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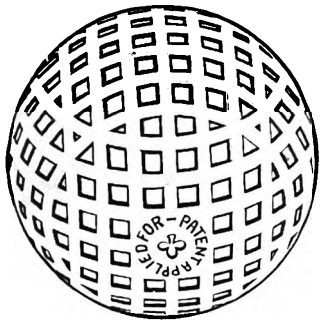
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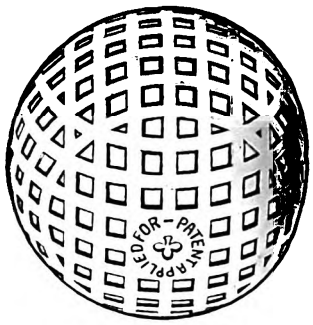
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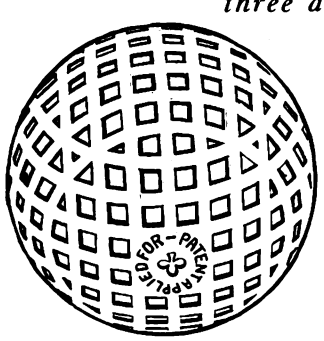
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Health! Happiness! Success!

VOL. XV. No. 5 NOVEMBER, 1930

Founded and Edited by Henry Knight Miller

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Marriage Doctors vs. Divorce Lawyers

An experienced lawyer tells what is wrong with the divorce courts and suggests that there be created a profession of the marriage protector. Full of sage sex counsel that helps to make plain the path to domestic content. By Harry Hibschman.

God Comes to Broadway

The white lights of Broadway have darkened the minds of its habitués. Now Richard B. Harrison strides humbly and powerfully upon the stage, bringing back, in his unbelievable impersonation of the deity in "The Green Pastures," the lost light of inspiration. A close-up of the miracle man of the American Stage. By A. H. Howland.

Before the Baby Comes

A beautiful depiction of an expectant mother's heart and the happy results of her bright serenity. By Ann Grace Chapple.

The "Old Colonel of the South"

A charming picture of a charming man, who has brought the old standards of southern chivalry and courage into the business world and has won not only great wealth but the love of the Southland and the respect of an entire nation. A character sketch of the proprietor of Maxwell House Coffee, Colonel Joel O. Cheek. By Hazel Manley.

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CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY



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

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

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

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

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

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

CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY now comes forward with a great flood of the white light of simple scientific truth. Under the illumination of this light men and women are finding the Kingdom of God and having added unto them the things necessary to their happiness—they are learning how to pray for the things and conditions they want in such a way as to get them, as Jesus promised they should.

CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY is a simple scientific system of Christian life and thought which gives Christianity the power of godliness as well as the form, and puts into it the living, vibrant force which brings prosperity, love, achievement, health, happiness, peace, and more abundant life. It is not a religion, nor a sect, but a movement within the churches, loyal to their work and ministry, and based squarely upon the teachings of Jesus as verified, explained, simplified, and practically applied by modern scientific Psychology.

CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY is given to the world by Judge Daniel A. Simmons, whose gifts to the world are already so rich and full. He is widely known as a psychologist, author, teacher and lecturer. He is now, and for more than fifteen years has been, one of the judges of the highest trial court in his state. He is the founder of The American Institute of Psychology, with its thousands of students all over the world, and highly prizes the great mass of marvelously happy achievements that these students have reported as results of his teachings.

CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY is Judge Simmons' crowning work—a work in which the Christ-light shines forth as the true light of the world, leading men and women on to higher, nobler, happier and more abundant life. He has set forth its fundamental principles in a marvelous, soul-thrilling lecture of 6,000 words entitled "The Kingdom of God," in which he tells just what the Kingdom of God is, where it is, and how to set out to find it and enjoy its rich rewards. A manuscript copy of "The Kingdom of God" will be

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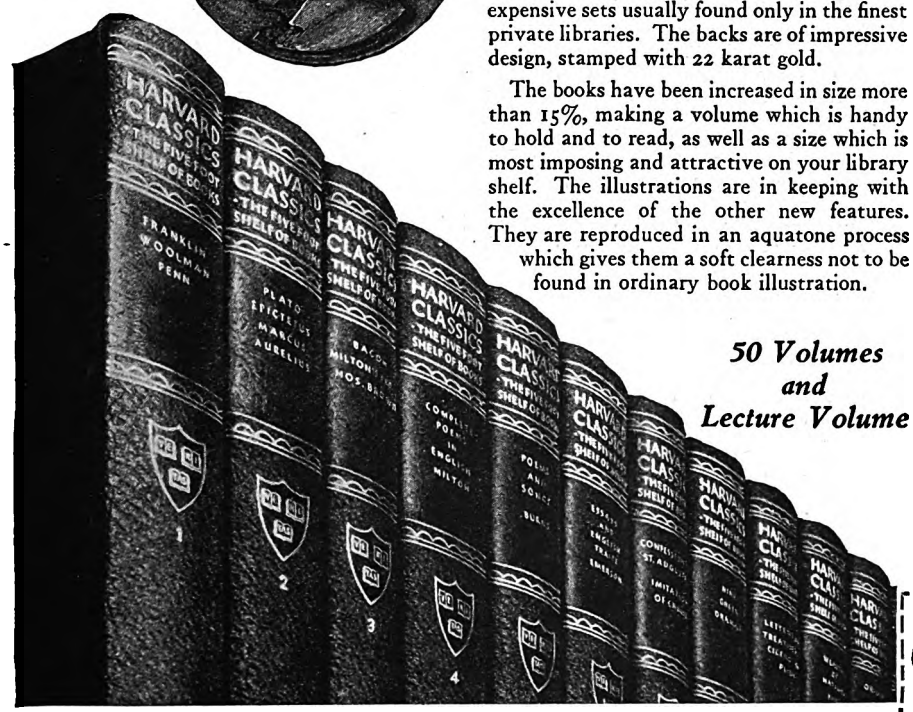
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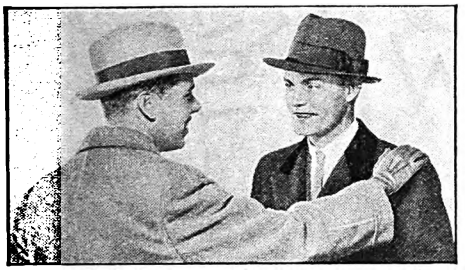
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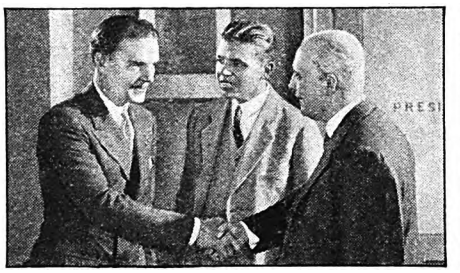
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A Message From Shakespeare

To the Editor of *The World:*

I have received by way of one of the most reliable spiritualistic mediums in this city the following communication from the late William Shakespeare:

"It has been called to my attention that a gentleman is now on his way from England to America with incontrovertible proof that Francis Bacon was the real author of the many plays which have sometimes been credited to me.

"I hope this will settle the controversy for all time. I am tired of it and Bacon is tired of it.

"I Never Claimed Authorship"

"There was never any disposition on my part at the time they were written nor since to claim the authorship of these plays. I was astonished to learn (in a round-about way) some 200 years after my death that they had been absurdly credited to me. I have been trying ever since to get into touch with somebody in the earth-life in order to silence this ridiculous story.

"I acted in several of the plays and I directed a number of them, but the fact is that I never even read one of them all the way thru. Actors and directors, as you probably know yourself, seldom read the whole play.

"I was so busy acting, directing, getting hand bills printed and distributed, glancing over scripts submitted, taking direct personal charge of the theatre, performing all the functions of manager and what you call 'publicity man' nowadays, that I had no time to write plays. Altho I do admit that on several occasions I did get hold of some good plots out of old scripts, chronicles, *Plutarch's Lives,* Boccaccio's little novels, &c., and turned them over to Bacon and others.

"When I did get a chance to write I wrote sententious essays—things dealing with the science of government, philosophy generally, the conduct of the state . . . you know, that sort of thing. My life in the theatre had prepared me for such productions, just as Bacon's life as an active politician had prepared him for dealing with the technicalities of dramatic construction and the composition of blank verse. These little essays I used to sign with Bacon's name—he was too busy writing plays and running the government to turn them out—and we had many a good laugh together over it.

"Bacon never needed more than a hint to go on with. I remember the day I gave him an old script of a thing called *Hamlet,* which had been kicking around the theatre for years, and in ten days he had it ready for rehearsal. He loved writing plays; he would leave a Cabinet meeting any time to straighten out Kit Marlowe or Frankie Beaumont when they got into difficulties with a plot or a poetic scene.

" 'The Queen, God bless Her Majesty, can wait,' was what he used to tell the messengers from the court when Elizabeth would send for him in a hurry. 'Tell her,' he would say, 'that my Lord Essex can be executed Thursday just as well as Monday—but my new *Macbeth* is in rehearsal and it cannot wait.'

"A Creative Artist Cannot Be Interrupted"

" 'The Spanish Armada be damned!' he said on another occasion. 'I am finishing my *Midsummer Night's Dream,* and a creative artist cannot be interrupted by these unimportant brawls!' And on another occasion he scribbled on the back of an envelope and sent to Her Majesty: 'Dear Elizabeth, please try and be reasonable—even a Queen and Tudor ought to have some sense of proportion. What the hell do I care whether we send an army to the Low Countries or not? I'm having trouble with the last act of *Romeo and Juliet.* If you want to see me, come over to the theatre . . . but don't start talking in the midst of rehearsals.'

"Just how much he did for Kit Marlowe and Fletcher I never knew, but he wrote all of *Ben Jonson.* Ben started out as a cobbler, you know, and of course he couldn't put the stuff into the plays that he is credited with, just as it is silly to think I could have written the dramas now called 'Shakespeare's.' He produced most of John Donne's poetry, all of Tom Dekker's so-called work, a *History of the World* credited to Walter Raleigh, and many other things. I never saw a more active man in a literary way. The one thing he could not keep his mind on was statecraft or politics.

"I hope this frank statement will close the controversy. I never amounted to much and never claimed to.

"Yours sincerely,

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE."

I relay this communication to you for what it is worth.

DON MARQUIS.

Reprinted from *The New York World.*

* * *

Not Catching

"Has your husband any hobbies?" asked the neighbor who was calling.

"No," said Mrs. Tuggle, "he has rheumatiz a good deal and hives now and then, but ain't never had no hobbies." *The Kablegram.*

* * *

"A man's wife is his better half, isn't she, father?"

"We are told so, my son."

"Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there?"

—The Catalina Islander.

* * *

"Pat, do you like lettuce?" asked the host. "No, sor, oi don't," replied Pat; "and what's more oi'm glad oi don't, for av oi did oi'd eat it—and oi hate the stuff!" *—Fishing Gazette.*

* * *

Abie (who has cornered a burglar in his living room)—Hands up or I vill shoot!

Quick-witted Burglar—Five for de gat.

Abie—Sold!

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PSYCHOLOGY'S Co-Operative Ownership Plan Wins Approval

IN the scant seven and one-half years since its initial appearance, the record of PSYCHOLOGY, issued monthly, is one of the most remarkable demonstrations in the history of twentieth century periodicals. This observation applies with equal emphasis to the broadening of its influence, its earning capacity and the ever widening scope of its host of regular readers.

This achievement is justly attributable to the virility and mental gifts of Dr. Henry Knight Miller, author, essayist and editor, whose leadership is unchallenged in the world of psychological research.

With his profound knowledge of theoretical and applied psychology, Dr. Miller also revealed rather amazing business acumen and foresight. He surrounded himself with a distinguished staff of headliners, whose contributions to the lore of psychology and its never-ending and recurrent revelations quickly established the magazine as the recognized mentor on psychology in all its latest and most intimate disclosures.

With the ease of a master in his chosen sphere, Dr. Miller, in the pages of his periodical, simplifies the subtle philosophy of a Spinoza or alternates with a sparkling epitome of Kant or Schopenhauer, all comprehended in a series of editorials readily understandable and delightfully portrayed.

Psychology is today probably the most widely discussed theme to engross the attention of scholars and students. In these illuminating debates, Dr. Miller is at once a preceptor and a boon companion.

The avenues for exploration in the realms of psychology are virtually without limitation, and the voice of Dr. Miller through the columns of his magazine will continue to sound its clarified and educational message wherever men of learning or thoughtful students assemble.

There is no selected circle in the multitude of the readers of PSYCHOLOGY; it is welcomed and eagerly read in the laboratory of the scientist, the studio of the artist and at the hearthstone of the toiler in field or factory.

Dr. Miller is by nature democratic and is gratefully mindful of those who have stood loyally beside him in his early struggles to bring his magazine into its present high estate.

At the doctor's suggestion a plan has been formulated whereby PSYCHOLOGY readers may become co-partners in the enterprise—or members of the PSYCHOLOGY family, so to speak. It is in the nature of co-operative ownership and will enable enthusiastic readers to share in the company's expanding profits and participate fully in the great future for Dr. Miller's magazine which now seems assured.

A limited allotment out of a total of 100,000 treasury shares has been made available for this purpose. Under the proposal the price of the stock will be $10 per share to those purchasing upwards of ten (10) shares. The price for lesser amounts (from one share to ten) will be $12 per share. All subscribers for one or more shares will be entitled to three years' subscription to the magazine without further charge.

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The PSYCHOLOGY magazine occupies a unique and dominant position among the world's periodical publications. It is the recognized authority on all psychological topics and has no competitive handicaps in the theatre of its activities. The subject from which the periodical derives its name focuses almost universal attention among the thoughtful and well informed. To be able to converse intelligently with your friends and associates, at least an elementary knowledge of this absorbing theme is indispensable. Let Dr. Miller and his associates be your spokesmen. Reading PSYCHOLOGY quickly becomes a habit and later it becomes an increasingly pleasant and profitable one.

The co-operative ownership plan, devised by Dr. Miller and forming the bonds of the "family of PSYCHOLOGY," has received a warm and cordial response from regular readers and their friends. Subscriptions both to stock and magazine are mounting in steadily expanding volume. This rapid and cumulative improvement in the situation renders certain a materially enhanced earning power with accruing profits to shareholders. The policy of the company will be to disburse a substantial proportion of its profits among shareholders, such distributions to increase as warranted by accumulating earnings. The advice that largest returns are made by those who interest themselves in an undertaking before it attains its full stature is axiomatic.

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Photo by Walter W. Hubbard

This Man *Lived*

(An Expression of a Flyer's Soul)

By Lieut. Stuart A. Reiss

HOLD it——
This life is all we have.
Do not sacrifice it
For the vain thought of a better one
To follow!
But grasp it as a friend
Or strike it as an enemy.
For 'tis better to have lived strongly,
Right or wrongly,
Than never to have lived at all!

What folly——
For a man
Dying on the desert
To dash from his lips
A cup of clear, cold water,
Because he thought he saw
A sparkling waterfall in the distance.
When, perhaps,
It was only a mirage—
As are many other things!
Life——
Is that cup
Of clear, cold water!
Neither waste nor spill it.
But pour it down
Your parched and desiring throat—
All of it—
For when you come to the waterfall
You will probably find it
Still sparkling in the distance—
And you will have perished in the mockery of a dream—
As others have!

Yesterday is gone——
Forget it.
Tomorrow has been centuries on the way
And has not yet arrived.
But today is here—
Is always here—
So surrender yourself to whatever joys it may hold!
Live with your whole heart and soul
Day by day—hour by hour—minute by minute—
And when the sands of time have run your little life away,
On the marble they place above you
Can be justly inscribed—
"THIS MAN LIVED."

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I have an honest proven treatment for sterility due to functional weakness and general ailments of women which I have used with wonderful success in thousands of cases. It is the result of over thirty-five years' experience and has been praised in the highest terms by hundreds of married women, childless for years, who regained their health and then became happy mothers. I am reproducing herewith excerpts from a few of the many letters of gratitude I have received. Read what these ladies say and form your own opinion. The originals of these letters are in my files and I'll gladly furnish you correct names and addresses if you want them.



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Courtesy Canadian Pacific

Be Strong

By Edith Smith

BE STRONG, my soul:
As yonder sturdy pine,
Whose roots thru barren crevices strike deep
For sustenance and aid,
Bends to the raging gale, to rise again,
Unharmed and unafraid.

Be strong, my heart.
The love that once sustained
Now drops its withered petals on thy path
So, sadly, let them lie.
Thine embers still shall glow;
For oh! the fruits of love are still thine own,
And better far than flowers that fade and die.

Be strong, my faith.
Rise high above the clouds
Of doubt, distress, and fear,
Into the clearer light; and thrill
To that loved cadence in thy Master's voice
That bids the storm be still.

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WANTED: SAFE MEN for Dangerous Times

BUSINESS today needs, and needs desperately, executives with fresh minds and up-to-date equipment—men who are safe, not in the discarded sense of dodging decisions, but in the modern sense of *making* them and making them *right.*

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The authors of this new Course are men whose success belongs to the present—not the past. Their own success in the future depends in some degree upon their ability to find and develop capable assistants. That is why they have cooperated so enthusiastically with the Institute. Among them are:

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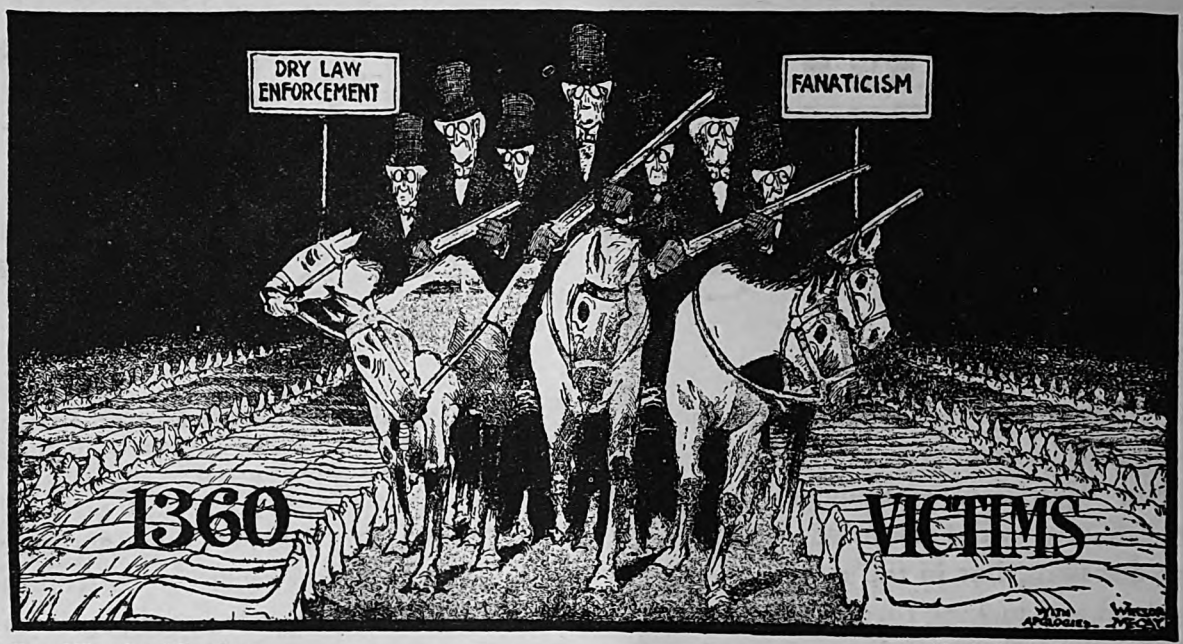
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"What an Executive Should Know"

Name_____
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Out of this depression will emerge new fortunes, new leaders . . . *You?*

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From Milwaukee, Wis., *Press* (Apologies to Pierre Fritel)

Conquerors?

Confessions of an Ex-Dry Crusader

By Henry Knight Miller

AMID the thunderous din of bitter debate on the merits and demerits of prohibition, a frank confession may not be amiss from one who represented the Anti-Saloon League in two states, crusaded against liquor for many years and believed that prohibition would usher in a millennium in which crime, corruption, poverty and human misery would be vanquished.

In some detail I shall set forth the story of my crusading against the liquor traffic.

My father, a widely known and greatly beloved Methodist clergyman of the old school, who preached salvation and crusaded against rum, died when I was six. My mother instilled into me an intense hatred of the liquor traffic and commissioned me to go forth to fight it. I was raised at Ocean Grove, N. J., stronghold of Methodism and prohibition sentiment. I listened to many impassioned arraignments of the liquor traffic. I dedicated myself to the service of my fellows and to the struggle against the saloon.

At the age of twelve, as the Ocean Grove *Times* will bear witness, I delivered an address in St. Paul's Church bitterly denouncing politicians and hotel men who were seeking to open Asbury Park, our neighboring resort, to liquor. That sermon started a wave of prohibition sentiment which was no small factor in keeping Asbury dry and outwardly righteous.

When fourteen years of age I became superintendent of the Rescue Mission at Asbury Park, where my earnest efforts were directed toward the "saving of souls" and fighting rum. I also delivered temperance addresses all over the state.

At sixteen I was appointed pastor of the Methodist Church at Lucasville, Ohio, and combined evangelism and pastoral activity with a zealous struggle against intemperance.

The next years as pastor of a Methodist Church in a small suburb of Columbus, Ohio, I paid detectives out of my slender salary to obtain evidence against saloons in my parish for selling liquor on Sunday. A mob of infuriated saloon-keepers and their sympathizers were about to run me out of town, but I was defended by a few rough admirers who threatened to call the sheriff if I were attacked.

For several years I was one of the prize lecturers on the staff of the Anti-Saloon League of Ohio under Wayne B. Wheeler, who was then state superintendent. In the summer I worked for the Anti-Saloon League of New Jersey, collecting money on commission.

After three years in Ohio Wesleyan I transferred to Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. While there I represented Wesleyan in the oratorical contest of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. In competition with representatives of the leading eastern colleges, I won first place at Providence, R. I., by unanimous decision and gained a prize of seventy-five dollars.

Upon graduating from Wesleyan I returned to Ohio and campaigned for the Anti-Saloon League in the first state-wide wet and dry fight. On election night I was married to a charming Ohio girl, and the only cloud upon our wedding night was that the early returns indicated Ohio had voted wet. In that campaign I raised thousands of dollars, including a four-thousand-dollar

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donation from James N. Gamble, of Procter-Gamble fame, the largest single donation, I believe, that up to that time had ever been made to the Anti-Saloon League.

The following year, while a post-graduate student at Yale, I served as pastor of a Methodist Church in Waterbury. I closed a saloon within a block of my church for selling on Sundays and to minors. I was threatened with indictment under a charge of conspiracy by wet supporters of the saloon-keeper. A wet judge exonerated the saloon-keeper and delivered a terrific broadside at me. I appealed the judge's decision; my appeal was sustained by the county commissioners and the saloon permanently closed.

As pastor of one of the largest churches in America, I excoriated a wet clergyman who advised his parishioners to defy the prohibition laws. This attack precipitated a public debate featured in the press for weeks, tho we afterwards became friends and laughed over our verbal battle.

I challenged County Judge Haskell, running on a wet platform, to debate and won my debate overwhelmingly before a vast audience. This debate was said to have been a principal cause of this able judge's defeat at the polls and virtually eliminated him as candidate for governor.

Before leaving the ministry I became one of the spokesmen for the drys in Brooklyn because I was fearless, outspoken and my church very influential.

All of this unusual story of dry crusading I have set forth to establish the intensity of my dry convictions and activities thruout the early years of my life.

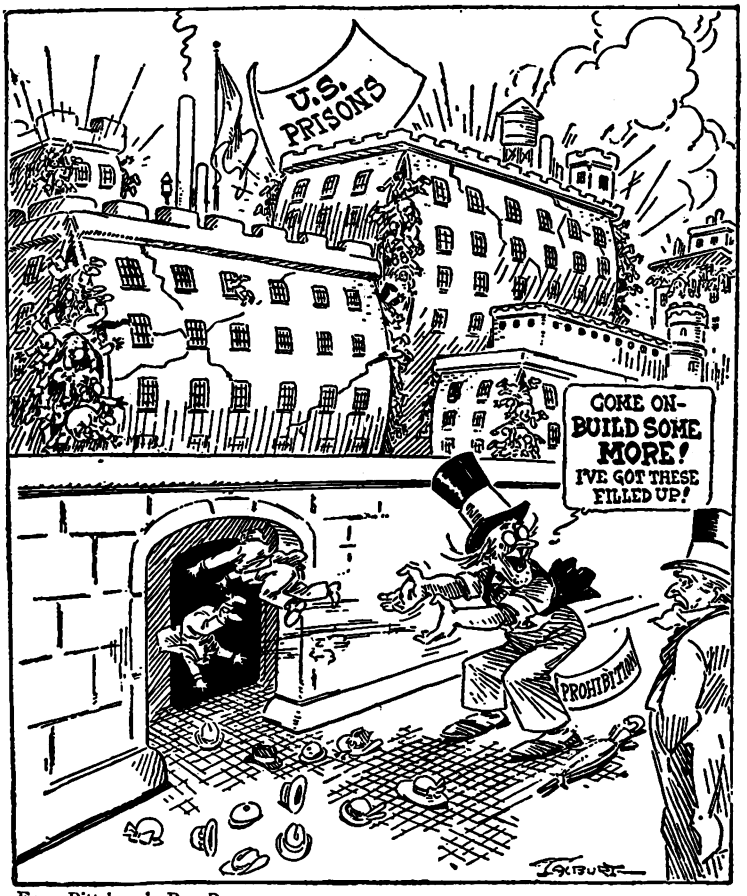
In the fifteen years of my dry campaigning I made promises in common with all other prohibition workers in the validity of which I believed heart and soul.

"Banish the saloon and with it will go crime; the jail doors will hang idly open. Poverty will be abolished. The young people will grow up protected, sober and virtuous. Political corruptions will be at an end. A billion dollars wasted in liquor will be saved to the republic. Tens of thousands of deaths from alcoholism will be averted."

I have lived to see every one of these promises fail of fulfillment. Crime has alarmingly increased until, under prohibition, the United States has become the most crime-ridden nation on the face of the earth. The jails and penitentiaries are so crowded that periodically the inmates rebel in bloody riot. If all violators were imprisoned, we would have to spend billions to increase facilities. If all who flaunt the prohibition laws by purchase and drinking of liquor were put in jail, one-half the population would have to spend its time guarding the other half behind prison walls.

Instead of eliminating crime, prohibition has given rise to hundreds of thousands of criminals; gangsters, thugs, racketeers, bootleggers, hi-jackers and gunmen whose vast profits, running into billions, enable them to secure immunity against prosecution. Their hundreds of millions of bribe money afford protection not only to liquor violators but all other underworld lawbreakers. They control much of the judiciary in our large cities, political machines, sheriffs, police departments and are allied with bankers, captains of finance and holders of public office both local and national. The wheels of government are stopped and the bacchanal of vice, crime, corruption and violence goes merrily on.

Poverty has not been abolished. We enjoyed a season of unrivalled prosperity growing out of the world war and the economic unbalance of the world resulting therefrom. The wasted and despoiled nations of a war-ridden world had to buy commodities from us, during and for a time after the war. Gradually, with some measure of economic rehabilitiation, the purchases from us decreased. The inflated stock market crashed. Our bubble of prosperity burst. We are back to normal. Unemployment with attendant poverty is everywhere evident. In this crisis prohibition is a most insidious factor as I shall endeavor to show.



From Pittsburgh, Pa., *Press*

The Prison Problem.

Before prohibition the drink bill was estimated at a billion dollars a year. Now, in New York City, the authorities admit there are 35,000 speakeasies. This is a modest estimate. There are probably twice that many. But conceding that the others do a small business and have therefore escaped listing, consider the 35,000 major saloons which, by the way, are five times the number of saloons before prohibition, i e., five saloons under prohibition for one under the license system! It is generally agreed that they must do an average business of $100 a day in

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order to pay rent, help, protection and other expense. This means a daily business of three million, five hundred thousand dollars or one billion, two hundred and seventy-seven million, five hundred thousand dollars per year! Adding the business of the unlisted speakeasies would surely bring the total to over a billion and a half dollars a year in the city of New York alone! But the same thing exists in every other city, town, village and country side to perhaps a lesser degree. According to New York's estimated liquor bill we should estimate that the liquor bill of the United States is doubtless not less than ten billion dollars a year, or ten times what it was under license. And this money goes to the gangsters, criminals, politicians and corrupted public servants rather than into more legitimate channels of industry and trade. Is it any wonder that poverty, unemployment and economic chaos are menacing the very life of the nation when this staggering amount of money is being withheld from legitimate industry? With the country's liquor bill reduced to normal and the difference spent in legitimate business, employment would be provided for every one of the two million unemployed in our country.



From Brooklyn, N. Y., *Citizen*

The check-up—Uncle Sam: "Now let me see: what has it accomplished?"

We promised that the rising generation would grow up protected, sober and virtuous. Results do not justify the prediction. Under license, a high school boy who drank was a rarity and a girl in her teens who drank was ostracized. There was nothing smart about it. There were few places where they could buy liquor even if they wanted to. Hip-pocket flasks at high-school dances were unheard of. But now hundreds of thousands of mere children from the best families join in the reckless game of law defiance. It is considered smart to drink. Callow youths of sixteen procure liquor easily. The bootleggers have none of the scruples of the old-time saloon-keeper about selling to minors. Curly-headed girls in short skirts drink bad liquor in straight draughts which even their boy friends can seldom equal. I have persistently seen this with my own eyes. Splendid boys and charming girls from fourteen to eighteen are drinking promiscuously quantities of bad liquor with attendant ravages to health, mind and morals. Prohibition is ruining and prostituting the youth of our nation. To the old saloon they could not go. In the modern speakeasy they are welcome. Twenty old-time saloons, bad as they were, could not be the menace to youth that a single speakeasy is. Yet there are from five to ten times as many speakeasies in our major cities today as there were saloons before prohibition.

We promised the end of political corruption. The corruption of politics today is infinitely worse than formerly because the corruptors have ten times the profits to spend, their need of protection is greater and they are spending money like water to obtain such protection. One big gangster whose liquor operations are reported to total three hundred million dollars a year brags that his booze trucks can ride safely thru sixteen states because he has bought the sheriffs, police, prosecutors, political organizers and judiciary. The fact that his activities flourish openly without a conviction against him or his truckmen seems to justify his boast. It will take a generation to purge our political life of the utter degradation which prohibition has brought upon it.

As to deaths from alcoholism, we can only use our imagination. Competent authorities have urged that the average man or woman cannot habitually drink the bad liquor with which the whole nation is being deluged and live for ten years. Hundreds of thousands weaken their constitutions, ruin their kidneys, affect their hearts, undermine their resistance to disease and die years before their time



From The New York *World*

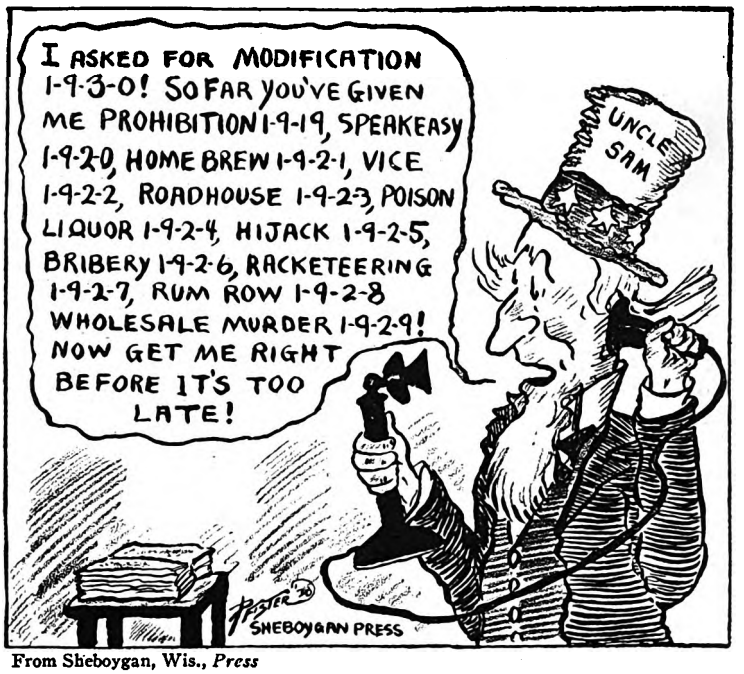
"Steady Pressure."

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thru the prevalent habits of social drinking, in defiance of the prohibitory laws. To these are added those paralyzed, blinded and killed by poisoned liquor, some of the latter murdered by unconscionable scoundrels and fanatics at Washington who, under the remorseless whip of the Anti-Saloon League, prefer the death of thousands of citizens thru alcohol into which they put the death drops to the risk that alcohol, unpoisoned, might be employed for beverage consumption. Thus the Anti-Saloon League in its blind fanaticism, closing its eyes to the true facts, forms unholy league with death and fosters the murder of our citizens while they harangue sincere but unthinking dupes in the evangelical churches, urging them to pour additional millions of dollars into their discredited cause which has failed to vindicate a single pre-prohibition pledge and has aggravated and multiplied many times over every abuse which it was supposed that prohibition would eliminate.

Were the senators and congressmen at Washington and in the several states to reflect the majority sentiment of their constituents, and in most cases their own sincere convictions, measures would be inaugurated for the repeal of prohibition and some constructive form of federal or state control would be adopted in twenty-four hours after Congress went into session.

What stands in the way of majority rule? The *Literary Digest* poll proved beyond the shadow of an honest doubt that the vast majority of our citizens favor modification or repeal. Every newspaper poll has more than confirmed the *Digest* findings. Why then does the law remain unchanged? Because the Anti-Saloon League holds the threat of reprisal and political



From Sheboygan, Wis., *Press*

How many more wrong numbers?



From The New York *World*

"Somehow you don't look as big as you used to."

throat-cutting over the head of every senator and congressman who dares to represent the majority of his constituents instead of obeying the dictates of the Anti-Saloon League. New York is a good illustration. In a poll taken some years ago New York State declared itself wet by a vote of three to one. Today the poll would doubtless show six to one. If representative government means anything, if the theories of those who framed our Constitution are at all valid, a legislator is elected to represent the majority sentiment of his state. Senator Wadsworth, who was one of the ablest men in Washington, an invaluable public servant, a man of uncompromised integrity and superlative ability, very properly espoused the wet cause in representation of his state's affirmed convictions. The Anti-Saloon League stepped in, knowing it could not elect an opposition candidate, put a dry candidate in the field, stirred up its dupes in the dry churches, divided the Republican vote and defeated Wadsworth. This is an historic example of the tactics of this unscrupulous organization which uses an organized minority, blinded by fanaticism and an uncritical faith in a lost cause, to defeat public servants of integrity and ability for no other sin than that they have faithfully represented the majority of their constituents, as in a representative form of government they should do. Representative government means nothing to these dry gangsters. They would rather have an absolute monarchy with prohibition and their soft, parasitical positions, underwritten by church contributions, than a republic in which the majority, free from the perverted political methods of the League, might vote to repeal the prohibition law. They care more for their exploded theories and the easy graft in the form of salaries, expense accounts, etc., than they do for the representative form of government, or the social, moral, economic and physical welfare of their fellow-citizens.

Because prohibition has failed utterly to fulfil its promises; because every condition prohibition was supposed to eliminate has been (*Continued on page 60*)

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Fitting the *Temperament*

EMPLOYEE:

Unhappy at your work?
Nervous?
Make mistakes?
Not sure your work is worth its cost to the company?
What's the answer?
Psychology.

EMPLOYER:

Shall you discharge that clumsy worker?
You know he has possibilities, but you can't bring them out. You must make your business pay. How can you make your inefficient workers efficient, and your efficient workers still more efficient?
What's the answer?
Psychology!

HARDLY a dozen years ago modern industry had begun to cast a sinister shadow over the hopes of the individual worker. Production, above everything else, was being set up as the criterion of a man's worth. Efficiency experts watched a man's time, analyzed his movements, devised means for stopping leaks and applying pressure. Every effort was bent to the end that a man might turn out an extra tin can, an extra letter or make an additional sale. Industry, whose only justification for existence was the ultimate enrichment of the personal life, was threatening to thwart and destroy personality.

