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FOR WIDE AWAKE SALESMEN!



SELLING NEW SPECIALTY to BUSINESS and PROFESSIONAL MEN



Four $15 Sales Daily Pay $280 Weekly

Boys, when salesmen make three to five hundred dollars a week with a specialty THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO IT! There is! Read here and see for yourself.

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Firms among Our Customers, Larkin Company, Loftis Bros. and Company, LaSalle Extension University, National Radio, Dodd, Mead and Co., Colliers, National Brake Service, Inc., Advance-Rumely Thresher Co., and scores of others nationally known are among our customers. It's a life saver for the smallest merchant who needs it even more than the big firm and he buys quick. 2 sizes—one costs $2.50—sells $7.50; your profit $5, and more, as your sales increase. Other size costs $5—sells $15—your profit $10 and more—every salesman working regularly makes close to $12 profit per sale on this size! Think of that!

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To Bring Customer 10 Times Its Cost in Actual Cash

Customer gets signed certificate of guarantee protecting him, backed by a national organization. Very few business men are so foolish as to turn down a proposition guaranteed to pay ten for one, with proof from leading concerns of the world that it does pay.

Here's What Our Men Make

$400 Weekly!



Between Sept. 6th and Sept. 20th—just two weeks—E. D. Farrell, of Atlanta, Ga., cleaned up $802.50 on his first orders. His sales were all made in three small Georgia towns. His customers are re-ordering, and he is going strong. His sales winning plan is now added to our sure-fire sales manual. Tells where, how and who to sell.

EDDIE FOYER
$4920 in 3 Months

California rings the bell again! Eddie Foyer starts out April 1st and by July 1st he has 410 $15 sales to his credit. Multiply 410 by $12 profit and you've got something to show you the money in this proposition.

ARTHUR FRIEDMAN
$105 Profit on 1 Sub-Agent Sale

Besides his own profits—$1,260 clear in 23 days—Friedman, Wisconsin, gets a $105 bonus on a single sale made by one of his sub-agents! It's all in selling the right thing, boys!

$165 First Day!

Made by E. H. Walker—Georgia—Made one sale to a Columbus, Georgia, organization, and that sale got him four more sales within a few hours. Met another salesman, and the other salesman bought him out! That's the kind of proposition this is.

Leaves 14-Year Job After Making $120 in Spare Time First 5 Days



Here's Sidney Rosenthal, Illinois—This old-timer wired an order for 100 of the $15 size 8 days after getting our sample. He had cleaned up $120 as a sideline in spare time, and wrote: "This is the best and easiest proposition I have ever become associated with. Will specialize on $15 size." One thing's sure—it's just as easy to make real money selling a good line, as to dub along on chicken-feed with a dead line.

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clear for M. L. Tardy, California.

$6,000 First Year
for A. R. Almond, South Carolina. They make good everywhere.

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for W. E. Vaughn, North Carolina.

Write for Other Salesmen's Reports

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Over 1,000 Salesmen Have Joined Us in Last 3 Months

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Your customer is entitled to the service of a national organization bonded by a Surety Company with assets running into the millions. He CAN'T Lose. You are able to show positive safety. This means quick sales and big turn-over for you.

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

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Universal Order of Occult Science.

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Health! Happiness! Success!

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Founded and Edited by Henry Knight Miller

Contents

Page

With the Wits 8

Soul Food 12
Elizabeth Putnam Miller

Christmas Again! 14
Percy B. Prior

Why Prohibition Has Failed! 16
Henry Knight Miller

God Comes to Broadway (An Interview with Richard B. Harrison) 19
A. H. Howland

Mother-for-a-Day (A Story) 22
Dorothy C. Walker

Little Things 24
Francis W. Harland-Edgecumbe

Colonel Cheek—Coffee King 25
Hazel Manley

Secrets of Adjustment 28
Paul Tyner

Many Marriages Can be Saved 30
Harry Hibschman, LL.D.

The Ladders to Success 33
Martha Moore

Before the Baby Came 34
Ann Grace Chapple

The Derelict (A Story) 36
Ouise Vaupel

The High Cost of Misery 38
Harold Hadley Story

What Does Your Boy Want to Be? 40
Ernest Sceman

I Will Succeed 42
Grenville Kleiser

Follow the Gleam! 43
Edward Earle Purinton

Paul Haakon—The Danish Boy Dancer 44
Kenneth M. Swezey

Notes from a Psychology Laboratory 46
Ormal I. Sprungman

Control of the Healing World 48
William A. McKeever, LL.D.

If He Can Do This—(The story of George Dupont-Hansen) 50
Olga Rudholm

Health Culture 52
Galen Gough

What Can We Do For You? 54
C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

You, Too, Can Make Money 56
Pauline Cleaver

"I Think!" 58

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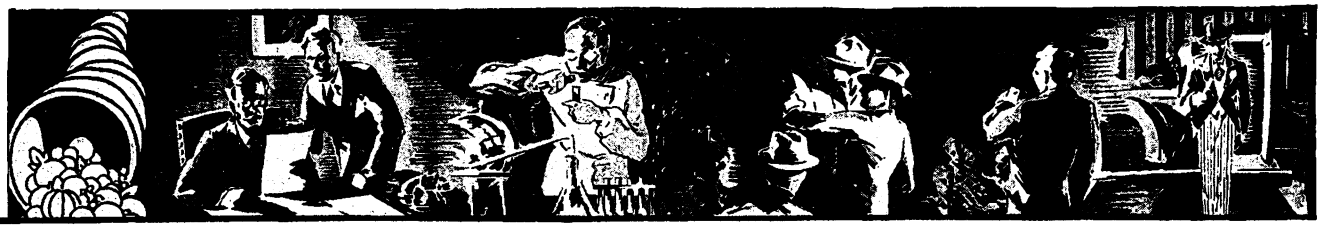
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WHICH ARE YOU



CONQUEROR OR CONQUERED?

"ALL MEN are created equal!" Magic words still doubted by the masses, who ask themselves again and again why the privileged few are great, famous, wealthy, with an abundance of everything . . . while others struggle for life's bare necessities. The answer is this: *each man is a law unto himself—conqueror or conquered, according to his own decree!*

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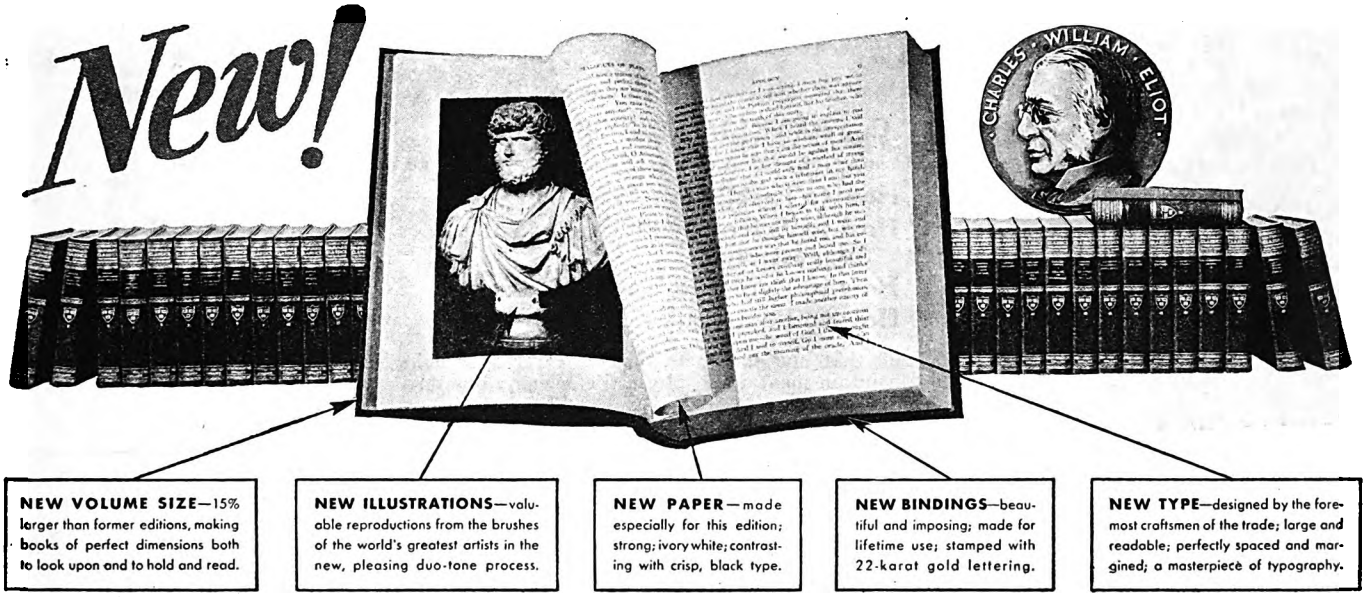
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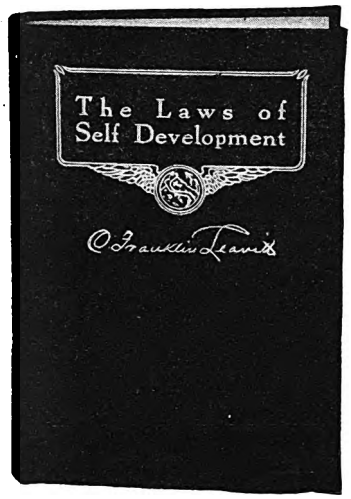
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Quick Thinking

Two Irishmen were working on a new building. Donovan was laying bricks and Murphy was carrying the hod. Murphy had just come up to the fourth floor when the dinner whistle blew. His lunch was on the ground.

"I hate to walk down after it," he said.

"Take hold of this rope," said Donovan, "and I'll let you down."

Donovan let him down half-way and then let go of the rope. Murphy landed in the mortar bed not much hurt, but terribly scared.

"And why did ye drop the rope?" he demanded.

"I thought it was going to break," was the reply, "and I had the presence of mind to let go."

—*The Kablegram.*

A Hot Argument

Never helps develop cool judgment.
Is a poor way to make warm friends.
Seldom settles any real differences.
Cannot be conducted in low tones.
Means tongues in high with brains in neutral.
Never smothers any old animosities.
Seldom increases anyone's self-respect.

—*From Farm Bureau Monthly.*

"Wealth has its penalties," said the philosopher. "Yes," replied the self-made man; "I'd rather be back at the dear old factory than learning to pronounce the names of the old masters in my picture gallery!"

—*Fishing Gazette.*

Inference

The school inspector prepared to give the children an intelligence test.

"Now, children, close your eyes."

The inspector made a noise like a dog panting.

"Now open your eyes and tell me what I was doing."

"Kissing teacher," came the reply from one of the boys in a back seat.

—*The Kablegram.*

Truth

"You look tired."

"Yes, I've had a bad day. That office boy of mine came in with the old story of getting away for his grandmother's funeral, so just to teach him a lesson I said that I would accompany him."

"He took you to the football match, I suppose?"

"No such luck. It *was* his grandmother's funeral."

—*The Kablegram.*

A group of traveling men were swapping lies about their radios in a Smith Center drug store. An old man had been listening silently.

"Got a radio, old man?" asked one of the drummers.

"Yeah," replied the old fellow, "I got a little two-tube affair. It's a pretty good one, tho."

"Can you tune out these little stations with it?"

"Well, I was listening to a quartet the other night, and I didn't like the tenor, so I just tuned him out and listened to the other three."

—*L. A. Chronicle.*

Flapper—My uncle in Venice is sending me a gondola. How am I going to play it?

Big Boy—You don't play a gondola; you throw it over your shoulder like a shawl.

—*Exchange.*

Wow!

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

"Well, you don't have to try to get to heaven tonight."

—*The Kablegram.*

Nonsense

Teacher—Johnny, if five sheep were in a field, and one jumped out, how many would be left?

Johnny—There wouldn't be any left. You might know arithmetic, but you don't know sheep!

—*Great Western Magazine.*

He—I'm groping for words.

She—Well, you don't expect to find them around my neck, do you?

—*Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket.*

"Humph! Your papa is a shoemaker, and you haven't any shoes?"

"Humph, yourself. Your papa is a dentist and your little sister's got only four teeth."

—*Texas Longhorn.*

Financial Wizard

Gentleman—What would you do with a nickel if I gave you one?

Hobo (sarcastically)—Get a new suit, mister, an' some supper, an' a night's lodging, an' some breakfast an' dinner tomorrow.

Gentleman—My good fellow, here's a quarter. Go and support yourself for the rest of your life.

—*American Mutual Magazine.*

Oh! Hi, ho!

Teacher—Who discovered America?

Pupil—Ohio.

Teacher—You're wrong, Columbus discovered it.

Pupil—Oh, I didn't think his first name was necessary.

—*National Real Estate Review.*

Believed in Signs

Mother—Jimmy, did you get that loaf of bread I sent you for?

Jimmy—No. The store was closed.

Mother—What, closed at this time of day?

Jimmy—Sure. There was a sign on the door that said "Home Baking".

—*Stevens Stone Mill.*

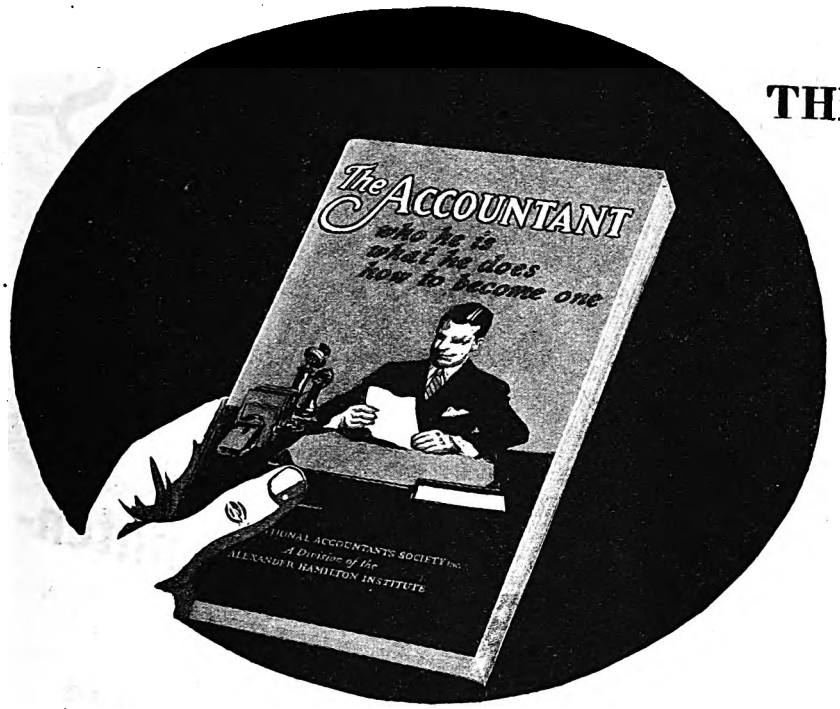
Long Boy—Big boy, wuz George Washington as honest as dey sez he wuz?

Shorty—Ah tell you, George wuz the honestest man dat ever wuz born.

Long Boy—Den how come dey close de banks on his birthday?

—*National Real Estate Review.*

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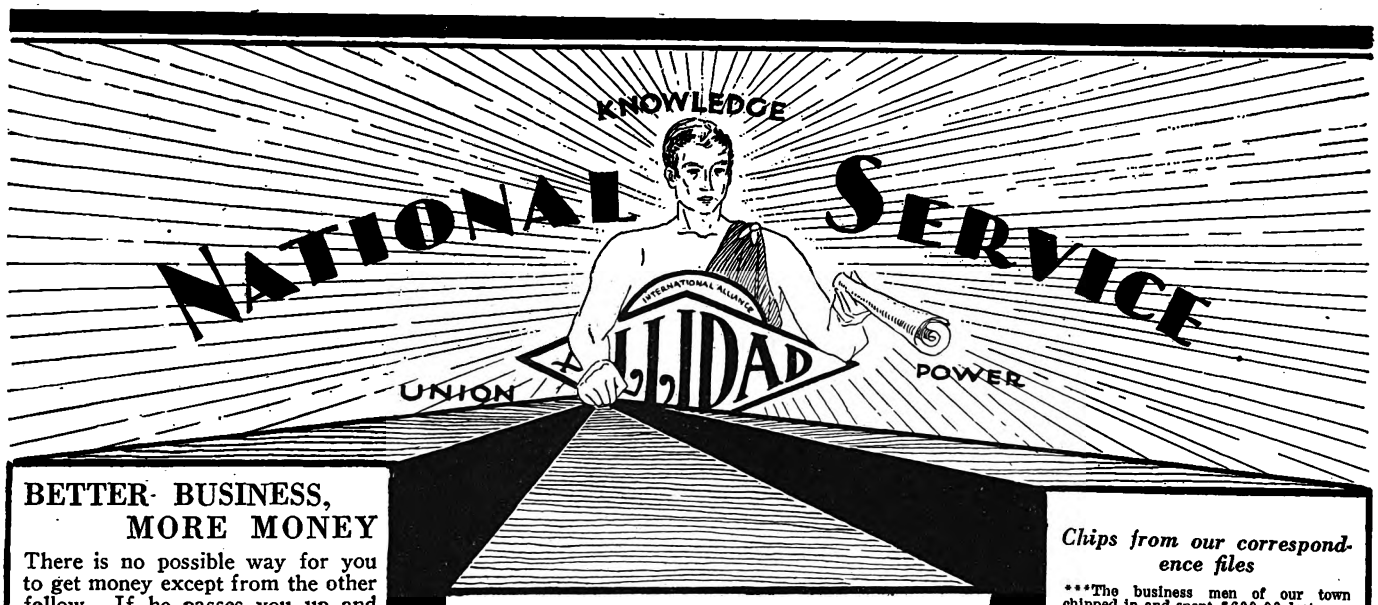
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It makes little difference what business you are in—Banker; Lawyer; Doctor; Merchant; Barber; Carpenter; or what not, you know lots of people who, according to your viewpoint, should spend money with you, but they don't.—*Why?* Do you know anything about their viewpoint—*Why?*

You see literally thousands of dollars in money orders sent away for the purchase of goods from distant cities; other thousands leave by automobile to be spent in bigger cities within driving distance.—*Why?*

The answer will be found right under your nose.

(Excerpt from a recent address by R. G. Parker)

The standard monthly magazine in the field of applied psychology

PSYCHOLOGY

HEALTH HAPPINESS SUCCESS

PSYCHOLOGY PUBLISHING CO., INC.
101 West 31st Street New York City

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

October 6th, 1930.

Mr. S. H. Miles,
General Secretary, ALLIDADS,
Flushing, New York.

Dear Mr. Miles:

We take this means of acknowledging our interest in the plans you and your associates have so clearly explained to us in our several interviews.

Tens of thousands of people are reading and studying PSYCHOLOGICAL subjects today where only hundreds gave it a thought a few years ago. The scientific study of the "other fellow's" viewpoint, to find the reasons for his reactions, is rapidly taking its proper place, and is more and more recognized as fundamentally sound both in theory and in practice.

As these principles become better understood their influence will be still more far-reaching and effective for betterment of conditions in all walks of life.

We are indeed glad to enter whole-heartedly into your program, for we recognize a field in which we may foster and encourage a most worthy cause in which enormous amounts of money and effort are being squandered annually.

I say "squandered" advisedly because there is now no possible way to determine the amount of money spent in random "trade-at-home" publicity, "trading stamp services", "premiums", "contests" and "specialty advertising" campaigns. Nor is there a means through which any benefits that might come from this expenditure can be checked and followed up.

ALLIDAD does offer such an agency and will tend to put all such activities on a business-like basis that should not only cut the costs very materially, but increase the boneficial results by reason of its ability to standardize its program and follow through and use every advantage it gains.

We are ready to proceed along the lines outlined in our last interview as soon as we have your confirmation.

Very sincerely yours,
HENRY KNIGHT MILLER.

Clips from our correspondence files

***The business men of our town chipped in and spent $600.00 last year in a "trade-at-home" newspaper advertising campaign that ran for 26 weeks; before the series was fully published we were sick of it . . . no results except a lot of "explaining" to offended neighbors. What was wrong?

***A group of fourteen merchants, myself included, held a meeting in the Chamber of Commerce some time ago and resolved that something ought to be done to stop the flow of money out of our community to the mail order houses. Nobody offered a sound plan, but we felt that we just had to do something, so we passed another resolution.—Is there a solution to our problem and can you put your finger on it?

***A salesman came to our town last Spring and lined up one merchant in each line of business and sold them a "Trading Stamp Service". His line of chatter was good and I came within an ace of "going in" myself. Thus far I have failed to see any evidence of extra prosperity in the vicinity of those who did contribute. Is this sort of thing worth while to anybody except the salesman who sold it?

***Swarms of door-to-door peddlers flock into our town each season and sell merchandise no better nor cheaper than our merchants can sell the same grades.—Is there any way to discourage this practice and hold the business at home?

ALLIDAD will answer these and a thousand other questions to your entire satisfaction and amazement. ALLIDAD will point out and clearly explain the solutions to your problems and show you how to *get the business.*

The big merchandising institutions in distant cities who compete with you for business in your community are not your enemies; in fact, they are the finest sort of folks when you know them, but they are *business men* and they are *organized.*

You have every advantage and every means immediately at hand with which to successfully meet any and all outside competition in your home field, and if you use these advantages properly you will *get the business.*

INTERSTATE ALLIANCE ALLIDAD APPROVED

ALLIDAD has been launched as a NATIONAL SERVICE BUREAU to function particularly in the interests of the smaller communities, towns and cities by providing and maintaining a thoroughly organized agency through which they may co-operate in their efforts to meet all forms of outside competition. Its slogan is—"KEEP THE HOME-TOWN DOLLAR CIRCULATING AT HOME."

ALLIDAD is not a social or luncheon club, it has no mysterious ceremonies, secret grips or passwords. It is organized to render a strictly business service in a field where such an organization has long been needed.

INTERSTATE ALLIANCE ALLIDAD APPROVED

SUPREME COUNCIL
Interstate Alliance of ALLIDADS
875 Sixth Ave.—New York, N. Y.

I am very much interested in any program that will *"Keep the home-town dollar circulating at home".*

Without obligating me in any way, please send detailed information about the ALLIDAD plan and how I may co-operate.

My business is .....
There are .... newspapers published in my town.

Name.....

Address.....

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

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Courtesy Italy America Society Service

. . . Shines Naples Bay in sapphire hue.

Soul Food

By Elizabeth Putnam Miller

WHERE are the things my starved soul loves?
The tender shades of evening's close,
The gentle cooing of the doves
And sweet white fragrance of the rose?

The sea—the sea—piled wave on wave
And crested with the sun's delight!
The ripe, rich, purple wine men crave,
The virgin's image crowned with light?

Where is the iridescent Spring,
And where is Autumn's radiant gleam?
The rustling touch of Winter's wing
And Summer's drowsy, heavy dream?

The things I love are in my life!
No loss can rob me of their power;
A silver ribbon thru the strife,
They glorify my darkest hour.

For thru the swirls of smoke so gray,
Past high stone walls and frowning tower,
Comes tripping rosy Yesterday,
Around her feet no dark clouds lower.

She brings me all her treasures rare—
The liquid gaze of Persian moon,
Sorrento's gay, transcendent air
And England's flower-laden June.

While deep within my aching heart
Shines Naples Bay in sapphire hue,
Not time nor place can tear apart
My soul and that triumphant blue!

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Has the World Suddenly Stumbled onto the True Secrets

that Brought these Men Wealth...Power... Success?

Forty-three poor men—using methods described in this amazing new book—became millionaires. A Milwaukee man, fired from 20 jobs, discovered one of the secrets, and quickly rose to wealth and fame. A certain obscure man, using similar methods, secretly controlled the actions of a President of the United States. How hundreds of other men have forged their way to the top to achieve power, wealth, success—all using the same simple yet little known methods of handling people—is brought to light in a revolutionary new book.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
He had an uncanny knack of making people want to work for him—turning enemies into friends. The strategies he used are explained in this remarkable new book.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER—As a young man he bluffed with his check book. The methods he used for removing obstacles can be just as well used by anyone, once they are known.



HENRY FORD—who started out as a mechanic. Methods he used in handling people are now put within the reach of everyone who reads *Strategy in Handling People*.

DURING the past two and one-half years a most remarkable research has been carried to a successful conclusion. Two men, one a Professor of Psychology at Northwestern University—the other a business man well known for his part in the success of many of the country's leading business concerns—working with a corps of assistants, have made an intensive study of the lives of hundreds of the world's most successful men. Many of these were such prominent men as John D. Rockefeller, Henry Ford, Theodore Roosevelt, Charles Schwab and Mark Hanna. Others were men less commonly known but who had achieved unusual wealth or success in their particular field. One by one all of these men contributed their bit to the story—and at last the final results are ready for you.

Strategy in Handling People

The title of the revolutionary book, which brings you the results of these findings, is the key to what it contains. It is called *Strategy in Handling People* because it has been found that invariably the man who achieves success learns or knows naturally how to get along with people, how to deal with them, how to influence them. Never before has the true significance of the ability to handle people, for those who expect to achieve success, been brought to light.

Applied by the average individual, the simple, yet little known methods that are unfolded in this book have an immediate, positive effect that is almost unbelievable. Whether you are a business executive, a young man or woman, a teacher, lawyer, laborer or clerk, your path to advancement is unalterably influenced by your every-day contact with people.

When you read *Strategy in Handling People*, you will realize at once that here is the greatest stimulus for success that you have ever found. Do you want a raise in pay? Do you want to win the good will of a certain person? Do you want to learn how to impress people—how to win arguments—how to sell yourself and your ideas—how to make people work for you—how to insure your popularity both in business and social life? These are problems that confront you every day, perhaps up to this time the most trying and perplexing problems of your life. But now you will learn how to solve these problems by simple methods that anyone can use, with definite examples of how great and successful men have met each situation.

Already this history-making book has brought a new power of success to thousands of men. Professor R. S. Woodworth of Columbia University, former President of the American Psychological Association says: "This sane and scientific explanation of the reasons for success will open the eyes af every young man who reads it." Thomas Edison, Walter Chrysler, John Raskob, Wm. Wrigley, Jr.—and many others among America's most influential men—are unstinting in their praise of this great work.

What *America's Leading Men Say About This Book*



THOMAS A. EDISON—"Not only extremely interesting, but also of great practical value."
Thos. A. Edison



WALTER CHRYSLER—"It should prove of great interest and value to all young business men."
Walter Chrysler

Yours for 5 Days Free

The publishers are so confident that you will never be without this book once you have opened its illuminating pages that they are now making a special introductory offer to send it for 5 days' free use.



You do not have to send a cent—simply mail the coupon below. If you decide to keep the book send the publishers $3.00, otherwise send the book back and it costs you nothing. Mail the coupon now while this introductory offer is being made.

