give a three-year subscription to PSYCHOLOGY Magazine free with each purchase of one share of stock. Limit to one customer—10 shares.

holder—even for the holder of a single share. PSYCHOLOGY stock, once listed, should show tremendous possibilities of increased earnings and appreciation in market value. PSYCHOLOGY's future lies ahead! Your chance to "get in on the ground floor" is here today, may be gone tomorrow! Opportunities like this are rare; they are seldom permitted to go beyond a certain "inner circle" of an organization; *the insiders, no one else, get rich!*

But Henry Knight Miller acknowledges it has been largely the earnest support and boosting of his reader-friends that have made PSYCHOLOGY Magazine the monumental success it is today and feels it is no more than right that these faithful followers should be extended an invitation to share in the profits. This idea savors of his very evident keen business sense—he knows that every *reader-shareholder* will be a booster in his own community, however remote, and that these many thousands of boosters living in every corner of the world will become automatically a medium of *publicity-power* which he could not purchase with mere dollars. We, ourselves, are in a position to know that Customer-Ownership Plans have proved uniformly successful, benefiting not only the securities involved, but the future and development of the organization behind them. The present business era is a cooperative one.

The plan to make every reader a stockholder and every stockholder a subscriber—a real member of the PSYCHOLOGY family—will have a far-reaching effect in the circulation and Good-will value of your magazine. Whether you buy one share or the maximum of ten shares, Dr. Miller will be glad to see you accept his invitation to travel with him farther and farther along the road to success and financial independence.

We hear a great deal today about *over-production*. There is over-production of Cuban Sugar, Brazilian Coffee, Italian Olive Oil, United States Wheat and Cotton. But, with the vast army of boosters mobilizing for the advancement of PSYCHOLOGY, the spectre of over-production will gain no foothold. *Even*

old issues are in demand. Because of the masterly editorials and priceless articles contained in every issue, no copy of PSYCHOLOGY ever becomes out of date; it is not unusual for the publishers to have to quote a price of five dollars or more for a single copy of an issue of 1923, 1924 or 1925. It is not difficult to see the significance of this. We believe that PSYCHOLOGY has enormous possibilities as an investment and that *the profits so far gained are but a drop in the bucket.*

Revenue

The backbone of every magazine—the factor that determines whether or not the magazine shall continue to exist—is the amount of paid advertising it is able to *attract and hold*. A goodly number of the advertisers using the pages of PSYCHOLOGY today have been in every issue since the start. The following figures show how PSYCHOLOGY's advertising revenue has multiplied over a period of seven years. Is it any wonder this monthly is referred to as the "sensational magazine-success"?

1923.....	\$ 4,223.68
1924.....	34,950.24
1925.....	44,095.67
1926.....	64,460.76
1927.....	96,460.76
1928.....	104,942.21
1929.....	118,000.00

Despite the recent business depression, PSYCHOLOGY has shown a consistent profit on every issue for the first half of 1930.

Greatly increased profits are indicated for the remainder of the year, according to contracts for advertising space already in hand.

There are, of course, only a limited number of shares of stock to be sold at this time. Dr. Miller prefers that our sales be confined to one share to a customer, **WITH EACH CUSTOMER RECEIVING A FREE THREE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION TO PSYCHOLOGY MAGAZINE;** but, subject to allotment, you may place your order for as many as ten shares. **You will find the blank at the foot of this page a convenient means of becoming at once a partner in one of the most remarkable business institutions of today—a seven-and-a-half-year-old magazine that has already multiplied its print order 2500 per cent!**

PUBLISHERS' SECURITIES CO.
220 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

PUBLISHERS' SECURITIES CO.
220 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

(1030)

I enclose my check (or Money Order) for \$..... to pay for shares of Common Stock of PSYCHOLOGY PUBLISHING CO., Inc. I understand that this purchase of stock entitles me to a FREE three-year subscription to PSYCHOLOGY to be started at once.

Additional information sent upon request ☐ (check here).

Name

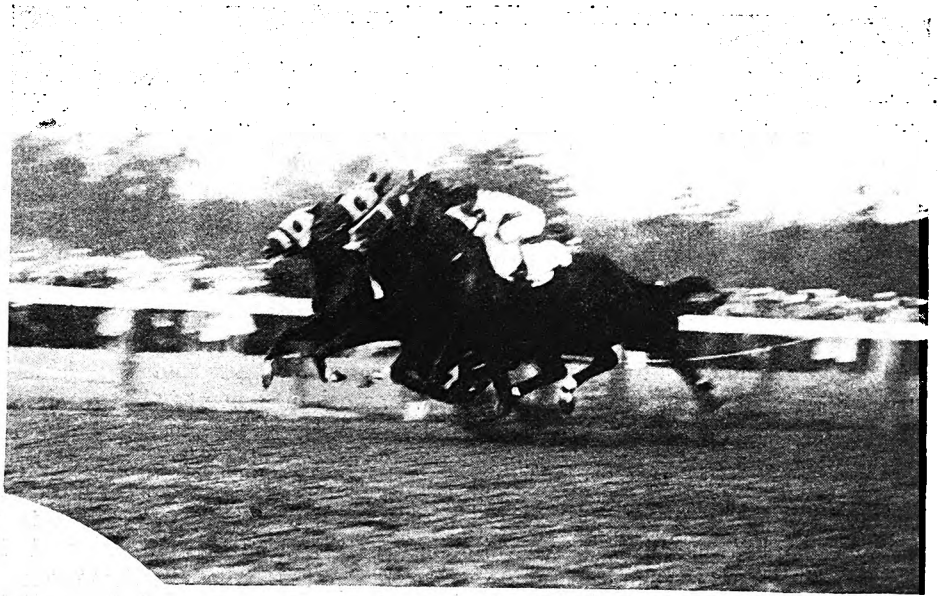
Street

Town State

Fill out this coupon whether you subscribe now or merely wish more information

By

Henry Knight Miller



Keystone View
Jim Dandy, Gallant Fox and Whichone off to a flying start in their thrilling race for the historic Travers Stakes.



Wide World

Jim Dandy, the 100 to 1 winner.

opinion, so can you. If a 100 to 1 shot can come in first—you can.

What are some of the factors that create life's severe handicaps? Perhaps the first is heredity. There is wide divergence of opinion as to what part heredity plays in determining life's achievements. The older adherents of the biological school placed extreme emphasis upon its importance. A man's place in life was alleged to be determined to a nicety by his natural endowments thru heredity. The classic example of the Jukes family was cited. It will be remembered that of the original Jukes, the male was a criminal and the female a prostitute. Of their descendants in a period of seventy-five years, sixty per cent had criminal records and it is estimated that their cost to society was one million, three hundred and eight thousand dollars.

On the other hand, the little town of Northampton, Massachusetts is cited. A survey made nearly a generation ago disclosed that the descendants of the pure New England stock in this village had produced 114 lawyers, 112 clergymen, 95 physicians, 100 educators, 7 college presidents, 24 editors, 6 historians, 14 authors, 38 officers of state, 28 officers of the United States, including several senators and one president. In the intervening years this list of notables has enjoyed important additions. Criminal progeny has been almost totally lacking.

Of course it is difficult to determine how much heredity and how much environment had to do with the Jukes and the proud sons of Northampton. It doubtless played a part of vast importance.

Many of the greatest personages of history, it must be noted, have been of humble or unfavorable parentage. It is difficult to account for their great achievements upon a basis of either heredity or environment. Circumstances have not often been favorable to great men. They have in most cases had to battle their way to the top against unfavorable influences of heredity and environment. But they have not wept at the odds and despaired; they have defied the odds and triumphed.

If you have reason to feel that your handicap is that of unfavorable heredity, forget it. A man is not held accountable for the start he gets in life but the finish. It is not what your father or grandfather was but what are you. There is a force within you stronger than any possible hereditary influence. Within reason you can be what you determine to be. It is up to you. You may be a 100 to 1 shot because of your parentage, but you can win the race if you make up your mind to win, get a victory consciousness, believe in yourself, watch your chance, improve your every opportunity, and stick to it thru thick and thin.

There are certain schools of thought that scout the whole idea of heredity. They point to the classic examples of successful men whose hereditary background was anything but favorable. They point to the stirring achievements of the generations that have succeeded colonies of criminals. It has been demonstrated that the children of the tenements are in no sense inferior in intelligence and frequently superior to the children from privileged homes. The behaviorists, followers of John B. Watson, insist that no traits are inherited, only the bodily structure. All behavior is determined by the conditioning resulting from environmental influence, according to their contention. At any rate the bugaboo of heredity is losing caste in modern thought and is no longer a respectable excuse for failure. Other

dark horses have won over this possible handicap and so can you.

Perhaps a more real handicap is that of unfavorable environment. While we cannot accept the extreme position that environment is the exclusive determining factor in the conditioning of life, we readily concede that it has much to do with fixing the individual's consciousness and status in life. To an extreme degree our ideas, ideals, prejudices and interests are determined by those with whom we are in constant contact. We follow the thought pattern created by the group of which we are a part. There are few who are independent in thoughts and action. The clothes we wear, the things we do, the people with whom we associate, our amusement, worship, politics, marriage, language, and moral standards are fixed by the group. To violate the group consciousness, to ignore the group conventions, lead to fierce antagonism, suspicion and persecution. A few brave souls dare to think and act with freedom, defy the scorn of the rabble, blaze new paths and create new standards. Thus the race has progressed. But the lives of the masses are almost entirely determined by environment.

HOWEVER, if your environment is unfavorable to the expression of your deeper self and the living of a free, unfettered life instead of that of a groveling, cringing slave, remember that the real you is bigger than your environment. You need not be a slave. You were born to be master. You have the ability to determine what you desire and then proceed toward the realization of your aspirations. You can create a new environment to serve your needs and wants.

If you do not like where you are, change what you are and the new and larger YOU will create for your evolving and expanding self a new and more favorable environment. If you are imprisoned in an unfriendly environment do not whine and complain. Do not blame your unhappiness and failure on your environment. You alone are to blame. Move out into an environment which will prove congenial and helpful. If you remain the slave of a harmful environment you have only yourself to blame—not your environment.

An even deeper truth is that the power of thought will make a man or woman supreme over his environment. Suppose you are surrounded by people who have no faith in your ability. Their unbelief in you has influenced you to the extent that you have subconsciously accepted their low estimate of yourself. You have developed the dread and devastating inferiority complex. This makes you appear to be more and more the weak, worthless, miserable creature that those who surround you took you to be. Thus your environment reacts on you and you in turn intensify the negative and destructive influence of your environment. Now suppose you cannot move out to a new surrounding. Even if you could it would be to no avail, for what you are would quickly create the same negative surroundings in any social environment you might select. The remedy is to change yourself. Pour into your subconscious mind thoughts of personal power, self-confidence, courage and the will to achieve.

Believe in yourself. Keep your head erect and your step brisk. Visualize yourself as in the process of

achieving some aspiring objective. See yourself as the man or woman you yearn to be. Play the part. Create a success consciousness. Others will behold the subtle transformation. They will begin to respect and believe in you. Their dawning faith in you will reaffirm your faith in yourself and you will grow stronger, more dominant and more successful. You will find your fellows, whose former scorn held you down, now stimulating your efforts by a belief that you "have something in you" and are headed for success.

Thus can men and women change an unfavorable environment into a friendly one by the simple alchemy of changing themselves. In large part your environment is but the reflection of yourself. If you are weak, distrustful, cowardly, mean, all of life, even the dog in the street, will react toward you in kind. If you are strong, confident, courageous, kindly, all of life will tend to respond toward you in like manner and your environment will in large part reflect your own thoughts, emotions and conduct. You may be a poor 100 to 1 shot but you have the divine spark within which, kindled and properly controlled, can bring to you the laurels of victory.

Multitudes blame their failure to achieve something worth while in life upon their lack of education. There can be no question that this is a disastrous handicap. In the many thousands of names of leaders of American life in *Who's Who*, there is not to be found the name of a single illiterate. Only a few stragglers are to be found who had no high school training, while the vast majority are college-trained men.

Yet with present-day advantages there can be no excuse for those who admit themselves licked because of lack of education. This is the day of all days when ambitious men and women may educate themselves. There is the radio, countless magazines, correspondence courses, night schools, lectures, extension courses of the major universities and other means of acquiring an education that are open to all.

Stop bewailing your handicap. What if it is 100 to 1? Get to work. Study, read, prepare, equip yourself for the race. Bend your energies unceasingly. Educate yourself. Reduce the terms of your handicap. It is up to you. You can remain an ignoramus and a failure or you can acquire a reasonable degree of culture and training and achieve a measurable success. Which will you choose?

PERHAPS the most serious handicap in the race of life is a limited degree of native ability. The idiot is out of the race. The imbecile has no chance. The person of limited intelligence can hardly aspire to conquest. But these are the exceptions. Many a man lacking unusual genius and intellectual brilliancy surrenders to the living of a dull, drab, mediocre life. But this is not necessary. A man may be of limited ability in a hundred respects and possess real genius in one. He may be poor in mathematics, history, philosophy and business, yet may have inventive genius or great musical ability, or constructive skill or the ability to manage or sell.

Find out what you can really do well and bend every effort to improving the talent which is yours. There are relatively few who are geniuses in everything. There are an innumerable (Continued on page 76)

The Story of a Chauffeur
without *Hands*

A man without hands who can make his living driving a car can be counted on to make good at anything else he may decide to undertake.

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They're *Human* All Right!

"Bert" Hoover
The Oregon Land Company's
"Best Office Boy"

"BERT was an office boy," said Chester A. Moores, president of the Portland Realty Board, "and he was a good one."

In the office of the Oregon Land Company he acted as file clerk as well. That was in Salem from 1888 to 1891.

"I tell you the lad was thoro," he continued. "Best office boy we ever had. We had to obtain from our files many hundreds of letters for the purpose of checking, and Bert could put any letter we wanted into our hands in less than a minute. He spent his odd time making real estate maps. He had a notion that the added millions coming into our population were bound to make farm lands of greatly increased value.

"He used to hoe the onion patch. He read geometry when he had time to himself."

Then came a time when a member of the staff of Leland Stanford University came thru the town. The college was about ready to open its doors.

"Need an office boy at the university?" asked Mr. Moores of the professor who was watching the boy drawing real estate maps. "Here's a lad that is ready to take on a likely young university."

It happened, tho, that the university did need an office boy and Bert was offered the place at a five-dollar-a-week raise over the pay of the Oregon Land Company.

Bert received his raise, along with a chance at a \$6,500-a-year job that was awaiting him at the end of his university years. It was a good job. The realty company wrote recommendations for him when he applied for

them. Later, there were other jobs of some world note, in China, in Belgium and elsewhere. The office boy and file clerk who knew where to find a letter in less than a minute and was always busy now has the job of president of the United States. Bert is Herbert Hoover.

Judge John Barton Payne
Head of the Red Cross Wanted to "Keep Store"

"I WANTED to be a shopkeeper," confessed Judge John Barton Payne, chairman of the American Red Cross. Judge Payne has been also director-general of railroads, chairman of the shipping board, secretary of the interior and noted legal counsel in many civil and corporation cases.

"My father was a farmer, but I didn't want to farm.



Mr. Schwab

Keystone View

When I was fifteen years of age, I told my father I wanted to be a shopkeeper. He made no objection, took me to Warrenton, Virginia, the nearest town, and placed me with a general merchant there. I got fifty dollars and my keep that first year.

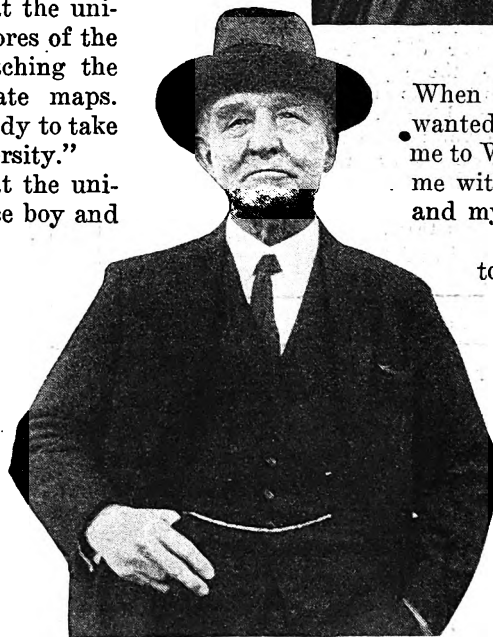
"When I was eighteen I went over to a near-by town, which was hardly more than a crossroad, to keep a sort of general store which was also an express and railroad office. I came in contact with all sorts of people.

"One day a long, lanky countryman said: 'You ought to be a lawyer.' It was the first time I had thought of it, but the idea appealed to me. The desire crystallized, and I soon set out to make it come true.

"If I have learned nothing else from life, I have come to have a respectful appreciation of the power of circumstance. The wise man utilizes circumstances. Always after that I was waiting and watching for a chance. I did not know exactly what I wanted to do or

how I was going to do it, but I always was ready for anything that came my way. In that I believed that circumstance could be made my ally.

"My father had a farm to sell. Since the store had petered out, he sent me over to the county seat to settle



Judge Payne

Keystone View

Four Interviews by Uthai Vincent Wilcox

up the deal. While there I got a job working in the clerk's office. As a result, the next three years I devoted to the study of law, and eventually I was licensed to practice.

"Practicing law is a general education in the humanities. You come very close to life. I always treated my cases from the human angle. They were human problems to me. Moreover, as I went along in my education in law and life, I found out that few people mean to be bad. Everybody believes himself right and justified in what he does. As I delved into the reasons and the causes for the troubles of my clients I learned tolerance."

C. Francis Jenkins

Made the First Movie Projector

C. FRANCIS JENKINS, banker, radio expert, television inventor, many years ago made the first movie projector. B. F. Keith gave him \$500 a week for three weeks of "projecting" at his theater and then said:

"Everyone's seen your pictures now, Jenkins, and no one wants to see them twice. They're rotten anyway. I don't want them any more."

"But I persuaded him to use them as a chaser at the end of the vaudeville," Jenkins chuckled in relating, "in order to get people out of the theater. Women used to say to their husbands:

"Hurry, Henry, let's get out of here quick. These moving pictures will ruin our eyes!"

"No, we couldn't find any use for this thing when we had it.

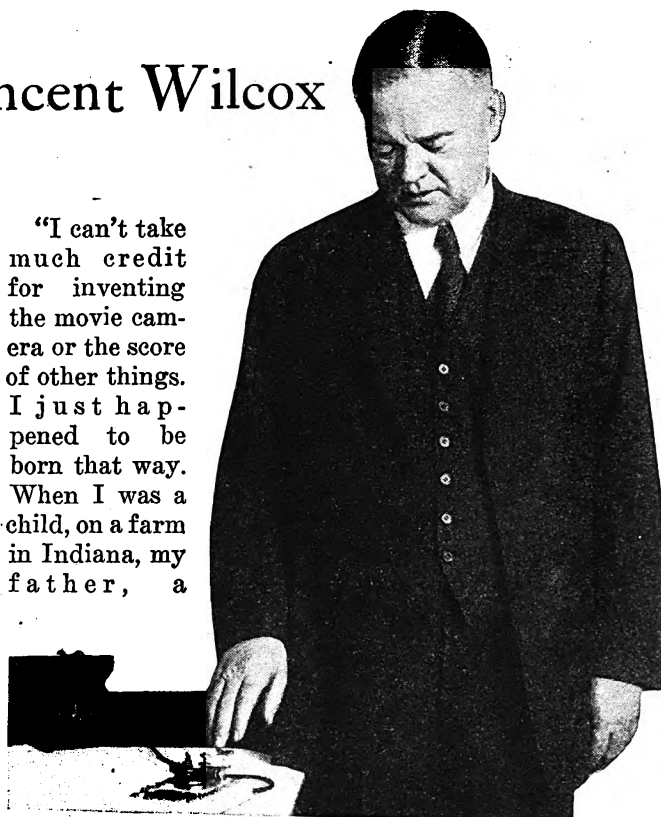
"Then one day a man opened a five-cent place and offered to rent a picture every week. Others opened up after he succeeded and the movie exchange developed. The exchange made the motion picture industry just as the telephone exchange made the telephone industry.

"It was then that we began making chasers. First we chased them from the theatre and then we put chase into the story. And now girls chase out to Hollywood in order to get into the movies."

Jenkins couldn't see very much future for his invention, altho he helped Carl Laemmle make the first picture of Mary Pickford as a ragged street urchin. He helped to rip the suit in order to make it more ragged.

"I sold my rights in the camera I had invented for \$5,500. I stuck the money in my pocket and went to see my girl and we had a whale of a time. There was a club of us, and for awhile I paid all the bills for their good times, too.

"I can't take much credit for inventing the movie camera or the score of other things. I just happened to be born that way. When I was a child, on a farm in Indiana, my father, a



Mr. Hoover

Wide World

Quaker, observed me fixing a mowing machine and said, 'That's thy talent'.

"One of my first inventions was a fence-building machine, and I followed it with a wagon-jack which could be operated by a boy instead of a man. I found out that if I painted the jacks red I could sell them. It's too bad I haven't patent rights on the fads for bright colors."

Charles M. Schwab

Denies That He Has Reached His "Objective"

"I HEAR men talk about America's situation today as tho we had reached some summit," Charles M. Schwab was speaking as a futurist, "but compared to what this country will be fifty years from now we haven't even reached the foothills. If it is fortune that Americans are seeking, the fortunes today will look as tiny and as funny fifty years

hence as the fortunes of George Washington's time look to us now.

"We are going to see great leaders come up in aviation as we saw leaders come up in railroading, in steel, in textiles, in automobiles, in farming machinery.

"When Emil Ludwig, the biographer, asked me: 'Mr. Schwab, what is the objective of a great business man in America and how does it feel to reach it?' I told him: 'Mr. Ludwig, if he has any final objective, he isn't a great American business man.'

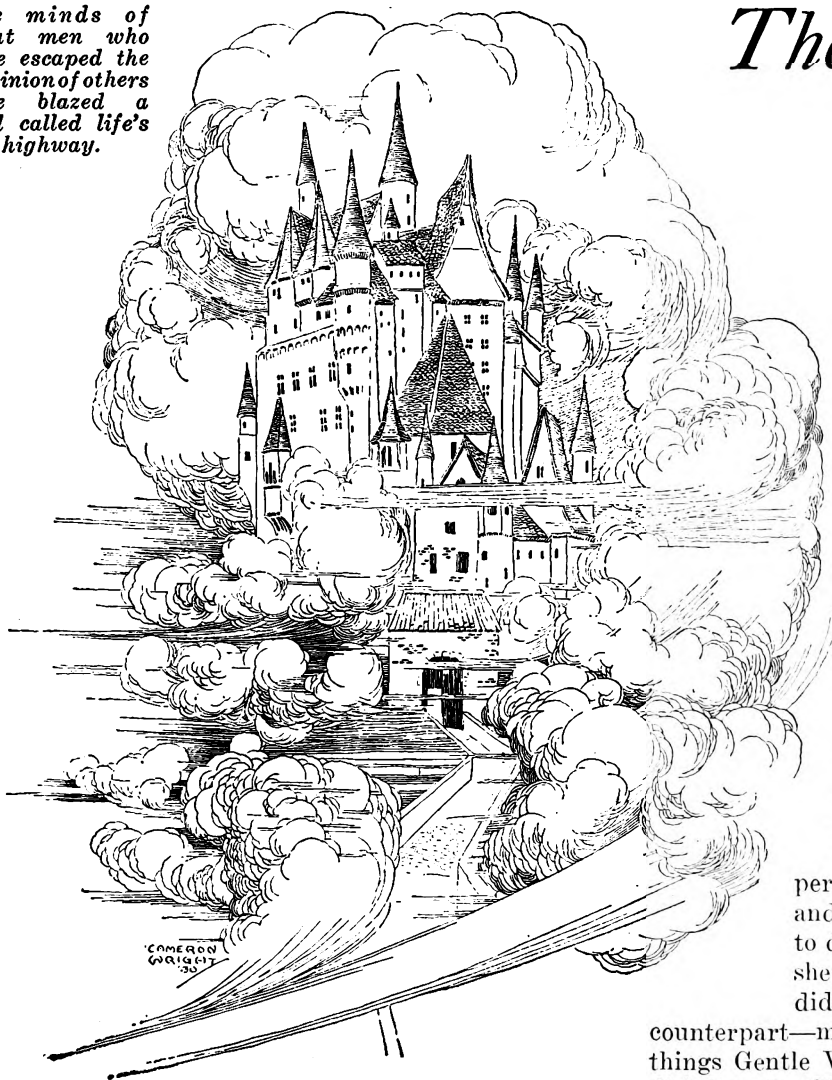
"I believe that when a man puts a limit on what he is doing, he has put a limit on what he can do. I don't know what human limits are. (Continued on page 73).



Mr. Jenkins

Wide World

The minds of great men who have escaped the dominion of others have blazed a trail called life's highway.



The Battle of the Twins

Pictures by
Cameron Wright

baby grew up and was transferred to my girlhood. She did succeed in extending my babyhood over a period of years. She molded me first into a perfect little lady, who washed the dishes and swept the floors with as much attention to detail as did Gentle Voice, herself. Later she made me into a perfect little man who did her every bidding. I became her exact

counterpart—mentally. I was a baby who believed the things Gentle Voice believed and disbelieved what she disbelieved. She told me, with her face drawn into a contortion that spoke more eloquently than did the words she uttered, that she feared the lightning and the wind—and that God sent them!

I believed her.

Every time the lightning flashed and did not hit me or Gentle Voice, I would, with trembling voice, thank God that his aim had been true and that the bolt had gone just where he had aimed it. Most of the time, I supposed, he sent the lightning down to the ground just to scare people—all with the intention of impressing upon us the full extent of our helplessness in his hands.

Now and then he would kill some poor fellow with one of those bolts. I used to marvel at his perfect aim, how he could start a bolt of lightning from the City of Pearly Gates and Streets of Gold—so very far away—and not hit some innocent man instead of the mean old sinner he intended to hit; and often I would dwell upon the thought of how little he must, in a careless moment, deviate the bolt from the intended course, to cause it to hit the wrong man. I realized that if he varied his aim by so much as the thickness of a line from the course he intended it to follow, he might easily, instead of hitting some sinner in faraway China, *hit me!*

I thought of the storm in the same way.

Yes; Gentle Voice had really “made me over”. It was not enough that God had created me after his own likeness and image. Gentle Voice must needs make me *think like her.*

TWENTY months in Uncle Sam’s Army, plus thirty-five years and four months of life, so called, under the composite tutelage of motherly solicitude and public opinion, had so stifled the expression of my true self that when at the age of thirty-seven I finally realized that I had at one time possessed that important adjunct of being, the discovery startled me.

The thing was dead, or nearly so.

In truth it had been carefully, thoroly, buried for some years.

Mothers do that very thing. Kind brothers and sisters and all one’s uncles and aunts and well-meaning friends, together with that abstract octopus, Public Opinion, contribute their bit to the seemingly worthy cause.

They are well-intentioned—bless their dear hearts. They mean to do no harm.

But they do.

And everybody else you may think of is most eager to assist them.

BEGINNING with the moment of my birth, a kind and loving lady, Gentle Voice, by name, hovered about me day and night—every minute.

Gentle Voice did all the thinking for me—and everything else as well. She all but accomplished the feat of preserving my babyhood for a lifetime. She even made a girl out of me and kept me that way until another

Who Are You—Somebody or Nobody?

By Norman Reddick

That she succeeded in this more than she did in anything she had or ever has attempted in her life is but making a small effort to convey the mental conception of exactly what she did do to me.

Always an obedient little man, I meekly obeyed her when grandpa died of heart failure and she told me that for all I knew, I, too, might die that way. I caught the idea at once. I became afraid of my heart; and I went her one better. I thought I might die almost any day and that if I did there was a strong possibility of my going to hell *where they burned people forever!*

I was then about eighteen. In the midst of this second cycle of my evolution, I still had one friend to whom I might turn. He was my only hope against my fears of disease, devil and hell. I had been told that God was loving, kind and true to those who loved him. Did I not love him? Did I not believe in his kindness? His love? His truth? Certainly I did. Gentle Voice had told me I must do those things, or rather, think those thoughts. And I did think them.

But one day Gentle Voice told me that I must be afraid of God! That was the straw that broke my heart. It was the hardest blow I had suffered. But I obeyed. I feared for a week and then for years. I followed where fear led. When fear would leave me I would summon it back. But all hope was gone. With Disease, Devil, Hell and God against me—what chance was there for an insignificant atom like me in this world?

AS far back as I can remember Gentle Voice had been telling me things. One of the first things I remember occurred the moment I was ushered into the world, or "vale of tears", as Gentle Voice described it every night when she prayed to God.

The first thing I did after arriving here was to cough, and Gentle Voice said:

"Papa, there is your catarrh!"

They didn't think I heard, but I did—and believed it, too—first, because I was much too young to know it was a lie, and, second, because I loved Gentle Voice from the very first. I knew she wouldn't lie to me. And so, to make the lie into truth, I coughed like a good little man for thirty-seven years.

Later I rebelled at anything and everything Gentle Voice had made of me.

I turned myself loose in the all-consuming crucible of life. I permitted each and every desire to run riot. I did each and everything I wanted to do, provided it were humanly possible for me to do so. And just as I

reached the borderland of the final cycle of my evolution, I

made a startling discovery.

It was the consciousness that a goodly portion of the thing called fear had been consumed in its own flame—as had a number of other things which I had been dragging along behind me. Nearly everything had been so consumed, including the material house of my being—that thing we call the human body. That was as it should be, you might be thinking; but it was not.