Today, however, the situation has entirely changed. Factories, mills, great business organizations—altho the production goal has not been robbed of its natural importance—have come to realize that a worker's ability is not an isolated quality but is something that is mixed inextricably with his general happiness, health, family life, adjustment to his job and to society. The combined experience of psychologists, psychiatrists and social workers has been drafted to the task of sympathetically and intelligently ascertaining these intimate conditions, and, when possible, helping the individual to improve them. As the offshoot, one discovers that not only is industrial efficiency being promoted at its very foundations, but persons who had meant loss to one business after another are being reclaimed and given new ability; many human lives are being completely readjusted. What had once threatened to crush personality has now vowed to release it.

One of the pioneers who have worked most persistently to bring about this change is Dr. V. V. Anderson, now director of employment, placement and personnel research of R. H. Macy & Co. In *Psychiatry in Industry*, a book published recently by Harper and Brothers, Dr. Anderson tells the inside story of what a group of psychiatric workers has accomplished in meeting the problems of workers of one of the largest mercantile establishments in the world. The book should be a source of inspiration to the psychiatrist, psychologist, physician, student, business man, and indeed everyone interested in the practical application of mental and medical knowledge to the previously misunderstood problems of business.

Dr. Anderson had previously broken ground in a number of world-wide movements to apply psychiatric technique to human problems outside the hospital. In Boston he introduced it into criminal practice and became later scientific adviser to the New York State Prison Commission. He was one of the founders of the child guidance movement, which at the present time is represented by many hundred clinics thruout the world. He was associate medical director of the National Committee on Mental Hygiene and supervised the nation-wide surveys in mental hygiene made possible by the Rockefeller Foundation.

From the Mental Hygiene organization, Dr. Anderson was called to Macy's, to study the difficulties of workers. Among other things, he soon discovered that fully twenty per cent of the thousands of employees were men and women who might be called "problems"—men and women who were liabilities or potential liabilities to the store and riddles to themselves. Here was a grand opportunity to demonstrate how science and sympathetic understanding could contrive to help both business and the individual; not by dismissing the problem workers—thus pouring confused and maladjusted individuals upon other employers—but by helping them solve their problems.

For four years a little pioneer group of psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers who had been trained to the psychiatric viewpoint carried on its work, devising and improving a new technique as it went along. So successful were the results that the officials of the organization recently extended the work of Dr. Anderson's department to include the huge task of supervising the hiring of new employees, the placement and transfer of employees to the jobs best suited for them, as well as the original work of studying and adjusting personnel difficulties.

The method which Dr. Anderson and his associates have worked out tries first of all to be comprehensive. A worker is not sized up by the mere snap judgment of an interviewer nor by the results of psychological tests alone. A thoro medical and mental examination is given, psychological tests are applied, attention is paid to the worker on the job, inquiry is made into the social and personal history and to all the facts in each individual case.

"This is the clinical or psychiatric viewpoint," says Dr. Anderson, "—that viewpoint which stresses all the

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and the *Task*

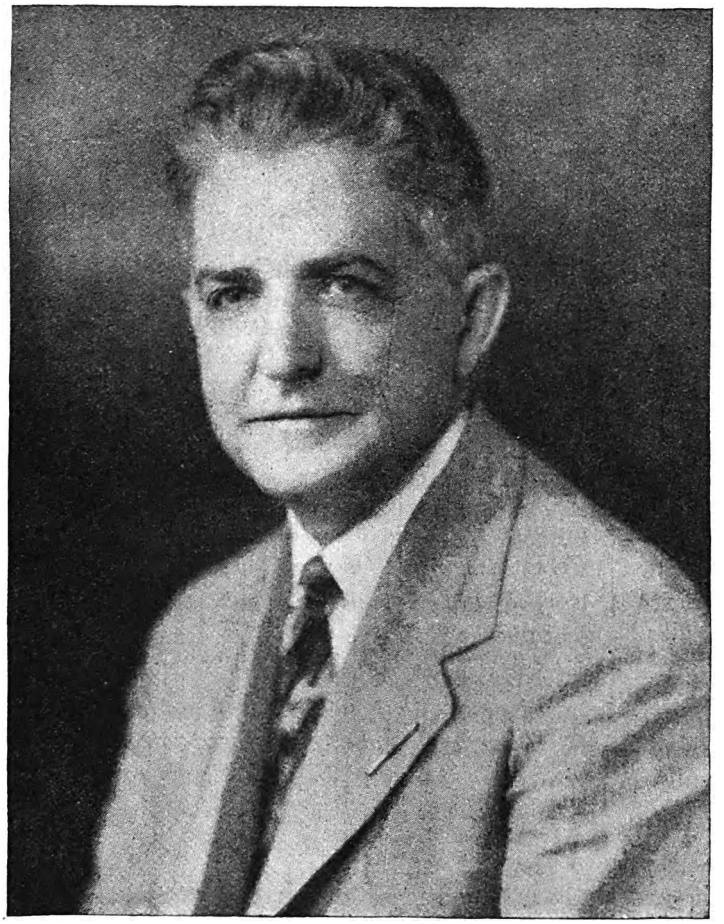
An Outline of the Work of Dr. V. V. Anderson *in the Personnel of a Great Store*

By Kenneth M. Swezey

factors in a given case, the physical, mental and social issues. This is a 'total situation' psychology, as opposed to the purely test psychology or job-ability and job-aptitude psychology. This viewpoint considers the field of success or failure at work as a broad and complex one—just as broad and as complex as is human nature itself—the understanding of which is built upon the contributions of various sciences, general medicine, psychiatry, psychology and social case work; sciences which are furnishing us an increasingly clearer conception of the processes, mechanisms and factors that underlie human adjustment.

"Psychiatry has, unfortunately but very naturally, been associated in the minds of the general public with the abnormal — the mentally diseased and defective. And in industrial life psychiatry is generally conceived to be interested purely in keeping out the mentally handicapped applicant and laying off the mentally abnormal and mentally unsound employee. While it is necessary that such work as this be carefully done, nevertheless it is such a small part of the actual interest and possible service of the psychiatrist in industry as to become negligible.

"The psychiatrist, thru his acquaintance with mental and physiological abnormalities, has obtained a much deeper comprehension of the mental processes which take place in every individual, even in those regarded as unmistakably normal. Faulty ways of meeting situations, unhealthy mental preoccupations, inferiority feelings, anxiety states, fears and hatreds, irrational attitudes, pessimistic moods, prejudices, obsessive reveries, in the average normal person go undetected and therefore receive no special care and consideration.



DR. ANDERSON

But to these conditions in supposedly normal people may be attributed a large proportion of work failures, domestic difficulties and serious social complications, to say nothing of their influence (when dominant characteristics of the personality) in creating that large army of work and socially maladjusted people so commonly called the 'unemployable', the 'down-and-outers', and the 'ne'er-do-wells'."

In studying the thousands of cases that have been observed by the personnel department, it becomes evident that work-failures are generally due to one or a combination of three causes: (1) the personality is badly adjusted; (2) the type of work is unsuited to the particular individual's abilities; (3) the person has some physical disorder. In a surprisingly large number of cases these causes may be removed and the failure turned into a success, by competent understanding and treatment. Practically the only workers which were finally dismissed were those who had very pronounced mental or physical trouble (who were recommended to proper institutions) and those who absolutely refused guidance.

Let us consider a concrete example from Dr. Anderson's files—a case of failure at work due to personality maladjustment:

A young lady, 24, was sent to the personnel depart-

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ment by her department head, with the following statement: "She should be tested, as she is dull and stupid. I think she is poor material and I have already made out a lay-off slip and sent it thru to the general manager's office, but I should be glad to have you study her."

The routine examination was gone thru, with the results that follow. The first record the physical findings: "Height, 5 feet 3 inches. Weight, 117 pounds. Physical examination disclosed some inflammation of the gums. She is in need of dental work. Her vision is defective. She has lost twenty-four pounds in the last four months and at the present time complains of loss of appetite, fatigue and 'needing a rest'. She has had a good many consultations with the hospital physicians recently for various minor complaints—'headaches, indigestion, insomnia, nervousness, run-down'. Physical examination does not disclose any positive findings."

Mental findings were arrived at thru both a psychological and a personality study. The results from the first: "Individual secures an intelligence quotient of 88, which gives her a classification of dull average intelligence. She is somewhat slow in performing her psychological tests, but is accurate and painstaking. Her attitude was particularly good toward the examination."

From the personality study: "She has a fair sales appearance. Is pleasant, agreeable, seems most anxious to please, is neat, fairly well dressed, but is not attractive or good-looking. She wants to succeed at her work, but is over-anxious and fearful. She is naïve and too shy and retiring to be convincing. She has suffered much from insomnia and periods of acute depression—worrying over her home troubles; is lonesome and homesick, yet realizing that she would not be happy to return home under present home conditions. She is too shut-in to make friends easily. So, since coming to this country from Great Britain she has established no friendships. As a consequence, she feels out of place, disheartened and cries a great deal. Of late, there has developed a great fear of losing her job, and inasmuch as she is totally dependent upon her weekly salary, she does not know what will become of her in case she does lose it. She does not seem to know how to make headway, and appears to be bewildered by the size and complexity of things in a great store—having had no experience in the past that would teach her how to meet such problems.

"She is responsive, polite and courteous, but obviously has a great deal of pessimistic reverie, with a marked lack of self-confidence. She becomes greatly frightened when admonished or criticized by her superiors."

Personality *and* Business

SIDE by side with the development of industry and business, has sounded the query: "Will the 'Machine' destroy Personality?"

Dr Anderson's work in one of the biggest and busiest department stores in the world is proving that thru proper "adjustment" Business makes Personality fruitful; and that even warped and difficult personalities can be brought into line with the vast and intricate movements of Business.

"Business, that once threatened to crush personality, has now vowed to release it!"

An analysis of her behavior on the job: "Her contact with customers is good, tho not particularly effective. However, on the floor and at her work she seems detached a great deal of the time, day-dreaming, mentally preoccupied and slow, but when awakened out of her reverie she is responsive and obliging. She seems timid in her relations with the other girls, and does not appear to know how to make herself easy and natural with them. Her reaction to her superiors is more that of a frightened child. Her knowledge of stock is inadequate."

Even the girl's immediate social background was looked into: "Her mother is dead and her father married the second time. The stepmother has been very unkind to her. Her only brother was killed in the war, and her two sisters are married. She left home because of unhappy home relations, and determined to make her way in this country. Her education was of grammar-school character, but she has had several years' experience in selling in a store in a small town."

After thus investigating the employee's health, both mental and physical, her attitude on the job, her social background, the personnel department found it impossible to agree with the conclusion of the girl's department head. Once again it was demonstrated how the snapshot sizing up of people, so common in business, is the cause of so many work failures.

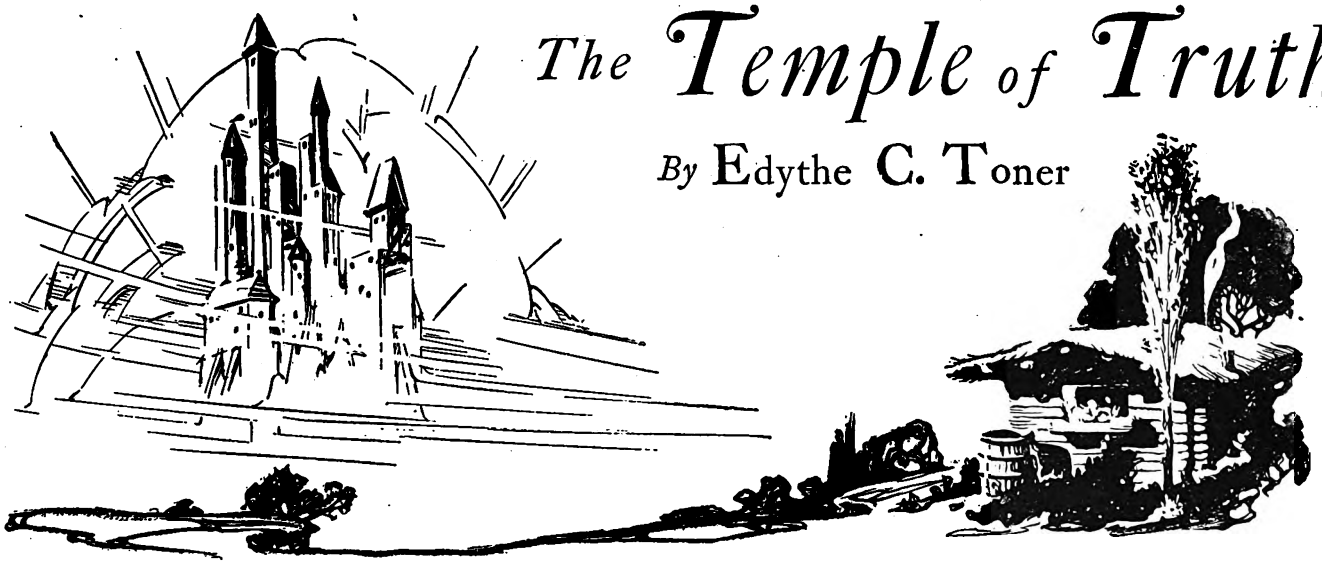
Remarked Dr. Anderson's staff: "We do not recommend lay-off in this case, but do advise adjustment work. We have here a young woman of good enough intelligence and fair enough sales appearance, who—providing we can secure an adjustment of her personality disorders—will make an acceptable sales clerk, inasmuch as she has a very responsible and dependable nature, is courteous and anxious to serve and will give her best to the department. She is in need of a physical and mental hygiene régime. Her weight needs to be built up, her insomnia overcome and her depression cleared. It is believed that if this can be done, her detached attitude and obsessive reveries which seem to be the big factor in handicapping her sales ability will disappear."

After the report was made, the buyer took a different attitude toward this employee. She became more friendly and understanding in her relations with her. She talked with her and sought to be helpful. Realizing that much of the problem was shyness and timidity, based upon a strong inferiority background, she made a different approach to her and sought to aid and guide her rather than to intimidate and frighten her when she made errors. She kept in close touch with the psychiatrist, who sought to give her an insight into her personal problems, and who worked out with her a more satisfactory way of (*Continued on page 66*)

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The Temple of Truth

By Edythe C. Toner



Picture by Lyman Anderson

A MAN sat absorbed in the House of Life. Open before him was a large book and the inscription upon its cover was: *The Truth About All Philosophies and All Religions.* And the man asked: "Where may one find Truth?"

And in despair he closed the book. Being tired with the cares of the day he fell asleep in the House of Life. And as he slept, he dreamed of the Temple of Truth. "Would that I might find it," he said.

And One stood beside him whose face was illumed with a pure, steady light, and whose garments radiated the colors of an exquisite dawn.

And she spoke thus to the man: "What wouldst thou?"

And he answered: "I would find the Temple of Truth."

And she said: "Hast thou, then, not sought for it?"

And the man answered: "Yea, long, but in the multitude of books there is no end. I am weary. . . . I would seek Truth in its fulness . . . in the Temple where it abides."

And the man knew that it was Hope who stood before him.

And Hope said: "Dost thou, then, know the way to the Temple of Truth?"

And the man replied: "The way I know not, but I have caught visions of it thru the thickets of ignorance which surround this House of Life and I know that it exists, therefore I seek the way. Wilt thou attend me?"

"But, knowest thou that thy way will be beset by many trials and difficulties . . . that it may be long and arduous . . . that thou mayest have to climb many a grievous height and descend into many a darksome valley before thou mayest attain the end of thy quest? Knowest thou this?"

And the man answered: "I will attain! Lead thou on!"

"I will go before thee," she said, and she placed a staff in his hand.

"Dost thou know the name of this staff?" she asked.

He looked—and the name of the staff was ASPIRATION.

BEFORE them stretched out a glistening roadway, winding thru many and varied scenes.

The days passed by. . . . Long, long they journeyed; over hills and thru valleys; sometimes on the brow of a mountain they glimpsed the Temple; sometimes afar off in the valley they caught a glimmer of its spires. Sometimes in the depths of woodland paths or in the quiet glades beneath the holy stars where God had drawn his glistening mantle of night close about him; sometimes in the heart of the forest, sometimes in the crash of thunder or in the lightning's flash they heard the echo of a voice which spoke to them as Truth; sometimes in the drip of the rain upon the leaves of the trees or in the beat of the surf upon the sands of the shores which set a bound for the sea they heard its murmur; sometimes they caught a vision in the last rays of the setting sun or in the flash of a dawn rose tinged with promise; sometimes in the pure and innocent face of a little child or the placid one of age they beheld a ray of its glory and light, but ever and always—only the gleam!

And by and by the man grew weary, very weary of his quest. His clothes had worn frayed and ragged, his feet were travel-stained and torn with thorns; his hands were scratched and bleeding from the thickets thru which they had passed and which had sought to detain them with illusion; and altho Hope still flashed before him at times he almost lost sight of her entirely, but an occasional glow from her presence ahead urged him on as he heard the soft murmur of her voice.

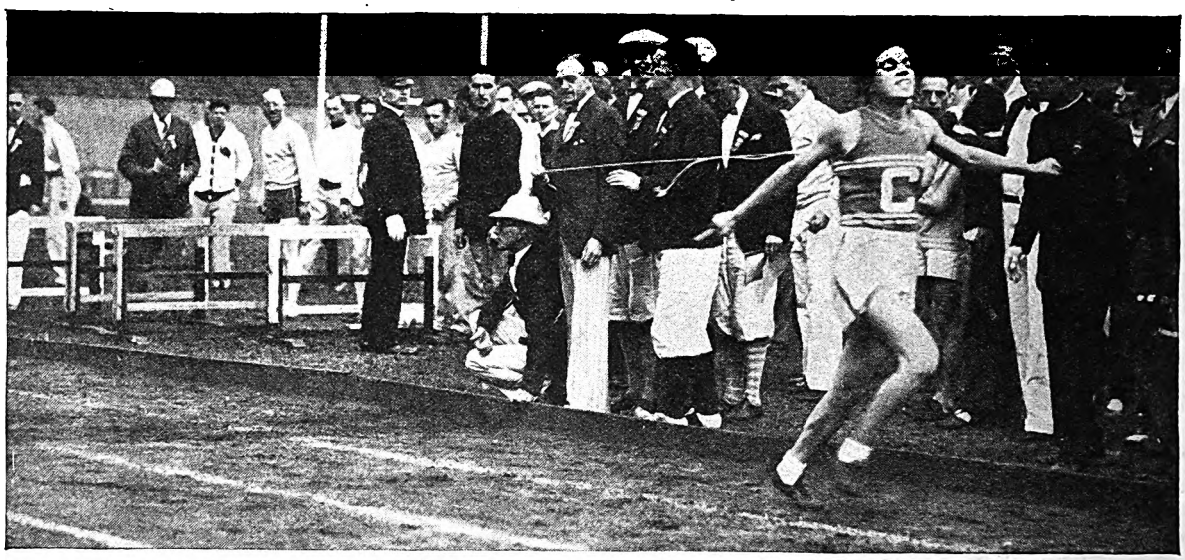
Finally his steps grew slower and slower. He was sick and weary unto death. "Oh! If I could but die!" he said.

And again Hope flashed before him out of the dark night of despair, holding aloft a torch that he might see. . . .

And behold! He stood before the House of Life once more!

And in bitterness of soul he said to his guide: "To what avail has been the quest? I have followed thee where thou didst lead, from the morning of life until now when the shades of night are fast closing in. I have put my whole trust in thy leading and the Temple of Truth is still afar off! And now . . . thou hast led me hither to the old House of Life I quitted so long ago . . . to what end?" (*Continued on page 65*)

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Stella Walsh breaks a world record.

Stella Walsh— Champion *Runner of the World, Office Girl and* Student

IN a huge loft-like room which houses the auditing department of the New York Central Railroad in Cleveland you will find a solid wall of tiny bins into which twenty-five girls seated in a long row are mechanically filing yellow and white sheets. So many sheets go in the bin marked "A", so many in the bin marked "B" and so many in the bin marked "C".

The girls work quickly, sorting out their copies. While they work they snatch occasional moments to chat of this and that. A secret here, a confidence there, chases the long hours faster.

One of them turns to a tall, black-haired girl who has been working faster and more quietly than the others.

"Where are you going after work, Stella?" she questions.

"To school," is the quiet answer.

"You're always going to school. Don't you ever have any fun in life!" is the girl's retort.

"School is fun. I like it," is Stella's reply.

"What are you studying now, Stella?" another girl questions.

"Everything that will help me go to college," Stella answers.

"I don't know why you should want to study with all your medals and cups," another girl adds.

But the girl named Stella merely smiles.

The bell which heralds the fact that another working day has come to an end clammers thru the room. A hundred girls lay down their work.

Off they go, arm in arm, chatting gaily. Their plans for the evening are all the same. One has a date with her Jack, another with her Bill. Powder puffs and lip-sticks do a flourishing business. Yellow and white sheets and filing bins are now to be forgotten for a little romance.

Off they go, all but one.

"Come along with us, Stella," they invite the girl who has already piled her books up high. But Stella shakes her head. She is going to business school.

An hour later, 19-year-old Stella slips into a school desk and for two hours she is lost in her little world of books.

Then with her pack of books under her arm and her head full of dreams for the future, Stella Walsh goes home and spends the rest of the evening studying.

And so ends an average day for a world champion who is not content to rest on her laurels.

Holder of eight world's sprinting records, all around track champion, 19-year-old Stella Walsh has looked ahead into the future and decided that she will never be a loser in the race of life. So she has gone back to school to study for the days when she cannot outrun anyone and everyone.

Stella's interest in athletics started when she was a pupil in South High School three years ago. She took part in track athletics but she never made any records. After she left school, she became known as the girl who ran in the races at picnics and outings. Then she began winning these races and pretty soon the box in which she put her medals became very full. So full, that now an entire wall of an ordinary room could be well covered if the medals were to line it from top to bottom.

She is reticent about displaying these medals, because she is modest, even shy. The morning we met her she had just added a new one to her vast collection. It was a gold one, in the center of which sparkled a tiny diamond and was mounted on a bright red ribbon.

It had been awarded to Stella just twenty-four hours before in the Madison Square Garden, in New York, while 17,000 shrieking, excited fans cheered the girl who had just broken the world's 50-yard-dash record during the Millrose games.

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By Marion Rubenstein



Stella's opponents undoubtedly imagine that even a high-powered engine would have a difficult time nosing her out.

With the small blue jeweler's box in which the medal lay hidden away in her bag, she had stepped off the train at 9:15 in the morning.

Fifteen minutes later she was at her place in the office, her bag hidden in the corner, calmly filing yellow and white sheets into their proper bins just as if she had never been acclaimed a world winner twenty-four hours previous.

When she was finally noticed by her fellow employees, who crowded around her enthusiastically, she reluctantly brought out the medal she had won and displayed it to them.

"No, I am not excited about it now, but I was before the meet," Stella explained as she placed the jeweler's box in one of the lower bins. "The Canadian girls were the talk of the town. They were supposed to run away with the event. They hadn't been beaten for five years, so you see I was a little nervous."

But she had neglected to tell that her time was seven-tenths of a second faster than the outdoor record held by Mrs. Ellen Brough Post and was seven-tenths of a second better than the indoor mark she set earlier this season in Philadelphia.

Stella, several weeks later, smashed both the women's indoor and outdoor marks for the 220-yard dash in Madison Square Garden. Her time was 26 1/10 seconds.

Tho Stella was a bit gun shy in the earlier track meets, she seemed to have become used to the starter's gun in the 220-yard dash and was off flying, always increasing the lead as she continued around the boards. Twice she plucked at her right shoulder with her left hand to adjust the jersey strap, but in neither instance did she slow up by any appreciable amount of time.

Miss Dallas Kreamer of Toronto finished second with Catherine Capp of the Globe Indemnity Insurance Company third. Neither of the two was anywhere near the leader. The Canadian lass finished 25 yards in Stella's wake. In the 40-yard race Stella equaled the American record of 5 1-5 seconds.

"I have been asked frequently about my method of training," Miss Walsh said.

"Dr. Griffen, my trainer and coach, knew it was necessary to build up certain muscles of the body to make for perfect running form. He told me that natural living alone wouldn't give me the stride necessary to fast running and said that stride had to be built up step by step.

"Before that time I had run sort of helter skelter as any girl would. He gave me a simple exercise—an exercise that most girls use. It was simply raising my knee straight up until it almost hit my chin, with the lower part of my leg below the knee pointing toward the floor.

"Then I would snap the lower part of my leg up and out, extending it as far as I could in front of me. This I do about ten times a day for almost three or four minutes at a time.

"It seems simple. In fact it is. But it works and develops the hip muscles, loosens them and helps to develop that long, high stride that is so much desired by all sprinters.

"The hip muscles are the ones responsible for the stride. If they don't function, everything is done in vain. Is it any wonder then that immediately on rising I stretch myself and then start to loosen those muscles with that exercise—the muscles which I believe and which Dr. Griffen believes are the ones necessary to help break records?

"Another simple exercise I do is stand on the toe of one foot and raise the other foot off of the ground, repeating this for two or three

(*Continued on page* 63)



Cooking is the favorite diversion of the champion runner.

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The Story of a Doctor's Experiment



When the door opened he looked into a face that was strange to him.

"It's my Temperament!"

WITH his customary thoroness and accuracy Dr. Stratton carefully arranged that no appointments fell on this particular morning.

When he entered his white-enamelled office, his sharp, wrinkled face wore a look of intense concentration and his gray eyes were dim with cogitation.

The doctor first removed his coat, stood scratching his snow-white head for one brief moment. Then he went over to the medicine shelf, lifted a blue glass bottle of powder from the back row, blew the dust off it and placed it prominently in the front row.

Thereupon he donned his stiff white jacket. But the bottle held his eye. He paused, stared at it and finally shook his head doubtfully. Evidently the doctor did not dare to go about this alone.

He walked slowly and thoughtfully out of the office, crossed the musty, old-fashioned living room and pushed open the swinging door into the kitchen.

Mrs. Stratton looked up with surprise from the colander of fresh spinach she was rinsing.

This small, gray-haired woman had an uncanny knack of usually suspecting her husband of being up to something. And the frown her round face bore this morning bespoke a particular irritability that boded ill for the doctor's purpose.

Picture by
J. Sanford Hulme

"Daniel," she queried impatiently, "haven't you any patients this morning? What are you doing in the kitchen?"

Dr. Stratton perched uncertainly on the edge of a kitchen chair.

"I want to find out how our daughter is this morning."

"Nora is more fretful and more exhausted than she was when you brought her here last night," she replied

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with grim hopelessness. "She's nervous as a witch. There's as much chance of bringing her and her husband together as there is of bringing the earth and sun together, and the explosion would be greater."

Dr. Stratton looked up meditatively to the speckless ceiling.

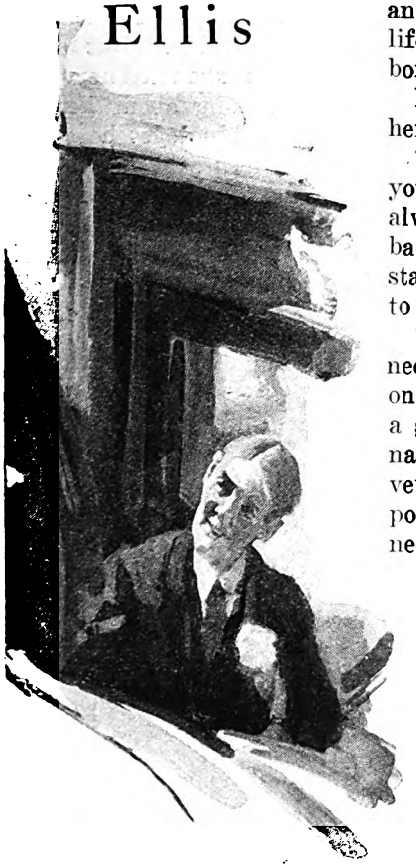
"Except that the earth and sun are ninety-three million miles apart and Nora and Eddie are less than one. If he knew she was here, he'd come flying down here like a bull with his tail on fire. I imagine he's had a rather miserable time of it for the past seven days and nights. Ten years, three months and five days of married life and then a break like this—it's a dangerous thing. If we don't keep them apart until the storm in Nora's mind blows over, they're sure to break apart forever. But I've got an idea."

"I was afraid you'd get one," complained the wife sadly. "It's useless. Once Nora makes up her mind, there's no changing it."

The doctor's eyebrows rose meaningfully.

"Eddie's a physical wreck, is the point I'm getting at. Long days and nights over blurred figures of prospective insurance policies draw lines that look like red whip-lashes under his eyes. Plugging after finicky reports and intractable customers wears him out, makes the back of his head grind away like a trolley car at top speed. Given a sword, a shield, a plumed helmet, an iron skirt and a pair of sandals—at one time Eddie could have stepped into a Roman arena and carved his way thru gladiators to a comparatively easy success. But, armed with a silver pencil and a big, lovable, sandy head full of sentimental ideas about love and marriage, he finds life a veritable hot-box."

By
Richard Bates Ellis



Mrs. Stratton tossed her head restlessly.

"I can't see what you're getting at. You always go about things backwards. It's *Nora's* state of mind we've got to put up with."

"What Eddie needs," the doctor went on undistractedly, "is a good rest. Unfortunately he was on the verge of getting a big policy, a policy that he needs badly, too. He's in hard straits now that both children are going to school. Expenses have increased. But he feels that no further arguments, no going over point by point, will ever convince Mr. Van Tassel to take his policy. Nora has deserted him when he needs her most. I'm afraid it will ruin his life."

"I don't see what you're going to do about it."

"That is the tender point I'm getting to," emphasized the doctor, rubbing his bony, brown hands. "There is one way I might get Nora to go back to him. It is the last resort and something I don't dare to do without your consent. It's something a man, theoretically, never ought to do. It's going to take some amount of explaining."

At that moment the doorbell clanged noisily and imperatively in the hallway.

Mrs. Stratton started in bewilderment.

"Daniel, do answer that bell. I can't in these clothes."

Dr. Stratton's face clouded. He rose with an air of genuine disappointment.

"Please, dear, stay here until I get back. This thing on my mind is frightfully important."

Now, as the doctor said, Eddie Thompson might have awakened that morning in the blue-walled chamber of his bungalow to the dismal prospect of a lost policy, two motherless children and a wifeless home. But the truth was, Eddie Thompson didn't have to awaken. That haggard face spoke eloquently of a sleepless night. And a haggard face on a big, sentimental fellow like Eddie was enough to arouse a real strain of pity in the most cynical critic of human beings.

When he looked dolefully across the big bed and saw that crisp, white, unused pillow beside him, it actually grew dim in the sight of those blue eyes, seemed miles away. The glorious sun, throwing golden patches thru the vine-laced window, only filled him with an overpowering emptiness. He gritted his teeth and shook his head as if he couldn't believe it was possible.

For the past year he had felt Nora growing away from him. But he had been helpless. Moreover, the trolleys ground away in his head and his weary body ached. He didn't have any idea how to keep Nora near him. Dr. Stratton had tried to help. But Eddie could never comprehend his father-in-law's psychological and biological facts about life. His bewilderment only grew, until one day a week ago Nora had actually left him.

Eddie felt quite certain that the subtle workings of a woman's mind could not be handled with a pair of forceps. If Dr. Stratton wanted to give him medicine, all right. But Eddie didn't want any facts. He wanted only his wife, and he felt he would die if he couldn't have her.

But when he dragged himself down to the breakfast table and kissed his two deprived kiddies, the maid said, "Mr. Thompson, I think you ought to know that I saw Mrs. Thompson going into the Stratton's last night."

At first Eddie seemed to freeze in his tracks. Nora? . . . He struck out for the doctor's like a hook-and-ladder to a fire.

"Where is she?" he cried excitedly to the doctor at the front door.

Dr. Stratton was taken completely by surprise. Of all the things that could have happened this was the most disastrous. He hadn't even completed his plans. His wife still waited in the kitchen. It totally upset him. But Daniel Stratton was not the man to fall

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down when his time came. He worked his face into a grimace which was supposed to be a smile.

"Come with me, please."

The doctor led the anxious young man into his office, softly closed the door behind him, seated him in a stiff-backed chair and placed himself in his official swivel chair. His gray eyes studied his client doubtfully.

"Eddie," he began, with his customary accuracy, "as grandfather to your children, one eight and one six, I'm going to ask you to do something you won't want to do." He paused to frown slightly and then continued. "I have talked with the general cause for this disturbance."

"If you mean Nora," interrupted Eddie desperately, "for heaven's sake tell me where she is! I love her. She hasn't brought on any trouble. I want her back."

"I rather expected you'd want her back," commented the old doctor, looking down thoughtfully at his shoes. "But you needn't try to defend her. We're going to talk confidentially, man to man, about things that women don't talk about. Nora is a flighty girl, inclined to be a bit selfish at times, and I know it."

"But I don't want to talk about things, doctor."

Dr. Stratton regarded Eddie's scowl appraisingly. Then he rubbed his hands as if he had thoroly digested it.

"Ten years ago, I figure, she was afraid of herself. Mind you, that was nothing against her. But she wanted assistance and protection. That's why she clung to you."

"Clung to me?" Eddie repeated unbelievingly. "Why, I wouldn't let her go. I loved her—as I do now."

"She clung to you," proceeded the doctor immovably. "I shall call it that. It may be a little strong, but she needed you, at any rate. I might put in, that in so needing you, she fed your self-assertiveness. That's what made her so irresistible to you."

Things ground unbearingly in Eddie's head.

"In heaven's name, doctor, tell me where she is, and be done with it."

"I'm coming to that. The idea is, she was afraid of herself once. Well, she's afraid of herself again. She's afraid that she'll die before she has a chance to hang her remarkable personality on some immortal hook."

"Why, I don't know what you're talking about."

Dr. Stratton's gray eyes shot a sustaining glance at the young man.

"It's your condition. You're tired to death. Do try to follow, please. I was saying that she's leaving you and your children. She imagines that she's discovered some rich and beautiful ideal within her which is far more urgent than the good of her family. She's ready to sacrifice everything for it."

"If she'll give me a chance to talk things over with her, I think she'll see them straight again, all right."

The doctor shook his head emphatically.

"I was afraid you'd think so. Let me tell you. I warned you not to get a maid and take all Nora's work away from her. I knew she'd start thinking about herself again. But, as usual, you wouldn't listen to me. You wanted to save her precious little hands from any kind of work. In so doing you took away everything she had to give her attention to, except herself. You gave her a chance to acquire what a million dissatisfied women are wont to call 'a temperament'."

He waited as if to give Eddie a chance to swallow that unpalatable salad.

Then he continued, "She probably wants to write poetry or paint or play a pipe organ or anything which will afford an outlet to this new self she has discovered. I swear I don't know just exactly what she does want to do, and I don't think she does, either. But she's bound to leave you and the children, bound she's going away where she can attend to herself uninterruptedly. Do you follow me?"

"I can't believe it," Eddie put in frantically. "Women don't do that sort of thing. She's sick."

"Women don't, eh? It's as common as three-leaf clover. But it's nothing against her. It's an exaggerated sense of self-preservation. But she *is* sick. She's exhausted nervously, from thinking about herself."

Eddie's blue eyes bore a bit of resentment.

"What do you think you're going to do about it?"

Dr. Stratton straightened in his chair.

"Just the point I am coming to."

"Well, what?"

"This! If you go to her now, you'll exasperate her, make her think that you can't understand her, drive her away. I've tried to show you that this is going to take fatherly handling. Leave her. Let her try to work this out for herself. In the meantime I'll talk to her. I'm quite confident that in time I'll be able to bring her around. It may take weeks, however."

"Weeks!" Eddie burst out. "Doctor, I couldn't stand it. I tell you I've got to have her back right away!"

"You're not willing to take a chance?"

The young lover jumped to his feet.