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232 East Erie Street Chicago, Illinois

BOULTON, PIERCE & CO., Dept. W-10
232 East Erie St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of *Strategy in Handling People* for 5 days' free examination. It is understood that at the end of 5 days I will either return the book without cost or obligation—or keep it as my own and send you $3.00 in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

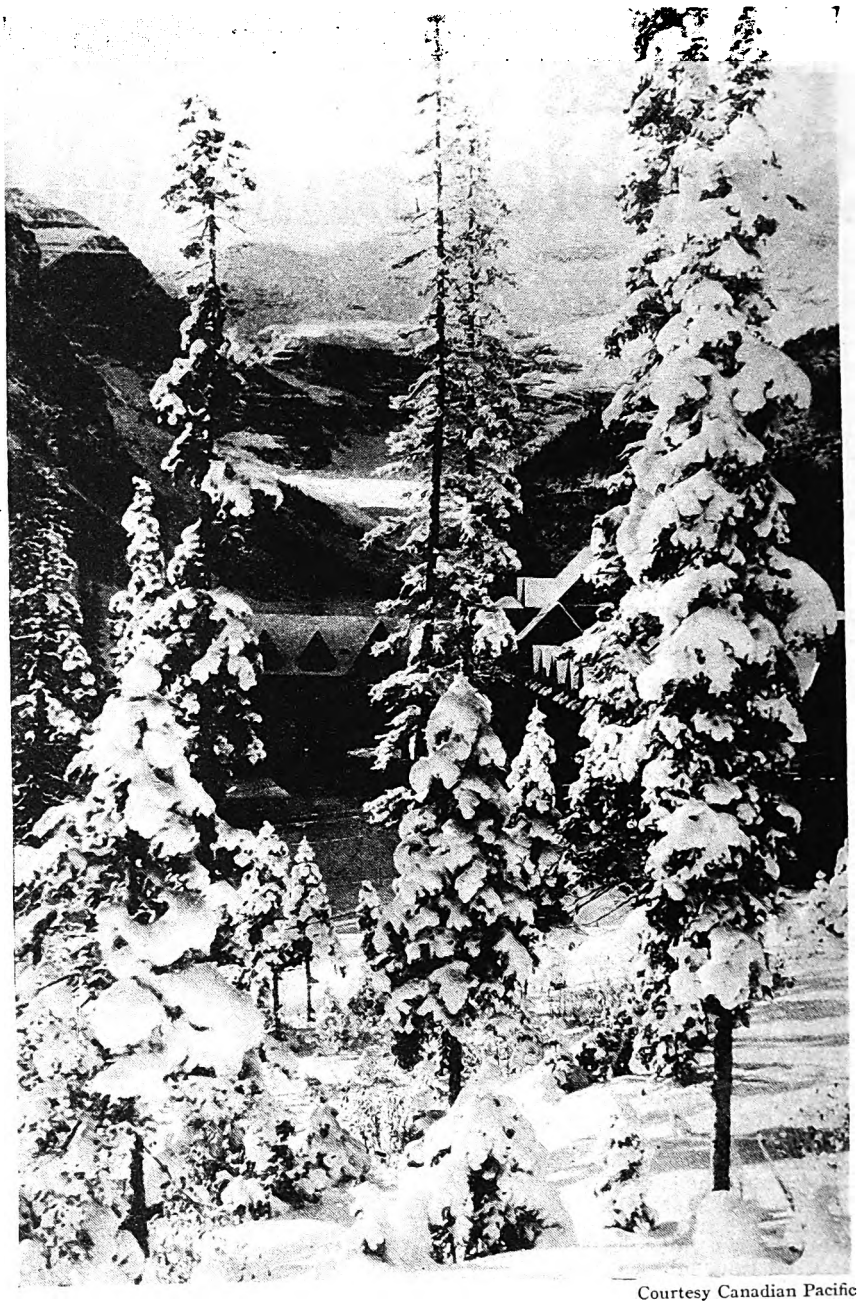
City.....*State*.....

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Christmas Again!

By

Percy B. Prior



Courtesy Canadian Pacific

CHRISTMAS again. And our spirits grow merrier,
Down drops each selfish, conventional barrier,
Hearts beat more lightly and footsteps grow airier.
This is the glorious period when
All 'round the planet, whatever the latitude,
Mortals are glowing with love and with gratitude,
Life for the moment is full of beatitude,
Christmas again!

This is the happy and this is the jolly day,
This is the dearest and tenderest folly-day,
This is the magical, mistletoe-holly day,
Which we have with us but once in the year.
Come on, we're good little pals all together now,
Old folks and young folks, we're birds of a feather now—
Christmas is here!

Isn't it good to be friends with humanity,
Preaching something like true Christianity?
Must we go back to the greed and the vanity
Which have made sorrow and woe among men?
Christmas-time spirit—how splendid a thrill it is!
Let us preserve it, with all our abilities;
Hold to it, practice it, live it, until it is
Christmas again!

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A Chance Afforded for Membership in the Psychology Family

THE cooperative-ownership plan for PSYCHOLOGY readers announced in previous issues of this publication, has been embraced with enthusiasm by a host of ardent admirers and regular readers of this sparkling magazine.

PSYCHOLOGY reaches the remotest centers of the United States and has a wide diffusion on foreign shores.

The present allotment of shares in the Psychology Publishing Company is offered at ten dollars ($10.) per share for upwards of ten shares; for one (1) share up to ten (10) shares the present price will be twelve dollars ($12.). Most Psychology followers in comfortable circumstances have naturally been inclined to purchase enough stock to avail themselves of the ten dollar ($10.) price; but we desire it unmistakably understood that subscriptions for one (1) share are welcomed with equal cordiality.

It is no exaggeration to assert that Dr. Miller's following is loyal to this new undertaking on behalf of his organization and his present and prospective shareholders.

It is his sincere desire that those who have upheld him since the initial publication of PSYCHOLOGY, seven and one-half years ago, be permitted now to share in the oncoming era of financial prosperity for his magazine.

The mere intimation that his multitude of readers would be given an opportunity to join what might be aptly termed The Brotherhood of Psychology has met with overwhelming response from his consistently growing audience.

In offering this privilege of ownership-participation Dr. Miller and his immediate associates are exultant in the fact that the sale of the magazine is showing a remarkable growth each month on the newsstands.

We are justifiably enthused in announcing that during last month alone the circulation increased over 14,000, which accomplishment is a favorable augury of what the circulation-campaign may achieve within a few months' time.

The success of magazines from a financial standpoint is unquestionable and undeniable. During the recent cataclysm in the general market, leading magazine shares were shock-proof, even in the semi-demoralization which ensued in the remainder of the market.

The ambition is foremost with those who control the destinies of PSYCHOLOGY magazine that this steadily increasing earning capacity of the periodical will find fruition at a not distant day in liberal dividends to shareholders who take prompt advantage of the opportunity to buy the remaining shares of the present allotment.

Some of the Vivid Accomplishments of PSYCHOLOGY

Besides its educational values, its stimulus to brain and sinew, its leverage toward the higher and serener zones of thought—PSYCHOLOGY magazine presents some admirable aspects from a purely commercial viewpoint. Its circulation long since breasted the tape at 100,000; the volume increased last month, as stated, by over 14,000 copies; on such a sustained ratio of increase, the circulation should in time register hundreds of thousands, with at least the million mark as its visible objective. How does that appeal to you from the basis of a sound, safe and lucrative form of investment?

To suggest that you join the inner circle of PSYCHOLOGY through shareholder-membership is merely an invitation to rid yourself of old dogmas, of a channel of thought probably long become obsolete, to join the legions that are marching not to the valleys but to the higher altitudes of progress and enlightenment.

Arrival of the PSYCHOLOGY magazine is awaited with eagerness in the rich man's palace and the poor man's abode; and, strangely enough, such is its fascination, the monthly visits of PSYCHOLOGY are as welcome to the bespectacled grandpa as to the ambitious and knowledge-seeking younger generation.

You are cautioned that the present allotment is diminishing speedily and hence your order should be mailed at once.

In becoming a member of The Brotherhood of Psychology, you are not only paying a tribute to the high attributes of Dr. Miller but to the invincible principles of Psychology, which open to the mind new vistas of thought that favorably influence your lives, both physically and mentally.

PSYCHOLOGY primarily emancipates you from the commonplace.

The writings of Dr. Miller will give you a vision of new horizons you never dreamed of—such as may have come to the startled eyes of scientists when the powerful lenses of astronomers at Mt. Wilson revealed a hitherto unknown planetary system.

You are urged to join its ever-broadening circle of PSYCHOLOGY enthusiasts.

Do so today by signing and returning to us the subjoined form of application. Your communication will receive careful and immediate consideration, whether your order is for a small or large amount of stock.

Further information readily available to you if desired.

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

PUBLISHERS' SECURITIES CO.
220 Broadway, New York, N. Y. (1032)

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

Additional information sent upon request ☐ (check here).

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

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Why Prohibition

By

Henry Knight Miller

IN A former article of this series we showed how completely prohibition has failed. The writer set forth in some detail his fifteen years of activity in the crusade to make America dry. He believed that prohibition would abolish crime, eliminate political corruption, protect youths and maidens, save for legitimate industry the two billion dollars then being spent for liquor and save the lives of thousands who were dying each year of acute alcoholism. In the November issue, we set forth in detail not only how every one of these promises has failed of fulfilment, but how every one of these conditions has been greatly aggravated and intensified by the prohibition fiasco.

Crime has alarmingly increased. Political corruption has become everywhere a public scandal because of the unlimited profits of bootleg booze. The youth of our land are being despoiled by the speakeasies and are drinking to an extent undreamed of in pre-prohibition days. The present liquor bill is billions in excess of that of pre-prohibition days. Where one citizen died of acute alcoholism before, now scores are murdered by poisoned liquor and quick-trigger-pulling enforcement agents. Prohibition is an utter and monstrous failure which threatens the very security of America.

We now ask, "Why has prohibition failed?"

FIRST: It attempts coercion of the citizens. You can drive a slave but it is difficult to force a free man. The majority of Americans have never been convinced that prohibition was advisable. They felt that they were neither consulted nor convinced as to the propriety of the law. Suddenly they were confronted with a summary command to change a habit whose traditions reached back to the earliest dawn of the race. They rebelled, as naturally they might, and their rebellion nullified the prohibition law.

SECOND: There was deep set objection to the method whereby prohibition was "put over" and an increasing resentment to the methods used to keep it in force. Prohibition was originally a war measure. Emotionally stirred with appeals to patriotism, the citizens of the United States were willing to make any sacrifice to help win the war. It was alleged that the grain and sugar used in making liquor were needed for the armies. Hence there was little opposition to war-time prohibition. While the boys were fighting in France resolutions were rushed thru the various state legislatures approving the prohibition of the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors.

There can be no question that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment was the work of a highly organized minority. The majority were never for prohibition but they were unorganized and their votes did not count for much. Every legislator had the threat of the organized opposition of the Anti-Saloon-League-directed voters from the various churches. The legislators were interested primarily in being elected and knew they could be elected by the rank and file of their parties plus the dry vote which respected no party lines. Hence the avalanche of dry politicians, most of whom voted dry but continued to drink wet.

NOW the situation has changed. Prohibition has utterly failed. Yet the Anti-Saloon League continues to use the whip, hysterically trying to hold the politicians in line. Where they cannot control the state conventions they use the despicable, throat-cutting expedient of placing a third party candidate in the field without a hope of winning, just to force the party attacked to keep in line in the future, ignoring the majority sentiment, in order to hold the vote of this organized, fanatical minority.

These tactics strike deep at the very heart of representative government. The whole idea of the framers of our Constitution was that men should be elected in good faith to represent the majority sentiment of their constituents. But the Anti-Saloon League has no respect for this theory of government. They use the methods of the gutter and underworld in attempting to force their will on candidates for office, regardless of majority sentiment.

At the present writing New York State is doubtless 6 to 1 wet. The Democratic party in New York has always been wet. The Republican party delegates at their state convention, reflecting the overwhelming majority of their constituents, voted a platform calling for repeal. Then the Anti-Saloon League and kindred dry fanatics stepped in and nominated a third party candidate, not with any hope of winning the election but simply to take away enough votes from the regular nominee to defeat him and thus compel future conventions to declare a dry platform in utter defiance of the majority sentiment of the state. This is dirty politics, and any cause which must resort to such means is entitled to no consideration by the citizens. A law which is maintained by corrupt, un-American, political trickery, in open assault against the very genius of the American representative form of government, deserves no consideration. The citizens will naturally flaunt, break, nullify and defy such a law if they are free men

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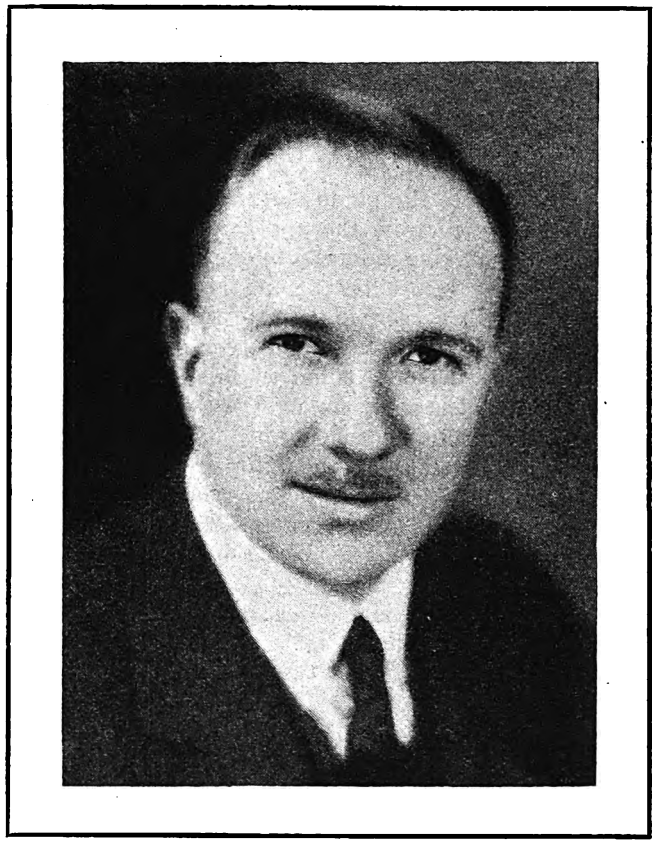
Has Failed!

and not mere cringing slaves. The League has consistently opposed every poll, referendum or other means of obtaining a popular vote on the subject of prohibition because it knows it was put over and is maintaining by trickery, subterfuge and dishonorable methods, a law which the people do not want, have not accepted and will never submit to.

THIRD: Prohibition has failed because it seeks to supplant education with legislation. Laws are effective only when they represent the majority consciousness of the people. A critical history of humanity reveals that laws have been successfully codified only to the extent that they represent customs and traditions already established. Aside from that, new ideas must be "sold" to the community thru the slow process of education. Before prohibition the number of temperate drinkers and total abstainers was increasing constantly thru the force of the educational campaigns against drinking. Once the Eighteenth Amendment was passed, everything was staked by prohibitionists on the law and education was neglected. Hence there is probably more wide-spread drinking today than before prohibition. If the drinking of liquor is to be curtailed it must be thru education and moral suasion rather than summary legislation.

FOURTH: The "inferiority complex" is almost universal in society. There are numberless expediencies resorted to by its victims in an effort to offset its effect upon the ego. The popularity of Charlie Chaplin was largely due to his ridicule of constituted authorities. With a gang of twenty cops in unfruitful pursuit of Charlie, the crowd howled with glee at his successful evasion. To defy any law gives a certain sense of superiority. The individual feels his importance. No bunch of inane fanatics can tell him what to do. If he wants to drink, he will drink and he drinks whether he wants to or not, just to prove his superiority over at least one law. There are tens of thousands who today drink persistently just because they get a kick out of defying the law who, if they could buy liquor openly with the romantic glamor of law-defiance removed, would probably seldom, if ever, drink.

FIFTH: While the Civil War was fought in part to determine the question of states' rights, and it was determined that the majority of states might dictate to a minority, there is a persistent feeling that the principle of self determination is paramount. It is not so much a matter of states' rights as it is a question as to whether the people of one section should dictate as to the personal habits of the people of another section. Every law of reason and common sense would rule that they should not. If the people of Kansas want to regulate their personal habits according to their own majority sentiment and majority customs well and good. But when they seek to dictate as to what the residents of New York City shall do and how they shall behave they are going far afield. The latter refuse to accept this arbitrary dictation and will doubtless continue to defy outside interference with an almost complete degree of success.



DR. MILLER

SIXTH: Prohibition failed to take the profit out of liquor. The curse of liquor is in its commercialization. It is the profit feature which has been at the basis of liquor ills. The treating system in the old saloon was fostered because it vastly added to profits. The brewers and distillers spent vast sums advertising their product to stimulate and increase the demand. Prohibition, far from eliminating the profit in liquor, has vastly increased profits. For the brewer, distiller and saloon keeper, prohibition has substituted the bootlegger, speakeasy operator, hi-jacker, gangster, racketeer, gunman. So great are the profits involved that the big liquor barons are able to control the politicians, police, enforcement agencies and judicial machinery. In cities like New York and Chicago they carry on their activities openly. The biggest bootlegger in America boasts that his trucks cover sixteen states unmolested and that his protection pay roll amounts to one hundred million dollars a year. More money by far is being made in the liquor racket today than under license and it is going into the pockets of the underworld, criminals, gangsters, gunmen. Until some solu-

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tion is offered which will take the profit out of liquor, the evil of excessive drinking will continue to menace our national welfare.

SEVENTH: Human nature has not yet evolved to the plane of perfection at which the average man can resist the appeal of easy money, especially when taking this easy money is part of a system, condoned by fellow agents and winked at by superiors. It has been impossible to enforce prohibition—except with fair success in certain rural states—because of the personal equation in the matter of enforcement. Successive changes of personnel have resulted in no improvement in enforcement. New groups were bought off like their predecessors. City police departments, state police, sheriffs, state and federal enforcement agents have alike proved impotent to combat the veritable flood of bootleg booze because, while the average man will not steal, it is a rare man indeed who will not take graft. Prohibition has failed because it depended not on angels but upon men for its enforcement, and most men can be bought.

EIGHTH: Prohibition has also failed because it overlooked the fact that liquor with all of its evils does fulfill certain social ends. The dry crusader failed to "give the devil his due". We saw only one side—drunkenness, poverty, crime, misery, death. But there is another side. There are millions of moderate drinkers who desire the stimulation which liquor affords. It helps them to forget, for a time at least, their troubles. It releases the tension of modern life. It throws a little glamor over many an otherwise hard, drab life and it does create sociability. It promotes conviviality. It breaks down the frigid barriers between men. Have you ever attended a men's banquet where a dull time was being had by all? Then some drinks were provided—not enough to lead to intoxication but just enough to quicken the pulse and create a feeling of social mellowness. As if by magic the whole atmosphere changes. Smiles replace frowns. Laughter replaces sighs. Songs break out. Good fellowship becomes contagious. These are truths the prohibitionist overlooked. And because there is this side to the subject, the resistance to prohibition has been deep seated in the consciousness of the average citizen.

Prohibition has been tested and found wanting. It is worse than a failure. It is becoming a menace. Were it not for our cumbersome machinery for amending or repealing amendments to the constitution it would be swept aside by a rising tide of awakened public sentiment. Its repeal may take years but it must be repealed. The moral conscience of clear thinking patriots demands it. America must be saved from this pestilence. But we should not go back to the evils of the license system. That system was tried with various degrees of regulation and was found wanting. While prohibition is an ignoble failure, it at least is an effort to cure another intolerable situation.

THE question naturally arises, "What is to be done?" Answers to this query vary considerably.

Some advocate modification of the Volstead law to permit the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer. But there is considerable divergence of opinion as to what alcoholic content should be made permissible and the bootleg traffic in stronger drinks would doubtless continue.

Out and out repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment with a return to state control, leaving each state free to face the problem in its own way, is advocated by many opponents of prohibition. The difficulties are legion. It would mean the return of the saloon with the treating system and little regulation in many localities. Laws differing in each state would create a veritable chaos. The bootleg industry would continue to thrive. The gangsters who now control the situation would still thrive, forcing the purchase of their liquor by violence and bloodshed.

Some advocate a system similar to that of Canada where the government retails liquor in amounts limited to each purchaser and where only beer and wine may be retailed in restaurants and beer parlors by the bottle. Doubtless the Canadian plan is infinitely better than prohibition. But it has many defects. We are for it unless there is a better solution.

IN the next article in this series a solution will be offered which should appeal to both drys and wets, barring selfish professional agitators in the ranks of both. We believe it is the first satisfactory, constructive solution to be offered. It goes deeper than the superficial aspects and puts its finger on the real source of all the trouble, offering a sure way out. When this article appears, we should be glad to have our readers send in comments, offering either criticism or constructive suggestions.

Dr. Miller has written two penetrating articles on the menace of prohibition, showing how it has failed and the reasons for that failure.

He feels deeply that something must be done to save America from this situation. The license system had too many evils to warrant its return. But THERE IS A SOLUTION TO THIS PERPLEXING PROBLEM.

PSYCHOLOGY has an adequate solution and will reveal it in the next issue. The world will be startled by its simplicity and reasonableness.

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God Comes to Broadway

By A. H. Howland

An Interview with Richard B. Harrison and Some Comments on "The Green Pastures"



Wide World

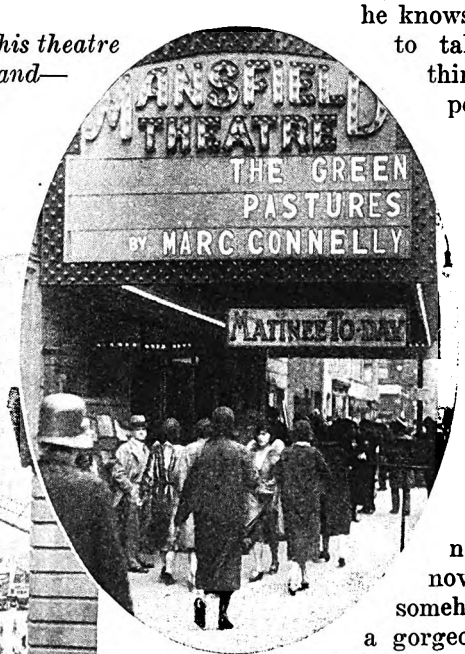
Mr. Harrison leaving his lodgings in Harlem for—

THERE is nothing to distinguish the block on West 139th Street between Lenox and Seventh Avenues from any of a hundred other blocks in the colored section of Harlem. There is the inevitable little candy, cigar and fruit stand on the corner; brown-skinned, well and less well dressed young men move about on the every-day errands of their work, or linger in little groups to discuss matters of business or pleasure; here and there a young couple meet and engage in more or less earnest conversation; children troop home from school and smaller children play in the streets, dodging the passing cars; velvet-skinned babies lie asleep under the light blankets of their carriages. Along Lenox Avenue the trolley cars crash and clang on their way north or south.

the raucous clatter and blatant white lights of Broadway.



his theatre and—



One finds the entrance at Number 110 and rings the second bell on the left. The latch is released and one enters. At the head of the stairs stands a rugged, benign, light-skinned man, evidently just passed the sixty-year mark; a comfortable sack house-coat and seasoned pipe in his fingers add to the impression of "every-dayness." He smiles—a rare sort of smile—and holds out his hand.

"Come on up, and come in."

It is an unusual voice—resonant, firm—a voice that could, one knows, be either terribly stern or terribly kind.

He grasps your hand and takes you into the simply but well furnished dining room. You sit with him at the dining-room table. Altho he knows you have come to talk about something else, you happen to say, making amends for being late for your appointment, that you have been extra busy with some articles about poverty.

He laughs. (And that is another sound that brings a novel sensation; novel, yet one is somehow reminded of a gorgeous sunrise, and perhaps, the fragrance of lilac blooms).

"I guess we all know something about poverty," he says. "I have been poor all my life."

"Tell me about God," you say, almost bruskly. "Tell me what your play means to you. Is the God you portray a real God—or a symbol of all the idealism of the human spirit? Who are you, really? And what do you believe?"

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You know your questions are crude, and too impetuous. But you want to to get quickly at the soul of this Miracle Man of the American Stage. You know he means something to you—to New York, to the nation, to the world, to this age and the ages to come. And now that you are sitting with him in his dining-room it is difficult to be becomingly patient.

You are talking to Richard B. Harrison, star of *The Green Pastures,* the man who has brought God to Broadway.

The conversation is interrupted from time to time by callers. From the front parlor comes the sound of a piano. He explains that the friend in whose home he has his quarters, while separated from his family in the South during this New York engagement, is giving a music lesson. A happy faced young colored woman comes up to make final arrangements for a program Mr. Harrison is arranging for the Abyssinian Baptist Church. A slender young Negress, whose face seems familiar, comes on an errand connected with the play.

"Are you in the cast?" one asks on being presented.

God smiles—and says: "She is one of the angels."

When you two are alone again, the actor says, answering your question:

"I am trying to be a symbol of what I believe!"

And believe it he does. Theologically, Mr. Harrison is in no sense a modernist. He believes the Bible. He believes in and believes the God of the Bible.

Since the conversation had begun with the mention of poverty, he goes on with that:

"I've always been poor. My parents were poor. But they were proud. They were not fanatics, but they believed in God. They believed that God would provide. And he always did." Again that rare smile. "I've been in some tight places in my life. But it seemed that Someone was taking care of me—of our family, Many favors were showered upon us. I think it was because of our faith."

And what rationalist can disprove it!

He told some of those early episodes that made it appear to him that some special Providence was watching over him. He retold the now familiar facts about his ancestry and birth, and some further facts, not so well known.

"My parents, you know, were slaves. My mother was a Roman Catholic, a slave in the home of John William Chauteau, of St. Louis. He was the founder of St. Louis, and something of an adventurer. My father, Thomas Harrison, was a slave in the household of the Bullocks, a Protestant family of Lexington, Kentucky.

"Both my parents escaped from their masters, made their way to Canada and were married at London, Ontario, in 1854. They left Canada and went to Haiti, but found that they preferred Canada and returned in 1864. Passing thru New York about a month before I was born, my mother attended a theatre in which one of the Booths was playing *Richard the Third.* She was profoundly moved." Again the rare smile. "I don't know whether or not that had anything to do with my intense interest in the stage and my enjoyment of giving a lot of Shakespeare in my dramatic readings.

"As to denominations, altho my mother was born a Catholic, we children were brought up in the Episcopal church. But I like the Methodists and Baptists as well as any. . . ."

Then, once more the rare smile, and, with an extra twinkle of the kindly eyes: "In my heart I am one of the old-time Negroes."

Such is the man who has stirred the soul of New York as it has not been stirred in a generation, has recaptured some of the lost light of spiritual inspiration and brought it—unbelievable as it may be—right to the centre of the raucous clatter and the blatant white lights of Broadway.

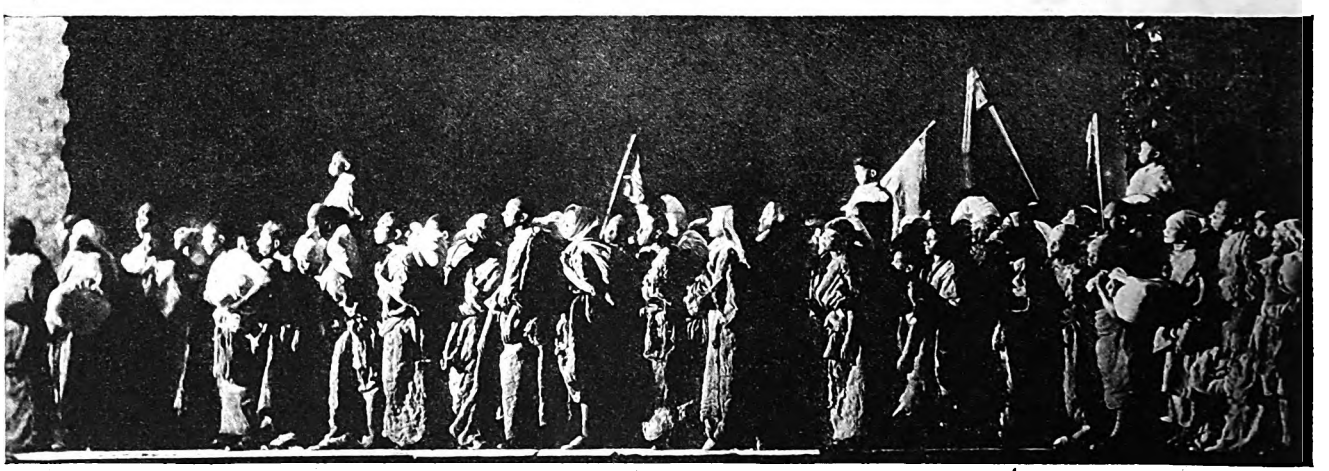
What does it mean?