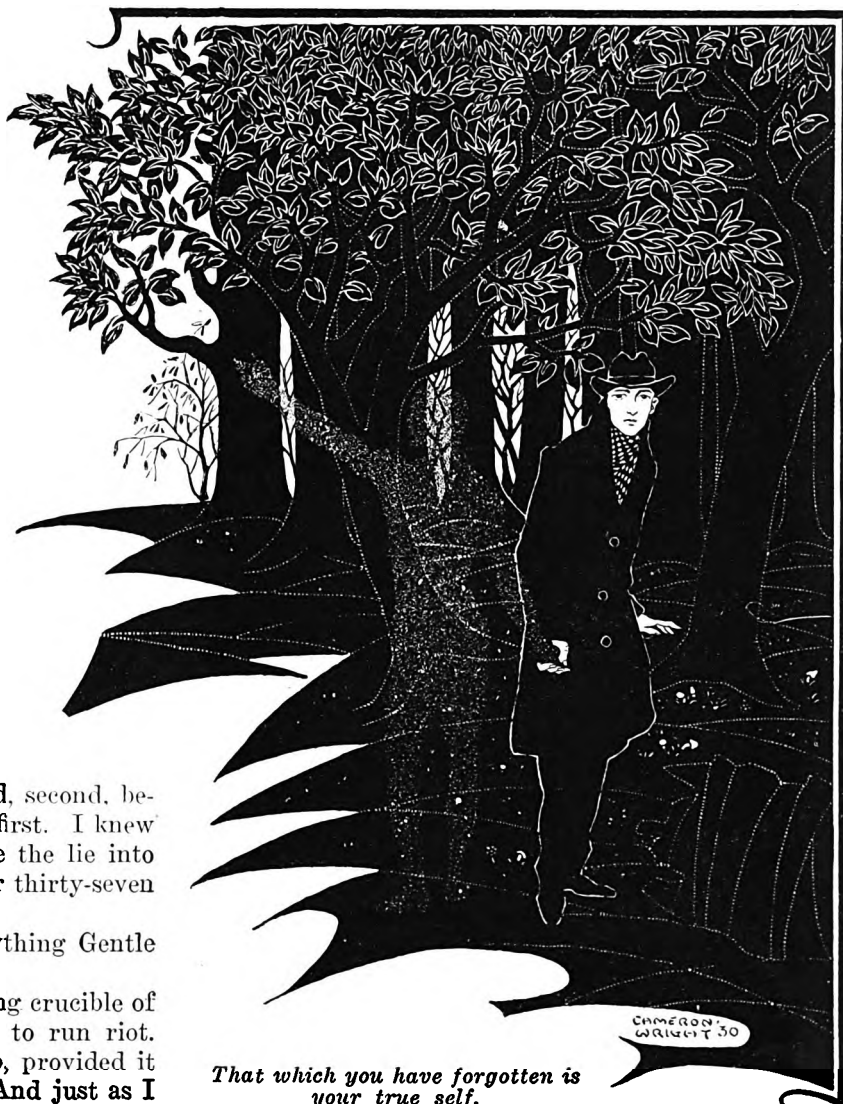
My self, too, was somewhere in that heap.

So I began searching in the ruins, removing and digging, and finding a self in every spadeful of debris.

Thus did I, myself, begin to dig out of the ruins that Gentle Voice and others had heaped upon me.

The going was tough and I met with many a mishap. These brought their full portion of heartache—and always in the back of my head a voice was whispering: "You have forgotten something."

On, up and out I went very slowly. I was intent on



*That which you have forgotten is
your true self.*

the attainment of absolute freedom: that was my goal.

Suddenly I slipped and fell—back whence I had started. The fall was a profitable one, painful as was the landing, for just as I had arisen to my feet, aching in every joint, I became aware that I had made another discovery.

The voice was speaking to me again, not now in whispers, but in stentorian tones:

"That which you had forgotten and which impelled you back was . . . your true self!"

YOU can be *no one else but you*; that is, if you are to be anything of consequence in this world. *If you try to be anyone else you become a fraud and remain a fraud just as long as you pattern yourself after the self of some other individual.* You are not that individual's self, tho you may copy every detail of it save his identity. And your own self will eventually disappear and become an apparition to haunt you and mock you with "it might have been"—that is, provided you do wake up some day and realize that you once had a self that was all your own.

And when you pass out from this world, as you must, you will do so in the form in which you passed in and in the form in which you passed your existence here—a child in a world of men and women.

If you do not believe it, summon a mental picture of an individual who, since the day of his entrance into this world, has been completely under the domination of another individual.

What do you see?

A man?

A woman?

You see nothing—unless you would dignify a jumping-jack with the honorable title of man or woman—and give to it, besides, a soul.

The minds of great men who have escaped the dominion of others have blazed the trail called life's highway. They have placed upon it the arrows that point the way straight and true; and they have not left that highway without such warnings as "danger" and "caution" and "slow".

IF other persons would only permit us to be ourselves, or if we could compel them to do that, and have them guide us rather than lead us or drive us, what achievement we would witness!

But they begin on us when we are infants and then, when they have filled us full of Aunt Jane's and Uncle John's and Cousins' This and That, they throw us into a hole somewhere, anywhere, and cover us with a ton or two of superstition, constipation (borrowed from Uncle John), worn out customs and conventions and twisted social standards, sprinkle on top a little of the heart failure that killed grandpa and leave us, saying:

"Yes; the poor little fellow (he's around eighteen) does look puny-like. He gets that from me. I'm nervous, you know. No; he doesn't amount to much; at

his age few of them do. But he'll do all right as soon as he finds himself." I've heard fathers and mothers say something just about like that—lots of them.

What I'd like to know is—

How is he going to do it, that is, find his self; and when he does, how will he know his true self from the others that have been created by the uncles, aunts, mothers and fathers.

WHEN I began to dig out of the hole they had buried my self in, I saw so many of them in the cavity that I regretted the wasted labor. One was a baseball player. Another was a statesman. I saw: two editors—magazine and newspaper; two engineers—railway and civil; a carpenter; a merchant; and another fellow who bore no label. For the life of me I couldn't make him out—couldn't tell what he was. I hoped he was not my true self.

But I wanted to find out all about the mess, so I asked him who and what he was.

He replied, employing a weak, tired voice:

"Nothing!"

"Well," I said, "you must be the one I want."

He looked at me like a fool and said he didn't know and didn't care.

"Got heart trouble?" I inquired.

"Lot's of 'em," he answered listlessly.

"Catarrh?"

"Sure—born with it."

"Stomach trouble?"

"Ulcerated," he stated.

"How about the lungs?"

"Lungs?" He scratched his head a moment—then . . . "what's them?"

I told him and he laughed in my face. I believe that was the first time that fellow had laughed in thirty-seven years. After he did, by a supreme effort, work his features back to the martyr-look, he told me that "he didn't need lungs down in that hole he was in".

"Anything else wrong with you?" was my next query.

"Y—es," he began meditatively.

"I'm nervous."

I nearly fell into the hole. "Look here, my man, don't you get that in your head. You are not nervous and everything else that I am, are you?"

He laughed in my face again as he said:

"Sure; why shouldn't I be? I'm your self."

I was compelled to admit that he looked the part, but, as I already had all the diseases necessary for making me as unhappy as the most exacting victim of hypochondria might desire, I failed to see where I could find any use for this fellow in my existence. Having everything he had, why double the dose?

So I got mad, and, covering up the whole mass of selves, walked away.

Later I decided to have another look. Something impelled me to so act.

I found them in about the (*Continued on page 66*)

To a Sleeper

By Kennie MacDowd

WAKE! For the rising sun
Kisses the hills!
The Lord of Day appears,
Bathing with light
All this world in which we live
and breathe and hope!
There's no more dark,
No whisper of the dark,
Nor murmuring of night,
To mar this splendid day!

Wake! For the crimson beams
Blot out the stars!
The call of new achieve
Comes with the sun—
And Faith and Hope and Cour-
age thunder to be heard,
The day is here!
No hour for sleep is this,
Instead a time to dare—
And do what light inspires!

A Plea for Tranquillity in an Age of Haste

Speed

WHEN Li Hung Chang was touring America and was being entertained by the lords of industry, he was told by one of the railroad kings of those days that his system had just put on a crack train which saved six hours between New York and Chicago! That quaint oriental philosopher-prince quietly enquired: "What do you do with those six hours after you reach Chicago?"

All high-powered auto salesmen nowadays dilate with pride in showing a car when they claim, and demonstrate, that "she will do sixty and not leave the road". It is all very well to do sixty when there is any necessity for speed, but why do sixty ever when there is no necessity?

A friend with whom I was riding back from a country club last fall ordered his chauffeur to drive home by way of the Valley Road, remarking that we could save twenty minutes in going that way. It was one of those wondrous days in October when the New England autumn coloring was at its height, and the westering sun flooded the hillsides with liquid gold and the big trees now and then cast long damp shadows across our woodsy road. I had assumed that we were out for an afternoon of leisurely pleasure, not just to make time. We saved the twenty minutes, averaging between fifty and sixty, but lost all the old-time joy of feasting our souls on the exquisite vistas down the long valleys of light and shade painted by nature with her softest brush.

I have three nephews in high school. They can figure the horse-power of different sizes of gasoline engines, can expatiate by the hour on the strong and weak points of outboard motors, know all about the levers and controls of airplanes; but they don't know what at their age we all knew—where the dainty lady's slipper grows, the difference between the white maple and the rock maple, when the frogs lay their eggs and whether or not the oriole and robin belong to the same family.



Photo by Emilda Andzulatis

By Mark A.
Barwise

*Judge of the Municipal
Court, Bangor, Maine.*

vs. Culture

Some three years ago I casually remarked to an old friend that no one among our acquaintances was reading anything worth while any more; that every hour outside of business and sleeping was spent in the auto or in the movies. Just as a test for our own satisfaction, we selected a book of sufficient sweep and scope to attract attention, not dry or difficult and widely commented upon in all the magazine book reviews, Wells' *Outline of History*, and on canvassing a club of some six hundred business and professional men, we found only *five* who had read it! Such a thing would have been impossible thirty years ago.

What do people do with their Sundays? Those that go to church are so few they may not be considered. Go out to a woodsy hillside overlooking a cement highway any Sunday morning in summer and what do you see? Streams of autos, all headed out of town, all going like mad, and all making the country-side hideous with raucous honking. Most of them are going nowhere—just taking a ride; and they are riding to no purpose. They have long ago forgotten how to enjoy the fields and woods. The smell of burning gasoline is sweeter in their nostrils than the odor of violets in their native haunts. They are ignorant of the sights and sounds of flower, insect and bird life. As far as the beauties of the country go, they might just as well be speeding on some auto race-course.

The great mass of our people are obsessed by this mania for speed. They neither have the patience nor, I fear, the ability to get down to fundamentals and think things thru to a sound and logical conclusion. This mania for speed has been woven into the texture of the modern mind. Consequently a majority of our people lack the stick-to-itiveness to delve into the depths of any subject, but lackadaisically skim the surface of all questions, and at (Continued on page 72)

Nagging Wives vs.

By

Jane Burr



*I nagged him
because I
loathed his
piteous meek-
ness.*

HAVE you ever been in love with a married man?

I fell in love with one before I knew he was married. I was young and he was the editor of a great daily paper and the first "intellectual" I had ever met. He knew he was married, all right, but he fell in love with me because he thought he deserved it.

He never went to the place called home till about three a.m. She was always waiting for him in evening dress and a diamond tiara. She was what might be called a royal nagger, and she worked nights. Night naggers won't let you go to sleep till they've had a good

fight. He would not fight.

Naturalists say that even the granite under Niagara wears away two inches a year, but her incessant and vitriolic downpour made not the slightest impression on

Fred, so one night after he had gone silently to bed she set the mattress on fire. Even that did not get a word out of him. He smothered the flames, dressed silently and went to his club to sleep.

I could see him, calm, handsome, with a bubbling sense of humor waiting for her to stop screaming for his love—such a way to get it!

There are morning naggers in kimonos and curl-papers who awaken you early and won't let you go to work till they've ruined your nerves for the day. Such a good send-off for a husband—makes him so fit for the struggle of earning a living for the family.

Fred and I met in the Art Museum one afternoon. As we sat down on a bench, one of the guards sat beside us. Fred said, "Shall I kill him or give him a dollar?" I thought the dollar held less of aftermath.

He wanted me to tell him to get a divorce and I wouldn't do it. He wanted me to promise I'd marry him if he got a divorce and I would not promise.

When I could stand the strain no longer, I insisted upon meeting his wife. I don't know why but I felt I had to see her, to talk with her and then make my decision for our future.

All I can say is this: If you're in love with a married man and think you can't live without him, make him take you home to meet his wife.

View your hero, weak, wobbly-kneed, small, obedient, frightened, even whining in the presence of his lawful mate and you'll be cured.

Scientists say that elephants work unceasingly and humbly for man because of something in our eyes that makes us look about the size of the Woolworth Building. Husbands, in the home, all seem to have the same optical defect.

The man you've worshipped, looked up to; the man who has pushed thru mobs to make way for you; the man who would have killed the museum guard at the bat of your eye, shrinks in his own home to something so infinitesimal that you have to scrape around in the ashes of your dead love to find him. What you would want of him I don't know unless it is that you have a kiddy car rusting at home and long for someone the right age to give it to.

"Anything for peace!" he says, when you chide him for his shrinkage.

I was cured of a two years' undying passion in one hour. That was twenty-five years ago. Fred is old and bent and venomous.

"Why did you stay?" I asked the last time I saw him. "Oh, I don't know. There (Continued on page 60)

*Illustrated by
J.
Sanford Hulme*

Faithless Husbands

By Elizabeth Fairfield

MARRIAGE is a queer game. I know because I'm married—and I married the man I loved.

There wasn't any reason, that I could see, why we shouldn't marry. He was a nice-looking boy working in the bank of which my father was a director and all the girls in town were crazy about him. I didn't blame them for that: I felt the same way. He was tall with dark wavy hair, lots of vivacity and what we girls called a good line.

I was flattered when he began paying attention to me—and thrilled to death when he asked me to marry him. I thought he was a great man, one who would make his mark in the world. He didn't seem just like all the other boys I knew. I suppose every girl feels that way about her man. Of course they don't all turn out to be exceptions.

Mine didn't. After we were married I expect I was the happiest girl in the world. Ralph was just perfect. He had great skill at keeping our romance alive, and every minute when he wasn't in the bank we were together, and we never seemed to get tired of each other. That was for the first couple of years.

I remember the first real shock he ever gave me. No, it didn't concern another woman. It was this way. In the bank with Ralph was a plodding, slow, rather stupid boy at whom we always laughed. He hadn't been in the bank as long as Ralph, yet when a new assistant cashier was needed, it was the *plodder* who got the promotion—and my man was left right where he was. I couldn't under-

stand it. I was hurt and disappointed. I asked Ralph about it and he just tried to laugh it off. But I wanted to know and I kept asking him until he got angry and we had our first real quarrel.

Probably I should now be a happier woman if I had consumed my disappointment in silence. I know that after that I began to wonder if he was as great and unusual a man as I had imagined.

Don't think that I stopped loving him. Far from it. About that time our baby was born and he was so much like his father and I loved them both so intensely it hurt. More than ever then I wanted Ralph to be the man I still hoped he could be—wanted it for him, for myself, for our son. I talked to him about this ambition of mine. Often, oftener than I should, but I couldn't

help it. It was so much a part of me and I felt that if I could just stir him up. . . .

And then I learned about the other woman.

Not openly and frankly, you understand; not so freely that I could ask him about it. The whole thing was dark, mysterious, but it was there. I *knew* it was there—and I didn't dare say anything about it. It was more than a suspicion; it was a fact, but it was one of those facts that hang in the air.

It made me bitter. I had given him everything that I had to give—and he had failed me. I had idolized him and magnified his talents and he had turned out to be less than average bright. I had been as faithful to him as tho he were the only man in the world. He couldn't even be faithful and he wasn't brave enough to be frank (*Continued on page 62*).



View your hero in his own home — weak, obedient, frightened.

“Bob” Bishow

The Thrilling Story of a Brave Little Waif

BOB BISHOW is one of Cincinnati's wealthiest and most influential citizens, and a newsboy. Incidentally, he has just been elected to membership in the Chamber of Commerce in his home town.

“Martin,” he said to me one day, “I owe whatever success I have made to the fact that I have tried to be a friend to everybody I sold a paper or magazine to.

“When I was a kid, I used to stand on my corner seeking to read the faces of passers-by. Studying their psychology, you would term it, but at that time I didn't know what the word psychology meant. Instinctively I learned to sense the story that lies behind each tell-tale countenance: of sorrow, happiness, hope, vain ambition, despair.

“One day I saw a girl pass, a hungry look in her eyes that matched her torn coat, her battered shoes. I didn't know then what made her stare so solemnly at the crowds, but I know now that she was filled with home-sickness and regret; those mournful blue eyes were searching vainly for a friendly face.

“Finally she asked me if I had *The Atlanta Journal*. I told her I had nothing but Cincinnati papers, but if she would wait until tomorrow I could get her a *Journal*. Next morning I had her *Journal* but she never came back for it. On the front page of *The Cincinnati Post* that afternoon I saw a sketch of her. They had found her body in the Ohio River. It was the age-old tale of a woman who left husband and baby for another man who eventually deserted her in a strange town far from home. I guess she couldn't stand it any longer, being starved in stomach and heart and never hearing a word from the two she had left down in Atlanta.

“That incident was the turning point in my life. After that I always kept a big stack of papers from other places. I was the first newsboy in Cincinnati to handle out-of-town papers on a large scale and it has been an investment that brought me goodly dividends. Still, I can't forget that girl. How I wish I'd had the Atlanta paper that afternoon, and that she'd read an advertisement in it telling her all was forgiven and to come home!

“Then and there I made up my mind that I would try to be a friend to everybody.”

The eldest of six children, four of whom were boys, Bob Bishow was born in Riga, Russia, thirty-six years ago. His father, David Bishow, was one of the few Jews permitted to practice law in the land of the Czar. Bob's paternal grandfather was a fur-trader.

Altho Lawyer Bishow and his family were not persecuted by the Russians, it grieved him to see others of his race subjected to ill treatment, so he determined to emigrate to the United States. All eight Bishows landed at Baltimore in 1898.

Soon after their arrival, Lawyer Bishow was taken ill. Bad news from Russia—his own father had been murdered—aggravated his ailment, and, after lingering for several years, he died.

The widow soon discovered that her late husband's savings had been sorely depleted. She disliked Baltimore and the East. Old friends from Riga lived in Cincinnati and highly recommended it. To Cincinnati the Bishows went.

Winter was approaching. Seven mouths had to be fed from a cupboard that rapidly was becoming like Mother Hubbard's. Clearly something had to be done about it. Bob, the eldest child, was only eight; in fact, he had just started to school. The mother thought of getting a job, but who would take care



Mr. Bishow

of her six children? Mrs. Bishow grew alarmed; wished she had stayed in Russia. She might have appealed to her friends from Riga. She didn't, for the Bishows were proud; she would not beg—she would die first! Yet—how about the children . . . ?

While she was debating what to do, little Bobby tugged at her sleeve. “If you'll give me a nickel, mamma,” he pleaded, “I c'n make lotsa money sellin' papers. Le'me try, please.”

This story would have been better if that nickel had been their last. It wasn't, tho, but mighty close to it. The following morning Bob proudly marched forth to his first job.

In the evening when the family sat down to a scant dinner, the small bread-winner was missing. Feeling keenly the loss of her husband, Mrs. Bishow bewailed the day that brought them to America, reproached herself for allowing the boy to leave her side; surely, she sobbed, he must have been killed by a street car or else badly injured. Since he left she had worried continually; she had not eaten. Suddenly she heard

The Friendly Newsboy Who Now Has Friends EVERYWHERE

By
Harry V. Martin

Bob's step, his voice: "Shut your eyes, mamma, an' hold out your hands!" She obeyed, and into her outstretched palms he poured what appeared to them a mountain of pennies. A born showman, Bob had reduced the proceeds of his day's work — one dollar — to the smallest change possible. In great-eyed wonderment the Bishows listened while their hero recounted his tale.

Afternoon newspapers in those days were sold to the boys at two for a cent and they in turn disposed of them at a penny apiece. Purchasing ten papers, Bob, with uncanny business ability for a lad of his age, unerringly selected one of the best corners in the mercantile district and got rid of his supply in a few minutes. He ordered again and again.

Charles Barto was Bishow's first customer. The papers that September sixth, 1901, were glaring with the account of President William McKinley's assassination.

Piping his loudest, Bob began: "*Times-Star* . . . *Post* . . . all about de West End fire!"

"Oh, my goodness," gasped the kind Mr. Barto, "don't you know that McKinley is shot?"

"McKindling!" replied Bob. "Who is he?"

Nevertheless, he took his new friend's advice and began to cry the McKinley story. Soon all his papers were sold and he darted off for more.

For several months Barto would pass Bob's corner every day and pick headlines for the boy to yell about. Bob never forgot the kindness.

When the Bishow family enthusiasm had subsided a bit, it was Mrs. Bishow's turn. "Bobby," she counseled, "of course you must not neglect your schooling—your father would not like that."

"Sure, I won't," the boy replied. "I wanta learn English and make you proud of me."

Bob's daily schedule, taking effect immediately, was as follows:

At 4:30 a. m. he arose and ate breakfast. From 5 o'clock until 8:15 he sold morning papers. From 8:30

until 3:30 in the afternoon he attended school and from then until 7:00 in the evening he sold afternoon papers.

This left him some time to study and sleep, but you may be quite sure that he had precious little opportunity to play.

After Bob finished his grades at Washburn School, at twelve years, he devoted his entire day, beginning at sunrise and ending at sunset, to his newspaper trade. From 7:30 until 10 o'clock in the evening he went to West Night High School until



The Fountain News Shoppe

he obtained his diploma. Bob controlled the southwest corner of Fifth and Walnut Streets where stood the Johnston Building, the present site of the palatial addition to the Hotel Gibson. His brothers, Adolph, Allen and Joe, particularly Joe, the youngest, were proving valuable aides. Joe had developed into a first-class amateur fighter. Bob not only was peaceful but lacked ability to use his fists. Whenever an altercation arose that could not be arbitrated between Bob and some other newsie, Joey could be depended upon always to settle it.

Resolving to branch out, after four years on the same corner, Bob cast longing eyes at the Esplanade surrounding the Tyler-Davidson fountain and better known as "Fountain Square". No other newsboy had ever thought of that spot. He had a carpenter build a big stand and place it at the east end of the Esplanade. Stocking the stand with newspapers from all points and the most popular magazines, he quickly trebled the usual receipts of all four brothers at the old corner. Bishow Brothers kept the stand open twenty-four hours each day.

Awakening to the fact that they were "squatters" on this valuable piece of city property who paid no rent, city officials did nothing about it for eighteen years. About five years ago Cincinnati changed to the charter form of government. One of the first moves under the new administration was to evict Bob Bishow and his brothers from Fountain Square. (Continued on page 65)

Open *the* Door!

ARE WE not too prone to excuse the present by assuring ourselves that we are much too big for the position we have now? That it is only a makeshift we have chosen for the present. That we really are much above it and could step out of it any time into finer work with greater remuneration.

Suppose we grant this for the sake of argument—that you are too big for the work you are doing, that you could step out of it into something better at any time you like. Then why do you not do it?

The truth we must face is that we are standing on as high a rung of our ladder as we are capable of climbing to *now*, no matter how far down it may seem to be.

You may have qualities that soar higher than where you stand, but you also have qualities that do not, or you would be in the higher position which you feel you could fill were circumstances to open the door and let you in.

That which you term *circumstances* is the wisest of sages. It knows that if you are not strong enough to open for yourself the door, you will not be strong enough to mount the stairs that are just inside or to open the numerous other doors which would need to be opened were you to succeed in the job. It cannot stay by your side opening doors, so it leaves you in your present position until you grow strong enough to open your own doors.

It is wise, so wise that it gives you but one door at a time to open—but this slight task it leaves entirely to you. *It knows the only way you can learn to open doors is by opening them.* If it were to open the first door and let you pass thru, you would not be any further ahead than you were, for soon you would find that you were standing face to face with another door.

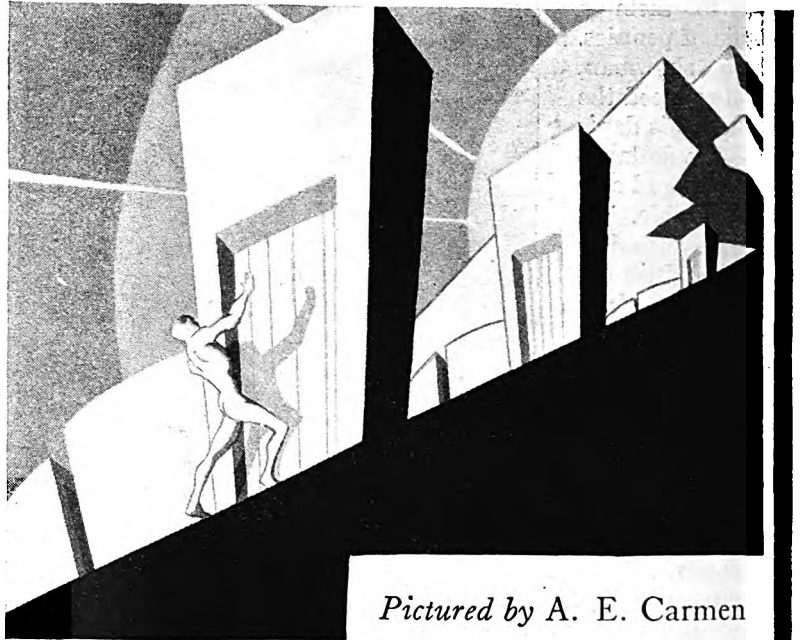
The height of your position is not determined by your strongest points but by your weakest. Just as the chain is as strong as its weakest link, so are we as strong as our weakest point.

Weak points are weights which hold you down. But so can they be the things which hoist you up. All great men have had them. In almost every instance they had to put forth such an effort to overcome a prevailing obstacle in their lives that before they knew it they excelled the average.

Does it not behoove you to remember that the same reason or reasons which serve you as an excuse for not bettering your position more often than not spurs another man on? One man has a wife and baby, therefore he cannot risk a change of position. Another man has a wife and baby, therefore he must make a change. Now that the demands on him are greater, he must venture on.

Weak points should receive our greatest consideration. They should not be regarded as negligible. If they are to become assets we must face them—face them honestly and reckon with them.

Do not exonerate yourself or feed your ego by constantly assuring yourself that at any time you choose you could do this or that. Learn just why you do *not*



Pictured by A. E. Carmen

do it. If it is a question of changing your position, face the reason which holds you back. In your mind you know that reason. Call it by name. Vivisect it. And when it is before you, dealt with honestly, it will lose its power, its hold on you.

There is nothing to prevent you from doing anything that you want to do except your self-imposed limitation. There never was a weakness that could not be overcome. The same one that holds you back has been overcome hundreds of times by others. Every day it is being overcome by some one. If by others, why not by you?

Simple it all is when a man is honest with himself. To be able to open your own door is only a matter of seeing clearly what it is that is hindering you. Small it may be, yet beyond it, out of your reach, lies the realization of your dreams.

The most difficult position is only the incorporation of sundry small ones, each simple in itself when done one at a time. Reading a book would be impossible if it were necessary to read all the pages at once. Crossing the continent by foot would be impossible if it had to be done all in one step. Instead, one page of a book at a time is all that is required of a reader. One step at a time is all that is expected of a wayfarer.

Don't Wait for Circumstances

By Lane Soutar

—not only all that is expected or required, but all that is possible. Yet if the reader persists in reading one page at a time *long enough*, as surely as he breathes, he will reach the conclusion of his book. And the wayfarer, taking one step at a time, will arrive at the other side of the continent.

So it is with the position that you have in mind. If you reach out of your own volition and open one door, you will find that it requires no more effort or skill to open the next. In fact, the mental muscles and strength gained from the first venture will make the next, in comparison, seem possibly easier.

With faith in yourself, faith in the good of your undertaking, you have but to throw back your shoulders and *begin*.

Be sure you know *what* you want. You could place no greater weight upon yourself than not to know exactly what it is you want.

Be sure that you *want* it. You may wish that you want a thing, or even wish that you had it, but to get it you must *really* want it, desire it beyond everything else, or your impulse to open that first door will never be *strong enough*.

Whether or not you want a thing can be tested usually by your eagerness to prepare for it. You should be eager to prepare for what you want to do—to acquaint yourself with the minutest details that have to do with that particular work. How many failures result from the fact that men covet big and lofty positions without the slightest desire to bother with what they term the minor things concerning them—*preparedness*. Is that fair?

The man who is filling the kind of position to which you aspire either came to it, rung by rung, from the bottom, or else delved into every minute phase of it thru persistent study. It is on one or the other of these foundations that success rests.

To prepare does not mean that you leave your wife and children, sell your home and register at college. It only means that you do everything within your power and reason.



It is fortunate, indeed, if a man is a college graduate, but his being a graduate does not mean that he is a success. The name of his college may give him a pass thru a door or two, but thereafter he will find that he must open his own doors the same as another man, and he either does or he does not do it. It all depends upon the man, not the college.

Success is not an evasive thing which must be ensnared into your hands—caught in a trap or by night. You need not travel in search of it. It is not something that is remote, something in a city distant from you. *It is where you are*. Success is the result of honest effort, and that kind of success can be achieved by any man. All that is required of you is that you do your best.

You will know when you have laid aside all excuses and buckled down, giving your all. This in itself will furnish you the required assurance and strength to open the door ahead, and the succeeding doors will no longer trouble you. Honest effort has never yet failed.

Do what is required of you. If you must get up in the small hours of the morning to study, get up. If, at the age of forty-five, you must haul out the child's school bag and English grammar, haul it out. Do what is required of you—but do it *now*. Procrastination will defeat you. Making excuses for yourself will defeat you. But if you engage all your reasoning, all your powers, in short, if you direct all your efforts toward your desire, there is nothing that can come between you and its realization.

March On

By Francis W. Harland-Edgecumbe

I WILL hold no truce with Yesterday
Nor parley with the Past
Let me grapple with Today
Hold it fast.

I will not look back upon the road
Nor linger with regret

Let me steadfast go the way
Onward yet.

The Future mirror of the Past?
Ah! Not to us, my friend.
Let us forward on the road
To the end.

An Interview with the Founder of the New York Society for

"DR. ADLER'S office is in the tower."

The brown-cheeked child who was guiding me about the grounds of Fieldston lifted inspired eyes to the narrow, gray, turreted structure.

"His office?" I asked.

"His study, too," the child amended. "Wherever the doctor is he is always studying and learning." The one window in the gray tower room is like a contemplative eye looking out of a calm face. Detached, it sees all, reflects all.

The last time I had seen Felix Adler he had delivered a discourse to the Society for Ethical Culture on Central Park West. On the cool gray facade of the structure are engraved the words: "Dedicated to the ever increasing knowledge and practice and love of the right." Above the platform within is inscribed, "The place where men meet to seek the highest is holy ground."