"Doctor, there's no use trying to hold out on me. After all, she's my wife. (*Continued on page 64*)

TANTRUMS

By

Lenore Eversole Fisher

SOMETIMES when I don't get my way,
And wish to stay inside to play,
And want to eat what daddy eats
Instead of spinach, rice and beets,
I throw myself upon the floor
And kick and scowl and scream and roar!
And mother looks at me in fright,
"Just wait till daddy comes tonight,
You naughty, disobedient child
Your tantrums simply drive me wild!"
And then, my temper to appease,
She lets me do just as I please.

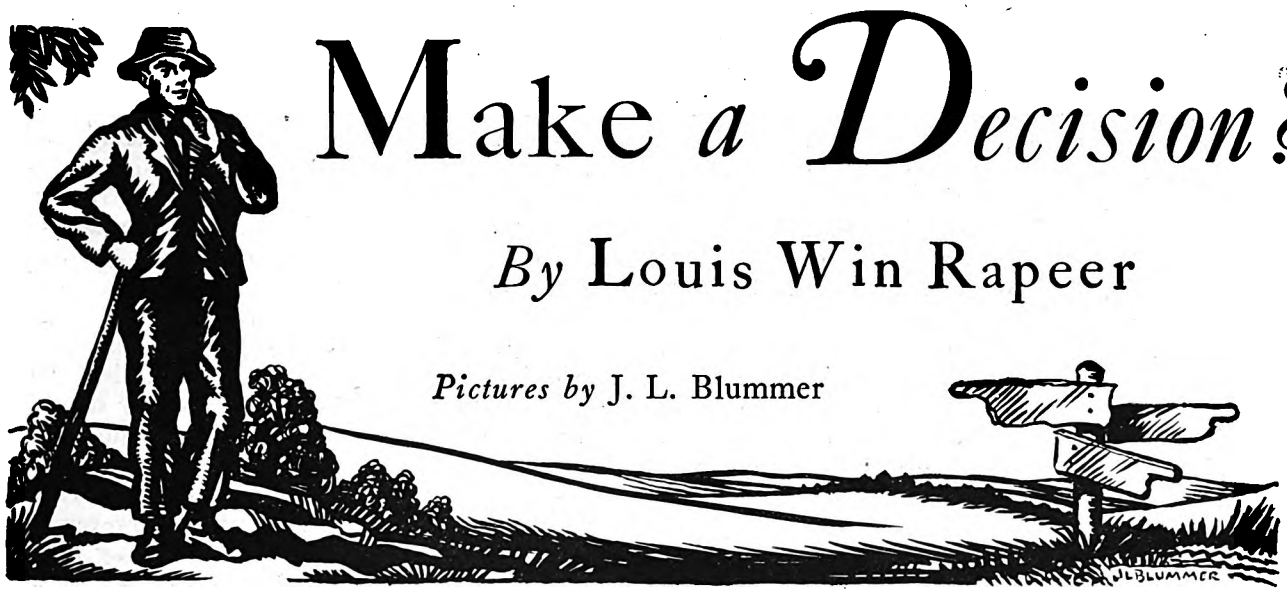
Here lately tho, I'm puzzled much,
For mother doesn't act in such
A way as I'd expect; and now
When I am showing off, somehow
She seems to smile and to ignore
My yelling, kicking on the floor.

I wonder if I've lost control
Of mother. Sh! don't tell a soul,
I really cannot see much sense
In tantrums with no audience!

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Do You Know HOW *to*

Make *a Decision?*



By Louis Win Rapeer

Pictures by J. L. Blummer

A Practical Formula for Thinking Thru *your Problems*

OUR MOST cherished ambition for our children is that they may learn to think effectively for themselves. The adult who succeeds in our complex world today has in some way learned how to think *thru* the difficult situations facing him.

We may go along the grooves of easy times and easy money without thinking much perhaps; but let hard times come or some catastrophe force us to face new conditions, and we must think to live.

Only recently, however, have the wisest and most learned of men discovered much about the actual process and art of thinking; and many of our schools and colleges are still without even a helpful outline of how the mind operates in solving a problem. As our leading philosopher, John Dewey, shows in his most recent work published near his seventieth birthday—the fruit of a life of reasoning on such problems—the art of thinking which the scientists have developed in making their marvelous discoveries for our age is much the same kind of thinking done by the plain practical man and woman at their best in meeting serious crises. He asserts, moreover, that the tests of straight thinking, or reasoning, are the results we get and that nothing is more needed than the general dissemination of the scientific attitude and method.

America especially, with her rapidly changing life bringing us ever into new and complex situations for which habit, instinct and custom are inadequate, must produce a people imbued with the spirit of the scientist and inventor and trained in the process of the art of thinking.

First Step—State Your Problem

THE first point to note is that all thinking starts with problems. Problems arise from new situations, from curiosity and from doubt. To recognize and scrutinize your problem is the first step in thinking. Familiar examples of such problems are the following:

1. By what route may I best get home?
2. What make of car shall I buy?
3. How can I best cut down expenses?
4. What must I do to help Mary succeed at school?
5. How can I best advertise my business?
6. How can farmers generally be led to reduce acreage for crops of which there is an overproduction?
7. What is the rational attitude to take toward national prohibition?
8. How can I best develop good cheer in the home?
9. What occupation shall I choose?
10. What is the truth about the existence of God?
11. Shall we send John to college?

These eleven examples of typical problems will serve to help one *recognize the thinking situation* and to be sure of its identity even when he has only to decide what meat to choose or what theater to attend. Even in buying a hat or finding a house in which to live we reason or think, and the endless advertising and stimuli of life today keep us always choosing and denying possible courses of action. If habit mainly controls us, of course we do not choose, but always take the same food or have someone decide for us. Routine, custom, instinct, inertia and the attitude of dependence prevent us from thinking in old situations; but "new occasions teach new duties; and time makes ancient good uncouth" as Lowell said.

Second Step—State the Possible Answers

IF a woman has the problem of selecting a coat she naturally wants to examine and try on a number of coats. If a man wants to advertise his business with the best returns at least cost he naturally wishes to learn about as many good ways and their relative advantages and disadvantages as possible. If he does not know many ways and what they may be expected to do in bringing customers, he reasonably and logically calls

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in an advertising expert to help supply the knowledge. If you want to solve any kind of a problem, a "real logic" says that your *first step* is to recognize, scrutinize and clarify your problem and that your *second step* is to get before you as many good answers, or ways of solving the problem, as possible.

A man recently tried out in this second step 1728 different ways of making good paint from ordinary oils pumped from the ground and finally succeeded in accomplishing what chemists and paint men had said was impossible. Now the price of paint can be lowered by an immense decrease in cost of manufacture. The man who today gets the "message to Garcia" finds many answers to his difficult problems before he chooses any. The wise young woman gets acquainted with many young men as suitors before she accepts any. The only way to be sure of getting the right solution to a big question is to set before oneself, preferably on paper in black-and-white, all of at least the most probable answers, ways or hypotheses.

Most people, young and old, must get good advice and do research work in books and other sources in order to obtain this needed list of possible answers, ideas or suggestions. For our own meager experience gained in our short lives is greatly extended by the experience of others. We should thus vicariously profit by all the experience the race has piled up for us. There are probably ten excellent ways of advertising your business, Mr. Businessman, that have never yet occurred to you, yet easily available if you will search for them. There are ten occupations perhaps that you, young fledgling out of the nest, might do better in than the one you have chosen. We tend to go by droves into a few professions without thought, and the result is as great an overproduction of lawyers and doctors and teachers as there is of wheat and cotton. Scout out all the possibilities before choosing any.

Third Step—Test Each Answer

WHEN you, for a further step, set down on paper a list of places to go during vacation, each a tentative answer to your problem, your next and *third* stage in the reasoning process is to examine each as well as possible to determine how it answers your query. The woman buying a coat wants to try each one on, and in a glass and with the help of friends, notes its good and bad points from the standpoint of her particular need and figure. The family in hunting a home must scrutinize each possible house and learn very clearly and fully its good and bad features in the particular neighborhood, or a blunder may be made that will seriously handicap all or several of the household for years to come.

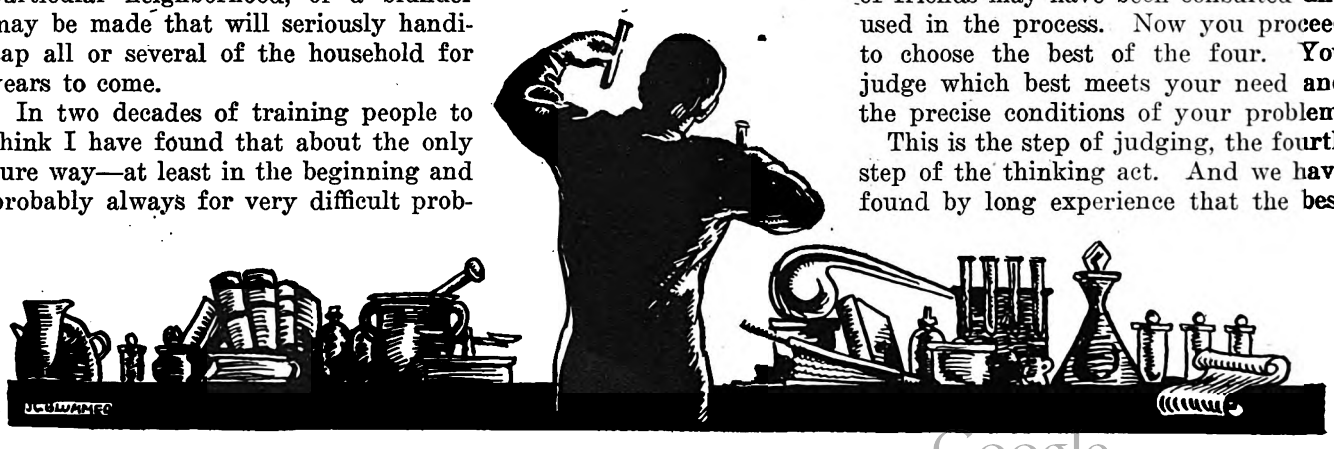
In two decades of training people to think I have found that about the only sure way—at least in the beginning and probably always for very difficult problems—to help people discover what each possible answer or suggestion would really mean if chosen is to use the simple device of writing on paper under each hypothesis all of its good points and all of its bad points, its pros and cons. If one looks at five to ten or more houses or coats, say, he tends to forget the advantages and disadvantages of the first ones and finally to select almost any of the last ones in fatigue or despair. Often the agent or salesman hinders a person from finding all the merits and demerits, since his emphasis is on the merits of his own merchandise and, perhaps, the demerits of his competitors. A young woman who had loaded up with property for which she could not possibly pay said, "The agent persuaded me to buy; I did so without real thought, and the result is that I have been trying to get rid of the property ever since."

Frequently we "go off half-cocked", jump at conclusions, fail to see the advantages and the disadvantages of a given proposition and then repent at leisure our failure to think, for which, however, neither school nor home has trained us. The way of testing such hypotheses is new to the work of science and of education, altho the unconscious and more or less uncontrolled way of reaching conclusions is almost as ancient as man. Kohler has seen evidences of it in his classic study of apes' psychology. We know, in common parlance, that we should always try to "see both sides of a question" and that we should "look before we leap"; but with this "thinking technic" we make conscious use of such racial truths in a step-by-step methodical progress from a problem to its solution.

Fourth Step—Make Your Judgment

THE fourth step is also new to psychology, but is not new in the operations of science and every-day problem solving. When you get before yourself clearly some two or more ways of solving a problem, with the merits and demerits of each set down without prejudice before you, what do you do? You select the best, or try to, do you not? You have already tried out each of the five hypotheses in imagination and have attempted to foresee how each would work as a solution, even as you try out in your mind each of several candidates for a position when you have before you all of their qualifications and limitations. You hold "a beauty contest". You have, let us say, found four good ways of spending your vacation; and you have listed under each its advantages and disadvantages as well as you can find them. Here the four are clearly before you. Maps, advertisements, circulars and the advice of friends may have been consulted and used in the process. Now you proceed to choose the best of the four. You judge which best meets your need and the precise conditions of your problem.

This is the step of judging, the fourth step of the thinking act. And we have found by long experience that the best



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way to get rid of all the claimants for your favor is to hold an elimination contest and to throw out first the poorest hypothesis, then the next, and so on until there is but one logical way of spending your vacation. Of course, we are here cutting out many details and are giving you but a bird's-eye view of the process. But by comparing one possible answer with another and by weighing and judging in the light of our specific problem, the relative values of the different contestants (places, ways, coats, houses, etc.) or hypotheses appear; and we can learn to use "good judgment". For now we know what we are about and are not merely "muddling thru". Sound judgment operates in this fourth step, and is greatly developed by it. We learn to make a kind of scale of values for the different routes before us in life and to throw out the less valuable and choose the best. Here is the crux of reasoning.

Everyone knows how hard it often is to take this step. Sometimes we puzzle for days or weeks in indecision. We are often, like Hamlet, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought", largely because we do not know how to drive systematically thru from problem to conclusion.

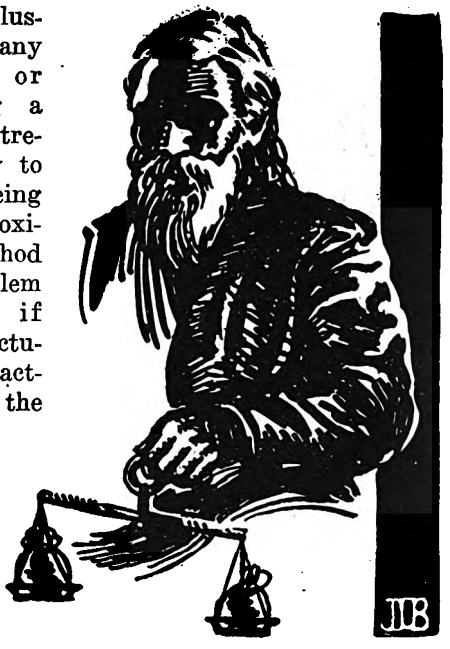
FIFTH STEP—TURN JUDGMENT TO DECISION

THE *fifth* and last step is the conclusion. Here we accept for use the way of solving our problem and meeting the difficulty which we have selected from among the several hypotheses. This closes, or concludes, the act of thinking, and leaves us ready to act, to go on and try out in actuality, or experimentally on a small scale, our answer to our question. If we have taken each of the four steps carefully and have before us clearly each tentative answer, tested each and then used good judgment in weighing and selecting the best, we are ready to accept, with confidence in our "quest for certainty", the decision handed over.

BRIEFLY, the summary of the technic of thinking is as follows:

1. *The problem*—recognize, scrutinize and clarify it. Narrow it down to the issue.
2. *The hypotheses*—get all possible solutions within reason, time and opportunity. Make a list of the alternative suggestions. Use research if possible. Other names for this step are: suppositions, ideas, beliefs, theories, alternatives and tentative answers.
3. *Testing*—Try out each hypothesis in your mind to see how it will work and set down under each hypothesis a list of its merits and demerits. Find without prejudice all pertinent advantages and disadvantages of the ways or suggestions proposed by step two.
4. *Judgment*—Weigh, compare, contrast and put into a scale of values the various hypotheses as clarified by step three, and then hold an elimination contest, throwing out first the weakest and least valuable idea, then the next and so on. Sometimes a combination of hypotheses makes a good hypothesis to be tested and judged like the rest.
5. *Conclude*—by accepting the hypothesis adjudged best in step four. If the first four steps have been well taken, the judgment may be accepted with some confidence as one that will probably prove successful in use. Most of our beliefs and theories and laws and superstitions are in this class.

This method of solving a problem by deliberation and reflection, instead of by impulse and relatively blind action, can be illustrated by almost any common choice or way of meeting a difficulty. The tremendous economy to humanity from being able to see approximately how a method of solving a problem will turn out if adopted without actually and overtly acting — performing the whole operation in the mind by the use of memory and imagination — is readily apparent. Here was a great forward movement in evolution. Thinking saves us from unnecessary doing. It makes the mistakes in imagination rather than in action. It tries out several life careers without adopting them. It brings not only our own but the racial experience, so far as we can utilize it, to bear on a problem. It is this lamp of experience revived by memory mentioned by Patrick Henry that lights the darkness of what hypotheses might prove valuable.



A SIMPLE EXAMPLE OF THINKING BY TECHNIC

A POOR man with a large family recently worked out the following outline from his home in a western state. It is so typical, when we are all paying until it hurts for the War, that it may clarify the method of going from problem to solutions in your own situations.

I. *Problem.*

I have a house in another town on which I am defaulting, failing to make the monthly payments. I have a family of ten children and only about $100 a month in salary from teaching that I can count on during nine months of the year. We shall probably never live in the house and my wife doesn't like it. I have paid about two-thirds of the debt and would lose $4,000 already paid in if I lost the property. I am pressed very hard from all sides for money. I can't seem to sell the place and I don't know that it will appreciably increase in value. It is in a village that is growing very slowly. I must pay $25 a month and some back payments, about $150. I must make an immediate decision as to what I shall do with this property. That is my problem, precisely.

II. *Hypotheses*, or possible ways of solving the problem.

The only tentative solutions to test, which I can conjure up, are (a) those of letting the property go and (b) trying to squeeze along paying $25 a month when I can and the mortgage holder will let me. I see no other way out; and I see that he can close me out at any time that he thinks he has got about all the money I can pay. Really the hypotheses seem to be Yes and No—drop it or hang on.

III. *Tests* of the Hypotheses:

A. Default on the property and let it go, with the $4,000 I have paid.

1. Merits of this idea:
   a. The sacrifice of the family would be reduced and we should get rid of a terrible burden.
   b. We need the money more now that the children are young and prices are high.

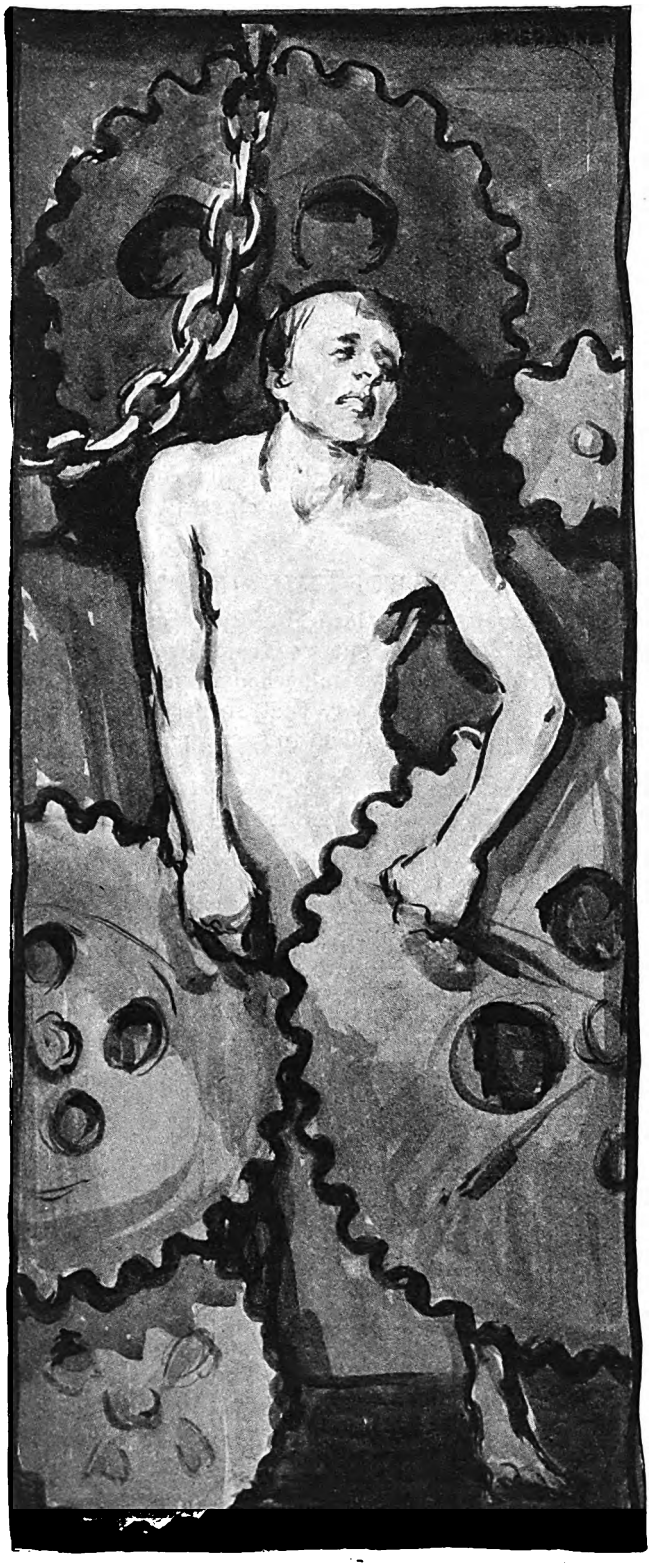
(*Continued on page 70*)

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Are You *Self-*

By
C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

Pictures by Fred Reinert



DID YOU get up this morning feeling somewhat depressed in spirits, and not know why? You have been casting about to learn the occasion for the condition, and have thought it originated from eating a heavy dinner the night before or from going to bed too soon after eating or from some article of food that might not have been fresh. Then, too, you reflect that you have been working harder than usual of late, much harder than is pleasant. You have grumbled about such hardship, naturally springing in your case from restricted finances, and have cursed the day of your birth into such a situation, and perhaps, wished that you were dead and had the struggle over. All to no purpose. Things appear to be at sixes and sevens anyhow. The wheels run heavy and you do not wonder that they do. Anyone who looks at you knows immediately that you are out of tune with life. Your mental skies are obscured and a long session of unpleasant weather threatens. You have been dwelling on the unhappy aspects of life all morning, until you are ill-fitted to attend to the duties of the day.

Well, what about it? Who, after all, is most responsible for the situation? Why are you depressed and discouraged and out of sorts generally? I can tell you if you want to know. Then listen! It is not because you ate a heavy meal last evening; not because you went to bed too soon after dinner; not because you have been working harder than common; not because your finances are low; not because of anything in your mental, physical or spiritual environment which you yourself have not put there.

Why, my friend, there are many filled with joy today who have been doing all these things that you are trying to blame for your feelings. Many of them have been working like nailers day in and day out for a much longer period than you have. But, you say, "These people are differently constituted; I haven't the natural reserve that they possess". This may be true to a degree, but why do you not possess the natural reserve that they show? Simply because you have been more interested in yourself than they have. The cause of your mental depression, the root cause, is to be found in the fact that you have been allowing emotions, feelings and sensibilities to control your life instead of good common sense and reason, and consideration of comfort rather than ultimate good.

It is quite true that with such a background, little deviations from the customary course serve to precipitate unusual disorder, everything about you favoring such an action. You are so delicately hinged that a breath of air or a feather's weight tips the beam or swings wide the door to unwholesome influences. Feelings, feelings, *feelings,* and those, too, of a depressing character, have become your customary dictator. You would do differently, but how can you when you *feel* as you do? You would escape to the heights, but who can run away when weighted with chains? Thus you reason with yourself,

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Centered? Then, of Course, You Can't Get Ahead

and the subtlety of the contention sinks into your deepest consciousness.

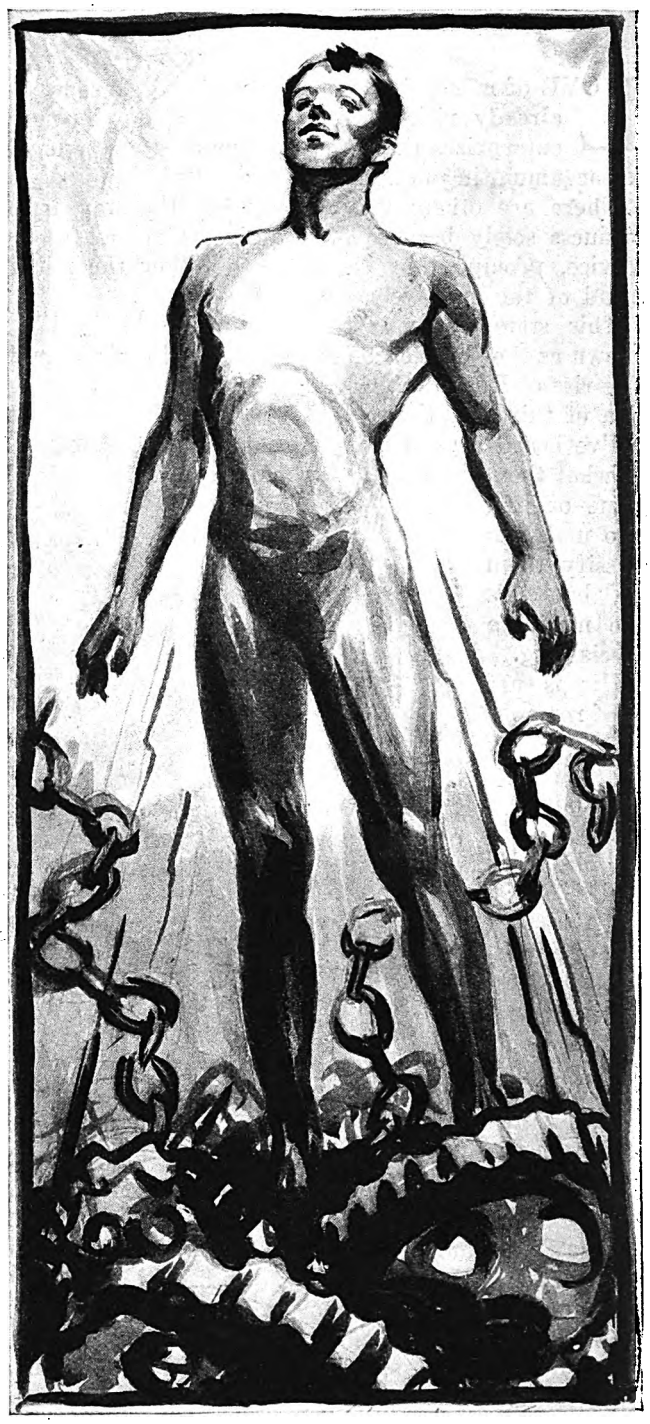
When I tell people something about Edison's life, of his long hours of work, the tireless energy he has always shown, when I speak of the energy that Napoleon displayed, people say, "But they are quite differently constituted". But don't you know that both of these men had a sensitive nature, just like you? Edison today is quite timid and self-conscious in spite of the honor he has achieved. And it has simply been interest in things *outside* of self that made it possible for these two men to materialize their desires. Edison has made his work an interesting game all thru life. He derives real pleasure out of it. He was so interested in his experiments that it is stated he forgot to go to the church on his wedding day and in searching for him they found him in his laboratory. Napoleon was so interested in his campaigns and plans that many times he did not take his clothes off for thirty days at a time. And they were both sensitive men, just like you.

Practically all of the cases that come to me present a condition where they have found it hard to forget self. If you were to tell such people they were selfish, they would resent it, and yet, they are permitting their feelings to completely obscure their mental horizon and they are, thru their feelings, bringing much suffering to others. It is not a selfishness, as ordinarily interpreted, but a self-centeredness, which is a sort of refined selfishness.

How different our relations with relatives, neighbors, and the world in general would be were we able to think more about the other fellow and less about ourselves. If that deep interest which is centered in self could be thrown out toward others, it would solve most of our individual problems and many of the problems that have to do with our dealings with humanity. I believe that would even do away with wars, don't you?

A man came to consult me the other day and told me of his suffering and how limited his life had been for many years. He was a neurasthenic and had all the characteristic fears that such people present. "Afraid something would happen to him if he went about alone, afraid of elevators, closed places, trains, distance, social gatherings, business life, etc." I asked him many questions and even made a physical examination. Following it I told him there was nothing seriously wrong and asked him if during the years he had suffered in this way anything serious had happened to him? He declared that nothing had happened, of course, and most of them do. But that apprehension, that vague "something that might happen", that constant thought about self, was ever present.

Well, you can't tell such a person to forget it, for that is more easily said than done, but if he *could* forget it, if he *could* eliminate self-centeredness, he would be quite as well as anyone. But this change must come thru a process of re-education, of training, of gradual development—of a restoration of *confidence* and a new viewpoint. That usually takes time. This man has a wife and several children, all of whom are made very unhappy thru his actions and thru the isolated life they must live on account of (*Continued on page 71*)



He Had a Mind *of* His Own

By Hazel Manley

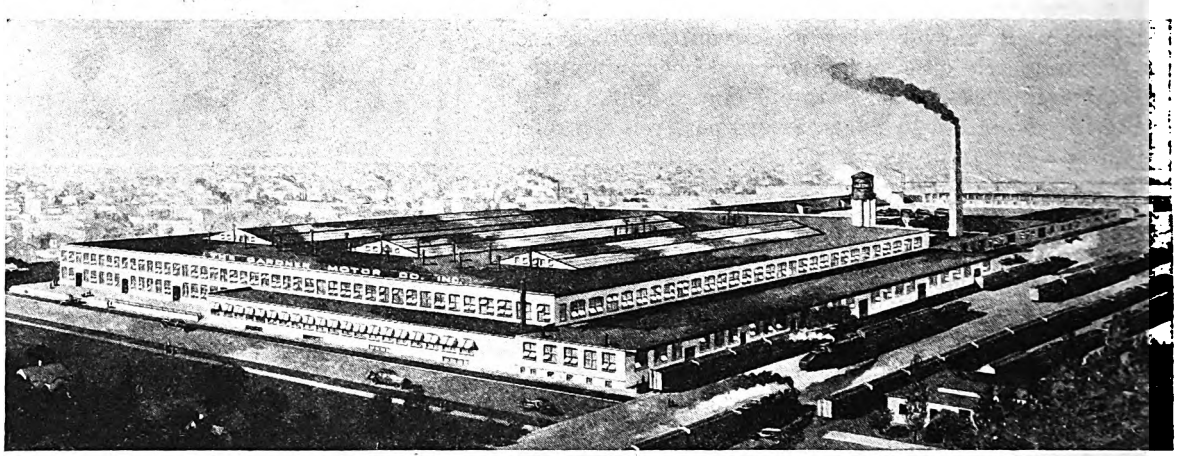
LOVE of money is the motive that impels some men already rich to reach out and develop great enterprizes that offer still greater opportunities for accumulating millions.

There are others who are blazing the way to big business solely because of a desire to render greater service, prompted by the urge to follow the natural trend of the creative mind.

This stamp of man is becoming more familiarly known as the younger generation comes into leadership. The rise of Russell E. Gardner, Jr., is an ideal illustration of this evolution.

I've heard a good many men tell how they came to be what they did come to be, winners or failures in the game of life. You can classify them all, but this one merits a special tag.

His is not the romance of a poor boy's struggle with poverty, years of toil in obscurity and finally the realization of a spectacular career. His career started differently, followed different lines and his goal is not the multiplying of millions—but the desire to *create*.



The Gardner motor factory at St. Louis, Mo.

Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the unique thing about this man is that he took himself out of that class and deliberately put himself on an entirely different footing.

Today, Mr. Gardner, at thirty-seven, is president of the Gardner Motor Company and said to be the youngest executive head in the automobile business.

The philosophy of this man who has made the grade by his own spurs is splendid tonic for those who may envy the fellow whose father had plenty of money.

"My father had a remarkable business career and was known to be a successful and substantial business man. This very fact made the sailing rough for me. Much as my father wished me to 'carry on' by my own efforts, many with whom I came in contact just didn't seem to think this was necessary or probable."

Sitting opposite me in his office at the St. Louis plant, he looked as if he not only always had been, but always would be capable of standing on his own feet. The first impression of Gardner is pleasing. Cautious, steady and calm, his manner is expressive of the ideas which he has woven into the fibre of his business. His eyes are keen, but kindly; and they are not tired. They are the eyes of a man who is in command of his job, whose job does not command him. He is direct. Ask him for a statement of fact and you get it. But his mind isn't merely the bookkeeping sort. Ask him for a statement of business ideas and you get that too.

"So you think the boy without money to back him is really the most fortunate fellow?" I ventured.

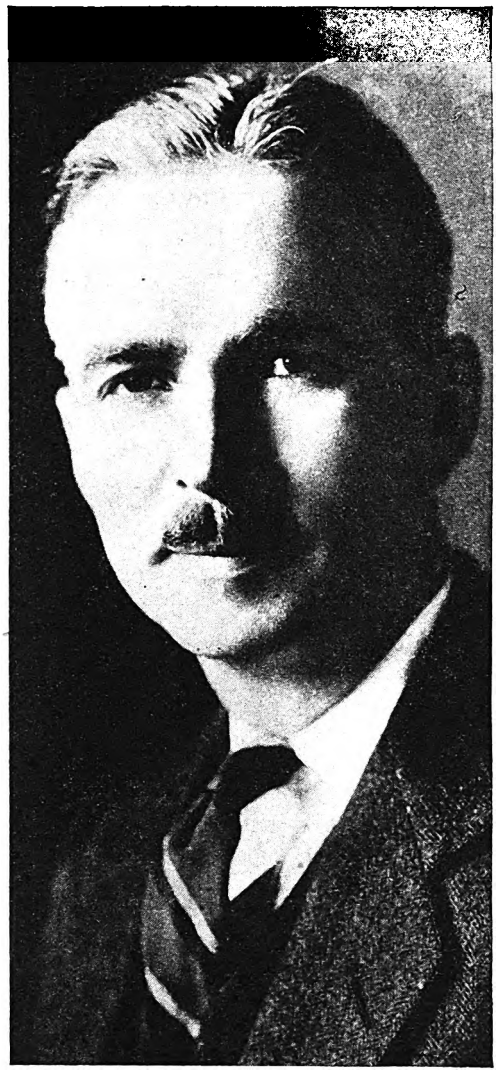
"From many respects he certainly is, but never could you make him believe it," Mr. Gardner explained. A smile played over his face, but he was speaking seriously.

"I started to stand on my own feet," he continued, "but in spite of ourselves we never do stand alone. We think we are accomplishing something by our own efforts, but after all we are depending on capital to get us thru—the incalculable capital we get thru our contact with human beings—their example, their training, their counsel, their help.

"The driving force of poverty is a material aid," he went on. "There is more incentive to make an effort, to make the contacts necessary while making the grade. There is also a greater thrill to be experienced by the poor fellow, for his work is given more attention. When he does something worth while, the folks clap him on the back and tell him how fine it all is, but the boy who had a dad with money is apt to miss all that. After he is passed up a few times, he may lose interest in the game—for remember he is lacking the *need* of accomplishment — which would in itself hold him to the job."

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The Story of Russell E. Gardner, Jr., *and His Ten-Million-a-year Business*



MR. GARDNER

Gardner is authority on the subject. Graduated from Princeton University in 1912, he returned to St. Louis and entered his father's buggy plant, a laborer in the shops at $45 per month.

Ever since 1896, Russell Gardner, Sr., had manufactured the Banner buggy and the old time surrey, still held in revered memory. The family had settled in West Tennessee and established there a settlement known as Gardner, a small town near Union City and Jackson. For three generations the Gardners had had "wheels in their heads". When Russell Senior was born in Gardner sixty-eight years back, the sawmill of the town was owned by his father. This mill manufactured timbers from which were fashioned wagon spokes and wheels, and from these the boy who was to become the world's greatest buggy manufacturer made his first wagon, to the envy of his playmates.

Starting in a small way, Russell Gardner, Sr., had the characteristic energy to reach the market for his Banner buggy and surrey by an unusual route, and his company is believed to be the first manufacturing company to start a mail order business. He sent out illustrated catalogues, and from these the orders tumbled in from all parts of the country until an output of more than 100,000 buggies was made annually.

Then came the new invention—the automobile, but Gardner, Sr., had already made his fortune before this new means of transportation appeared on the scene.

From the first, Gardner, Sr., was skeptical of this car driven by gasoline, and he discouraged such experiments as were made with engines and motors in his shops.

Down at the Gardner plant, they recall the first Gardner automobile of which the young head executive told me the story.