The modern mind is supposed to have lost its sense of sin. We talk now in other terms. Conscience is a nervous disease. The sense of guilt may be a mild form of insanity. Even Kant's "categorical imperative", savors too much of bondage, of subservience to Super-Power, Super-Law. This is the age of science, the Age of Reason. But where is the rationalist who will come forward and explain Richard B. Harrison, and *The Green Pastures?*

It is idle—worse than idle, it is downright silly—to say that the play and Harrison's portrayal of the Deity is merely the depiction of the American Negro's understanding of religion. It is immeasurably more than that.

The black angel Gabriel stands forth pompously and announces, "Gangway! Gangway for the Lord, God, Jehovah!" And Harrison appears.

I doubt if there is another man living today who



The hosts of Israel marching on toward Jericho.

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could come from behind the wings after such an announcement without making himself ludicrous, an object of scornful laughter.

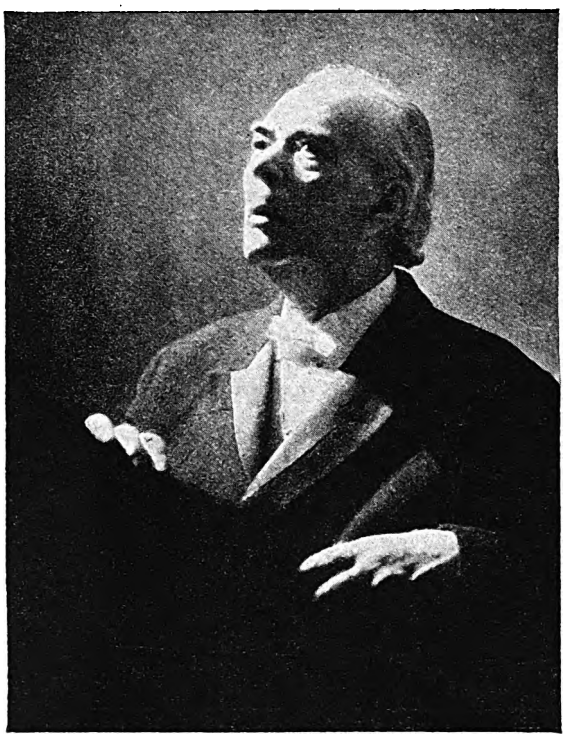
Of course there is plenty of laughter in *The Green Pastures.* Bradford and Connelly and Harrison counted on that. But it is reverent laughter—genuine merriment at the gaiety of heaven as well as at the naive simplicity of human nature and its effort to grasp the divine. But as the play unfolds, every mind is aware that something deeper is being dealt with than the reason can plumb.

The Deity that Harrison portrays is, to be sure, the Deity of the American Negro. But it is also the Deity of the Jew, of the Catholic, of every kind of Protestant; it is the Deity of the metaphysician; it is even the Deity of the scientist who still believes that the universe has Order and Intelligence. One might venture to go even farther and say it is the Deity that atheistic philosophers will grant may some day be achieved thru the evolution of the human spirit.

Whatever it may or may not be—as one watches the sublime drama of the Scriptures unfold—to the accompaniment of the rich music of the heavenly choir—one knows that the feelings that have been aroused, the visions that have been evoked, stand for all that is highest, deepest and most beautiful in human experience and human hope.

Integrity and Idealism. Perhaps these two words come as near as any to expressing the power of *The Green Pastures.*

Standards of conduct change from age to age. Students of sociology may regret that the play seems innocent of any understanding of property and the place its regulation has had in the development of legal and moral codes; anti-militarists will regret that the purest character in the play, next to God himself and the Hosea whose shadow, only, is seen in the corridors of heaven, is a soldier, fighting the enemy to the death at the gates of Jerusalem; students of the problems of sex relationships may ask with a smile why the God of *The Green Pastures* was at once so pleased with the love-making of Adam and Eve and so displeased with the love-making of exiled Cain and his mischievous "girl".



"God's heart has been broken."

But, as the play rolls on, one senses that these superficial codes are only items in the transcendental drama of man's march toward Perfection. And one catches, ever more clearly as the scenes shift, the gleam of the Pillar of Fire in the sky, the call—nay, the *command* "Come up higher!"

Two or three spiritual findings seem to stand out stanchly in the play. First, the sanctity of work. God complains to Gabriel, "Mankind, that I've been peopling my earth with, ain't much. I wanted them to work. But mankind is lazy, and mean, and full of sin."

Second, the apparent necessity of suffering. Even God suffers, as Wells made out so clearly—the "Suffering God", of his treatise on the "Invisible King". Harrison makes the sufferings of God very real. St. Paul felt it: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain." We like to think there might be another path to Perfection than the Path of Pain. But perhaps there is not.

Third, the point of Faith. The Scriptures say, "Without faith it is impossible to please *Him.*" Modern psychology finds that without faith it is impossible to please *oneself.* There must be faith in that better, higher self that, in the midst of life's tragic failures, keeps on striving for expression.

Fourth, mercy. One sees (*Continued on page 60*)



Moses, "all his mighty strength ebbed away—nothing now but weakness and defeat."

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A Story of Starved Hearts and a Christmas Answer

Mother-for-a-Day

SHE WAS the luckiest woman in the world. Her friends all told her so. She had everything. Gold and platinum, diamonds and emeralds. Rubies when she was pleased to wear them. An imported car of her own, a great brick mansion, so many servants that she stumbled over them. She had perfect health and good looks and a husband who adored her.

Yet on the morning of the day before Christmas she locked herself into her bedroom so that she could cry. She cried stormily, pounding a rare secretary desk with both hands as tho she didn't give a rap whether she wrecked it or not. She didn't. He had gone off and left her again. For three years running he, her husband, had taken the day before Christmas to do exactly as he wanted to without a word of explanation. And the day before Christmas was when she needed him most because. . . .

She tore a delicate handkerchief savagely, not knowing, not caring, that a woman in Madeira had given a week of her life to making it.

"You fool! You fool! What if he has gone off with the other men? He'll be back tomorrow. He'll give you a check for another trip around the world for your Christmas present. What on earth could you want more than that?"

A little voice, a little voice that during the last few years had become so insistent that it frightened her, a little voice deep down inside her, answered scornfully: "A trip around the world! Who wants a trip around the world? Not you! You've gone three times already. You know what you want for Christmas. You want a child. A child." The little voice began to chant in a jeerish way. "A child. A child. A child. That's what you want."

"I don't!" The woman's voice was muffled because her head had gone down suddenly on her outstretched arms. "Children are a nuisance. They track in dirt; they ruin furniture; they upset everything. I don't want a child. *He* doesn't want one. We want to be free to come and go. We don't want to struggle with mumps and measles and scratches and bites and burns. We decided that long ago. We have everything now just as we want it."

"January, February, March and April," mocked the little voice, "May, June, July and August; September,

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She looked at the child hungrily, wanting to hold her that way, too.

Picture by
J. Sanford Hulme

By

Dorothy C. Walker

October and November, perhaps you have everything just as you want it but what about December? Ha! What about Christmas? Something . . . kind of goes wrong on Christmas . . . doesn't it?"

"We always have a tree," said the woman stubbornly. "We always hang our stockings up. We always have holly and mistletoe and pine and turkey and plum pudding and candles and . . ."

The little voice was very rude, breaking in as it did. "Really? Do you, now? A tree? You call that little, sawed-off, stunted, artificial thing you set in the middle of the table a tree? Why, it isn't even real. *That* tree never stood thru a winter blizzard! *That* tree never heard the song of a saw! *That* tree never felt itself falling, falling and called out to the other trees, 'Goodby! Goodby! I'm off to be a *Christmas* tree!' And stockings! How about a little one to go between yours and his? A little one that you can tuck something into the toe of? And what good's a turkey if there's nobody to demand the wishbone?"

"We . . . we have lots of friends," faltered the woman. "We keep open house . . ."

"Open house! For what? So you won't have to waste any time showing that check he'll give you for a trip around the world? Better not go around the world. There'll be children. You'll see them. Everywhere. Remember the last time? You heard a child crying in the night. It was in Egypt. You covered your ears. You had to move on. Come on, now, admit it. You want a child."

She admitted it, weeping into her mutilated handkerchief. "But what's the use? Even if he would let me, I couldn't. I've found out. The doctors . . ."

The little voice had the upper hand now and seemed bound to make the most of it.

"Good Heavens! You don't have to bear a child to have one! Go to a Home and get one. There are thousands and thousands of children in Homes. Go make Christmas for one of them. Take her shopping. Bring her home . . ."

"Bring her home!" The woman whimpered. "I wouldn't dare. I tell you he doesn't like children. They make him nervous. I couldn't bring her home."

"Well, you could take her thru the shops and buy her things. You could be a mother-for-a-day. He'll never know. He's off somewhere having a good time. Go on and do it."

She stared down at a strange purple animal cavorting along the border of an antique rug.

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Little Things

By Francis W. Harland-Edgecumbe

I WANT no news of Power or Pope
Or misled folk by greed embroiled.
Tell me not of puissant lords
But tell me of the little things.
How the gentle flowers bloom,
The gossip of the tinkling brook.
Give me news of sun-kissed shores,
And meadows where the skylark sings.
Tell me do bats still stir the night
And owls still blink with saucer eyes?
Tell me of the setting sun
And the mottle of the thrush's wings.
Do perky sparrows still idly chatter
And has the rose the scent I knew?
Tell me an age-old tale of love
And of heartsease friendship brings.
Oh, bring me tales of little things.

"I was going to a luncheon and bridge today."

The little voice said nastily: "Luncheon and bridge! Been to thousands and thousands of them, haven't you? Ever brought anything decent home from one except the memory of women wrangling over a prize or perhaps the prize itself?"

"And such ghastly prizes!" the woman murmured.

"Exactly. They won't miss you. They can fill in. Come on, now. Drop those day-before-Christmas blues. You don't even have to look in a directory. You know a Home where they keep children. You send it money. You walk past it sometimes. You've even had your hand on the gate . . ."

She rose and paced nervously.

"If Bruce should find out . . ."

"Why should he? He's off, having a good time. . . . Come on, now. Perhaps there'll be a little girl with golden hair and big blue eyes and dimples. A little girl like you've dreamed your own would be. Better go and find out. Better go and find out."

Her telephone stood inside a delicately tinted globe on a carved walnut stand. The lace of her negligee sleeve—it was real lace, made in Belgium especially for her—fell back from her round, smooth arm as she reached for the instrument. Diamonds—three and four and five carats from Cartier in Paris and Tiffany in New York—blazed on her fingers and wrists as she raised the receiver to her ear and gave a number. Her foot, shod in a satin mule with a buckle of pearls, beat a soundless tattoo on the antique rug. Presently she spoke in a subdued voice.

"So sorry . . . you must forgive me . . . one of my beastly headaches . . . a touch of grip, perhaps . . . so sorry . . ."

She could do that sort of thing. People forgave her. She was so charming and her husband was so rich. She tossed off her primrose satin negligee and put on a dress of soft brown shot with golden threads. It matched her hair and her emerald ear-rings matched her eyes. She wrapped herself in sables, crammed money into a gold-topped bag, and instructed the butler: "If anyone calls say I'm resting and cannot be disturbed."

She stepped out into a world that resembled a huge cake, freshly iced. If she had been deaf and dumb and blind, she thought she would have known it was the day before Christmas. The tang of freshly fallen snow was in the air. That, and something else. Something one perceived with the sixth sense. Tears came suddenly to her eyes. She remembered that tomorrow was the birthday of Jesus Christ.

She walked to the second corner beyond her home and hailed a taxi. She had the man wait when she had reached her destination.

Her heart had never beat so loudly as it did when she put her hand on the black iron gate and pushed it open. Louder, even, than five years ago standing at the altar with Bruce for, after all, she had known Bruce well and she knew nothing at all about this grim, gray building. Nothing except that it housed children. For all its stern austerity, its barred window effect, it housed children. So she went in.

Behind a decorous desk sat a woman who looked like a Godey Fashion Plate. She listened and said acidly: "A child for the day? But that is most irregular."

The lady in sable smiled her charming smile. "Irregularities occur on the day before Christmas, don't they? I am sure I could give a great deal of pleasure to some unfortunate child. I have plenty of identification and I am a regular contributor to the Home. If you will look on your books . . ."

The Godey Fashion Plate rose and looked on the books. She nodded sharply twice and pressed a button on her golden-oak desk. A drab woman with a red nose and sniffles answered the ring.

"Bring Dolores here," said the Godey Fashion Plate.

It was going to happen! She was going to be a mother-for-a-day! The lady in sable sat with hands tightly interlocked. Her throat had grown dry. Dolores. Dolores. Gold and blue and dimpled. Dolores . . . clinging to her . . . chattering . . . She must hold tight to the child so as not to lose her in the holiday rush. She glanced impatiently at her diamond wrist watch. It was already eleven. Why hadn't she come here earlier? The day would be over so soon . . . so soon . . .

The Godey Fashion Plate spoke. "This is Dolores, Mrs. Preston."

The child's legs were the first thing she saw. Never in all her luxury-filled life had her eyes rested on such pitifully thin legs and—she shivered violently—one was strapped in an iron brace! Her eyes traveled slowly up. Dolores. Arms like brown sticks; a body almost gaunt; and eyes . . . ! Once, the lady in sable had struck a small dog with her automobile. She had not left it to die in the gutter. She had gone back and picked it up and it had died in her arms forgiving her with its soft, tragic, dark eyes. Dolores had eyes like the little dog. They would forgive anything. Even . . . even a lady in sable and diamonds who had come for a pretty child for the day.

"I will send money, plenty of money, to have her leg fixed," said the lady in sable to herself, "but I can't take her with me today. I can't! Nobody would expect me to. Not a child who looks like that and with a brace on her leg . . ."

(*Continued on page 71*)

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A Glimpse of an Old-style *Business Man Who Still Keeps* Ahead *of the* Procession



By Hazel Manley

Colonel Cheek Coffee-King

IT IS impossible to meet Joel O. Cheek, of Maxwell House Coffee fame, without a quickening of the spirit, without an involuntary obeisance of the mind. There are at first no salient qualities in Mr. Cheek which reach out and stab the mind into a sharp reaction. His ready speech does not come in glib phrases as if they had been rehearsed for such occasions. He has no magic formula for success, but he does have a deep and sincere conviction as to what makes success and happiness, and he does not allow this conviction to come bubbling to the surface at the first provocation. At first meeting one is conscious of a person who inspires, who possesses a rare quality of sympathy and understanding, who prefers listening to talking and who shows a vivid interest in everything and everybody. Knowing him, one learns over again a very old but helpful lesson: that happiness has only one dwelling place—and that is in the mind. Physical circumstance and environment have very little, if anything, to do with it.

It is not strange, therefore, that Joel Cheek, "the old colonel", has become in the public mind an unofficial representative—a symbol, if you like—of hope, ambition and the pursuit of happiness. Nor is it strange that, since the pursuit of happiness is the main occupation of mankind, he should be very close to the hearts of the people. But, so far, I have been presenting Mr. Cheek only as a benevolent abstraction. I should now like to show him as a human being and successful business man. This can be done without the loss of any illusion. On the contrary it sustains the impression we have already formed.

Mr. Cheek attributes whatever success he has had to the burden that was laid on his shoulders when he was young. He is a Kentuckian by birth, and at sixteen—quit school and taught at Salem, Kentucky, for two years, then at Kentucky University for one year. In 1873, fifty-seven years ago, he came to Nashville and accepted a position with a wholesale grocery at $50 a month. In five years he was a partner in the concern. He then became interested in the coffee business, with which he has continued ever since. For twenty-eight years he traveled as a salesman.

His eyes glow with the warmth of friendliness as he talks, and his intonation is soft and sonorous. His great success has not spoiled him nor lessened the ardor of democratic fellowship.

His nose is thin and high-bridged. He wears chin-whiskers, a shade off the Vandyke vogue. "Vigor", "alertness"—wonderful words, but weak when applied to "the old colonel". He is something beyond the qualities they connote—something more dynamic—a

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spiritual something as beautiful as it is intangible. He has lived a hard, vigorous life, full of the sort of labor that ruins the health of many a business man. He is eighty years old, and he looks fifty.

His office in the Maxwell House plant in Nashville is typical of himself and his ideas, for he does not believe the head of a great industry, or business, should operate from a remote, secluded nook hidden from employes. It has always been his policy to plant himself squarely in their midst, as if to satisfy a driving desire to be where events are happening.

Someone enters—and "the old colonel" turns his youthful, unlined face full on the visitor. Now and then, with muttered apology, he will spring to his feet disclosing his more than six-feet of height, straight as a young sapling, and then with a youngster's powerful stride, he is off to the other side of the room for a moment's conference with a member of the staff. If there is a push button beneath his desk, it is of no value, or use, to him.

When the Postum Cereal Company, now the General Foods Corporation, paid the neat sum of $45,000,000 a few years ago for the famous Maxwell House blend coffee that Mr. Cheek perfected, "the old colonel" was not satisfied to rest on his laurels. The Maxwell-House Products Company was immediately organized by the Postum Cereal Company and Joel O. Cheek was the president.

"Way back yonder when I didn't have much money," he told me, with a reminiscent smile, "I saw the possibilities in the coffee business. I knew that in my experiments I had perfected a blend of exceptional coffee and I believed that I could sell it. It was in 1898 that I cut loose from my old firm and organized the Nashville Coffee and Manufacturing Company and started packing and marketing the Maxwell House blend. In its earlier days the business was small, for my capital was limited, and I didn't attempt to develop a wide market. In the region served by the wholesale houses of Nashville, Maxwell House Coffee, bearing the name of the famous old hotel in that city, once the headquarters of Andrew Jackson, grew in popularity. Little by little the territory widened."

While working as a salesman, journeying on horseback thru the woods country along the Cumberlands, Mr. Cheek started developing his coffee "hobby". At that time coffee was just . . . coffee, but on his trips, and in diligent research thruout the country, he collected all the samples of coffee that he could find. Returning home, he blended and tested the mixtures, working over the great vats in his backyard after his regular day's work was done for the concern employing him, aided by his eight young sons who held the burning candles in relays until far into the nights. "They are my real assets," said Mr. Cheek, and his face beamed with pride.

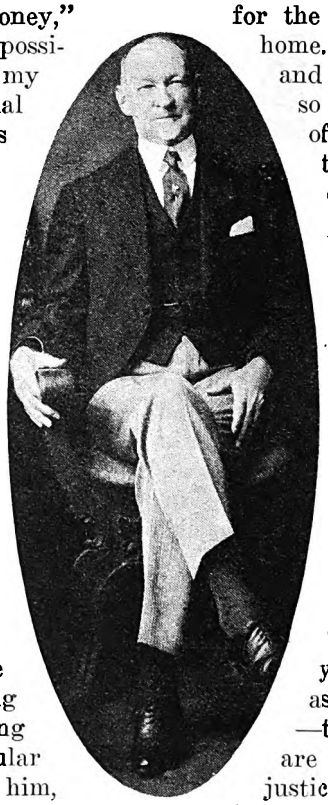
Even after he won a partnership, he continued to travel.

"I soon found out," he told me, "that to make sales I must make friends. The friends I made on these trips have remained steadfast and loyal thru thick and thin thruout half a century. The salesman of today has a bed of roses, compared to the men on the road in the early '70's'. There were few roads, almost none that could be traveled by vehicle, so to reach objectives, we had to use a 'hayburner'—threading with difficulty the dim mountain trails. My baggage consisted of a pair of saddle-bags with a change of clothing on one side and the samples on the other. The few hotels were devoid of heat as we know it today, and a tallow candle supplied a nondescript kind of illumination."

His eyes light up with a glow of earnestness and the words he utters are in reality a challenge to the chill materialism of the day—the living creed of a character that is to mankind a blessing.

"I was happy then—and I am happy now. Yes, I was a rich man when I rode my horse thru the trail of the mountains—tho the trail was hard to make. I was rich in love, contentment, friendship, and a conscience at rest. These are all beyond the power of gold to buy. These assets are still mine, and I am still rich in the knowledge that I possess them—the best things in life that cannot be bought at any price.

"The qualities which I feel contribute to business success are honesty and truthfulness, synonymous terms. Then energy—you've got to work to succeed. Next, courage, bull-dog tenacity—staying with the job, and finding in your work that element that keeps you from growing stale. I had expected to follow teaching as a profession and probably would have done so but for the old sad story—a mortgage on the home. That mortgage had to be paid off and teaching wouldn't make it possible, so I went to the city seeking work that offered more renumeration—just as thousands of other young men have done.



Mr. Cheek

"I believe that diligence, initiative and efficiency, wherever found, should be encouraged and adequately rewarded—and that service is the only justification for the possession of power.

"Man renders the greatest service by cooperation in the organization of industry in a way that will afford to the largest number of men the greatest opportunity for self-development and the enjoyment of those benefits which their united efforts produce.

"In my opinion, 'do unto others as you would have them do unto you' is as sound business as it is good religion—that only as the parties in industry are animated by the spirit of fair play, justice to all and brotherhood, will any plan which they may mutually work out succeed."

It was in 1904, six years after the organization of Mr. Cheek's company, that the increasing demand for his coffee in the South made necessary the second plant which was built at Houston, Texas. Another six years passed. The reputation of "the old colonel" and his coffee continued to grow. The Southwest, entering upon its era of commercial development, began to buy in increasing quantities. In 1910, he built another

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"They are my real assets," declares Mr. Cheek, referring to his eight sons who are in business with him.

plant at Jacksonville, Florida, and six years later, in 1916, he erected a fourth plant at Richmond, Virginia. Thus, in six-year strides, the company which had altered its name to the Cheek-Neal Coffee Company grew from a concern merely local to an organization covering the entire South. In 1921 a new market was entered—the territory served by New York.

Heretofore the company had expanded its territory only with increasing demand, but with the New York venture it was different. There, it seemed, each wholesale house had its own brand of high-grade coffee. Some of them would carry Maxwell House, but only upon their own terms; they must have exclusive territorial rights. Mr. Cheek would not consent to this stipulation. His coffee must be available to any jobber or wholesaler who wanted it. On that policy he had built the business of his company and he refused to change. On the other hand he was unwilling to undertake direct distribution. "The logical avenue of distribution for food products," he says, "is thru the jobber. I don't believe that any food manufacturing company ever profited by trying to eliminate the middleman.

"I've seen men build up big business organizations to the point where they thought they could discard the wholesaler and the jobber, and I've always thought they were wrong. We ourselves had developed our business on the basis of fair treatment of the middleman; and having grown up by means of his help, we didn't intend to betray him by embarking upon direct distribution to the retailer."

What was he to do? He inaugurated the most extensive advertising campaign in the history of the coffee trade. Along Broadway, from Forty-second Street to Seventy-ninth, huge signs—eighteen of them—announced the coming of Maxwell House Coffee. Lavish advertising in the New York papers expounded the merits of the blend. The retailers saw the light and started to capitalize on the advertising campaign by giving the product a trial order. Success, of course, was not immediate. The fight was long and hard, and for a long time the Cheek-Neal Company continued to pour its money into New York before the new business began to show a profit. It is said that in New York, today, ninety-two per cent of the grocery stores, delicatessen shops and restaurants carry the Maxwell House blend, and shipments are now made to every part of the globe. The concern, once local, is now one of the most outstanding institutions in the nation, and foremost in rank with those of international renown. Behind all this growth there stands two basic facts: the quality of the coffee and the quality of the man. True, the product could not have succeeded without merit. Neither could it have succeeded without something more. Call it what you wish: vision, ability, personality—the name doesn't matter—the man is what counts.

"If a business transaction is not based upon the intention of helping the other man it is wrong, and because it is wrong it will lead to failure," Mr. Cheek believes.

Recently, at the annual banquet tendered by Mr. Cheek to employes of his Nashville plant, a little incident occurred that illustrates his business philosophy. As usual, "the old colonel" presided at the festive board. Among those who made talks was a man who but a few years ago was digging wells in Nashville. When he applied to Mr. Cheek for work, he was given a job and today he is earning $10,000 a year. He arose, that night, and turning to the large assemblage, said: "We have no boss, we fortunate men and women who work for Joel O. Cheek: we have in him a father."

Says "the old colonel," speaking of the hardships of his early business years:

"I was happy then—and I am happy now. Yes, I was a rich man when I rode my horse thru the trail of the mountains—tho the trail was hard to make. I was rich in love, contentment, and a conscience at rest. These are beyond the power of gold to buy. These assets are still mine, and I am still rich in the knowledge that I possess them—the best things in life that cannot be bought at any price."

The deep satisfaction which comes to this man from the consciousness that he lives in an atmosphere of personal regard, now as well as in those earlier unremunerative days, has molded his philosophy: truly, that life's finest gifts are not purchased with gold.

"No matter where I go, I always come back home—to Nashville," said "the old colonel". "And I always come back loving it better than ever. It will always be the home office, no matter how many plants we have.

"All eight of my sons are in the harness with me, all business men, and I don't know if any other father can say that he has a full half dozen, much less eight, of his sons in business with him. Robert is vice president of the Nashville plant of the

(*Continued on page 60*)

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Secrets of Adjustment

A Study of the Principles of Creative *Thought*

ALL life depends on adjustment. Life itself is a series of readjustments. The world and everything in it are being constantly made over. Yet the stuff out of which it is made is always the same—constant in quantity and in quality; old as the hills and new as the morning. Variation is in form, not in substance. This is as true of the man in the body of flesh and blood as it is of every other form of the One Life. It is as true of the grasses of the field as of the giants of the forest, and as true of the humming bird that flashes as a jewel in the sunlight as of the whale propelling his enormous bulk thru ocean's depths.

Higher forms are developed from the lower by a continuous series of breaking up and putting together. Herbert Spencer points out that all life is absolutely conditioned on the power of adaptation to environment. In species and individuals thruout nature, we find power of adaptation to environment to be an exact measure of the persistence of life. Weakness, disease, decay, death, are all simply indications of lack of such adaptation. The sense of unrelated environment finds striking illustration in our common comparison to "a fish out of water". Water is the natural environment of mind in the fish stage of evolution. The fish seeks no other, and if suddenly taken from that element is literally frightened to death.

Yet somewhere on the evolutionary spiral, the mind in the fish frees itself from all tendency to subjection to the limitations of a form fit only for a life in the water, and mounts into the upper air as a bird, or crawls awkwardly along the shore as an amphibian, struggling against the old tendencies while acquiring the new, until at last the new becomes stronger than the old.