It was Easter Sunday. The edifice was crowded with intellectuals who were eager to hear the pronouncement of an apostate Jew on the Christian day of celebration. His voice had rung, cool, poised, occasionally satiric, to the farthest corners of the auditorium and highest point in the dome: "We know that we should leave the world better than we find it. . . . Beyond the horizon we may hope that there is something finer." That we must help each other toward finer living and to hope for something still finer farther on was his message.

Ethical Culture

The famous scholar, founder of the Society for Ethical Culture, turned the birthday corner into his

eightieth year, August 13, 1930. Yet, a short while before, he had sat all night at the bedside of a pupil who died at dawn. "I was his teacher, yet he taught me how to die," he said of that vigil.

Once I had asked him how he had borne the responsibilities and performed the prodigious work of his career.

"A sound constitution, to begin with, is the first prerequisite," he told me. "For many years I have walked six miles a day, not at a stretch but in instalments. I am now reducing the stint to something like four miles. I am particularly fond of mountain-climbing in the Lower Alps.

"I have always been moderate in the matter of food, and, before prohibition, was accustomed to a glass of light wine at dinner.

"The principal conservator of health, however, is, I believe, steadfast interest in some non-egoistic aim, some object, not sordid nor selfish, that you can work at as long as you breathe."

Persons there were who believed that when this pioneer in many civic reforms and institutions, founder of humanitarian philosophy which thousands regard as a new religion—represented in America, Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Japan—should establish Fieldston, the unique school that is the cap



A view of Fieldston, the unique school that is the cap sheaf of Dr. Adler's endeavors.

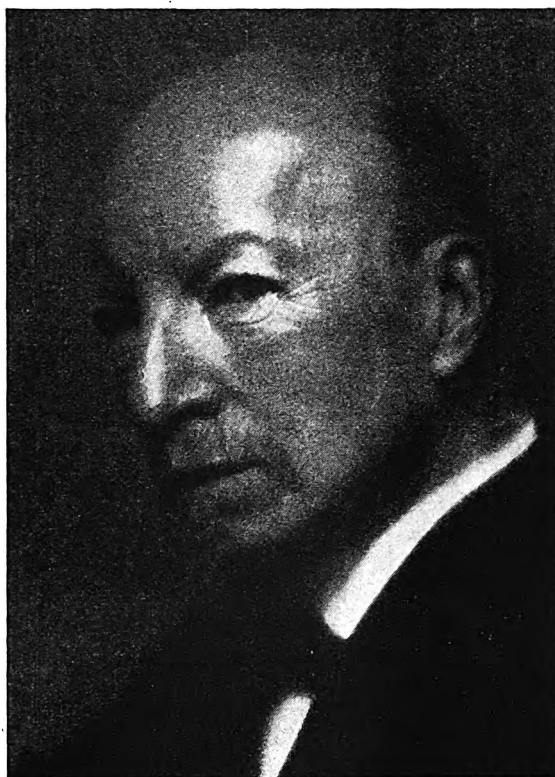
Felix Adler

By
Ada Patterson

sheaf of his endeavors, he would rest. Instead, he moved from his home in the Seventies to an apartment house on the grounds of his treasured school, unpacked his books in the eye-like room in the gray tower and continued the development of the Fieldston idea. "Without haste, without rest," the motto that originated in his birth-land, he will continue that development, will continue his Sunday discourses to the congregations that always fill the stone house on Central Park West when he speaks, and his lectures on political and social ethics at Columbia University. Nor will he cease writing books on the ethical aspect of human relations. "A steadfast interest in some non-egoistic aim" never lessens. His further words, "at which you can work as long as you breathe," may be regarded as prophetic.

Son of the rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, richest and most powerful synagogue in the American metropolis, he might have pursued conventional paths that would have led to his own shepherding of that opulent flock. Instead, the young doctor of philosophy, professor of Hebrew and Oriental languages at Cornell University, the profound student who had known Emerson and Kant, gathered a group of young men in what they tentatively named *A Union for the Higher Life*.

At Standard Hall in 1876, the group of young men, evolved out of the stage of the two-year-old Union for the Higher Life, organized the "new religion", naming it *The Society for Ethical Culture*. Fifty years later the half-centennial of the Society for Ethical Culture was celebrated, with the seventy-fifth birthday of its founder. Long before he had been acclaimed in many lands as a leader in contemporary thought. Societies existed in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis. London had its Ethical Culture Church, France its *Union pour L'Action Morale*, Japan its society, all translating their ethical ideas into social service. Vienna and Lausanne founded societies. All emanating from the brain of Felix Adler. All built upon the three basic assumptions of his Union for the Higher Life. These were sex purity, devoting the sur-



DR. ADLER

plus of income, beyond what is required for genuine needs, to the elevation of those whose needs are greater, and continuous intellectual development. Promulgating these three principles, fostering the growth of new Societies for Ethical Culture, the young leader was himself an example of continuous intellectual development. The while he was instructor in world religions of Cornell University and professor of social and political ethics in Columbia. He was one of the Roosevelt Exchange professors, and a Hibbert lecturer at Oxford.

By no means were the strides merely those of intellect. A working man's school was the beginning of the Ethical Culture School of eight hundred pupils.

Felix Adler, with Theodore Roosevelt and Jacob Riis, led in tenement house reform. He founded the first kindergartens in New York. He led

in the earliest child labor legislation. He was an early advocate of small parks in congested districts. He was leader in the movement for vocational schools. The Society for Ethical Culture provided the first trained nurses for the poor in Gotham.

Works synchronized with speech. The Hudson Guild went to Hell's Kitchen from the Society for Ethical Culture. The guild remains but the diabolical name and nature of the region it invaded, as an army of peace and progress, have vanished. Madison House was opened to alleviate conditions on the East Side.

Believing in the healing influence of the country, Hudson Guild acquired a five hundred acre vacation farm at Netcong, N. J. The same purpose brought Camp Roosbach of Madison House into being. Felicia, a farm of eighty acres owned by the Society, functions at Mountainville, N. Y., every year. Here four hundred and fifty children from the tenement districts spend a happy fortnight every summer. That the Ethical Culture Movement is one toward health of body, promoting health of mind, the Ethical Culture camp at Coopers-town, N. Y., where children from eight to fourteen years of age enjoy swimming, horseback, hikes, mountain climbs, baseball and twilight songs on Sunset Hill overlooking Lake Otsego, is visible proof. They learn the lore of the woods, have an opportunity to work in the shop supplied with a complete equipment for manual training, or they may work in a bungalow at various camp crafts.

There is a greater freedom of thought and expression at Fieldston than in any school for secondary education I have visited. A democracy as of brothers between instructors and pupils. Yet so high is the esteem and so deep the affection there fostered that no word of imperfinitude has ever been spoken. A free expression of thought is encouraged. The fraternal spirit between the teacher and the pupil precludes violence of thought or speech. There was great joy among the teachers on the day of my visit because it had been learned that a girl who had nearly failed in the intelligence tests on entrance had that day been announced as winner of a scholarship for Bryn Mawr. Joy, too, in the groups of fifteen that constitute the student councils. Mental and character tests are applied for entrance to this true democracy of youth. More than a third of the pupils enter without pay.

Dr. Adler is a figure familiar yet revered on the campus and in the lecture room. He leaves the instruction to the teachers but has frequent conferences with them.

The aims of the Ethical Culture Movement have been succinctly expressed by Dr. Adler:

"The purpose of the Ethical Movement, of which the Ethical Society is a part, is to inspire its members with a certain ideal, namely, that of the ethical perfection of human society as the supreme aim of man on earth—an aim to which all others should be subordinate and subservient.

"The purpose of the Ethical Movement is to inculcate in its members the most earnest desire to realize this ideal in their own lives.

"The Ethical Movement declares that to live ethically is to attain to life by promoting the best life in others, never seeking to thrive at the expense of other life.

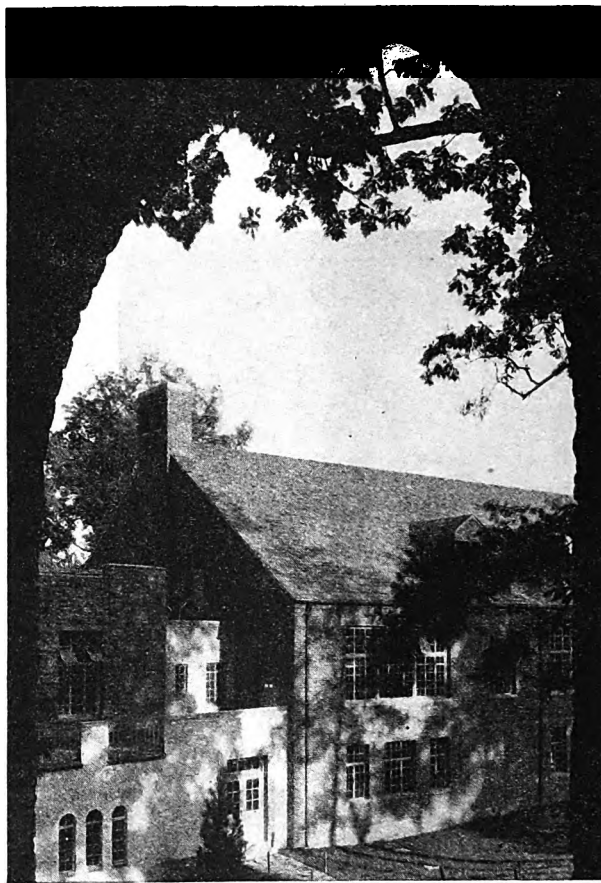
"The Ethical Movement affirms that it is possible so to live without a formulated creed or philosophical doctrine, to have implicit religion without an explicit religion.

"We do not therefore disown nor disparage the far out-reachings of religion, or the philosophical reflections of profound thinkers. On the contrary, we consider them to be invisible manifestations of the higher nature of man, but we hold that their value, in the last analysis, is tested by the degree to which they illuminate the ethical ideal and actually affect the conduct of men.

"We seek to take over whatever is vitally true in the moral experience of the generations that preceded us, but at the same time to restate the moral truths transmitted from the past in terms more conformable to present needs, and, above all, ourselves to add to the fund of moral truth, as far as our utmost searchings may avail.

"The Ethical Movement seeks to preserve the ethical ideal from petrifying, no matter how sublimely conceived at any time, in the belief that it must ever be a growing ideal, and that it will become more convincing and radiant as the developing intellect and character of men shall achieve new insights.

"Finally, the Ethical Movement affirms that to contribute



One of the dormitories at Fieldston.

to the perfection of mankind is the sovereign good, for nations and for social groups, no less than for individuals. They who make this creative ethical task their object will never be distracted with the doubt whether life is or is not worth living. The outlook on that sublime goal will give them courage to meet life greatly, whatever its exigencies, to persist in their endeavors, despite endless failures and in contempt of every specious success, to discover a finer happiness in life's joys, and to see the star of hope and faith beyond life's sorrows."

Of the Biblical Ten Commandments he takes an un-rabbinical view. For instance he has said:

"I like the commandment 'Love thy god and thy neighbor as thyself' but I would revise it to read: 'Learn to see the divine in your neighbor and your eyes will be opened to see the divine in all men.'

"In the case of 'Honor thy father and thy mother' we should have a reverence for that which is to be revered, which is the relationship.

Even in cases where the parents fail to realize the sanctities of that relationship the child should always be expectant of their ability to realize it. I knew a woman who was married to a drunkard. It was difficult to rear her children without disrespect for their father. But she managed to make them expectant that he would live up to their respect for him. And he finally did.

"The ancient law must move toward the man of today. A new conscience is in process of formation in the world. The center of gravity in human interests is slowly being transferred from selfishness to self-expression in terms of service."

In his dedicatory address of Fieldston school, he said: "What we here propose is to erect an altar dedicated to the Unknown God, the God in man as yet unknown, barely glimpsed as to its immense possibilities.

"There is one supreme ideal of life, one supreme object and end in life. That is the unification of mankind, thru the joint efforts of all the members of mankind, to advance the moral perfection of the race. To achieve by the principle of ethical evaluation a unity which inflexible dogma could never impose.

"A new conception of culture is needed. The specialist, whatever his specialty may be, in addition to being a specialist must be a cultured man. The business man must be a cultured man. The working man must acquire culture. And culture means mutual understanding. That is understanding and appreciating the values that are produced in other lines than one's own, among other classes and peoples than one's own. This alone is that kind of mutual understanding, namely mutual appreciation, which in the long run will produce good will and peace in the world."

The *Remaking* of *Jud Martin*

A Tangled Story of Crime, Deceit, Failure—and then Salvation

JOHN CARLTON had been murdered. He was found dead upon the floor of a vacant cottage in the outskirts of the town.

Carlton had owned this cottage but it had been vacant for two or three months. He was found lying upon his face. Two bullets were lodged in his body and one in his head. There was no weapon to be found upon the premises. He had evidently been dead about two days. There was no evidence of a struggle—no footprints, finger-marks or portions of clothing. He had upon his person about two hundred dollars in cash and a valuable gold watch which had not been touched.

Carlton was a family man and a person of considerable property. He had owned several farms and also a number of good properties in town. He had also been a stockholder in one of the local banks. A detective was brought on from Chicago, but there was absolutely no clue of any value to be found. But there was one fact about Carlton's personal habits which at first seemed to offer something. Tho he was, as has been said, a family man, it had been whispered around for a number of years that he had a weakness for women, had been, in fact, something of a woman-chaser. It was rumored that he had been involved in more than one escapade with married women, but the detectives were unable to get hold of anything tangible. The interest in the case had begun to subside when one morning, about two months after the murder, the sheriff telephoned Colonel Walcott, one of the town's leading attorneys, to say that a prisoner at the jail wished to see him.

"Is it a criminal case?" asked the colonel.

"Yes."

"I don't take criminal cases," snapped the colonel. "You know that. Send for someone else."

"But this is a woman," persisted the sheriff, "and she insists on seeing you. It has to do with the Carlton murder."

"That's different," said the colonel, and put on his hat.

The rest of this strange story is told in the colonel's own words, as he related the whole episode to a group of old college mates at a class reunion.

ITOLD the sheriff that I would come up at once. I found an interesting situation. A young married woman about twenty-five years of age, a Mrs. Jud

By

Elmer E. Ferris

*Professor of Salesmanship
New York University*

Martin, was in a cell, charged with the murder of John Carlton. She had voluntarily gone to the sheriff that forenoon and confessed the murder. He had taken her before the district attorney and she was formally committed. The attorney told her that she must have counsel.

She had then requested the sheriff to send for me.

Now in order that you may understand this situation let me tell you a few things about Jud Martin and his wife. He was a well appearing chap about thirty years of age—a live-stock buyer for a packing company. He had some good business qualifications but possessed a roving disposition—he was unstable and shiftless. He was fond of hunting. He kept a rifle and a couple of shot guns and revolvers and a good hunting dog. He never got on particularly well in business, in fact, you might say he was a failure.

Mrs. Martin was a medium-sized girl and dressed plainly but in excellent taste. I am not exaggerating when I say that she was a woman of unusual beauty. I had never met her before. I knew her husband slightly—he had served on a jury once in a case that I tried.

The sheriff ushered me into her cell and left us alone.

"The reason I sent for you, Mr. Walcott," said she, "is that the district attorney said that I must have a lawyer."

"We will see about that," said I. "Just tell me from the beginning about this Carlton matter. Tell me about your home life and how you happened to meet Carlton."

It seems that she and Martin had been fond of each other and had gotten on fairly well together considering their circumstances. She had realized that he possessed the ability to do something better than he ever had done. They owned no home of their own but she was ambitious to get one and she had been willing to work hard and save, but Jud could never achieve it. They had gotten acquainted with Carlton thru some business deals. Carlton was something of a live-stock raiser and Jud had bought live-stock from him several times.

"He began coming to our house to see Jud about business," she said, "and after a time he seemed to get interested in our family affairs. He was such a pleasant man and, of course, we knew he was rich and we felt flattered because he seemed to enjoy coming to our house. One evening he began to tell us of a plan which he said had been in his mind for some time. One of

his farms was a small place—about fifty acres—located near the city. There was a nice house and other buildings upon it. It would have made a nice home. He said that he was inclined to offer this place to Jud on easy terms, and make him a sort of superintendent of all his farms and go in for cattle-raising on a large scale. He said that he would give Jud enough salary so that he could pay for the house in a very few years.

"Jud and I got excited over the plan—it was a chance to get a home at last—and we frequently talked over the matter with Mr. Carlton. We both of us thought it was as good as settled. Then Mr. Carlton began to call at our house occasionally when Jud was away on his buying trips." At this point Mrs. Martin hesitated and her statements became somewhat fragmentary. Now in order that you may not judge this woman too harshly, let me say further about Carlton that he was not only wealthy and successful, but he was a good looking, well dressed man and was shrewd and masterful. He understood women and knew how to work himself into their good graces and while Mrs. Martin did not go into all the details about that, it was easy to see that she fell a victim to his wiles, much as a bird falls under the hypnotic charm of a snake. He finally accomplished his purpose with her once. When Mrs. Martin reached this point in her story, she stopped.

"Go on," said I, "this is all in confidence."

She waited a moment and then proceeded.

"When Jud came home I could hardly bear to look into his eyes. I had always been true to him. I tried to conceal it but he knew that there was trouble somewhere and after suffering over the matter for three days I finally told him all about it. It was terrible to watch him. I had thought that maybe he would shoot me but he sat there perfectly still for about half an hour—it seemed like a week to me. Then when he spoke his voice was kind of cold and hard.

"That man Carlton has got to die," he said. 'Yes,' I said, 'he must die, but you are not the one to do it.' And Jud knew very well that I would do it myself. Jud had taught me how to shoot a revolver.

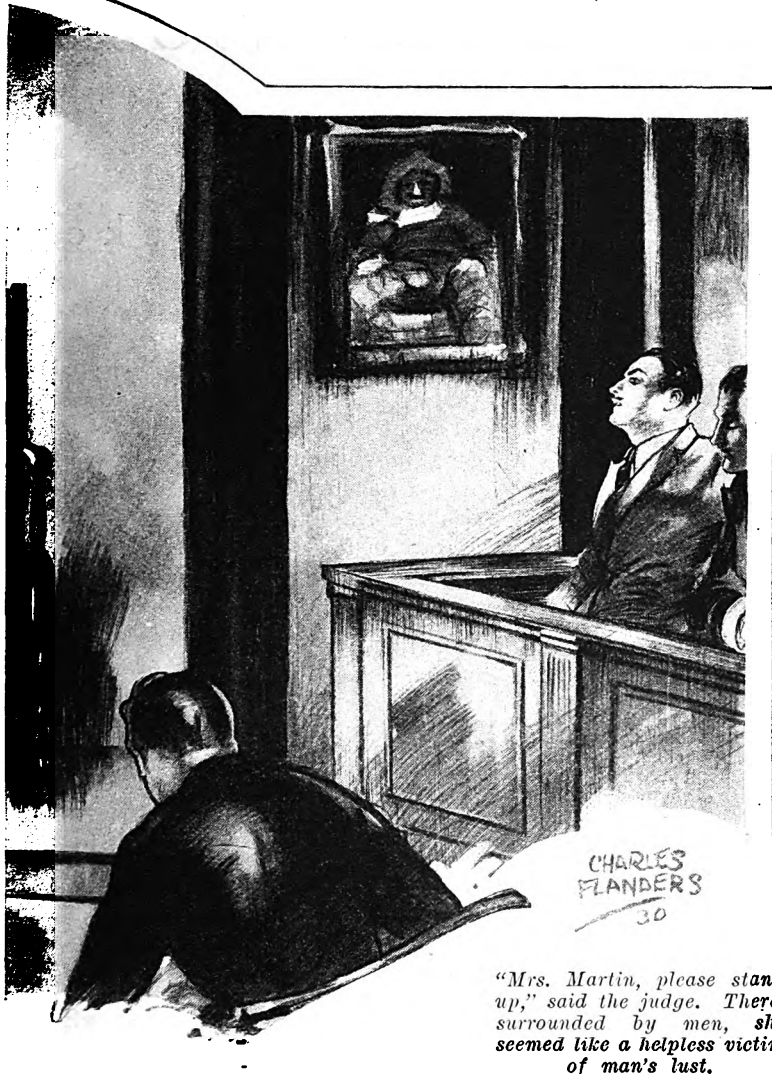
"We said nothing more about it but of course something had now come between us and we didn't talk confidentially any more the way we used to do. Those were miserable days. It was a few weeks later while Jud was away that I met Mr. Carlton on the street and asked him when he intended to have us move out to that place, but he evaded me. Of course I saw that he had never intended to carry out that plan at all. I told him that he must not call at our home when Jud was away—the people would begin to notice it. He asked me where he could meet me and I suggested that we meet the following evening at this vacant cot-

Picture by Charles Flanders



tage at about eight o'clock. He agreed to that and so the next evening I put the revolver into my pocket and went down there. Nobody saw me go in. Mr. Carlton was there and after I went in he locked the door. Then I shot him twice in the body and after he fell I shot him again in the head, and then after carefully watching the street to see that no one was there I left the cottage and went home. It was three days later when Jud returned. They had discovered Mr. Carlton's body and the papers were full of it and, of course, Jud had seen an account of it. The first thing he said to me when he came into the house was, 'So Carlton got shot.' 'Yes,' I said, 'he got shot.'

"We were never the same to each other after that. Jud got kind of melancholy and I got so nervous I would wake up in the night and fancy that I could hear detectives prowling around outside of the house. It was awful. Then Jud and I began to quarrel about little things and one day we got into a frightful quarrel. It started over some trifling matter, but we both got terribly angry—it was because we were so nervous, I guess, and Jud talked to me in the most insulting and brutal way. He called me an adulteress and murderess and said that I had ruined his life. This made me wild and I said some awful things back. I told him that he was a worthless man—that he had never been any good. I said that if he had been man



"Mrs. Martin, please stand up," said the judge. There, surrounded by men, she seemed like a helpless victim of man's lust.

enough to provide me, as any decent man would, with a home, these awful things would never have happened. I told him it was he who had dragged me down because he was a miserable, poverty-stricken excuse of a man and that he would never be anything but a poor, worthless stick.

"I was beside myself. I wondered that he didn't beat me, but instead of that he just turned white and he left home that day and was away nearly a week. When he returned he hardly spoke to me. Our home life after that grew unbearable to both of us and it seemed to me the neighbors were beginning to suspect me, and at night I would dream that they were following me down the street and shouting at me 'You killed Carlton!' And this kept getting worse altho I knew that they never could prove anything. Finally, it got so that I couldn't stand it any longer, so this forenoon I went to the sheriff and told him that it was I who shot Mr. Carlton and he took me before the district attorney and I made the whole confession."

That was her story. Well, you may take my word, it was a jury case made to order for the defendant. Take that woman with her sweet face and gentle voice and her youthful appearance and let her take the witness stand before an ordinary jury and tell that story just as she had told it to me and then let me introduce a little expert testimony on emotional insanity and, Gad!

that jury wouldn't be out thirty minutes!

When her case came to trial, I entered a plea of guilty to second degree manslaughter and asked that sentence be imposed at once. The court asked her if she had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon her. I then requested that she be permitted to make a statement. She took the stand and told her story just as she had told it to me. I never witnessed a more dramatic court-room setting. She was, as I said, a woman of remarkable beauty. Her face showed marks of suffering. She did not appear to be over twenty years of age and there, surrounded by men, she seemed like a helpless victim of a man's lust.

The judge took out his handkerchief and blew his nose vigorously. I knew then that we would get a light sentence. The judge always blew his nose when his sympathies were aroused.

"Mrs. Martin, please stand up," said he. "You have confessed yourself guilty of a crime and your own statement shows you to be guilty. The punishment fixed by the statute for this offense is confinement in the State penitentiary for not less than four years nor more than twenty years. I am going to impose upon you the minimum penalty of four years. That is the sentence of the court."

Then the judge blew another blast and adjourned court. After she was taken to the penitentiary, Jud Martin brought an action for divorce. I wrote to her that she could not successfully defend it and she wrote me a letter in reply stating that she would not care to make any defense, as she and Jud

could never be anything to each other again.

Thru good behavior her term was reduced to about three years and at the end of that time she left the penitentiary and went into another state and dropped out of sight. I heard later that she had gone to Iowa or Indiana.

I was in Des Moines last year, trying a case in the United States District Court, and one evening after court adjourned I went over to the office of a local attorney and was busy there until about seven-thirty and then started up to the hotel for supper. I passed a street corner where a group of Salvation Army workers were holding a street meeting and just before I reached the corner I overheard one of them, a woman, speaking to the crowd.

Her voice attracted me—it was so soft and musical. I felt sure I had heard that voice before. I elbowed my way into the crowd and listened. Presently she turned her face in my direction and I recognized her at once—it was Mrs. Martin. She evidently did not catch sight of me. I waited until the meeting was over and then followed them down to their headquarters where they held their indoor meeting. Just before reaching the hall I stepped up and spoke to Mrs. Martin. She seemed genuinely glad to see me.

"How long have you been a Salvation Army worker?" I asked.

(Continued on page 68)

The Children of a Behaviorist

By

Gladys Baker

DR. JOHN B. WATSON, whose theory of behaviorism occasioned as much of a furore in modern psychology a few years ago as Freud's revelation of sex inhibitions and Adler's inferiority complex, brings his contribution to child training down to practical usefulness and makes it work in his own family.

Behaviorism is as much a part of the Watson household as their automobile and radio.

The two sons of the famous psychologist, Billy, aged eight, and Jimmie, six, are what might be called behavioristic children. Since the day of their advent into the world the younger Watsons have been reared strictly according to their father's scientific formula.

"First of all," admonishes Dr. Watson, "children are to be treated from the moment they are born as if they were individuals instead of toys stuffed with sawdust. Realize that even before a child walks or talks he is not unimpressible to stimuli and suggestions and that only true patterns should be built into his consciousness."

Dr. Watson is also opposed to teaching children those fables which will have to be untaught when the child begins to think for himself. He believes that this early "humbugging" of youngsters sets up a conflict which requires readjustment when the child's own intellectual faculty begins to function, a condition conducive to wear and tear on the nervous system.

"Don't talk baby talk to your infants. Call a train a train and a horse a horse—never mind about the choo-choo and horsie."

Then I put in a word for Wendy and that company of elves and pixies who are said to inhabit the Never-Never land. I urged the case of the Brothers Grimm, of Hans Andersen, of William Blake and, yes, of Wily Pogany.

"About fairy tales, Dr. Watson, haven't they value in stimulating a child's imagination?"

The doctor is fearless in thought and expression. "I should much prefer my boys to read a book on anatomy than a volume of so-called fairy stories! When they are older I don't object to their examining such yarns, but then only as literature. Certainly I shouldn't permit anyone to fill their young minds with ideas of ogres and giants. You wouldn't attempt to convince an adult that such entities exist. Then why take advantage of the



Dr. Watson



Photo by Bachrach

Mrs. Watson

credulity of your children?" he asked.

Santa Claus and the stork are also banished from the Watson nursery.

Billy and Jimmie Watson have always regarded the jovial gift-bearer as a humorous character, but entirely fictitious. However none of these things, according to the expert, is as dangerous to early youth as the silly myths by which he thinks parents seek to escape the responsibility of enlightening their children on the subject of sex.

"We have always told our boys the truth about subjects which are taboo to most parents," declared Dr. Watson.

Asked at what age a child should have the mysteries of birth explained, he replied: "The sooner the better. If possible the parents should beat the boys in the street to this enlightening process. With both of our children there has never been any-

thing sordid, sly or confusing about the subject of sex. We explained it to them as a natural, biological function, illustrating our talks with examples from nature. Viewed in its proper relationship to life, this bugaboo of parents becomes quite as simple as instruction they give their children on hygiene, courtesy and table manners."

Indeed so important does the psychologist consider this feature of child-training that one of his books of psychology has a whole chapter devoted to the subject.

Demonstration of affection on the part of fond parents and relatives has likewise been outlawed by the psychologist. A wee baby, pink and white and cuddly, may still be the inspiration of affectionate salutation but such emotional expression has no place in the ranks of behaviorism.

"Give the babies a fair deal," pleads Dr. Watson. "How would you like to be out in the park enjoying the sun and air and have this or that creature swoop down on you as a target for caresses? The poor little kid in the carriage is defenseless unless the nurse has been instructed against such discourteous procedure."

Dr. Watson Tells How He and Mrs. Watson Apply the New Psychology in the Case of Billy and Jimmie

Then Dr. Watson spoke of his wife and the part she had played in rearing their boys under the banner of behaviorism. The wife of the psychologist is one of his staunchest disciples. Before their marriage she studied with him while winning a degree of psychology at Johns Hopkins. He told me an amusing story of how his wife had aroused the wrath of a strange woman in Central Park. The nurse had young Jimmie out in his carriage when the gushing lady rushed forward with the obvious intention of kissing "the darling baby". When her demonstration was intercepted the lady was indignant.

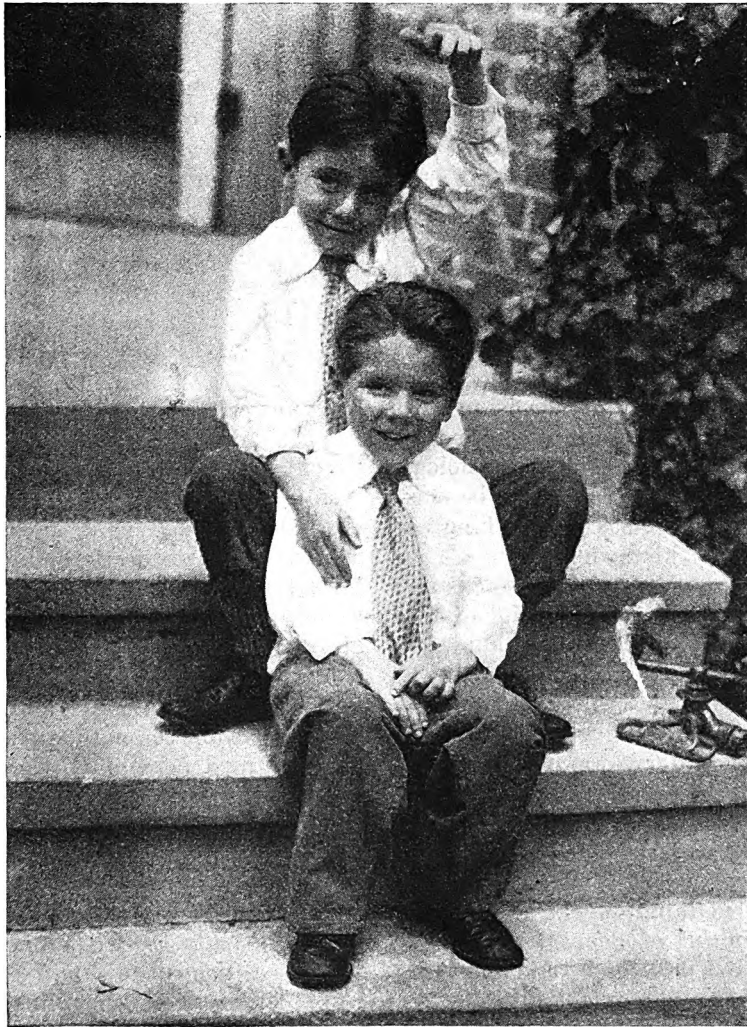
"But you see, madame," explained the nurse, "Mrs. Watson never kisses the babies herself. . . ."