"It consisted of an old surrey, the kind with a fringed top, and someone had equipped it with an engine and a steering apparatus but failed to supply brakes. This oversight eventually proved its undoing. After a few trial tests, the automobile was wheeled around in front of the buggy factory at Main and Rutger Streets and my father was asked to step out on the platform and watch the new steed perform. He did so after much protest. He didn't believe in the thing and he knew it wouldn't work.

"The grotesque piece of mechanism was hauled into the road, the chauffeur stepped on the wheel and an assistant gave the crank a vigorous turn. And, glory be, the thing moved off as if alive!

"It went chugging down the street under its own power, its fringed top whipping in the breeze, engine clanking, horn resounding. Its course lay down the street toward the river and consternation spread among its admirers when the driver was unable to stop it before it reached the levee decline. Gathering speed as it moved, it made a dash for the river. The driver jumped to safety just as the machine struck the water and disappeared in the mud.

"My father, from the platform, saw the performance. The ghost of a smile played over his lips. He knew it wouldn't work—and there it was. 'Let her lay where she is, boys,' he said, and the bottom of the Mississippi marks the resting place of the first Gardner automobile."

This catastrophe of the first effort did not daunt the motor courage of young Gardner. The next few years were spent completing his education, but on graduation from Princeton he set out to apply his own methods in fitting himself for the business of manufacturing an automobile that would not jump into the Mississippi without warning.

Edison says that too many college men are afraid of dirt, but young Gardner, like Gerard Swope, Harry Thayer, Charles Seger and Matthew Brush, proved another exception to the rule. Like these men, he deliberately chose to wrestle with dirt and grime in the regular way in the ranks of the workmen, and be given the time and experience to fit himself with the practical knowledge necessary for the job ahead.

"In 1915," said Mr. Gardner, "the demand for buggies showed a tremendous decline. It was then that I started urging my father and my brother to give serious attention to the manufacture of automobiles and finally induced them to take a third interest each in a contract

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which I made with the General Motors Company to build one of its small cars. Then came the war and I joined up!

"A letter came from my father advising me to sell the General Motors contract, as it looked as if the war might last ten more years, and there was a tie-up in it that he thought far from conservative, due to the fact that I was away and might remain away for years to come.

"He wrote me the second time, and when the second letter came I left the matter with him entirely—to do with as he thought best. He sold the contract. Soon after that the war ended and General Motors soared high. Had we kept the contract it would have been worth a great deal."

He spoke without a semblance of regret or pity at the mighty loss.

"I decided then to take the capital I had, add thereto and develop the Gardner Motor Company, so I set about to learn just what the public would like."

Gardner had by this time mastered in detail the apprenticeship essential to fit him for the goal of which he had long dreamed. The company that was to manufacture the car bearing his name was duly incorporated in 1923 and with him was his brother Frederick and his father Russell, Sr. It may be that the father held fast to the lure of the Banner buggy he made famous and for that reason did not plunge into the manufacture of the automobile with the enthusiasm of his son. At any rate he decided definitely to retire from business that same year and Russell E., Jr., succeeded him to the presidency.

"I wanted father to be chairman of the board of directors—but he hardly comes around to a meeting more than once a year. Interested in his horses and his farms," explained the son who is manufacturing another and a different kind of vehicle at the same old plant.

Once he gets going, pungent sentences come forcefully from the lips of this young executive. These give glimpses of his philosophy of life.

"A young man should learn to make decisions promptly. When I tackle a new job, I tell myself I am going to win. I refuse to handicap myself by admitting the possibility of failure.

"Above everything, a man must have courage. He only needs to back up courage with mastery of the business, love of the work, spirit of fairness and will to win—and he wins.

"Of course he must have faith and he must be enthusiastic. He must never shirk any task because it is disagreeable. The boy born rich is at a distinct disadvantage unless his father makes him hoof for himself.

"Time is a precious asset and big business comes fast. A man must be systematic and waste no time."

Gardner is all that and more. Prior to the actual manufacture of automobiles by his company, Gardner made an extensive visit to every automobile manufacturing city in the United States. Last year Gardner Motor sales aggregated $10,000,000 and the cars were shipped to every state in the Union and to thirty-four foreign countries.

But Gardner is less ready to talk about mere bigness than he is about the style, power and value built into his cars. Also, he likes to talk about his workers, and to them he gives something not contained in a pay envelope, namely, human man-to-man democratic treatment, such as he liked to receive when in overalls.

"The biggest thing in industry is not the machinery or the material—but the men who mold it into a salable product," he stated.

"The great difficulty in business administration is to obtain the continuity of policies decided upon. It requires people of the highest intelligence and most thoro training to adopt and permanently follow a policy after only one telling. It usually must be reiterated and restated frequently until it becomes second nature to the organization.

"It is the duty of a job foreman or a factory executive to command the respect, and if possible, the regard of all the men associated with him or working under his direction.

"After all, inspiration is only a whole-hearted interest in the work you are doing, but a worker cannot possess that inspiration unless he musters the courage to forge ahead and turn out the best work that he can do. And he must believe that he can do the work as it should be done, for a man who does not have faith in himself cannot."

Working beside men who had sifted out for themselves the great fundamentals of life, Gardner learned that to be successful one can be neither selfish or vain; that the cleverest business principle one can have is the aim to render service for value received; that boys should be made to understand that to love the thing they are doing is the biggest thing in the world; that we must forget the comments (*Continued on page 60*)

Dreams That Live

By H. Mercereau

A MASS of sand and stone
Tied with bands of steel,
Fused and riveted into one—
The triumph a builder won.
Dreamer, I am glad to feel
That a dreamer knew
His dream came true.

A thing of metal awing,
High aloft in the blue,
Gliding, flying over the land,
Guided by the pilot's hand.
Dreamer, I rejoice with you
That a dreamer knew
His dream came true.

A block of marble cold
Made to throb and grow,
Hand of man, chisel and maul
Creating life out of it all.
Dreamer, it is good to know
That a dreamer knew
His dream came true.

A cottage at the road's end—
Love and two within;
A couple gray that sit and wait
The click of their garden gate.
Dreamer, the lights grow dim
And a dreamer knew
That dreams come true.

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Edward Earle Purinton Talks on Sentiment and System

"WHAT a strange title!" a thoughtful reader may observe. "I see no connection between sentiment and system, between poetry and efficiency. They belong to different spheres. Did anybody ever put them together in a magazine article?"

We doubt if anybody ever did. That is a first-class reason for doing it; the world has been cloudy on the matter long enough. The few people with alert minds welcome a new angle of vision. They will gladly consider a suggested union of poetry and efficiency.

Every great success is a powerful combination of the ideal and the practical. Poetry of heart and soul plus efficiency of mind and body make a human being all-around, invincible, equal to any opportunity.

The poet is the dreamer, the efficiency engineer the doer. Each requires the aid of the other. Dreams are the preparation, deeds the consummation, demanded in a full, prosperous and happy life. The man who never dreams never does anything worth doing. But the man who merely dreams and talks of his noble sentiments does nothing great, either, and deserves to remain as poverty-stricken as poets are till they reform.

We were invited, not long since, to meet and converse with a famous poet, who was in a perfervid state of exaltation at a gathering held in his honor. After listening, respectfully and patiently, to the outpour of speech from the poet for a lengthy period, we started to gasp for breath, and took a hasty exit thru the nearest door in search of fresh air. Suffocation was imminent.

This harrowing experience led us to rejoice when, shortly after, we had an invitation to a conference with a noted efficiency engineer. At the meeting a huge avalanche of icy facts and figures, void of any real feeling, snowed us under, and we panted for a means of escape. It required a prolonged walk thru the slums on the East Side of New York to make us feel human again.

The poet was a bird. The efficiency engineer was a polar bear. Neither was a human being. No mere animal, whether a bird or a bear, has a right to pose deceitfully as a man, thus fooling and leading astray the innocent bystanders.

The average poet is lost in the clouds. The average business man is lost in his balance sheets. It is not advisable to be lost anywhere.

Almost any goal of success worth reaching is attained by following the light of romance on the path of finance. A warm heart and a cool head safeguard each other.

Among the rules for success, two of the first are these: a man should do the most of what he can do best, by the modern scientific method; and he should also give respectful heed and thoro study to the opposites of his natural inclinations. Thus a born poet, artist or musician should be that first, but establish and conserve his genius by methods of business procedure. And a born merchant, manufacturer or financier should be that first, but elevate and enlarge his outlook by exploration of the dream world.

Temperament should determine our choice of work, but not our direction of it. Scientific management leaves temperament out of the account, as a liability to be avoided. But the liability changes to an asset if temperament is put under control and made to adhere to a system that guarantees results.

Every school of poetry should offer a compulsory course in efficiency. Every class in efficiency should be trained in the valuation, discrimination and use of poetry. Thus the limitations of one-sidedness would be overcome, and extremists taught to acquire balance. Study is equivalent to stupidity when the student fails to learn what is wrong with him and how to make it right. Education will fall short of its purpose till the poet and the business man go to school to each other.

The lives of great men teach that symmetry is the base of superiority. And every youth should know how to build a base for a towering life work.

The man born poetic should learn how to write verse according to rule, how to market his product, how to schedule his day's work, how to obtain co-operation, how to manage his body and brain for maximum output, how to dress and talk sensibly, how to do something of high commercial value in addition to creating poems.

The man born efficient should learn how to cultivate sentiment and ideality, how to make friends with poets, how to appraise dream-stuff, how to write business letters and advertisements with a heart appeal, how to manage employees kindly, how to endear himself supremely to his family, how to develop the higher consciousness.

In short, the way to arrive anywhere is to project oneself out into space, look down impartially and judicially at one's own limitations and peculiarities, then lay out a program of thought and action to round out one's equipment of knowledge and character.

"A beautiful idea," some of our readers may answer, "but is it practical for us? Can poetry and efficiency really be combined?"

They can. They have been. (*Continued on page 62*)

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The Real *Greta Garbo*



GRETA Garbo is Hollywood's pet paradox, their ever fascinating puzzle—the one mystery which they cannot fathom.

Because of the curious and exotic fascination, the almost unholy charm which Garbo puts across on the screen, her managers have purposely surrounded her with a glamor of mystery, a hocus-pocus of secrecy. Reams have been written about her but only one of the many stories that were printed touched more than remotely upon the real Garbo. Since her return from Sweden she has refused to grant interviews and when anything that looks like an interviewer appears on her set she goes up to her director and says, "I go home now!" And either she goes or the interviewer goes.

And why? Mostly because so much rubbish has been written about her, and because the interviewers ask her prying and impertinent questions. Almost everyone wants to know how she feels about John Gilbert's marriage, or they want details about her affair with the Swedish prince (an affair, by the way, which was entirely a myth and invention on the part of some bright press agent). Imagine what would have happened if some daring interviewer had asked such questions of Duse, Maude Adams or any of the Barrymores! Complete annihilation! But Garbo is not the annihilating kind, she merely retires behind a wall of cool aloofness with a tired shrug of the shoulders. And to Hollywood this smacks of mystery and an alluring mystery.

As a matter of fact there is no mystery about her, no contradiction. She is a simple and very sincere person thrust into the glare and limelight of an artificial and insincere community. Quite bewildered by the limelight, seeing thru the glitter and disdainful of the artifice, she is naturally a solitary person and about all solitary people there is bound to grow up a mystery—much to their surprise and bewilderment.

She despises flattery and gush. She believes in love, not the Hollywood kind but in the *grande passion*, and with her temperament is quite capable of it.

"I like always the truth about things, about people," she said. "I do not like to be lied to and I believe when people talk with me that they are speaking the truth as I am speaking the truth. I do not understand this business of men and women with two faces. I avoid two-faced people as soon as I find that they have two faces. I like, above all else, simplicity of mind and of personality. All truly great people are simple, all worthwhile people are simple. There are many simple souls in Sweden, there are too many complex souls in Hollywood. I do not think that I myself am a simple type—but I seek always to make myself so."

To her the art of action before the camera does not consist of making faces—in fact she never does make faces—her features remain masklike thru a picture and it is only the fine transitions of thought and emotions that filter subtly thru this mask to us. Hers is a mental appeal, an appeal to our imaginations. *She makes us think because she herself is thinking.* Her vogue in America is proof that the majority of our picture-goers are intelligent. A fact that the producers decry. In a sense she is the great hope of the screen, if it wishes to remain an art.



Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie".

Garbo is a daughter of the Swedish *bourgeoisie.* She was born in Stockholm and her father is a fairly successful lawyer there. They are plain people, these Garbos, unostentatious and simple in their manner of living. There is quite a family of them—several brothers and sisters—and Greta is their pride and joy. None of her people has been connected with the stage but Greta at an early

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An Intimate *Glimpse of the Swedish Star Whose* Simplicity Screenland *Has Woven Into* Mystery

By Madeleine Matzen

age evinced a decided dramatic talent and longed to be an actress. Her talent did not display itself in amateur dramatics but as a child she often read aloud to her family in the long dark days that are winter in the far north country. And she read with uncommon understanding—unusual in a girl of her years. She felt keenly the emotions of the characters — too keenly perhaps! She was a bit of a puzzle to her family.

In those days she was an intense, over-emotional child and considered rather plain. Looking back over the history of the stage you will learn that Rachel, Bernhardt and Duse were just such plain, intense and over-emotional children.

She was very gawky—all arms and legs—always dropping things and falling over the things that most children stepped neatly around, for her head was filled with dreams. This awkwardness made her self-conscious and shy. Today she is no longer self-conscious but she is still very shy.

Greta's parents being sensible people realized that the emotional nature of their little girl must have an outlet, lest it destroy her. So they took her before the committee of the Royal Academy. Her natural talent soon convinced the academy people that she had a future. She was accepted as a pupil—an honor in itself.



Greta Garbo in her latest picture, "Romance".

She became the particular pride of the old academy and in the midst of her triumphs there she was spotted by Mauritz Stiller, then one of Sweden's ablest motion-picture directors. At that time Greta was still a child —a slim, gangling girl in the early teens, and Stiller was many years her senior, but he fell in love with her and loved her always, up until the day of his death—and even afterwards for he willed to her the small fortune which he had accumulated.

Stiller was planning to film *The Story of Goesta Berling,* the classic which won for its author, Selma Lagerlof, the Nobel Prize. Stiller chose Greta for the leading role in the picture. Protests were uttered—she was "too young, too inexperienced". But Stiller knew what he was about—Greta made a sensation in the role and her fame as a film actress swept over Europe.

Offers came from Ufa and other continental companies but Greta refused them, preferring to stay in Sweden with Stiller and the Svenska Film Industrie.

Finally the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer people coaxed Greta and Stiller to come to America —to Hollywood. Stiller left first to look the land over. He and Greta had been closely associated for five years or more and she missed him desperately. And he longed for her. So she crossed the sea and the great continent in order to be near him.

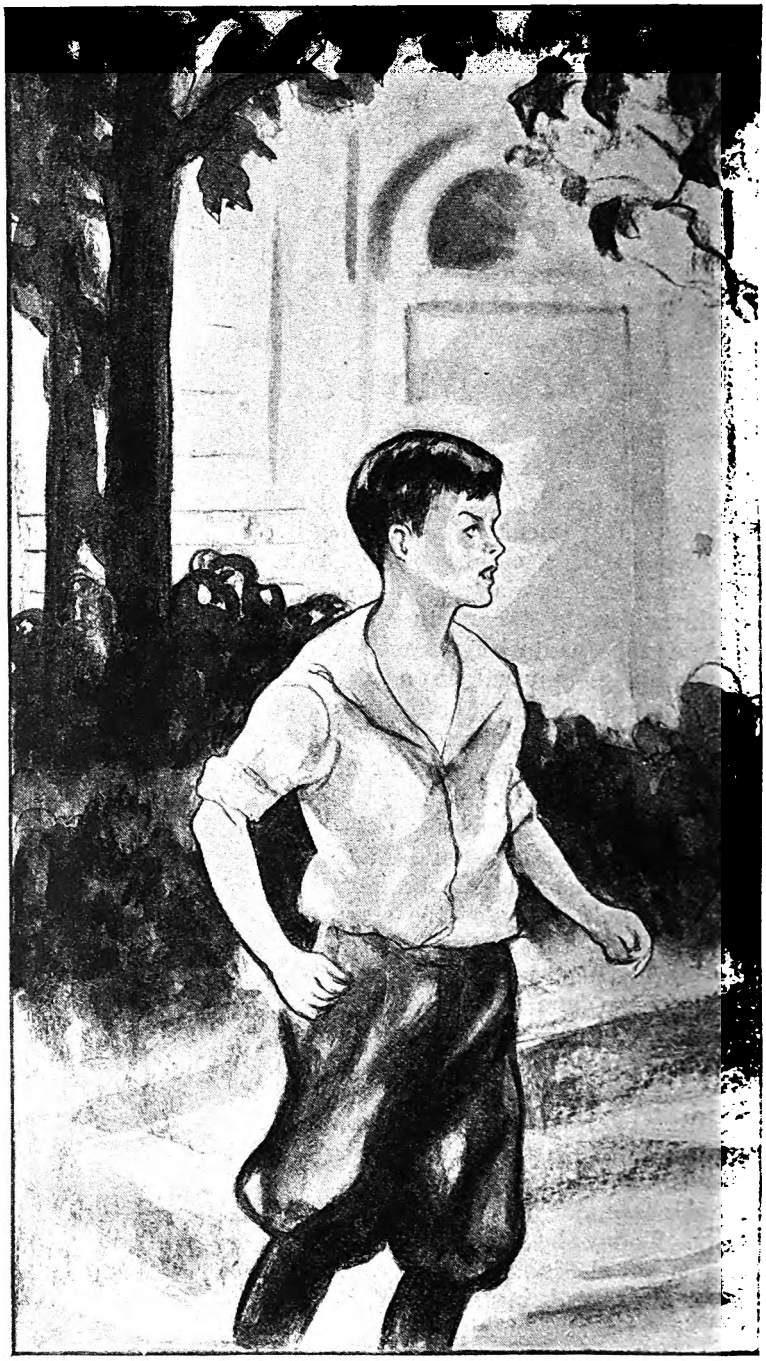
Tho Greta loved the snow, the cold blue water of the north seas, tho she loved her family and her quiet simple life in Sweden she came without a protest to this land whose language at that time she could neither speak nor understand, where she had no friends except one—Mauritz Stiller. To be sure, the salaries were higher in this new land but at that time neither Garbo nor Stiller commanded large salaries—and living here was three times as expensive as it was in Sweden. So you see it was that thing which the cynics scoff at, *love,* that brought Greta across the sea and land to a town and people of which she knew nothing.

Her amazingly fine performance and the new type of beauty which she represented on the screen in her first play, *Torrent,* by Ibanez, made her famous in America overnight. No single star by a single performance has ever clicked as definitely as Greta did in that one photoplay—unless, possibly, it was Pola Negri in *Passion.*

Following *Torrent* Greta (*Continued on page* 68)

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Justice for John



"I hate you. I'll get even with

The Story of an Unwise *Parent—*

THE telephone rang and Mrs. Smith went to answer it. Mr. Smith called to her, "If that is Jones, tell him I am not in."

Ross paused in his play. "What did you say, daddy?" Daddy ignored both the question and the boy and after a moment the little one resumed the building of his castle in silent thoughtfulness. The old story—Ross had been severely punished for telling a falsehood only the day before.

Here is another case.

"Daddy! Daddy! Daddy, dinner is ready."

"Daddy! . . . . Daddy!"

The childish voice was growing loud and shrill. Daddy's head was in plain view just over the fence and he heard perfectly but was interested in his work and did not take the trouble to answer his small son courteously. No doubt he intended to come presently, when he was ready.

"Daddy! . . . . Daddy! . . . . Daddy!"

Still no answer from daddy.

John was one of those excitable, high-strung, nervous children. I had frequently noticed his animated little face twitching when he talked to me and thought what care and sympathetic encouragement in self-control he needed, and was not getting.

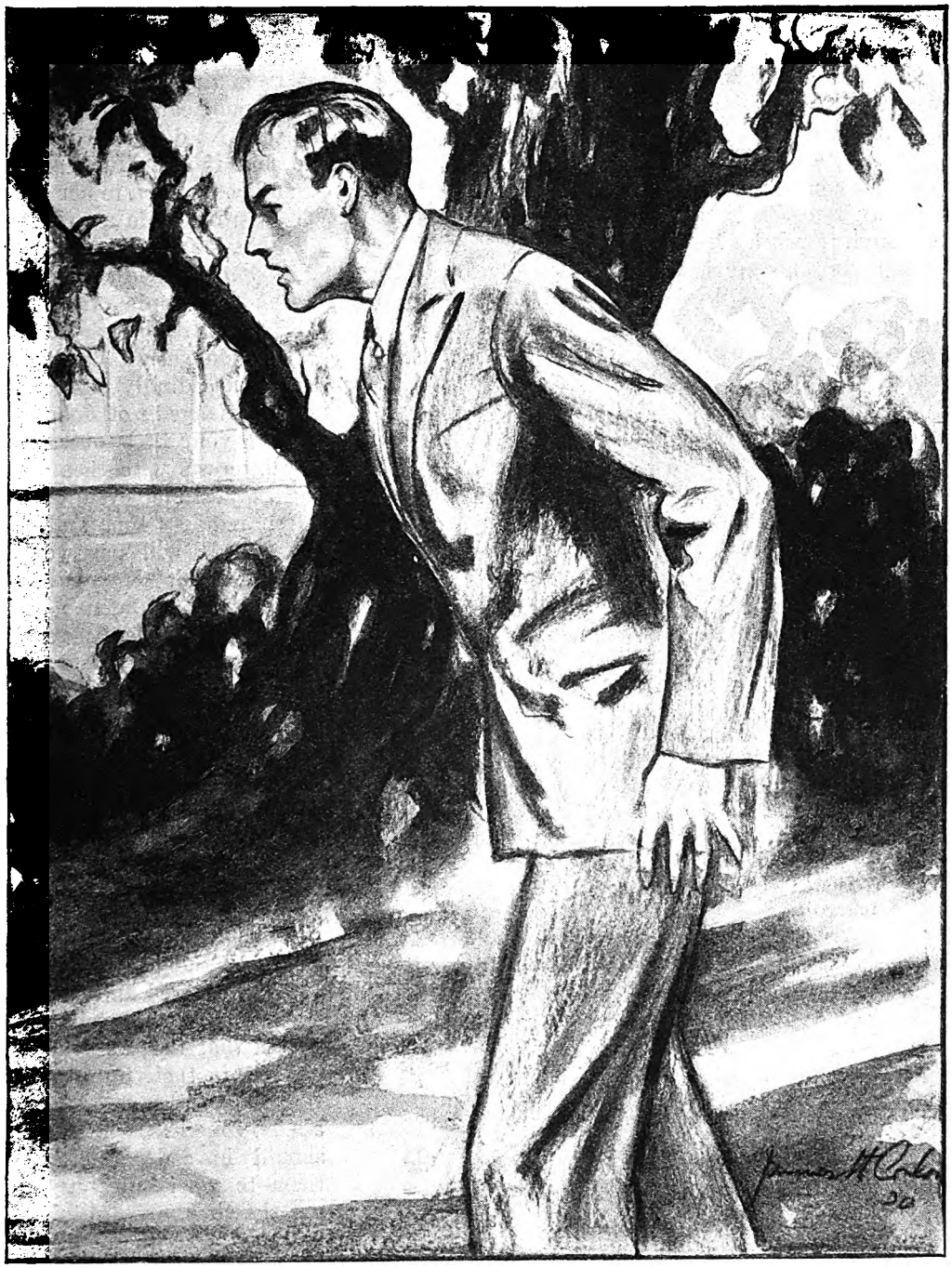
From my own garden patch I could see him now, dancing with a nervous irritation; an unreasonable and wholly unnecessary strain on his nervous system. The cheerful dinner call soon became a half-crying shriek. Finally, but not until the noise had probably begun to irritate his own nerves, the father answered, and answered with a sharp rebuke.

How I wanted to catch the poor child in my arms and run away with him! These words from the great Book of Wisdom flashed thru my mind: "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged."

When the writer was a child we heard much about children honoring and obeying their parents. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was a very familiar expression and we were led to believe that it was a scripture quotation and therefore unanswerable. But a diligent search in later years failed to find it in Holy Writ. The nearest approach, in meaning, is found in Proverbs 13:24, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

I used to feel that the Bible was partial to the parents in its dictates and requirements until I grew old enough to study it for myself; then I found, to my great satisfaction, that it had been somewhat badly misrepresented by the good folk who had been so fond of quoting, or rather misquoting, it to the younger generation. In reality it is the most impartial of books. **It never fails to give both sides; to keep a perfect balance. But one must search diligently and impartially.**

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you some day!" the boy screamed.

By
Annie
Luella
McKinley

Picture by
J. H. Conlon

and Some *Who Were* Wiser

To return to our story of John: on the morning following the incident already related, John was playing in the garage when his mother called him. We all know what imitative creatures children are, and how they just naturally love to be with grown-ups and to do as they do, and yet we so often fail to reckon with this proclivity or to take a wise advantage of it in our dealings with the little ones.

"John!"

No answer.

"John!"

Perfect silence. John's mother knew that he was in the garage; so did his father, who was again working near. "John, do you hear mother speaking?"

Still no sound from the garage.

His father laid down his tools: "I'll soon bring him!"

And he did.

And he thrashed him.

He thrashed his little son for doing exactly what he, by example, had taught him to do only the day before—for doing exactly what he had done to his child. Oh, consistency, truly thou art a jewel!

The whipping was not severe enough to injure the child physically, but his sense of justice was outraged and it made him frantic. And that spunky little man turned on his big, stern father, stamped his small foot and screamed, "I hate you! I'll get even with you some day!"

Of course it was terribly wicked, but I could hardly resist shouting, "Bravo!" I'm afraid I did say something under my breath, but no one could hear it.

John was thrashed again, as you might expect, and much harder this time for his father was thoroly angry with him now, and no doubt deploring such apparent depravity in his offspring His mother leaned helplessly against the door frame, shocked and horrified at the insubordination of a mere infant.

"To think that a child of mine would speak like that to his father! I really don't know what to do with John. It will soon be impossible to control him."

I hope she reads this, she and all the other mothers of Johns. I wanted to tell both of them right there what

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to do with John, and with John's parents, but as I looked at that little heap of wretchedness lying on the grass, his poor body all aquiver with convulsive sobs, I could not. My own heart was too full of choking rage, of pity and suffocating emotions that I did not take the trouble to analyze.

John's world was all chaos; he could not understand, but he was intelligent enough to sense the injustice of it and high-spirited enough to rebel. He had been subdued by superior strength but his spirit was not conquered. Some not far distant day physical force will not control him, just as his mother said, and then his parents will indeed reap—are even now reaping—the harvest of their own sowing. But they cannot see it now.

Why, oh, why are parents so blind? They demand respect from their child but show him none. They demand courtesy and fail to treat him courteously.

What will become of John?

I HAVE in mind at this moment a father and mother who almost idolize their child. They supply her with everything possible except the one thing that she needs most, namely, their loving companionship. She is an only child and a lonely child. An only child is usually a much greater problem than one of several. Marion's parents would tell you that they live entirely for her and her welfare, and assuredly they are living strenuous, busy lives; but so occupied are they with providing every advantage that money can supply, and with social duties, that they never dream of reading or working or playing with her for one single hour.

Marion's mother is an excellent housekeeper. She would not trust a maid to launder her linen. She must do that and many other things herself; but she does not hesitate to trust her precious little daughter to the questionable association of that same maid for many hours at a time. Recently she was shocked to find the child's mind becoming filled with filth; to discover her gloating over a book that no child should, and no self-respecting adult would, read. Marion said she had borrowed it from the maid. She was promptly forbidden to read it. She begged to be allowed to finish the story. She said it was "great" and "what harm was in it anyway? Milly liked it." The harm was not explained, nor more suitable reading matter supplied under careful parental supervision. She was simply forbidden to read such "trash" and severely scolded.

Marion did finish the story, surreptitiously, and many more of its kind.

At nine years of age this beautiful, idolized child has already drifted far from her parents, much farther than they know. Not only is she living her life, in interests and activities, apart from them and often deceiving them, but is causing them heartache and uneasiness by her open antagonism. No doubt the mother is giving her love of a kind, but it is a blind, selfish love that fails to be a friend and companion to her little daughter; in so doing she is casting aside a priceless treasure and grasping at a bauble. Marion is a superior child, of wonderful originality and individuality; but instead of guiding, directing and developing the character and wonderful personality of that clever child, as only a mother has opportunity to do, she is allowing it to be warped by other and often exceedingly pernicious influences. It is as pitiful as the tragedy of John.

Parents, share your work with your little ones, and play with them. Share their interests with them and let them share yours as far as possible, even tho it often requires time and patience. It will pay you a thousandfold. If you deny them your confidence and friendship during those early years, by-and-by, when they are grown and you long for the sympathy and confidence of your young people, you will be grieved to the heart to find a great gulf between you,—a chasm which neither you nor they have the power to span. You may wonder why this is and perhaps think it very unfair and unjust after the years you have loved and cared and worked for them. You will have forgotten that the same lonely craving in their hungry little hearts was filled from alien sources when you should have been binding them to you; but you had not the time, or couldn't be bothered, with their childish interests.

One hears much criticism of this generation of our young folk; their disobedience, their lack of respect, their shocking conduct. Personally, I am very fond of them and consider them in many respects superior to those of the previous generations. Parents fail to realize that such complaints are a direct reproach to themselves and a sorry reflection on their own inefficiency. They who brought those children into the world have had the privilege not only of molding those lives from birth but also in the discipline of their own natures and their character development for many years previous. Why then should they blame the children?

In dealing with the undesirable habits that are continually cropping up in a school, my impulse is not to punish the erring child but to trounce the parents. Almost invariably the habits are directly traceable to the home influence, or to the lack of it.

In contrast to the discipline (*Continued on page 75*)

Jack *and the* Beanstalk

By Clara Ewing Espey

THE old fairy tale of our childhood isn't just nonsense, after all. Jack's beanstalk, a product of his imagination, grows from the submerged levels of his consciousness. Up this stalk he often climbs in the effort to escape from facing the realities of everyday that seem too unattractive, too difficult, too unpleasant, too distasteful.

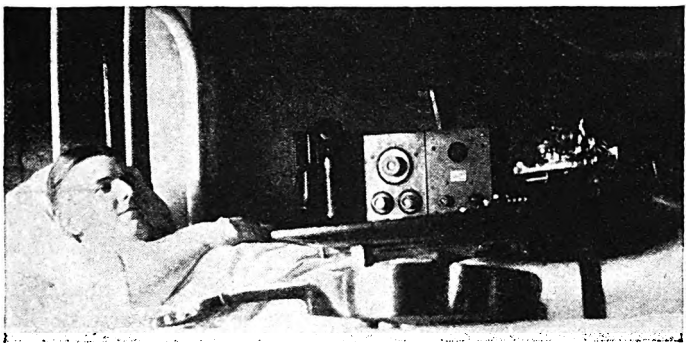
Instead of using his imaginative powers to plan definite ways to grapple with present difficulties, he scrambles up the day-dream stalk of "wishing" to be mightier than giants, cleverer than those he meets, able to get into a world where he commands sure success *without earning it.*

Too bad he's fooling himself, when the same power of imagination applied with will and purpose to daily problems would produce marvels.

Next time we catch ourselves climbing, *maybe* we'll remember!

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Reporting *from a* Pillow



John Mansfield Stays in Bed But Goes Everywhere

By Sylvester Stevenson

NEWSPAPER reporters may be found in almost all shapes, styles and sizes, but it is not often that one is found who is as out of the ordinary as the correspondent who covers Bondsville, a village in Massachusetts.

John Mansfield is the reporter in Bondsville. Confined to his bed he reports to two newspapers on the every-day activities in his territory. Fire, automobile accident, baseball game or dance—it's all the same to John—his newspapers receive a full report, and on time.

John has been in bed since 1919. Those would have been eleven long years to most of us, but to John they have been short. "Time just flies," he says, and he says it with a smile that shows he means it. If you spent what you intended to be a few minutes with John and found that it had turned into two hours without you realizing it, you would understand how time flies in his bedroom, where the window sills are low so that he can see everyone passing and everyone can see and call to him.

It seems as tho the telephone beside his bed is the only one in use in Bondsville, because when anyone wants to know anything they "just call John, he'll know".

"That's the funny part of this reporting," he laughed. "When the fire alarm rings everybody in town calls me to find out where the fire is. I ask them why they don't go and find out and tell me. But in a few minutes I can tell them right enough because I have assistants who chase fires and give me all the dope."

Ball games and accidents are covered in a similar manner; band concerts he could criticize, if he cared to, for they are held directly across the street from his home. He not only can hear them but he can see boys whom he knows in the band and friends of his in the audience.

John Mansfield was a pupil in the Bondsville grammar school when arthritis confined him to his bed. Help was sought at the leading hospitals in Boston, but specialists admitted that they could do nothing to cure the disease. With advice on "how to drink milk" and "not to eat this, that and some other thing", John returned to his home.

He was ready with his typewriter and a handful of newsprint when a newspaper wanted a local correspondent. He had bought the typewriter to "pastime" and it occurred to him that newswriting would do that. It did. At first he wrote for a weekly and he smiles now as he says, "Writing was such an enjoyable pastime that I worked as tho my paper were coming out every day." Later he began reporting for a daily, for which he still writes.

"I didn't go beyond the ninth grade at school," John told me, "but when I didn't know just how to write an item I did my best and said to myself, 'If it isn't right the editor will correct it.' Then I'd read the item as it appeared in the paper and most of the time it was just as I wrote it." And that John seemed to think, if his chuckle meant anything, was putting something over on the editor.

But a young man who reads authors in the class of Joseph Conrad, who is John's favorite and whose phrases he likes to memorize, has, perhaps unwittingly, built himself a background that leaves little reason for editoral revision of news items.

In addition to his reading, John has taken correspondence courses in English and a course in journalism. The latter was given on the radio by the Massachusetts department of education.

His radio has meant a great deal to him. "When I got my first radio," he said to me, "there were only three or four commercial broadcasting stations in this country; now there are hundreds."

But, news or no news, John reaches for his portable typewriter, inserts paper and grabs the telephone. His letter must catch a certain mail, but before that time he has called friends in every corner of Bondsville. If anyone has gone out-of-town for a visit and John doesn't have it, that person has skipped out without letting his next-door neighbor know about it. Half the persons in Bondsville report to John what the other half do.



It's a tough old world for most of us. But not for John Mansfield, newspaperman and remarkable exponent of the advice to look out on the world with a smile.

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Mind and Matter

Hints of the Vast Mystery of the Universe— and a Call to Share in Its Power

THE most stubborn obstacle in the path of psychological progress is the widespread inability of people to understand how so delicate a thing as mind can control so crude a thing as matter.

Let us first consider matter. It is not what it seems to be. But what is it? It is firm and real enough. But of what does its firmness and reality consist? If we can answer this question, and if we can also find out something about what mind is, we can better understand the relation of these two important things and their action upon each other.

Any particular kind of matter is composed of a particular kind of small particles called "molecules". There are molecules of water, iron, salt, and in fact of all kinds of matter. The molecules of any one substance are different from the molecules of all other substances.

The molecules of matter are composed of still smaller particles called "atoms". A molecule of water, for instance, is composed of two atoms of hydrogen gas and one atom of oxygen gas. A glass of water does not look nor feel like dry gas, but it contains nothing else. A piece of quartz rock is composed of the two gases: oxygen and silicon. And yet it is very hard and brittle. American Indians used it to make sharp arrow-heads. The hardness of matter depends upon its temperature. Water at freezing temperature is hard and brittle ice. At 33 degrees it becomes a liquid. At 212 degrees it becomes steam or vapor. At the temperature of the electric arc it becomes oxygen gas and hydrogen gas. The same thing is true of all other matter. If we raise their temperature high enough they become gases. Even the "sand" of which the surface of the earth is so largely composed is finely broken quartz, and if we raise its temperature high enough it becomes oxygen gas and silicon gas. Our whole earth was once so hot that it was only a great ball of glowing gases many times its present size. As it cooled it shrank, and its gases combined with each other to form the solid and liquid earth as it is today, with some of the gases forming its atmosphere.