No thoroly healthy man or woman is afraid of the water. The attractions of fishing, of boating and swimming, are all stirrings of the transformed fish—at last master of his environment and indulging in reminiscences, so to speak.

"Home-sickness", which is said to cause nearly as much suffering as is caused by wounds or camp-fever among soldiers in war time, is plainly lack of adaptation to environment. The man who makes himself at home wherever he finds himself is the man who enjoys happiness, health and power. One place as much as another and all things as they come serve equally to minister to his growth. He has only to keep on being at home everywhere in order to live forever.

In making over a garment we must be ready to take it apart before we put it together in the new way. So in the endless combinations that make up life. If we seek to avoid them by a process of simple addition, piling new experiences, new wealth, new knowledge, on top of old—holding on to the old, yet wanting the new—the result will be "a thing of shreds and patches". To attain the new we must be willing to break up and let go of old ideas, old ways, old tendencies, loves and hates, griefs and pleasures. "We cannot eat our cake and have it." There are people foolish enough to prefer having the cake to eating it; they starve for lack of the very things they store up. It is not fixed but circulating capital that produces increase.

Nature abhors the old and fixed as she abhors a vacuum. Stagnation means death. "Move on, or get off the earth!" is the imperious command which all must obey.

This matter of adjustment to environment is a mental process. Harmony is the result always attainable. Happiness is the true aim and end of life because happiness is harmony. The law is universal. Yet every man is a law unto himself, for the happiness of each must be sought and found thru the fullest understanding and expression of the individuality of each.

According to the old theology: "Every man should be content and happy in that station of life in which God has placed him." There is a sense in which this is unquestionably true. In whatever station, condition, employment or environment you find yourself contented and happy, that is where you belong. The God in you has placed you there. Stay there as long as you are content and happy—and not an hour longer.

We make the mistake of thinking happiness consists in the environment itself. It consists entirely in the *adjustment* of oneself to the environment.

This is always a state of mind. Being so, it is within the control and at the command of every grown man and woman. You are not *dependent* on wife or husband, parents or children, friends, business, fortune, profession, position or employment in whom or in which you find content and happiness. The happiness (harmony) you associate with persons and places, circumstances and conditions, arises wholly from *right adjustment*. This adjustment is dependent on nobody and nothing but your own royal self. It is a creative state of mind; and creating by your order.

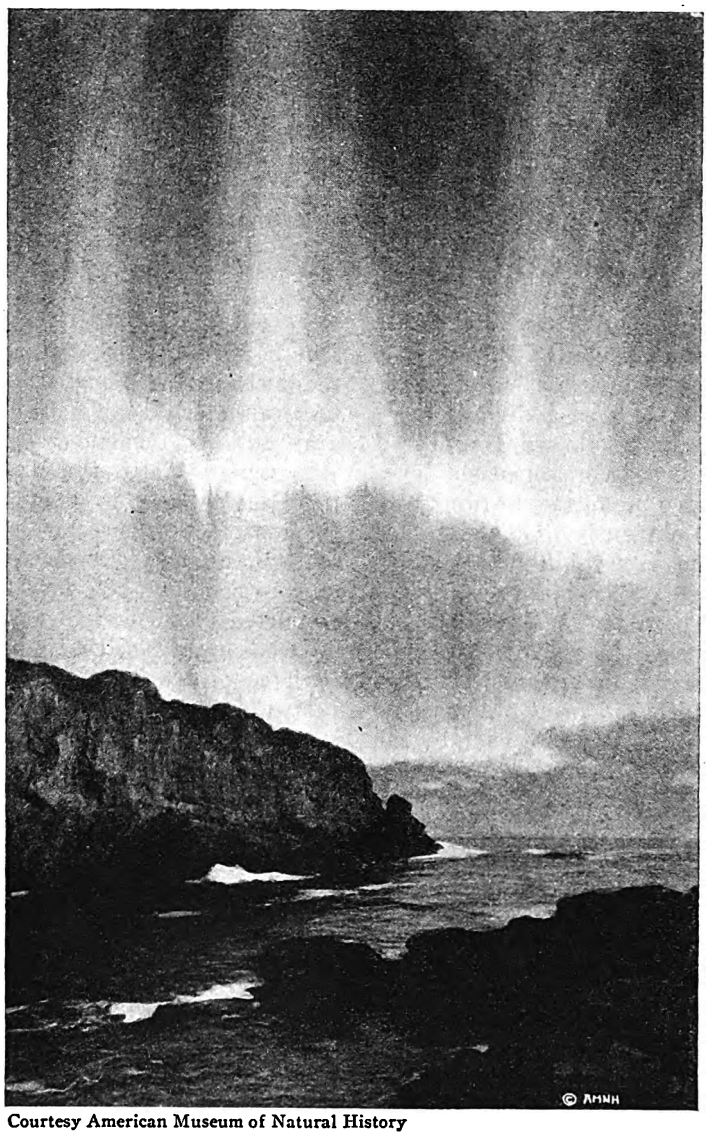
The power to adjust oneself to one's environment properly includes the power to adjust environment to one's need. So with unhappiness and all diseases. We make a mistake in attributing unhappiness to the loss of friends or fortune, place or power. Nothing that is

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ours can be lost—nothing that is really essential to our happiness. Times change and men change with them. What is your own will come to you (or you will go to it) if you don't fall out of the procession. "The old order changeth and giveth place to the new." Let the dead past bury its dead; let your God be the God of the living.

I have said that the sum total of substance is constant in quantity and quality. Whether we call it Force or Matter, Mind or Spirit, is not essential. There is as much of it as there ever was, or ever will be, and it is all of one quality. It is all *good* and there is *plenty* for all practical purposes. So we may call it infinite and inexhaustible, if these terms help us to feel how unstinted is the supply.

When we really begin to know anything about this Universal and Infinite Energy (which is really a big name for God), it is measured out with exactness and nicety. This is where mind comes into operation. It counts, measures, ordains, establishes and maintains perfect order and adjustment everywhere; not less in the shaping of a leaf or the tinting of a butterfly's wings than in the building and swinging of the solar system. It counts and measures and discriminates and apportions to a hair's breadth—and all that there may be everywhere right adjustment, harmony, continuance of life in growth.



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

A painting of the Aurora Borealis, as seen from Ogunquit, Maine, by Howard Russell Butler, N. A.

To make and maintain brain and nerves, bone and muscle, blood and organs in perfect harmony and true adjustment, the individual has all the mind-stuff in the universe to draw upon, and intelligence equal to all his demands in manipulating it. He need not fear for lack of material, nor for lack of skill in the new creation involved in all readjustment.

Force and matter are constant in quantity; the form that disappears only changes—vanishes in one form to appear in another. We think of forms as fixed, but the essence of form is flexibility—capacity for change; and if one change is possible so is another.

By Paul Tyner

All this is now matter of general knowledge. But when it comes to making individual application of these great truths—truths as applicable to the subtler forms of energy we call love, faith, courage and skill, as to the grosser in which these qualities are embodied—the world has much to learn. And it seems to have been left to the psychology of the Twentieth Century, as the logical heir and successor of the physical science of the Nineteenth Century, to supply this need in development and fulfilment of so splendid a heralding.

This matter of adjustment—marvelous as it is in its nicety when we come to the individual human life—is not so very complicated or difficult a matter. The intelligence necessary to adjustment is inherent in us, is us—we are it! Columbus was not the only man who could stand an egg on end. We hear much in these days about the delicate and (*Continued on page 63*)

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Many Marriages Can Be Saved



By Harry Hibschman, LL.D.

Pictures by Edward Locke

I WAS never what is contemptuously known as a divorce lawyer. But one of the first cases I handled as a tyro at the bar was a divorce case; and during the fifteen years that followed I appeared in many more—in enough at least to open my eyes and to touch my heart, to force me to see, to think and to feel. The law was so obviously inadequate, so blundering and so blind, that either I had to stupefy my mind with legalistic opiates or else had to ask: what is wrong? And, what is to be done?

That very first case disturbed me. A woman was the plaintiff, and she charged desertion and non-support. The complaint, which had been prepared by the veteran attorney who turned the case over to me, alleged that at a certain time in a certain city in the Middle West the plaintiff's husband had abandoned her without cause and against her will and consent, that she had lived apart from him for a period of more than four years and that during that time she had maintained herself, he contributing nothing whatever to her support. To this she testified in a straight-forward manner, and the decree was promptly granted.

A few days later I was in the private chambers of the lawyer from whom I had inherited the case and who later had been elevated to the bench.

"Well, Mrs. M . . . ought to be happy now," said he, referring to my divorce client; "she is free to marry MacKay without a blotch on her reputation and nobody outside of ourselves knows that her husband is in the Iowa penitentiary."

"But," I exclaimed, "I didn't know that either!"

And I shall never forget how he laughed at my innocence. For I was green and inexperienced, and I did believe that the judicial oath meant something to people, and particularly that a lawyer of high enough standing to be named as judge would not be a party to any concealment of facts or deception of the court. But he informed me that in the case of Mrs. M . . . the husband had deserted her and failed to support her because he could not help himself, because the law had grabbed him for embezzlement and put him behind prison bars. Naturally, Mrs. N . . . , who had come to the Pacific Coast to escape the scandal, did not want the real facts to become known and so desertion and non-support had been chosen as the basis of her divorce suit rather than the fact that her husband had been convicted of a felony.

"Oh," explained the judge, "that is the normal way such cases are handled. The law is concerned only that there shall be evidence of one of the grounds specified in the statute, and a lawyer naturally picks out a ground that he can establish in court without humiliating or disgracing his client."

And that, of course, one speedily learns, is the practice. Lawyers and judges are well aware of that fact. But it is not the business of the latter to look beneath the surface, and it is only the business of the former to serve the client. In short, my first practical lesson was that the important thing was to be able to produce evidence in support of some ground recognized by law—not necessarily the true ground but a statutory ground. That this involved stretching of the truth, misrepresentation of the actual facts, concealment and even perjury were too apparent to be denied. But the judge tried to quiet my qualms of conscience by advancing the sophistical argument that as long as there really were good grounds for a divorce, one was justified in basing the action on such as left the least stigma on the reputation of the client. Right or wrong, I found as time went on that most lawyers proceeded on that theory.

But I soon learned something fundamentally more important. I had a case in which the ground actually was desertion. My client, whom we shall call Mrs.

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A Lawyer-Psychologist Suggests a NEW *Profession—*

a Marriage Expert *in the* Divorce Courts

N . . ., had in fact been abandoned by her husband. They had lived in the town where the action was brought for over ten years. The superficial facts were known to everybody. The husband had simply packed up his things one day while the wife was away at a bridge party and had left town without telling anyone where he was going or why. Two years later, when the wife started her action, we located him in Seattle, where the papers were served on him; but he made no appearance. Comparing that case with Mrs. M . . .'s, I congratulated myself that here at least there was no deception or concealment and that the decree was justified by the facts pleaded and duly established.

Yet, having known the husband, I was not quite satisfied. The requirements of the law had been fully met. There was no room for doubt there. N . . . had deserted his wife and left her to her fate. But there was a simple question that persistently intruded when I thought about the case and even after it was all over and I tried to forget it. That question was: *why?* Why did N . . . desert his wife? What were the facts behind the fact of desertion?

It was five years before I learned the answer. It happened then that in a case I was trying in Tacoma, Washington, one of the main witnesses for the party I represented was N . . .; and we renewed the acquaintance of former days and finally touched the subject of his sudden disappearance.

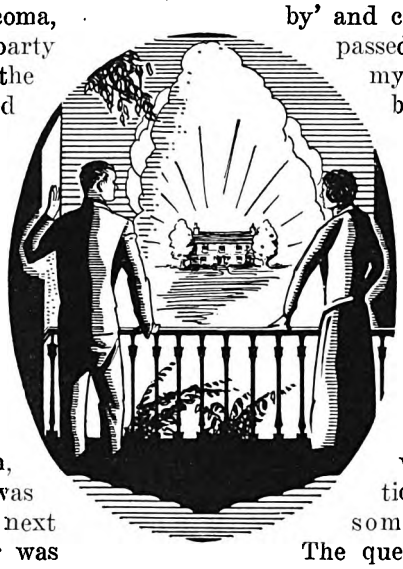
"Did you ever wonder," he asked me, "why I left? And did you get any inkling from my wife?"

When I answered that I had often asked myself that question but had never been able to find an answer, he proceeded frankly to enlighten me.

"I went home that day," he said, "to get a check I had forgotten; and when I reached the house I saw a letter in the mail-box by the door. The handwriting was as familiar to me as my own, and assuming, without looking closely, that it was for me, I opened it. What followed during the next five or six hours I cannot describe. That letter was addressed to my wife, and the first words showed that it was never intended for my eyes. But I read it thru, and I learned the most bitter fact that a husband can ever learn—I learned that my wife had been untrue to me with my own brother. Naturally I just about went crazy. I got my gun and loaded it and even started for a neighbor's home where I knew my wife was attending an afternoon party. But then the thought came to me that he was the one I must punish. So I turned around, I went back to the house, I threw some things into a couple of suit cases and started for Spokane. When I got there I went straight to my brother's office. He is a doctor, you know. I had no other thought than to shoot him down the moment I laid eyes on him. But he was not there—had gone to make a call, they said, and then would go straight home. So for his house I started.

"I don't remember how I went there, but I arrived at the gate just as his little girl came home from school. 'Oh, Uncle John!' she screamed, throwing her little arms around my legs and holding me so that I could not move. Mechanically I picked her up in my arms and she kissed me happily and bubbled on, expressing her joy at seeing me and telling me that next to her daddy I was the dearest man in the world. But her daddy came first, she said, because he was her own daddy and he had bought her a bicycle the day before and anyway he was the bestest man in the world.

"There is no need of going into details. In fact, it is all rather hazy. And I suppose according to the standards of most men, especially our western he-men, I showed myself a weakling and a fool. Anyhow, after awhile, I set the child on the porch, kissed her 'good-by' and came away. Not a word has passed between my brother and myself since; but, as I look back, I am glad he was not at his office when I rushed there with my gun in my hand. And I am mighty thankful that I met little Betty at the gate."



And so N . . . with his story illustrated another fact that every lawyer soon learns, namely, that even where the legal ground is desertion, established without evasion or fabrication, the real ground may be something altogether different. The question that comes to concern everyone who thinks seriously on the subject is: what is back of the desertion?

I do not remember now whether or not, after I had listened to N . . .'s answer to that question in his case, I became aware at once that now there was a new question to be answered; but certainly I must have realized it shortly, for it is so obvious. N . . . explained his flight and his abandonment of his wife; but in making that explanation, he still left unexplained the reason for his wife's infidelity. The law, of course,

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was concerned only with the desertion. It would have become concerned with the infidelity if N . . . had sought a divorce on that ground, or even if he had killed his brother upon discovering the relations between him and his wife. But the law would never go farther back than that. The reason for the infidelity is not to be discussed. It is juridically immaterial.

My mind, however, refused to stop there. I was not satisfied. I craved more knowledge. But in this instance I had to wait five years more before I obtained it. Then, by a strange combination of circumstances that need not be described here, N . . .'s brother, the doctor, became a client of mine; and eventually he himself brought up the subject about which for so long I had been eager to question him. "Why?" I wanted to know, "Why?"

The doctor answered as frankly as had his brother, only he assumed a more detached attitude. He spoke almost as if he were professionally considering the case of third parties. He seemed to examine, to analyze, to weigh and to diagnose as he proceeded.

"Human action like mechanical action," he mused, "is a matter of cause and effect. If only we were able to comprehend all the causes and to work out the laws of human behavior as we have worked out the laws governing the behavior of inanimate things, we would understand why under given circumstances human beings act as they do. Yes, we would even be able to predict what a given individual would do under a given set of circumstances. Unfortunately, we do not yet have the necessary knowledge for either complete understanding or for accurate prediction. We have only reached the threshold.

"But," he continued, "there are some things we do know, if not fully, at least approximately; and one is that there are certain innate impulses and appetites that will always seek expression or satisfaction. One such is sex. Popular knowledge regarding it is mostly of the gutter or of the pulpit; and so-called scientific knowledge is itself colored by religious preconceptions, is just becoming actually free and is still largely pseudo-scientific. However, in that respect I see a new era opening and a revolution impending."

This was spoken, it needs to be pointed out, more than ten years ago. Time has fully justified the doctor's optimism.

"If we do not fully comprehend," he went on, "the determining power of sex in a human life, we do at least apprehend the consequences of attempting to put it in bonds—of repression, of suppression and of misdirection. We do see, if darkly, the evil consequences of denying what cannot be denied, of ignoring what cannot be ignored and of confining what cannot be confined. We might as well undertake to stem the tides as to stem the sex-instinct, as well suppress the laws of gravity as to suppress the laws of sex. Our cue is not to deny or suppress. It is to recognize, to understand and to direct.

"All this may seem beside the point," he said, with a reassuring smile, "but it is only by way of introduction. I want you to see eye-to-eye with me for a moment. I want you to understand that my views are not the conventional views, and I want you to believe that those views are as much the result of study and thought as are, for instance, my views regarding inoculation against diphtheria. The fact is that, whatever may be said from a moral standpoint, from the standpoint of nature, the action of my brother's wife was entirely consistent and excusable, if not inevitable.

"For the truth is that my brother, due to an injury he received when he was only a young man, became wholly incapable of fulfilling his conjugal obligations about two years after his marriage. His wife was then in the bloom of young womanhood, and she had lived two years as a wife, at least with a partly-filled sex life. He changed, but she did not. Regardless of her intellectual conclusions and resolutions, there was a relentless urge that pushed her toward what traditional morality calls the brink, a seething volcano that was intended by nature to erupt at times. That explains her. But, of course, you object that it neither explains nor excuses me, unless under the condition, not to be imagined, that my brother knew of, and approved, our relations.

"Well, the explanation is," he continued, "that she came to me first for help about a year after my own marriage and just about two months before my first child was born. Our condition then was about the same, and what followed was like the sweep of a tornado. There was no question of love, no question of supplanting our own lawful partners. It was entirely a case of surrendering together to the demands of an age-old instinct, of doing it quite deliberately and, I still think, quite decently. Later, of course, I did not have the same reason; but then a moral question was presented. It was a case of me or of someone else; and I chose that it should not for the time be another. You know, of course, that she married again shortly after she obtained her divorce. I introduced her to the man she married. He was a friend of mine, who was fully informed regarding the whole matter before he married her; and I guarantee that you can't find a happier couple in a year's search.

"That's the story," he concluded; "but I haven't told it to you just to entertain you or to answer the question in your mind. No, I had a more important object than that in all this. I want to point out, not merely what you already know, that (*Continued on page 65*)

MARRIAGE has, after all, something to do with Sex.

What would you think of the policy of letting a man who knew nothing whatever about bridges decide the highly technical problems of their structure?

Or one who knew nothing about chemistry venturing to decide on the method of a laboratory experiment?

Dr. Hibschman suggests, since Marriage is a thing at once so subtle and so basic, that it might be a good thing if the men who try to settle its problems for others should know something about the intricacies of sex relationships.

In other words, Marriage is a matter of Science rather than Law. Dr. Hibschman insists that many marriages that are broken by Law could be saved by Science.

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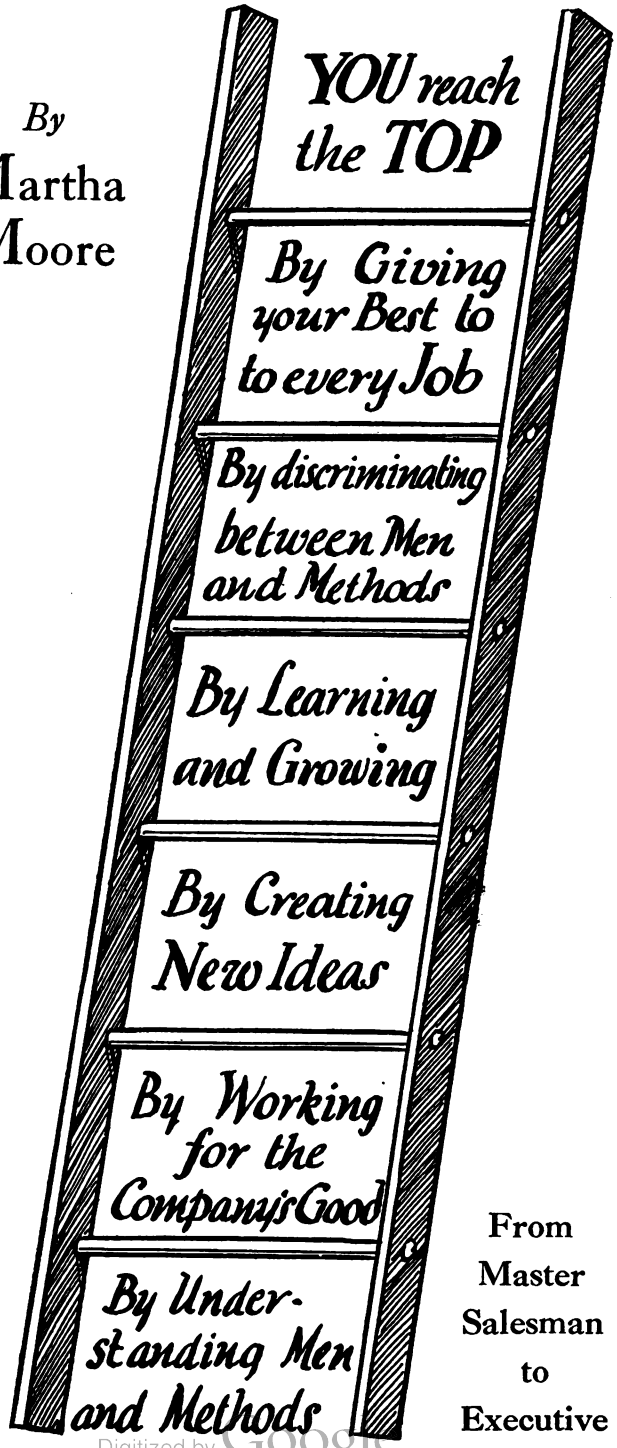
The Ladders to SUCCESS

Every-day Steps



From Salesman to Master Salesman

By Martha Moore



From Master Salesman to Executive

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Before the Baby Came

The True Story of an Expectant Mother's Bright Thoughts that Were Mirrored in a Happy Child

By
Ann Grace Chapple

I WAS going to have a baby! When the doctor congratulated me on this secret hope, I rejoiced and went away by myself to a quiet place to think and wonder.

In my peregrinations I had gathered a modicum of psychology sufficient to understand a little of the mighty power of thought in every-day life. I knew for instance that it was useless for me to eat when I was worried or mentally disturbed; yet when I was very happy whatever I ate tasted like ambrosia.

I have just read *The Hidden City* by Sir Philip Gibbs, and what he puts into the mouth of his puppet-hero, John Jevons, M.D., urges me to tell of the mind-training I adopted and practiced during the pre-natal life of my son. Dr. John Jevons is very interested in psycho-therapy. He says: "Wrong thinking produces physical malady. Anger alters the blood pressure and interferes with the internal secretions. Melancholy results in indigestion and lowered vitality. Those imps in the subconscious mind play the very devil with the heart and liver. The reverse is equally true."

Opening a book at random one day, in a second-hand bookstall, I came across the pretty theory that every thought we think radiates a color peculiar to itself. The book went on to explain that such terms as: "I saw red", "green with jealousy", "purple with rage", and "rosy hues of love" were in fact mighty truths, but so commonplace, and so very ordinary in the average vocabulary that the significance of their origin, their occult meaning, was wrapped and hidden in mists of general usage and universal acceptance.

Communing with myself in the silence, I marshaled before me all stored thoughts on what I had read and heard about pre-natal influence. Especially how the Greeks at the time of Pericles desired their wives to dwell on the lovely things of life, beautiful pictures, scenes, statues and flowers.

I scanned the pages of my old book, published in London, 1696, to discover, even in those days of slow and heavy living, what was considered best for the timorous, expectant mother, and I was gratified to read the following: "Recipe of Damask Roses. Bruise them, express their juice, from which draw a Spirit; then impregnate with so much of the fixed and volatile Salt of Roses, as the body of the Spirit will receive; to which, if you please, you may add a small proportion of Ambergrise and Musk. This Medicine Horstius commends to the skies for its fragrancy, and most incomparable odor and sweetness, which comforts both Heart and Brain. It may safely be given to the least infant, to women with child, and the most delicate of all

ROSA J. BAXTER
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SUITE 401
CONGRESS HOTEL
TELEPHONE ATWATER 0181
PORTLAND, OREGON. October 7, 1930 19

PHILIP CHAPPLE
PORTLAND.Ore.

MENTAL EXAMINATION

LIFE AGE 3 years 9 months
MENTAL AGE 5 years 2 months (Range 3 to 6 years)
MENTAL POWER 137
CLASSIFICATION Very superior
PROBABLE LIMIT OF MENTAL DEVELOPMENT

ANALYSIS.

Language sense	Very superior
Verbalization of color perception -	Very superior
Esthetic judgment	Very superior
Orientation as to time and space -	Very superior
General comprehension	Very superior
Memory Span	Very superior
Discrimination of form	Very superior
Ability to follow directions ..	Very superior

Rosa J. Baxter Psychologist for Court Relations Portland Oregon

SUMMARY:

General Mental Picture: Shows a mind of definite superiority. No limitations indicated.

Conclusions: This boy has personality and intelligence to manage his own affairs with more than ordinary prudence. He could finish any college course that he might select with credit.

The results of the Binet-Simon Test which Philip was given.

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persons; and is dedicated to Kings, Princes, Noblemen and Great Ladies.

"It is most powerful in all dejections of the mind; it cools and comforts the animal spirits, it is most prevalent against swooning and lethargy. It revives all the spirits, natural, vital and animal, and is the greatest preservative against plague and pestilence by fortifying the Heart. Let it always be given alone, for all other things are unpleasant, being compared to it; for its taste and odor exceed all things else. Dose: a dram in the morning, fasting, walking after it."

I could not very well dwell on much beauty or sip nectar of roses early in the morning, situated as I was. Of course, I always had the sky and at times the mysterious, purple wonder of the Arizona desert. But half my day was devoted to Red Cross duties, and tho happy in this congenial work, quite a lot of what was pathetic, sordid and distressing came within my sphere of labor.

I realized how extremely difficult it was to control my thoughts. Without a sign, or even a hint, off they would dart at a tangent, attracted by some ridiculous or foreign idea, saddening or depressing thought, plucked as it were, right out of the blue, and not in any way to be connected with my general mode of thinking.

In my meditation, I determined that some plan of action was necessary to harness these straying thoughts and keep them within bounds, to prevent them from hopping hither and thither, scattering their energy. During the long nine months I must guard against every thought that would be disagreeable to me, and thereby perhaps affect my physical self. I must try to keep the prettiest and purest of colors vibrating thruout my thought substance. Also, I was most eager to co-operate fully with my prospective new relative in his evolution and preparation to become a healthy, useful citizen of Earth!

How could I lasso and harness these wandering thoughts and use them to my best and ultimate advantage? I decided my best course would be to discover some point, some principal idea, on which to focus these idle fellows. To tie them up to some happy idea, some lovely concept, and by constantly reverting truant thoughts to this point and dwelling thereon, it would eventually become a part of my being, a habit of my mind. In this way it would act as a sort of buffer in my thinking processes against anything I might encounter or experience which was disagreeable to my ultra-sensitive condition.