"Well, all I have to say," retorted the outraged dawager, "it that I pity her poor children and she must be a very unnatural mother!"

Yet, somehow, the Watson boys have managed to "worry thru" their unknissed régime and come out with flying colors. They are attractive, intelligent and sturdy youngsters, popular with their playmates, bright at their studies, happy companions to adults.

The relationship on the side of parents and the boys is marked with consideration, respect and courtesy. The Watson babies have never known the words "hush" or "don't" or "can't". When discipline becomes necessary (they are *regular* boys, remember) it is accomplished in much the same manner as two friends of the same age "talking things over".

"So many parents," said Dr. Watson, "make the mistake of imposing on their children. Because they are children they are made to run errands, do odd jobs and



Billy and Jimmie

all sorts of tasks unpleasant to the older members of the family. Also they expect the youngsters to fetch and carry with the unnatural cheerfulness of a Pollyanna."

In a system where the child is treated with consideration Dr. Watson and his wife think it only fair to reward their children for tasks that are uncongenial to them. Thus the two boys earn their own money for games and amusements.

They are never allowed to become surfeited with toys. From the beginning they were allowed to choose two toys for the day. The following morning they were replaced with others. The boys are left during their playtime to their own devices. Expressing a desire for some new possession they are told that they must

help pay for it. Working towards a definite objective, the new workbench or electric train takes on additional glamor. The advantage of such a method, according to Dr. Watson, is that it not only teaches the value of money but the things acquired thru their own efforts are more appreciated and cared for.

It is characteristic of the psychologist that the régime which he has advocated has been consistently followed with his own offspring. From the time Billy was brought home from the hospital he was put thru the paces. First of all it was necessary to break him of the habit of night feeding. Believing that the mother as well as the child is entitled to a full eight hours of unbroken rest the parents began to apply disciplinary measures.

The first night Master Watson awakened at the usual feeding hour and set up a racket to attract attention. His mother, having satisfied (Continued on page 63)

What Is the Subjective

Your Mysterious Mental Resources and Hints

for their Development

Mind?

By Judge Daniel A. Simmons

THE principal purpose of this article is to give the seeker after truth a brief glimpse into that realm of mind which modern scientific psychology calls "the subjective mind"; for one can never be master of his destiny until he at least has a "speaking acquaintance" with all phases of his mentality.

The subjective mind is so vast, so complex, so elusive, so different from the objective, reasoning mind of full waking consciousness that an article of this kind can only point to some of its outstanding characteristics.

The subjective mind is that phase of mentality into which one passes when he is anything else but "wide awake". So closely does it lie to full waking consciousness that the slightest tendency to abstraction or "day-dreaming" puts one into contact with one phase of it. The phenomenon of telepathy comes thru the very top phase of the subjective mind, which is often contacted by so simple a method as remaining quiet for a minute. Conversation among a roomful of people stops for a minute, or maybe for just a few seconds, and then two or more of the persons in the room begin simultaneously to talk about the same thing—a subject entirely foreign to anything that had been mentioned before the brief period of silence. A more frequent instance of the same kind occurs when conversation between husband and wife lags—especially if they are closely attuned mentally by real love.

Because we do not know much about telepathy yet, any scientific discussion of it must be very cautious; but we do know a few things about it, and one of these things is that its best known manifestations usually occur between a man and a woman who are in love with each other. We do not know what force lies behind telepathy. It has sometimes been assumed that one mind is a broadcasting station transmitting "thought-waves" to which the other mind is tuned. But if this is the solution, then thought-waves violate a natural law which governs all other radiating force. All other radiating force grows weaker in traversing distance, whereas distance seems not to affect telepathy. It seems to function thru some strange and spaceless oneness of mind, the whole of which is sensitively aware of

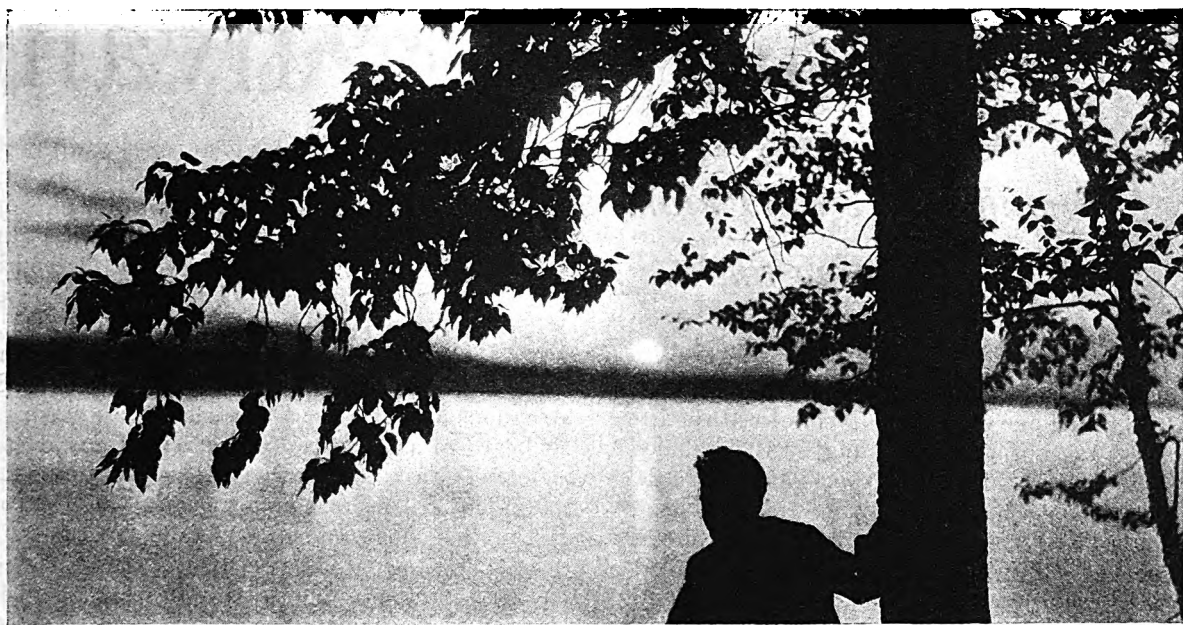
things affecting any part of it—a kind of race-mind covering the earth as a mental atmosphere and binding all human beings into a great mental kinship.

Indeed, this apparent oneness of certain phases of human consciousness is the one thing which more than anything else has hindered our efforts to solve the age-old problem as to whether there is a continuance of individual life after death; for we have a great and overwhelming mass

of evidence that there is such continuity of individual life after death, but this evidence is not worth much as proof if all human minds are thus linked together. For instance, Lady Doyle may go to a thoroly honest and trusted medium friend, and the medium, while functioning in the subjective mind, may tell her the secret tests that she and her husband, the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, had agreed upon during his lifetime, and also may tell her of a part of the test unknown to her, given by him before his death to some third person, the medium giving the name and address of the third person and telling the nature of the part of the test given to such third person. Upon finding and interviewing the third person, everything may turn out just as the medium said, and the test may thus seem conclusively to prove that Lady Doyle is in communication with the spirit of her deceased husband.

I do not know that such an experience has been included in Lady Doyle's supposed communications with her deceased husband, tho the newspapers have several times referred to something in the nature of pre-arranged tests. But such experiences are common in genuine mediumistic phenomena. The question is, "What do such experiences prove?"

Unless the subjective mind of the medium is linked with the minds of all living persons who know anything about the test, they prove that individual life continues after death, and that the loved one who has passed thru the experience of physical death can communicate after some fashion with those still in the physical body. No one who has ever honestly and open-mindedly investigated mediumistic phenomena can doubt that. There is doubt, however, that such experiences spring from any other source than the same oneness of the marvelous phase of mind here under consideration. There is abundant ground for believing that the medium's subjective mind is merely "reading the minds" of living persons, both near and far away from him, without being aware of doing so. The evidence, however, is not conclusive on either side, and never can be conclusive until those interested in it come to a better understanding of the subjective mind than most psychic



The phase of mind which perceives and enjoys the beauty of a landscape . . .

investigators now seem to possess—maybe a better understanding than anyone now possesses.

It is not my purpose here to enter into any detailed discussion of mediumship or of life after death. So much as I have said about these things is intended merely to arouse interest in the subjective mind by calling attention to its far-flung possibilities. In a later article, I purpose to return to this great problem of life here and hereafter, in which article I shall have something to say about spiritualism, spirit photographs, automatic writing, clairvoyance and so forth. All these things involve functions of the subjective mind and are fascinating when considered from a scientific viewpoint; but here I shall deal with a few phases of the subjective mind that are more obvious and less complex.

For the purpose of this article the subjective mind is defined as being that phase of mind lying between full waking consciousness and the true subconscious mind which builds, operates and repairs the body and may be drawn upon for the wisdom one needs in order to make his life what he wants it to be. As a matter of fact, there is a large store of this same kind of wisdom in the subjective mind, and one who sincerely sets out really to know himself and to use all his mental resources soon begins to profit by this store of subjective wisdom; but it is not so infinite and infallible as the wisdom of the true subconscious mind.

Some psychologists of the old school are not quite content with this carving out of a subjective mind from the realm lying between full waking consciousness and the profound depths of the subconscious mind. They have been trained to think and speak merely of the "conscious and subconscious minds". But a failure to recognize the subjective phase of mind as being something radically different from both the objective mind and the subconscious mind leads inevitably to confusion. The phase of mind which perceives and enjoys the beauty of a landscape or which makes plans and specifications of a bridge or a steamship is one distinct

phase of mind. The phase of mind which builds a mass of rapidly multiplying embryonic cells into a human body is another distinct phase of mind. And the phase of mind which delights to dabble with the imaginary stuff of which dreams are made is something entirely different from the other two phases—and dreams are a part of the functioning of the subjective mind.

In one of the many phases of the subjective mind is the store-house of memory. We do not, and could not, at all times carry in our objective minds the memories of all the past events and experiences of life. Life's events and experiences pass thru the objective mind in an almost continuous stream of cognition; and this stream flows back into the reservoir of memory in the subjective mind. But none of the stream is ever lost or evaporated. In the reservoir of memory are perfect records of all the things we have experienced, perceived or learned; the full solution of mathematical problems solved in school days; verbatim records of all the lectures and sermons to which we ever really listened; the full text of all stories we ever read with real interest; all these things and many others are stored in the memory department of the subjective mind, and under appropriate stimulus any or all of them may be brought back into objective consciousness. All this has been demonstrated to be true in a number of ways that need not be described in detail here.

If any reader of this article would like to do a little practical, fascinating and profitable work in the memory realm, here is a simple method. Provide a pencil and generous writing tablet; retire to some quiet place; remember some event of a few years ago, and ask yourself: "What do I remember next?" Write the answer, whatever it may be. Then ask yourself again: "What do I remember next?" And again write the answer. Proceed thus until you are weary; then preserve the written record for the next sitting. If one will make a habit of this simple method, he will get two very splendid results. (Continued on page 70)

From *sub-Invalid*

A Triumph of Right Thinking, Right Eating and Right Exercise

I HAD up to the age of fourteen years lived the life of the average normal boy. I played their games, took great interest in outdoor sports and had a desire for life.

No one ever taught me of the dangers that lie in concentrated products, however, nor pointed out the pitfalls that are the direct result of generosity. Being allowed by my parents to eat when and where I liked, I lost my sense of direction. My appetite ran to sweets, such as cake and candy, and a pound of honey was nothing for me to eat at one time. Because I ate unwisely I fell heir to diabetes when I was fourteen and suffered for three years. My stomach had never been empty—never had any rest. There had been no restraint placed upon what I should eat, nor the quantity. I had become very delicate and was brought close to disaster. Altho it was of my doing it was not my fault—there had been no barrier. I got dreadfully thin—weighed only eighty-eight pounds for a height of five feet seven inches at fifteen. I had weak lungs, catarrh and then—diabetes. My surviving all three would be little short of a miracle. When a doctor was consulted, my parents were told that I could not live six months.

It was right here and then I made the most important decision of my whole life, against the wishes of my parents, the advice of the doctor, and—precedent. I would defy them all.

I used no drugs—never did—never will. This has proved conclusively to me that perfect health is the result of a common-sense attitude of mind. I work along on the theory that nature can and does accomplish more than the doctor. I never tested Insulin; in fact I did not, would not, use drugs in any form. Nature is the true healer. Nature is the greatest miracle worker of the ages—if given a chance to perform.

ONLY an athlete can know what a lot of energy it requires to traverse the 100 yards in 10 seconds, or even 11 seconds. This I have accomplished hundreds of times and I can still run the 100 yards in 11 seconds, almost a daily occurrence in fair weather.

In three years I built up a "constitution", but I nearly started a revolution in doing it. Only three years' time, from sixteen to nineteen, to develop from a puny weakling to one of the world's best athletes. My ambition did not run much to "gym" work. Whatever I did, whatever exercise I indulged in, must be out in the open. I was in a quandary. What should I do and how was I to enforce a training schedule? I hit upon the

idea of combining necessity with achievement. This I accomplished by building a running track on our own property. I could fall out of bed and be running the next minute. By this method it was easy for me to get plenty of exercise. I planned to begin running 100 yards twice a day, until I could run the distance fifteen or twenty times. Surely

a strenuous program for a "hopeless" case! No trainer ever heard of such audacity, nor would any doctor advocate such rash conduct. But I meant to sweat and sweat I did. This fact and a proper selection of diet saved my life and made an athlete of me.

I can eat what I like but I don't. I follow rather a simple diet. Not so much the things to eat but the foods, and combinations of foods, to avoid. The best of diets I think can be ruined by the common but mistaken practice of drinking large quantities of water. What water I drink, I drink when I don't feel the need of it. One glass of water three times a day—in the morning upon arising; one glass half an hour before lunch, which consists of an American cheese sandwich, apple pie and a glass of milk; and another glass of water half an hour before the evening meal. I drink a glass of milk before retiring.

I eat anything I want—anything, I mean, that is good for human beings to eat. I taboo a lot of the food most people eat. I see people eat what they know will disagree with them and then complain of the after-effects. To me that seems ridiculous, but a lot of people keep right on doing it.

I eat no meat. I eat sparingly of fish and chicken and cake. I avoid pickles, cucumbers, coffee. I eat plenty of fruit and vegetables, such as peaches, strawberries, peas, beans, corn and potatoes; also rice and tapioca puddings, eggs, milk and butter; but I never keep on eating until I am full. My weight remains normal, having gained but ten pounds in ten years—one pound a year. I am now forty-five and weigh 168 pounds and am 5 feet 10 inches in height. Following is a menu I follow three hundred days out of a year:

BREAKFAST					
A poached egg on toast			A glass of milk		
or					
A cereal and cantaloupe			Milk		
LUNCH					
American cheese sandwich			Apple pie		Milk
Or (if at home)					
Soup	Bread	Potatoes	Pie	Tea	Fruit
SUPPER					
Bread		Baked Potatoes		Corn (or) Peas	
Cake		Tea		Preserves	
		or			
Macaroni		Rice		Muffins	
		Salad		(No iced drinks)	

I enjoy eating but I make no fetish of it.

to super-Athlete

Mine has been a study of living—not decay. I have truly learned how to eat and live. I always tell my interrogators this—I have learned how to eat and live, that's why I never have anything to complain about.

A great many women think "to per-spire" is unrefined, but this is not the case. Sweating is really a process of refining the body.

In the beginning, after I ran the 100-yard course, I was tired, sometimes very tired, and many times my courage failed me. I would skip a day. But by the next day I would be full of pep again. I soon discovered that getting tired or fatigued was just nature's way of showing her appreciation. She would take from you more than you thought you possessed, but would reward you with added strength on the morrow. By being faithful to your task you will be rewarded for your efforts. Some people believe that you can eat enough one day to last you for a week, and sleep enough to last over a longer period, but this is a fallacy. The truth is: *you must keep building as you go along.*

In the third year, I ventured to run at our high school meet. I was then nineteen. The episode came about in this way. A friend, living a few doors away, knew I was in training. He had seen me in my workouts from the roof of his father's house. I invited him in one evening, seeing that he was interested in athletics. Not knowing I was running the 100 yards under 11 seconds, he volunteered to give me a few pointers. You see, everyone had the idea, because I had had diabetes, of necessity I must be sick. And a sick person must be in bed under the care of a doctor. The day this boy came over was the day he became my rival, because I demonstrated I was a better runner than he.

On the day of the "meet", the club's doctor said to me, "You had better go home, this is no place for you. You'll strain your heart and probably die." But I insisted, and was permitted to run. The doctor's attitude would have unnerved me, if I had not been told the same kind of a story before.

There were eight events on the program, and I had placed my entry in four. My entry caused considerable comment on two counts: first, that I could expect to compete in four races; second, the fact that the doctor "turned me down". How can the fellow,

Mr. Collins says:

The chief factor in any cure lies in the fact that you must exercise to get the fresh supply of air, to throw off the waste matter and to build strength for the next day.

Eat in moderation, which is the intake, and you will live to be at least your three-score years and ten.

Mine has been a study of living—not decay. I have truly learned how to eat and live. That's why I never have anything to complain about.



MR. COLLINS

By
J. W. Collins

suffering from a serious ailment, hope to win one race, let alone four, was the comment. My audacity astonished them all.

I'll admit now I must have been prompted by a reckless spirit of adventure. I was going to carry the battle right into the enemy's camp, and me "walking around on crutches". I had improved wonderfully in the three years. Here was my opportunity to show the "customers".

The first event on the program, as is usual, was the 60-yard dash. I was extremely nervous as I toed the mark. As the pistol cracked out I half slipped and got away to a poor start—a yard behind. I knew nearly everyone there at the games anticipated my losing; still, there were those who hoped I would win—a race. I finished second.

The next event was the 100-yard dash, with but a few minutes' interval. In my second attempt, I got away to a perfect start, and held it on even terms with my pace-maker until five yards from the finish—then I won by a yard. I received a great ovation from the crowd. The "440" or quarter-mile was my next venture. I had some doubts about competing before the race—was I, would I, be equal to the test? I was not tired, the two previous races seemed to have had no effect upon me. I was eager to try conclusions with the others. I had no difficulty whatever. I finished the run as I pleased—not a record but good time for an "invalid"—about 56 seconds.

Those who thought I had no possible chance of winning a race were now the ones who were rooting the hardest—they were willing to wager all they possessed that I would win any event I entered.

The half-mile, or "880", was to be my fourth and last race for the day, with but twenty minutes' rest. The crowd had by this time worked up to a great pitch of excitement by unprecedented performance and were with me to a man as I started on the half-mile. This, too, proved I had nothing to worry about; I won handily. I did not seem at all like "an invalid". Where was the plot? As I finished the half-mile and was about to leave the grounds, the club's captain asked me if I didn't want to help him out. Their "end man" on the relay had a bad ankle. I consented.

The "take-off" man (Continued on page 71)

Happiness

By

Ruth Mary Packard

SIXTY-FIVE little old men and women whom the world has thrown into the discard are proudly keeping themselves out of an Old Folks' Home by making toys in the Crawford Shops down on the East Side.

They are taking a strangely happy trip back to childhood, these old people of sixty and seventy years. The men, twenty-five of them, make gay wooden rabbits and lions and bears, brightly painted wheelbarrows, picture blocks, sailboats and sand-pails. The forty women make children's play suits and nurses' aprons and dress dolls.

Outside in the business and labor market, these men and women have come to the end of the line—too slow, too weak, too forgetful—but here they can go on for a while longer, having a part in the world.

Downstairs, where the toys are being made, there is a pleasant noise of unhurried industry. One lean old fellow, bending over the task of putting a gimlet hole in a foot-board for a lion, hums "Till We Meet Again". The tune mingles contentedly with the sounds of sawing and hammering and sandpapering. The once-brawny Italian, planing a two-by-four on the table next to him, takes a long pole and tickles the ribs of a comrade who is sandpapering a rabbit. Other old men leave off their sawing and pounding to laugh good-naturedly.

Over in the corner a certain Pete, with a sparkle in his pale blue eyes and a tinge of the salt even yet in his sparse gray hair and mustache, begins a sailor tale:

"Not much ticklin' on shipboard, mates," he chuckles. "Just ticklin' the decks with a scrub brush . . . yes, sir . . . that's all the ticklin' I ever did.

"Now when I went round the Horn . . ." but his story dwindled off into silence. Evidently it had been told too many times to hold the interest of the others. Pete has been around the world, according to his tales, but his geography gets tangled if you pin him down.

Tom who sits beside him on the bench seems particularly skeptical. Tom used to be a harness-maker in a little shop downtown in the days when harness making was a good business—and in the days when he had muscle to spare. Now he is a little shaky in the knees, a little dim in the eyes and almost completely deaf. He saws the outline of a snouty hippopotamus with a

patient little fret-saw, hearing neither its noise nor his neighbor's words.

Sandpapering is the business of Jim who used to work in a tobacco factory. A gentleman's work he considers it, too, for he always wears a stiff collar and tie. Louis, the Italian, used to be a wood-carver, and he puts a real artist's feeling into the motion of his plane as it makes curly shavings on the board which he is smoothing. He can't tell tales like Pete the Sailor, however, because he doesn't speak English plainly enough to make the others understand.

John, whose last job was night watchman of a warehouse over near the Hudson, is now putting coats of brown paint on little wooden horses. Another John, who used to be a gardener, takes a smaller brush and painstakingly adds the finishing touches—an expressive eye, a mouth, a forelock and a tail.

There are twenty-five of these men in the workshop, less now than in the winter months. Most of them are sixty or seventy years old and many of them have been there for six or eight years. Fred Brooks, foreman of the shop, is proud of their ability to learn and of their faithfulness to their jobs.

"Some of the men have never done any carpentering



They are taking a strangely happy trip back to

in their lives," he says. "But it is a mistake to think that people are ever too old to learn. If they have ever done anything with their hands they don't find it hard to learn to saw or hammer or paint.

"They never miss a day unless they are sick," he continued. "And a year or so back, there was one—old Bill—who died right on the bench with his pencil in his hand."

Old Bill had been a carpenter in his day. In the shop he did sawing and now and then a little painting for variety. After a month's illness he was eager to get

Home

back to work. He came back and seemed as well as ever. In a few days the heart attack came—and room was made for another at his place on the bench.

The men work six hours a day from nine o'clock until four, with an hour for lunch. They earn \$1.10 a day—a few "skilled" workers getting \$1.25. With this they feel that they are at least partly self-supporting. Usually they get a little additional money from relatives, or if they have no kin, from the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the organization which founded and directs the shops. The toys which are made here are sold in a little retail shop uptown at 726 Madison Avenue.

Upstairs there is the sewing shop for women. White haired and bespectacled, they sit at long tables and stitch away—some of them with the work very close to their eyes. A few of the more skilled ones whirl busily at sewing machines.

Leader of the sewing machine squad is Kate, who has been at the shop ever since it opened, twelve years ago, and who takes a proprietary interest. She is a portly old Irish woman with an efficient-looking mop of gray hair gathered in a knot on top of her head with a huge bone hairpin. "Fussy" Kate they call her, because she

children. They know, too, that the children are now all gone or scattered—all except a daughter who married against her mother's wishes and now lives in Brooklyn.

"I couldn't go to live with her," Kate says stoutly.

"I can make my own way. Always did, I guess." And she gives the wheel another determined turn.

Kate has a "home" of her own, a tiny upper-story room over on East 17th Street with a trunk of possessions, a cot to sleep on and a stove on which to do her cooking. All alone now but she is contented.

There is another Irish Kate in the workroom, too. The second one wears a white shirt-waist with a high collar and a pair of ladylike gold earrings in the withered lobes of her ears. She does hand-stitching on the aprons and proudly tells stories of the time when she was in a shop uptown making clothes for the "fine ladies" of the Avenue.

Matilda, pressing a uniform over on the other side of the room, takes it all in but doesn't join the conversation. The supervisor asks her if she doesn't want to do some sitting work for a while. She refuses, straightening up her back. She used

to be a laundress—for fine ladies, too.

When four o'clock comes they put away their work and go home, either to their own little rooms or to the new apartment house for old people on Tompkins Square. In this house there are single rooms for the unmarried ones and a "suite" of two rooms for the married couples.

The old men and women have their holidays just like the rest of the working world. In the summer they are sent for three weeks to Sunset Lodge up in the Catskills overlooking the Hudson.



John painstakingly adds the finishing touches—an expressive eye, a mouth . . .



childhood—these old people of sixty and seventy years.

is always in a "stew" over getting a lot of work done.

"Don't seem to be getting along very fast today," she flings back to the woman behind her, and speeds up her machine.

"What's your hurry?" another asks soothingly. "Got all day."

They all like Kate. They know she has a good heart beneath her short temper and her impatience. And they know the story of her hardships.

They know that her husband died long years ago and that she went to scrubbing in City Hall to bring up her

Making and Unmaking of Habits

Habit —

OH, PLEASE! do overlook it—I did not mean to offend you—that’s just a funny little habit of mine,” and the young man thought he had made all the amends necessary for looking at his watch every few moments while some one was talking to him. A kindly friend might accept the explanation of the “funny little habit,” but a keen business man who knows minds wouldn’t accept the excuse, especially if the person was seeking a business opportunity or position.

The young man would be due for a jolt and would discover that—the “funny little habit” is a bitter enemy.

No, the business man is not “small”, he is not troubled by the “non-essential detail”, but he does know that the young man lacks the habit of respectful, keen attention and very likely lacks the control, purpose and persistence necessary to master other “funny little habits” (and some that are not so amusing), for instance, the habit of following his own notions as to how things should be done rather than the ways of the corporation or the boss.

Nearly everyone reading the title of this article thinks immediately of some physical or mental bad habits that he would like to control.

First, let me admonish you not to worry about the bad habit or the “funny, harmless but annoying habit”.

Most of such are good basic habits gone wrong. Sometimes the annoying habit is the result of not understanding a good habit. Many bad habits are wrong ways of accomplishing necessary things for your mind or body.

You could not live for a moment if your well-established habits failed. Ages ago your physical ancestors established the habit of making the heart beat and the lungs take in air; you do that with your mind. Every beat of the heart and the checking and

resting of the heart muscles are in response to a message from your mind over two main nerves. The habit was fixed in the unconscious mind by much repetition, and the action is now without volition.

So also with all the metabolic processes of your body. You keep them operating because of the good race habits established by ages of trial and error. You can by thought interfere with your heart action and other body habits necessary to continue in health.

The habit of interpreting what you see, hear and feel; the habit of fear and its children: hate and caution; the habit of ease; the habit of relaxing (amusement, rest, fun, getting away from things); the habit of ambition (trying to “get somewhere,” to “be somebody”), are all fundamental mind activities and necessary for life and the development of your personality.

Use these habits and they continue your good friends, your life-savers. Misuse them or let them misuse you and they become your bitterest enemies—your life-destroyers.

Consider the young man’s “funny little habit” of pulling out his watch. It is based upon the good habit of expedition (finishing a task without wasting time on other matters). If you do not learn to develop this habit, which uses the allied habit of attention, you never will progress as much as you ought. But, the young man was misusing it.

The idea of expedition—“getting things thru”, “getting the job over with”—was dominating his subconscious mind. It interfered with other good mental habits, such as consideration and respect for others (tolerance). He had allowed the habit of expedition to deteriorate so that he was a mere habitual clock-watcher, centered on his own notions and ideas.

Consider the alcoholic victim — he escapes from his worries, cares and the burden of his life’s task. The person taking sleeping drugs is trying to accomplish the same escape and obtain the “rest”.

Now every psychologist knows that it is imperative that mentally and physically we escape periodically from the burden. We must find a way to give our minds a rest. The necessity is so great that the habit is embedded by ages of race experience in our subconscious mind. We must escape from the burden of work, concern about ourselves and others—mental activity.

The habit of resting the thought-centers and the body asserts itself, and we play, laugh, sleep or direct our minds to another train of thought or another interest and if we are wise in the use of this habit of seeking escape and rest, we will shut off entirely the cause of concern and center attention on the different thought or play.



“Oh, please do overlook it! It’s just a funny little habit of mine.”

Enemy or Friend?

So used, the habit will be our good friend, enabling us to *escape* for a little while and rest a part of the brain that needs recuperation.

But the drug and alcohol user does not escape really. He is indeed obeying the habit of resting and "getting away from things", but instead of resting the thought-centers or the body by using other centers of thought, or bringing into use the play-and-laughter ability, thereby giving the blood a chance to clean up and rest the over-used centers, he puts a poison in the blood that deadens all finer thought ability and places a greater load on all the vital organs.

The habit he is trying to obey is good and necessary, but he is misusing it and instead of coming back refreshed he will have a greater burden.

Some people allow the habit of escaping from "reality" to so dominate them that they are forever "quitting for awhile" and reading, visiting, going to a show, sleeping or doing whatever they can to escape the habit of self-preservation that makes you "plug away at the job".

EVERY normal, healthy person has more or less concern about what has come to be designated as the sex habit. Before you can really use this habit you must accept the truth about it. It is a good habit.

If you keep your body and mind active, especially your mind, you will find the sex thought is not driving or harassing you to the exclusion of everything else. There is a race-habit reason for the sex instinct being so strong from about the thirteenth year to the thirtieth of age. If beyond that period it still is occupying the attention unduly, you can be sure that your bodily and mental expression has not been rightly directed or satisfied. Misused, overemphasized or abnormally expressed, the good habit of sex will deteriorate and cause you either to lose or fail to develop properly the finer qualities of character. Rightly understood, controlled and used, the sex instinct will decidedly aid in the development of your mind and health of your body.