A molecule is not a little solid thing like a small shot or marble. It is a whirling, spinning group of atoms with relatively vast spaces between them, so that within the molecule itself there is vastly more empty than occupied space.

We thus trace matter to the atom, groups of which swarm and swirl together to form molecules of the different kinds of matter. Now let us consider the nature and structure of the atom itself. As I have said of the molecule, the atom is not a little hard solid thing. It is a tiny invisible spark of positive electricity with tiny sparks of negative electricity dancing and whirling around it. The positive spark of electricity at the heart of the atom is called a "proton", and the negative sparks of electricity that revolve and dance around it are called "electrons". These positive and negative sparks of electricity are not such stuff as we usually think of as being "material". As a matter of plain fact, they are just *force*. And yet every kind of solid matter in the world is composed exclusively of them. If we could extinguish all these tiny electric sparks, the solid earth and everything in it would instantly vanish into absolute nothingness.

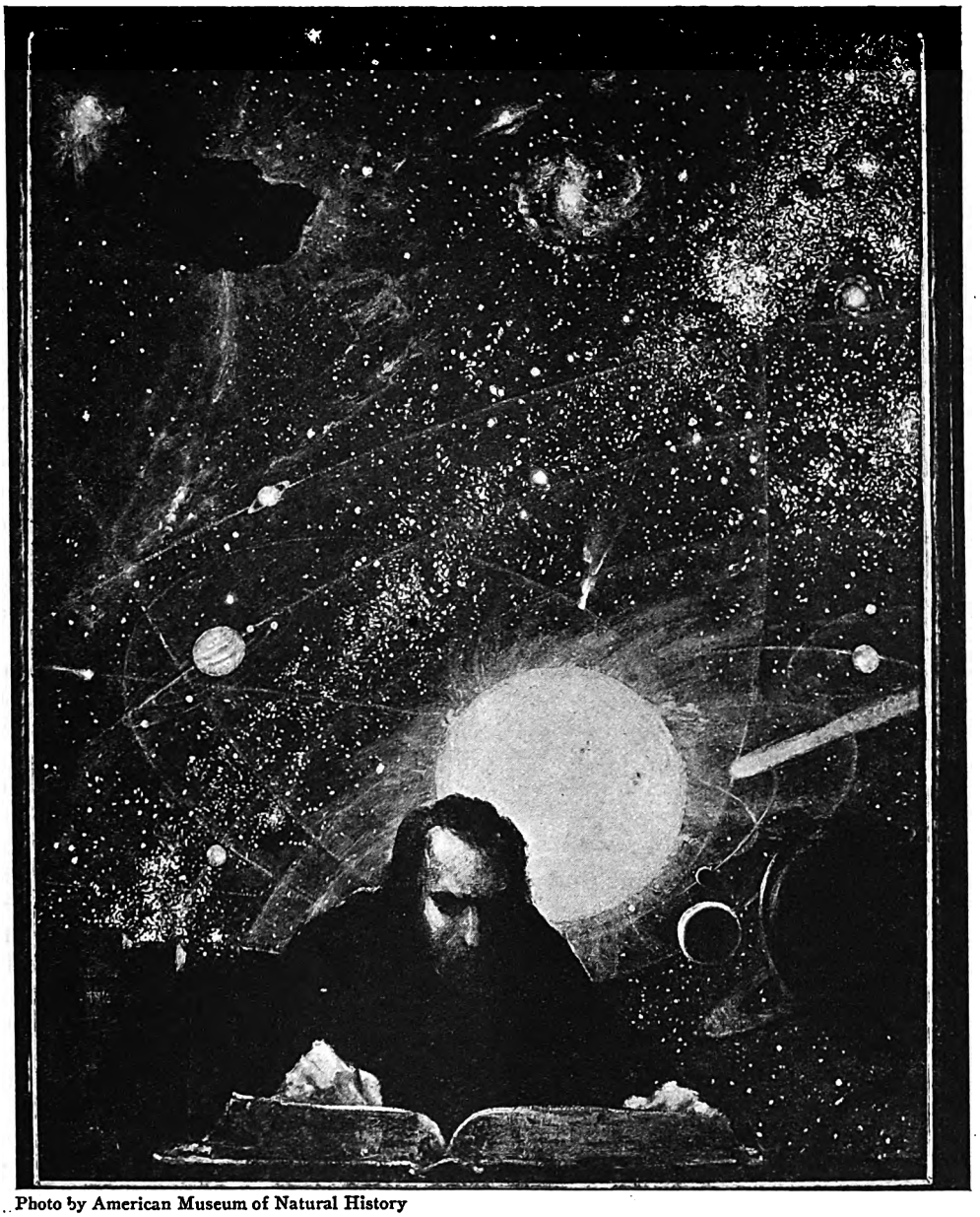
For a long time physical scientists thought that what they called "the conservation of matter" was a part of the universal scheme of things. They thought that matter could not be destroyed, however much its form might be changed. Burning a piece of wood, for instance, merely changed it into the forms of gases and smoke and ashes, the total weight of which was exactly the same as the weight of the piece of wood. That is true as to all kinds of burning and other ordinary forms of decomposition; but there is a point at which it is no longer true. This point is reached in the terrific internal heat of the sun. Many tons of the sun's substance are completely destroyed every day, by being changed, not into other forms of matter, but into the forces of light and heat. We can now work the same kind of complete destruction of matter in some of our physical laboratories, using intense heat and high voltage electricity.

What all this means is that physical matter is just one form of force, or energy. This is not the same as saying that physical matter is a delusion and a no-thing. It is firm and solid enough; but, even so, it is constructed of force in the form of tiny electric sparks. It has weight, yes. And is pulled around by that other force which we call "gravitation". A brick is composed wholly of electric sparks; but if it falls, by the pull of gravity, upon one's head, it may seriously disarrange the electric sparks composing the head. It may be said in this connection that all force has weight. Light is one form of force, and a beam of sunlight passing near a planet is bent by the gravitational pull of the planet.

There are only about ninety kinds of atoms in the universe. And there are only two kinds of electric sparks composing them—positive sparks and negative sparks. The lightest atom we call "hydrogen", and it is composed of one positive spark of electricity with one

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By Judge Daniel A. Simmons



The Astronomer

A painting by D. Owen Stephens

Photo by American Museum of Natural History

negative spark of electricity revolving around it. Helium is the next lightest atom, and is composed of one positive spark of electricity with two negative sparks of electricity revolving around it. We once thought there was no helium in our earth; but the spectroscope showed a gas in the sun's atmosphere with which we were not familiar on earth, and we named it "helium" —from the Greek word "helios", meaning "sun". Later we found it in the earth, considerable quantities of it now being retrieved from natural gas in the southwestern part of the United States and used in our Zeppelin-type airships, because it is nearly as light as hydrogen, and will not burn when struck by lightning or exposed to a spark. Some of the very heavy metals have atoms composed of one positive spark of electricity with eighty or ninety negative sparks of electricity revolving around it. There is never more than one positive spark, the weight of any particular substance being determined by the number of negative sparks revolving around the positive spark.

We know by almost endless experience that a spark of electricity dies out just as soon as the energy which produces it is removed. If it is being produced by a static machine, it dies out when we stop turning the machine. If it is being produced by a generator, it dies out when we turn the power off the generator. If it is being produced by a battery, it dies out when the battery "goes dead". The pertinent question here is: what force feeds the tiny spark of electricity of which matter is composed? This question brings us to a consideration of mind.

AS we observed in a previous article of this series, mind is everywhere. The human race has known this for many centuries. Many writers in both the Old and the New Testament sensed this great truth and regarded the universal mind as God. In later years of science and philosophy we came to a more rational understanding of the universality of mind; but it was not until quite recently that we began to detect and measure the character and force of that all-pervading mind. We do not yet know very much about it; but we know some things that are very interesting, that turn a flood of light upon things that have been obscure, and that promise even more important discoveries in the near future.

As a matter of reason, logic and common sense, some of the more profound students of psychology and psychic phenomena long ago realized that the scheme of creation would be incomplete without an all-pervading, intelligently radiating force. But what we actually know about this great force clusters around the recent discovery by the world-famous Dr. R. A. Millikan, president of the California Institute of Technology, of the force now generally known as "Millikan's Cosmic Rays". These rays have now been measured and studied by eminent scientists all over the world, but they still bear their discoverer's name.

The cosmic rays are very (*Continued on page 61*)

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The objectifying effect of cigarettes makes them a necessity for one who has once formed the habit.



Living on

By Ashton Brown

MIND you, I don't think it a good thing to do—to Live on Nothing. Life ought to be geared up—and could easily be geared up—so that no one would have to do it, or even try to do it. But while the transition is taking place, I mean the transition in which civilization is to pass from a crazy to a rational economic system, it's not a bad thing to know that living on nothing—of course that means approximately nothing—is not only possible, but not particularly painful.

For obvious reasons I am not going to sign this story. If the editor decides to print it, the name you will see at the top of the article will not be my name at all. Most of my friends, acquaintances and fellow-craftsmen suppose me to be a fairly prosperous citizen, and it would not be a good thing for them to be undeceived.

Not that I have any particular pride about it. I don't see that it is any more important for *me* to be well garbed and well fed than it is for any one of the hideous mangle of humanity that, for instance, Tom Noonan gathers together every Sunday afternoon in the Blue and Gold Room of the Rescue Society—five and seven Doyers street, the Heart of Chinatown, the whole world listening in.

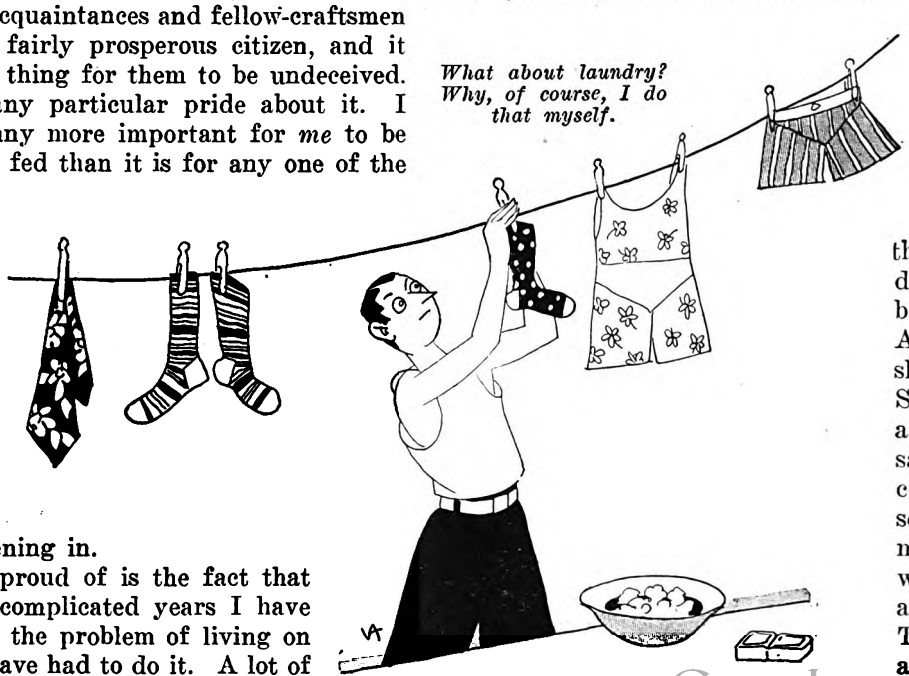
What I am a bit proud of is the fact that during some rather complicated years I have pretty well mastered the problem of living on nothing—because I have had to do it. A lot of domestic factors, which are nobody's business but my own, have made it necessary for me to spend practically all my earnings for the needs of others except myself. Family necessarily staying in another city; old debts from still leaner years hanging over my head. I have had to work like a gentleman and mix among men like a gentleman, while living like a tramp. I mean so far as the cost of living is concerned. No one has yet seemed to question the fact that I am a "gentleman", whatever that may mean. But for the past two years I do not believe my average outlay for personal necessities has been much more than twenty dollars a week. I could have kept it down to that, and I think pretty well under it, if I had not moved a year ago from a $6.50-a-week room, in which I lived for an entire year, to one for which I pay thirteen.

But on the basis of that $6.50 room, and including some of the further economies I have learned since leaving it, my weekly budget would run about like this:

Room rent—$6.50. And I want you to understand it was a thoroly comfortable room. Nicely furnished; well cared for; an ample bathroom a few feet away; a jolly little gas grate ready to redden up and glow for me at a second's notice, while I was dressing in the morning or reading and smoking in my easy chair in front of it at night.

Breakfast—ten cents. Coffee and corn-muffins at the Automat. Or for twenty cents I can get excellent corn-beef hash and coffee. But nineteen mornings out of twenty all I want for breakfast are the corn muffins and coffee.

What about laundry? Why, of course, I do that myself.



As for lunch and dinner—I wonder how many hard-up people have grasped the economic wonder of the hamburger sandwich. At a bright little shop near Lincoln Square I can get a hamburger sandwich for ten cents that is in itself a satisfactory meal—of course with coffee for an additional nickel. The sandwich is always fresh; has

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Nothing —

It's Not a Good Thing to Do— BUT *It's a Good Thing to Know You* CAN *Do It!*

Pictures by
Walter Van Arsdale



a big pile of fried onions on the side (being domestically detached for the time being onions don't matter—and no one can deny that they are nourishing); considerable gravy that comes up with the meat; and two generous halves of a big flat biscuit, that is almost like a loaf of bread.

Now at the "Famous Max's" on Sixth Avenue, almost this same sandwich can be obtained for *five* cents. No one can be seriously hungry or undernourished who has a Lincoln Square hamburger in his stomach at lunch-time and a "Famous Max" hamburger stowed away for dinner. You might want a snack before going to bed, but if you do, there is a five-cent frankfurter on Sixth Avenue, or a rather neater one for ten cents at a Nedick stand. Or rice pudding and a glass of milk at the Automat makes a nice going-to-bed bite.

Strange to say—with all my long continued indulgence in under-priced food at out of the way places in New York—I have never once been made ill by anything I have eaten. About eighteen years ago I was poisoned by some meat I ate at a well-known hotel. But from clams at an open air stand on Bleecker Street—made luscious with a slice of lemon and a dash of pepper sauce—to a fried egg sandwich in a Jamaica lunch wagon, I have found the victuals prepared by the genial, rough-house chefs and "counter-men" of Greater New York, fresh, wholesome, edible—and to my taste, *good.*

The point is that if I went thru an entire week on such menus, as I have occasionally done, the eating expenses for a healthy, grown-up individual in New York City need not exceed forty cents a day—or $2.80 a week. That makes $9.30 for room and board, doesn't it?

What was I talking about—twenty dollars a week? I could do it for ten. No, I forgot cigarettes. That seems to be the fundamental necessity. It's no use trying to get along without them. I think the soothing—and *objectifying* effect of cigarettes (that last word is a secret; I'm going to write an article about it some day) makes them a primary necessity for anyone who has once formed the habit. If you have your cigarette whenever you want it you can stand almost anything. So cigarettes come to about a dollar and a half a week; of course a pipe with good old "Buckingham" or "Half-and-half" saves a bit here and adds a lot to the smooth comfort of living. Then, of course, the car-fare and telephones.

So with ten dollars allowed for food and shelter you have ten more to spend for cigarettes and tobacco, fares, telephones and newspapers—with not infrequently a quarter or thirty cents for the movies. Who ever said New York is an expensive city to live in?

You ask—what about laundry? Why, of course, I do that myself. I have seldom had so much fun out of anything in life as I have had out of finding out that I could do my own washing and ironing—and do it well. Whoever said that it was only girls and women who could be expected to do their own clothes-washing? Of all men in the world I would have considered myself the most completely impossible to qualify as a laundryman. I always had an uncanny hatred of all such activities. It never occurred to me that I could do it. That's the whole point of this story; you can do things that you can't do if you have to.

I began by washing my handkerchiefs and socks and letting the laundryman do the rest. Then I added my BVD's to my own stint. Then I tried a shirt—and got some one of my merry Bohemian women friends to iron it for me. Then—on a wonderful day—I borrowed the landlady's iron and tried to iron my own shirt. *Tried?* I DID it—and I tell you it was no end of fun. And the funniest thing about it was that the shirt was well ironed. And now I am completely independent of the laundryman.

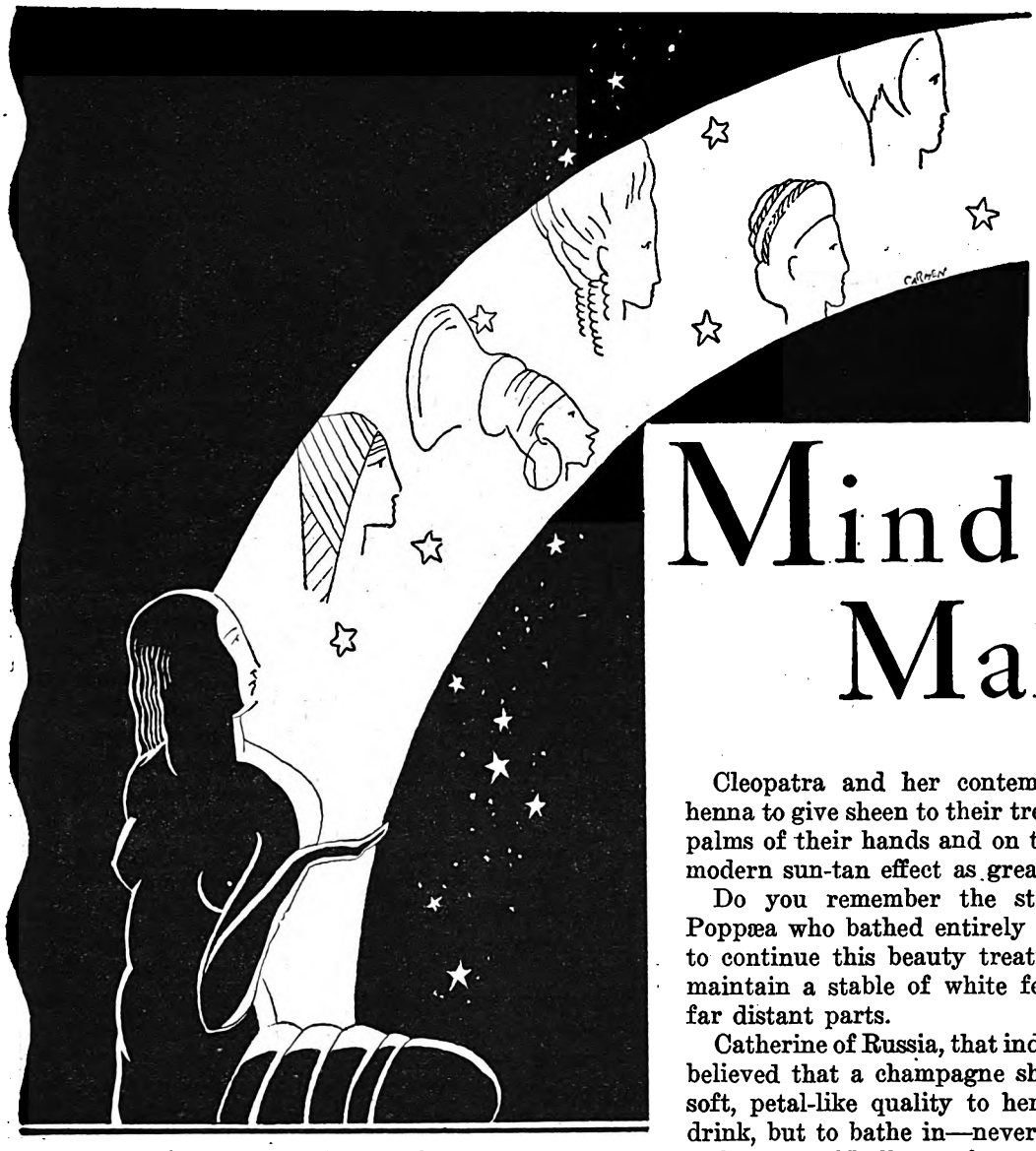
You ask—"What about clothes?" The same answer. I don't buy any. It's not what kind of clothes you wear but how you wear them. It's all in the way you hold your neck. People of more or less importance are coming to see me all the time; I have dinner engagements and lunch engagements in the nicest places and with the nicest people. No one ever seems to notice that I am not well dressed. I am at least a better dresser than G. K. Chesterton and many an

(*Continued on page* 69)



Last winter's relic had completely disintegrated.

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Pictures by A. E. Carmen

By
Virginia
Vincent

Mind *over* Make-up

YOU'VE seen it done often. A dab of rouge on either cheek, the lip-stick rubbed lightly over the lips, powder dusted over the nose and last—that critical glance in the mirror. Snap goes the compact. Up goes the face so newly renovated—*with a different expression.*

The change may have been wrought on the face but the direct effect is on the mind. If make-up did not involve the mind far more than the face, cosmetics would be nothing but museum pieces today. Since the world began, beauty concoctions have been universally used because they are a stimulation from an exterior and interior viewpoint. Women applied them and men admired the effect. This does not mean that women make up for male admiration entirely. But more about that later.

To begin at the beginning, beauty secrets were whispered from one Pharaoh's daughter to another in the shadow of the Sphinx. The potency of this herb, the perfume of that flower, the anointing quality of the olive, the blanching perfection of the almond were told and retold again and again. Strange formulas were devised and jealously guarded by the famous beauties of the ages.

Cleopatra and her contemporaries depended upon henna to give sheen to their tresses. They used it on the palms of their hands and on their feet to give a sort of modern sun-tan effect as greatly admired then as now.

Do you remember the story about the beautiful Poppæa who bathed entirely in asses' milk? In order to continue this beauty treatment it was necessary to maintain a stable of white female asses brought from far distant parts.

Catherine of Russia, that indomitable soldiering spirit, believed that a champagne shower imparted a smooth, soft, petal-like quality to her skin. Water she might drink, but to bathe in—never!

Comtesse Nuilly, a famous beauty of the French court of the seventeenth century, insisted upon her daily tub of wild strawberry juice. How these tiny berries could have been plucked, pressed and preserved for her use so frequently we can hardly imagine.

These women who lived and will continue to live in history were strong minded, active and colorful in personality. They must have relied upon cosmetics for a certain stimulation and the satisfying of a primitive instinct.

In one of the provinces of northern France I once bought an exquisite blue and gold china jar with the initials D. B. studded in tiny rosebuds on the outside. The gentle, proud French lady from whom I purchased the jar told me that it had been a treasure handed down in her family and was one of the jars which contained a famous and rare cream used by the DuBarry. Can you imagine Madame DuBarry searching for wrinkles in the mirror of her dressing table, applying a cream, a rouge, some powder, frankly enjoying the effect which was making her irresistible to the French king?

I have similar pictures today. The busy housewife who toward the end of the afternoon sits before the mirror rubbing her face with a cleansing cream, patting on an astringent, carefully applying a tinge of rouge and finishing just in time to descend the stairs as her

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husband comes thru the door. A king could be no more appreciative. A queen no happier.

We still ponder at the strange urge for beauty which drives African women to tattoo their bodies and faces and wear queer rings to distort their mouths. Cosmetics in one form or another follow different nationalities, different ages, different fashions.

Humanity is much the same world over. Being but human the appearance of our faces matters to us and to others. Most of us are extremely sensitive about our personal appearance.

Most women have learned that no matter how "edgy" they feel, their faces shouldn't show it. Business life has taught many that faces must never give a hint of heartaches, footaches, backaches, for to appear short of one's best is discreditable.

Is it amazing that women for logical or instinctive reasons use two billion dollars' worth of cosmetics annually? It is due to them that beauty-making is one of the biggest industries of the United States.

"Why do women put that stuff on their faces?" I have heard one gentlemen remark to another, never realizing that he is one of the biggest reasons himself. Masculine admiration has turned many a face to consulting a compact, not to mention a beauty shop.

If the walls of the beauty shops could talk what stories they could tell! I have collected snatches of conversations that might give rise to comedy, tragedy or high melodrama. There was the faded little woman with the worn, tired hands who stood at a cosmetic counter. "He used to say I had such wonderful color," she remarked apologetically to the clerk as she consulted the different shades of rouge a bit desperately.

And in the beauty shop there is the whispering exhortation, "What can I do about all those little lines about my eyes?" And, "But can't you pull all those little gray hairs *out?*" Later on in the conversation one learns that she hates to stay home alone or that her husband is always at the club. And then all mankind wonders why all womankind plies a powder puff! It's good they are not too vain to guess.

Make-up, too, has saved a good deal of pride and social position. In doing this it has accidentally created a new vogue. I refer to the sun-tan mode. After the war, in France there were many socially prominent families who could not afford to go to Deauville and the other fashionable French watering places. These families in reduced circumstances nailed the blinds firmly shut and lived in the dark seclusion of their obviously "closed" houses till fall. In order to carry out the idea that they were far from this town house at such an unpopular season they visited a prominent and well-known beauty specialist in Paris. He would use a walnut stain or some other sort of "tanner" and allow them to emerge as tho they had been basking for days on the summer sands. Hail, then, the sun-tan mode that preserved for these French families their position in the social world and gave us the first idea for our synthetic sunburn.

Theatrical make-up is an art by itself but since it deals with the same psychology from our side of the footlights it's worth observing. Mary Pickford without her curls will never be as popular as she was with them because her roles were true to her ringlets. She must now make over her face and her acting—difficult task for so well known a star. Lon Chaney because of his adaptability to weird make-up could always act weird characters. Fancy him doubling for John Gilbert. If your face belies your acting, on stage or off, your audience will sense a pose or an insincerity. Make up according to your role.

Some people enjoy assuming different types. They may dress the part of vamp, ingenue, madonna or matron in order to achieve a romantic escape from life as they live it or facts as they see them. With the aid of cosmetics this can be done in a few minutes, but for actual everyday living "to thine ownself be true", which quotation finishes I believe "thou canst not then be false to any man".

Many women use cosmetics because they wish to be beautiful or as beautiful as they can be. Still others wish to be popular and attract attention—that's probably why they put on too much. There are almost as many reasons for using make-up as there are people who use it.

Cosmetics today have entered upon a new era. Within our remembrance there were two kinds of people in the social order of the world, those who used rouge, or what is known as "paint", and those who didn't. Today cosmetics are considered as much a part of the well-dressed woman's toilette as her hat, her gloves or her jewelry.

Make-up is a matter of grooming, of carefully cleansing the skin, freshening it, accenting color, brushing eyebrows and lashes, darkening them a little, perhaps; taking the shine off the nose and face with a carefully blended powder so that it matches the skin and therefore doesn't show; rubbing the lip-cream or lip-stick over the lips to make them soft and the line well defined.

Use your mind to analyze yourself. Then think about your coloring as you would a picture. Match the natural color of lips and cheeks with a rouge of the very nearest possible natural shade. Match powder to your skin—even if you have to use two shades of powder, one to match your face and the other to match your neck. Put on your make-up in a strong day light so that when you go out on the street it will not be noticeable. If you are using evening make-up apply it under the same sort of artificial lights you expect to appear under. New coiffeurs should be tried and considered from every angle of your mirror so that you can decide on an arrangement that will give the best all-round view.

A young, pleasing appearance begets young, live spirits.

Verily, beauty is far more than skin-deep. If you feel the cosmetic urge, be sure, oh very sure, that you use your mind and your make-up together.



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"The Old *Ghost* of a *Fear*"

Alice M. Dowd *Has Helped* Ann Rice Ludlow *Solve a* Difficult *Situation and We Award Her the $25 Prize*

IN THE June issue of PSYCHOLOGY, Mrs. Ann Rice Ludlow presented a problem to our readers in which she asked them to help solve her problem:

All of her life Mrs. Ludlow has had to use crutches. Her final battle with the idea was fought in the latter part of her high school days, when she refused to finish her course because she shrank from appearing on the stage with her classmates. "That weakness was the birth of a great determination in me," Mrs. Ludlow declared. "It would never happen again, simply because I suffered such pain of defeat in my own lack of strength. If one can believe me—I never again allowed the consciousness of my limitations to form into thought."

Mrs. Ludlow married a few years later and that marriage culminated in motherhood: two beautiful daughters, Susan and Ann, much to the consternation of the townspeople who felt that she should not permit such ordinary, happy events to cross her out-of-the ordinary path.

When Susan went to school she was always proud and happy to have her beautiful mother visit her at recess and was delighted at the attention paid her by her small classmates. Then, one day, she found out what she believed to be the reason for the attention paid her mother, why the children stared at her more than at the other mothers: it wasn't because her mother was the prettiest but because she was crippled. Never before had Susan realized her mother was "different". The "walkies", her pet name for the crutches, had always been a part of her. She told her mother the facts tenderly, but pain showed in the little face, pain for her wonderful mother.

"The old ghost of a fear" in Mrs. Ludlow's life has become something tangible. Was it selfish of her to bring her children out of nowhere into a situation that caused them pain? "I know that later on they will grow into an understanding of it all, and who knows but what I might hear them say as my husband has said to me, 'I wouldn't *want* you without your crutches'." But what about NOW?

What about Now? we asked PSYCHOLOGY readers. How shall this mother act now that her children's playmates have made them aware of her handicap? Many, many letters came to us, breathing kindness, sympathy and help. These letters were all read and whether or not they appear in this group will be forwarded to Mrs. Ludlow.

Not only were other mothers among the writers of the many, many letters received. Many men attempted to help Mrs. Ludlow solve her problem. It was good to find so many human folk among our readers, folks who were motivated chiefly by kindness and interest. So many wished to know Mrs. Ludlow and regretted their inability to help her, but sent gratitude to her for helping them carry on in their own difficult situations. Mrs. Ludlow will be happy to read these letters, even as we were happy to receive them.

MISS ALICE M. DOWD, 533 Warren St., Hudson, New York, wrote the most helpful and best letter in answer to this problem. We are glad to publish it:

The "poignant problem" set before us by Ann Rice Ludlow is: how to lay "the old ghost of a fear". For herself she has been splendidly victorious. The new conflict is to save her children from mental anguish because of her handicap. (A handicap is something that adds to the zest and the glory of winning a race.) The child is enduring a kind of vicarious suffering thru her love for her mother. In deepest sincerity let the mother ask herself: "Well, what of it?" Thru all the warp of human life runs the redeeming woof of sympathy, or the scarlet thread of vicarious suffering. It is this that gives dignity to pain and makes it worth enduring. Herein is love's highest attainment.

Little Susan's pictured face shows a bright and joyous childhood. She is sensitive and tender-hearted. How could she be otherwise? And who would have her otherwise, even tho these traits presuppose suffering? But lest the thoughtless words of her schoolmates make too deep an impression on her subconscious mind, something must be done to that ghost in the cellar.

It would seem that not the thing itself but the name applied is the terrible "hant". The term "cripple" is the dreadful ignominy. Instead of shrinking from it, why not face the word fairly and squarely? Hunt up its meaning and genealogy. Webster's *International* says that a cripple is "one who creeps, halts or limps—a lame person". Then it is only a short way of saying, "one who uses crutches".

By derivation the word cripple is allied to the word

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creeper. But is that opprobrious? Is a Virginia Creeper disgraced because its name implies that it can drape its branches over any unsightly thing and clothe it with grace and beauty? Is it an insult to a dainty little bird to call it a creeper because of its unusual ability to ascend a tree spirally?

In the encyclopedia the only use for the word cripple is in the name *Cripple Creek*—a place famous because of its wealth of gold. This is only one instance of a name redeemed thru the character of that to which it is applied. Conspicuous examples are the names Methodist, Quaker, Nazarene, Christian. The cross itself, sign of utmost ignominy and suffering, has become the emblem of life's transcendent glory, "towering o'er the wrecks of time".

A crutch is but a staff with a crotch or crosspiece at its head.

"What's in a name?" Mrs. Ludlow will see what is in the word "rats" if she reads *A Mental Sherlock Holmes* in the June number of PSYCHOLOGY and finds how Dr. Boyd caused the word to be connected up—instead of down. After reading that article she may feel like singing: I don't care a rip for a crisp little crip. A gold creek can ripple about the word cripple. It's as fine and as simple as temple or dimple.

ALICE M. DOWD

Suggestions Gleaned from Other Letters to Mrs. Ludlow

MANY letters presented bits of extremely helpful counsel.

One writer suggested that instead of the crutches being a symbol of a cripple, Mrs. Ludlow should make them a symbol of happiness; and the children would always recognize, especially at the age when it was difficult for them to remember so many new faces, that symbol: the happy lady with the crutches.

Another suggested that she compare herself to a tree which has been warped by the winds and the rain, but which gives the comfortable shade and houses the beautiful birds and furnishes the most delicious fruit.

Another writer suggests that the superior and remarkable intelligence of Mrs. Ludlow in combating the consciousness of her limitations is in itself a testimony of that innate culture which few of us possess, no matter what our physical condition. She quotes John Cowper Powys: "The cultured person goes his own way and does not bother about justifying himself."

Someone else who is herself a cripple sends this message: "Oftener than not, 'the walkies' bring us more love and appreciation than we really deserve, now don't they?"

Another mother believes that Susan should have been accustomed to the words "cripple" and "crutches." Had this been so, she would never have come upon them suddenly at school, and, as every mother knows, a child cannot be shielded from undesirable knowledge after contact with the outer world.

Another friend suggests that she relate Dickens' "Christmas Carol," emphasizing the point where Tiny Tim went to church on Christmas day and was glad he was a cripple, for when people saw him they thought of him who made blind men see and lame men walk.

Someone else suggests that Mrs. Ludlow should be glad of this process of life from which an eighteen-karat soul will undoubtedly emerge, more glorified and perfect than the majority of us can ever hope to attain; most of us, she says, are contented if we can produce a fourteen-karat soul.

THREE other letters impressed the editors of PSYCHOLOGY and we present them to our readers.

Dear Mrs. Ludlow:

For twenty years you have lived a normal life. You have dreamed dreams and known joy and sorrow just as every normal woman does. You have laughed or been annoyed in turn because others have dared think, act or speak as if you were not in every respect as happy and normal as they. You were wearing crutches, yet you were not a cripple. Crippleness is something that hinders. It can be a physical or a mental hindrance, or both. Almost everyone has some form of crippleness to overcome. It is when one rises above his hindrance and acts normally that he is no longer a cripple. Because you have done just that for twenty years, I contend that you have not been a cripple.

Now suddenly you cry out: "I am just a cripple after all." Why? Nothing is materially changed. They are the same old crutches that you have been unconscious of all along. What has suddenly made you a cripple? Fear . . . not your crutches, not your babies (tho the fear sprang into action thru them), not your husband or your friends, but fear that you have unconsciously let take possession of your mind.

You have not been selfish, only normal in having your babies. Your fear now is not for yourself but because you hate to cause them pain. Some pain will unavoidably come to them as they grow up. You realize that eventually they will come to understand. Until that time you can lessen the pain for them, but it will not be by giving in to this fear yourself.

Do as you have done for twenty years. Crush every beginning of fear with action. Get the idea of being crippled out of your own mind by proving to yourself how normal you can act and think. When you can honestly say again that your crutches are of no moment to you, then it will be easier to explain to your children that you are not a cripple simply because you wear crutches. Show them the

(*Continued on page 72*)

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Don't *Block the* Subconscious

Counsel for Releasing the Powers of the Inner Self

By Frank B. Robinson

THE psychological field seems to be divided between those who use the term "subconscious mind" and those who do not. Men of intelligence are to be found on both sides of the question, and it seems to me that there must be a common ground upon which both sides must meet.

The question probably is purely an academic one, however, and those of us who do not admit the existence of the "subconscious mind" *do* admit the existence of a power lying below the surface of man's consciousness, which power is far more potent than is the reasoning power of his "mind" or consciousness. I cannot see that it makes much difference how we designate this power so long as we admit its existence—and I believe all psychologists will do that.

I think it safe to say that altho the actual presence of this "unknown" power is a definitely established fact, yet the methods of calling it into operation are somewhat varied. Since such a power does exist, the thinker must be eager to discover some scientific means of "contacting" and utilizing it. The thoughtful person will take the theories of every leader in the field of psychology and carefully appraise them, trying meanwhile to see if there may not be in each one of them a sign-post pointing the way toward the end of the trail. It may be that the answer is far closer than most of us realize.