Probing into the depths of my storehouse of memory for this stabilizing hitching-post, my inspiration brought forth the Twenty-third Psalm. I am not religious. In fact I should dislike to be thought of as even bordering on being religious. However, I do try to live in harmony with my neighbor and myself.

And who does not know the Twenty-third Psalm? There is no need to enlarge on its poetical beauty or the comfort it vouchsafes. I need not have chosen this particular poem, or song of David, as there are many, many other beautiful hitching-posts on which to hang our straying, idle thoughts, and utilize them for constructive rather than destructive purposes.

Anyway, the more I dwelt and pondered on the words, analyzing each phrase and sentence, turning the verses over and over again as I went about my household duties or sat at my desk in the office trying to help the weary and out-of-work, the more I was gratified at the very appropriateness of this song for my special need.



PHILIP CHAPPLE

In fact, it seemed as tho I lived a dual life during the whole waiting period—my ordinary, every-day round with its home demands, social duties and Red Cross work, and the sweet, secret existence of my inner self gratefully resting in "green pastures" and walking "beside the still waters", dreaming and planning for the child who was to come into our home.

And it was surprising how many of my friends and acquaintances were in the same expectant condition as I! But it has always seemed that way with me. Whatever I do, everyone else is doing the same. Wherever I go, I think everyone is hurrying to go there too.

A few of them were ahead of me, and one by one I would be sure to hear of their experiences in the dread zero hour. How thankful I was for my buffer thought, and how resolutely I turned a deaf ear to such accounts, murmuring to myself the fourth verse of my song, "Yea, tho I walk thru the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

I read the brightest of books and plays and enjoyed the most laughable moving pictures. I endeavored to keep my mind happy and cheerful all the time, and should any alien thought try to creep into my citadel, I would hastily resort to my song and thus rout the intruder.

(*Continued on page 77*)

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The Derelict

By

Ouise Vaupel

"She had no reforms in mind. No colonies to form. No psychology classes to instruct. She just took life as she found it, looked upon it and tried to love it into generous sweetness."

EVERY one that ever came within the radius of her smile called her Aunt Fanny. She was fat, fifty and madly in love with life. Aunt Fanny had been a mother by profession—a deep-bosomed, big-hearted, wide-hipped mother, with a heart almost too full of love for the needs of one little household. So, after lavishing a world of affection on her husband and two daughters, she still had a wealth of sympathy left for every hungering soul, homeless dog and starving cat that came harboring to her.



John Barrow, the sheriff.

Her husband had slipped out of life many years before, dropping the curtains gently behind him as he left. His every act had been gentle—down to the last comradely pat on the hand and tender smile at his loving wife and good friend, Aunt Fanny.

Two daughters, now grown to womanhood, were married, and busied with the cares of their own husbands and their own children.

Aunt Fanny was decently independent—with an income sufficient to keep her in comparative comfort. However, 'tending the family heirlooms, winding the clock o' nights, putting the cat out and an endless round of tea drinking and visits to old friends did not suffice for Aunt Fanny's needs. Long years spent in the quiet pools and rippling shallows of life, where she had been kept in slavery by inanimate objects, had never dulled the vision that welled up from behind the veil of Aunt Fanny's subconscious. She lived a life—sweet, loving and gentle—but inside of her was unrolling a drama vast in scope, packed with adventure and uncertainty. All that remained was to ring up the curtain and the play would be on.

And so she invited her daughters and their husbands to come to dinner. She also invited Bill Golden, a white-haired lawyer and her childhood pal in many a thrilling adventure.

The dinner was one of Aunt Fanny's best efforts. Everybody did justice to the chicken, cooked in real southern fashion, with all the rich and fattening trimmings that had helped make Aunt Fanny broad and substantial thru all the years she had been cooking them. After the apple pie and whipped cream stage had been reached, Aunt Fanny turned to her old friend and, without further preliminary, said, "Bill Golden, I want you to tell these children right now that I'm safe and sane, so's there won't be any question later on about this fact."

"Why, Fanny, you're the sanest woman I've ever met in all my life," the lawyer returned. "Wish to goodness I only had half your good sense."

Alice, the older daughter, an important figure by virtue of having married the most prominent real estate owner in their little southern town, looked at her mother in amazement.

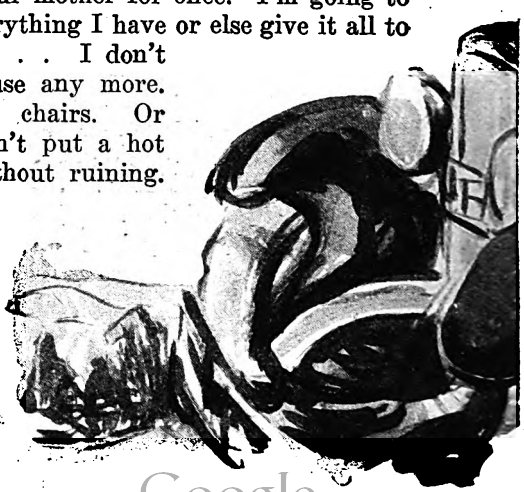
"Why, mother, what an idea! Don't try to shock us. Please behave yourself." Alice had been trying hard to reform her mother and convince her that the frank personalities to which she was accustomed were not regarded as *au fait* by "nice people".

"That's what I've been doing all my life—trying to behave. Now I've decided to behave as I please, for a change. I'm not going to spend any more of my life putting that darn cat out at night and plastering mustard poultices on Mrs. Andrews' back when she gets lumbago. I want *action*, and I'm going to get it. Right away. Now."

"By George, Fanny, you look as you did years ago, when we used to play hooky and go fishing. What fun we had!" Bill Golden turned to the young people. "Lordy, you'll never know what a pal your mother is until you've played hooky with her and had her pull you out of a cold stream. Do you remember the day. . . ."

"Hold on, Bill! You're going back too far. I want you all to know I'm just starting life tomorrow." Aunt Fanny leaned across the table with a serious look on her face and pushed back the empty coffee cup and dessert dish.

"Alice, take a good grip on yourself. And don't pull any of that 'nice people' stuff on me. Just listen to your mother for once. I'm going to sell out everything I have or else give it all to you girls. . . . I don't want a house any more. Or shining chairs. Or tables I can't put a hot dish on without ruining. I'm going to eat under the skies—just wherever I happen to be. I'm going to



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travel." "That's fine, mother, I think you should travel more. Now, there's a wonderful tour that Cook's. . . ." As usual, Alice had already pre-empted the job of Director-in-chief of Everything.

"I'm not going *a la mode,* Alice. I'm going to see the *inside* of folks and help mend their heartbreaks. And the only way I can do this is to get inside their feelings."

"Go on, Fanny. I'm getting you."

"You always did, Billy Golden." Fanny smiled at him understandingly.

"I'm going to get rid of everything," Fanny resumed, "and buy a car—not one of those high-go-fluting ones. But a car that will stand up and be counted—and take me places. Then I'm going to pack some stockings, a change of underclothes, my tooth brush and a comb, and get going."

"Get going where, mother?" the younger daughter inquired.

"Nowhere in particular and everywhere in general," responded Aunt Fanny, who was meeting less resistance than she had anticipated. "You know, darlings, I've had a dream for years. I have thought for a long time that one reason folks kill and rob one another is because they are tempted beyond their resistance by other humans—and by life itself. Fear or hate gets them, and they have to do something to relieve this. So I'm going out and see if I can help some of these poor souls who need a little love and less preaching."

"But, mother, if you start out all alone, you'll be killed."

"Don't be silly, Alice."

"But a lone woman, riding the barren roads and picking up strays . . ." Alice's husband shook a dubious head. "I presume you will pick up people on the road?"

Aunt Fanny looked quizzically at her son-in-law. "Certainly, that's why I'm going to get a five-seated car."

"Oh mother, you'll only meet tramps and they'll steal everything you have." Alice seemed really concerned about this.

"Nonsense, Alice. What would a tramp do with a tooth brush and a black dress?"

AUNT FANNY cleared things up pretty fast and within a few days was ready for the second act of her drama. True to her word she took only a small bag, with one set of underthings. These she could wash at night, and spread out to dry while she slept. Her dress she figured on wearing until it "played out", after which she planned to buy a new one in the first store she came to.

She found she had to have someone to drive for her and act as companion. After weighing the pros and cons of this matter rather carefully, she drove over to see John Barrow, the sheriff of their little town. She had known John from childhood.

They went into Barrow's private office for a little "chin fest".

"Why do you want to be traveling all over the country, Fanny?" her friend demanded, after she had told him of her plan. "Don't you think you ought to settle down and take things easy now?"

"Go on with you, John! Don't be silly. I've been taking things easy too long already. And I want you to help me now!"

"All right, Fanny—anything you say."

"Well, I'm looking for a chauffeur. And I'd like to have one of these boys that've been your guests—as soon as you can spare him."

"Fanny, you're crazy. You (*Continued on page 68*)

Illustrated by Fred Reinert



"Lady, what's to prevent me from dumping you over the edge of this boat?"

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The High Cost of Misery

By Harold Hadley Story



The slave certainly got a lot of satisfaction out of the picture of himself soothed by the singing of divine maidens and watching the former boss far below in Hades paying never-ending instalments on the pleasures he had consumed while alive.

HOW did gloomy self-denial ever establish such a whale of a credit for being the same thing as goodness?

And how did pleasure ever get such a reputation for always being more or less naughty?

Surely the most ascetic of saints and the purest of Puritans must occasionally ponder the fact that erring mortals so often yield to the temptations of the Devil simply because there aren't any other temptations they *can* yield to. When the long-faced chaps gave friend Satan a complete monopoly of everything tempting, they left the rest of us in a Hell-of-a-fix, literally speaking. The doctrine of the Dismals has a mighty tight grip on the world, and few of us escape some twinges of a too well-trained conscience when we get just about so happy. What kind of fun it is makes no difference. It may be the most discreet and harmless pleasure in the world and work no injury to anyone, not even to our own precious health and sobriety; nevertheless, we have "wasted" golden minutes which might have been piously employed in thoughtful reading of the Congressional Record.

Conversely, all anyone has ever had to do to get himself considered superhumanly holy has been to avoid enjoyment conspicuously. Here is a sure recipe for sudden and glorious sainthood: make yourself a toga of gunny sacks; shun water except for drinking purposes; eat only enough to keep a skinny body precariously attached to your afflated soul; inhabit an uncomfortable, ugly and unsanitary hovel; eschew the pleasures of social intercourse and shun contact with the opposite sex as you would a viper. You will soon find people kneeling at your feet to beg blessings and seeking your forgiveness for the fun they've been having at their own expense.

If you want to do the job complete with all accessories, spend some of the alms money that will soon be rolling in to have a rough carpenter fix you up with a neat little mattress made of a 1½-x-18-inch pine plank with plenty of ten-penny nails driven thru it—points up. Over in India a man can get himself elevated from sainthood to nothing less than deity by such an apparatus, and who says we aren't as smart as the Hindoos? Another practice said to promote sanctity is to use a made-to-measure coffin for a bedstead. The disadvantage of this device is that the coroner might happen along some day while you are asleep and mistake your emaciated earthly vesture for an over-due corpse and have the lid nailed on. That would seem to be more risk than even a saint would care for. Of course, saints and earthly deities are rare, but there is an abundance of lesser respectables who have achieved their respectability by exactly such methods in lesser measure. Severity in dress, abstention from anything but a reasonable minimum of "plain" food, apparent preference for depressing surroundings, rigid selection of associates, sex relationships approximating celibacy, make one "better" than most men.



Aesop's fox who decided that the grapes were "sour anyway" was a typical compensator.

It has not always—nor everywhere—been thus, but it has been thus most places and most of the time. The Athenian Greeks in the days of Pericles, the Augustan Romans, the Arabs in the days of the great caliphs and the Elizabethan English all escaped from the doctrine of gloom to some extent. But such escapes were never quite self-convinced and were promptly followed either by waves of puritanical remorse or complete skidding to social collapse in cynical hopelessness over the "wickedness of the times". If humanity ever gets itself persuaded that gloom is not intrinsic goodness, Utopia will be accomplished and the New Jerusalem will be at hand.

But back to our question—how did such a queer philosophy of life ever get started? How did it ever become so much a part of our attitudes toward existence that to millions it seems the only natural way? (It is as useless to tell them that self-denial is not necessarily good as it was to tell medieval serfs that the earth was not flat.) A simple psychological principle solves

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A Search for the Roots of the Old Lie *that* Good *Things Are* Bad *for Us*



All anyone has ever had to do to get himself considered superhumanly holy has been to avoid enjoyment conspicuously.

the problem and points to a rather horrible mistake which much of the world has been making for centuries.

The so-called "instinct of self-preservation" keeps us alive without much regard for how we feel about life. Just the same, man has a terrific need to believe that life is worth living. If he is to continue investing his labors and hopes in existence, he must have some assurance that his investments will pay him dividends sooner or later—here or hereafter. Now the plain, blunt fact is that for untold millions in the past struggles of the human race, life has been a pretty unprofitable deal. The religions and philosophies of the world have been molded to suit the mental requirements of slavery and serfdom, where starvation, pauperism and misery were the normal and usual state of being.

We have inherited our opinions about pleasure and pain, our views about good and evil, from long generations which never got their money's worth out of this earthly span. What could the downtrodden slave do about it? Well, he could either find out how he was being cheated and change deals or else he could "kid himself" into believing that he wasn't being cheated at all. The latter course has always been the easier. To find out what is wrong and correct it requires thinking and fighting. To become convinced that nothing is wrong and nothing needs to be corrected simply requires a good imagination.

The first move of the slave mind, to square itself with existence, has always been to build up expectations of a glorious paradise after his mortal toil is ended. There is little of higher religious significance in primitive notions of heaven. It is simply a place where a poor, worn-out worm will get some of the happiness in death that he can't get while he is alive.

A complete description of what some of these post-mortem expectations have been would never pass the censors of the United States Postoffice Department. When the slave mind got itself all nicely scheduled for a happy after-life, it customarily turned its attention to constructing a little future damnation for the fellow who was getting his fun on earth. The slave certainly got a lot of satisfaction out of the picture of himself roosting on a billowy pink cloud, sipping nectar from a golden goblet, soothed by the singing of divine maidens, and watching the former boss far below in Hades paying never-ending instalments on the pleasures he had consumed while alive.



Too lazy too think, too cowed to fight, the slave mind became lost in a maze of self-deception.

So far, the game was reasonably innocent. Indeed, the boss himself often encouraged it, since it kept the slave mind occupied with happy dreams, and hence unoccupied with dangerous ideas. But very soon the slave mind couldn't wait for the hereafter. It demanded satisfaction here and now. This required it to perform a sort of intellectual gymnastics which the psychologists call "rationalization". In plain English, the slave mind did some doping of its expense account with life in order to make the thing balance.

"See here," said the slave mind to itself, "I wouldn't go on living if I wasn't getting some good out of it. That stands to reason. But most of what I seem to get out of life are hard knocks—wear rags—go hungry—live in a shanty—no comforts or pleasures worth speaking of. Well, then, if I seem to like it well enough to go on, it must be because all the misery I get is goodness in disguise. Sure—that's it! Why didn't I think of that before."

Thus the slave mind for ages accepted hell on earth and pretended to like it. Too lazy to think, too cowed to fight, it decided that evils were blessings. It not only submitted to them, but even praised and sought them out as virtues. Naturally it also concluded that good things, pleasurable things, joy-giving things, were evils to be shunned and condemned. Bad becomes good, good becomes bad and misery is its own reward. Human "reason" triumphs over human good sense.

Such is the origin of the gloom philosophy which has borne its fruits in the blue laws, censorships and prohibitions of today. Two experiences have given the slave mind enough evidence to confirm it in its self-deception. One is the experience that some of the things which humanity finds pleasurable are more injurious in their consequences than beneficial in their enjoyability. Opiates are of this character. Parachute-jumping is likely to be. The other experience is that there can be too much of any good thing. This experience (*Continued on page 71*)

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What Does Your Boy *Want to Be?*

Ways for Finding Out His "Bent" and Helping Him Follow It

IN A recent conversation with that prince of thinkers, Thomas A. Edison, he let fall, among other stimulating ideas on the subject of human misfits, a rather startling remark. It was this:

"Show me the boy who has failed to hitch his wagon to at least one dynamic and absorbing interest by the time he's fifteen, and I'll show you the man who'll never amount to a hill of beans."

Upon the cornerstone of that penetrant observation is erected the superstructure of this article; for in my own twenty years' experience at diagnosing "square pegs in round holes", the fundamental truth of Mr. Edison's dictum has been all-too-often justified. The man of mediocrity is, eleven times out of a dozen, the boy of impoverished experience grown up.

Genius, contrary to the prevailing impression, is anything but a spontaneous product. It is a thing of infinitely slow and painful evolution—an exotic, fragrant flower that blossoms upward from the homely soil of common, every-day interests. And the parent who is foresighted enough to surround his child with the rich humus of such developmental interests in formative years bears a no-less-miraculous relation to the flowering of his aptitudes than did the wand of that fantastic fairy-godmother to Cinderella's pumpkin coach-and-four.

The possibilities latent in any youngster of normal intelligence are incredibly marvelous and vast. But it is of supreme importance that his individuality be cultivated from the start; for "natural bent", like the canny, sensitive tendrils of the morning-glory, begins very early in life to manifest itself and to reach outward for sustaining activities upon which to cling and climb.



Courtesy Canadian National

Ferreting out the why-and-what of things is all in the day's work of any boy.

I—Your Boy Between Six Months and Six Years

FOLLOWING your boy's effort to grasp an understanding of the material world by *finger-feeling*, or the touching of objects, the urge for *climbing* will probably be his next instinct seeking expression. His attempts to scale a chair or the snowy heights of a bed should, therefore, far from being thwarted, be followed up with altitude records executed on rose-trellis or ladder.

An outdoor gymnasium, heightened each year, will do wonders in promoting a fondness for his own back-yard as well as furthering physical development; and tree-climbing should be encouraged as soon as the youngster is old enough to understand that safety lies in avoiding rotten branches and that every hand-hold must be tested before turning loose the one preceding.

This tendency of youth for taking to the treetops is a deep-seated habit harking back to a thousand generations of our arboreal ancestors; and when properly recognized, will kindle in a boy's life such other allied aptitudes as a love for the woods and the out-of-doors, fearlessness and endurance, and sense of balance that can be acquired in no other way.

Exploring:—When, at approximately seven months, the infant launches out crayfish-wise on his first crawling expedition, you may put it down that another explorer's career has just begun. Whether he is to be a second Stanley; a Lindbergh to exploit

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By Ernest Seeman

the immense, impregnable moorland of the sky; or whether his genius will quest in mental realms or merely fizzle itself out in such worthless enterprise as the house-to-house explorations of a cadging tramp, is a volatile quantity; but certain it is that those encouragements which impinge upon his early consciousness will exert a heavy significance on the exploratory tastes of his maturer years.

By all means, therefore, incite your son to roam as soon as he is able—for roaming is as natural to a boy as breathing. Inspire him to learn the topography of his bailiwick and the bailiwick beyond. Allow him to thread the hills and fields unhindered, if there are any. If not, teach him how to cross a street properly. Thrill him with tales of the pathfinders.



Children are born actors. Encourage them to present playlets.

Observing:—As a love for Nature is an indispensable asset for sane and wholesome living, the child should be led to make her acquaintance before he is out of rompers. By being taught to use his eyes, every natural phenomenon—from the guttering-out of a candle to the advancing grandeur of wind-racked storm clouds—offers profound interest.

Supplement outdoor observation with colored pictures of birds and animals. Teach him their simple names and differences. Instil sympathy for all creatures and fear of none. Stories of the habits of animals are entertaining.

Mind-picturing:—A real talent for drawing not infrequently asserts itself between four and five, and as this aptitude springs from the overflowing of an image-filled mind, imagination should be stimulated early.

Surround your child with good pictures, tell him stories, enlarge his vocabulary. For as paint is a necessity to the artist, so rich, colorful words are necessary to the thinker. Enter into his descriptions of real or fictitious adventures—ignoring the silly fetish that would hold a child's irrepressible fancy down to the drab level of fact.

Collecting:—Gathering up such heterogeneous treasures as stones, dead bugs or dogs' teeth is as natural to the child as collecting nest-twigs is to the bird, or hoarding shekels to his sophisticated elders. In fact, the sort of acquisitiveness that is to emerge as business ability is developing in biff-and-bang fashion before the age of three, when with a cracked fruit-jar and the kitchen shovel in lieu of strong-box and legal papers the boy begins his orientation in property values.



Caring for a dog is a vital interest of pre-adolescence. Tommy Clifford evidently has done a good job with his pet.

Encourage your child, as far as practical, to collect natural objects fancied. At intervals, reward him for bringing in as many different kinds of leaves, pebbles or seeds as he can find in a given radius. At the ocean, allow him to dibble about on the beach like a duck, accumulating castaway things to his heart's content. Learn the names of shells and tell him about the creatures that once inhabited them. Answer his questions carefully and stimulate diverging lines of curiosity.

Experimenting:—Ferreting out the why-and-what of things is all in the day's work of any boy—at six months or sixty years—so don't begrudge yours his quota of mistakes. Remember that the sum-total of human knowledge has been gained thru trial and error; so, while helping him check up the flaw in his experiment, inspire him to persevere.

Keep his mind wide open on every subject and allow nobody's pet prejudice or superstition—however sacrosanct — to shrivel his thinking before he is able to reason things out for himself. For whether the adolescence of your son is to be heralded with brilliant gifts of initiative or the abject attributes



Courtesy Fox Movietone

Physical expression is essential to the development of your child's personality.

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of a sheep is a matter that will largely be determined before ever he darkens the door of a school-room.

Suggestive experiments: sprouting seeds of his own collecting in damp sand; planting seeds in configurations of initials or simple designs; gardening; selling his garden products. Making valentines and scrapbooks from colored paper remnants and old magazines. Dissecting a discarded clock. Constructing playthings from a miscellany of small hardware findings. Explain the chemical development of familiar materials, such as clothing and foodstuffs. Let him mix, knead and bake dough and assist in candy-making. Explain the making and use of fire; and its origin as sunshine concentrated in growing trees. Assist him to plant a young tree. Collect a box of top-soil at random and expose to sunshine and water to see how many different kinds of plants will germinate spontaneously. Initiate him in whittling and the use of tools.

Language-picturing (expressing ideas with words) :—The ability to draw mental pictures and to stir the shifting emotions of humanity by the medium of words—soft, warm, comfortable words, or words stark, craggy and brutal—constitutes the genius of orator and writer, and is cultivable.

Nourish interest in fluent and expressive diction. If possible, bring the child under the spell of cultured conversationalists whose thought and utterance inhabit a high plane.

Graphic- and plastic-picturing (recording ideas by drawing and modeling) :—A youngster is usually keen for pencil and paper by age three; and if encouraged with handy materials upon which to unburden his ideas, should without assistance or direction be drawing roughly from a model, such as a favorite toy, by four years and eleven months.

Upon entering his fifth year, he should be able to negotiate with equal facility the portrait of an imaginary giant or an X-ray conception of his own anatomy; and at six re-create crude but recognizable images from memory. Let the sand-pile stimulate interest in modeling—the molding of damp sand and mud-pies being followed up with figures and landscapes. Supply modeling clay in assorted colors for indoor use.

Constructive picturing (expressing ideas with blocks) :—

Inaugurate the interest of building-blocks as soon as the child's hand acquires steadiness; and when simple cubes are mastered, supply complicated sets in wood and stone to stimulate elaborate construction. The richer his general knowledge and imagination, the more fluent and original will be his concept of cave-town, castle or skyscraper.

Expressing in rhythm:—Aptitude for symmetrical balanced movement—emerging as an interest in music, dancing or other poetic pursuits—bespeaks the sense of rhythm; and its suppression in childhood is often responsible for the cramped personality of adults.

Encourage the child to spontaneous song, singing with others and marching by music and drum. Stage descriptive dances and playlets frequently. Foster the reciting and inventing of nonsense rhymes, and later a taste for poetry.

Reading:—To the eager curiosity of youth, reading is like a river of clear water in the Sahara—a thing to transform the thirsting desert of his mind into an oasis of verdure and beauty; and it has been truly said that five hundred dollars invested in books before he is twelve are worth five thousand so invested for the rest of his life.

Read to the child very slowly, only when he is in a passive mood and never long enough to bore him. As a rule, he will be most impressionable between his evening meal and bedtime; therefore this hour offers golden opportunities for culture.

Install a bookshelf in the nursery and deliberately set about building up the child's own library. At age three, one or two large, profusely-pictured books will suffice—such as *Mother Goose* and *Aesop's Fables*—but by six the collection should be well under way, and by seven should, if possible, number a hundred diverse volumes: embracing fairies, animals, birds, children of other lands, heroes, pioneers, giants, world-history, insects, explorers, drawing, astronomy and extinct animals and men.

I Will Succeed

By Grenville Kleiser

IF you will keep your faith in me
Tho life be like a stormy sea
And difficult my task may be—
I will succeed.

If you will look with smiling eyes,
Let days be dark with lowering skies
And nights be fraught with weary sighs—
I will succeed.

If you will speak a word of cheer,
Tho harassed oft by doubt and fear
And ugly failure hover near—
I will succeed.

II—Your Boy Between Six and Fourteen

TO the child whose aptitudes have been animated early, there will have accrued by school age an alertness and mental curiosity entirely absent in the personality of his fellows. It will be all the easier, therefore, to familiarize him—at approximately the ages named—with the vital interests of pre-adolescence, and to enlist his enthusiasm in those which appeal most directly to his nature:

Experimentation and Construction:—General drawing, including cartooning (6); basketry and weaving crafts (6); caring for kittens (6); raising white mice (6); the proper use of a hatchet (6); chopping wood with a small axe (7); making and flying kites (7); making bird-houses (7); study of printing processes (7). Cooking (8); amateur chemistry set (8); instruction in wood-shop (8); making marionettes and simple toys (8); steam-engine experiments (8); "Meccano" or similar metal construction sets (8); caring for a dog (8); raising guinea-pigs (8).

Camp cooking (9); simple laboratory instruction in physics and chemistry (9); making animal cages and pigeon houses (9); raising pigeons (9); horticulture: including simple grafting and plant-breeding (9); photography (9); training domestic animals (9); raising rabbits or poultry (10); model-making (10).

Mechanical and architectural drawing (11); wood-carving (11); taxidermy (11); casting bronze statuettes from clay models (13); "still-hunt" photography of wild birds and animals (14); training wild animals (14).

Exploration and Observation:—Bring him in contact with experts in lines that interest him (6); field trips for study of birds, animals, plants or rocks (6); discovering bird-nests in summer—a small reward for each one found and identified heightens per- (*Continued on page 62*)

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"Follow the Gleam!"

By Edward Earle Purinton

IS your home lighted with tallow candles, or with electric lamps? The question sounds rather foolish, doesn't it? We offer it merely as a preface to another question.

Is your mind lighted with tallow candles, or with electric lamps? Minds, as well as homes, need illumination. Vast numbers of people who live in modern homes made comfortable and attractive by superb lighting equipment allow their minds to be dark and dull as tho lit by the candles of a century ago.

A brilliant mind is a powerful asset in many directions, putting a searchlight on the various paths leading to health, wealth, happiness, usefulness and greatness. If we all had mental vision absolutely clear, and followed it perfectly, we should be lords of creation, masters of destiny, agents of Omnipotence. To see aright is to guarantee certainty and satisfaction. A myriad of blessed lights on human experience will be found awaiting those who seek illumination.