Some persons have allowed the sex instinct to so dominate them that it has become their bitter enemy; all of their mental action is colored by this one dominating thing. Their judgment of people (especially of the opposite sex), their decisions, their habit of perseverance, their habit of acquiring knowledge, the habit of memory, are all affected.

Don't blame the habit. Your wrong understanding and reaction are the cause of all your trouble. Mind

By

J. Timothy Curtin

deterioration will result from the misuse or overuse of *any other good habit*.

We are able to live, learn, develop and express our best desire and thought only because of good habits. Even the evil and wrong thinking and acting are expressed by utilizing some of the good, well-established habits of body and mind.

For instance, as a child you had to hook up your emotion, desire, feeling, memory centers and then complete the job by building the

dendrite connections to the speech centers—you learned to talk, acquired the habit of speech. If the dendrite connections to the speech centers are broken (as sometimes happens from a bullet wound) you might not be able to speak altho your vocal organs are perfect. You will still be able to think the words, but you will have to express yourself by writing or motions.

For every other reaction thru your brain centers you build these dendrites. Some bad habits mean that you built the wrong connections, or are misusing good connections, or have foolishly built in dendrite connections that promote a desire for a drug or alcohol, or a habit of silence at the wrong time, or a habit of inaction when you ought to do something, or a dislike for reading, or not giving attention, when reading and attention are the only way of getting the greater knowledge you should

have for doing the work at hand.

If you have any personality at all you will think right now of numerous "funny little habits" that you have built up in the manner described above: prejudices, dislikes for food that you really ought to eat, the habit of putting things off, the habit of letting your thought drift into distressing or wrong pathways every time certain rooms are visited or persons or things appear before you.



After this sailor found a better use of the adventure-habit he lost his desire for gambling.

What can you do about it? That is the important knowledge to acquire.

Before reading the following directions, let me assure you whoever you are—"good", "fairly good" or "quite bad"—you can change or control habit. You can establish any good habit to replace wrong action or thought. You can overcome a vicious habit.

Make a positive suggestion to yourself—"I can", "I will"—then go ahead. Use

your will power, think, practice and keep at it. The control and direction of your mind will become easier and habitual with each small success.

No one can do it for you—you must believe in yourself. There is scientific reason for believing in your own power.



Bird study is a pleasant Island of Refuge.

1st. You must recognize the wrongness or the foolishness of the "funny little habit" or the really bad habit of thought, emotion or action that you wish to correct.

You must decide for yourself what good habit to replace it with. If the habit trouble is emotion or thought reaction to persons, things, ideas or work, decide what kind of emotion or thinking to establish in its place.

You may start by accepting someone's advice as to the need of a change, but all by yourself you must think the matter thru so as to be able to have the decision in your own ideas and wording.

You won't have to think out an essay on the matter—in fact your own thinking may be crude as to words and reasons, but it will be *yours*—that is important.

2nd. You must build up a real desire for the change. Imagine the benefit, the improvement.

Picture yourself with the new or better habit (for instance, if you are "snappy" and ill-tempered, imagine the improved manner, the stopping of constant irritation and the new dignity). In this way you create a real desire.

Sometimes intense desire concentrated upon in thought will remove a bad habit almost instantly. I know about a seaman who wasted time and nearly all of his money on gambling. Gambling is a misuse of the habit of adventure established in us by the ancestry who "took a chance" and experimented with new foods, new ways of doing things and traveled into new unknown countries to find homes. An acquaintance of mine showed this sailor a better use of his adventure habit. He had intense desire to change. In prayer with my friend he concentrated on the thought. From that hour he was entirely rid of this habit.

It need not be expected that you and I will always be as fortunate. We may not have as strong a will and power of concentration. I tell about this incident to emphasize that desire is fundamentally necessary.

3rd. Build the new habit by much practice.

Remember that in most instances you can't create those new telephone connections (dendrites) between the new centers of thought and action in a short time. If it's a physical habit you may succeed quickly.

For instance, in disrobing at bedtime you carelessly drop your garments all over the room. You decide to create the careful habit and place your garments on a chair in the order of their removal. The first night you have to make

yourself do it. If you forget and drop one garment you make yourself pick it up. The second night you practice the new habit again. The third night it's easier and in a few days the habit is established and you find it difficult to be careless again.

So with other habits of thinking, speaking, emotional reactions, new ways of doing things. You practice, practice until the new habit is created. It may take a few moments or a few months. You must exert your will power to check the old and persistently practice the new.

You can do it—you alone.

4th. Develop the good use of a habit or emotion (fear, for example) by checking its wrong manifestations.

To do this you must believe, first, that it has a good purpose and use your sane reasoning power to discover what that is. Then start to establish a normal use or reaction.

I am writing now of the good habits of mind and body that you have wrongly used or misused. There are, of course, funny little habits or seriously wrong ones of body and mind that have developed thru carelessness, laziness, misunderstanding or wrong instruction. There is only one thing to do—develop the habit of positively checking them, figuratively stamp on them.

5th. Develop mental Islands of Refuge.

Whatever the stage of development your thinking ability has reached—you need a way of resting. You must learn to control the mind action so that you can stop thinking about any one person, subject or plan, and rest.

If you do not, you will fatigue yourself so that you will not be able to think rationally or use your full power.

You can not stop by merely saying, "I'll quit thinking about it". The mind is always busy even while you sleep—and you can only rest by deliberately choosing something else to think about and making yourself think of that subject. It should be something interesting and pleasant—something that is different—or you will not rest.

I like to call these subjects (these rest subjects) mental Islands of Refuge. You mentally jump to them to get away from the anger, worry, temptation, business or problem thinking that is fatiguing or distressing you.

I know a man loaded with responsibility who has a very interesting Island of Refuge. He makes a hobby of bird study. When he wants rest, he reads about birds, studies their pictures and walks about the city residence streets or into the country and observes all the birds and identifies them.

Another person made a hobby of trees and shrubbery, learned to look at them and admire, studied them at night, strangely mystic, silhouetted against the sky. He informed himself about different kinds of woods—knew all about forests.

Another person procured an elementary book on astronomy and studied the stars at night. Any moment of the day he could stop and think about the immense universe of which our Earth is a tiny part. Not only did it rest his mind but expanded his soul.

I know of a woman who made a hobby of laces—embroidery and knitting. The information and illustrations on these subjects can be found in a public library and will furnish years of reading, lead your mind into other countries and take you back into the civilizations of past ages.

Bricks, stones, ironwork and architecture are other potential hobbies: soils—what they are good for, what they will grow, how they can be altered, still another. Horses, cattle, dogs can keep your mind and interest any time you need a moment's rest or want to (Continued on page 67)

A Composite Millionaire

By Edward
Earle Purinton

WHAT one possession makes a human being both richest and happiest? Here is a conundrum well worth a solution. It might serve as occasion for a guessing contest among your friends. Having asked a few of them to consider the question, see which comes nearest the right answer, in their opinion and yours.

A fine personality makes a human being both richest and happiest. How do I know? From a careful observation of people very wealthy and also very happy. Wealth is a product of wisdom, and the proof of wisdom lies in the self-creation of a fine personality. Money rewards mentality—mentality evolves personality. Generally, whoever has earned a great fortune was a great man first.

Several millionaires whose acquaintance I have enjoyed prompted the writing of this article. I studied their work and life, talked with them, conferred with their associates, watched their superior efficiency methods in operation, learned the secrets of their huge success. I found also that most of them were as supremely happy as they were supremely wealthy. A composite picture of their personality seemed drawing for the benefit of others; you will find it below.

A preliminary question arises. Did you ever look yourself in the face, draw a mental portrait of yourself and thus arrive at a clear and full estimate of your own personality? Few people are wise enough, honest enough, brave enough, to perform this rare feat of self-appraisal. But self-approval rewards self-appraisal, which fact alone makes self-appraisal worth while.

Whoever sees himself can promote himself by watching, empowering, fortifying, enlarging and improving himself. Also by merging himself so fully in a great purpose that he forgets himself! The finest personality is also impersonal, conveying and expressing a colossal ideal, regardless of all selfish motives and human limitations. The man far evolved is most human—and least human.

That statement calls for explanation. What is personality? The dictionary terms it "the collective attributes or qualities which characterize personal as distinguished from impersonal existence". Alas, the dictionary-makers were too personal to define personality correctly. They lacked psychic vision to estimate the full scope of our humanity. When we were animals, were we persons? No. When we become angels, shall

*We can't all be millionaires;
but we can all cultivate the per-
sonality traits that make million-
aires successful.*

*Study these twenty characteris-
tics of twenty millionaires. You
can acquire these traits, and with
them may gain something even
more desirable than dollars.*

we be persons? No. Yet our instincts are the remnants of animals, while our inspirations are the rudiments of angels. We are not just human, but natural, human, divine. Our personality should therefore be as personal as mankind, but also as impersonal as nature and cosmos.

A perfect man, if there were any, would also be a perfect animal and a perfect angel.

He would possess a triune personality, ages ahead of human comprehension today. To picture such a personality would be waste effort, as scarcely anybody could make it a reality; but to mention the possibility of it strengthens our faith in the future of the unfolding human species.

Here is a suggestion for the improvement of personality. Select a number of leading millionaires for biographical study; have the stories of their lives written by expert psychologists for teaching purposes; adopt these books, or extracts from them, as superior texts for required study in all high schools, colleges and universities; then watch our brightest youths race toward a new goal of personality!

In order to make work, wisdom and character popular, teach all young folks that wealth follows the right union of work, wisdom and character. In short, let ambition and emulation provide instruction for action!

The fortunes of the millionaires I have known reach a total of more than a billion dollars. Would you like to see a composite mental picture of the fine personalities of some twenty millionaires, drawn from life? Here it is. No theory, no prejudice, no preachment—all fact:

1. *Courage.* The spirit of a conqueror. Zestfulness to battle for the right. A will unbreakable. Banishment of fear. Gameness to the last ditch.

2. *Ambition.* Definite goal. Onward and upward look. Resolution to climb to the top. Emulation of world leaders. Overtowering purpose.

3. *Ideality.* Clear conscience. Imagination. Government by principle. High viewpoint. Power to dream largely, and then get busy.

4. *Health.* Vitality. Sound mind and body. Practice of personal hygiene. Knowledge of how to live. Superb endurance.

5. *Skill.* Technical training. Mental speed. Manual expertness. Vocational fitness. Commanding ability to do one thing supremely well. (Continued on page 60)

Are You REALLY Grown Up?

Test Questions for *Measuring Your Maturity*

THE psychologists call it "adult infantilism".

It means simply that, tho you have the physique of a channel swimmer or a super-intellect, or both, you are still a child in your emotional reactions to life. You have never really grown up.

Chester Milton Sanford, lecturer, writer and expert on vocational guidance, says that this inability to grow up emotionally is responsible for vastly more failures in business and the professions than either mental or physical inadequacy. Directing vocational guidance programs in schools, industries, clubs—even in prisons—he has seen the clearly defined symptoms of adult infantilism in all their phases.

"Frequently," he points out, "we hear a man say, 'That other fellow is not so bright nor so strong as I. Why is he a success while I seem doomed for failure?' It is no exaggeration to say that the answer, in the vast majority of cases, lies in this very human but none the less abnormal weakness."

Mr. Sanford is an exponent of the scientific viewpoint in fitting men and jobs to each other. He classifies people as extroverts or introverts or ambiverts and therefore suited to one or another general field of endeavor. He employs the methods of psychology and is the originator of special aptitude tests used in schools and colleges. These, supplemented with high-school grades or the grades from special exploratory courses, can predict with amazing accuracy what vocation will yield success to the individual.

But he admits that the "emotional misfit" remains an almost unsolvable equation in the vocational guidance field. No one can do much about him—no one, that is, except himself—for fortunately this malady is not only preventable but, in large measure, curable.

"It is more than a preaching platitude," he declares, "when science says, 'To do a man's work, you must be a man physically and mentally—and you must be a man emotionally.' Every industry, every office, has examples of these emotional children. There is the stenographer who is subject to tantrums, the salesman who sulks when he is thwarted, the new executive who cannot resist 'showing off'. Childish traits all, as we will see later on.

"History has outstanding examples of how this weakness works. Adult infantilism is seen at times in high places and has contributed to the defeat of empires

and the wrecking of brilliant careers. There came a time when Douglas could not resist the impulse to 'strut' like a self-conscious child before admiring elders. And it was here that the great, grave Lincoln

with his fine sanity and emotional balance rose superior to the infantile 'show-off'. The genius, Napoleon, failed to grow up in certain phases of his emotional life. And at the crisis of his career these childish reactions undid the flashes of greatness that were in him. It does not require a very astute student of men to see that Mussolini, dangerously confusing statesmanship and showmanship, faces the same danger. Lindbergh, on the other hand, hero par excellence of today, has a superb emotional balance, compounded of the same stuff that sent him courageously to *le Bourget*.

"Many successful men rise to greatness almost solely because of this emotional balance. General Grant was far from a great intellect, but he could control men. King George of England would probably reveal an astonishingly low Intelligence Quotient but he has a smooth, mature faculty for fitting himself into the scheme of things—and this is equally important for a king or a file clerk.

"Because in history and near at hand we are able to cite examples of men who survive despite the most glaring eccentricities, men of mediocre ability are prone to excuse all their own foibles on this ground. The fact is, however, that only the genius can 'get away with' childish traits. He will fight his way thru somehow tho his emotional nature, in certain respects, may be that of a six-year-old child. He will be bruised and hurt but he will get along. Yet genius has a balance of its own, a power of conforming, which would be impossible to the average man.

"Take the matter of artistic temperament for example, that cloak under which so many human foibles seek to deny themselves. The prima donna has bursts of temperament it is true, but between times she works and rehearses with a fortitude at which the business man would stand appalled. The editor of an important magazine recently said that of the thousands of manuscripts which he was obliged to read, the worst were those by writers actuated by petty motives—writing to air a prejudice, even a personal grudge. True art must rise above this primitive instinct. Analyze the attitude of Shakespeare toward life as he depicts it and

An
Interview
with
Chester
Milton
Sanford



Courtesy The Redpath Lyceum Bureau
MR. SANFORD

By
Mary
Pepper

you will find an almost super-human emotional balance.

"Adult infantilism is rampant in our national concept of play, where, however, it does little harm. Watch a group of men returning from the golf links at Lake Placid or the surf at Palm Beach. They are bald and rotund—physical youthfulness is not one of the characteristics of the type—but their manner is heartily juvenile. They speak of themselves and each other as 'boys'.

"Observe a group of representative business men relaxing at luncheon. They fairly romp thru the meal and rather pride themselves on their freedom from mature restraint. This, again, is harmless provided that on his return to his desk each member can quickly 'put away childish things'.

"The same tendency manifests itself in countless ways in the personal relationships of individuals. It wrecks more marriages than economic conditions or actual viciousness. The bank president of sixty who appears in the headlines as the victim of a show girl's charm is almost sure to be thus afflicted.

"But we are talking now about its effect in business—its bearing on success or failure. Here above all there is no place for childishness. This is a scientific age in which human endeavor has been concentrated on the perfection of machines. The world of business and the world of industry are geared to the precision of organized science. Competition is keen. The busy executive has enormous problems to solve every day. He has no time to deal with those which should have been solved in the kindergarten.

"Nor is it true that the individual, by making himself conform to this intensive regime, is in danger of becoming a robot. There were never so many legitimate outlets for the imagination, the varied tastes, the creativeness of man, as there are today. There are golf links and libraries and lectures and concerts and an endless variety of fascinating avocations accessible to all. But the road to the full enjoyment of this many-

faceted life of ours lies in self-development, in the putting aside of the awkward relics of infancy which clutter and becloud adult years."

"What are the symptoms of adult

infantilism?" Mr. Sanford was asked. Here is a list of the outstanding symptoms as he describes them:

Tantrums. A child's instinct is to reach out for what he wants and, if he is unable to get it, to scream and paw the air until he does. The well-balanced adult uses his intelligence, gaining his end thru a reasoning process tempered with finesse.

Self-Pity. Childhood is not, as some suppose, an entirely happy period. Self-pity is one of its unreasoning instincts and when carried over to maturity becomes one of the least liked and least effective of human weaknesses.

Tattling. Even the well-trained child, with good qualities, soon develops a code which forbids this petty practice. Yet in many offices we find persons who delight in relating to those in authority derogatory things about their fellow employees. They almost invariably defeat their purpose—which is really to make themselves seem superior by berating another.

The Thrill Addict. The average child tires of his Christmas toys before New Year's Day and cries for new ones. Conditions today tend to pamper this instinct in children and so it is alarmingly prevalent among grown-ups. The intelligent adult knows what gives him pleasure and fits this enjoyment sanely into his scheme of living.

Fussiness About Non-Essentials. This trait strikes at the heart of the difference between great and small people. It denotes a lack of perspective and proportion indigenous to childhood. Lincoln rose above poverty and want and disappointment because he had a superb sense of what was important and what was not.

(Continued on page 61)

Health Culture

A Department of Health Psychology

Conducted by
Galen Gough

SITTING up in bed, I exclaimed, "I will not die!" The government surgeons and physicians marveled at my physical ability to move, much less sit up straight. The nurses tried to get me to lie down and rest my head on the pillows, offering a broth specially prepared for me.

"You must be quiet!" one of the nurses said. "It is now getting late, the sun is going down. We know you are tired and need sleep. Won't it be nice to sleep a long time and get away from the horrors of this old war?"

"Get away," I exclaimed. "Say, sister, I like this war, I've had a lot of fun, why should I want to leave? I know! you are trying to pacify me. You think I am going to die—but not me! Why should I give up so easy? Die and lose my last big fight!"

The quietness of the hospital seemed to chill me. I could hear the music of the phonograph in the next ward playing, *There's a Long, Long Trail*. Instead of picturing in my mind the long trail of the hereafter, I thought of returning home, and the wonders of this material life; I seemed unconsciously to dream on, as I heard the physicians and surgeons talk.

Little did I realize that my fever was around 104.8 nor did I care! I knew I was going to live. I determined to pull thru.

The rules of the hospital demanded that I be transferred to a private room, away from wards; this room was generally recognized as the last exit. The wound I had received from German shells had been almost fatal. The fragment lay embedded at the left base of my skull with a sharp edge of the fragment barely piercing the membrane of the brain. Gan-

grene had formed and was eating its way to the brain. Instant death would result should it reach the brain.

Dr. Zimmerman, the surgeon in charge of my case, a United States Army specialist, (who will verify the details of this case) was standing over me. He saw that I had the determination to pull thru and he said:

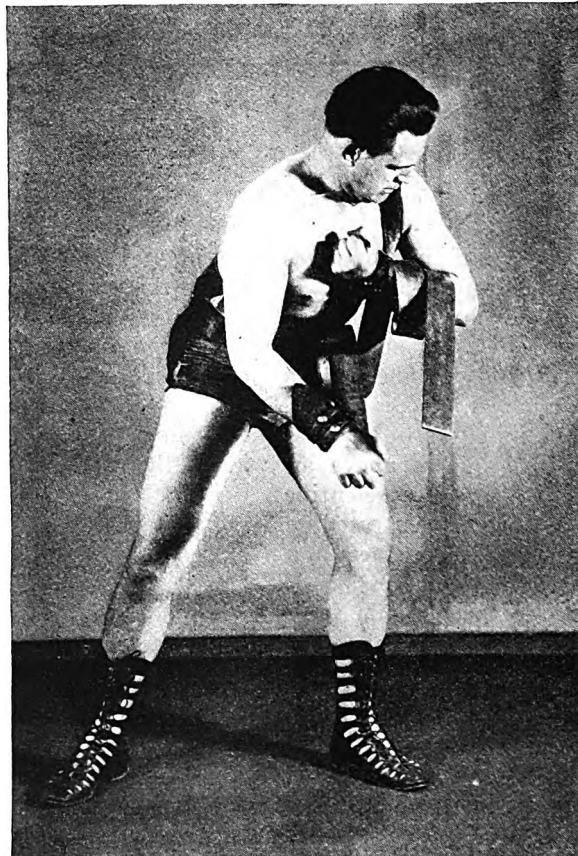
"If this chap will carry this same determination in his subconscious mind, I might be able to operate on him successfully, removing the trace of the poisoning. Then he would have a chance."

Little did he realize that I heard him! I seemed unconscious, but I made up my mind to subject every nerve into control. He gave me ether and after a struggle with my nervous system I went to sleep. I went into dreamland with a grim determination to live!

There is no more positive proof of the hidden powers within anyone than this. I did not know at the time what I was using, or the truth of my recuperation. My recovery gave proof of the reward of determination, the use of will power, and suggestion to the subconscious.

I returned from France hopelessly invalid, due to the nature of my wound. But I made a come-back. Since then I have awakened to the powers of that great master force called the *Mind*, which is simple in thought to most people, practical in understanding to the average person, and more powerful in action than the strongest physical exertion known. Energy prompted by muscular reaction is secondary in importance; energy extended thru mental influence is a force that demands *action!*

To be enthused over any certain thing is a natural asset, but enthusiasm applied in the form of energy can do more harm than good if applied in the wrong direction. Excess energy is not necessary for proper physical development. Energy, properly applied and directed, is capable of the greatest accomplishment; the power behind it is the interest, and for this the



GALEN GOUGH

wrapping a semi-steel slab, 2½ inches wide and ½ inch thick, around his arm—in 10 seconds. This feat has never been duplicated.

mind alone is responsible; it has no equal.

Consider the achievements of our greatest men, Edison, Marconi, Ford, Rockefeller and others. The secret of their success was the great mental force back of their efforts. They knew that mind is master over matter, and that to turn their dreams into reality, concentration upon the desired object was necessary.

Successful coordination depends upon the mental influence behind any effort, whether the idea in view is a business transaction or a physical developmental progress. Thousands of men today are seeking health and strength. Many wish to become super-strong. Not everyone thinks of becoming a modern Hercules, with massive, bulging muscles. Bulging muscles are not necessary to health and happiness.

Science has been searching for the key to Health. The "Fountain of Youth" that Ponce De Leon searched for is still the dream of countless millions. Without a doubt this secret lay within his own mental power, and St. Augustine or the Everglades in Florida would have made little difference in obtaining it, if he had but known.

The value of will power has always been underestimated. The principles of Health Psychology are the positive means of securing vitalizing strength, health and happiness. Health which will not only keep you in physical form for a day, but will influence your attitude permanently and keep up your *pep* for countless days to come!

Your body should function internally without friction or disease, and in order to maintain your health you must be internally well. It is natural that proper diet and a mild form of exercise should be taken. It is easy to follow out a practical and simple method of physical development. The reaction of the nervous system must be harmonious, otherwise the reaction of exercise will cause nervous disorder injurious to developmental progress.

This modern age demands the attention of a business man's mind. His time is most valuable and he has not time for gymnastics or methods of strenuous exercise. He finds little reaction, in fact. The secret revealed in Health Psychology will rest his nerves, relax his tired muscles and put his fagged brain at ease. Health culture as I will reveal in my future articles will outline in detail proper exercises which will develop the physique properly. Very few movements will be given with each exercise outlined, but those given will be scientific in results. Each movement will be a decided coordination of *mind* and *muscle*. The increased power obtained in physical development will be a stimulation to the mind.

It would be entirely wrong to suppose that the methods of modern physical culture courses are unnecessary to physical development. In fact most courses are beneficial. Muscular strength can be obtained from almost any kind of exercise, yet the fact remains that often the mind is not functioning with the bodily exertions and this fact explains why the average athlete is restless and unable to apply his mind

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to study or thought, why he is unable to concentrate.

In almost every case of developmental exercise, the specified instruction is overdone. Most people stay away from gymnasiums because of the hard training given by the physical directors. They fear the strenuous exercise. Very few gymnasiums consider the reaction of the exercise on the mind and the nerves. For proper development fewer exercises should be given, with the mind in action in appreciation of those that are taken. Six exercise movements moderately taken, with concentration upon each movement, will bring more results than sixty taken with careless effort. This is the secret of physical and mental coordination. The mind is *master*; its power is unlimited, and its power over the body is no exception.

In my comeback from hopeless invalidism to Herculean strength, I experimented with various methods of development. Many efforts were in vain, and I found that strenuous efforts lessened my ability to concentrate properly. Strange to say, I even lost confidence in the possibilities of becoming normal thru tiresome exercises that seemed to wear me out mentally and physically.

In the beginning of my recuperation, I felt that the greatest achievement in life would be to gain the recognition of renowned authorities as the World's Strongest Man. I was living in the physical, without realizing that the power of determination in the mind is the great influence behind physical prowess. Little did I realize when I determined to gain this recognition, that I was making a fight mentally as well as physically. The hidden powers within my body were encouraged to activity and I successfully gained this recognition. I did not realize that I was to become more interested in the power of mental achievement than in the physical. I now realize that the *Mind* is *Master* over all it surveys.

The body is capable of far more endurance than the average person realizes. Scientifically, the bones and muscles normally take away (*Continued on page 70*)

What Can We Do for You?

Conducted by C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

Dr. Leavitt has won thousands of friends thruout the United States and Canada by the skilful and sympathetic help he has given them in times of illness and anxiety.

He has the rare faculty of *Understanding Human Nature*. He understands people far better than they understand themselves. He understands the secret, hidden motives that drive them—motives they themselves are not aware of.

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He has the advantage over non-medical psychologists of being a thoroly trained Doctor of Medicine, with many years of successful experience.

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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!

THE EDITORS.

QUESTION:—R. L. L. writes:—

I have been ill with a dull pain in my stomach for several years. During this time I have visited many doctors and have been in the hospital under observation. At the hospital I was told that it was stomach trouble, while a doctor had told me previously that it was appendicitis, and another, gall stones. I have worried so much about it, fearing an operation, that I have become nervous and my heart has begun to skip. I live in constant fear that I may need an operation and that my heart may be bad. Please tell me what to do and how I can stop this fear and nervousness. Also please tell me if a skip in the heart is serious. I am twenty-five years old.

ANSWER:—

This difference in opinion among physicians usually indicates that there is nothing of a very definite nature present and that the physicians are guessing. It is my opinion that you are of a sensitive, over-serious nature, and thru dwelling on self and the possibility of trouble have drifted into a state of neurasthenia. You are undoubtedly suffering from nervous indigestion, with perhaps a sluggishness and functional inaction of the organs contained in the abdominal cavity, and thoughts of weakness and fear have become real obsessions with you.

I feel sure that your heart trouble is only a nervous heart and is in no way serious. You have become too conscious of self and the little flaws you find in the functioning of your body.

QUESTION:—D. E. R. writes:—

I frequently become a little dizzy, and on occasions have been obliged to lie down no matter where I was. I have been carefully examined physically and doctors can find no organic trouble and tell me it is just nerves. What is the cause of such a disturbance and is there no relief?

ANSWER:—

Your dizziness probably is due to a supersensitive nervous state primarily. Such a state in time causes an inaction of the organs within the abdominal cavity, things sort of go dead. At such times the blood is called to the abdominal region to fight this condition and for the moment the blood supply of the head is reduced. This will cause dizziness. Remember one of the largest nerve centers in the body, the solar plexus, is situated directly back of the stomach. Your condition shows lack of control, emotion plus, and fear. Your real fight is a mental one, but you could be materially assisted by taking the right kind of a laxative. You are too introspective and must learn to forget yourself and turn your thoughts outward.

QUESTION:—M. K. S. writes:—

My family have all got the drinking habit and seldom draw a sober breath. Can you advise me what to do to help them as I am "all in" from trying to endure the burden?

I wish I could tell you very definitely how to change the troubles you face. If you are unable to appeal to their reason or their sympathy or to awaken a real desire in their minds to stop, I am afraid you have rather a hopeless task. If such persons really desire help there is a lot to do, but so many times they do not wish to correct the habit. There are institutions where such people can be sent to "take the cure," but that is rather an expensive procedure of course. Such people in time lose their pride and will power and become real slaves to their foolish habits.

QUESTION:—L. E. B. writes:—

We read a great deal these days about blood tests to prove the parentage of children under dispute. Can this today be done accurately?

ANSWER:—

Such tests are still in doubt. As yet it is not an established scientific test. It is not recognized by the higher courts.

QUESTION:—W. I. writes:—

What do you advise regarding underwear? I have been in the habit of changing three times a year. I wear light weight in summer, medium weight in the fall and spring and heavy weight in winter.

ANSWER:—

To answer your question intelligently it would really be necessary to know your age and what part of the country you live in. Where it does not get too cold, and where one is not old and enfeebled, I believe it is quite all right to wear light-weight underwear the year round and put on heavy outer clothing when exposed to the elements. The average home is kept at summer temperature and to remain indoors most of the day in such a temperature with heavy underwear on I believe is weakening. It is well to make your change at the beginning of summer and then continue the light underwear rather than change from the medium to the light in the fall. I do not believe in bundling up one's self for it is my opinion it makes one tender and he is more likely to take cold and have bronchial or pulmonary troubles.

QUESTION:—D. B. writes:—

I suffer a lot from pains in the legs, especially about the knees, and am wondering what can be the cause. I have been to physicians who cannot find anything wrong with me. When I sit down for a considerable period, or am on my feet a lot, the legs ache and I want to move them about and try to get into a different position. It is hard for me to walk far, and even riding in an auto will start the trouble.

(Continued on page 74)

Perpetuating The Original Rosicrucian Fraternity



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If you are seeking for that knowledge which will open up a new world to your consciousness and reveal a path that leads to power through the most fascinating understanding of the Cosmic laws, you are cordially invited to accept the kindly offer of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. For hundreds of years the organization has opened wide its portals to all sincere seekers for that wisdom of ancient and modern times that has been generally held secret and preserved only for those who, in sincerity and with proper appreciation, desire the benefits that come from harmonious attunement with the Cosmic creative forces and inspirational guidance. Older than any other school of psychic wisdom and more liberal than any other system of personal development and helpfulness, the Rosicrucians have maintained their position as the outstanding companion to thousands of men and women who have learned to change the course of their lives and to start their lives over again toward a definite goal of happiness and personal achievement. The dreams of the human mind are capable of fulfillment and the desires of every sincere and ambitious man and woman can be realized through the knowledge and application of fundamental Cosmic laws, carefully and kindly presented by competent and unselfish workers in the interests of human progress.

YOU MAY BORROW THIS BOOK

In order that you may become better acquainted with the real spirit of human fellowship and the unusual possibilities that lie before you, the Supreme Council of the Rosicrucians for America, perpetuating the work of the first Rosicrucians who came to America in 1694, offers to send to you, without obligation or any cost, a beautiful, private book entitled, "The Cathedral of the Soul." Merely address your confidential letter, (not a post card) precisely as given below, and this book will be sent to you that you may prize it as the first step in your contact with a new and better world, with a new and better way of living.