The whole world is waiting for something. Men's minds are progressing past the stage where they are satisfied to accept things told them. Those of us whose duty throws us in daily touch with the lives of many all over the country, and whose duty ofttimes consists of advising these hundreds upon the most sacred things of their lives, are impressed by the almost universal longing and heart-ache to find actually and know personally the secrets of the mysterious power of the inner self.

I am convinced of two things beyond the shadow of a doubt—and I am convinced of them by experience too. First I am convinced of the actuality of this power. Second—I am convinced that it can be contacted by whosoever desires to contact it. I am convinced further that the solution of life's every problem is tied up in the correct understanding and contacting of this unseen power.

Instead of giving ways of contacting it, I want to mention a point which seems to be hindering many from finding the power they desire. In doing this effectively we might be able to suggest by inference and point out an effective way to realize results from this "mind". The one big thing standing in the way of many students is their own *attempt to force the issue.* In other words, instead of remaining quiet enough to allow their psychology to work, they work themselves up into a frenzy and imagine that their own efforts will produce the results.

There must be a *quiet trust.* And by quiet trust I do not mean a spirit of indifference, but a spirit of happy confidence that the results are to be made manifest in the immediate future. Just as sure as the student worries over the ultimate outcome just so surely does he effectively block the answer he desires.

Is there an intense longing in the heart for some much needed thing? Then the desire, coupled with simple faith and impressed upon the mighty, ever-present Intellectual Ruler of this universe, *will bring the answer.* And it will bring that answer much more surely and effectively than "exercises" which, while perhaps necessary at the present stage of man's mental development, are in the last analysis only means to an end.

Life's master philosopher does not need "exercises" to draw from him the needed things, but we need the exercises in order to strengthen what little faith we may have.

Rest assured that your prayer or desire (they are the same thing) cannot fail to bring you the actual manifestation, when accompanied by "faith as a grain of mustard seed".

My King *of* Kings.

By G. Arthur Gayer

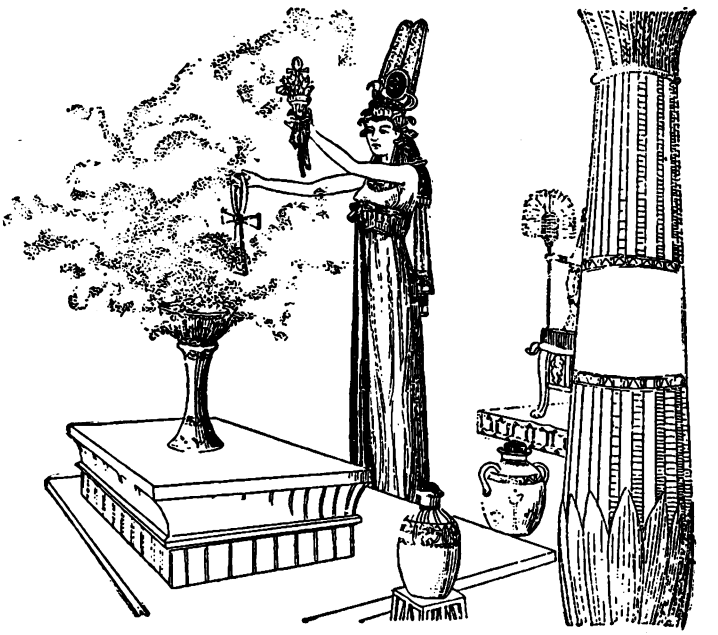
I stand upon the solid rock
Of kinship with my Lord and God.
I am what he declared to be,
His son for all eternity.
And neither life, nor death, nor things,
Can take me from my King of Kings.

Tho rough the day and dark the night,
He is my strength, my life, my light.
Where'er I turn, at every hour,
I lean upon his sovereign power.
His spirit makes my life complete,
In thought and word, in act and deed.

Encompassed with this faith sublime,
I care not for the flight of time.
Tho sun and moon and stars shall wane,
I triumph over time and pain.
The knowledge of this wondrous truth,
Endows me with immortal youth.

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YOUR REAL SELF *Unveiled Truthfully*



I Can Tell You Surprising Things

IF I could talk to you, confidentially, for just a few minutes, I could tell you things about yourself that would surprise you. I would quickly and easily point out how you can master the obstacles that now stand between you and the success you wish to attain, and show you how there is a mysterious power and unlimited creative force in your own being that will enable you to rise to heights unsuspected by you.

You want to know more than WHAT you MAY accomplish in the future, or what life holds for you as glorious possibilities. You want to know HOW to bring them into realization. You want to know WHAT to do to change the course of your present life and begin a new career leading to success and real mastership. I offer you the valuable and universally recognized help of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. In a sincere spirit of brotherly co-operation, I extend to you the advice, guidance, help, and sympathetic understanding of the master minds of all the ages who have focalized and reduced their marvelous knowledge into one definite system of Self-Revelation, which will be like a magic mirror to you, and in which you can see reflected your real self and the real possibilities that lie in your future.

Let Me Send You This Free Book

To prove to you the broad, beautiful, humanitarian spirit of the Rosicrucian revelations, let me send you without any obligation a copy of the new, private book entitled "The Light of Egypt." In it you will find a sample lesson containing the fascinating revelations of the Rosicrucian teachings and an outline of how you may begin at once to know your real self and take advantage of the possibilities that lie before you. Each page of this book will surprise you and hold you in its fascinating spell like a story from the lives of the MAGI OF THE EAST. You will quickly realize why no other organization known to man has done so much to help men and women to understand and awaken the real powerful self within as the Rosicrucian Fraternity. Write for a copy of this book now while you think of it. Send your letter (not postcard) addressed to me as below:

Librarian Q. A. T.

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(AMORC)

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Health Culture

A Department of Health Psychology

Conducted by Galen Gough

As the director of the Health Service Bureau of PSYCHOLOGY Magazine, Mr. Gough, the world's strongest man, will give personal attention to Your Own Health Problem and personal advice to you for building an efficient and powerful constitution. Send your inquiry to Galen Gough, PSYCHOLOGY Magazine, 101 West 31st Street, New York City.

ARE YOU a real man?
Do you do justice to the position you hold?

Does life afford you a thrill? Or are you just a sluggard, a manikin to whom work is a burden and life a drab existence? Your answer to these questions depends upon your mental condition. A happy mind makes a healthy body. A sickly mind makes an unhealthy body and a dreary soul. The condition of your body depends on the amount of energy you possess. Vitality is the result of mental and physical coordination, it combats disease and keeps you healthy and strong. You can acquire these qualifications if you want to.

Weakness is a crime. Do not be a criminal! Your body is the temple of your immortal soul. Take care of it, build it up, fill it with vitality and strength. Do not envy strong men; you can make yourself as strong as you want to be. Weakness is unnatural, strength is natural and it is not mysterious.

Strength development can be acquired by less exercise and more mental control. On first thought, exercise seems a problem to the average person, but in reality it is a very simple matter and can be attended to at any time, anywhere—at home, in the office or in the gym.

ONE of the simplest exercises is the push-up. This consists of raising the weight of the body with the biceps. The person desiring to develop his biceps falls forward and rests on all fours. Then he relaxes until his chest touches the floor. And now he raises himself, bringing his chest up from the floor until his arms are rigid and parallel. Lowering and raising the body in this manner about twenty times daily will build powerful, solid biceps. This is the basis on which many other exercises can be built.

For example, the right arm can be held aloft and the weight of the body will be on the left hand, arm and biceps as the individual sinks and rises. And, alternately, the left arm can be held aloft so that the weight of the body will fall on the right hand, arm and biceps. In the foregoing exercises, the leg muscles are strengthened by the stretching they receive. But this stretching can be doubled if the individual will hold the right foot and then the left aloft as he sinks and rises.

A fourth exercise can be taken with an ordinary kitchen chair. The individual is on all fours, with his chest above the floor and his arms rigid and parallel. Now he rests his chin on the edge of a chair-seat and as he sinks to the floor he allows part of the weight of his body to rest upon the chin. This exercise strengthens the muscles of the neck.

Of course, most persons find it to their advantage to use some kind of exerciser. The reason for this is that we need something material to keep our mind on the exercises.

If the mind could *imagine* the use of an exerciser or weight without using it, placing the same thought on the muscle and nerve exertion even better results could be obtained. Many people think that the only persons requiring strength-building courses are those who desire to win fame as boxers, wrestlers and professional strong men. This is a gross misconception. The man who needs a physical development course most is the white-collar man. As a matter of fact, statistics show that some of the strongest individuals the world has ever produced are men of learning and business men who became interested in physical development in trying to acquire enough strength to carry on their business.

As you ascend the ladder to super-strength you will find yourself doing what all these men have done. In some respects strength is like a drug. The more you acquire the more you want. In the beginning you were satisfied with enough strength to keep you going in business; then, as you add to your power, you want more and more strength endurance.

MY idea of building the body splendidly and strong is to develop the muscles evenly, in proportion, without building massive knots. Strength development produces endurance as well as the actual ability to lift massive weights. Endurance plays an important part in the every-day walk of life, at work or play.

Feats of strength are interesting to an audience but unpleasant if the physique displays any strain. No one likes to sit watching an athlete strain every muscle and nerve in his body. While the rippling muscles may give an artistic display the nervous system plainly shows the uncomfortable strain. To accomplish a feat successfully it is necessary to put over the act artistically and with showmanship.

The average man desires physical comfort. If he becomes muscle-bound he will not be physically at ease. The average person, however, does not wish to build a body for exhibitional purposes, but for healthy, happy and efficient living.

To be sure that you are developing your body properly it is necessary to check up on your system of exercises. There are many improper movements that can be corrected and many exercises that may prove to be harmful. It is necessary to develop the physique in proportion, strengthening the inner organic system with muscular development. You would not paint an automobile in an attempt to make it run better. Some people judge their strength by the size of their biceps. The heart is the most important and least understood of all our organs. Most people have an idea that it is a fragile instrument and that the slightest strain causes it to leak. The truth is, that the heart is the most durable of all organs and plays an important part in (*Continued on page 77*)

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(THE NEW PSYCHOLOGICAL RELIGION)

Destined to Reform Spiritual Thought

A new and revolutionary religious teaching based entirely on the misunderstood sayings of the Galilean Carpenter, and designed to show how to find and use the identical Power that He used.

"PSYCHIANA"

BELIEVES AND TEACHES AS FOLLOWS

FIRST: That the message of the Christ as given by Him to the world 2000 years ago has been MISSED IN ITS ENTIRETY.

SECOND: 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 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: When once understood and used, this dynamic power is willing and abundantly able to give Health, Happiness and Success in whatever proper field it may be desired.



DR. FRANK B. ROBINSON

Considered by many to be one of the keenest psychological minds this country has ever produced, believes after years of intense research, that there is in this world today an invisible Power, so dynamic that other forces fade into insignificance beside it. He further believes that this is the identical Power that Jesus used—the Power of God. Dr. Robinson is convinced that the world is on the verge of the most STUPENDOUS SPIRITUAL UPHEAVAL it has ever experienced.

Every reader is cordially invited, with no obligation incurred, to write "Psychiana" for details of this remarkable interpretation of Christ's teaching, which, although in public hands less than one year, has already elicited enquiries from forty-eight different countries. A truly remarkable record.

In his free lecture, Dr. Robinson will open to you an entirely new horizon of thought that will carry you beyond any teaching you have believed, and will tell you something of his years of research for the truth as he knew it must exist. Mailed without obligation on receipt of coupon, filled out correctly and sent to "Psychiana", Moscow, Idaho.

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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.

FROM the stacks of letters recently received both from my faithful PSYCHOLOGY readers and my radio listeners, I feel impelled to write a general answer to these persons. I have replied to each letter, yet reading in them the many excuses used for not starting immediately to do something, I am sure there are others who have not yet written me needing the same information.

PREPARING FOR YOUR WORK

AN editor wrote me this, "I have just read one of your articles. It is a humdinger!! Why, it is just these simple, seemingly foolish things that make for success. 'Tis the simple things that make for success always for that matter. Look at our great men: Franklin, Lincoln, Edison, Ford, *ad infinitum*—all simple, self-educated men."

I always ask first: what have you already done?

You have done something for yourself or your mother or your husband or children; what was it?

If you have done something that you needed or some one else needed, then know there are other persons who may need just this same thing. Use your imagination; think.

What have you done that others have praised? What do you enjoy doing? What mistakes have you made? Were they mistakes of ignorance or carelessness? It is surprising how many are careless in their work. No matter what you do, you should resolve to do that thing just one bit better than any one else has done it.

Do not feel that you must have an office, a desk, special stationery, etc., at first. Use as little capital as possible in the beginning. Make your own capital. Recall the mother-in-law who wishing her independence started with one twenty-five-cent piece. It can be done. It is being done. My own students, readers and radio listeners are doing it. Now, why not you? The main thing is to begin. Prepare your mind now, take the idea to bed with you, wake up with the same idea, stick to it, until you are simply compelled to do something.

Why should anyone need money? What is the trouble when a person needs food, clothing, shelter and even the luxuries of life? Something, somewhere, is wrong, is it not?

Do not go out among others to find what is wrong—look first within your own mind. How have you been thinking? Have you been complaining and, therefore, destroying and misusing your human, divine machine?

Analyze yourself. The more you try to understand, and the more you try to see the moat in your own eye, the sooner you will perk up and start in!

That's the thing—*plan and do.*

Do not postpone, no tomorrows, let it be today.

Why have I kept pushing you?

Because my people, Southerners, were proud and did not wish to think any girl *of theirs* earned money. It did not seem aristocratic. They objected to my ideas of earning money and foolishly *then* I permitted this to affect me. And yet I kept on, I pushed and swam against the tide. I won. And I want you to do the same. Pay no attention to anyone: mother, father, sister, what-not, if they tell you it is not dignified to work. It is dignified, and, further, I believe that everyone should put more into this world than he takes out. Then why should anyone be excused? You eat, drink, need beds, clothing, homes; what have you done to earn these? Who supports you? Why do you permit it? No matter how old you are, step out and do whatever you can. It does not matter how small a thing it is. Small beginnings can grow into immense endings. But you will never believe me until you yourself try. The mind cannot see that which the imagination does not feel.

MINIATURE GOLF COURSES

TWO young boys wrote me they had observed how the small "pay-as-you-play" golf courses were taking the country by storm. They wanted to know if they could not do something of this kind in their own yard. Of course they could. They did. They talked to a "pro" at a golf club and got all of the necessary pointers and started work at once.

All of the children in the neighborhood started in, then, asking me how to earn at least twenty-five cents a day in order to play on the boys' course.

And—what fun, outdoor exercise and health. Street urchins were kept out of mischief. Two wanted to do likewise, so another course was made. Maybe it was not so beautiful nor so fancy as the professional had made, but it worked, earned money for the "starters" and inspired others.

SWIMMING AND SKATING

TWO girls in the West made a swimming hole, built a rough bathhouse on the bank and asked ten cents for a plunge. The grown-ups observed this and also wanted to swim. They were charged twenty-five cents. These girls took in over one hundred and fifty dollars during the summer.

When fall came, they made the swimming pool into a skating rink. Another house was built. Sandwiches and hot drinks were sold. They now charged twenty-five cents for children to skate. Electric lights were added. Passers-by noticed the place and stopped. Of course, the place grew and grew—so did the dollars!

Not so difficult, is it? It only requires a knowledge of what you are equipped to do, belief in your ability to do and going about doing it.

If you read all of the whining, complaining letters that reach me daily! Letters telling me, "Oh, Pauline Cleaver, my father is so cruel; he does not give me even one dollar a week for spending money." Or "Pauline Cleaver, please write and tell me how to get some money to buy pretty party dresses. I have no clothes good enough, and I sit home and look out of the window seeing other girls go by, all dressed up, going to shows with boys." Business men say, "Time is money." It is, except to those so foolishly proud that they will not think and make a start.

Why, one little ten-year-old girl came to me not long ago. She wanted to dress and sell dolls. She said she had made such pretty ones for her mother's aid society which everyone liked.

I told her where to buy inexpensive dolls wholesale. Then how to write certain cotton and silk mills for "shorts" and large samples which were no longer in use.

But, at first, with one dollar as capital, this child bought six ten-cent dolls

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and paid forty cents for dress materials. That child easily sold her six dolls for one dollar each. That was turning her one dollar into six dollars.

And the buyers of her dolls received genuine worth and value in these beautifully dressed dolls.

Then she bought a dozen dolls that retailed for fifty cents each for $2.40 wholesale. She boxed and dressed these. And they sold for $2.50 each. Can it be done? Certainly.

Why not begin to think of the coming season. Get a number of dolls, dress them in your spare time and just before Christmas give a little tea to your friends and neighbors, place the dolls about attractively—and watch them "go."

SKATING SOCKS

NEARLY everyone wears woolen short-socks now. Both golfers and skaters. Can you knit? These socks sell on Fifth Avenue in New York City for $3.50 a pair and up. How long does it take to knit a pair of lovely, woolen, soft, comfy socks? And who cannot find a charming and fitting design for the top of the sock where it rolls down? Why you could even let it be known that you will blend the colors and combine them to match any costume. The few shops that will do this make an extra charge. Here is a field. Buy a book on knitting or crocheting and look for designs. Study the colored illustrations.

CHAIRS COVERED

A HANDY-WOMAN noticed that her upholstered chairs were wearing in spots. So she rummaged thru her attic and found some old, faded curtains. She dyed the curtains a lovely deep-rose color. She then made covers for her chairs, with flat pleated ruffles at the bottom.

Her work was so professional in appearance that she decided she would like to do this same thing for others. She sat down and wrote one dozen letters to women of her church, and explained just what she had done and that she would do a similar thing for a certain sum for others. Orders came. She was consulted as to color and taste generally, and this start has placed her now in a regular position as an interior decorator in her home town. She had never studied this, she took no correspondent course, she just *did* what she needed to do for her own home, and knowing other women, less handy, might have similar half-worn chairs she let her work *be known*. Too, there was her chair that anyone could observe.

This took no capital. It was service paid for. But soon this woman had

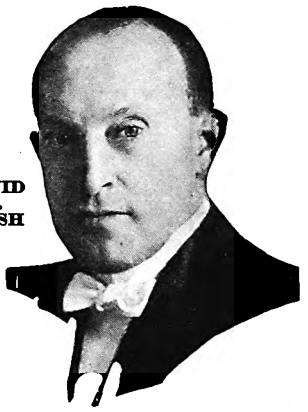
(*Continued on page 79*)

How to Work Wonders With Your

Subconscious Mind

Give me just 24 hours and I'll show you how to unlock the flood-gates of that vast reservoir of mental power—your SUBCONSCIOUS MIND. You will be amazed at the immediate effect on your business, social and everyday life.

By DAVID V. BUSH
The Man Who Astounded America



DAVID V. BUSH

A VAST reservoir of mental energy! A huge storehouse of brain power! That's the Subconscious Mind. You've got it. Your friends have it. Everyone has it. But not one in a thousand knows how to use it.

I can show you exactly how to awaken your Subconscious Mind—how to harness it—how to make it work for you—how to make it solve problems—how to make it remember things—how to use its vast creative powers to boost your success and double your money-making ability.

Here is a simple illustration of how the Subconscious Mind works: Suppose you go to bed at night desiring to awaken at 7 o'clock in the morning. As you go to sleep you keep saying to yourself, "I am going to wake up at 7 o'clock." You resolve to awake at that time. That is auto-suggestion—one of the recognized ways of using the Subconscious Mind.

What happens? The answer is almost invariably the same. You awaken at exactly the time you resolve to awaken. This has been proved thousands of times by thousands of people. Your Subconscious Mind counts the hours—counts the minutes—watches over the time like a silent guardian. The Subconscious Mind is always there—waiting to serve you. It is your faithful slave. It can do great things as well as little things. You need only know how to command it.

This Book Tells You

How to keep cheerful
How to overcome timidity
How to end worry
How to stop pain
How to develop a perfect memory
How to overcome mental laziness
How to gain confidence that insures success
How to overcome fear in tense moments
How to end sickness by mental healing
How to use auto-suggestion to get what you want
How to make your mind work for you while you sleep
How to develop a wonderful imagination
How to banish stage fright
How to solve knotty problems with the Subconscious Mind
And many other vital topics

Why I Can Help You Succeed

In my extended lecture tours over the United States and Canada, I have met thousands of people—helped them in countless ways. I have lectured to millions. I have filled to overflowing the greatest auditoriums in the greatest cities. I have come in direct contact with all classes of men and women—rich and poor—young and old—proud and humble—thinkers, toilers, and workers of all kinds.

Again and again I have seen men and women succeed because they learned to use the vast powers of the Subconscious Mind. Again and again, I have seen men and women do just the opposite—seen them fail—seen them remain in unpleasant, poorly paid jobs, simply because they never learned to use the Subconscious Mind.

The Subconscious Mind can work wonders. It can keep you cheerful when others are downhearted. It can boost you to success when others are heading for failure.

When others are worrying, you can be free from worry. When others fear, you can have complete self-confidence. When others hesitate, you can forge ahead. When others are doing low-paid, disagreeable work, you can get high pay for doing work you love. It all depends on *you*—whether you are willing to unlock the flood-gates of your Subconscious Mind.

What the Subconscious Mind Can Do for You

In this soul-searching book, "How to Put the Subconscious Mind to Work," I show you exactly how to release this great force—how to control it—how to multiply its effect—how to make it work for you.

I show you how to end worry—how to gain self-confidence—how to develop a perfect memory—how to make your mind accomplish things while you sleep—how to solve difficult problems.

Once you have mastered this power of releasing the Subconscious Mind, you have success within your grasp. You can command a better job. You can demand bigger pay. You can work shorter hours and accomplish more.

No ambition is too high—no goal too distant. You can quickly and easily accomplish things which in the past have seemed impossible. You can astound your friends with your rapid strides towards wealth and high position. It's up to you. It all depends on whether you are willing to let me unlock the flood-gates of your Subconscious Mind.

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Mail the coupon. This book will be sent at once. Read it five days. Practice its remarkable teachings. If you find it inspiring—if you find it the most valuable means to obtain health, wealth and happiness, send us only $3.50, which you will realize pays only the cost of printing, advertising and distributing this 450-page book. Otherwise return the book and you will not owe a penny. Mail the coupon today. David V. Bush, Dept. Q-5611, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

DAVID V. BUSH, Dept. Q-5611
225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of "How to Put the Subconscious Mind to Work," for approval. I agree to remit $3.50 or remail the book in five days.

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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.

It is in these clashing motives that he finds the roots of their diseases and terrors, their disappointments and failures.

And by *locating* and showing them how to remove these "complexes" he guides them to the paths that lead to mental and physical health.

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

In this department Dr. Leavitt will continue to deal with the perplexing personal problems presented to him by direct correspondence, and give you just the help you need.

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:—F. M. L. writes:—

Can you tell me how to strengthen my nerve—not nerves? I am weak-willed. The rest of the family seem to be blessed with plenty of courage, but this has been left out of my make-up for some reason. I don't consciously feel beneath other people, but I'm just afraid—timid. I want to be an actress, and I had an opportunity to meet a well-known actor and could have asked him many questions, but I lost my nerve and was afraid to go backstage. Afterward I cried because I had not done the thing I wanted to. My sister went and asked many questions which the actor gladly answered. I wish to play tennis, but because I must face a lot of people in learning I am afraid to attempt it. Now, doctor, if you can solve this puzzle for me you will be a real friend.

ANSWER:—

Your case is not puzzling at all. You are naturally sensitive and impressionable, while your sister and other relatives have a more phlegmatic temperament. Sensitiveness is fertile soil for the growth of such fears as you suffer from. It is a matter of being too conscious of yourself. You fear the criticism of others and are afraid you will not make a favorable impression.

When you have reached a stage where you are able to forget yourself, you will be able to do with perfect confidence the things you now fear. Confidence, courage, will power, concentration, the power of control, the ability to forget yourself, are developed in quite the same manner that physical muscles are, and that is thru use.

We find it easy to do things only by gaining that ease thru experience and practice. The first time one sits at the wheel of an automobile he is very conscious of himself and each thing that he must do in handling the car, and in being conscious of self he is more or less nervous and ill at ease. But thru doing this repeatedly, the time comes when he has created a habit and then his various acts are subconscious in character. And he will never be a good driver until this habit has been established. It will be necessary for you to force yourself along the lines you wish to travel, in spite of your fears, and continue to do so until the fears melt away and confidence is established.

QUESTION:—T. S. D. writes:—

For several years I have been a buttermilk drinker. I like it very much and it is my custom to drink from one to two quarts each night before retiring. Tho I have a hearty appetite and eat three meals a day, I seem to require something at night and I have felt that buttermilk is less harmful than most things. But I have been told by several persons that this is a very bad practice. What is your opinion?

ANSWER:—

There is nothing harmful in buttermilk, but it would appear as tho you were receiving too much nourishment if you are eating a considerable quantity of food regularly at meal time. Buttermilk is high in calories, which means that you are probably getting as much nourishment as you would from four meals a day, which is far too much. If you wish to take buttermilk, take it as your beverage with your meal.

QUESTION:—S. A. D. writes:—

I am twenty-two years of age. I was graduated from grammar school at the age of thirteen and from high school at seventeen. I hold a responsible position. I have an unusually good memory, well-developed power of concentration and am posted on the affairs of the day. I am called bright and intelligent. I indulge in day-dreaming, not so much now as in earlier years. I am more apt to indulge in these "flights" from reality when I hear music. Is this a nervous disorder, a mental trouble or just a habit? Is it dangerous? None of my people has suffered from any mental disorders.

ANSWER:—

Many persons form the habit of day-dreaming. If this were only a matter of building air castles, and one would use this form of imagination constructively, it could be of real assistance. But too often it drifts into a no-good habit and represents a waste of time. Sometimes it is due to a little upset state, such as toxins in the system or a digestive disturbance, which lowers the resistance somewhat and makes one feel a little sluggish. It is not a brain disorder in your case, I assure you, and you have nothing to fear. However I would try to break the habit because it is using up perfectly good powers which you could turn into more profitable use.

QUESTION:—G. E. C. writes:—

I am a city-bred girl, live in quite a noisy neighborhood and have always found it just a little difficult to sleep well, for I am frequently awakened by some unusual sound. I am quite nervous and I have been trying to discover the cause, and have just about decided that it is quite possible that these noises are partly responsible. Do you think I am right or wrong?

ANSWER:—

If you are quite sensitive by nature, with perhaps a tendency toward nervousness, there is no doubt that the noises you mention could play a part in your present trouble. Noise acts on the emotions, could be a factor in the development of unreasonable fears, and thru this could more than likely cause nerve tension. Nerve tension would decrease the circulation and thus the body could suffer functionally thru it.

Certain scientists have measured

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the blood pressure during sleep and find that it is raised by unusual sounds, while the patient may continue to sleep. So even in sleep noise may have a bad effect. Noise that is sufficient to awaken one must have the effect of a slight shock on the system. Where one is able to choose, I would say that a quiet neighborhood would add to one's health.

QUESTION:—Beryl writes:—

The publisher of a book on magnetism states that he has sent two lines of fire from his eyes in a darkened hall and has been able to project it to the back wall of the hall. He states that this is the result of a fire within that he generates. What is your opinion?

ANSWER:—

Merely that it is a lot of "bunk".

QUESTION:—D. E. P. writes:—

At the age of sixteen I was pronounced slightly tubercular. Two years afterward examinations by two different physicians showed that there was no tuberculosis present and I have not had any indication of it since. I am now twenty-six, married, and wish to know whether it would be dangerous for me to have a child? Would the child be likely to inherit tuberculosis?

ANSWER:—

It is quite safe for you to have children under the conditions you describe. You evidently did not have tuberculosis in an active form and the tendency is undoubtedly removed. I suggest that you indulge in physical exercises, practice deep breathing and do what you can to strengthen yourself physically. Don't worry over the past and don't borrow trouble from the future.

QUESTION:—G. E. S. writes:—

I wish you would set me right concerning a certain matter that I feel rather ignorant about. I have had spells of hiccoughs several times lasting three or four hours, and I have developed the fear that I might have one of these protracted attacks such as I have occasionally read about in the newspapers, where they are in that condition for a month or two and their lives are threatened. Is there really any danger in my case?

ANSWER:—

Your trouble is probably a very simple one and due to your overeating, eating rapidly or eating when in a very nervous or tired state. All such things can cause a little digestive disturbance and you may have a paroxysm of hiccoughing in consequence.

Did you read about the case of Miss Vera Stone that appeared in the papers some time ago? She had hiccoughed for fifty-nine days and this is what is written about it and will answer your question nicely:

The new and successful theory was this: Miss Stone had hiccoughed so long that, to her, hiccoughs had become a normal element in her life. Hysteria induced by the continued strain had made her incapable of believing she could recover.

Strong injections of a powerful drug caused her to sleep, and on awakening she promptly ceased to hiccough, her mind having been taken from her ailment during sleep. Her physician said she was completely at ease that night.

Hiccoughs, like other things, can become a habit and a part of one for the moment. It represents a lack of confidence and nothing more. When one is in such a state he becomes panicky and this, thru the nerves, helps the thing along.

TATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

f PSYCHOLOGY, published monthly at maica, N. Y.. for October 1, 1930.

tate of New York, } ss.
ounty of Queens, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the tate and County aforesaid, personally appeared enry Knight Miller, who, having been duly vorn according to law, deposes and says that he the Editor and Publisher of the PSYCHOLOGY agazine and that the following is, to the best his knowledge and belief, a true statement of e ownership, management (and if a daily per the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid pubation for the date shown in the above caption, quired by the Act of August 24, 1912, emdied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulaons, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the pubher, editor, managing editor, and business anagers are: Publisher, Henry Knight Miller, 01 West 31st St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, enry Knight Miller, 101 West 31st St., New ork, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Kaye Wheeler, 01 West 31st St., New York, N. Y.; Business anager, Henry Knight Miller, 101 West 31st ., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a coration, its name and address must be stated d also immediately thereunder the names and dresses of stockholders owning or holding one r cent or more of total amount of stock. If t owned by a corporation, the names and adesses of the individual owners must be given. owned by a firm, company, or other unincorated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Henry Knight Miller, 30 Ball Road, Mountain Lakes, N. J.; Jessie J. Miller, 30 Ball Road, Mountain Lakes, N. J.; James F. McCarthy, Massapequa, Long Island.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only).

HENRY K. MILLER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of August, 1930.

(SEAL) JAMES G. COLEMAN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

Is your WRITING ambition A-gauge or B-gauge?

"A" is full of vast, incoherent ambition. He dreams of becoming a great author—wealthy—sought-after. But in the meantime he does very little about it—aside from *starting*, every now and then, to write "the great American novel."

"B" is just as ambitious, but a little more canny than "A." Being only human, he occasionally does have dreams of fame and fortune. But in the meantime he's taking a practical, sensible attitude toward writing—the working attitude—which gives him practice that brings him steadily nearer his objective as time goes on. Right now he's aiming for something direct and tangible—the checks for $25, $50 and $100 for material that takes little time to write—short stories, articles, recipes, anecdotes, humorous contributions — things that can easily be turned out in spare time. "B" is typical of several hundred ambitious men and women who are receiving instruction from the Newspaper Institute of America.

Arthur S. Pettit, 368¾ So. Burlington Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. He writes:



"Since enrolling with the N. I. A. I have written several articles for health publications that have been accepted. I am now engaged in the preparation of some articles on church music and on business. Again I want to assure you that I am well satisfied that I decided to learn to write by your copy-desk method."

Mrs. C.E. Scott, 660 N. Market St., Shawnee, Okla., thought she *could* and that the N. I. A. *could*, too. She writes:

"I want you to rejoice with me. I have sold my first manuscript—a crime story—and the check is $180. It's the *real* thrill that comes once in a lifetime. All this I owe to N. I. A. training—and I consider myself a beginner of the rawest type. I got back far more than the N. I. A. tuition fee in my first sale."

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Confessions of an Ex-Dry Crusader

(*Continued from page 19*)

vastly aggravated; because the hope that a change of administration and a shifting of departmental responsibility might bring real enforcement has failed of realization and conditions have become progressively worse rather than better—it is my contention that all sincere friends of humanity must cease to stand for prohibition.

Should those who control the policy of the Anti-Saloon League care to give evidence of sincerity, let them admit the failure of this "noble experiment" and cooperate with the group of outstanding humanists and patriots who are demanding repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment in devising some experiment if not so "noble" that might, at least, have the saving grace of being effective.

There have been a few glimmers of hope in this direction. The national headquarters of the League recently directed an open letter to the leaders of the anti-prohibition groups challenging them to get together on some constructive proposal to remedy the conditions under which the country groans. If that means that the League might consider with open mind such proposals and agree to try the most feasible proposal submitted, then that organization has advanced far on the road to saving its own face and redeeming America from the scourge which the League has been so largely instrumental in bringing upon our fair land.

To continue to hide their heads in the proverbial sands in deliberate blindness to the national tragedy which has resulted from the failure of prohibition would seem to indicate a lack of intelligence, or honesty, or both. It means that these men prefer easy jobs to human welfare, that they would rather be parasites preying upon blind, unthinking zealots than admit their error and be honest enough to seek to remedy the wrongs their exploded theory has created. They prefer being hypocrites, screaming defiant sophistries in a lost cause than to be honest and resign from their parasitical organization to make an honest living at some productive form of labor.

In the days when I was an Anti-Saloon League lecturer most of us were doubtless sincere in the belief that prohibition would usher in an epoch of sobriety, righteousness, orderly government, improved morals and effect a vast saving in human life. Even then, however, the lecturers used to compare notes and joke about "how much they had cost the congregation" of such and such a church on a particular morning. My only other rival, aside from Wayne Wheeler, in raising money used to climax his appeal by telling a tearful tale of the cruelty his family suffered from a drunken father. It never failed to open up the purse strings of the weeping listeners. Referring to this lecturer, one of the campaigners laughingly said, "Just because his old man got drunk and beat up his mother it has cost the state of Ohio a quarter of a million dollars";—meaning the money this orator has obtained for the League.

My invincible emotional appeal for funds was an impassioned plea "as a boy in behalf of the boys of America that they be given a chance in the struggle to be men". I blush to think what is happening to the boys for whom I plead under prohibition. They now struggle with lions where they but played with lambs.

But these were at best slight hypocrisies. Today it is different. The "dry crusaders" must know they are simply raising money to pay salaries to worse than useless secretaries of a cause which debauches our native land. Today the Anti-Saloon League is a racket and a deadly one at that!

If crime increases, then the Anti-Saloon League, its unworkable program of prohibition, and the unthinking satellites who follow its dictates in voting for dry candidates—these are to blame.

If political corruption results from placing billions in the hands of gangsters threatening our American institutions—these are to blame.

If poverty and unemployment result from placing ten times the amount formerly spent for liquor in the pockets of the underworld, diverting this money from productive industry—these are to blame.

If the youth of our best homes are staggering home drunk, losing their health and virtue, blighting their future—these, and the fallacious remedy they advanced, are to blame.

If more of our citizens are being killed each year by bad liquor than we lost in the world war, the murderers cannot escape responsibility at the bar of public conscience—they are to blame.

Let us have done with government by the bullying, threatening, blackguarding Anti-Saloon League methods, and get back to honest government of the people, by the people and for the people, where the majority shall rule and the shameful activities of the professional prohibitionist shall be no more. Then shall we be able to work out some saner and more effective "noble experiment" to conserve our national welfare.

He Had a Mind of His Own

(*Continued from page 36*)

of those less ambitious, must define our own policies and do the clean-cut, creditable thing; that the man who has the driving something within him which is satisfied only with the best is bound to win.

"Men usually are too material and do not make enough human contacts," he believes. "No man is a complete unit in himself; he needs the driving power which is stimulated by his contact with other men and their ideas. There is an old saying that you cannot take from a barrel more than you have put into it. It holds true thru all the story of life. We get out of life exactly what we put into it. Personal effort brings individual results; faith and courage attract faith and still more courage. Fear, indifference and selfishness are returned in kind.