The practical side should be noted first. We esteem vision—but not visionaries. The occult or psychic propaganda that fails to get down to earth and help us right here should be avoided as unsound, probably unsafe. True light is also energy, and will energize us, on the mental plane as well as the physical.

A national slogan of precaution, "Safety First," has been adopted by the huge industries of America, to prevent illness, accident or other mishap among the workers. A psychological interpretation of the slogan should be a real part of Safety First procedure. Many cases of disaster would thus be averted. Warnings of danger ahead often come to people in the form of visions or premonitions, worthy of careful attention.

Doubtless few premonitions are to be wholly trusted, and many are quite false. A rational person does not believe in the sayings of dream books, fortune tellers, fake mediums, or other similar agencies of doubtful prophecy. But genuine premonitions are often exceedingly valuable. Their potential worth marks a new field of thought where discussion, observation and investigation might become very profitable.

Clairvoyance, or second sight, is a natural gift belonging to certain types or races of people. For example, the Scotch Highlanders possess it manifestly, to a marked degree. This explains why the "canny Scot" is smarter than most folks—he sees around and ahead prodigiously. A few born psychics are intensely clairvoyant. Some of the trained seers of India, the yogis and mahatmas, have supernormal faculties of perception whereby they sense truths and happenings out of reach of the common vision. American leaders in psychic research hold the belief, backed by records and proofs, that a science of telepathy now in process of creation will finally be of great practical benefit.

The air surrounding this planet fairly teems with gracious, kindly messages that go unseen, unheard, because we have eyes and ears of such crude formation, such dense habit and function. We are apt to live on too low a plane of vibration for the messages wafted thru the air to register in our minds. We Americans have let ourselves be too objective in our civilization, our education, our work, thought, ambition. So the finer messages to aid us often pass by unperceived.

Whence come these messages? From different sources: the guardian spirits watching over us; or the loved ones who have departed from earth life to a higher plane of being; or our own subconscious or superconscious mentality; or a friend who discerns what we need to know; or possibly a telegraphic messenger from a distant sphere who would make us aware of impending good or evil. Our part is not to find whence come the messages, but to know how to look and listen for them.

It is a pleasure to record a hopeful sign of the times. The business world is waking up to the value of deeper and higher monitions, that the surface of business does not reveal. Some of the huge industries of America have in scientific operation spiritual forces of insight, outlook and uplift that exemplify both practical psychology and ideal religion. How do I know? Because I have made efficiency surveys of these industries and found their topnotch efficiency proceeding largely from unusual clarity of mental and moral vision.

But the modern magnates of business are pathetically afraid of being regarded (or disregarded) as impractical, so they avoid language that sounds psychical. They never speak of having a monition. They call it a "hunch"—whatever that may be. The slangy term gives it an alibi from occultism, and certifies it as acceptable in business parlance. Isn't it funny how funny people are? However, being funny is better than being solemn.

A corporation president, who has reached a position of eminence and has made a fortune out of the products of the company he controls, often has a "hunch" of some kind bearing on his (*Continued on page 67*)

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By

Kenneth M. Swezey

The Arabian dance and the gypsy dance are two of Paul's favorites.

Pavlova—who insisted that the youthful dancer join her company.





Courtesy The Dance Magazine



still only eighteen, he is a strong, charming and unaffected youth, who has come to rank among the very few real dance artists of the world.

It was during his first trip to this country, and at the advice of a physician, that Paul began to train the rhythms of his mind and body at a dancing school. His progress was phenomenal. At twelve he won all the prizes offered by the Royal Opera Ballet of Denmark. When he was only fourteen he was already "a marvelous dancer" in the eyes of the famous Pavlova. A year later—in competition with seventeen thousand stage children—Paul was awarded the title of "the greatest child dancer in America".

Since then he has given a succession of thrills to audiences both here and abroad. His return to Copenhagen, at sixteen, brought a storm of enthusiasm; barriers were broken thru at one performance, police were required at another. As a soloist with Fokine's ballet at the Century Theatre, New York, in the fall of the same year, Paul was instantly singled out as a great artist. His personality, joyousness, perfection of technique, swept the house. The show was halted by applause.

"His high spirits, his natural grace, his youthful springiness, his disciplined obedience to the beat of the accompaniment, his expert miming, his buoyant joy in his work," wrote one critic, "made of his dancing the finest moment of the entire program." Wrote another: "Not since the days of Mikail Mordkin and Vaslav Nijinski has a male dancer gripped the spectator as did Haakon the other afternoon."

Engagements followed in Canada and the United States—from the Little Theatre in Ottawa to the great Hollywood Bowl. Early this year he gave recitals in the Guild Theatre and in Carnegie Hall. Summer found him at the London Coliseum featured with England's greatest dancer, Anton Dolin. According to the British Theatrical magazine, *The Stage,* he was a real "find". Before returning again to America, he is fulfilling a contract for a service about which he had never even dreamed. He is touring England, and perhaps the Continent, as one of the several solo dancers in Pavlova's company—at this greatest of dancers' personal urgent invitation.

Yet, despite all his success, Paul Haakon remains a real honest-to-goodness boy, who likes wrestling, swimming, horseback riding, fishing, fencing, better than anything besides dancing. He can tell wild stories of adventure and has a secret ambition to explore the jungles of Africa. In a wrestling match I would wager on him against any fellow his size. He is also full of exasperating tricks. On the other hand, when Paul is willing to discuss dancing seriously, it is obvious at once that he is an artist.

His life affords another example of the value of athletic and expressive forms of dancing as builders of health and character. Hugo Munsterberg, G. Stanley Hall and other psychologists have written at length upon the subject. The Greeks, who believed that the soul consisted of the harmony of the body, widely employed dancing to develop a fair soul in a fair body. It was said that to be a good soldier one must dance; and the most capable armies were trained with dance technique. In Europe, schools have been established for young men and women, in which the higher education is molded chiefly by the æsthetics of bodily expression. According to Havelock Ellis, dancing is "not merely the supreme manifestation of physical life, but also the supreme symbol of spiritual life".

In a chapter on dancing, of (*Continued on page 61*)

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Notes from a Psychology

How Student *Psychologists at the University of Minnesota* Apply *This Modern* Science

IF you're the type of person who prefers "to be shown" instead of taking things for granted, if you've got a great deal more faith in seeing things done rather than hearing about them, then you may be interested in a few comprehensive experiments, unusual yet practical, that have been carried on in the laboratories of the psychology department at the University of Minnesota during the last quarter.

That psychology as an applied science can and does use successfully the experimental method is further shown by the increasing interest among students in the laboratory sections who are given an opportunity during the course to do original "research work" of their own. The department cooperates with the student investigators in supplying class "subjects" and experimenters are allowed to substitute these special studies for the regular classwork.

Many of the individual investigations are planned by the students themselves who, first, create a problem, second, gather and compile the data obtained from the subjects and, third, draw conclusions from comparisons made and apply these to daily life.

Psychology students are aware of the fact that in order to get the truest results, subjects for any test must be an unselected and random sample of the population. They are also aware that certain "controls" must operate to insure their obtaining reliable results should the test be given again. Above all, they are shown that they are experimenting with a very complex organism, the human being, and that it is just as essential to study individual differences as well as likenesses.

Inasmuch as many of the following student experiments were book-length in size and more or less scientific in nature, it will be necessary to pass over much of the detail in order to include the high points of each psychological study.

In my interpretation of each student report I am giving full acknowledgement to those individuals whose experiments follow:

I. Music Held Aid to Study

THE next time that brother or sister from college sits down for a quiet evening of study, turn on the phonograph or tune in the radio. Mind the noise? Not at all. On the contrary, they'll be able to study all the better.

Two sophomores at the University of Minnesota, James Copeland and Robert McBrady, experimenting with several groups of psychology students, recently found that college students can accomplish more work and are distracted less when music is being played than when normal, quiet conditions prevail.

In order to measure the distraction, the experimenters gave their "subjects" several pages of simple arithmetic problems to work under varied conditions. It was discovered that when an exciting story was read aloud the subjects had difficulty in concentrating on their work and solved fewer problems. When a jazz phonograph number was played, experimenters expected similar results. They were greatly surprised when they found that more arithmetic problems had been solved while music was being played than when it was quiet.

In attempting to account for this unusual result one of the experimenters stated that he thought this was due to practise effect. "The subjects may have been distracted by the music," he went on, "but to combat it each tensed himself and concentrated on the work at hand. As a result, during the playing of the music, the subject used greater effort than he normally would, thus increasing the total number of problems he was able to solve in a limited time."

II. Jokes Rated in University Test

EXPERIMENTING with several class groups, Kate M. Hevner, assistant professor of psychology, with the aid of four university co-eds, has just completed the first part of a comprehensive project which purports to rate jokes on a scale of "degree of funniness".

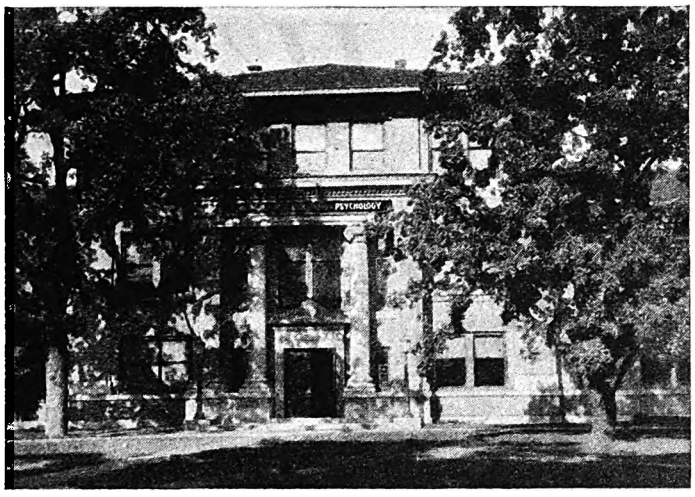
Eighty-two jokes, comprising a collection of various types of humor clipped from current magazines, were given to each subject. The jokes were then sorted into nine piles, ranging from the extremely funny ones down to those which were not funny at all. The order of "merit" which each individual gave to the eighty-two jokes was then compiled with the responses of other subjects so that conclusions could be drawn from

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Laboratory

By

Ormal I. Sprungman



The psychology building on the campus of the University of Minnesota where the experiments were made.

the group response. Some of the results found indicate that women, on the whole, tend to rate certain jokes as being more humorous than men rate them. Three jokes containing "questionable material" were rated low by women, while men thought that risque jokes were more funny. Scotch jokes were placed in the mediocre class along with puns, while illustrated jokes were declared to be funnier than the unillustrated type. Alcoholic jokes, on the other hand, tend to be rated as very funny by both men and women.

"It has frequently been said that the pun is the lowest form of wit," the experimenters declared. "These figures are not conclusive because of the small number of puns inserted in the collection of jokes. But results found, nevertheless, seem to disprove the accepted idea."

Commenting on the results of the experiment, Miss Hevner said, "Students criticized the project, saying that they had never seen a worse collection of jokes, but most of them were taken from current humor magazines. The complaint, therefore, is against present day jokes, not against our experiment.

"No advance theories about the funniness of the jokes were held by the experimenters. There was no possibility of getting them either right or wrong, for the judgment of any one individual was just as good as that of another. We were trying to get a wide variety of opinion, and we wanted subjects to rate our jokes just as they happened to strike them at the time they were doing the experiment."

III. Loud Clothes Reflect Various Sounds

"LOUD" ties and dresses that "simply shriek" are merely convenient terms borrowed from sound and applied to color, according to Austin Faricy, who recently completed a psychology experiment on pseudo-synesthesia, or "colored-hearing".

Mr. Faricy, a musician, had a large number of his classmates act as subjects for his novel test. While he played different chords on the piano the subjects wrote down the name of the first color suggested by the chord, in addition to a note on whether it was pleasant or unpleasant. When results were finally tabulated, it was found that major chords bring to mind lighter colors while minor chords suggested dark colors.

"When a pleasing chord is heard, a pleasing color is sought for and noted by the subject," the experimenter said. For example, if G major were played, the subject might say to himself, 'That's a sunny key, thus the color is gold or yellow.' As a result of our tendency to think of sound in terms of color a whole class of music has come to be known as the blues. To many people, the blast of a trumpet suggests a vivid red, while a deep tone calls up a much darker color.

"In artistic and musical fields there is a great deal more of this borrowing. An art critic, describing a painting, speaks of the tone of the color and the rhythm of the design. The music critic refers to the color of the orchestral tone, to the light and shade of a composition. Thus thru a long literary and artistic tradition certain terms and conceptions have become interchangeable, with the effect that people are disposed to interpret sound in terms of color or vice versa."

IV. Has Color Weight?

WHY does a dark colored object appear to have greater weight than an object of lighter color?

Two university students in the department of psychology, Lowell Anderson and Howard Schwankl, have attempted to find out. In order to investigate this popular belief they constructed small paper cubes, covering each with a different colored paper. So as to present the cubes in a manner involving as much "control" as possible, they built an easel, covered the top, front and background with neutral gray paper, and then tried out their novel experiment on more than 150 grade, high school and college students.

The cubes were placed in pairs and, comparing the color of each, the subjects judged the relative "weights" of twenty-one pairs of colored cubes. Black and white were selected by grade and high school students as respectively the heaviest and (*Continued on page 66*)

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Control of the Healing Word

By William A. McKeever, LL.D.

"So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth. It shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Isaiah 55:14.



Pictures by Fred Reinert

THE words which you speak carry with them a force, either of good or evil. The words and phrases which you think, being merely the spoken word recorded within you, convey a message and impart either a truth or an error. Your spoken word or your silently thought expression constantly builds you up or tears you down. If the message is mental and personal, your very own, it is doing some kind of work, either for you or against you. Then, as a preliminary to the right mode of control and direction of your word, consider the necessity of avoiding negatives, of omitting vagueness, of right selection of words and clear formation of images.

But, again, let us be sure that we are departing from the idea of performing miracles, and turn to the idea of working under a common-sense program. Let us turn away from the idea that we are to invoke special laws or to set aside natural laws, and turn to the idea of making use of the ordinary laws inherent within our common human nature. Let us be assured, also, that we are laying aside the idea of incantations, of making superficial passes and moves, of speaking a few magic words, or using a few vague generalities. Let us be assured that the practical work in healing is not especially difficult, is within reach of the ordinary student or practitioner, and will yield valuable results in proportion as one continues patiently, persistently and prayerfully.

"My word shall not return unto me void," that is, empty and without results, "but shall accomplish the thing whereunto I sent it." There is only one satisfactory way to learn the meaning of this wonderful law, and that is to use it. Practice is the secret of success. Suppose you have the habit of awaking tired and depressed, and you now desire to send your word ahead with the purpose of correcting this particular disturbance. Sit in a quiet, relaxed position, as nearly as possible free from all serious concern and physical discomfort. Then send your word *ahead* for the purpose named, and in somewhat the following manner:

"It is now retiring time. I shall lie down in peaceful slumber, shall be rested and refreshed during the quiet hours of the night. Then, on the morrow, I shall awake at the usual time but with a feeling of gladness and rejoicing. Perhaps there will come to my mind some such cheering thought as the well-known phrase in the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah, 'Rise, shine for thy light is come.' At this regular time of awakening I shall look forward to my day's appointments with pleasure and shall feel an abundance of reserve energy for taking care of those duties. The strength and recuperation of my physical life shall be noticeably reflected in my mental attitude, with kindness, poise, cheerfulness and quiet eagerness to go forward with the day's work. This shall constitute a part of my waking consciousness at the beginning of each new day from this date forward."

It may be somewhat difficult for the beginner to appreciate the splendid significance of the creative mind. And certain it is that the majority of those who first set out upon this new mental highway of life are inclined to think of the creative practice as belonging only to the Creator, or to a few highly advanced healers. Such assumption, however, is wrong; and, persisted in, will hold one back so that his word will return unto him void. The creative word is the right and the free privilege of all earnest seekers after truth and all worthy healing practitioners.

"In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God and the word was God." Here we have stated the creative principle, the law whereby the Creator himself brought the universe unto existence. And, just as the Creator has acted, and ever continues to act, within his own supreme sphere, so may man act, and ever continue to act, within his human sphere. We are all given the power to create thru our mental or spoken word. It matters not if there be little or no results at first. The watchword is to continue persistently in the practice until the spoken word shall begin to show signs of having accomplished the thing

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How to Make Your Life a Channel *for the* Dynamic *Currents of Divine* Power

whereto it has been sent. Send out your healing word. Speak it, think it silently, act upon it. Above all things else, repeat it; state it in varied phrases, but with the same essential truth, again and again. Patience, practice, persistence, prayer and affirmation will bring you a certain reward. Single out your task, define clearly your project, formulate in words a simple, affirmative expression of what you deserve and what you desire. Make use of simple and direct words, think in short and terse phrases. Make the thought run thru your mind rhythmically and even musically, if you can so arrange it. Inject into this practice the thought, the feeling, the attitude of reverence.

Separate yourself as much as possible from vain and selfish achievements, understanding that the thing which you deserve and desire, and the thing here wrought into the form of a healing affirmation, might well be classified as a sort of universal prayer. So many are inclined to stumble upon the error of selfishness, especially in their practice of self-healing or of being healed by another. "Give me my desire as quickly as you can, and I will carry the blessings away with me," seems to be a typical form of erroneous attitude here.

However it requires only a small amount of thought and reflection to bring one squarely to his senses. Do you wish to be whole physically? Then, begin your healing operation by giving thanks to the author of your wholeness for already having answered your plea. Follow this with a proper affirmation for the special kind of physical relief or wholeness which you need or which you deserve and desire. Affirm the healing, not merely to be well and free from physical pain, but affirm it with the thought and intention of using your health in some kind of increased service of the good. Thus, in all the healing operations, you will fall into the habit of reaching out for your desired good, not merely to get and to have, but to grow and to give. Every regular healing practitioner finds that he must strive earnestly to disabuse the common pleader for health of this error of trying to get health in order merely to have it.



Do you wish to be whole socially; that is, do you wish to have pleasing and happy relations to all those with whom you deal personally? To be out of harmony with some person is a disease, as it always includes fear, hatred, jealousy, bitterness or some other serious emotional twist. To be whole socially is to become relieved of any and all such disturbed human relations. But, again, selfishness may easily get in the way of a successful healing operation. It is not enough to aim at relief from the mental pain of any social disturbance. Raise your desire to a higher level. Make your healing affirmation mean that restoration is to bring you increased power and influence for the accomplishment of good. Every so-called social enemy you overcome may and shall be indirectly healed—in so far as you are personally related to him—thru the healing operation which makes you whole. Your changed, quieter, kinder attitude toward him will touch his being in a spiritual way and tend to bring about his spiritual regeneration.

Do you wish to be whole financially; that is, do you desire gradually to gain such control and management of your business affairs as to bring you deserved and desired material wealth, comforts and blessings? There is nothing more vain and empty than the struggle for material possessions in order merely to have them and enjoy them. On the other hand, to send out your word of financial self-healing with the thought of acquiring the material necessities and comforts, with the further thought of using your material gains and accumulations as a contributor to the *common good,* with the thought of so becoming a more valuable member of society—to seek and affirm financial wholeness upon this high level is to bring you a certain reward of your persistent effort. With such a plan of procedure in mind, you will certainly enjoy the right to say of the undertaking in truth, "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish the thing whereunto I have sent it."

As you continue persistently to practice the healing word, be assured at all times that you are not working your negatives against your positives. See that no thought of physical pain, social disturbance or business failure still persists within your system of subconscious habits. There is always a possibility of overlooking such hidden errors and thus losing much of the power of achievement. Brush aside, one by one, every negative thought habit. Try to set up in the place of each of these a positive habit of thinking. Thus you slowly bring about a complete reorganization of the subconscious mind, thus you set up gradually a new system of behavior patterns. Thus you bring into a condition of quietness and poise your entire nervous system, increasing greatly its resourcefulness and its abundance of supply to sustain you in every need. Thus you gradually make of yourself a complete and effective shock-absorber; that is, you become oblivious to the pains, personal troubles and business failures which are destroying the peace and happiness of the masses about you. Thus you become conscious of the presence of divine law operating within you and around you and of the availability of these super-human agencies for your personal service in time of need.

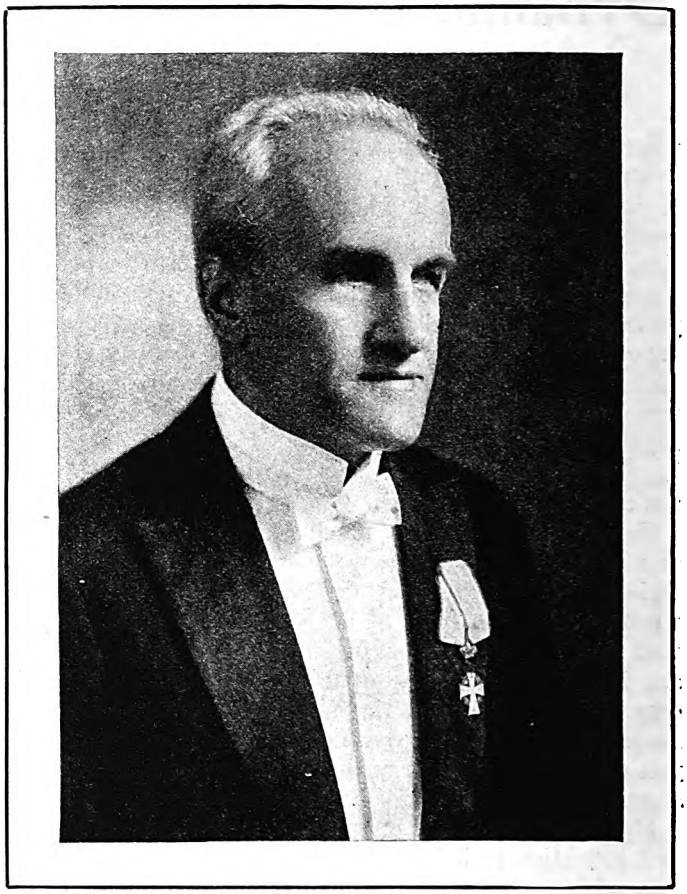
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If He Can Do *This*—

The Story of George Dupont-Hansen, *Blind Music-Master*

As Told by

Olga Rudholm



MR. DUPONT-HANSEN

"AN all-victorious conqueror of the world outside is oft-times badly beaten when he turns to conquest of the world within," says an old Hindu maxim. And history points plenty of examples to this wise old saying, in the lives of men who could rule empires grandly but could not control even their own tempers, let alone control their consciousness in more subtle ways.

George Dupont-Hansen is a recognized musician, an active teacher and choir-leader in Chicago, altho he has been blind from his earliest childhood.

Naturally, PSYCHOLOGY was interested in hearing this story; but not as "one of the bravest men in Chicago". PSYCHOLOGY wanted to know Mr. Dupont-Hansen as one of the most interesting men in Chicago, interesting from the standpoint of his evident conquest of consciousness.

That bravery angle is, of course, the commonest, most obvious way of looking at a man handicapped by sightlessness. Admiration for a pathetic figure making a courageous fight against a seemingly-terrible affliction, that is the instant reaction from us all.

But George Dupont-Hansen is "fed up on it"! When the request for an interview was made, he shrank visibly from granting it, "because I'm afraid you'll write some sob-story about my 'groping to the door to meet you'—and 'fumbling my way about my home',—and all that sort of bosh which the newspaper men love to make up."

There was gentle scorn in the fine, musical voice. He waved one slender, musicianly hand in emphasis. "Why, you saw me walk down that hall-way; you can see whether I grope or not. You watched me give a lesson . . . so did they . . . and . . ." a note of real grievance crept into his voice, "I even made coffee for those fellows from the newspapers, and then they talked about my pathetic groping."

There is not a trace of fumbling or groping about this man, Dupont-Hansen. He is so sure and so accurate in all his movements that one is continually asking one's self, "Can it be true that he is sightless?"

In fact, funny things are forever turning up to make the Dupont-Hansens themselves laugh about it. Just a few weeks ago, a twelve-year old who has been his pupil for five years came home and burst out to her mother, "Now, mother! You and Aunt Helga can let Mr. Dupont-Hansen put it over on you some more, if you want to; but he's not going to put it over on me any longer, and I'll tell you that, flat!"

Questioned, she went on as emphatically, "What I mean is, he can't make me think he's blind, not one speck longer! Cause why, today, when I just happened to use the wrong finger to play E with, and was just going along fine, I barely got that note struck and out he pops, 'Use the fourth finger, Margaret! Use the fourth finger!' "

Mr. Dupont-Hansen likes such anecdotes told about himself. He is modestly frank in admitting it. "I love to be adequate, of course," he smiled. "Who wouldn't, with any spunk to him at all?"

His keen-grown consciousness has made him so independent of his eyes that the majority of his friends naturally fall, not among those blind like himself, but among those with normal sight, "those who see with their eyes instead of with their fingers, ears and feelings as we others do", to use his own analytic phrase.

The first information he gave, however, concerned the wonderful work which is being done all over the world

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Why Can't I Ignore *My* Handicap *and* *Do* Glorious *Work?*

to forward the release of blind folk. For a half hour he showed "the splendid cooperation I get in publications on art, letters, current events and so on, weekly and monthly."

One little symptom of the pride which this man takes in "my extension of other senses to compensate for the one lost", to use his own succinct phrase again, shows up in his card-playing. Dupont-Hansen is enthusiastic about cards as a social relaxation. And many persons have played bridge, auction, five hundred, with him for many evenings without suspecting that he did not see the spots on the cards.

HE uses the same cards, exactly, which seeing people use. Only the tiniest of pin-pricks in the corner of each card, pricks scarcely visible to the casual eye and just on the top side of the card, telegraph to his sensitive nerves what he has drawn or what has been played. And his reactions are so easy and so lightning-quick that it is not strange that an uninitiated person should miss the fact that he is feeling the spots instead of seeing them.

Mr. Dupont-Hansen's ability to keep persons in ignorance of his sightlessness is due also to the fact that one of his eyes went blind sympathetically, and so does not look blind at all. It is really very handsome, matching his sensitive, aristocratic-looking face. Thus, casual acquaintances and students who come to him without introductions from some one who knows have no reason to suspect his handicap.

The loss of his sight is one of those seemingly causeless strokes of fate which appear inexplicable and terrible unless one leans to the view of oriental believers in "karma"—that belief whose equivalent in the occident is but partially expressed in our theory of an omniscient providence which "moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform".

When Dupont-Hansen was but a lad of five, he was walking along a Chicago street with his mother. A crowd of boys were throwing stones at each other. All of the missiles fell wide of their marks; but one of them struck this little passer-by, tearing the tissue of one eye into mangled shreds.

After months of pain, the judgment of the attending physicians proved unfortunate. Reluctant to deform the little face by removing the eye entirely, they had delayed, attempting patch-work. The result was that the optic nerve of the other eye began to die also, altho untouched by the rock which had destroyed its mate.

Informed of the fate hanging over her little son, Mr. Dupont-Hansen's mother hurried him to Denmark, her native land, where lived one of the most famous eye-specialists in the world at the time. His pronouncement sealed the future of the lad.

"Madame, you had better educate this boy beautifully in some profession or art which he can pursue adequately as may be, without eyes; for he will be totally blind before he is sixteen."