Address: Librarian, C. C.
Rosicrucian Brotherhood,



Rosicrucian Park,
San Jose, Calif.

You, Too, Can Make Money!

Says Pauline Cleaver

Mrs. Cleaver's weekly radio talks over the National Broadcasting Company system, from its New York station, WJZ, are rousing the women of America to still more buoyant faith in themselves. In the midst of financial and economic uncertainties, she keeps insisting—"You, Too, Can Make Money," and showing how it is to be done. Her ideas and advice are fruitful because they are fundamentally sound. Talent, expressed in Service, means Income! That is her message.

Let Mrs. Cleaver solve your problem. She answers personally all inquiries sent to her in care of this department. Address Pauline Cleaver, PSYCHOLOGY Magazine, 101 West 31st Street, New York City.

OCTOBER is my favorite month. This is the time of year I call "Golden Days." That is an appropriate idea, too, for us who are talking of making more money. Every suggestion, you know, helps. So when we see the leaves turn gold and look at the rich golden sunsets, let us realize how rich and glorious nature is. Then why not ask ourselves why it is that we are not fully able to be as rich as nature when we have more than any of God's creatures! We have minds; we can make choices; we can think; we can use our imaginations and visualize our lives as we would have them be. No other animal can do this. This alone is man's gift. How are we using it?

My Radio fans often ask for a specific recipe for Success. Here is the one that I gave this year. To those sending stamps I will send a copy on a card which can be carried in a purse and be read many times thru the day. Read this the last thing at night and again when you first awake each morning. It is a promise to yourself. It reacts favorably on your subconscious mind. It is something that makes you think beyond mere words. You should live and feel the thoughts as you read:

I am going to so control myself that nothing can upset me.

I know that every great work was first a thought and my imagination precedes my thought.

I know that prosperous conditions are made of prosperous thoughts—plus understanding.

I know that love is attracted by the proper understanding-attitude towards love.

I know that nerves are improved thru joyful thoughts and that constructive happy thoughts improve health.

I will better my present condition by bettering my thought.

I am learning to control my thoughts.

My thoughts will control my actions. Thru daily thought and repetition I can become anything that I desire to become.

My best thoughts come when I am quiet and peaceful.

I have in me now power that can be trained and made into all that I desire to become.

I absolutely believe in my power to grow and control.

I will completely master and direct myself.

I choose to walk on the sunniest side of life—to love and be loved perfectly.

Just try reading this card daily. Do

not miss a single morning or night. Note then the difference in your mental attitude. I have sent this card to many persons in hospitals and always the nurses have noticed a difference in their attitude. You simply cannot say these words with feeling and thought and not register a changed and better mental outlook. And you cannot have a better attitude of mind long before you realize a change in your affairs.

You need not take this on faith; try it for yourself and watch the results.

CHILDREN'S PLAY ROOMS

A YOUNG mother came to me grieved over the separation of her child thru divorce. She also was in great need of money. In fact she was preparing to "be on her own." She had never done one thing to earn a penny.

I discovered, in the course of our consultation, that she had painted the walls of her little one's nursery. She had done rather impressionistic pictures gleaned from fairy-tale books. On one wall she painted a story that she had created for her child's amusement. This was the little girl's favorite story. This woman drew for me a small picture showing how she had done this.

I put her in touch with some decorators. She went to three before she found the proper opening. This woman is now booking orders for doing the walls of children's bedrooms, playrooms and she will soon branch out to doing hotel rooms. Even the steamship lines now have special rooms for children. This woman is of course happier. Some day her mother-in-law will realize the injustice she has done this mother and will change her attitude and permit her to see or have her own little child. Things work that way. And seldom do things work our way while we are bowed down with grief or feel that we are the "under-dogs." Re-read the sentences I copied here from my card for you each time a down-hearted feeling steals into your soul.

FROM CAMP TO STUDIO

HAVE you seen the brightly painted folding-chairs, with striped awning-like seats? They are so com-

fortable. They retail for less than two dollars. Here is what a young woman has done recently. She came to my studio where I keep an extra dozen of these chairs. She immediately wondered what I could do to have them in keeping with other things when I put up my winter or fall curtains. She purchased a chair like one of mine and showed me what she did to it.

The brightly colored wood, which in the case of my chairs was persimmon in color, had been painted ebony black. Over the canvas seat, which is so comfortable, she put black sateen with a four-inch ruffle. This ruffle in no way interferes with the chair in folding. In the centre of the black sateen seat she appliqued golden fawns. These chairs she plans to sell for eight dollars each. She has a list of women who enjoy playing bridge. Also, she knows how to enlarge her lists thru the things she has read in these articles.

Let us wish her great success—and in a few months I will tell you of her progress. In the meantime some of you might go and do likewise.

TOY DRUM STUDIO LAMPS

A young woman fitting up an old stable as a tea house and gift shop wanted a dozen or more attractive lamp-shades. She did not have much money, so she had to do some thinking. She found twelve little toy drums with the drum sticks stuck along the side cords. She tore open one side and painted the outside red and black. Then she hung these over a plain electric light bulb. Can you imagine the effect?

Many of the customers made inquiries and asked if she would make them similar shades in different colors. So these drum lamp-shades were put on sale in her shop. Experience of this nature helps one to discover the things that can be done. Remember the old saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

BIRTHDAY SHOP

A YOUNG woman who could not leave her room yet needed to earn extra money followed successfully a plan which I outlined in detail. After

(Continued on page 77)

...Raised His Pay \$4800* After Reading This Amazing Book Which Is Now **FREE!**

*Based on the combined experiences of F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn., A. F. Thompson, Sioux City, Iowa, L. D. Mather, E. Cleveland, Ohio, and many others.



Caught in a Rut

I wonder I put up with it as long as I did! Every day was filled with nothing but deadly routine and monotonous detail. No freedom or independence. No chance to get out and meet people, travel, nor have interesting experiences. I was just like a cog in a big machine with poor prospects of ever being anything more.



Long, Tiresome Hours

Every hour of the day I was under somebody's supervision. The **TIME-CLOCK** constantly laid in wait for me—a monument to unfulfilled hopes and dying ambition. Four times a day, promptly on the dot, it hurled its silent challenge at my self-respect, reminding me how unimportant I was and how little I really COUNTED in the business and social world!



Low Pay

Paid just enough to keep going—but never enough to enjoy any of the **GOOD** things of life every man **DESERVES** for his family and himself. Always economizing and pinching pennies. Always wondering what I would do if I were laid off or lost my job. Always uncertain and apprehensive of the future.



Desperate

Happened to get a look at the payroll one day and was astonished to see what big salaries went to the sales force. Found that salesman Brown made \$200 a week—and Jenkins \$275! Would have given my right arm to make money that fast, but never dreamed I had any "gift" for salesmanship.



A Ray of Light

Stumbled across an article on salesmanship in a magazine that evening. Was surprised to discover that salesmen were made and not "born" as I had foolishly believed. Read about a former cowpuncher, Wm. Shore of California, making \$525 in one week after learning the ins-and-outs of scientific salesmanship. Decided that if HE could do it, so could I!



The Turning Point

My first step was to write for a certain little book which a famous business genius has called "**THE MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PRINTED**". It wasn't a very big book, but it certainly opened my eyes to things I had never dreamed of—and proved the turning point of my entire career!

What I Discovered



Between the pages of this remarkable volume, I discovered hundreds of little known facts and secrets that revealed the **REAL TRUTH** about the science of selling! It wasn't a bit as I had imagined. I found out that it was governed by simple rules and laws that almost ANY man can master as easily as he learned the alphabet. I even learned how to go about getting into this "highest paid of all professions". I found out exactly how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco was enabled to quit his \$8 a week job as a restaurant worker and start making \$125 a week as a salesman; and how C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, jumped from \$15 a week to \$7500 a year—these and **hundreds of others!** It certainly was a revelation!

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FREE Employment Service

Furthermore, I discovered that the National Salesmen's Training Association, which published the book, also operates a most effective employment service! Last year they received requests from all over the U. S. and Canada for more than 50,000 salesmen trained by their method. This service is **FREE** to both members and employers and thousands have secured positions this way!



Making Good At Last!

It didn't take me long to decide to cast my lot with N. S. T. A.—and after a few weeks I had mastered the secrets of Modern Salesmanship during spare time, without losing a day or a dollar from my old job. When I was ready, Mr. The Employment Manager found me over a dozen good openings to choose from—and I selected one which paid me over \$70 a week to start!



Was It Worth It?

Today my salary is \$4800 greater than ever before! No more punching time-clocks or worrying over dimes and quarters! **NOW** my services are in **REAL DEMAND** with bigger prospects for the future than I ever dared **HOPE** for back in those days when I was just another "name" on a pay-roll!



Get Your Copy Free

Now—"The Key to Master Salesmanship"—which banished all my fears and troubles and showed me how to get started on the road to success and independence—will be mailed as a gift to any ambitious man, absolutely **FREE**. And since there is no obligation, why not see for yourself what amazing facts it contains! Just mail the coupon now—for there is no better way in the world to invest a 2-cent stamp! I **KNOW!**



Mail It, Today!

Simply fill this out and mail to the National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. R-113, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Your free copy of "The Key to Master Salesmanship" will be sent you by return mail.

National Salesmen's Training Assn., Dept. R-113
N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Illinois
Without obligation, please send me a free copy of "The Key to Master Salesmanship."

Name
Address State
Town
Age Occupation



DEAR DR. MILLER:

I have a great desire to be a writer. My subconscious surges with good ideas, a mass of plots for stories that are different from any I have read, but I find that my vocabulary is limited. It is difficult for me to use easily the best words to express my thoughts. Can you give me any helpful advice? Thanking you,

E. L. King,
Boston, Mass.

Dr. Miller answers:

If you have the desire to write and a vivid imagination, which apparently is the case, the development of an easy flowing vocabulary is simply a matter of study and practice. There has been recently published a volume known as *Hartrampf's Vocabularies*, which no one who aspires to write should be without. This remarkable volume is to the author what the Bible is to the preacher. It contains in every usable manner tens of thousands of words, expressing any given idea, with innumerable synonyms. For example, if you have just used the word beautiful, and desire to avoid repetition and cannot think of any other word of sufficient strength meaning the same thing, you could immediately turn to the index and after the word beautiful you will find a number. Upon turning to that number you will find thirty-three nouns and probably one hundred and twenty adjectives. On the opposite page you will find a similar number of words expressing the reverse of beauty. This is true of almost any word you can think of. Half an hour a day spent in a thoughtful study of this volume, in which you would familiarize yourself with the many synonyms which each word has, would result in immensely enriching one's vocabulary. I really cannot think of a better way for a writer to improve his handling of words than this.

The second suggestion is to read good literature persistently: the writings of the masters. The third is constant and unceasing practice. Write something, then rewrite it, seeking to improve your style, and if possible get some good critic of English style to criticize your work severely. And fourth, use constant auto-suggestion, something as follows: "I am going to succeed. I am born to be a writer. My style will improve from day to day. The words which I should use will come more and more easily."

This will help you develop the writer's consciousness and a sense of mastery and power.

Another important suggestion is that you carefully read the advertisement, which appears every month in *PSYCHOLOGY*, of the Newspaper Institute of America. This organization is com-

posed of expert newspaper and magazine writers who have an admirable plan for coaching ambitious authors. They supply for you, among other things, the constructive criticism of your writing, which is such an essential element to success. I should suggest that you fill out the coupon attached to the advertisement and write for their free booklet.

Unless you have had a thoro course in English it would also be highly advisable for you to obtain some such course as that which has been frequently advertised in our magazine, Sherwin Cody School of English. They have a free booklet which they would be glad to send you upon application, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English".

MAYBE more people would read *PSYCHOLOGY* if under the name on the cover appeared "Know Thyself". Certainly these words do make one sit up and take notice of himself. *PSYCHOLOGY* is the greatest magazine of today and I want you to know it is the first magazine that is thought of in my house.

The Bible with this magazine would put anyone on top of the world. I see now what makes the man of the hour is to know himself.

Mrs. L. L. Parker,
1306 Cypress,
Orange, Texas.

I WISH the editors of *PSYCHOLOGY* would forget Darwin's theory of evolution and center their minds on the fact of the divine origin of man. That is the only objection I have to your magazine. There is too much evolution in it and not enough Christianity.

R. R. Boon,
R. R. 1, Durham, Calif.

Dr. Miller answers:

We have not, so far as I know, published any articles of the argumentative type dealing with evolution. The theory is generally assumed today by practically all universities of standing and by virtually all scientists, thinkers and writers.

It will interest you to know that many of the devoted and intelligent Christian thinkers, clergy and professors today see nothing incompatible with a belief in evolution and the acceptance of the divine origin of man. It is simply a question of the process involved.

According to the old orthodox interpretation of Genesis, the story taken literally would indicate that man had been created instantly from the dust by a god who molded him with his hands. The finer, matured religious minds today think of God, not as an enlarged human being, but a divine,

eternal spirit, shaping the course of all existence by a gradual evolutionary process of advancement which has already taken infinite ages and will require other ages for its completion.

It is interesting to note that the whole order of evolution as given by Darwin can be found in one of the two different stories of creation which appear in Genesis.

It is unfortunate for any of us to assume that because a man's scientific beliefs are different from our religious beliefs therefore he cannot be sincerely and devoutly religious.

I commend the broadminded attitude which you have shown in renewing your subscription despite your thoughts on this particular subject, and I trust you will find *PSYCHOLOGY* Magazine increasingly helpful and inspiring to you.

ONE year ago I came across a copy of your beautiful magazine and have been a constant reader ever since.

My folks were church people and I always had to attend, sang in the choir, etc., but never, never, could I like it or see any religion to it. It all seemed a farce to me. I never could figure out how God could have any use for a crying, wailing people. I didn't believe we were supposed to live in sackcloth and ashes in order to go to heaven. I never read the Bible because I could get nothing out of it. The key to life is there, I know, but until I read *PSYCHOLOGY* Magazine nothing had ever interested me. I had faith that the Power that created me would guide me and I left things to that but I constantly wanted understanding.

I have had one tragedy after another: paralyzed, loss of a wonderful husband, then a tragic second marriage and much trouble.

Had I known of *PSYCHOLOGY* or had your magazine how much easier it would have been.

The piece written by Dr. Uriel Buchanan, *The Supreme Force*, in July is just what I have always thought, but no one ever agreed with me, so I kept my ideas to myself and children. I study this one over and over every day. I want to absorb every bit of it. It's just what I have been looking for all my life.

Your magazine to me is a beautiful light, like a voice from heaven. It teaches us to help ourselves.

Cora Warne,
P. O. Box 1156, Fresno, Calif.

Dr. Miller answers:

The difficulty with religion as exemplified in most of the churches is not that the living force is lacking in religion but that it is obscured by externals and non-essential forms, rituals and creeds that have nothing to do with

(Continued on page 79)

PSYCHOLOGY that WORKS



Judge Daniel A. Simmons

"Much better, better in every way, mind and body. Building a new home. Things are coming my way."

"The success formula has been the means of getting me just the position I wanted. The 'perfect love' relation has also made its appearance. I cannot thank you enough for what you have done for me."

"I want to thank you again for all the lessons have done for me. My health is perfect. My business is increasing."

"I can never tell you how much I owe you in gratitude and thankfulness for the wonderful help and understanding and uplift you have given me. First of all came my almost instantaneous healing. Then a raise in my husband's salary, and now we are moving into a brand new home."

"Thanks to your instruction, I have secured just the kind of position I wanted, and at a better salary than I have ever had before."

"I am more successful in business. I am more contented and happier."

"Doing wonderful. Making three times as much money as before."

"My business has about doubled in the last six weeks."

"Since starting the course, I have had my salary increased three times and have attained a more responsible position with my firm."

"I have increased my salary 100 per cent, and my health is greatly improved. God bless you in your good work."

"My health is better in every way, and I am more successful in my business."

"I can report marvelous progress. My business has increased fifty per cent, and my discouragement, worries and fears are at an end."

"Money would not buy what I have learned, if I could exchange it. I used the success formula to surprising advantage."

"This is to advise you that I have accepted a position as manager of a large corporation, at much better salary and a per cent of the profits."

It is now generally recognized by thinking people that the individual human being has within himself a vast store of wisdom and power which he is not using, and that if he could draw upon this vast store he could increase his income, popularity and power, and generally make his life what he wants it to be.

BUT how to draw upon that vast hidden store—that is the question! We have been thrilled by inspirational lectures, poems, books, lessons and magazine articles until nearly everybody is willing to strike out upon the Way of More Abundant Life—if we could only find it. But all too often those who have thrilled and inspired us could do nothing more; they could not tell us

Just How to Proceed

There is one man, however, who has not only thrilled and inspired people with his lectures, teachings and writings, but who has actually given them simple, definite and scientific methods for drawing upon the vast store within themselves, and upon the vaster store of the Infinite Creative Intelligence. That man is Judge Daniel A. Simmons, famous psychologist, lecturer, scientist, judge and teacher, to whom the American people need no introduction. Psychology Magazine recently referred to him as "the man who is teaching psychology to the nation." The quotations printed in the left-hand column of this page are from reports voluntarily made by students of his Realization System of Practical Psychology, students who paid not less than \$25 for this marvelous course. The course consists of 12 manuscript parts. We have been supplying this miracle-working course to men and women all over the world for nine years, and we have a great mass of reports generally similar to those here quoted.

More Works by the Same Master

Judge Simmons has also prepared three other courses of instruction in the truth that makes men free, as follows:

"The Psychology of Money-Making." This course deals in detail with the practical psychology and practical ways and means of actually making more dollars and cents. The students from whose reports we have quoted had no success teaching except that contained in the Realization System of Practical Psychology. If they could have had this later course in money-making, their results would have been even more remarkable. Price \$10.

"The New Hypnotism." This course is the joint work of Judge Simmons and his associate, Mr. Edwin C. Coffee. It goes fully into the question of what Hypnotism is, and tells the student in plain and simple language how to be-

come an expert hypnotist, and acquire the power to control the thoughts, habits and actions of other people. Price \$10.

"The Psychology of Charm; or Cultivating the Winning Personality." This is the course which causes friends of its students to say to them: "What in the world has happened to you? I never saw one improve so much in appearance as you have in the past few months!" Everyone who is not deformed or disfigured can be charming and lovely. This magic course of instruction tells how. Price \$10.

Your Opportunity

For a limited time we offer all four of these powerfully effective courses of instruction for only \$25. They are the full and complete courses, and each one of them is chockful of the psychological formulas and simple methods that have wrought such miracles in human lives and affairs. And they are here made available to you for less than half price! There is an order blank at the bottom of this page, and right now is the best time you will ever find to fill it out, and mail it with your remittance. Judge Simmons is now and for seventeen years has been one of the judges of the highest trial court in his state. He is president of this Institute, and for the purpose of giving you the utmost security and confidence, the order blank is addressed directly to him. As to the integrity and responsibility of this Institute we refer to our Chamber of Commerce or any bank or banker in Jacksonville.

**The American Institute
of Psychology
Jacksonville, Florida**

Order Blank

JUDGE DANIEL A. SIMMONS
Judge of the Circuit Court
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Sir:

I am herewith enclosing \$25 for your four complete courses of instruction as follows: "The Realization System of Practical Psychology," "The Psychology of Money-Making," "The New Hypnotism," and "The Psychology of Charm, or Cultivating the Winning Personality." These courses to be sent prepaid and without further cost to me.

Name

Street or R. F. D.

City State

A Composite Millionaire

(Continued from page 49)

6. *Industry.* Habit of work. Pleasure in achievement. Scientific organization of industrial forces. Aversion to idleness. Enjoyment in tackling hard jobs and difficult situations.

7. *Economy.* Desire to save but not skimp. Foresight regarding property. Caution for safety. Union of generosity and sagacity. Regular system to conserve time, energy, money.

8. *Reliability.* Attention to detail. Adherence to promise. Exaltation of accuracy. Prevention of mistakes. Honor before gain.

9. *Courtesy.* Gentle words. Gracious demeanor. Pleasant manner. Unfailing friendliness. Thoughtful consideration of the needs and desires of associates.

10. *Loyalty.* Firm co-operation. Valuation of devotion. Elevation of mutual interests. Eagerness to share benefits and profits. Care to avoid unjust criticism.

11. *Modesty.* Frugal speech. Quiet behavior. Inconspicuous dress. Appearance always true to reality. Nothing ever done for show.

12. *Tact.* Psychological management. Opportune word and deed. Insight into human nature. Combination of uprightness and adroitness. Businesslike application of the Golden Rule at all times.

13. *Justice.* Observance of the rights of others. Instinct of fair play. Equity before money or propinquity. Nobody ever treated wrong. Mental accounts kept straight.

14. *Cheerfulness.* Abundant smiles. A large fund of humor. Pessimism routed. Solemnity wisely laughed away.

15. *Sympathy.* A sense of social unity. Service to the poor and needy. Help for the suffering. Kindness to all. Understanding.

16. *Cleanliness.* Neatness. Orderliness. Hatred of all grime, physical and mental. Purity conserved. Language, clothing and person kept immaculate.

17. *Individuality.* Spontaneity. Originality. Sincerity. Freedom to be one's own powerful and unique self. Subordination of externals to inner and immortal realities.

18. *Perspective.* Clear judgment of an outsider. Impartial mind. Habit of forethought. Custom of looking at things from all angles. Use of mental telescope in advance of action.

19. *Calmness.* Quietness. Coolness. Unperturbedness. Faith supreme in the ultimate good. The steadiness of ample moral reserves that can never be exhausted.

20. *Persistence.* Concentration. Continuity. Sublime patience. Power to

hold on everlastingly. A great life purpose invincible and unwavering.

Now you have seen a composite mental picture of the millionaires of our acquaintance. What do you think of it? Don't you believe that anybody with such a fine personality deserves to be a millionaire? Would not the popular view of the millionaire class undergo a change if all intelligent persons might study the mental picture above?

Each of the twenty features noted has a direct bearing on financial success. Whoever needs more money may well ponder this statement, analyze it for detail self-application. The motive, however, should not be mercenary and foolish accordingly. Only service paves the way to wealth.

A fine personality, the summation of human evolution, should be systematically developed as a part of the instruction and training of youth. Every home, every school, every church, every business, every community, should have in operation a scientific, attractive and effective plan to cultivate and reward personality. How would you advise procedure in the formation and execution of such a plan? Could you not arrange to talk this over with some influential friend who has a fine personality?

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Nagging Wives

(Continued from page 26)

wasn't anyone but you I ever wanted to marry. Now it's too late even to talk about it. All her friends' husbands are my fishing pals and fishing's the only thing I have left."

"Does she still nag?"

"I don't know. I went deaf and dumb to her a century ago."

"It was so unfair of you to stay," I said. "She was always raw with humiliation because she couldn't get your love. Some man who loved her might have turned her sour tongue sweet over-night."

I know one husband who went in for biffing and it was very successful.

After seven years of nagging he said: "If you ever nag me again I'll beat you within an inch of your life."

She laughed, "Ha, ha," because he is a little man and she is a big woman.

She nagged him again to the accompaniment of a swiftly-thrown bottle of water, which missed him and shattered the sideboard mirror. He told me he was as calm as mud. He walked over to her, slung her across his shoulder, carried her, screaming and kick-

ing, up a flight of stairs to their bedroom, turned her across his knee and with a slipper went to it in good old last-generation fashion. When she was black and blue he pushed her off on the floor and went to business. She has never nagged him since.

One of the professors at New York University tried for ten years to write a book. His beloved wife sat by his side nagging him to take her to parties, or play casino with her or talk to her. He explained and explained that the dream of his life was to compile a book out of his orderly and voluminous notes. He bribed her with the dream of heaps more money to spend after the book came out. She nagged him just the same. "What do you think I married a professor for? To sit here night after night? Who knows I married a professor if I don't take him out and show him off?"

Quietly one day he packed his papers and his clothes and walked out amid wifely yellings and screamings. He arranged with the college to pay his wife all his salary but twelve a week.

He rented an unheated room in the Bronx and went to work.

It took four years for him to finish his book, which was done mainly in the Public Library at Forty-second Street. It took so long because his wife blackmailed him for more and more money, and teaching at night-school was the only way he could earn it for her.

Every time he saw her she scraped his poor nerves with the following line of yell: "I'll tell the college what a dog you are! I'll tell them you deserted me without cause! I'll tell..."

"You'd better not," he would say. "I'm the goose that lays the tin egg. If I lose my job, we'll both go hungry."

That book was fantastically successful and his wife was furious that it was not dedicated to her. He packed up and went meekly back home and asked for more. He got it—plus twins. Then he left again to write another book. When it is finished he'll crawl back on his knees and ask for triplets.

Some day this sort of performance will be against the law. If a man tries

to sneak back to his wife who makes him miserable, he'll be arrested and sent to a reformatory, where they'll teach him a new and better trade.

Another professor I know shot his two children and his wife and himself because she nagged him.

Poor little husband! Didn't you know the front door was locked from the inside? You weren't in jail; you could have walked right out into the open. You would have lost your job, of course, because your boss probably had a nagging wife and you weren't going to get away with anything he couldn't do.

Lose your job! She'll have to go to work then and it might do her good. The city will feed your children. There will be sleet and snow and rain and hardship for you on the open road but there will also be sunshine and freedom and silence!

You don't have to shoot!

A cousin of mine had tea with me one afternoon. My cousin is a roaring lion on the stock exchange. He is so powerful that little principalities quiver at the sound of his voice.

Tea was a mild dissipation; nevertheless, he sat with his back toward the window that faced the street and was too pale with fear to negotiate his cinnamon toast. His tea he took in gulps and every time any one came into the café he ducked his head. Suddenly he looked at his watch and jumped to his feet.

"I have to be home at six p.m."

"Why?" I asked.

"I don't know exactly, but I've been home at six p.m. every evening for twenty-seven years. My wife would make a row if I were not home at six p.m."

"Why don't you give her a thrill by getting home fifteen minutes late?"

"I can't," he answered and fled.

Poor little lion with his tail between his legs.

A famous New York divorce lawyer told his wife last September that if she ever nagged him again he'd take some of his own advice to other men and walk out. She nagged and he walked. His son brought his clothes to the small apartment that he had rented in the Village. He bought a kitchen cabinet, a percolator, some cups and saucers and settled down to what he called his first free breath in years.

The other day I asked him when his divorce was coming off.

"Divorce?" He looked puzzled. "I'm not getting a divorce—she wants to try again—I'm going back."

As if thirty years' trial wasn't enough, as if anyone can ever go backward either in friendship or love. When an emotional relationship is broken, it is broken. There is so much scar tissue underneath. At every small jolt, it pulls and throbs and aches.

A mystery of the Orient revealed



Dance? Yes, indeed—and enjoy all the pleasures of youthful energy.

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THE age of discovery is not yet over! In darkest India explorers found some marvelous fruits which they brought back to civilization. They also reported the phenomenal physical strength and beauty, long life and vitality of natives who habitually ate the fruits.

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BUT READ FOR YOURSELF the thrilling story of LUKUTATE, the health food which contains unchanged, these fruits of India. Ask for the free booklet which gives the unbiased opinion of famous doctors who have tested LUKUTATE.

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A clear skin, a clean blood stream, sound sleep, steady nerves, vitality in every organ and function of the body—these all depend upon the condition of the ductless glands. And LUKUTATE (the word derives from the Industani for "come back") feeds these starving glands and stimulates them.

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Read what these famous physicians say:

Dr. Victor Fischer, Physician-in-Chief, Vienna Hospital, Austria: "One may account briefly for the success of LUKUTATE by saying that a gradual regeneration of the entire organism takes

place. This is manifested particularly in a harmless strengthening of the vitality."

Dr. Ludwig Sternheim, Specialist in Blood Diseases, Hanover: "When LUKUTATE first appeared, I was most sceptical about it. Due to experiences of patients, who tried it independently, I decided to test LUKUTATE myself. I soon found it ef-

fected an agreeable and easy unburdening of the intestinal channels; after use for several weeks, I noted increase in vitality and efficiency, more cheerfulness and greater self-confidence, improved sleep and better blood tests."



A woman physician relates her experience with Lukutate as follows:

"I have obtained remarkable results on my patients with your Lukutate preparation. The effect often comes remarkably soon. I consider Lukutate as a relief for the army of prematurely aging women and congratulate you." The doctor then goes on to recount actual case histories:

"A 64-year-old widow of a government employee who weighed 200 pounds and was troubled with varicose veins, digestive troubles, breathing difficulties, etc., lost 18 pounds in 3 months and is relieved of all troubles."

"A 52-year-old officer's widow was troubled with gall stones, had had her appendix removed, was entirely gray and losing her hair. After 3 months a thick dark, fresh hair growth appeared and the lady today is hardly recognizable. Almost all patients report particularly the improvement in hair growth, a proof that the hair growth also depends upon the gland functioning."

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You wouldn't go back to live in a house that had made you ill—where the gas escaped and the sewage leaked, or where the walls were damp—your folks wouldn't let you—and yet the mother of a man I know offered him five hundred thousand dollars to remain with a wife who tortured him in order to keep the front of the house white-washed and avert a scandal.

And he took it!

It's amazing to see the great army of ordinary day-laborers bring home their pay envelopes every Saturday night and meekly accept patched pants,

daily carfare, bologna sandwiches and brickbats.

Every married man is pommelled into acquiescence by his wife. That's why women say all the nice men are married. They're not nice. Their valiant corners are all sawed off so they look nice. As a matter of fact, married men are just indefinite masses that get up in the morning and go to work and come home and eat and lie down meekly beside their wives at night.

Very few ever feel themselves taking form and looking for the first time with a man's eyes at freedom. One

friend of mine did and his wife, thereafter, left home with him in the morning, sat beside him all day in his office and led him back home at night. Old-fashioned female tactics—but it worked. He is an indefinite mass again—and this time for life. He is hers alone now.

I saw one poor, nagged financial failure leave his beloved help-mate and suddenly, expanding into the man he was intended to be, sign a contract for thirty-six thousand dollars a year.

Get out of the kiddy car and assert yourself!

Faithless Husbands

(Continued from page 27)

and above-board about his philandering.