"Every critical situation a man is forced to meet during his business career should be regarded as a period of advancement. Every test is a chance to move ahead."

Mr. Gardner says that no man alone can build a great business structure. He contends that the organization which surrounds the leader is more important than the leader himself. If the worth of Mr. Gardner's philosophy may be measured by the success of his enterprise, it undoubtedly must be awarded a substantial value.

"I'll confess the automobile business had a lure for me from the time when the industry was new. When you are riding a bicycle, you either go ahead or you fall off. We have been going ahead, and the opportunity that may be ours to supply cars to one of the world's big mail order houses would certainly offer us the opportunity to serve the man of moderate means as well as the man living in the rural community.

"The automobile industry is a basic industry, inasmuch as it fills a basic human need. Transportation is a fundamental of every form of commercial

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distribution. It is the very foundation of progress. Vast sections of the country have been opened up to commercial contacts in the last few years by the extensive building of highways which permitted the use of the automobile. The story of the automobile rivals the tales of the old sorcerers." The young automobile manufacturer was talking on the topic nearest his heart. His eyes glowed with enthusiasm.

"For America, the automobile has worked both a social and an industrial revolution, and one that has had and continues to have a far reaching effect upon every man, woman and child in the nation. It has brought health, wealth and pleasure; it has made the man and his family of limited means familiar with the out-of-way places of the world. It has inaugurated a new spirit of travel and thereby increased knowledge. It has built up the small towns; it has taken people out into the fresh air of the country instead of crowding them into the heart of the congested city. It has increased property values. It is a factor in science; the doctor finds it invaluable when hurrying to save a life; the hospital sends out its automobile ambulances. The fireman uses it to carry himself and his apparatus to the fire. Auto-freight cars carry precious metals from Costa Rica's mountain-tops to her seaports. California auto-trucks carry borax from Death Valley. There are the auto street-sweepers, the hand cars and even the auto-chapels from which missionaries preach to those who do not or cannot attend church.

"Compared to the old mule team, the automobile is incalculably more efficient. One freighting company which formerly used horses saves annually $100,000 on an initial investment of $30,000. The automobile has proved the farmer's friend. One fourth of the cars sold today go to farms west of the Mississippi, and in Egypt the auto turns up in the desert in the very shadow of the Pyramids.

"I believe the greatest boon that the automobile has rendered to civilization is the demand for good roads, for during its comparatively short career it has changed the whole highway system. As a result, billions of dollars have been expended in building highways that weave their way thru the continent like a huge spider's web.

"All this is a far cry from the crude motor vehicle pioneered by Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of gravitation. This was in 1680, and many types of queer machines appeared soon after. They were so dangerous that English authorities prohibited such vehicles on the highway, unless they were preceded by men carrying red flags and were permitted to travel only four miles an hour.

"The automobile will become more and more general in its use until the peoples of the earth are darting from place to place in their veritable houses on wheels. Even when the airship lures us into the clouds, the automobile will remain master of the land."

With the advent of aviation, Mr. Gardner has become greatly interested in the possibilities of this method of transportation and has bought controlling interest in Parks Aircraft, Inc. This company is closely affiliated with Parks Air College, the largest civilian air school in the country.

Gardner's own words may best explain why he has become closely affiliated with aircraft and establishes a motive for the unique position he has made for himself in the automobile industry.

"My hobby is building things," he declares.

Mind and Matter

(*Continued from page 45*)

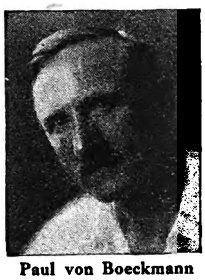
short and of many lengths. Such of them as have been measured are powerfully penetrating, but they apparently lose much of their force in passing thru thick bodies of matter. Probably they would destroy all life upon the earth if our atmosphere did not give so much protection against them. Five hundred feet under ground they are almost as strong as at the surface. Five hundred feet under water, four-fifths of the wave-lengths of those that have so far been discovered seem to disappear, being absorbed by the water lying above that depth. Dr. Millikan has identified the length and character of some of the cosmic rays as being the same as those given off by the destruction of atoms of several of the common forms of matter —and, incidentally, the same as would be given off by the creation of the atoms of these same common kinds of matter. The rays do not come from the sun, nor from any of the millions of suns in our Galactic System. They seem to come "out of everywhere into here", being truly universal in their character.

Of course, we have not yet found and measured all of the cosmic rays. We are just at the beginning of this great discovery, and have doubtless found and measured only the longest and crudest of them. The shorter waves of those that would create the finer forms of atoms, and that would be attuned to the higher atomic tension produced by the great strain of weight deep in the earth and the ocean, doubtless are still elud-

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Prof. James McKay, of Dartmouth College, in an epoch-making paper read before the American Philosophical Society, January 7, 1930, propounded the hypothesis that the cosmic rays are back of all creation, and demonstrated that if this is true then we have an explanation for much that is otherwise unexplainable and a reconciliation of nearly all of our scientific conflicts.

Sir James Jeans, the great English astronomer and physicist, recently propounded the theory that the suns are slowly wasting away thru destruction of their substance in giving off light and heat; that they are gradually sinking back into the nothingness from which they came; and that the universe of light and life is slowly sinking back into darkness and death. Professor Millikan takes issue with Sir James, saying, in effect, that the destruction of an atom of matter in a sun generates certain wave-lengths of force that will cross and clash with other wave-lengths, somewhere out in space, thus producing the tiny electric sparks of a new atom, the newly created matter thus brought into existence passing back into the suns and piling up into the great dust-clouds of nebula (like the "milky way") out of which new suns and worlds are born.

These considerations carry us to the very outposts of human knowledge concerning mind and matter in their broader aspects. And, of course, we do not know the whole truth. We do know that matter is composed of force manifesting as tiny sparks of electricity. And we have excellent reason for believing that the cosmic rays are the very force of the universal mind, the action of which generates the electric sparks that compose the atoms of matter. Certainly, since matter is a form of force, if mind is another form of force, then mind would have power to modify matter, just as any force has power to modify any other force.

We have not far to go to learn that mind is a force; we can learn the lesson right in our own bodies. Our hands and arms are moved by muscles; but these muscles will not act unless stimulated into action. If we wish to make a certain movement with an arm, we send a flash of mind-power to the muscles that need to be stimulated into contraction, and the flash of mind-power stimulates the muscles into action. The doctors call this stimulant "nervous energy", but that is just a name. Even if we said that the thing which stimulates the muscles to act is "nervous energy", and not mind, then it would have to be said that nervous energy is a force which mind-force can control and direct; so that mind-force would be the first force after all. Such states of mind as fear and anger are powerful forces that seriously affect nearly all the organs and glands of the body.

Here we contact the secret of all healing, regardless of the means used. No medicine nor surgery can heal. Medicine or surgery may remove the hindering cause; but the healing must be done by the creative mind functioning thru certain parts of the individual brain. The individual may, under the guidance and instruction of modern scientific psychology, do a great deal in a mental way to aid the healing process, the results sometimes partaking of the nature of miracles. But we are not here immediately concerned with the healing power of psychological methods; it being my present purpose to demonstrate that matter is not as stubborn and unyielding as it seems to be, and that mind is a powerful creative force.

It probably should be said in passing that the whole human body is an example of the power of mind to mold matter according to mental forms; for the human body seems just to grow into a predetermined form. In other words, the embryonic cells from which the human infant is evolved have the quality of being psycho-plastic, which means that they are capable of being molded by the power of mind into the forms of mental images projected into them. The same thing is true of all living things.

"Spirit photographs" furnish an example of matter in a psycho-plastic state. The great majority of so-called spirit photographs are fakes, but there are occasional genuine photographs of this kind. If a person sitting in a room is thrown into such a subjective state of mind that he sees anything of which he thinks; and if the air of the room is heavily charged with water-vapor and carbon dioxide, either by the breathing of a number of people or by boiling water over an open charcoal-pot; and if the lighting and background of the room are just right; one may sometimes get a spirit picture in the immediate vicinity of the subjective person. The sitter sees clearly the face of Uncle John or Mother or Sister Sue, this face being in the mixture of air, carbon gas and water-vapor, and the image having molding power enough to make the charged atmosphere just a little more refractory to light—not enough that the eye can see it, but enough that its cumulative effect registers upon the photographic plate. So photographs of "spirits" are in reality pictures of imaginary faces and forms seen by the medium.

We thus get a glimpse of the creative method of the universal mind; a faint and fleeting glimpse, it is true, but a glimpse. It creates electric sparks in that strange something we call "ether", and whirls these sparks into the forms of different kinds of atoms and molecules. Then it projects into the mass of atoms and molecules a clear mental picture of vegetable and animal entities, and the atoms and molecules move to fill in the picture, just as the charged air in the psychological laboratory moves to fill in the imaginary face or form seen by the psychic.

Matter is mind precipitated into form. Einstein says matter is "space" slowed down below its normal moving speed of 186,000 miles per second—the speed of light—and that if it were speeded up to 186,000 miles per second it would disappear.

It is well for students of psychology thus to get their noses up out of the rubbish of every-day life once in a while and have a look at mind and matter in their truer and broader aspects. It gives them a deeper appreciation of the marvelous wisdom and power pulsating thru the universe and surging thru their own bodies. It makes them know that mind is the eternal substance and power, of which matter is the more or less fleeting shadow. It dampens their pride of intellect, shames their irreverence and points the way to higher, happier and more abundant life. One cannot recognize and contemplate the marvelously wise scheme of things here so briefly reviewed without setting himself into better tune with the infinite wisdom behind the scheme, the effect of which is to set his face toward liberation from the things that limit and disappoint him.

Sentiment and System

(*Continued from page 37*)

We know a famous business organizer and efficiency engineer who has done precisely what this article suggests. He was born a poet. He cared nothing for so-called practical things. He loved to soar thru space on the wings of imagination, then write in glowing phrase the portent of his vision.

Something happened to wake him up to life's reality. He got a jolt that brought him down to earth good and hard. He put away the manuscripts for the volume of poems on which he was working, and applied for a menial job in a business concern. He decided to become efficient. He spent fourteen years in pursuit of the project.

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Now he is a recognized master of industrial method. Heads of leading corporations want his advice and retain him at a fee of $100 a day to tell them how to run their business. He is nationally known. His work has helped millions. He commands an audience a hundred times larger than he ever could have won as a mere poet. But he hasn't deserted poetry—only he doesn't call it that. (If his clients ever suspected him of being a poet, they would flee instanter.) He addresses the heart, as well as the head and the pocketbook. He finds that poetic sensibilities and ideals increase the value of efficiency work. And he still writes poetry.

Conversely we might, if space allowed, picture the subliminal acts of great industrial officials, who have turned to poetry, music, art, philosophy, philanthropy, as relief and recovery from the materialism of business.

Human evolution is an escape from a rut to a horizon. A man isn't grown till he can move, gladly and freely, out of the little temperamental groove he was born in, to expand his mind and soul amid the fresh, bright surroundings of a new psychic realm.

Why have we stressed the union of poetry and efficiency? Because they are as far apart as any two activities on earth. To combine them is to prove that all the tangents of experience may be guiding lines to a great common center of character.

We offer two definitions. The perfect life is a rare, exquisite blend of the opposites of taste and temperament. The perfect life is a powerful merger of the extremes of activity and desire. A poet would like the first definition better—an efficiency engineer the second. A reader choosing the first probably needs more efficiency—a reader choosing the second probably needs more poetry.

Anybody can sum up the whole matter for his own benefit. "How am I: naturally one-sided, inherently narrow, temperamentally extreme? How shall I cultivate breadth of vision, action, experience, and thus develop true greatness while achieving material success?"

To answer these questions right is to approach the summit of leadership.

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Stella Walsh

(*Continued from page 25*)

minutes. This exercise I find, while most simple, is beneficial to the arches which I have been told are frequently a source of worry to runners.

"Like my exercises, my diet also is simple. It is so simple that I imagine most girls use the same one or similar ones. I eat three meals a day and like every ordinary girl eat between meals. But—I don't eat sweet stuffs between meals—only fruit.

"On the day I am to compete, I do my hip exercises or exercise for stride immediately upon arising—the less clothing I have on the better I feel—take a warm shower and follow that immediately with a cold one to act as a stimulant to every muscle and bone that hasn't been benefited by the exercise.

"Then I eat a breakfast of fruit, cereal, bacon and eggs, dry toast and milk. After that I go to the office.

"For luncheon I have a small portion of fish, a vegetable salad with no dressing, orange juice and a hard roll, generally made of bran.

"My meal before a meet consists of two large tumblers of orange juice and a toasted, soft cheese sandwich, such as pimento, cream or cottage.

"With this diet I have had great success.

"Before I broke the world's record for the 50-yard dash, in Madison Square Garden, I never had a stop watch held on me during practice sessions.

"Every minute of the time I was on the track was spent in practicing starts and learning to take the banks. Dr. Griffen's idea was that I should let myself grow physically perfect, then and only then try for the records.

"Previous to the New York and Philadelphia meets, I ran three days a week, during my lunch periods. I didn't care to take up too much of my time from the office.

"Before the New York and Philadelphia meets, I practiced three days a week for periods of 25 minutes.

"These practices consisted of bar, bending, the high knee action, four or five fast starts, a few sprints and then some running on the banks to get accustomed to the turns.

"During these work-outs I never let out to full speed, but confine myself to a medium pace. Immediately after this workout I take a warm shower, then a cold one, dry myself thoroly, go out to lunch and get back to the office with the rest of the girls for the afternoon's work.

"As a general rule I am in bed each night at ten o'clock. That doesn't mean, however, that I do not like parties. I do, and if they don't interfere with my training schedule or if they don't come just before a meet in which I am entered, I gladly attend and have loads of fun.

"My mother was always athletically active in Poland and my maternal grandfather even more so. Last year while visiting him, he challenged me

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to a 100-yard run and I just nosed him out, after running at top speed all the way. He is well over 60 years old."

Stella's hobby right now is instructing her 10-year-old sister in the fundamentals of good sprinting and she proudly prophesies that her sister will be better in athletics than she. Her favorite diversion is cooking and her parents and sisters testify to the fact that Stella can prepare fish a bit better than any one else. Most of Stella's evenings are spent at home and she has no difficulty in falling asleep the minute she retires. She has not used coffee for the past three years. She prefers milk.

Stella was born in Poland and brought to America by her parents Mr. and Mrs. Julian Walasiewicz at the age of ten months. She is still a Polish citizen. That is why she was able to represent Poland last summer in the athletic meets held in Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and Austria. Stella has taken out her first citizenship papers.

When a full-fledged American citizen, Stella officially will change her name to "Walsh". The difficulty in spelling and pronouncing the name "Walasiewicz" was the reason for the change.

Stella is proud of her Polish ancestry. She can speak, read and write Polish fluently, altho she was raised and educated in this country.

Her ambition is to become physical director of some large school.

"I am going to try to finish night school in some way," the world's champion runner said. "And then I will try to get to college so I can take up physical education. Maybe then I can get a job teaching athletics. . . ." Stella concluded wistfully.

"It's My Temperament!"

(*Continued from page 28*)

Perhaps I understand her better than you think I do. I love her, and I'm going to her!"

Dr. Stratton saw there an undefeatable determination. He sank back in his chair and sighed. Surely he had hoped it wouldn't come to this. But it didn't do any good to hope now. It had come.

"Young people in love! Blundering ahead blindly."

"Tell me where she is, doctor. You've philosophized enough."

Dr. Stratton forced a dry laugh. He stood up and gave Eddie an affectionate pat on the back. Then he went to the medicine shelf and took down the blue glass bottle.

"Yes, I'm afraid I understand now, Eddie, boy," he tried to say cheerfully. "But you're not strong. Do take your medicine first."

"I'll take anything if you'll hurry."

Little grains of powder sank slowly to the bottom of a glass of cold water. The contents received a vigorous stir and were thrust out to Eddie, who gulped them down viciously.

"Nora," said the wrinkled doctor, "is upstairs in her old room."

Eddie seemed to vanish into thin air. But even then Dr. Stratton did not know whether or not he had spelled out defeat for the young man.

Most of the time to Nora's door Eddie spent in the last two steps. He knocked with fearful expectancy throbbing in his heart.

"Who is it?" and the voice that once sparkled happily was dead, lifeless.

"Nora! It's Eddie. I've got to see you, dear."

For one dreadful moment there was no sound. Then he heard slippered steps coming slowly toward the door. And when the door opened he looked into a face that was strange to him.

There was no warmth in his precious wife's face, no color. Her brown eyebrows and red lips stood out weirdly upon the pallor of her face. Her big brown eyes looked up frightenedly, as if Eddie repulsed her rather than drew her to him.

She turned quickly and walked toward the window.

Eddie quietly closed the door behind him. But he dared not advance. He could force his dry throat to say only, "Nora, I had to see you. I've got to have you back. I love you."

She turned toward him, stood taut as a wire there in the sunlit window, stood nervously as if she feared the wire might break.

"Eddie, please don't think I'm leaving you from selfish motives. You know I dearly love you and the children."

Eddie swallowed forcibly. She was dim in his sight now. His head swam, but soothingly. The grinding had gone. Maybe Dr. Stratton's medicine was working already.

"I know that, dear. I couldn't believe anything else. But if it's true, I can't see. . . ."

"Oh, of course you can't," she cried, running her hand thru her brown locks despairingly. "You're a dear, Eddie. I admire you tremendously. But you simply don't, and never will, understand."

Eddie frowned and squinted his blue eyes pathetically.

"Oh, maybe not, Nora, maybe not! But we've started such a happy life, we've got so much to live for. Couldn't you try to forgive me? Couldn't you use your patience on me—just for the children's sake?"

Her white face wrinkled very earnestly and very sadly for the moment. "Oh, I don't want to hurt you, dear." She tossed out her arms hopelessly and turned away from him. "I don't know just how to say it. But there's something within me that's crying out, something rare and beautiful that's above all this. I've simply got to find some way of expressing myself, some way of releasing this power within me."

"I should think your children—well, aren't they a kind of self-expression, aren't they enough?"

She shook her head ruefully, and dropped to the edge of the bed without looking at him.

"That's what everybody says. Nobody seems to understand that it's something greater. No, Eddie, you won't ever understand. I'm getting older and older, and all the while I'm missing the real part of my life. I'll die sometime and if I don't follow the voice that's calling me, I'll leave nothing behind but a great empty life."

Eddie felt fear in his heart when he sat down behind her.

"Can't you see that maybe we're all sacrificing just a little?"

"Oh, I knew it would come out this way," she murmured.

Eddie wanted to put his hand comfortingly on her back, which was bent to let her head fall in her hands. She was so distressed about it all—Lord, how he wanted to take her in his arms.

"But, dear, I shall be so frightfully unhappy and lonely without you. And the kiddies—nobody in the wide world can be the mother to them you've been."

The girl turned to him. Her eyes were blood-shot. She breathed heavily. But, still, she was taut and cold.

"Eddie, you shouldn't have come. I knew that. I didn't want you to. I'll only hurt you more. The answer must always be the same. I'm sorry for you, truly sorry. But I must leave you to your routine existence. Can't you see that there is before me a richer, fuller life?"

"Darling, I can't believe that you. . . ."

She sprang to her feet and stared down at him wildly, insanely.

"It's no use talking! I'm ready to sacrifice everything. For months I've known that I shall never be happy until I find a means of expressing myself. I'm going away—to study. It's my temperament. One cannot alter one's temperament!"

Eddie reached out for her. She was not there. He couldn't see. He felt that he was going blind. His brain began to throb again. And in his des-

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peration he cried out, "Temperament! Temperament! You cover everything with that empty word! Nora, it hurts me to say . . . it hurts me to say. . . ."

Eddie was glad he couldn't say it, glad he didn't have to, anymore. Everything was so dark and easy now. It wasn't like Eddie to say it, anyway.

But Nora had turned toward the window, had thrown her arms above her head and let them fall again.

"That ends it," she muttered. "Never, never can we grow together again. I have found myself. And if I'm true to myself, I can't be false to any man. I know that, Eddie, I tell you. . . ." She turned, and saw Eddie sleeping like death upon the bed. She moved cautiously, unbelievingly, then frantically. She seized his hand, felt of his forehead. Eddie did not move. She drew him to her desperately. The young lady was very much of a woman, after all.

DAYS fled. It must have been three weeks later when Eddie sat propped up in the big bed in the blue-walled chamber of his bungalow. He stared blindly out of the vine-laced window, hardly conscious of the freshly opened envelope in his right hand.

Then he heard steps on the stairs. His heart pounded wildly as the door opened.

"Nora, for heaven's sake where have you been?"

She threw herself joyfully on the bed beside him, tossed the brown hair out of her face.

"For heaven's sake yourself, Eddie," she laughed. "We've got the whole day together now. I took the kiddies to school and I couldn't resist staying to watch them for a while."

"Nora," pronounced her husband, looking down at the opened envelope with assumed sternness, "I want to know what you did to make Mr. Van Tassel come across with this policy."

Nora's brown eyes danced. She pinched her husband's chin mischievously, and then stood up.

"Eddie, a woman has ways, you know."

He looked up from the certified check in his hands, and those blue eyes grew wide with twinkling admiration. "Nora, you're the most wonderful little wife in all the world." He took her hand. "Tell me, dear, are you really happy now?"

"Happy?" she laughed. "Eddie, it frightens me when I think what a fool I almost made of myself. Why, I'm happier than any woman alive. But if God hadn't been kind and made you terribly sick just at the right time I never would have waited to learn that we can all be happy if we spend our time trying to make others happy—if we forget ourselves and our foolish temperaments."

Eddie squeezed her hand because words choked him.

She continued, "And if you'll let me go just a minute—I've got to make out the grocery list myself, now that I've let the maid go—I'll come right back and tell you all over again just how happy I am."

Eddie shook his head with blissful satisfaction.

"I tried to tell your father you'd come out all right. He wouldn't listen to me. Nora, sometimes I think he's quite an unreasonable old fellow."

She smiled lovingly.

"Of course he is, dear. But you'll have to forgive him. He's wonderfully kind at heart."

Dr. Stratton with his wonderfully kind heart under a stiff, white jacket pushed thru the swinging door into his kitchen that morning.

Mrs. Stratton looked up from her work. Rather suspiciously she watched her husband perch temporarily on the edge of a kitchen chair.

"Daniel, haven't you any patients this morning?"

"Plenty," nodded the wrinkled old doctor. "But they can wait."

His wife turned full around.

"I don't see what you've got to worry about now. Eddie and Nora are together again, and divinely happy, too. In a few days Eddie will be healthier than he was at twenty-one."

Dr. Stratton rubbed his hands.

"Of course we all knew that Eddie was due for a sick spell, but didn't it ever strike you funny that it came at just the right time?"

"There you go, thinking backwards again. Of course it was a coincidence, but a coincidence was needed and not any of your strategy."

Dr. Stratton rose to go. And a resigned satisfaction seemed to spread over his aged face.

"Precisely, my dear. Nora had to get her mind off herself. Pity is one of the strongest motives in the world. I guess, after all, we all know about as much as we need to know about this."

The Temple of Truth

(*Continued from page 23*)

And the door of the old house stood wide open and the Angel of Hope said: "Come inside to thine own place!"

And the man dragged himself in, for he was very weary, and sat down in his old familiar place. And a great light began to shine . . . and it shone with such brilliance that the whole room blazed with its light. And the man was afraid . . . and he said to

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the Angel: "What means this great light?"

And as he spoke the door to his heart swung wide open, and the light from the Temple of Truth revealed its glorious presence within his own soul!

And the Angel of Hope said: "Thou wouldst follow devious ways to find the Temple of Truth. Hadst thou but opened the Inner Door thou wouldst not need to have taken the long and arduous journey. The gleams which thou hast had along the way are but reflections of the eternal glory which is enshrined in the Temple of Truth within thine heart."

And the man was filled with great humility and tears of joy fell from his eyes and dropped on the floor as precious gems. And the Angel of Hope gathered these together and strung them on a fine gold chain. "Keep these," she said, "for the next seeker for Truth. They may light the way."

The Temperament and the Task

(*Continued from page 22*)

meeting them. Her insomnia disappeared altogether within the first week. She regained her appetite, began to increase in weight and improve in her attitude toward herself and the difficulties in her job. Self-confidence increased. People seemed to be interested in her. The work took on a brighter outlook. Her sales record improved. She got acquainted with some of the girls—went out to luncheon with them. Began to drop into the rest rooms at the lunch hour, and took some part in the recreation of the other employees. She kept a diary, and the psychiatrist saw this note:

"I am doing the best I can. My weekly quota is $250. My books show that I have made $289 this week. I am much better now and feel a little happy at times. I know what it is to be hungry, and sleep good too."

The psychiatric worker's report from the buyer, two weeks after the young lady had been referred to the personnel department for study, was: "She does anything you ask her to do. Is always cheerful about it. I would like to keep her. She is slow at getting things, but once she has them, then they're there." Later, the buyer wrote: "Very favorable. Special emphasis on willingness and good nature with customers."

This worker has been closely followed up, and the last report from her department is that she is doing well and that they do not want to lose her. She became, in the long run, a well-adapted and satisfactory employee.

This is not an isolated, but a rather typical case. Hundreds of workers whose troubles lay within themselves have been reclaimed by Dr. Anderson's department.

Unsuitability of the work to a worker's natural characteristics is another common source of failure, and a psychiatric examination quickly reveals this trouble. For instance, a cashier was referred to the personnel department because of a great number of errors and shorts which she made. If she did not improve soon, she would be laid off. The examination disclosed that the girl was in fair physical condition and had a fair intelligence quotient. She was neat, dressed well and had a pleasant and agreeable personality make-up. However, she was found to be slow in speed tests, poor in motor dexterity, and showed a tendency to error-making in accuracy tests. There was considerable emotional upset.

It was at once evident that this girl should not continue as a cashier, and she was transferred to sales work. In several months the department head expressed himself as being very pleased with her work. Her health and weight improved in her new position. The average selling cost of her department is 4.35 per cent., while this employee's selling cost is 4.29 per cent., which means she is under the average cost of her department. Her interest in stock has been marked. Her contact with other girls has been good and she is now being tried out for head of stock—a promotion for which there is considerable competition.

These two cases illustrate in a small way the problems which have been met and solved in hundreds of others. According to Dr. Anderson, his department has found that 19 per cent. of the sales people and 23 per cent. of the non-sales force were problem individuals who presented conditions which caused their superiors to question the value of their services to the store. The degree of success which the department has had in removing the causes of difficulty is in evidence in the following statement:

"Taking the last 500 cases that we have studied and worked with, their final status is as follows: 67 per cent. of the 500 employees are still in the store, while 23 per cent. have been laid off partly thru our own recommendations. Eight per cent. have resigned and 2 per cent. were pensioned. Of the active cases, 40 per cent. have been adjusted and furnish no longer problems to their departments; 44.7 per cent. are still under treatment thru our office.

"If every other problem employee can be adjusted on his job while he is continuing at his work, then there is not only an enormous saving in employment, training and placement of new people, but (and this is of much greater significance) the individual problem worker becomes of some satisfaction to himself as well as to others, an asset not only to business but to the community at large; while industry and business assume an obligation long neglected for the prevention of work failures, which later result in social problems that become the burden of the general community."

The employment interviewers at Macy's are taught to take even such an elusive quality as "temperament" into consideration. Feeling and emotion are recognized as exceedingly important constituents of personality. Some people have a characteristic mood that is very easily discerned. They are gloomy, sullen, of sour temperament and disposition or they are cheerful, optimistic and hopeful; suspicious, timid, embarrassed, over-sensitive, self-deprecatory or pompous or cynical or snobbish or irate. These moods and emotional attitudes greatly influence the relationship with others and are very important factors underlying work failure or work success. They are mildly evident in everyone, but when they are extreme they become powerful determining elements of character.

The condition of introversion or extroversion means a lot to the interviewer. The extremely introverted person obtains his satisfactions within a world of his own making. Adjustments to reality of an external nature are interfered with by emotional attitudes and trends within the person that block his effectively "doing something". Except in cases where they have special abilities, Dr. Anderson considers the marked introvert as a decided risk as a holder of any of the jobs available in a department store. "Of course we know that many of our skilled mechanics, best laboratory workers and finest scholars are marked introverts; but here there are compensating factors of great saving value."

Extroversion does not present as clear a personality type as introversion. The extrovert lacks the symptoms of repression, over-sensitiveness, unreality, protracted day-dreaming, etc., exhibited by the introvert and represents more the normal, well-balanced, well-integrated personality. He makes contacts with people quickly and does not set up defensory attitudes, or respond with unintelligible bursts of emotions or inhibitions.

"However," emphasized Dr. Anderson, "both of these conditions are subject to great modifications and changes

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may be noted thru environmental influence, particularly when one's circumstances change rapidly. Success, prosperity and personal satisfaction tend to make the introvert more extroverted; while failure, disappointment and chagrin produce in extroverts inferiorities and shut-in tendencies, sensitiveness and defensive mechanisms. Extroverts make the best sales people. Our own figures show that more than three-fourths of the good sales people in this store were readily classified as extroverts. While more than half of the poor sales people were easily diagnosed as introverts.

"Introverts who possess good clerical or mechanical ability and do not suffer from the very serious personal or home problems may succeed well along clerical or mechanical or allied lines. So that in many of the non-sales groups we may well place carefully selected applicants with introverted trends if they do not show serious disorders of personality. Much could be said of the therapeutic effects of certain jobs in developing extroverted tendencies in introverts, and thus adjusting them to reality.

Other Classifications

There are many other personality classifications, such as dominant personalities, submissive personalities, expansive types, reclusive types, emotional types, egocentric types, paranoid types, inadequate types. Each of these has certain bearings upon the matter of employment.

The paranoid individual, for instance, with his suspicious nature, will not work well in team work; and no matter how much special ability he possesses, is always liable to be a source of irritation and dissatisfaction in any closely organized group.

The egocentric personality, if marked, is very likely to be a "grabber", an individualist and a disciplinary problem.

The reclusive personality will certainly not do well in any type of work requiring contact with people; he avoids people, is shut in, self-centered and keeps his light hidden under a bushel.

The emotional personality is handicapped at work thru his undue excitability or his marked moodiness trend.

The inadequate personality is often lazy, indolent, lacking in energy and "pep", and no matter whether he has good abilities or not, his production is always likely to be low.

Psychiatric examinations are put to use not only in dealing with problem workers, but in selecting and placing new employees and in selecting executives. Special lines of approach have been developed to meet the requirements of the different jobs. The person who desires to sell kitchen goods is examined differently from the one who wishes to sell Oriental rugs or diamond jewelry or the person who aims for the office force. The tests are being constantly revised to check with actual work conditions. A special series of tests to determine the ability of men as safe automobile drivers, by noting their reaction to lights flashed before them, have been devised.

One of the greatest contributions that the psychiatrist brings to solve industrial health problems is his recognition of the large part which the mind often plays in what is diagnosed as physical illness.

Dr. Anderson is well aware of this from his personal experience: "The psychiatrist's interpretation and management of so-called functional disorders at a psychological or mental, rather than at a physical, level constitute the greatest departure in the therapy of these cases, and the practical results following upon this approach have done much in the general hospital, and more recently in the field of industrial medicine, to dispel the old superstition against 'mental therapy' and the unfortunate ignorance regarding the part played by the psychoneuroses and other mental disorders in the common every-day illnesses of the average patient."

Yet the psychiatric begins with a physical examination more thoro than is usually employed in common medical practice, in order to first of all rule out any possible organic trouble.

However, what is often interpreted by an individual to be entirely physical is frequently purely mental. Department store clinics are always bothered with what are called "chronic hospital-users"—employees who have failed to recover after medical or operative treatment and who make constant demands upon the physicians, and a host of others who bellyache into the hospital repeatedly with "scratched finger", "headache", "pain in back", "tired", "run down", "constipated" and a very long and interesting variety of other bodily ills.

Changing the Outlook

Usually the trouble with this type of person is mental or emotional maladjustment. He likes attention and sympathy and finds it in the care of the doctors and nurses. The scar remaining from an operation might focus his attention upon himself and cause him to develop mentally all sorts of complications. Trivial ills of the body operate as a trigger to set off his anxious attitude toward sickness. If allowed to continue, the final result of such false thinking is often disastrous. The psychiatrist, more than the average physician, recognizes this danger and tries to ward it off by changing the person's mental outlook.

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This psychiatric experiment—or *demonstration*, rather—is a gigantic proposition. In a single year employment departments in retail establishments must interview hundreds of thousands of applicants for positions. It is the object and obligation of Dr. V. V. Anderson and his staff to treat fairly those whom he accepts and those whom he rejects. He has tried to eliminate the tricky "personal factor" in selecting and dealing with employees. It is his aim to maintain the workers in the best of spirits and health—both for their personal good and for the good of the store. What he has attempted, and is doing, is not mere philanthropy, but the application of the newer knowledge of mind and body to the very practical needs of industry. The social advantages are obvious.

That it is a good investment for industry has been proved by five years of demonstration.

Greta Garbo

(*Continued from page 39*)

appeared in screen plays opposite the mercurial John Gilbert. Gilbert was then a great star in his own right with an immense fan following. But he was quite content to "support" the newcomer from Sweden. To understand this we must remember that Gilbert was a director before he became a star. This being the case, the success of any picture as a whole is more important to him than a picture that has been mangled and distorted in order to furnish him with a series of unnecessary close-ups.

In spite of his reputation as the screen's great lover Gilbert is at heart an artist. So is the other John—John Barrymore. Barrymore permitted, even assisted, the late Willard Lewis to run away with the picture *Beau Brummel.* And in *The Beloved Vagabond* (Barrymore's favorite picture) all acting honors went to Conrad Veidt as the mad king—with Barrymore's permission. For Barrymore is also an artist, and being one he is quickest to appreciate the art of another.

Gilbert became a great admirer of the art of Greta Garbo. They became great friends during the filming of their pictures. Now Hollywood is always eager to gossip about Gilbert for he is volatile, impulsive and says at times half-mad things which give the gossips plenty of material. The new arrival from Sweden was a mystery—so very naturally the friendship of Greta and Gilbert was misinterpreted. Their love scenes on the screen were impassioned and convincing. Gossip reached a high pitch. The Gilbert-Garbo affair was discussed up and down the boulevard. Hints of it leaked into the fan magazines and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered these two persons to their public as the screen's greatest lovers. Gilbert knew all about the gossip and encouraged it. Greta, at that time, read no fan magazines and so was blissfully ignorant of it. Those screen personages whom she did meet bored her and she made no effort to hide her boredom. In a sense she is a thinker and a philosopher. Hollywood has never been kind to thinkers, and philosophers are terrifying. They ignored her. Gilbert went out of his way to be kind to her. They talked for hours at a time about life, Greta in her halting English, John eagerly and impulsively, for it is seldom that Gilbert finds a woman with whom he can match his wit and mind. They admired each other's work and personalities—in a sense they inspired each other. The natural melancholy nature of Gilbert found a certain kinship in the racial melancholy of the Scandinavian actress. In her he found a friend, an understanding friend.

Today, Greta is one of our greatest stars and she is no longer Greta from Sweden—but Garbo, the incomprehensible. She lives very quietly in a small house out Beverly Hills way not far from the sea which she loves. She spends hours on the beach walking along the strand or sleeping on the sand wrapped in a shabby tweed coat, a battered felt hat pulled down over her eyes. She loves solitude.

"I have been criticised because I like to walk alone by the sea. Why should this habit of mine be criticised? Do you know why I love the sea so? Because it rests me! When I am playing a role, like *Anna Christie,* like Cavalini in *Romance,* I become for the time being these personalities. They drain my imagination. When I have finished playing before the camera I am weary. I seem not to have a thought in my head. The only thing which restores my strength and refreshes my imagination is a walk by the sea. I feel my roles too keenly, I cannot throw them off when I go home. So a walk by the sea —a long walk—becomes a prime necessity to me. I have time to think. The air is fresh and cool, it acts like a sedative to my feverish mind. Where I walk there are few people. This also rests me, for I happen to be one of those persons who thrive upon solitude.