The prophecy of that great eye-surgeon was speedily fulfilled. The last, dim memories of the sun which Dupont-Hansen has, he gathered when he was not yet fifteen. "And those are very faint, twilight memories," he says, smiling cheerily.

His mother did not hesitate a day about the career he was to be trained for, since the lad had already shown more than ordinary talent for the piano. He was given the best instruction that Denmark and the United States could afford, on that and the pipe-organ, his mother "standing by" until the day came when his wife was to be even more devoted "eyes" for him.

As early as most seeing persons, and earlier than many, Dupont-Hansen was thru with his training days and ready to teach others.

"You ask me about the hardships and the obstacles I have overcome?" he asked me. "Here were the only *real* hardships; here came the only serious obstacles I was ever conscious of. The learning of music—that came easily enough. But, persuading others that I knew—that was very hard!"

Mrs. Dupont-Hansen broke in confidentially, once her husband told this much. "There lies the basic reason why we do not tell pupils, today, that he hasn't the use of his eyes, not unless they know it when they come to him do we say anything about it.

"I never let them know until they are convinced that he is giving them just what they need, until they are absolutely sure of their own progress and of being in competent hands. And then I only tell them when something comes up which makes it natural to mention it."

She chuckled in genuine enjoyment, adding, "Just this morning, two young ladies, grown women both of them, had the surprise of their lives. They were sisters who had come to Mr. Dupont-Hansen thru a mutual friend, a prominent Chicago musician.

"FOR two years those sisters have spent an hour with their teacher, twice a week; imagine their incredulous surprise when the occasion arose to tell them that he did not know them by sight. They were loath to believe me, indeed!"

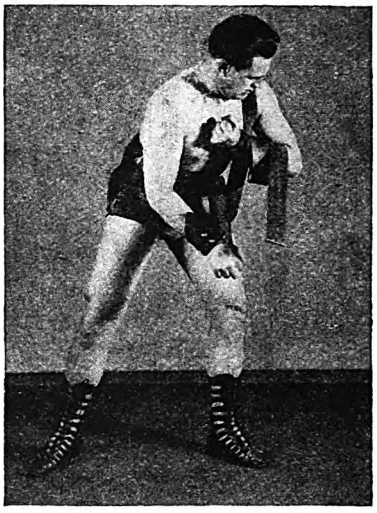
"Oh, yes," nodded Mr. Dupont-Hansen. "It's easy enough, now. But my early struggles to win the confidence of pupils and parents were real battles." His expression grew wistful, as if the memory of past difficulties lay heavy in the mind. "When a teacher with eyes has an inept child, that pupil is just incapable or uninterested. But let a sightless teacher have a failure; that is charged up to his lack of sight, never to the child's inability to learn!"

That such troubles are of the past, however, is plainly evident when one has the privilege of sitting in at one of Mr. Dupont-Hansen's pupil-recitals. Not only is the event marked by unusual work (*Continued on page 64*)

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Health Culture

A Department of Health Psychology



Mr. Gough wrapping a semi-steel slab, 2½ inches wide and ½ inch thick, around his arm—in 10 seconds.

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.

Conducted by

Galen Gough

MISFORTUNE, mishaps, accidents or disaster should be laughed at, as far as the personal injury or loss is concerned. To cry over spilled milk shows the weakest of minds and proves the emotional instinct dominant.

Many persons inquire why it is important to be strong. They argue that their calling does not require brawn and brain co-ordination, and that life is an easy problem. Strength resists disease, strengthens the nerves and makes a man sure of himself, charges him with vitality, keeps him fit for the strife of business and makes him feel superior to minor incidents that cause misfortune, disaster or unhappiness. Strength fills a man with courage and makes him realize that he is the equal of any man that lives.

We are soon to celebrate the birth of Christ. When this humble little infant was born in a manger, innocent of life but powerful in love and supreme ability to draw the wise men from far off lands to worship him, there came into this life a new truth, a great power. When Christ said, "The things I do shall ye do also," he meant what he said. He meant that within us is a great power, a power stronger than any material force on earth. It is up to us to use it, to rebuild our character strong and masterfully.

To bring out the hidden secrets within us we must start a decided reformation physically and mentally. We must know ourselves, and in order to find out the *truth* of the powers we have, we must reach the secret of this great force. The first thing to appreciate is that the *mind* is responsible for everything undertaken and the physical reaction depends on the interest we manifest in the developmental progress of our physique.

Everyone is interested in being healthy and strong and there must be some quick means of revealing these hidden powers. So consider this: we are twice as strong physically as we realize; we have nine times more mental power than we normally use or appreciate. With most people fate plays an important part. They wait until things just happen. But fate lies right in the power of your own mind. You will rot in seclusion, poverty and discouragement all your natural life, if you wait for something to turn up.

I am personally interested in the strength progress of everyone, and my first advice following the use of the proper psychology is to use a series of exercises such as I will outline. The greatest achievement will come in the manifested interest you will show in helping yourself. To *start* is the secret of self-mastery.

Strength gives a man courage. Yes, but unless he develops the mind to reveal its hidden powers, he will always be an ox. Strength encourages a man to do great things.

You will find that Lois Cyr, the great Canadian strong man, was without a doubt helpless when it came to financial success, while Warren Lincoln Travis, the retired strongman, has been a great financial success. He retained his strength thru mental and physical co-ordination and has retired from the game the proud possessor of thousands of cash dollars and property, that have made him a rich man. People think of him as one of the strongest men, but they also regard him as a genius. Earl Leiderman, one of our greatest physical culturists and head of a successful publishing house, is a mental genius and more powerful thru willpower than the strongest of other strong men.

Begin today to take these simple exercises. I can promise you will find them of practical and immediate value.

ONE

The sideward arm stretch. Stand erect, raise arms sideward and upward to shoulder level, stretching them to limit. Repeat a dozen times or more or until arms tire. (Concentrate)

Hold arms extended, flex your wrist up and down, with both hands gripped tightly. You may exercise and rest in between these exercises. Do not tire the body too much.

TWO

Straight forward and upward pull. Stand firmly, raise both arms slowly frontward and upward to shoulder level. while inhaling. Relax while exhaling. Repeat until arms tire. (Concentrate)

THREE

Sideward and upward arm pull with back step. (Concentrate) Raise arms sideward and upward, stretching to limit, at the same time stepping to rear and sideward with left foot. Repeat a number of times. Then step to rear with right foot, repeating.

FOUR

Forward arm pull with forward stepping. (Concentrate) Bring arms forward and upward to shoulder level, at the same time stepping forward with left foot. Repeat a number of times; then step forward with right foot. An excellent exercise for arms, legs and abdomen.

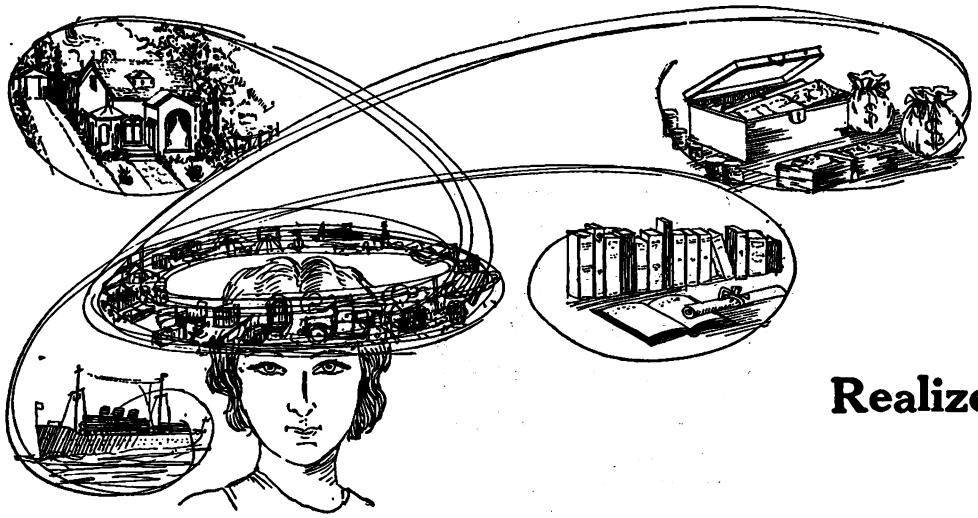
The best results from these movements come from perfect relaxation in the start; at the wind-up comes hard concentration on the proper execution of the movements. Do not take them lightly; tie yourself down to real, vigorous efforts.

FIVE

Ankle and foot exercise. (Concentrate) Bring hands tightly clinched to chest and then raise body on toes to fullest extent. This is a preventive ex-

(Continued on page 78)

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Realized at Last!

Your Thought Pictures Turned Into Realities

Visualizing and dreaming of the things you need in life only creates them in the mind and does not bring them into living realities of usefulness. If you can visualize easily or if there are certain definite needs in your life which you can plainly see in your mind and are constantly visualizing them as the dreams of your life, you should waste no more time in holding them in the thought world but bring them into the material world of realities. What your mind can think and create you can bring into realization if you know how. Don't waste your life and happiness that should be yours by dreaming of the things you need. Make them become your possessions and serve you.

I Have Found the Real, Simple Way

For years I dreamed of the things I wanted and searched in vain for ways to bring the dreams into realization. I followed all the methods of concentration and I used affirmations and formulas to bring things to me from the so-called abundant supply of the Cosmic, but still I dreamed on and on without any realization of my fondest hopes. All of the instructions I read and lectures I heard simply helped me to build up thought pictures in my mind and to visualize more clearly the things I needed but nothing brought them into realization. I had heard of the strange Oriental methods which enabled the people of foreign lands to turn thoughts into real things and so I searched among their ancient writings to discover their secret process. Then I found the key to the whole simple system in a book that explains what the Rosicrucians and the mystics of Egypt knew so well. By this simple method I changed the whole course of my life and began my life over again in HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY. I found at last the simple way to turn my thought pictures into realities.

A Surprising, Free, Helpful Book

You need not search as I had to, for I will be happy to send you a fascinating book that tells a different story than any you may have ever read and it explains how you, too, may use the simple methods which I found and which have helped thousands to start new lives, creating out of their mind power the things they need in life. I will be glad to send you this free book called "The Light of Egypt." It will show you the way to Real Happiness, Personal Power and the fulfilment of your desires. Send the coupon at right.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Perhaps your patience has been tested to the extreme. Numerous systems and schools of thought have made their appealing statements. Perhaps in sincerity you have tested them and found them wanting. With glamour and great appeal many personalities enter public attention. But have you noticed them a year or ten years later? The AMORC perpetuates the Rosicrucian Fraternity, known for centuries as a non-sectarian school devoted to helping men and women master themselves and gain dominance over the obstacles of life.

Here Is the Key—Will You Use It?

LIBRARIAN, M. B. Q.
ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD (AMORC)
SAN JOSE, CALIF., U. S. A.

Please send me, without obligation, a free copy of "The Light of Egypt." I am really in need of it and will study it.

Name .....

Address .....

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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:—W. I. B. writes:—

I have been advised to wear glasses. I can see quite well without them, can read very fine print, but an examination showed that my eyesight was a little defective. I am perfectly well physically and dislike to get glasses unless it is really necessary. I am told that the glasses may correct the trouble I have. What is your advice?

ANSWER:—

There are few troubles that might be corrected thru the use of glasses, but only a very few. When you start to wear glasses you can expect to continue to do so. Glasses weaken the muscles of the eyes due to the fact that the eye muscles get very little exercise. With glasses one turns the head instead of the eyes to look in different directions. The eye muscles must be exercised in order to maintain their strength. If you are not uncomfortable without them, have no headaches and feel perfectly well, my advice would be for you to put it off as long as you reasonably can.

QUESTION:—P. S. R. writes:—

Can you tell me any way to change the shape of my hips? I have hips like a woman and am terribly self conscious about it. I wear an extra long coat so that the hips may be as completely covered as possible, but I still have the feeling that people are noticing them when I am out. Are there any exercises that would help?

ANSWER:—

I happen to remember your initials and the city you write from and recognize you as just a neurasthenic. If it isn't one thing, it's another. The last time you wrote in you were frightfully self conscious over the fact that you thought the hair grew up too close to your eyes and that this disfigured you. What is your next phobia going to be? The thing for you to do is accept gracefully what nature has given you and make the best of it. I presume if the truth were known that no one but you yourself knows anything about your hips being like a woman's, or that the hair on your face grows too high. These are just fears built up thru your having too fertile an imagination and being too conscious of yourself. You will find that things will be quite all right if you will just develop the power to forget yourself and get away from introspection. I can picture you standing before a mirror, examining yourself closely for flaws, and then suddenly discovering something that you believe is not just as it should be. There is no such thing as perfection and anyone can find flaws, especially those who deliberately start looking for them. Turn your thoughts outward and strive to make a real success of life. You can never be a success if you continue to hunt for weaknesses.

QUESTION:—A. D. A. writes:—

My nerves are all shot to pieces, due to business depression, and my physician has prescribed a long rest cure for me, preferably in some sanitarium. But I haven't the means to follow his advice and I am wondering if there is something else that would be of benefit? Any suggestions you can give will be gratefully received.

ANSWER:—

I do not believe in rest cures for such forms of nervousness as worry and depression bring. Rest means rust. Rest cannot possibly be developing or strengthening. It does for the moment quiet the nerves thru one's taking away all forms of irritation and resistance, but it is merely whitewashing the trouble and you will suffer from it again when you get into active life. Then, too, resting gives you too much time to think about yourself and brood, and the average sanitarium surrounds you with a depressing atmosphere. My suggestion would be that you keep your mind occupied and strive to forget yourself just as much as you can. I would continue to stay in business. Perhaps you can cut down your hours for a time, but you must keep busy or you will perhaps reach a point where you will fear leaving your own home. Fears begin to pile in on one whose mind has lots of time to analyze. You have just lost your confidence and when that is restored, no matter what the means may be, you will be well and strong. There is nothing to fear in your case and it will not run into anything serious.

QUESTION:—L. L. I. writes:—

Last summer I was in the water considerably and a little later I developed a peculiar rash which has gradually spread over the upper part of my chest and shoulders. The rash is not raised or angry looking, but is simply a discoloration and red in color. It appears worse at some times than others. I have noticed it seems brighter on hot days. I have tried a number of things but without avail. Do you recognize this from my description, and if you do, will you kindly advise me what to do?

ANSWER:—

From your description I believe your discoloration is due to a water rash. Get some sodium hypo-sulphite, which is the hypo solution that is used in developing pictures. It comes in a crystal form and can be obtained at any large photographic supply house. Put two tablespoonsful of the crystals in a pint of water and when dissolved apply each night to the affected part with some gauze or cotton. Apply freely and let it dry without wiping. If your trouble is what I think it is this will clear it up within a week or two.

(Continued on page 75)

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"PSYCHIANA"

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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 a thing as a "subconscious mind" and what has been alluded to as such is, in reality, nothing more nor less than the manifestation of an INVISIBLE, LITTLE KNOWN POWER—the very same Power that Jesus used and demonstrated.

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

SEVENTH:
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.

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DR. FRANK B. ROBINSON

Founder of "PSYCHIANA" and author of "THE GOD NOBODY KNOWS"

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.



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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.

MY work becomes more and more interesting as now, thru letters and many personal calls, I actually know of *your* ideas and desires to work.

JUST MARGERY

IN the August number I wrote of an elderly man who complained because my books were not free. Remember? He also said he wanted a book but did not have the money. And I asked you to express yourself on this.

Last week I received a letter from some one, I imagine a young girl, saying she thought the dear old gentleman should have my book. She enclosed ten cents as her contribution. She felt the readers who knew what my book told would welcome an opportunity of sending ten cents each until the old man received the book. I want to thank Margery for her thoughtfulness and kindly attitude and also to tell her that I did donate the book to this particular man. And—one week after he read it, he wrote me this:

"My dear Pauline Cleaver: I am sorry I wrote you as I did. But so many persons only do things to get more. I know now that you and the magazine folks of PSYCHOLOGY are not that kind. I do value your book, and as I have made several things you told of, I have earned some money, so I'm sending you one dollar now and some day will send you the other. I want to make enough first to settle up some doctor's bills. I think I can get along now without doctoring, too, because I always feel well when I can get work. Your book has sure shown me "how". Heaps of thanks, and as you say in your letter *"Best thoughts to you"*. I say that, too, to you.

Jim H . . ."

I like the spirit "Just Margery" showed in her letter and I'm sure Mr. Jim H . . . will see this and feel grateful.

BROCADE AND DAMASK SILK REMNANTS

MANY persons have written me that in re-reading my articles in old numbers of this magazine they find many uses for damasks and odd half-yards of silk tapestries, etc., materials seldom carried in small towns and cities. Realizing that these pieces might be hard to get I called on a friend in the wholesale business and asked him to let me have an assortment of his salesmen's samples after they were thru with them. He agreed. I bought three pieces. One gold piece, which retailed for nine dollars a yard, was a half yard in length—and very wide, about fifty-four inches. I paid only one dollar for this. I made two covers for telephone books and bound them with old gold lace. This lace hides all stitches. I found a cover quite similar on Fifth Avenue priced at twenty-five dollars. My entire book and material, counting the lace and thread, cost me one dollar and fifty-five cents. I lined the covers on the inside with changeable taffeta.

I paid a dollar for another remnant of brocade, a third of a yard long. Most of these pieces can be purchased for a dollar—some very rare and antique patterns cost two dollars and the lengths vary. I made covers for three address books from my brocade.

I will gladly mail you one of these remnants at the price I pay, which is one dollar. You must also send ten cents for mailing. I will gladly give you my time as long as these odd bits last. Also you should state your preference in color. These pieces can also be bound with gold or silver laces and used for table and chest covers. They look rich on mahogany and walnut furniture and are durable. They are often large enough, too, for sofa pillows.

DOLLS FOR CHRISTMAS

IT would be too much risk to offer to send you dolls—besides, if you look in your telephone books, you should find wholesalers. Write them for their catalogs. And, for selling, I advise the inexpensive, small dolls. Dress some as Dutch children, as their dresses have the sleeves cut in with the waist, and these may be trimmed. The little Dutch bonnets are easily made.

One woman had six friends come to her home to sew on these doll dresses for five afternoons, and they made over a hundred and fifty dollars from their sale at their church fair. Of course, it can be done!

NAMING A SHOP

TWO women in Atlanta, Georgia, a Miss Moore and Mrs. Dolvin, after doing various things in artistic lines, have decided to join forces in opening a shop. They wrote to know if I approved of the name *La Petite Shoppe Chez*. I do not like the name for several reasons. It is too hard to remember or say. Why not use English? The Little Home Shop is a pleasant name.

They have a floor to themselves at 562 Boulevard North East. They are within easy reach. On their cards they give full information of just how they may serve you. They already have a steady income from the things they have done in the past: paper flowers and favors for all occasions (made individually to suit the customer); costumes (in paper and also cloth); decorations (flowers and ornaments handmade); door-stops (these I wrote of in one of my old articles); book-ends (these were also taken from my department); screens; painting (bottles, jars, etc.).

Everything they now carry was worked out from articles in *this* department.

Now let me tell you what these women are doing for a "Christmas Special". They have six boxes—maybe they call them surprise packages. But their customers send them one dollar and merely ask for a gift for a man or woman or child, stating the age. Then these women select, fill and pack a box with something they know will please. On this special they are so willing to please that they make very small profits. Of course, customers treated in this way come back. To see actually for myself what these women would select I sent a dollar and said only this, "I wish to give a present to Jean Haydock, 804 Woodland Ave., Plainfield, N. J. Select your best value for dollar. Jean is six years old. Put card in from Pauline Cleaver. Send immediately." When I saw Jean, she showed me the surprise; it also surprised me! In a very attractive box were three little dolls, two girl dolls and one boy, and under the dolls was a darling little doll book. Jean was delighted. She is now saving her ten-cent pieces to send for a box and will suggest that they send something for the dolls. I'm sure they will do it. If you wish to start a similar home shop why not write first to

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these women and see just how they are handling this "special".

FILING ENVELOPES

LARGE brown paper files can be bought for ten cents. These may be covered with either wall papers of colorful designs or, better, of silk. Oriental designs are good and not too light and therefore useful. These improve the appearance of any room, and keep one's papers, bills and notes in order. Of course, they have sales value. And—they are delightful gifts.

ANOTHER HUSTLER FOR LITTLE BUSINESS

HERE is an opportunity for YOU! Mrs. Florence Josephine Finn, of 1907 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, wants to have a Mail Order Shop in her home-apartment. She came to see me.

Mrs. Finn cut out the *You, Too, Can Make Money* articles from old magazines and pasted them beautifully in a scrap book. She intends to keep these ideas before her for her customers to look over when they call. That means she may fill all kinds of orders. Yet I advised Mrs. Finn to specialize on three good mail items. They will be articles that even the farm woman would need in her home.

We must help one another. And my readers must feel joyous to be able to share their ideas with one another.

BOYS AND MEN—OLD AND YOUNG

DID my men readers think I had forgotten them? Oh, no—not I—but I did get rather wound up over these things for women. Now let's talk just a little bit about men.

A young man who had injured his right hand came to me for consultation. The position he had formerly had required the use of his hand as most positions do, of course. But this young man had saved a few hundred dollars and wanted to find something remunerative and without risk, where he would be his own manager and treasurer. He lived in a fairly large city in the South. He was to be in New York City only one week after I saw him. I gave him letters to three business men. I sent him to the Bush Terminal where he met Miss Fanny Morse, who is in charge of the largest wholesale gift shop in the world.

This young man went to the Russian quarter of New York—all along First and Second Avenues. He studied the prices of old pewter, copper, iron and other metal pots, lamps, jars, holders and the like. He next went to the more expensive places and compared prices; also compared the "manner" of presentation, the manner of selling, etc. He learned many things. He called again after five days of visiting the places I suggested and after talking

(*Continued on page 76*)

Dedicated as It Is to All Who Love the Truth and Desire to Know the Truth So That They May Be Made Free by the Truth

SUGGESTION

ITS LAWS AND APPLICATION

OR

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF PSYCHO-THERAPEUTICS



CHAS. F. WINBIGLER Ph.M.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS AND ANALYSIS

Chapter I—What Suggestion Is.
Chapter II—The Relations of Suggestion to the Conscious Mind.
Chapter III—The Relations of Suggestion to the Subconscious Mind.
Chapter IV—The Relations of Suggestion to Hypnotism.
Chapter V—The Relations of Suggestion to Extraordinary Phenomena
Chapter VI—The Law of Suggestion.
Chapter VII—Conditions of the Operator. Conditions of the Subject.
Chapter VIII—The Physiology of Suggestion.
Chapter IX—The Psychology of Suggestion: The characteristics of the hypnotic and allied states. Suggestion without hypnotism.
Chapter X—Philosophy and Sphere of Suggestion.
Chapter XI—The Subconscious Mind.
Chapter XII—How to Use Suggestion in Hypnotism, the Waking State, in Natural Sleep.
Chapter XIII—How to Use Suggestion on Children and Young People in Sickness, in Moral Perverseness, in Moral Regeneration, in Exceptional Cases.
Chapter XIV—How to Use Suggestion on Adults.
Chapter XV—How to Use Suggestion Hypnotically.
Chapter XVI—The Value of Suggestion; How Measured.

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The Application of Suggestion, or Psycho-Therapeutics

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Section II—Physical Diseases, Cause of Disease, Emotions.
Section III—The Bases of All Cures. Do Medicines Cure?
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HAVE just finished reading the September number of your most valuable magazine from cover to cover, and not a dull moment in it. It is all good and I am now looking forward with pleasure to the October issue. I have been a reader for years, would be lost without it.

According to my way of thinking the September issue is one of the best I have ever read: "All star cast."

It is one of my greatest pleasures to recommend PSYCHOLOGY to my friends. I think Mrs. Daniel Bean of Waverly, N. Y., expresses a wonderful truth in her comment: "How can we avoid the Bread Line" and "we want a world market for our goods" which she suggests are vital questions. "How and when can unemployment best be settled?" is of importance to everyone.

William C. Spriggs,
125½ East 8th St.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

WHEN your very good salesman first called at our office I was then practically a beginner in the life-insurance business. He gave us a splendid talk on the value of service in all lines of business. He said that from the time he began to put service before commissions he had earned more money than he had earned in his life. From that day I have always followed his advice, and right enough my salary has steadily increased, and is still increasing. From that day and the time I began reading your magazine I have month by month sold more life insurance and at present am one of the leading producers in our company in this city.

Not only that, but being a sufferer from diabetes, I was always wondering how long I could live. I would not be telling the truth if I said I was cured, but I give you my word, that since the time I took the advice given in Dr. Miller's course and also in the magazine, that is "stop worrying", I have steadily improved. I found out that if a chap found himself enough work he did not have time to worry.

Perhaps I cannot express on paper what I really think, but the fact remains that from the time your agent called at our office I have steadily improved in health; today I am healthier than I have been for years; success; today I am making more money than I ever made in my life previous to taking your advice; and happiness—to me that last slogan of yours is the best, because if you could see my happiness—he is now seven months' old and as fat and bonnie a kid as ever you saw.

S. Howarth,
The London Life Insurance Co.,
3905 Wellington St., Verdun, Quebec.

I TAKE this occasion to congratulate you on the steady improvement of your magazine as regards its contents and "dress".

Not only does PSYCHOLOGY contain more sincere and "go to heart" articles than any magazine I know of, but it excels all as to conveying the modern thoughts in an exceptional, tolerant way—not lukewarm but far sighted, not spiteful but open minded. It is the medium thru which we should get a glance at the Eternal Harmony and which should help to lead the human race to that so much desired World Peace.

One of your happy and thankful subscribers.

M. von Arx, Ph.D.
Box 577, Powell River, B. C., Canada

I READ your articles on extroversion and introversion which appear in the July and August issues of PSYCHOLOGY. I have been possessed of a great desire to write a personal letter to you, Dr. Miller, acclaiming the great knowledge and wonderful understanding of human emotions which you so clearly possess.

Altho I do not claim to be qualified to pass judgment on such articles, I am sure that any person who is so qualified will agree with me when I say that there is nothing but truth and wisdom put forth.

The July issue of PSYCHOLOGY was my first issue but it is by no means the last. I did not know that there was such a great educational institution as PSYCHOLOGY in existence.

Thanking you, I beg to remain an ardent admirer.

Harlow C. Wood,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

ALL Hail to the Ambivert! I enjoy PSYCHOLOGY very much and already I am looking forward to the next copy. That does not mean that I am thru reading, studying and thinking over the present copy.

Just now I finished reading Sarah Love McKinney's excellent *Stepping Stones to Happiness*. I seem to stumble over one of them tho, "Be selfless". Can we ever be selfless? Should we ever be selfless? Is not (love) happiness the realization of our deepest and broadest self?

Any answer will be appreciated.

Very sincerely and gratefully yours,
E. M. Drescher,
207 E. 16th Ave., Pine Bluff, Ark.

Dr. Miller answers:

I think your criticism is entirely in accordance with the findings of scientific psychology, that it is quite impossible for any one to be entirely selfless. Even the very unselfish person is unselfish because it pleases his ego to be that way.

It is impossible to conceive of any individual whose instincts, emotions and physical reactions do not center about self. What Miss McKinney is doubtless trying to urge is that in developing our self we be as generous, considerate and thoughtful of others as possible.