Men are such fools. They think it's easy to deceive a woman. It can't be done. No man can deceive the woman who loves him. She may let him think he is getting away with it, but she always knows and sooner or later, in one way or another, the burden of his deceit falls upon himself. Under such circumstances some women take to drink, some to flirting, some get a divorce. Some just accept it and turn all frost-bitten and mean inside.

I accepted it. Then I told myself he had to get along in the world, he had to give me something for my youth and love, he had to provide something more than just an average home for me and my son. I set out to *make* him give me these things.

His friends will tell you I'm a nagger. I know they say that, and I don't care. I am.

At first I expected him to rebel; I thought there would be a grand flare-up that would lead to a show-down and some readjustment of our lives. I soon learned not to expect that. He wouldn't fight back. He took, in silence, what I had to say, meekly swallowing my bitterest taunts, and going his way, doing pretty much as he liked when away from home.

I knew vaguely of his affairs with other women; heard that this one and that one were madly in love with him. Poor fools, I thought! If they only knew what ugly feet of clay their idol had!

A friend asked me, "Elizabeth, why do you nag Ralph so much?"

I couldn't tell her, exactly, but her question set me thinking. Why did I nag him? Under the drive of my tongue, he had become fairly prosperous, was a respected business man and well liked. I had, at first, nagged him to make him a success. I no longer had that excuse, but I continued my nagging. Why?

It took me a long time to get the answer but when it came I knew it was the truth: I nagged him because I had

a deep-seated contempt for him! I loathed his weakness, his deceit, his air of martyrdom, his shabby and piteous meekness. I thought I had married a strong man: I found he was just a weakling, a frightened child.

If he had knocked me down, I could at least have respected his physical strength. If he had walked out on me, I might have admired his firmness. If he had ever, once, told me frankly of his love for another woman I think I should almost have gloried in his character. He did none of these things. He let me walk on him, even in public, and my contempt for him grew.

Now here's a strange tangle of feelings that I may have trouble making clear to you.

As I said I idolized my son. He was the image of his father—and that resemblance frightened me. Was he also like his father, spiritually and mentally? I had to ask that question. I wanted him to be like Ralph, but I didn't want him to be like the man Ralph had become. What I wanted, of course, really, was to have my son resemble the man I had thought Ralph was. I found that in the subconscious part of my mind I was trying to make Ralph be that man, with some sort of an idea that by so doing I was helping my son grow into that kind of a man.

Is that all clear? There was more to it than that: for my own part I wanted back the man I had married. Where was he? What had become of him? I had him for two years and then, suddenly it seemed, he had vanished! A strange man, who looked like the Ralph I had married, had come to take my husband's place. This new man had no fire or love or romance; he had no sparkling wit; he had no half-revealed talents that would make him great. He was just an ordinary, nice-looking man—with the heart of a worm.

Do you wonder if I nagged? Don't you see that I was trying, just as hard as I could, to dig back into that dead past and bring to life my lover? Surely,

if I could sear him with words bitter enough, I would burn away that meekness and lies and dulled imagination and find the gold that had sparkled so when he led me to the altar! Ah well, tho I dug and dug, there was no gold to be found.

As long as men fail to fulfill their early promise, there will be nagging wives. We women do not change as you men do. We do not lose our interest in romance, in the glittering trifles that set our very souls singing. If a man came to us with truth on his lips and the bright fire of his early love shining in his eyes do you think we would ever nag? If at any time during all of these years I had ever heard in Ralph's voice the old, half-suppressed emotion that thrilled me so long ago I should have stopped my nagging, would have bitten my tongue out rather than ever again say a bitter word to him. That thrill was never mine. He gave me, at times, words of love, of course, but they were just the husk of words and the soul had gone out of them.

The real, the *priceless* thing, he kept for his lady friends. Do you think I couldn't imagine the things he said to them? Nor the voice in which he said them? Nor the things they said to him?

I wonder why married men are so stupid? And why they become stupider in middle age? There's some excuse for the boy of twenty-five who thinks he may be interesting to the girl of twenty, but there's no excuse, that I can see, for the man of forty who thinks he can stir the emotions of a girl of eighteen. Oh, girls pretend, but I notice they generally do it for a purpose of their own.

That's just another reason why wives develop a contempt for their husbands and become naggers. They know that these chasers of married men are in word or action *lying*; they are flattering these near-old men for just what they can get out of them. They are not interested in the man's work nor in his health nor in his happiness. If

they enjoy his company, and sometimes maybe they do, they want it at all hours, indifferent to his need for rest, to the importance of his next day's work. It is of themselves they are thinking and I can't for the life of me see why men don't understand this.

We wives know this because we are women, I suppose, and it infuriates us to see a fairly sensible man so easily fooled and flattered into doing silly things. Can we be sympathetic with his aches and pains when we know he is not living wisely? Can we respect him when we see how easily an ignorant girl can make a fool of him?

A woman doesn't insist upon her man being a success—if there is a good reason for his failure, if he goes down trying. The happiest woman I know is married to a complete and perfect failure. Her husband is an inventor—whose inventions are never worth anything. Goodness knows how many things he has invented and not one of them is of the slightest value to commerce or science. But he never gives up. When one idea fails, he doesn't sulk but goes to work at once on something else. He loves his wife and hasn't eyes for any other woman in the world and he has never stopped being a lover, a

little absent-minded, perhaps, but nevertheless a *real lover*.

Do you think she nags him? Do you think she reproaches him with his failures? She thinks he's wonderful, she thinks he's a genius years and years in advance of his time. They have been married for twenty years, have three children and the happiness of that family is the envy and consternation of every other family in our city.

I don't believe any woman in the world will nag a man for whom she has any respect. I believe that when any woman, day after day, in private and in public insults her husband, she has for him nothing but the deepest contempt and that her nagging is an effort on her part to retain her self-respect.

You men who have nagging wives and who think of yourselves as martyrs will do well to look into your hearts and your minds and find out what weakness and selfishness and meanness there is in you that makes it possible for any woman, even your wife, to dare insult you. You'll find that the nagger is in you and that your wife's words are only the echo of the things you tell yourself about yourself.

Remember this, you husbands: a nagger is *made*, not born.

The Children of a Behaviorist

(Continued from page 39)

herself that there was no external discomfort, went back to bed and left Billy to howl until he realized his efforts were useless. In three weeks' time the little fellow slept the whole night thru.

Mrs. Watson, who is not only a conscientious mother but wholeheartedly in favor of her husband's new methods of child-training, took care of her babies the first year with painstaking supervision. She prepared their food. In five months they were given orange and tomato juice, fine cereal and mashed vegetables. Today she attributes her boys' splendid physical condition to the practice established from the beginning of three regular meals a day, with no eating between-times and no candy.

Daily records have been kept of their development. Billy crawled at four months, a remarkable feat as any honest mother will tell you. The babies were allowed to pull themselves up to the side of the coop and walking came naturally, Jimmie at seven months, Billy at eight. Tho they have never been "pushed" in their studies both lads show unusual mental development. Ahead of most of their classmates at school they are still natural, lovable little fellows in every sense of the word.

Jimmie shows talent for drawing, Billy for the piano. While they are permitted to indulge their taste for crea-

tive expression they are never forced to any artistic effort unless the activity is entirely congenial.

Asked what the young Watsons would take for their life work Dr. Watson replied: "Their careers will be of their own choosing."

DR. WATSON talks easily. His conversation, like his literary expression, is marked by direct thought and a polished economy of words. He has not allowed the serious subjects to which he has devoted his life to rob him of a buoyant sense of humour. His lectures and talks are enlivened with anecdotes, always to the point and illustrative of some angle of the matter being discussed. Least of all is he fanatical or dogmatic. Tho you are at once conscious of the vitality of his intellectual processes and the honesty of conclusions which are to him incontrovertible, his manner is at all times delightfully free of dictatorial arrogance.

Concisely his explanation of his brain-child is this:

"Behaviorism deals with the objective rather than the introspective. The term is really self-explanatory. It is the way a person behaves. We believe that environment and training are responsible for what a child becomes and that these factors are of primary importance in molding a person's tempera-

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ment, character, ability and personality."

Dr. Watson accepts heredity only in its biological aspect. That a child inherits a mole on its arm, six fingers or physical features like those of its ancestors is as far as the psychologist will go in admitting the influence brought down from a past generation. The position he takes on the age-old controversy of "heredity versus environment" was shown in the statement: "I should be quite as willing to adopt a child of undesirable antecedents and, having full charge of his early training, expect as much of him as the offspring of aristocratic lineage."

"Even the child of a criminal?"

He nodded his head, thoughtfully.

"Yes, provided the child was kept in ignorance of the fact. This knowledge would be a handicap as it often produces a negative effect which reacts destructively."

One has only to talk with the psychologist, to know his experiments in child training at Johns Hopkins University, where hundreds of actual cases came under his observation, to realize that his views are just as applicable to your own Willy and Mary as they are to the offspring in his own family.

The results, according to the master behaviorist, are not only of tangible benefit to the youngsters who come

under the modern system but accrue in rich dividends to the parents.

Of course behaviorism is modern. It is revolutionary. It is shocking to the old traditions. It discards with one gesture the petting, pampering and "fooling" of kiddies so long regarded as an irrefutable legacy of childhood. It tosses into the discard old-fashioned sentimentality and over-indulgence which, thinks the psychologist, are inferior methods of equipping men and women for the complexities of modern civilization. It makes the accepted practices of child-rearing as antiquated as midwifery or asafetida bags worn around the neck as a "conjure" against contagion. Indeed so radical is behaviorism to the average lay mind that, while it is being accepted rather generally by the clear-sighted mothers of the new age, it is still too unorthodox to be welcomed as anything but a "new fangled experiment" by the doting grandmothers.

IN appearance Dr. Watson is handsome, robust and athletic. His healthy tan and magnificent physique suggest the out-of-doors more than the stuffiness of laboratory or classroom. Except for his shock of gray hair it is difficult to believe that he is fifty. He told me that for years he had slept only four hours out of the twenty-four. He

has many interests. First of all are his attractive young wife, Rosalie Rayner, a southern girl, whom he married in 1920, and "the boys." At the Watson's country place on Long Island, where they live in the summer, the psychologist is just the age of Billy and Jimmie. He romps with them, goes swimming, takes long hikes thru the woods or takes them on for a brisk game of tennis. The Watsons are noted for their hospitality. Their friends are not confined to any one group but include representatives of those cultural pursuits in which they are both interested.

Since time immemorial a new-born infant has held tyrannical sway over the entire household. It was the behaviorist expert who reversed the old order, who introduced what seemed at first to be the shocking practice of teaching these lilliputian dictators that night-time was to be used for sleeping. Thousands of modern parents, rearing their youngsters along scientific lines, have Dr. Watson to thank for establishing harmony in households formerly made almost chaotic by the advent of a baby.

In his quiet statements are the profound wisdom and understanding predicated a system of child-training the principal objective of which is to produce useful and intelligent citizens of tomorrow.

Are You Really Grown Up?

(Continued from page 51)

Moodiness Affected by Outward Circumstances. The child is at the mercy of his surroundings in so far as his happiness is concerned. Adults should develop a mental poise which will carry them serenely thru the small frictions which occur in every day of living.

Living in the Present. Anyone who has tried to discipline a small child or a dog knows that rewards and punishments must be immediate. These undeveloped creatures cannot look even an hour ahead. Many adults show identically the same trait when they place the gratification of the moment above the intelligent working out of their own well-being.

Irrational Likes and Dislikes. Children form instinctive and often embarrassing likes and dislikes to people and things. Many adults rather pride themselves on this quality but it is in reality a weakness. Our likes and dislikes should be formed judicially and without prejudice. The frequent wrongness of first impressions is proof of this.

The Show-Off. Nobody likes even the child who is allowed to indulge in this very human trait. In adults it is particularly disagreeable and is recognized at once by the majority of onlookers.

Sulking. Every mother knows this tendency in children—a difficult one to combat. Every student of human nature also knows it in men and women. It is the mark of the weakling—of one who cannot face situations squarely and ably.

Tendency to Live in the Realm of Fantasy—The child lives much of the time in a make-believe world. The test of a well-balanced person is to be able to face life as it is. All art, all amusement, perhaps, is designed as a legitimate and intelligent escape from the tedium of life. But the person who dramatizes himself habitually, creating about himself an unreal environment, is treading on dangerous ground. A few degrees more pronounced, this habit becomes one of the commonest forms of insanity.

"THE beginning of the tendency to these traits is, of course, in childhood and adolescence," Mr. Sanford said, "when they are allowed to develop uncurbed. Most of us have a lopsided education. Tell a boy to play football and become a fine physical specimen and he thanks you. He abhors the physical weakling. Neither does he want to be a moron—and he under-

stands without much trouble that he must apply himself mentally. But any attempt to iron out the defects of his emotional nature is met with resentment.

"But while we recognize that early impressions are vastly important, we have learned also that we need not accept supinely the bad effects of the mistakes of childhood. Professor Thorndike, of Columbia University, recently proved in an experiment that a person of sixty could learn as readily and well as a boy of twenty.

"The admonition to throw off adult infantilism and grow up, however belatedly, may seem at first a stern doctrine. In reality it is just the reverse. There are joys of maturity which are keener than the joys of childhood. The maturing of mind and emotions must not be confused with a long-faced attitude toward life. Actually, it means the full flowering of all man's latent possibilities.

"Growth is natural. The process of growth is attended by joy and any attempt at development has the sanction and aid of nature, who is never static. The conquering of one childish trait—of even one manifestation of it, as when we force ourselves to substitute

suavity for sulking—is a starting point for this maturing process.

"Important, too, is the observance of the laws of health. For physical vigor gives rise to emotional poise as easily and naturally as rich soil produces luxuriant flowers. In illness or in a state of low vitality, the man or woman is doubly apt to revert to childishness.

"If we are inclined to tantrums, with their destructive effects, we should study the causes which awaken this

instinct and fortify ourselves with a positive resolve to combat them. So with all the other manifestations of this prevalent disease, adult infantilism.

"In dealing with any psychological or emotional defect, two things are necessary. The first is an understanding of the condition. The second is a positive, dynamic viewpoint toward it. The application of these two remedies will make of an infantile adult a veritable 'man among men.'"

The Friendly Newsboy

(Continued from page 29)

Bob did some more rapid thinking. Almost before the order to leave was effective he had rented a vacant store room on the ground floor of the Traction Building, just across the street, at \$300 a month. "Seventy-five dollars a week for rent!" chorused his well-wishers. "On that side of Walnut Street you won't sell that many papers!"

It had been a superstition based on fact that Cincinnatians would not cross to the east side of Walnut Street to make a purchase. The vast majority of the population walks on the west side of this thoroughfare. Lured, however, by the colorful windows of the Fountain News Shoppe—that's Bishow's store—they began to wander over, look and buy.

Bob believes firmly that "it pays to advertise". When his shop was new he reasoned that he must do something different to call public attention to his change of base. He inserted display advertisements in all the local newspapers announcing that on the following day he would give away thousands of new magazines. (He had previously "sold" the publisher of a string of magazines the idea of distributing that many sample copies for advertising purposes.)

Impelled by the very human desire to get something for nothing the populace stormed the shop. The east side of Walnut Street was more crowded than the west. Women in limousines remained at the curb while their uniformed chauffeurs stood in line with hoi polloi, patiently waiting for free magazines. The idea made such a hit that Bishow has repeated it annually.

P. T. Barnum himself couldn't have done much better than Bob in chartering *The Island Queen*, know as America's largest and finest inland pleasure steamer, and transporting all his customers and their friends to Coney Island, an amusement park ten miles above Cincinnati, where they were given a day's outing at his expense. Twenty thousand persons, including children from orphanages and mothers with their broods, from the slums, en-

joyed the glorious vacation. Free lemonade, popcorn and candy; free rides on the many amusement devices and all the sunshine and fresh air they could imbibe were included in this day of days.

When Bob was notified that "buying out" Coney Island for the day would cost him several thousand dollars, he remarked: "When I throw a party its the whole works or nothing—shoot the wad!"

As it was to be a first-class party, Bob resolved to have a guest of honor. He selected Charles Barto, his first customer and adviser. Barto sat with Bishow at the head of the banquet table. Among the guests were Judge George E. Mills, of the Ohio State Court of Appeals; Dr. Otto Baehr, city chemist of Cincinnati; Harry Abrams, Assistant United States Attorney; Howard M. Wilson, manager Civic Affairs Department of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce and other notables.

Bob utilized the occasion to make public acknowledgment of his debt to Barto and every person at the picnic. He finished with a discussion of child psychology, handling the subject like a veteran, according to Judge Mills.

Bob says he got a "bigger kick" out of the outing than any of the others attending it. "I want to stage the same kind of a party every summer," he continued. "It is good advertising, but my chief reason for giving it is to return some of the prosperity that has come my way."

Bishow is marked for his charitable-ness. "He's a one-man community chest," explained an admirer.

So many foreigners apply to Bishow for help that his store has jokingly been alluded to as the European consulate. Hearing these "wise-cracks", Bob grins. Wasn't he a foreigner, too? He realized what a terrific handicap it is not to speak English and being poor besides. Those who try to change him into the average business man are wasting time and effort.

Bob Bishow fully realizes the value of money. He used to tie newspapers



There's the germ of a story in this picture. What can you do with it? What couldn't you do with it if you were a newspaper-trained writer?

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MANY people who should be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the fact that \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

Almost every month you hear of some new author of whom it is said: "He used to be a newspaper man." Training in newspaper methods has come to be a passport to literary opportunity.

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around his shoes to keep his feet from freezing. Day after day he lunched and dined on dry pretzels purchased from a peddler and washed down with water from the fountain. More than once he would be late at supper because he had remained to help another boy who was "stuck" to sell his papers.

At thirty-six Bob Bishow is wealthy enough to take his winter vacation in Florida and to summer in Europe. Rest and comfort are coming to him, he insists, because he alternately froze and baked for years. He is one of the few Cincinnatians who sold on the "bull" market last fall, which accounts in part for his perpetual grin.

He spends most of his time while in Europe studying how crime is dealt with there.

"The trouble with America is that we have too many laws and those on the statute books, especially those relating to crime, are not properly enforced."

Bob has personally known three presidents of the United States—Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft and Warren G. Harding. "Teddy" Roosevelt impressed him most. He met the Rough Rider at French Lick. After being introduced to the former Chief Executive, Bob retired to an obscure corner of the hotel lobby, leaving Roosevelt the center of a group of distinguished citizens. Roosevelt excused himself. Crossing over to where Bishow sat, he launched a conversation beginning with his own experiences as a newsboy.

"I had read about Teddy shaking hands with the engineer and fireman in charge of his special train when he was president," observed Bishow, "but like everybody else I thought it was only press-agent bunk. I was convinced of his sincerity when he sought my acquaintance so informally. He had received the highest honor the nation could bestow and knowing me meant nothing to him.

"Bishow", he began, "I admire you

and any foreigner who comes over here and qualifies as a good citizen. I'm for the man, white or black, Christian or Jew, who triumphs over odds. I detest a mollicoddle and I hate a faker and a four-flusher!"

Bob is a profound admirer of the entire Roosevelt family and when Colonel Theodore Roosevelt wrote a series of articles about his father and the family Bob devoted most of his windows to a display of the magazine in which the story appeared.

The late George B. Cox, Republican "boss" of Cincinnati, was another of Bob's customers. Cox maintained a dingy office over the Mecca Saloon on Walnut Street from which he manipulated the strings controlling city, state and even national officials. "Cox began as a bartender and was a man of two words: 'yes' and 'no'," Bob went on. "From him, I learned to keep my ears open and my mouth shut, except when I sold papers. Cox has been dead for years, but to this day Cincinnati people don't know whether he was a wise guy or just a dummy who got all the breaks."

Bishow confessed that one of his hardest battles was overcoming his natural tendency to be an introvert. Handshaking and "jollyng" do not come natural to him; still he realizes that a certain amount of it is necessary.

"One of my nearby rivals had a remarkable personality, was popular with the whole town; they dubbed him 'king of the newboys'. He was one of my best friends and did me many a favor, which I hope I reciprocated. When he yelled, I'll bet people heard him for miles. He was half-Irish and had a remarkable gift of blarney that brought him huge success. I knew I could never equal him at talking—why I was lucky to make myself understood!—so I let him shriek the news to the world and carry on a conversation with his customers, while I, on my own corner, cashed in to the best

of my ability on his advertising. The plan worked out satisfactorily for both of us for each is what might be considered financially well fixed."

Bishow's speech evidently has improved considerably since the old days. Every Friday afternoon from Station WLW, Cincinnati, he gives a radio talk on leading articles in the magazines and newspapers. His opinions evidently are well liked, judging from the fan mail he receives.

Bob has three children—David, Judy and Burton.

During the annual celebration of "Boys' Week" in Cincinnati, Bishow puts his son Dave in charge of the Fountain News Shoppe. Entire net profits of the seven days go to the lad—but there's a string to it: the money is to be deposited in a bank where a fund has been started to complete his education. When Dave was eight, the age his dad began to work, he started to help in the store. Every Saturday and Sunday Dave comes home from Culver Military Academy and, wearing his uniform, works there. At his side is his father, perhaps just back from a Chamber of Commerce dinner, in his Tuxedo, stacking piles of papers.

Bishow recently enlarged his establishment. Realizing his own shortcomings when he added a book department, he engaged a woman with library training to manage it, even to purchase the stock. Unconsciously Bob applies psychology to all his ventures. There is something psychological in the way he arranges his magazines and newspapers. Instead of laying them on the counter in piles, the magazines, newspapers and books stand or are hung so that their covers and front pages may be distinctly read and desire created to possess them.

Bishow's friends are urging him to be a candidate for the state legislature next fall. They feel that his opinions as well as his vote are needed to help rid the Buckeye State of crime.

The Battle of the Twins

(Continued from page 24)

same positions as before, except that over in a corner I spied a little, dried-up runt whom I had missed on the former inspection. He had a bright eye, I observed, for all his runtness.

"And who might you be?" I asked him.

"Just nobody, nothing's twin," he answered promptly. "But I can be somebody," he flashed.

I believed him. This fellow showed pep and his eye, as I said before, was bright. It was more than bright; it was intelligent.

"Twin!" I exclaimed. "Nothing didn't

say anything about having a twin."

"Nothing, of course, doesn't know of my existence. He doesn't know anything. But I am his twin, nevertheless. I overheard your conversation yesterday, but since you didn't even notice me, I didn't speak out. Now, I am desperate. There is only one chance for me. I am going to take it. I am coming out of this hole. If you toss me back into it, I'll drag you down with me. I dare you to do that!"

I wanted to run and I wanted to tell him to stay in the hole.

I could do neither.

"Nothing and I are twins," he went on. "We cannot help it. That is not our fault, you see. We hate each other like poison. Now I am coming out."

Nimble he sprang out of the cavity.

"Here is nobody who can be somebody, standing shoulder to shoulder with you," he said, "and here is nothing whom I have brought out with me. Where nobody goes nothing goes; but if you'll help, I'll be somebody and nothing will become in fact what he is in spirit—nothing. He will disappear, and since he is nothing, you will never see him more."

I could not follow his course of reasoning, and, as tho sensing that fact from the expression of my face, he continued:

"I am your self. There are two of us. You can have but one. Choose, and the one who is not chosen will go scuttling back into the hole."

"Come on nobody!" I whipped out. "You talk wisdom. Even tho I cannot comprehend some of the things you say, you will find me a ready, eager pupil. Together we may be able to do a thing or two before I leave you for another existence."

"That last is something that will never occur," he assured me. "We can never be separated, for I am you."

He sure was a deep one, that fellow.

I couldn't follow his line of thought. I noticed, tho, that nothing was now nothing in fact. That stupid idiot was no more. He had completely disappeared. I looked down into the hole. He was not there. None of the other selves was there. The hole was absolutely empty!

"Let us go, nobody who is now somebody!" I cried out jubilantly.

"I'm happy," he whispered into my ear. "Come; let us make for the highway of life yonder. There are things I must show you."

"Can you?" I asked, laughing in my joy.

"Sure!" he cried exultantly, taking me by the arm. Then he whispered:

"Just give me a chance."

Habit—Enemy or Friend

(Continued from page 48)

escape from the worry thought. The books on these hobbies and the pictures are endless.

Always choose something that has nothing in common with your main interest in life or your ordinary temptations and worries.

Sometimes the quickest escape is *via* another task.

Some people read politics, sociology, history or some other subject that will require concentration and a dictionary to understand.

Until you have developed habitual Islands of Refuge use temporary ones. Look out of doors at the trees, sky, buildings, anything—and let yourself think and imagine about them.

Plunge into a book or other reading matter so as to rest and get ready to try again in the necessary thinking.

6th. Be brave enough to run away, actually, physically run away from certain places, persons or things.

No doctor would tell a patient to get up and proceed to work just after he is cured.

Remember that after frequent practice of some kinds of bad habits you are made a mentally sick person. The old habit paths in your brain are deeply engraved and have made you weak. Your reason and desire may have been exercised as I have advised in previous paragraphs, but your mind being ill may by association of ideas—certain sounds, rooms, localities, tones of voice, action of others—make the old habit reassert itself overwhelmingly.

You need to keep away from the persons or things that rouse the habit. You, therefore, wisely and bravely run away and practice the new act or thinking or emotional reaction until you are able to meet any situation because the new habit is established, the new dendrites built.

But do not get the habit of always running away. Try yourself once in a while with a real temptation—but run away again if you find you are not mentally strong enough and the new habit is not quite established.

7th. Insist on opportunity to think and decide.

The majority of persons can't think, recollect or decide when others are talking and urging a course of action. Your reasons and desire may have started a habit of action or thought which bids you to say *no* or to disagree but you can't get into action the habit you have decided upon. The pressure of other minds and the confusion interfere.

Go upstairs or back to your office or anywhere to be alone a few moments. There formulate the sentence which will say *no*, if that is wise, or at least be able to think for yourself and if finally you agree with the others, you will not feel that strange unrest which comes when you are "pushed into things".

Most minds, in any matter, are better able to think logically when alone. Don't believe that you are not "smart" if you can't decide on the spot.

8th. Develop your "lovely feelings"—your good emotions. Let them take possession of you. Seek to have them aroused by persons, stories, shows or news.

Let your meditation carry you into these same emotions. On the full tide of a good emotion your brain blood vessels open fully—the thought centers expand and, especially in the higher thought sections, you get freer action. You "feel" a soul cleansing.

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In the process of establishing good habit this emotionalizing is especially valuable. It frees your power to decide and act. Like every other good thing it can be overdone—so don't misuse that habit.

However, with the most of us, the probability is that a false feeling of shame has been keeping us from giving

way to these fine emotions.

9th. Bear always in mind to persist, after your reason and desire have started you to seek a change of habit.

You are engaged in the physical task of creating a set of small nerve connections between thought centers that will enable you to carry out your wishes.

If connections have already been

made that you no longer want to use, you have the additional task of disconnecting that line.

There isn't any devil at work to thwart you—just your old habit or your lack of habit. There is no mystical or magic process in good habit-forming. It is just a matter of hard work based on reason and desire.

The Remaking of Jud Martin

(Continued from page 37)

"I joined the Army at once after I left the penitentiary," she said, "and I have been in it ever since here in Iowa excepting two years over in France—they sent me over there to work with the soldiers. I got back six weeks ago. But tell me, Colonel Walcott, do you ever see Jud any more?"

I told her that he had left town several years ago and that I was told he had gone to some western state. I knew nothing about his whereabouts or what he was doing. I noticed upon her face an expression of eagerness and anxiety when she asked about him that rather surprised me; she seized hold of my coat sleeve and began to talk in such an agitated manner that it was positively embarrassing.

"I didn't treat Jud right!" she said. "I should never have said those awful things to him! He had always been kind to me. I was the one to blame for our troubles—not Jud. If only I could see him and tell him how sorry I am for what I said to him, I believe he would forgive me even if we never can be anything to each other again."

The expression of suffering upon her face was more significant than her words and I saw very clearly that this woman still loved that worthless chap. She asked me to let her know in case I learned where he was located and I assured her that I would see what I could do. I afterward concluded that it would be better for her to let the matter drop, so I dismissed it from my mind.

Then about six months later a Chicago concern wired me to go out to Colorado and adjust a claim for about twelve thousand dollars against a merchant in a city northwest of Denver. I need not go into the details of that case. We won it, by the way, but in working it up my attention had been particularly attracted to the shrewd and diplomatic work that had been done by a salesman of the company, in securing a first mortgage that helped our litigation. His work would have reflected credit upon an experienced lawyer. The testimony of this salesman was to be a material part of our case and he came on to attend the trial. I was to meet him at the hotel and go over the facts, and when we were intro-

duced, I could hardly credit my senses. It was Jud Martin! He was quite as surprised as I.

I saw at once that he was a changed man. There was an air of self-assurance about him that comes from success. He was businesslike and accurate and sure of his facts and he was also well dressed and apparently prosperous. We merely mentioned the fact that we had met before and proceeded at once to the matter in hand. After the trial we met again at the hotel.

The credit manager of the concern had told me that Martin was one of their best salesmen, and I was curious to know something about his career since he had left our town, so I invited him up to my room to smoke a cigar and he accepted. In fact, he seemed eager to have a talk with me. "Well, Martin," I said, after we had lighted up. "It's a pleasure to see how well you have been making it go out here!"

"Something of a surprise, too, I dare say," said he.

"Yes, to tell the truth, it is rather surprising," I admitted.

"I never got along well back there," he said, "and I never deserved to. I was careless and shiftless and never had a real purpose in life."

"You evidently have one now," I said. "Tell me how you did it, Martin. How did you come to find yourself?"

He sat there silently for some time, puffing away at his cigar.

"Colonel Walcott!" said he, suddenly, "I am going to tell you some things confidentially. You were Dorothy's attorney and she no doubt told you all about our family affairs. My new start in life began on the day when she and I had that quarrel. The quarrel started over some small matter—I have forgotten what it was—we were both nervous and all strung up. My God, that was a devil's own quarrel! We said every mean, cursed thing to each other that we could lay tongue to. The thing that hurts worst in a quarrel is when the other party twits you with the truth. She told me, among other things, that I was a poor, poverty-stricken failure—no good on earth—a shiftless loafer. Nothing ever cut me the way that did, because I knew that she was

mighty near right. And I couldn't get over it. I was mad clear thru—not exactly at her, but at the fact itself. Her words kept ringing in my ears. I dreamed about them at night. They haunted me! Well, after I got the divorce I left town and came out to Denver. I had formed a purpose. I determined that I was going to amount to something and I knew just what I was going to do. I had always felt that I possessed some natural ability along the selling line and I determined to become a salesman and a first class one at that. The motive that kept spurring me on was not love, because I did not intend to do it for her—she was out of my life for good—neither was it hate, because I really did not hold it against her. *But something inside of me had been exploded by what she said and I swore that I would never stop until I could look myself in the eyes and say that those things were no longer true.* Do you get me, Colonel?"