"Perhaps you think I imagine all these things about the sea and solitude? No! I have learned thru bitter experience, thru illness, that the sea and solitude are two things which are necessary to my sanity, my health and my success as an actress. I do not see how any actress can give the best of herself, or interpret a role sincerely, unless she has time to think. And parties, crowds of curious, chattering people, do not give one time to think. So I stay by myself."

She cannot comprehend why Americans hurry so, why they seem to be so happy and sing and whistle about their work. In Sweden people take life more seriously. To them it is a problem, a grave problem which must be solved.

But she is not lacking in a sense of humor—only her humor is *Swedish* humor, quite different from our wisecracking local brand. I believe the idea of being a "vamp" amuses her. When anyone mentions her vampish tendencies on the screen they are rewarded with a cool, appraising stare, contempt shows in her eyes. She cannot comprehend why the people here imagine her real personality to be anything like her screen portrayals. Her screen characterizations are her "art"—not herself.

At times she clowns about the set—she enjoys making people laugh. Again, she is the sombre ice maiden, her eyes heavy with longing for the blue fiords of her own country.

Garbo is frank, straightforward and without pose. She has temperament—a temperament made up of moods. She runs the gamut from that of an impulsive child to that of a world-weary woman. She has a many faced personality—like a finely cut jewel which flashes first this color and that, which reflects this light and that shadow and yet is a perfect whole. She is supposed to be twenty-one years old but I believe her to be nearly thirty.

She loves to read.

"When I read, and I read a great deal, I like to concentrate upon what I am reading. I cannot skim thru a book. This 'skimming' gives me nothing. For when I read I want to find a new thought, a new perspective on life. I think that by nature I am studious. In the evening, when I am not working, I read or talk with friends to whom I am a woman first of all, an actress last. They say that people who seek sincerity and truth in life are apt to die miserably disillusioned. I think that idea is a fallacy. I have been disillusioned—yes! But each time I learn to look at life more clearly, and each year life seems more beautiful, more touching to me."

Summing this all up, we come to a simple conclusion, and this is, that the keynote to Garbo's character is sincerity. Her philosophy of living is primitive and . . . so very true.

To Hollywood people she is a disappointment off screen. We suffer here from a "cutie" complex. We like even features, curls, dimples and the chro-

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mo type of prettiness.

Garbo is tall for a star, reaching the five-feet-six mark. She is thin—painfully so. She is not always graceful and often with the shy awkwardness of a girl in her teens. She is even just a bit untidy. Her short, pale hair is tossed back from her wide brow with complete disregard for coiffure. She cares little for clothes. And yet she can wrap a loose-fitting robe, without cut or fashion, about herself and appear truly regal. Garbo gives you on the screen the effect of distinction and elegance —a thing few of our own stars can do. Our fashion plates look "dressed up" when Garbo looks dressed. In short Garbo is superior to her clothes and setting.

To me, Garbo is a Preraphaelite lady in a jazz-mad world. She seems like a quaint figure from some medieval tapestry. There is a certain archaic quality about her, a certain age-old quality. Whistler would have loved to paint her, for he projected upon his canvases the spirit of his subjects rather than the presentment of their corporeal substance. Her beauty is the beauty of simplicity. The tender, poignant modeling of her face and body is exceedingly feminine. In fact she represents to the painter or sculptor—woman. The epic woman with the quality of heroism.

Off screen she uses no make-up—no perfumes. Said a man who knows her well, "She smells of the sea and wind —her smile is like a prayer."

Living on Nothing

(*Continued from page 47*)

English duke. What difference does it make? I'm thinking about other things —and so are the people I talk to.

But now and then I have to get a new outfit—and, again, I can buy good, well-made, well-fitting clothes for almost nothing. Last February I had to get a new outfit, because I was taking a pretty important trip—and I could not expect that the people in the city I was going to visit would be as indifferent to my eccentricities as my friends and acquaintances in New York. So I sallied forth to do the best I could. The result was a nifty, perfectly-fitting, good quality, blue serge suit for thirteen dollars and a terribly swanky-looking gray overcoat for fourteen. Complete new outfit for twenty-seven dollars—and the garments are still OK after daily wear since February; the overcoat will still look like new when I take it out of the closet this month.

Speaking of overcoats—Oh, I forgot to say that to complete this outfit I added a three dollar—or is it three and a half dollar—pair of awfully good looking shoes. I patronize the Tom-Dick-and-Harry shops or the about equal Thom McAnn.

But I was going to tell you about that other overcoat. Fall had come—and I had no overcoat at all. Last winter's relic had completely disintegrated—after two years steady wear. And I was going to wait till cold weather came, then get a light-heavy overcoat that would do for spring, winter and fall. But I happened to step out on the sidewalk and found it was raining hard—the sort of rain drops you can't dodge. I *never* carry or touch an umbrella, unless I am holding one for a woman friend. But I didn't want to get my only suit soaked.

"Well, here goes!" I sighed. "I've got to throw away a dollar at last for an umbrella that I won't touch again for a year."

Then the idea came that I might get one of those combination rain-coats and light overcoats—perhaps a bargain. I stepped in Gimbels' and, believe it or not, bought a good-looking, rough texture, fairly heavy overcoat—for *five dollars and ninety-five cents.* It was for me a combined umbrella, rain-coat, fall-spring-and winter overcoat. And, with a few stitches in the lining, will do excellently when next fall comes.

Gloves, rubbers—I don't know what the words mean. Winter before last I found I didn't need gloves and I have put thru two comfortable winters without them There are, after all, fairly few bitterly cold days in New York during any winter. If the weather gets too cold for my hands I keep them in my pockets. But usually you can keep them warm by swinging them as you walk briskly—at least for the short exposed distances that are all that must be negotiated in New York.

Rubbers—that's another myth. You simply don't need them. I shall never forget the surprise with which I heard a level-headed friend say seven or eight years ago—"It doesn't hurt to get your feet wet—or even to sit all day with wet feet." I didn't believe it then, but now I do. It's so long ago that I had a rubber on my foot that I can't remember what they feel like. Understand—you must keep your feet *warm.* That's another story. If they get cold —from being wet or just from exposure to dry zero weather—you *must* get them warm—by walking or at a radiator. If your shoes are wet, dry them out at night or put on a dry pair in the morning. But even that doesn't matter very much. Healthy, swift moving blood will keep them warm, whether wet or dry.

Edison will have plenty of use for his synthetic rubber when he finds it—but it will not be for rubber overshoes. They belong to the past—like hats.

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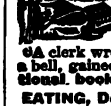
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In its passage through the body mucus is secreted in various organs, causing disease. The effects or symptoms are then named variously according to location, but the source of the trouble is the same—fermentation, chiefly from butter, cheese, cream, fat, oil, salt, etc., in excess.

100 Names for 1 Disease

Mucus causes catarrh of the eyes (conjunctivitis), of the nose (rhinitis), of the ears (otitis, deafness), of the bronchial tubes (bronchitis, asthma), of the lungs (tuberculosis), of the stomach (gastritis), of the appendix (appendicitis), of gall bladder (gall stones), of gums (pyorrhea), etc.

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Juice from grapefruit, without sugar, also tomato juice, berries, some oranges, apples, etc., when used as freely as water, combined with suitable brain-and-nerve foods, laxative vegetables, prepare your blood to dissolve mucus, and remove acidity.

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But talking about rubbers, I can't resist the temptation to tell about a fellow I noticed putting on his rubbers a few weeks ago—and what happened to him. He is a pretty well-known chap, with a good record, tho he has made a good many changes in the last ten or twelve years. I hadn't seen much of him for about seven years, and a few months ago we turned up at the same place. The first thing that struck me funny about him was the fact of his astonishment at hearing that a certain famous writer and lecturer had put his arm around a young woman writer who had come to interview him.

"That's his weakness," my friend chuckled.

"That's his strength, I should say," I corrected. "What do you mean 'weakness'?"

But he could not get the incident out of his mind. During the next few weeks he referred to it repeatedly, always with the same expression of astonishment. Then one day I saw him struggling to pull on a pair of rubbers. My heart sank. I knew my friend was doomed. He did not fit in this present world. And in a few days he was fired. Of course, I don't mean I had anything to do with that. He just wasn't here any more. A man like that doesn't seem to belong in this swift, jolly, hard-muscled age.

The whole point is that there are really very few things you actually need. I think that in a few years all this is going to be changed. Ford and Filene have the right idea. It's foolish to try to economize. It's a social duty as well as a personal duty to buy all we can use and enjoy. But while we are working that out, it's a lot of fun and a darn good soul tonic to prove that you can live on nothing.

With that matter settled—you have nothing to *fear*. And with fear out of your nerves you can do anything.

The danger is that I'll get so into the habit of living on nothing that I'll enjoy it too much. It's a game—and it's a lot of fun.

But it's still more fun to write this article. And when the check for it comes I may go out and buy myself a new suit, even tho I do not really need it.

Making a Decision

(*Continued from page 31*)

c. It would save us from lots of worry and humiliation and loss of time. There is a real burden in mortgaged property.

2. Demerits of the idea:
   a. We should lose the $4,000 so far paid in.
   b. We should have a sad sense of failure and defeat.
   c. We should set a depressing example to our children.
   d. Something might turn up. I might get a better job than usual during the summer when I am not teaching than heretofore. I might be able to sell the property.
   e. If I hold on a little longer by some hook or crook, I might think of a better way out, a new hypothesis.

B. Pay and hold the property:

Here we have something like the "Yes-No" hypothesis in which the merits and demerits of Yes, as above, if carefully ascertained and listed, become the reverse of the merits and demerits of No. Therefore I shall not list here the merits and demerits of this B hypothesis. The bad points of defaulting are the good points of holding on to the property.

As I have thus boiled the issue down to but one hypothesis, I can go on to judgment and decide the case on the merits and demerits listed for defaulting. (Author's note: Of course, many problems have several answers; in such cases, the merits and demerits of each hypothesis must be listed before one can select the best. We use this one largely because it is so short and typical.)

IV. *Judging.*

My family is at rock bottom now, without paying anything on the house. We cannot afford milk and eggs and whole-wheat bread and a few essentials like these for the health of the children, get the few clothes absolutely necessary and care for our sick, on less money—which is actually only $95 a month. I am afraid that I shall lose all paid on the property no matter where I stop; so the advantages of stopping now seem to outweigh those of holding on and "pouring more sand into the rat-hole". The advantages of defaulting seem to outweigh those of paying.

V. *Conclusion.*

I conclude that I shall permit foreclosure on the property and thus its loss.

Our Comments on This Solution

THIS teacher overlooked another hypothesis, namely, that he might gain something by selling his equity at a big reduction, say half, and thus realize perhaps one thousand or even two thousand dollars from his investment. Another theory or hypothesis is that the teacher should take as his problem: how can I best postpone or prevent foreclosure on this property? Out of this new thinking may arise a way that would make the negative decision on the first problem unnecessary. Everything is potentially possible to the thinker.

Ideally, all of us should be so trained in this method of thinking in home and school and business that the technic would be a habit—"second nature".

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But until parents and teachers and employers themselves learn how to think we cannot expect people to be brought up intelligently and effectively in reflective thinking. One of the greatest needs of modern life, therefore, is the widespread inculcation of this habit. The technic can easily be learned; practice stimulates further practice and at the same time reveals many new wonders of method, fallacies to be avoided and short-cuts to truth.

Are You Self-Centered?

(*Continued from page 33*)

his fear to go about. There is nothing wrong with him, save his unnatural viewpoint toward self. Would you say that man was selfish?

Yet you must pity such a person, for only those who have suffered like him, know how real these fears seem and how panicky one can become in consequence of them. For the moment he is dominated by *Fear*, and his reason is pushed into the background.

Now that you understand the situation a little better, is there any way out? That is the question that has been propounded to the physician, to the preacher and to the passer-by, and each has answered it in a different way, leaving you still more perplexed. Is there a way out? There is! But will you accept the way out or will you shrink from the efforts involved? People frequently tell me that they are ready to do *anything* if they can just throw off the yoke that harnesses them to weakness and unhappiness. But when I begin to explain some of the things I wish them to do, they begin to show signs of weakening. As I continue to instruct them, most of them get hold of the spirit of the thing, begin to look upon it as a game, and win out. But every now and then there is a weakling, a dreamer, a negative individual who finds it impossible to become friendly with work, and so fails. It is natural to shrink from things we view as real tasks. But one beginning to learn to play the piano must go thru the tiresome finger exercises for months before the pleasure of playing a piece is experienced. And so it is with everything worth while in life—there is a price attached to it.

The way to life and health and peace and success is the way of diligent endeavor.

First, it is well to bear in mind that there is but *one life-power* at work in and thru man, and that which he accomplishes in life depends upon his understanding of this power and his direction of it. It can be well compared to the energy we call electricity, for it can be very constructive or most destructive in its action, according to *your* viewpoint and direction. It is one and the same power. You have been assuming much the same attitude toward your powers and your future that man for a long time did toward the great streams. Not until he realized that this power could be converted to his use and profit and comfort did he begin harnessing it and making it serve him. The power had always been there, but man's vision was faulty.

In this same way your vision has been faulty, you have had too much of the *"I can't"* spirit in you and too little of the *"I can"*. And this wrong attitude of yours has built up a mental barrier that you have found it impossible to pass. When the mental barrier becomes too limiting and acute fears develop in connection with it, we term the disorder neurasthenia or psychasthenia. When less acute, it is just an inferiority complex, or some common form of self-centeredness.

Your first step in changing your life will be to create a plan of living. You must know what you are working toward, have a definite goal in sight; otherwise you will fail. And to understanding, which you can gain thru study and practice, must be added more faith. There are three essential elements that enter into your success. First, you must possess a strong desire to change, a desire that acts as a magnet and pulls you on toward its realization; second, you must build up a faith to match the strength of your desire or your desire will never be materialized, for faith is essential to all success; and third, you must develop sufficient will power to hold you steadfastly on your course until your efforts have been crowned with victory.

You possess tremendous power, and if you will just get this power directed toward a reasonable goal you will find it as resistless as the falls of Niagara.

Your hardest fight will be in breaking the habits of thought and action you have built up thru the past years and forming new habits. You are now bound by habit, nothing more. These habits have seemed like truths to you, for they have told you in a very definite sort of way that you are weak, that you cannot expect to assume the strong roles that some other men do whom you admire. It tells you that *you* are different. But this is the voice of *weakness*, that other self within you, given us for the purpose of resisting, so that thru resisting it you may build up character. But this weaker self has mastered you, made you its willing slave, and habits have become so strong

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that you have not been able to see things in the right light. With a change in viewpoint you will find many of these seeming stone walls nothing more than cardboard that you can penetrate and pass. With a change in viewpoint, things that you now fear will not be present, for it is only your viewpoint that creates unreasonable fear. Your fears have been creations of your imagination. You know that, for very few of the things you have feared have ever materialized into real experiences.

Hold up before you what winning will mean, and then I am sure the road will not be nearly so rocky and you will enter into the fight with actual enjoyment. Take a five-mile walk, alone, with a disagreeable errand at the end of it, and your feet will soon begin to drag and the walk seem endless, and you will be all tired out at its completion. But take that same walk with someone you love, and when the walk is completed you will feel quite different, so different, that you would be willing to turn about and retrace your steps.

Just so, if you can create the proper viewpoint toward the contemplated work ahead, can picture it as something that is really going to add to your future pleasure or success in life, then, you will find the road a far different one than if your efforts were only half-hearted.

Self-centeredness will be a habit of the past when you have developed a real interest in something outside of yourself. But this must be of a definite nature. Developing the power of observation will add mightily to your success. Add to the strength of your concentration as well, for you must in time have the power to turn away from thoughts that you do not wish, toward thoughts that you do wish.

Be a real man; be a real woman. Believe that you have the power to be what you want to be. You *can* if you *will*, and if you will it hard enough.

The Ghost of a Fear

(*Continued from page 51*)

things you can do that other women do and point out some of the things you can do that other women do not do. Prove to them that your crutches do not hinder.

Do not remain at home. Going about will hurt now that your daughter is so conscious of your crutches, but going will help you both to become less conscious of them. If you remain at home you will brood and the fear will grow and the less she sees you in public the more sensitive she will be to your crutches when she does see you there. Have parties for your children's friends that they too might learn, as

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you are going to prove to your own babies, that crutches do not necessarily make one a cripple.

REOLA OGLETREE,
De Queen, Arkansas.

Dear little mother with crutches:

Please tell your kiddies that all we other mothers have "crutches", great ugly crutches that bring pain and sorrow to our children or else just faithful "crutches" like spectacles. Many of us hide our "crutches" and are ashamed of them, and those are jealousy, selfishness, bad temper, etc. Then others of us mothers cannot read or enter into story-book land or perhaps we don't know the secret of the great out-of-doors and our children suffer neglect. Then again there is the mother with the broken heart who is sad all day long and the widowed mother, too worried to be at peace with the world.

All these mothers are represented in the school room of your child. Their children, too, may be sensitive, and if your child is called upon to overlook those hidden "crutches", surely she is bound to forget her own sensitiveness and be glad she has a dear happy mother with just *faithful* crutches.

A. A. ALFORD, M.D.
P. O. Box 25,
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Dear Mrs. Ludlow:

So you have suddenly become conscious of your crutches—you have become self-conscious of them. Your little daughter Susan whom you love dearly has told you you are different from some other mothers. Susan has always admired her mother. This was natural and right. She has now entered a new period of her life. She has now become conscious of people outside the home; playmates at school have entered her life and are helping to mold her personality.

She is just at the narcissus age where the child admires the human body. The children by comparison find your body different. They have a right (if you know) to know why this is so. Explain to Susan that no one is perfect, but we all try the very best we can to do God's will here on earth.

Some have crutches for their eyes (glasses); some have crutches for their ears (ear-phones); some have teeth made, as their teeth would not do their work; no matter where we are imperfect we can be happy, kind and loving.

Go by yourself, close your eyes and be Susan for a few minutes. Wouldn't you want your mother to tell you about herself? You need not belittle yourself in the least. The work God has given you to do doesn't demand such strong legs. You are so thankful for all he has given you—so many blessings—and best of all two dear little daughters to help grow into good, kind, wise and happy women. On your little visits to school, become friends with Susan's friends. If they mention your crutches, don't be embarrassed. We must not be ashamed of what we can't help. Tell them in a happy way concerning yourself. They will admire your grit and determination.

That Susan mentioned the matter to you concerning the children's talk shows you are very close to your children and a good mother. Be thankful that Susan didn't repress the thought that her mother was different. She might have been tormented all the rest of her life.

You say you are not a psychologist. I wonder why. All that would be added to your life is beyond telling.

I wore eye crutches for twenty years. Three years ago I threw them away and I am getting happier and happier in my work each day. Don't put off this great opportunity.

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A year has passed and I will try to answer my own question. Lord—but it was good to find it. I suffered more keenly; more bitterly, perhaps, than I would care to admit. My own child had given me mental anguish because she was just a human, sensitive little thing and had imagination. Now her little sister is four—just turned—and she is seeing me with even more critical eyes than the elder. But *she* is not suffering over me. She is laughing *with* me. The crutches have become something of a joke in our family. Because . . .

It started last Spring when we came out into the Ozarks for the summer. If civilization had done anything for me at all—it had made a softie out of me. The children had grown accustomed to seeing me reclining and indolent because I thought I looked best that way. I had the idea that my defects were less noticeable that way. I was spared all the activities a normal woman would indulge in—even with a host of servants—in order that I might shield myself and keep my small claim to beauty for my husband or who-ever-cared. My occasional orgies of cooking on the maid's day out were accomplished with the solicitous aid of both

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husband and children. Mother must be spared all unnecessary steps; which after all, was a luxury I accepted selfishly, for certainly I had not been protected before my marriage on that account.

And then we came to the country. Copperhead Hill, our summer home, is forty miles from the city, in the Ozarks. We have no telephone nor any neighbors nearer than a mile. The country is hilly and very wild; below us is Big River. This deep and winding stream became the means of my first break from the chains of inferiority. My swimming had always been accomplished surreptitiously and in easy doses in a country club swimming pool. But for my husband's insistence I would never have gotten that far. The river challenged me. I trained myself, over the protests of my in-born fear of water, to swim a mile a day. I mastered all the stunts the show-off youngsters could do. Sometimes I grew rather ashamed of myself for being such a silly as to take pride in doing them, but then I remembered the children. They were beginning to admire me. They were actually bragging openly before an audience. I was becoming a real person instead of a protected invalid. No little boy—parading his accomplishments—could have been more ridiculously egotistic. However that stage did not last long. My thirty-six-year-old dignity had to wake up sooner or later.

When the prospect of leaving the country in the autumn and going back to town came, I was dismayed. I realized that our long summer together had been the most developing thing in my mother-experience. Back in civilization I would face the same old problems, and some new ones perhaps, and I dreaded it. There was nothing I could do *there* to impress those two wide-eyed young things with my normality. There would be the staring, questioning companions of the city-streets and my young converts would forget that I could swim better than most and would see me measured only by the women who swept gracefully along on two feet without the aid of the rosewood sticks. I fairly ground my teeth.

But we were going back . . . at least . . . we thought we were . . . until that well-remembered day in October when the stock market went into convulsions and most happily saved the day. Considering the real suffering my husband endured as the Chief of Finances in the family I should not use the word happy, but then I have his word for it now, too. We spent the most beautiful winter of our lives marooned on Copperhead Hill without a servant and with very little else excepting coziness, leisure, honest toil and blessed weariness. For the first

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time since our marriage I have had the opportunity to demonstrate that I can be a real partner to my husband; a real working mother to my children. My hands have prepared the food; cleaned the house; cared for and taught the children. Three hours a day have gone to this. While daddy has gone a-hunting for sustenance in the marts of the city I have held the base and made it livable. The buds that are popping out on the trees right now are no more promising of growth than my new independence.

And so I have written this personal thing with the hope that all those parents, relatives or friends (I might also include chance passers-by, for sometimes their attitude is just as devastating) all those who come in contact with handicapped children, the so-called cripples, will save their pity; guard their impulse to patronize and above all not *shield* them.

A normal child, however handicapped, will independently work out its own salvation.

ANN RICE LUDLOW

Justice for John

(*Continued from page 42*)

of wee John and Marion let me relate another example that has frequently called forth my enthusiastic admiration.

Jean was a most precocious infant from birth; abnormally alert and, like John, high-strung and excitable. As she grew out of babyhood, her sensitiveness often made her painfuly self-conscious. From both sides of her ancestry she inherited a powerful will that presented many serious problems which were rendered much more difficult because of the temperament that accompanied that double portion of will. But Jean was blest with parents who were wise beyond the average. They evidently knew that such a will, if directed into channels of self-control, may become a wonderful constructive force in the world; and, if not carefully guided and trained, if allowed to degenerate into self-will, the destructive energy of stubbornness and selfishness, its possibilities for evil are just as great. Someone has said that a will is never truly strong until it learns to yield.

To begin at the earliest stages of Jean's education—her first lesson in the subordination of her own inclinations and a recognition of the rights of society, as she knew it. It must be admitted, however, that even in this first clash of wills it was a case of breaking a habit that had already been allowed to form, which is hardly fair to a child. The habit should not have been formed.

Jean was three weeks old when I first made her acquaintance.

Already the infant had recognized her transcendent importance in the household, and the embryonic ego was developing with amazing rapidity. This revealed itself on the occasion of my visit by asserting her unquestionable right to be held in somebody's arms and entertained as the guest-of-honor during dinner. Just who was responsible for starting the foolish habit no one seemed to remember. At least no one would take the blame. At last the young father had become conscious of the trend of things and announced with an air of finality that none dared to oppose:

"Young lady, this game is going to stop, right now."

Jean's crib stood near her father's end of the dinner table. As he proceeded to carve and serve, an insinuating grunt and coo told us that she was ready to play her usual part; but to her surprise none of her erstwhile slaves took the hint. She squirmed, fidgeted, fussed and finally whimpered. No one paid the least attention, only to take a covert peep. This treatment plainly astonished her. She had never experienced the like before in all her short life and she could not understand it. Her demand for attention became imperative. Nothing doing.

Her father and mother were a unit then, and always, in dealing with their children, and the rest of the household was too wise to interfere in any manner with the family discipline.

When the offended baby began to realize the situation her astonished wail quickly changed to a lusty, full-grown yell, growing madder every minute.

Dinner was nearly over when the storm ceased, almost abruptly. The game was up and she knew it, but her temper had still to cool down. Dinner finished, her mother bent over the crib, calling tenderly, "Jean! Baby Jean!" Baby Jean shut her eyes tighter and turned her nose into the pillow with an unmistakable grunt of disgust. Baby Jean had learned her first lesson. So had her family. And I tried to imagine what glorious possibilities were wrapped up in that small bundle of humanity—only three weeks old!

The training of Jean had not commenced one day too soon. From that time her discipline was kind, gentle and loving, but firm as a rock. The father played a good deal with his babies, altho a busy doctor, and the children were never more happy than when having a frolic with mother and dad, even tho their authority was so inflexible.

Let me relate another meal-time incident when Jean was older. She behaved rather badly at the table and



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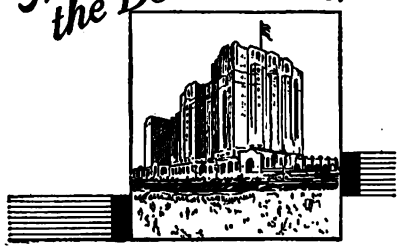
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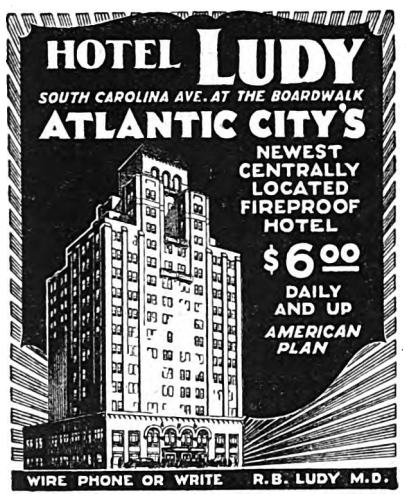
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daddy reproved her. Then she cried. Reproof from mother might be tolerated with fairly good grace, but a rebuke from daddy was worse to her than a blow is to some children. She loved her mother dearly but she just about worshipped her daddy, and does to this day. I think a whipping from him would have almost killed the child.

When Baby Jean had cried a few minutes and there was no sign of abatement, her daddy quietly excused himself, lifted baby and high chair together, set them in the kitchen and closed the door. "Now Jean, when you can smile I'll bring you back." It was not long until a humble little voice sounded from the kitchen; "Da . . . Daddy . . . I can . . . (sob) . . . smile . . . (gulp) . . . now!"

The baby was carried back to her place at the table, bravely smiling thru her tears. One could scarcely refrain from hugging the adorable child as she held her little face up to mother to "wipe away the cry".

Jean was learning splendid lessons in a nice way: good manners, self-control and respect for the feelings of others. We have seen her, when tears were imminent, run and hide her face in a corner until she "could smile".

Jean was never told untruths, threatened falsely or frightened with stories, and woe betide anyone who tried to do so in her mother's presence. She was not taught to fear anything or anybody. The big policeman, that bugbear to so many children, was her friend. The little lady would toddle trustingly up to any of the stalwart men in officer's garb with a "Hee———o, Peeceman!" reach up her baby hand for a finger and trot happily along beside him. This, and having learned to tell her name and address as soon as she could lisp the words, was surely a wise safeguard for so active a baby in a big city.

All of the foregoing, while I trust it may be helpful to other parents, is leading up to the incident which I wished particularly to contrast with the tragedy of little John.

Jean, at the age of four, was quite as well developed as John at six. On this occasion she forgot or neglected, in her pleasure and excitement, to thank a guest for some small present. If she had spoken it promptly when reminded by her mother all would have been well; but she hesitated, saw that attention was focused on her, became self-conscious and simply couldn't do it.

A battle was on. Jean cried, but mother was firm; she had spoken and there was no relenting, even to save a visitor's feelings. It seemed as tho some imp had taken possession of this darling child and would not let her conform to the group. We tried to make it as easy for her as possible; we talked to her, coaxed her; her mother reasoned gently with her. We allowed the subject to drop for awhile and talked of other things. It was all no use; she could not force herself to speak the little words.

Always excitable, she soon became hysterical. Then her father took charge. He carried her to the cold water tap and turned it on the back of her neck. When she had fully recovered, the question was still to be settled. Hysteria was not allowed to become a means of evading the issue.

It was a terrible struggle; not so much a struggle between parents and child as the child fighting against something in herself, and her parents assisting her as best they could, the better nature against the evil. Our hearts ached for the child as we watched the bitter conflict.

After more than two hours of struggle, she managed to force out the required, "Thank you, Miss Wilson." Then, with all the glorious triumph of a conqueror, laughing and sobbing at once, she threw her arms around her mother's neck and cried, "I said it, mamma! I did! I did!"

You never saw a gladder, happier little girl. We all laughed together as we rejoiced with her, but the tears were not far away, and mother and daddy were well-nigh worn out. But truly, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

There was no sting, no resentment, no heartache when it was over; only the great joy of victory, for there had been no unkindness and no injustice. Her parents had been her staunch allies in the battle, fighting with her, not against her.

But what of the tortured soul of little John? "A wounded spirit who can bear?"

Do I hear someone scoff, "Much ado about nothing"?

I wish you parents who complain about the younger generation could see Jean now—the most lovable, rollicking, wholesome, sensible, efficient girl I have ever known; a girl that would be the comfort, as well as the pride, of any mother's heart. I think you would agree with me that mother and daddy are reaping a rich reward for those early days of eternal vigilance and struggle that often taxed their patience so sorely. Mother and dad and their two girls are still, as they always have been, the best of pals—the surest safeguard any girl or boy can have.

Recently the mother lay for a time in the Valley of the Shadow, and I just wondered how many of the mothers of our fifteen-year-old girls could say as she did of her daughter, and with such perfect assurance: "I have no uneasiness about leaving Jean; she is all right now, anywhere."

But what about John?

Poor little John!

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Health Culture

(*Continued from page 54*)

strength development. The heart is a muscle consisting of tough layers of tissue that run criss-cross.

The heart can be overworked, however, as is often the case. We hear so much about the athletic heart, yet if exercise is taken with mental control one would never be troubled with it—not even the athlete. The work force of a heart is sufficient to lift seventy-five pounds or more to the height of a foot every minute.

In review of the internal organic system it is best to appreciate the value of organic strength. Heart trouble can be exaggerated by stomach trouble, especially in the fat person. Overeating will expand the stomach to the point of "smothering" the heart. The fat normally surrounding the heart is very little but with excessive eating it accumulates. The action of the liver, intestines, and in fact every organ, can be handicapped by overgrowth. Strength of the muscular system can be increased by reducing the unnecessary fat. If the muscles are free to act without the burden of fat, much more energy can be used to great physical advantage.

THE average person visualizes the "strong man" as a tower of bulging muscles and giant frame. In the physique of many small men lies hidden strength greater in comparison than the larger man. Within the body possibilities lie dormant that have never been awakened and once they are roused more power can be realized than mentally appreciated.

I want to emphasize the fact that no man is handicapped by having a small body. Mentally the strength of small men is often greater, and those mentally strong can develop the body correspondingly. *It is all in the mind.* To believe a thing makes it a reality.

Strength gives you vitality, ambition, youth efficiency. Have you ever seen wonderful personalities that seem to impress you beyond understanding? Have you ever noticed that there is something behind that attractiveness which seems to force you into liking these people? Nine chances out of ten the secret of personality is the throbbing health within. You can't help admire the robust young man and the glorious woman who possess radiant health.

I am outlining a few exercises which you may take at your early hours and you will find them easy to execute. I took these same exercises in my comeback from hopeless invalidism to superstrength.

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five counts each in the beginning. Count slowly at first. After the first week, exercise until tired. Physical correction should begin with strengthening the internal organs, which perfect the digestive system.

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Any of the young men interested in strength development will find me at their service. I am also at the service of the children. Give your child a good start in life with a healthy body. Give him or her a pleasing disposition, with a winning personality and the child will have a wonderful start on life's great journey.

Strength makes a man feel like doing his share of work in every social and commercial enterprise. It gives a man confidence, makes him sure of himself, makes him realize that he is the equal of any man living. It gives him a dominant personality. Theodore Roosevelt, my favorite president, was a man of determination. In youth he was a very sickly lad, but he built a strong, healthy body by patience and exercise. It is evident, however, that his mind was the great influence. Roosevelt's life proved the power of physical and mental co-ordination.

Fear is a deadly germ. Overcome it. Strengthen your mind and let nothing frighten you—not even death. Some people have a distinct inferiority complex, fearing everything and everybody. They lack confidence and are meek and retiring in the presence of those whom they consider superior to themselves. There are no superiors! If a man appears greater than we it is due to his station in life. A king is but a man, and oftentimes it is only the robe he wears that makes him inspire awe and admiration. The title he bears gives him authority, makes him king. No man is greater than you. You are a king; you are greater than a king, for a king is not the master of himself but follows the rules of royalty and heeds the commands of the court. He is but a figurehead. You are the master of your soul, which is more than being a king, for you can believe as you will, do as you will and are capable of accomplishing anything you desire.

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You, Too, Can Make Money

(*Continued from page 57*)

earned capital, and this beginning has placed her in an independent position, for many other items have been added to her list of accomplishments and "saving" for others.

Fancy Cake or Cookie Cutters

A WOMAN who believed in astrology and who told "fortunes" for the church fairs gave a special "astrology tea." She sent out cards announcing that reservations for bridge tables could be made for four dollars—including tea and a short astrology reading.

She wanted her refreshments to be unique. She wrote me asking what to do. I suggested that she get strips of tin and bend these into suns, moons, stars and planets. The women appreciated her new way of serving and asked for ideas for similar parties they deired to give. This woman has gone from one thing to another and is now making enough to at least pay her rent.

A Little Child Led Her

A MOTHER, half-ill, was reading one of the children's magazines to her eight-year-old daughter. On the pages that tell of things children can do, the child found ideas for painting and dressing up clothes-pins as dolls.

This little girl not only improved on the pictures given her to copy, but found she had quite a talent for "cartooning." She painted many funny faces and dressed up the clothes-pins in most ludicrous fashion.

The work soon interested the mother. Interest in things outside of her illness and duties was exactly what the family doctor was trying to bring about. On searching thru magazines this mother found an old copy of PSYCHOLOGY. She read my article, wrote me of what I've just told you and asked for further ideas. Of course, I took an unusual interest in this mother and daughter.

And—now the answer. This woman is well. She and her little girl are together making more than fifty dollars a month without leaving the house, and in hours that in no way interfere with other things or the child's school.

This is what we call "extra money." One need not wait until one is prepared to earn a luxurious living. Begin now, study how many small beginnings opened the road to big businesses. You may be one of those with ideas the world is waiting for—and you will not find out until you begin.

Nervous and Mental Breakdown

This trouble, which is so prevalent in the United States today, is causing untold suffering and limitation through being little understood. The first course is usually to resort to drugs, then rest cures are tried and the poor patient goes from bad to worse. Such troubles really represent a loss of confidence and control and an inability to forget one's self. It usually represents an active, good type of mind, which has become introspective. The advice, so frequently given, to discontinue work for a time is poor, for it gives one all the more opportunity to brood and dwell on self. Eventually the patient becomes literally "trapped" by his own thoughts of fear.
Dr. George E. Dodson, Professor of Philosophy at Washington University, says: "Not hard work, but Mental Conflict is responsible for Nervous Breakdowns which affect one out of every ten persons in the United States." My twenty-three years in specializing in such disorders has shown this to be true.
THIS LITTLE BOOK HAS HELPED THOUSANDS
I have written a 100-page book, "Self Mastery Through Understanding," which is devoted to helpful, interesting and instructive reading on the subjects of Mental Disorders and Nerves. It gives you FACTS. It is pronounced priceless by many. It has started thousands on the road toward peace, poise and greater power. To those who purchase the little book and will fill out the Analysis Blank I shall mail with it, I will give a Preliminary Psychological Analysis without additional charge. WRITE TODAY. The Cost of the book is 25 CENTS.
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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.

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