"Certainly," said I. "She had aroused your pride. She stirred up the man in you."

"That's about it," he said. "Well, when I reached Denver, I had made a careful inventory of my faults—those things that had been responsible for my failure in life, and I determined to begin at once, and cultivate the opposite qualities. I had about three hundred dollars in cash—that represented my total assets. I looked over the want columns in the Denver papers and saw an advertisement for a salesman. An Eastern soap manufacturing company wished a salesman to work on a commission basis selling soap, to institutions, hotels, boarding houses, and small dealers in Denver and vicinity. I answered it and got the job and, believe me, it was a corking hard job, but the main thing I was after was a chance to get started.

"The first thing I did was to organize my time. I had never had any system in my life. I now made up my mind to live on a rigid schedule and first of all to devote one or two hours a day to careful reading and study. I started in at *studying socp.* I studied all the literature which the company sent me. I went to the public library and studied what the encyclopedia said

about soap. I made a study of the chemistry of soap making. By golly, Colonel, if there was anything I didn't find out about soap, why, it wasn't in the books."

"Wait," I said, "is it good salesmanship to go into all those details in making a sale? Take a hotel steward, for instance——"

"I see your point," said he. "And you are right. No, it isn't a good plan to go too deeply into details, but it is a good thing to know all about your line—more than the other fellow knows. You never can tell when you may need to use it. Then the second thing I did was to map out my work for each day in advance and then stick to it. I had never been thoro or persistent in my work. I now started in to do the opposite. I would get up in the morning early and plug all day, sale or no sale. Some days I made as many as ten calls without a sale, but I gritted my teeth and kept right on keeping on. I guess I rather enjoyed punishing myself that way. When I would go back to my boarding-house at night after a day like that I would feel like a winner even if I hadn't sold a thing. I could look myself in the eye and say, 'Well, old boy, you plugged anyway.'"

"And on the whole, you sold soap?" I said.

"Yes, I sold soap," said he. "Let a man of ordinary intelligence go at a job in that way and ultimately he will come thru. The reason I was a failure back in your town was that I had never done that thing. Then I joined a salesmanship class in the Y. M. C. A. and went thru that course carefully. I was always there at the class and I read and studied everything they recommended and took notes on all the lectures and they had some mighty good ones, too. I also enrolled for a business course and service which gave a regular course of business training and I studied such business subjects as corporation finance, banking, advertising, accounting and commercial law as well as marketing and sales, and I kept that up for years; in fact, I still spend at least one hour a day in study."

"Good work," I said. "You combined theory and practice."

"Exactly," said he. "A man must put the principles into practice and filter them thru his own personality, but if he is going to make the most of

himself in any line of business he must learn to think straight—and that is what systematic study will do for him."

"When I got in with this crowd, I carried out the same program in their line as I had done in soap, and I made good. I get a good salary and in addition, make a good commission. I have accumulated a property and every year I improve, financially, upon the previous year."

"And you can now look yourself in the eye and know that those things which Dorothy said are no longer true," I said.

He nodded his head and then fell into silence. I said nothing but I felt that he wished to say something more. Presently he sprang to his feet and began to pace the floor nervously.

"Do you ever hear anything about Dorothy?" he asked. "Do you know where she is?"

"She went to Iowa, I think——"

Then Jud Martin did something that surprised me. He sank into his chair and buried his face in his hands and broke down completely.

"I never gave Dorothy a square deal," he said. "I was to blame for it all. I ruined her life. I was less than a man. I sometimes think that if I could see her and tell her this she would not despise me the way she does."

Then, of course, I told Martin what I knew about her and where she was. I told him what she had said to me. I didn't attempt to give him any advice. I knew well enough what he would do.

Last week I received a letter from Colorado. I think I have it right here. Yes, here it is:

Dear Colonel Walcott:—

You will be interested to know the outcome of our conversation that night at the hotel. I went to Iowa that week and found Dorothy. We decided to forget the past and begin all over again. We were married at once and I brought her out to Denver. We have bought a bungalow in one of the suburbs of the city. I enclose a picture of it so you may have an idea how we are situated. We shall never forget our obligation to you. We both wish you to come to our home when you are in Denver. Let me know in advance so that I can be here. Dorothy joins me in kind personal regards.

Sincerely,
Judson Martin.

Here is the picture of their bungalow. Notice those flower beds in front and look at that nice wide verandah.

Love

By Marguerite E. Stevenson

I AM—the power that sways the universe. I have built empires and destroyed kingdoms. By withholding my light I can cast men into hellish depths where death is courted, but by submerging them in its warmth I can fling them aloft where heaven itself fades into insignificance. In my name heinous crimes are committed or noble deeds of valor are performed. My magic rays can transform the lowliest hut in a dwelling place of beauty and of freedom, but without them a golden palace becomes a hateful place of bondage. I am as old as sin and as young as innocence, for with each new moon I am born anew. All men define me differently. I am the riddle of the ages, the veiled mystery of eternity. I am—

LOVE

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Name
Address

What Is the Subjective Mind?

(Continued from page 41)

First: He will set his memory storehouse in order, thus greatly improving his memory. Second: He will discover an encyclopedia of useful knowledge which will improve his education, clarify his mind, add to his personal charm and increase his efficiency.

I have already referred to the fact that the subjective mind is, in its profounder aspects, the all-uniting race-mind, in which is stored the crystallized experience and wisdom not only of all living human beings but of all human beings who have ever lived; for the race-mind is deathless. It is from this profound phase of the subjective mind that we derive the thing we call "intuition," things we know without learning. In animals we call it "instinct," but it is the same thing as intuition.

In the human mind the objective phase is much more highly developed than in the animal mind, and before the human being reaches adult life the subjective mind is largely smothered and choked by the habitual functioning of the ego or soul in the objective realm, so that human intuitive knowl-

edge is not so clear and concise as animal instinctive knowledge. The bird knows instinctively how to build a nest; the human being has to learn how to build a house. Animals are instinctively afraid of snakes; the human being has to learn that they are dangerous. And for the same reason we find among savage and semi-civilized peoples more functioning of the subjective mind than among the more highly civilized peoples—clearer telepathy, more clairvoyance, more sensitiveness to mental influences and so forth.

That deep phase of the subjective mind which we call the race-mind has been demonstrated to offer amazing possibilities in the process of education as soon as we come to a little further knowledge of it. Much of its learning and wisdom can be brought over into objective consciousness, thus saving the student a lot of tedious "digging" and greatly hastening the process of his education. I am fully aware that this statement is startling to the point of being staggering, but we already have much positive and unimpeachable evi-

dence that it is true. The problem is to work out a little simpler and more uniformly effective method of getting down to the subjective reservoir; to push the work further in our psychological laboratories; and to have a little closer co-operation between psychologists and educators.

By way of conclusion, I urge the interested reader to begin and push the tablet-and-pencil method I have prescribed. If pursued as a habit it will not only bring out a lot of highly useful and profitable knowledge which has been personally acquired and forgotten, but will slowly but surely lead back to some measure of intuitive cognition of the age-old wisdom lying in the race-mind. The practical result will be to set the student far ahead on the way of more abundant life and radiant happiness.

I sincerely and in all humility appreciate the many splendid things that have been said by so many persons in contemplation of this series of articles, and cordially invite my readers to hear me thru to the end of the series.

Health Culture

(Continued from page 53)

the strain physically and once the strenuous effort reaches the nerves it is but natural that there will come a breaking point. This explains the physical wrecks so often seen, as well as strong, healthy men with nervous disorders. The "athletic heart" is never known to the athlete who builds a body well proportioned thru scientific health culture. The muscles when in play are controlled by thought, or suggestion. The nerves in reaction cause the muscles to perform.

If a performer, athlete or strong man accomplishes a feat before an audience he is confident that he can do it. Should a strong man be called on for any new feat, or material offered him other than his own, he will lack the confidence necessary to pull thru the stunt. When playing vaudeville I had this experience many times. While tearing cards it was necessary to buy three decks of the cheapest quality. Linen cards are hard to tear, especially when you tear three decks, which is one half deck more than was ever torn by anybody else. One of my audience bought three decks of hard-finish playing cards and I failed on this occasion. Later I purchased a number of decks and with careful study as to how to hold the cards I determined to tear them. It was some time before I succeeded, but

I tore any three decks of cards anybody brought to me once I gained the confidence that I could. Confidence had won. My accomplishment was more a mental achievement than one of strength.

In review of many sensational feats I have performed, may I say here, I have not accomplished anything but what you could do also, making due allowances, of course, for differences of size and weight. When I was the editor of Strength Development and director of physical culture of another publishing organization, I accomplished a feat featured by a daily New York newspaper. This stunt required that I fast thirty days and at the expiration of my fast permit an eight-thousand pound truck to run over my body. There was much press comment on the stunt and thousands of letters were received in inquiry as to how I obtained such *strength endurance*. It may seem strange, but I could only reply that the feat was not unusual and that anyone could make the fast, retaining amazing strength. While I did not advocate such strenuous fasts, I claimed the body had hidden strength within it and that the mental influence behind my test brought out the ability to perform such a feat.

Overweight is harmful, and for re-

ducing, moderate fasts and proper diet are essential. With the influence of the mind, waist control can be accomplished with less exercise. Fasting requires more will power and determination than anything known.

It may be of interest to everyone to know that the story of my comeback which appeared in the September issue of PSYCHOLOGY Magazine gives but a slight idea of what the body is capable of accomplishing. Personally I feel that *to believe a thing makes it a reality*. To have an object in view with only the hope of succeeding will never bring the reality of the goal. But if a goal is pictured in the mind for realization, there is no greater surety than to believe in it. The first thought one must convey is that *It Can Be Done!* The second thought in view is, *It Will Be Done, I Can Do It!* I knew that I was an invalid and that the government would provide for me insofar as my disability was concerned. This did not interest me. My one desire was to succeed, to overcome my handicap. I overcame it. My one thought in return now, is to reveal the same *Health-Truth* that enabled me to make my comeback.

There are millions of people today in need of health, who would gladly purchase a course of physical development if they knew the method would

benefit them. Again if there were not so much strenuous work in connection with it, which seems so fruitless, many of our most intelligent men and women would gladly follow the routine of any course of exercises. Science has proved that highly developed muscles do not signify health. It is possible for the body to be well proportioned while the stomach is ready to burst with ulcers, or even with cancer. It is therefore necessary for the internal organs to receive proper exercise. Pressure movements for inner organic functions can be taken with little effort and are highly beneficial for strengthening the digestive system. I will explain the movements in later articles. It is understood that no exercise taken can accomplish direct and instantaneous results. The surest test of successful exercise is the mental comfort received from the movements. Results are assured when the mind reacts with perfect accord after taking any exercise. If the mind is tired and the nervous system is

disturbed the exercise is harmful. When the body feels refreshed and stronger than ever the exercise is getting results.

"It is all in the mind!" To imagine a thing is the birth of an idea. To dream of anything, or rather to think of its possibilities, will produce the thought that will attain the objective. We all dream of things, but few of us dare grasp the opportunity to visualize our dreams. I had rather start a business on nothing, with the determination to get somewhere, than to have a fortune to begin with, using it as a matter of investment, taking a chance.

There is no greater human need today than the need for health. Wealth will not bring Health; "spiritual" exercise will not bring it. The supreme power within man is the power of will, which is born within him. It is up to him to use it, or not to use it. It takes determination to acquire the gold ore of wealth, which is good; it takes determination to acquire the gold ore of Health, which is better.

From Sub-Invalid to Super-Athlete

(Continued from page 43)

lost a foot—of ground. The second and third men lost two and three yards respectively, and when it came my turn to run, I had about eight yards to make up, besides competing against the second best runner in the meet—my rival. He had refused to run against me in the other events—he did not know I would run in the relay. On the first turn I had made up four yards. At the half I was even—this I held, being satisfied to trail until the home-stretch. A great many thought I faltered, that I had run too much for one day, that I should have left well enough alone. The crowd, a howling mob at the half, had quieted down to a whisper ten yards from the finish. I felt I could pass my rival, make up two feet when I wanted to, and as I put my best effort into the final drive, I was rewarded with victory, but won only by inches. I have never witnessed a greater demonstration than that accorded me that day, and I have been in many an exciting race. To complete the picture, a girl came over to where I was amidst a group of friends and offered me candy. Candy was offered me as a reward for the three years' fight I had made against it!

For the second time I had won a great verdict over a doctor. And now comes the story of the third episode.

In fair weather, especially during the summer, I never fail to get out and exercise—run. In the last three years I have added tennis to my program. Ten minutes of tennis or a mile run ought to start anyone perspiring pro-

fusely. By perspiring I have thwarted a lifetime of suffering, if not death. Only a year before my talk with the doctor, I had competed with leading athletes at San Francisco. I was then, what a great many authorities claim, past the age when an athlete runs his best. At that time (1915), at the age of thirty-one, I ran the 100 yards in 10 seconds. The following year (1916), I decided to give up active competition, but I did not cease training. I still expected to live in good health, and a life of idleness and ease does not promote good health.

The "incident" I spoke of came about in this way. I had interested myself in a young "phenom"—at least he seemed to possess all the markings of a great sprinter. In my desire to make a star out of this young man, I was putting as much in the work as I ever did in my youth; that is the way I believe in doing things—complete.

The young man I am referring to was running the 100 yards in about 11 seconds when I first met him. I, without any particular training, could run the 100 yards in 11 seconds. In our work-outs, we were pretty much on even terms most of the time. As time went on, we gradually reduced this to 10 1/5 seconds. We had been training for about three weeks when one morning I woke up with severe pains around the region of my heart. I was dumbfounded. Fifteen years in athletics, coming up from a scrawny, sickly kid to be physically perfect, I was mystified. In my doubt I consulted a specialist. The doctor said to me,

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

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

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I discovered later on I had taken a slight cold and the pains were due to this and not a "strain" as I had first supposed. The young man I was training entered his race on Labor Day, finished first in trial heat and third in final.

The above recital illustrates my point, that a man studying himself all the time knows himself better than a man who only sees him once in a while. Instead of leaving the most important work for outside forces, I organized a group within. I hitched them to an idea and made friends with Nature.

The diabetes is cured to stay cured, I know, for I never have any of the old symptoms or bad effects, and I think no one was ever worse off than I when I suffered from this complaint. After twenty-five years there is no more trouble. I am certain I am cured, for what better proof is there than an hour's fast play on a tennis court, followed by a mile run accomplished in six minutes, three times a week, at the age of forty-five. Very few men of twenty-five can duplicate it.

Nature's requisite for the possession of glorious health and its sustenance is sunshine, fresh air and exercise. Abide by her dictates and we will reap the full reward. The chief factor in any cure lies in the fact that you must exercise to get the fresh supply of air, to throw off the waste matter and to build strength for the next day. Eat in moderation, which is the intake, and you will live to be at least your three-score years and ten.

Speed vs. Culture

(Continued from page 25)

breakneck speed. Most of the writers nowadays are like their readers. And the readers, unaware for the most part that there are any depths to be plumbed, feverishly adopt the shallowest and most contradictory of vaporings as solid foundations. If the incongruity of contradictory positions arrest their attention at all, it only results in the self-complaisant conclusion that they are so "liberal" that they can entertain all sorts of hostile ideas with equal hospitality. If Morley's caustic criticism of the temper of his time, in his masterly critique of Voltaire, was just when he wrote: "Our lofty new idea of rational freedom as freedom from conviction, and of emancipation of understanding as emanci-

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pation from the duty of settling whether important propositions are true or false, had not dawned on Voltaire," how much more severe would he have been if writing of the present generation!

Clear and accurate thinking can only be accomplished when the sense of hurried pressure is removed. It requires a daily hour of leisure over many weeks to gather the data to be considered in thinking thru any problem worth while. It requires more time to analyze and weigh the evidence. And all this can only take place if the mind is free and buoyant, not if it is held as in a vise, in the over-powering impulse to be constantly rushing and hustling and bustling hither and yon, without rhyme or reason.

This habit of thinking diverts the mind from the biological side of nature to its mechanistic side—from the living, growing, unfolding things to the hard and fixed things of physics and mechanics. Consequently all trains of thought and finer impulses of feeling, which are engendered by close contact with daisied fields and mossy glades and murmuring brooks, never come to the motor maniacs. Their point of view and habit of mind have become hardened. They have lost the soul of culture. They prefer the blare of saxophones to the song of the thrush. They do not know the resplendent glories of Orion and the Pleiades, but they love the glitter of the movie stars.

This mania for speed is incompatible with the basic elements of culture. Let's slow down a bit and develop our souls.

Charles M. Schwab

(Continued from page 21)

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a licking some time in his life, but I don't know him. If we treat our lickings as lessons we are safe. They may be expensive lessons, but if they have taught something, they are worth something."

What Can We Do for You?

(Continued from page 54)

ANSWER:—

As long as physicians have found nothing wrong I would say that your trouble was from one of two things. Either the nerves have become extremely sensitive and pressure from sitting causes the trouble; or it can very easily be from a cramped arch. Where shoes are not properly fitted the feet in time become troublesome, not perhaps consciously so, thru the arch rising and thus shutting off the circulation and causing muscle soreness thru the calves of the legs. It brings wrong muscles into play and this frequently causes just the symptoms you have described. A properly fitted shoe, usually a little longer, with a properly fitted arch support, not just any arch support, will probably cure your trouble.

QUESTION:—W. E. B. writes:—

I have been taking veronal for some time, prescribed by a physician. Of late I have tried to go without it and when I do some of the old symptoms reappear. Must I continue the use of this the rest of my life?

ANSWER:—

Veronal is a habit-forming drug, tho some will tell you differently, and I am sure it is only the habit that keeps you from discontinuing its use. In England this drug is placed in the same category with opium, morphine, cocaine and heroin. My advice is to stop it at once, no matter how you may feel without it. You must put up a battle and not give in when you have unpleasant symptoms and a desire to relieve these symptoms with its use.

QUESTION:—J. A. C. K. writes:—

About a year ago a girl told me that she loved me. At first I tried not to care too much or show much affection for her. Now I find I cannot keep her off my mind. I even went to her and told her just how I felt, but she seems to have overcome her love for me and has become interested in another. Will I in time stop thinking about her?

ANSWER:—

You are going thru the same experience that thousands of young men have in early life. It is quite common for one to love and not have that love returned. And the only thing to do is to make up your mind that if she doesn't care you will not either, and try to drop all thoughts of her from your mind. We cannot stop thinking, so it

is necessary to substitute other thoughts when we wish to get rid of those we do not care to indulge in. This is best done by going about socially, keeping your mind active and giving yourself an opportunity to meet someone else. If you live a normal life you will soon find someone that you will care just as much for as you have for this girl. Feel that the whole thing is ended. Don't wonder if she will grow tired of the one she is now going with and come back to you, but remove all doubts from your mind as to your ever having her again as a close friend. When you have decided to drop these thoughts you will find it quite easy in time to forget.

QUESTION:—T. E. Y. writes:—

This letter cannot well be published as it might infringe on some of the postoffice laws.

ANSWER:—

Here is another instance where I might have been of real service to this young lady had she shown sufficient faith in me to sign her name and give her address. I know that your question is a very intimate one and that there is ground for fear, but you can write me fully and freely. Your confidence will be sacredly guarded, I assure you. Mail addressed to me is not opened by the office force of the magazine, but is forwarded direct to me and opened by myself.

QUESTION:—E. E. H. writes—

I want you to help me in helping my daughter. She was five years old in June and is three feet nine inches in height. She weighs forty-eight pounds. She talks in her sleep, repeating things she has said to the other children while at play. What is the cause of her doing such things? I told a doctor about it, and he said if she played with some other children she would stop it. This was one year ago and she continues to talk in her sleep. She still takes her afternoon nap. My rest is broken at night listening to the things she says. Aside from being nervous she is very healthy. I am nervous too. Would that cause her nervousness? She also worries a great deal, and in winter she has head colds. The doctor said that her tonsils were bad. Do you think this is the cause? Her breath is very bad.

ANSWER:—

The tonsils could have something to do with your child's nervousness, and if they are really bad, and several agree that they should be out, I believe I would let a good surgeon take care of them.

Your little girl is certainly in an excitable, nervous state, and this is probably responsible for her digestive disturbances. Her habit of talking in her sleep is due to excitement while at play and nervousness which follows.

After she is asleep try suggesting to her that she will be calm, quiet, controlled and sleep peacefully. Do this in a soft voice without waking her. And try to reason with her at times during her waking hours and show her how necessary it is for her to play without getting too excited if she wishes to be a fine, strong, healthy girl. Give her plenty of milk to drink. It might help if you gave her a glass of warm milk a little while before she goes to bed.

There is nothing to worry over, I assure you. Growing children are often rather nervous and frequently talk in their sleep. The colds she has could come from tonsils and a lowered vitality. Children who grow rapidly are usually not as strong during those years. Don't scold her for being nervous, but reason with her. She could easily acquire nervous habits if you show nervousness when dealing with her, or in your every day life at home. You too must exercise as much control as possible.

QUESTION:—R. V. S. writes:—

I am a young man of eighteen. I lately graduated from high school with highest honors and intend to go to college this fall on a scholarship I received. The authors and poets I have studied in school have been to me what Lindbergh has been to other boys. I cannot help but be thrilled when I read about the pure, noble and tragic life of Lanier. The poets, novelists and dramatists of all ages are my heroes, and I desire to do and be like them. In other words, I wish to become an author. But on every side I meet with discouragement and I realize that the field is a crowded one and the chances for success slight. My father wishes me to go into business with him after I finish college. But would my likes and business harmonize? How can I find out whether I have real talent along this line or not?

ANSWER:—

Your desire is a perfectly commendable one and I would not have you lay it aside without first making a test. Go to college and learn what you can, giving special attention to the studies which would naturally fit in with the accomplishment of this desire. Then, when you feel you are prepared, try it out and see what you can do. Take it up as a hobby at first, for you cannot tell whether you have real ability without experimenting. I suggest that you go in business with your father and put in part of your spare time writing. There is no field too crowded to make room for someone with unusual ability. If you find that you can make a living thru your writings, then enter into it full time, with your heart and soul. If you find that you haven't special qualifications in this direction, then try to put that same interest into your father's business. Even in business

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life there are opportunities to develop writing ability. Your father has probably planned on your being with him and I certainly would start with him while you are making your test.

The Odds Against You!

(Continued from page 18)

host who have genius in some one direction. Many of these never develop that one ability which might make them supreme and lift them to the heights of accomplishment. They are content to drag along in the ruts of easy-going mediocrity. Thus the world is never enriched by the superb contributions which their hidden talent might bring forth.

Are you "hiding your light under a bushel"? Have you buried your talent under the ground? Are you starving in the midst of plenty which might be yours if you would discover your unused talent, sacrifice to develop it and go forth to compel the attention of the world?

Forget your handicap. Prepare for the race. Find the hidden spring within which will make you a power and victor. You were born for a purpose. Your name may yet have a place among the immortals. Unborn generations may yet rise up to call you blessed. Give what you have to life without stint or reserve and life will return the gold of triumph to your waiting arms.

The last handicap which we will here mention is the haunting memory of past failures. Have you developed the failure complex? When you attempt to run the race does the fact that you tried before and failed rise up to paralyze your efforts and defeat your brave hopes?

This is a real handicap with multitudes, but it ought not to be permitted to defeat you. Every life has known its failures. The withering hand of defeat has laid its destructive blight over everyone at some time or other. Forget not that the path to victory is ever lined with failures. The man who wins is the one who uses his failures as stepping-stones to ultimate success. We should profit by our mistakes and learn important lessons from our failures. Let each disappointment but strengthen your will to win.

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If you, or any member of your family, is afflicted with catarrh, don't ignore it or neglect it. It is a mighty serious ailment. Destroy it before it is too late. You can do it easily when you know how.

And in getting rid of your catarrh, you will get rid of a lot of other troubles. You will lose that bad taste in your mouth. Your coated tongue will clear up. That terrible tired feeling will vanish. That troublesome gas will stop forming in the stomach and bowels. Pains in the back will take flight. Headaches will disappear. Rheumatism will be a thing of the past.

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You Can Make Money

(Continued from page 56)

analyzing her abilities and present environment, I explained fully what she should do and sent her the instructions written on a card:

BIRTHDAY CARDS

People forget birthdays. Yet everyone loves to be remembered on his birthday. Send cards to 300 women and 200 men. Tell them to list the birthdays of their friends and relatives and without any bother to them say that you will send to each an appropriate gift properly boxed or a card for a price agreed. Bill in advance. Work done entirely by mail. Return post card advertising your own business enclosed in each box. This card sent in acknowledgement to sender. Stamped and ready. Paper on box always the same, beautifully tied and addressed on type-written labels. Return address on package of sender. Insure each parcel. Make 100 per cent over costs for time, ideas, boxes, paper, twine, etc. In first letters, ask customers to tell you what they can of the person to whom gifts are to be sent.

Do you imagine this woman is going to succeed? Certainly, if she keeps up the standard of her work and chooses her gifts with taste and discretion. How do you think you could handle such a business from your home? How would you obtain your list? How would you collect? Think these things over.

What color boxes, paper, twine, labels, would you use?

Build up a little business now in your mind as a test lesson for your imagination. Maybe you'd add a trade name for your business. Probably you'd like to use a little illustration as your trade mark. Oh, there are many other things I'm leaving unsaid because I think it is time some of my readers "filled in the blank spaces." Will you complete this picture? Write it out in detail for me and if it is well done I may publish it here over your name.

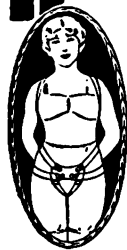
You see I really want each of you to do something with my department. I want you to think and put your thoughts into action. If you do not wish to do these things for yourself, then play with the ideas in your imagination, build the idea up to greater extent and write me about it.

DAMASK PORTFOLIOS

SURELY you have seen the envelope purses! This same idea, carried into large sizes, can be worked out in damask, edged with old gold or silver braids, and one has a modern and handsome container for photographs. I asked a woman whom I knew sufficiently well what she had paid for one in which she kept her daughter's pictures, and she said, "Eighteen dollars". This one was exactly twelve by eigh-

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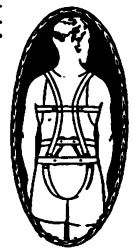
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brain glow

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teen inches in size. Can you imagine the profit? And they are no harder to make than pillow slips. Of course they have many uses, and no matter where you place them they add a spot of color and beauty.

BEAUTIFYING THE BATH

DID I tell you about the woman who went in for beautifying bathrooms? A western woman with a bit of thought and effort had changed a very ordinary looking bathroom into a cheerful, colorful room. She enameled the walls in a bright sunny yellow and painted the window sills and outer sides of the bathtub a soft light green. Over the window she hung two bright green poles, and to these hung glazed curtains sewed to large, easily rolling rings of yellow, which she button-holed in dark green floss. A comfortable chair with a removable top was fitted over the toilet seat. Over the tub a board was made that easily swung back. Over the bathtub board was tacked material the same as in the curtains, and on first looking at this little room it gave the appearance of a dressing room rather than the bathroom. When this woman entertained this made a pleasant impression on her guests. Then she sent out notices saying she would do this "bathroom beautifying" for a fixed sum for a day's work—the customer paying for the material. I'm sure by now other ideas have found themselves at home in this woman's fertile mind. She probably has collected lovely shaped bottles, and with oil paints makes them to fit the color schemes she selects. Then there are the soiled clothes boxes, baskets, slipper seats, etc. Why isn't it worth a thought?

CATERING

TWO girls under twenty decided they would enjoy catering for bridge-teas and other social gatherings. They bought six dozen tea cups and saucers, many lovely but inexpensive plates, spoons, knives, forks and had paper napkins to match. In their own little kitchen they prepared delicious salads, made biscuits, to be browned later; in fact made every necessary food preparation before packing to go out to serve.

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"I Think"

(Continued from page 58)

the real essence of divine being. Far from God being pleased with most of the energy which is wasted in religious activities he must be overwhelmed with pity that his children could so far miss the mark.

We are not against religion. We feel that some sense of relationship to the divine is essential to the largest and fullest life, nor does PSYCHOLOGY seek in any way to supplant the church. We are simply giving expression to certain phases of cosmic truth and trying to keep the divine spark alive in the souls of vast multitudes for whom the church has lost its appeal. Many devout adherents of all churches are among our most enthusiastic readers, but we are also carrying our message of inspiration and larger living to multitudes of non church-goers. We rejoice in being able to help all people, regardless of religious affiliation or lack thereof.

WAS sorry to find a medical propaganda article in the August number of PSYCHOLOGY. No doubt there was some pressure from the American Medical Association. The article by Louis E. Bisch, M.D. would perhaps be all right, if true, printed in *The Medical Journal* but hardly a fitting article in a magazine of the class of PSYCHOLOGY.

Trusting your censor to do a better job next time,

C. J. Prior,
Springfield, N. J.

Dr. Miller answers:

After receiving your letter I reread Dr. Bisch's very able article on glands and their relation to the various mental and emotional conditions. I cannot feel that you are justified in considering this very illuminating article as medical propaganda.

As psychologists we are studying, according to William James, "states of consciousness"; according to John Watson "human behavior", but back of either consciousness or behavior is a human body and it is the task of the psychological and medical specialists to study this marvelous and intricate physical mechanism.

Dr. Bisch, who is both a psychologist and physician, is in an admirable position to trace the relation between bodily conditions and mental and emotional reactions.

I really feel that the article in question was one of the most important that has yet been published on the subject. I thank you, however, for writing to us.

I LIKE PSYCHOLOGY Magazine very much and have not missed one issue since it was started. I read every article.

It is a wonderful magazine and I think you are doing a great work thru it. It is, I think, the best and most helpful and inspiring magazine published today and is lifting men to higher and nobler living.

George A. Smith,
Detroit, Michigan.

I AM carried away always with Dr. Miller's editorials. They are unusually good at this time. I have kept in close touch with PSYCHOLOGY for the last two years and must say it is better now than ever. Harnell Hart's *New Sex Code* was the most interesting article you published in August.

Mollie O. Cook.

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.

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