FOR no particular reason I felt like tacking a tail-piece to the poem by Sallie Graham Stice which appeared in July. I trust she will not feel offended:

Yes, sing me a song of simple things,
Of whispering trees, of murmuring springs.
Of a bird's soft notes near a hidden nest.
A silver star in the line of the west,
Of a baby's head with its silky down
Of star-shines over a sleeping town.
Or a drop of dew on a new blown rose
A barefoot boy running dust thru his toes.
A mother cat with her kittens to scold
The gleam of the dandelions' gold.
Oh! it's the simple things, the things of the sod
That lift us on a bit closer to God.

Bettie Gilpin Smythe.

I HAVE been reading PSYCHOLOGY for over five years and would not be without it each month. PSYCHOLOGY

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Magazine has helped greatly in placing me on the road to success and happiness and I must also say it is a big magazine. But why not make it just a little bigger and braver by using a capital first letter when using the word Negro?

Gorden Bunch,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

I KNOW your policy is to admit all shades of thought, and while I do not disparage free thinking, there are certain limits beyond which I refuse to go.

I have seen eighty-one winters and have always been a thinker.

I believe the principles of psychology are logically, truly and essentially a part of orthodox religious belief, and that the two are inseparable. Hence, when I see articles attacking the churches and orthodox creeds, I have occasion to call upon all my faculties of moderation and toleration.

I believe such attacks constitute a grave menace to the social and moral welfare of humanity.

Man does not seem to be aware of the fact that he is fallible, fickle and impotent, nor that he cannot shake off nor evade these limitations.

I would not be called an intolerant fanatic like these dry prohibitionists who would force men to be good.

I am still growing and interested along psychological lines, but I do not much like the seeming tendency toward that "free thought" cult.

Wishing you the greatest success,
R. E. Cummins,
4920 Farlin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

I THINK Dr. Watson has argued his case well in your October issue, but I do feel that if we bring our children up without showering kisses upon them they are likely to be cold and unresponsive in later years. There cannot be too much love in the world and I think any system that tends to decrease love instead of increasing it is unwise.

Mrs. Mary Artle,
Albany, New York.

I OFTEN wonder why you do not publish articles on that very interesting and important subject, hypnotism? Don't you think you ought to?

Undoubtedly there are readers of PSYCHOLOGY Magazine who are interested in hypnotism, but for some reason or other find it difficult to get started in this wonderful science.

S. J. Kimelheim,
507 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Dr. Miller answers:

We have published many articles on hypnotism in PSYCHOLOGY Magazine but nothing recently. It is an immensely interesting subject and hypnotic suggestion holds tremendous potentialities for human helpfulness. We shall endeavor to obtain some more good articles on this subject.

I WAS quite surprised that you would print that article by Purinton, "Love and Thrills", in your September number. Apparently he is jealous of Dorothy Dix's great money-making power and her knowledge of human nature. He starts out ridiculing her and goes on at a great rate claiming she does not know anything about human relations. The fact is, after doing all this, he actually agrees with everything she says! Which leads to the inevitable conclusion that he's just sore because she does know so much about love, men and women, and that he isn't making the large amount of money because of her knowledge, and because he has not the vast number of readers she has. The joke is decidedly on him.

Ralph E. Figert,
223 E. Liberty St.,
Wooster, Ohio.

PSYCHOLOGY has been an inspiration to me and has helped me to get a more cheerful outlook on life. I used to feel so blue and despondent. I have lent copies of PSYCHOLOGY in order to let my friends enjoy it with me. In fact, the lady who lives in our house has come and asked if I didn't have some old copies of PSYCHOLOGY she had not read. Her husband reads them also.

Blanche A. Bacon,
61 Atkinson St.,
Bellows Falls, Vt.

PSYCHOLOGY for October is immense. Many preceding issues have been excellent but this month seems to have an added variety and force that is most impressive.

The personal interview with Prof. Sanford is worth many times the cost alone. I have known him for years and he is a genuine scholar and gentleman of the first rank.

The story about Bishow in Cincinnati is certainly helpful.

Your article on "Faithless Husbands" by one Elizabeth Fairfield is a weak spot in this issue. She has a very obvious psychological belly-ache or told the story of such a woman. I have had fifteen years' experience as consulting psychologist, and men who *slip* that way are victims of the damn-fool idea of too many women that the way to keep a husband is to raise him on a diet of hot tongue and cold shoulder and ignore the essence of marriage. It can't be done. A man wants a wife, not a housekeeper or sister.

Couples who are emotionally mature from a sex standpoint and have moral guts enough to live a full and glorified sex life make the only sure marriages.

Galen Starr Ross,
Eastgate Hotel,
Chicago, Ill.



Encouraged by $100

"Perhaps you will be interested to learn that I have succeeded in selling a short story to 'War Birds,' aviation magazine, for which I received a check for $100. The story is the first I have attempted. As the story was paid for at higher than the regular rates, I certainly felt encouraged."

Darrell Jordan,
Box 277, Friendship, N. Y.

How do *you* know *you can't write?*

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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Why don't you write?

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God Comes to Broadway

(*Continued from page 21*)

God himself growing in grace before one's very eyes.

"I ain't comin' down," he screams from the window of heaven toward the abandoned world to which he has hardened his heart. But he does come down. Comes stealing thru the shadows behind Hezdral, as he stands defiant, ready to perish at his post before Jerusalem's gate. "Mercy." God sees it. Hosea has taught it to Hezdral. Hezdral now teaches it to God himself —but says, "it must have been in God's heart or it could not have come into the heart of Hosea."

It is the thing that Molnar and Belasco felt and depicted in *Mima*— that forgiveness—forgiveness in the face of unforgivable perversity—will tear down the very machinery of hell.

Fifth, courage. Perhaps that is the item that wrings most sharply the hearts of those who sit, with fast moistening eyes, before the stage of *The Green Pastures*. That seems to be the point at which the play says complete farewell to burlesque and takes firm hold upon the "deep places of the heart".

God leans gently over the shattered frame of Moses, left behind by the marching hosts on the rock in the wilderness. Alone; disappointed; all his mighty strength ebbed away; nothing now but weakness and defeat. The end has come. And God asks—with what ineffable kindliness, "You ain't sceered, is you?" And Moses says "No!" While the tears spring out from a thousand eyes.

He says the same thing to wounded Hezdral, come to the end of his campaigning to save Jerusalem. He is going to be defeated. He has saved the precious scrolls. He has made sure that even if these are lost, their contents are embedded in the minds of a hundred chosen minds. He has helped his people to escape the sword. Now, with a last handful of the stalwarts, he must die. Behind him stands God, lured from heaven against his will by the silent shadow of Hosea and the sounds of Hezdral's vows. Again, the divine voice, "You ain't sceered, is you?"

And Hezdral, too, answers, "No!"

But the greatest scene of the play is not within view of the audience. It is not even in view of the angels around God's seat, except Hezdral, who has joined the angels now.

But the audience beholds the scene mirrored on the face of God. His heart has been broken. There is sorrow in the once happy heaven because its Lord is sad. The shadows on his face are deep. But he raises his eyes. He is watching something taking place afar. Hezdral sees it, too. And Hezdral says —as God's face loses its woe and a strange light steals slowly across it— "Oh, he is falling down beneath his Cross. That is too heavy a burden for One Man to bear alone!"

And the angels' voices pour forth the glad cry: "Rise, shine, for thy light is come!" God himself is content and blessed. Earth has brought forth at least One Man in whom all the Great Things meet: He has toiled on to the end of the task; he has suffered to the utmost and has not flinched; he has believed in the Highest and has found that Highest in himself; he has shown mercy in the face of immeasurable cruelties; he has shown the highest courage of all, the courage that flames forth from a fainting spirit.

I was permitted to go behind the curtain and meet Richard Harrison immediately after he had performed that miracle—the miracle of depicting on his face, without the uttering of a word, the passing from the world of the shadows of despair and the birth of its Eternal Hope. I was full of wonder to know how that man would look when I saw him face to face. Had he been pretending? Had he felt it? Did he care about it? Did he *mean it?* Or was it merely the past-mastership of stage-craft?

Then he appeared from his dressing room. He had thrown off his frock coat and put on an old gray sweater against the chill of the fresh air that rushed thru the opened doors. His face was bathed with sweat. Tears gleamed in his eyes. The light of the heavenly visions he had seen and mirrored still streamed from his countenance. He smiled—that rare smile—and held out his hands in greeting to the old friends who were waiting there and to the new friends who gathered about him.

And a few days later, in the dining-room of a Harlem apartment, he was to tell me, "In my heart I am one of the old-time Negroes." No, Richard Harrison, you are far more than that. You are for the time-being the window thru which the eyes of America's soul are beholding again the Light that Shineth more and more unto the Perfect Day!

Colonel Cheek

(*Continued from page 27*)

Maxwell House Products Company and my other seven boys are managing plants in other cities.

"Boys mean the essence of youth, and it is the boy in man that sustains him, because it is he who loves to play golf, to get into the open country, to go fishing and climb mountains, who makes him forget age and be as free and natural in the great outdoors as a child.

"I think we should be careful how we sacrifice our boyish traits, how we crowd them out, strangle them by strenuous living, in our chase for professional success, for political office, for fame, for power or any material gain. When the boy in you begins to die, the man begins to lose, for then we deprive nature of her great life-preserver, of her most potent rejuvenator, her best safeguard against weakness and decrepitude in advancing years."

More than ten years ago doctors advised "the old colonel" to slow down, but if they advised him to retire from active service he certainly declined to do so, and in the last few years he has gone in for more recreation, enjoying splendid health and attributing this enjoyment to his time spent outdoors. He plays a good game of golf, and has fished from the waters of the far northwest to the Gulf.

Conversation with "the old colonel" is not a rapier-like affair with quick verbal thrusts and shining repartee. It conducts itself slowly and quietly. It does not skate over the surface rapidly but often hits great depth. You never find in him any desire to sacrifice sincerity to smart epigrams. He will tell you that if you really have an earnest and persistent desire to achieve something, nothing in the world can stop you, for this desire itself will furnish the motive power that will carry you all the way. He believes in his fellowman, whether he be working for his day's pay or doing the thinking that makes the pay possible.

"The worker, no matter what his wage, no matter what his position, is a man with the same hopes, the same aspirations and the same ambitions as the man who employs him," Mr. Cheek explains.

"A man can't succeed in life if his work is a drudgery to him. He must throw his heart and soul, as well as

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his brain, into his work, but he can't do that unless he likes the work.

"A man doesn't acquire a position of commanding importance until he is master of himself. A fundamental of self-control is the suppression of anger. A man in full control of himself can think more logically and quicker than an infuriated opponent.

"I had not been in the business world very long before I realized the necessity of self-control. So I started to develop it. If I decided the night before to arise at six the following morning, I didn't stay in bed until six-thirty. Yes, you must boss yourself before you can boss others.

"Every man's work bears the stamp of his personality. I have accomplished things only because of the faith and loyalty of the people who have aided me and of those I have tried to aid.

"I do not believe in talk about the sacrifices one has made, for if the desire to succeed, to do a work worthwhile, is strong enough, it is easy to give up things that conflict with it, without a great sense of loss or deprivation."

Since his philosophy rests on the belief that all pleasure, all enjoyment, all happiness, are in the mind, he has created out of his own mind the world of helpfulness in which he lives. In his character, in his relation with mankind, and in the great and almost unrivaled business of which he is the architect, the chief, the counselor, Mr. Cheek is the living embodiment of his utterance.

"Personal achievement in some kind of work that brings happiness to other people—is success."

I do not believe that his material prosperity counts very much with him. If he should be robbed of it all, I do not think he would accept it as a great tragedy.

But steal from "the old colonel" his power to give happiness and you will have robbed him and those who know him of their finest possessions.

Paul Haakon

(*Continued from page 45*)

his book *Psychology and Social Sanity*, Münsterberg has written that the dancer "becomes detached from the cares of the hour, he acquires a new habit of disinterested attitude toward life". And he continues: "Who can underestimate the value of such detachment in our American life? The Americans have always been eagerly at work, but never have learned to enjoy themselves and to take the æsthetic attitude which creates the wonders of beauty and the true harmonies of life. To forget drudgery and to sink into the rhythms of the dance may bring to millions that inner completeness which is possible only when practical and æsthetic attitudes are blending in a personality. The one means restless change, the other means repose, perfection, eternity."

The art of which Paul Haakon is a master is, in at least an elementary form, being introduced more and more into colleges. Perhaps it will eventually be adopted by Y. M. C. A.'s, athletic clubs and military training camps as a substitute for the childish "setting-up" or calisthenic movements. Besides an expenditure of tremendous physical energy, good dancing requires great precision and accuracy of movement and extreme mental control over every part of the body.

To dispel any false notions which may be harbored concerning the "easiness" of dancing, one has merely to refer to an experience related by Ted Shawn in his *The American Ballet*. Mr. Shawn, internationally known dancer, received physical training in the United States army as a private soldier, then as a cadet in Officers' Training Camp, then in a special school for physical training directors, and later passed on his training when he became a Lieutenant of Infantry. Occasionally he would try to vary the monotony and boredom of the prescribed childish movements by introducing a bit of dance technique. Invariably it was found too hard mentally and physically for the men to master!

Thru his years of training, Paul has developed both mind and body. His brain is quick; his muscles are like steel and respond like lightning.

Paul was born in Copenhagen, his mother a musical artist, his father one of a family of lawyers. Both parents died when he was very young, and at seven he was adopted by a well-to-do embroidery designer and manufacturer.

An astonishing characteristic of the boy was his diminutive size. At seven he was no larger than a child of three or four. And when he first came to America, at nine, a ticket agent protested to the father that children under five did not need tickets! It was originally due to this abnormality that his career was determined as a dancer.

In San Francisco, Paul was examined by a friend physician, and it was discovered that terribly enlarged tonsils had been sapping his energy. These were at once removed, and some sort of all round exercise was recommended to build up the boy's strength. Boris Petroff's ballet school was finally decided upon.

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Paul demonstrated such natural ability and improved so under a little training, that Petroff insisted he be given the facilities for becoming a professional dancer. Back in Denmark, the foster-father tried to enter the boy in the school of the Royal Opera Ballet. The ballet-master was amazed at his demonstration, and was eager to take him in—until he learned (also to his amazement) that Paul was two years and more past seven. For a hundred years the Royal Ballet had maintained an unbroken rule that no child over seven could be admitted. What was he to do? On account of Paul's size, combined with his startling ability, for the first time the master broke the rule!

At the end of two seasons at the ballet school, Paul won all three prizes, one for the hardest working pupil, one for the pupil used most in the ballet and the third for the pupil used most in plays.

Then came a note of tragedy. A bank failure practically ruined the father. He sold what remained of his estate and father and son returned to America to start anew as best they could. While the father tried to establish an embroidery business in San Francisco, Paul continued his dancing studies with Theodore Kosloff, and then with Prof. Conradi.

It was there that he first met Mme. Pavlova. She was dancing at a local theatre, and one morning before a performance Paul was sent to see her. Pavlova's husband went down the long queue of people wishing an interview to select those whose mission was most urgent; the famous dancer did not have time to see them all, even if she so wished. Catching sight of Paul, he caught him up immediately and took him to the stage. Pavlova put the tiny, handsome visitor thru several steps. She called her company. No other business then mattered. "Marvelous! Marvelous!" Pavlova kept exclaiming, as the diminutive figure performed leaps and pirouettes to her direction. He was the finest child dancer she had ever seen. She insisted that he attend every other performance she gave in the city, and a mutual friendship and admiration were begun which has continued thru the succeeding years.

Unable in California to dispose of the fine embroidery work for which there was so much demand in Europe, father and son again started East, hardly knowing what they would eventually do. In Chicago, Adolph Bolm contributed to Paul's training. In New York he came in contact with the noted Mordkin. Mordkin had just recently been invited from Europe, and had already established a ballet school with several hundred students clamoring for attention. Paul wishfully contemplated studying under the great master, but knew that with his father's means at the time the tuition was prohibitive.

When Mordkin, however, had once seen the boy dance, money was magnanimously waived from the question. Such ability as the youth possessed was beyond the realm of price. Until Paul could pay, he need not think of money. And for a year Mordkin took him under his baton.

Then came the finishing influence of Michel Fokine. Dancer, choreographer, ballet master, vital spirit, creator of the modern Russian Ballet, Fokine was the ballet teacher incomparable. No other man could produce such a list of pupils who had attained distinction—names ranging from Nijinski, Pavlova, Fokina, to Marie Gambarelli, Anne Pennington, Margarette Severn and Gilda Gray. First thru a benefactor, and later thru the earnings of his own work, Paul was able to study with Fokine and to dance with his renowned ballet. It did not take long for the boy to become a star pupil. Before he left his immediate instruction, Fokine said that Paul could perform feats of ballet technique which could not be imitated by any other person alive!

Often the virtuosity of childhood has diminished, burned out, as a child has grown nearer manhood and womanhood. Pavlova had often wondered how time would deal with the wonder-child who had enthralled her in California. This last summer as she watched him perform at a benefit concert in London, she was delightfully surprised. So much did Madame Pavlova admire his work that she could hear nothing less than that he join her own company.

During the past few years Paul Haakon's earning power has leapt tremendously. On many occasions he has been able to draw down for fifteen minutes' work as much as not a few heads of families draw in a month. Royalty, artists, critics, society people, business leaders, have paid him tribute. His name has been in lights a foot high. Yet, as I mentioned before, he is still all boy—charming, lovable, prankish, quite unspoiled.

Three things seem to stand out as having determined his success. He has much of what might be called natural ability, he has worked strenuously and greatest of all he has always had an intense love for his work. Once, upon mentioning the hardship of someone's work, he looked at me curiously, as if the thought of hardship in connection with work had never occurred to him. "Do some people find their work *hard?*" he asked. It is needless to quote the conversation further. Paul and his work were made for each other. Hardships were not hardships to him. He loved to dance finely; to thrill people with excellence. The happy earnestness of his face corroborated everything he said. With courage and ability, fired by this genuine love, his success became suddenly shorn of mystery. What is such a combination but genius!

Your Boy

(*Continued from page 42*)

severance (7); fishing (7); collecting Indian arrowheads with experienced person (7); foretelling the weather by clouds (7); instruction in life-history of insects and reptiles (7); use of the microscope (7).

Collecting and rearing water creatures in aquaria — turtles, frogs, aquatic insects (8); attending educational camp (8); navigating rowboat or canoe (8); elementary astronomy and study of the telescope (8); long "nature tramps" alone or with dog (8); judging human nature: by face, voice, manner (8); country rambles on pony-back or bicycle (8); playing detective: establishing by clues or enquiry the history of strangers or suspicious characters (8); adventuring: rambles into unfamiliar regions or striking up chance acquaintance with unusual persons (8).

Rudimentary instruction in psychology and criminology (9); primitive camping (with experienced person): in the wilderness, down-river by canoe, or wagon-trekking (9); city rambles on bicycle (9); all-day hikes, unaccompanied by adults (10); navigating sailboat (10); understanding and operating automobile (12); accompanying scientific field-expedition to the wilds or a foreign country (13); seafaring: working passage on ocean voyage (14); tramping, bicycling or canoeing in a foreign country (14); flying a glider aeroplane (14).

Reading and Visualization:—Bring his library up to two hundred volumes (9); allow him to make decisions concerning his clothing, food, associates, etc., and embolden him to originate and initiate his own ideas (8); be sure he reads and understands the two most enlightening books of the Twentieth Century: H. G. Wells' *Outline of History* and Frank C. Haddock's *Power of Will* (14).

Acquisition:—Object lessons in industry and thrift (6); trading and selling personal belongings, with free use of his earnings (6); simple lessons in advertising and business ethics (7); collecting coins (7); raising animals or poultry for profit (8); getting work out of others (8); lessons in analyzing gainful opportunities (8); collecting and mounting postage-stamps (9); rudiments of bookkeeping (12); shorthand (14).

Rhythm, Language and Socialization:—Physical expression thru acrobatics (6), swimming (6), baseball (7), tennis (8), football (8), basketball (9), golf

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(10); appreciation of music (6); playing music, as piano (8), string (10), or wind instrument (12); acting and dramatizing (6); typewriting (7); creative writing (7); public speaking (7); arguing (6) and debating (12); lessons in the rights of others and in simple civics (6).

Lessons in international history or the story of mankind (7); doctoring and nursing incapacitated animals (7); fundamentals of sex and birth (7); countenance the organization of a "gang", and remodel an out-house in your boy's backyard for its headquarters (8); object lessons in service and leadership (8).

Social dance (12); friendships with famous persons (13); bird's-eye view of the vocational horizon (14); stressing self-development and magnetic personality as the highest goal of successful living, inculcate a sound philosophy that includes self-control, will-power and magnetic reactions toward others (14).

III. Your Boy by Fifteen.

WITH his subconscious potentialities sharpened by self-expression, our fortunate youth should now be able to recognize his "natural bent" in the work he loves best. This point settled, a practical choice of vocation should emerge by the age of fifteen—or, at the latest, as he stands on the threshold of college.

For summing up, in the crystal words of Emerson, this subtle harmonizing of ability and purpose: "Each man has his own genius .... He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea."

The Secrets of Adjustment

(*Continued from page 29*)

ingenious instruments contrived for weighing, measuring and registering things; about the spectroscope with its wonderful dissection of light into its component color rays; about an instrument that will draw ten thousand lines in an inch of space; about microscopes revealing the otherwise invisibly little, and of telescopes bringing into the range of vision worlds that to the naked eye are invisibly remote; balances that are so fine that they may be turned with a hair or a speck of dust.

But this human body of ours is many times more accurate and trustworthy as a measuring instrument than any made by hand of man. *It weighs and registers every thought* from moment to moment and from age to age. The state of mind as to adjustment to environment is recorded by it with a certainty and accuracy that is unfailing. So unerring and constant an index is possible only to *mind registering itself in mind* at its highest organization. "A hair, perhaps, divides the false and true," sings Omar Khayyam. I have noticed that gray hairs usually come one at a time. The same is true as to lines and wrinkles and as to certain warning little twitches or twinges that suggest waning strength in eyes, or ears, or voice, or digestion. What do these things mean? What are we to do about them? Shall we adjust ourselves to the false or to the true? to strength or to weakness? to health or to disease?

It depends on whether we want to live or to die. Gray hairs and feebleness are in no true sense an "index of the passing years". We can count the time and mark it without these. It is not time they measure, but thought, emotion, desire. They mean negative thought; and, for balance, demand more positive thought; they show lack of balance in the thought forces; that is all there is to it! Some people get anxious about this registering of thought in the bodily condition; others are careless. Gray hairs are not to be laughed away any more than they are to be wept or worried away. We are weighing something infinitely more precious than gold from the refiner's fires. Shall we be less heedless than he of the movement of the scales, or less wise in supplying what the movement calls for?

"It's never too late to mend" and, once we know how to restore balance, we can do so even if the disturbance has been so long continued as to turn all the hair white and otherwise intensify and aggravate the symptoms of maladjustment. But would it not save time and trouble to right things at the start and keep them right? Take the first faint suggestion of lack of balance that comes along—the first gray hair, the first wrinkle, the first difficulty with the hearing or the voice in singing or speaking, the first difficulty with the breath. Why tinker with the mere symptom, the effect, and neglect the cause? Dyeing the hair or fooling with the hair follicles, facial massage or Madame Somebody's skin beautifier won't do! Despite the proverb, beauty *is* more than skin deep.

Let us go deeper, to the causative and creative thought. Passing by your merely outward attitude and action, are you, in your heart of hearts, playing fair in the give and take of life? Is your giving balanced by taking and your taking by giving? Or are you apt to think it smart to get more than you give in any particular direction? Possibly you go to the other extreme,

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giving all you have and not getting fair return; expecting to receive, yet afraid to ask, and ask definitely, for your fair due. Heeding the line or wrinkle, the turned hair or rheumatic twinge as faint signals of disturbance, do you neutralize promptly the meanness, or weakness, fear or anxiety they indicate by throwing more gold into the scale, desiring, cultivating and emphasizing in thought and deed an attitude of love, of courage, or generosity, of serene and gentle strength? Do you balance rest by activity and activity by rest?

All these things enter into the matter of adjustment. How much or how little, or in what proportion to each other, every man can tell for himself better than another can tell him. He knows where the shoe pinches. As there are among the millions of men no two faces or voices exactly alike, no two who even breathe or walk exactly alike, so the adjustment of self to environment and environment to self for one man may not be adjustment for another man.

If you want to be strong and happy and live long in the land, honor your father and mother by striking out for yourself; be original, be yourself! I do not believe in telling children to be like other children, or to "be good", (which means, "see how good I am; be like me!"). The one thing necessary is to be *true*—true to oneself. It is an individual matter entirely. One must know oneself to begin with, and always. This individuality in the requirement, and in the result, really simplifies the problem immensely. Think how easy it makes it! The question no longer is how good, or great or talented or beautiful you are in comparison with some one else or some one else's standard. It is merely, *are you yourself?*

Is that expression of countenance, that carriage of the body, that tone of voice, that kindness, that action really you? If it is, emphasize it and cultivate it; if not, you need tuning. You are the tuner, and you the note to which you are to be tuned. Dare to be true!

You have a vibration that is peculiarly your own; to it every atom in your body responds in well-being, in joy. This atomic vibration has a perfect correspondence in sound vibration which gives us musical notes, in light vibration which gives us color, and in thought vibration which gives us ideas to be translated into achievement. Any one of these vibrations, when found, will furnish the key to its correspondences. This indicates one way to "tune up". Thru conscious and positive *desire*, expressed clearly in definite *affirmation*, the entire system may instantly and always be tuned, balanced and readjusted to the norm of Wholeness, Harmony, Opulence.

If He Can Do This

(*Continued from page 51*)

on the part of the pupils from a technical side, but there is an atmosphere of perfect trust, perfect ease, a total lack of self-consciousness in the youngsters which only a natural master of child psychology could create.

THIS teacher is also a composer. He creates constantly, many pretty, light things, suited to the varying ages and abilities of his pupils; and once in a while he sets down something much more serious, more ambitious. At the very time of this interview, his wife was still glowing over an unsolicited bit of honor which had come his way.

"About four years ago," she explained, "we had a small *soirée* here, just a group of artistic friends for an evening of fun. Each had been told to furnish something original for the entertainment of the rest. So, Mr. Dupont-Hansen, as his extemporaneous contribution, composed a theme with variations depicting the character of each member of the gathering.

"When he played it, one of our guests who is a professional musician in Chicago insisted that it must be published. So I helped put it on paper; and we submitted it to the publishers. They took it at once and it saw print almost immediately.

"That was four years ago. Then, not so long ago came this." Mrs. Dupont-Hansen brought out a music appreciation by Clarence Hamilton, whose critical ability is known all over the United States. "We got a letter from a friend, who heads a conservatory in Texas, telling us of this national authority who pronounces Mr. Dupont-Hansen's *soirée* effort one of the most perfect of its kind."

A quizzical smile played over Dupont-Hansen's sensitive lips. "See how we enjoy such driftwood when it washes up to our door unsought."

His wife bent upon him a look of pride mingled with reproach, quite as if he could see it, and went on, "Yes, and there are many beautiful brain-children of his floating round. Others are simply in manuscript form, things he has never even bothered to present. Mr. Eric De Lamarter has played a half dozen pieces of his on the organ for several years, just from the rough manuscript—you know who Eric De Lamarter is?" she stopped to query.

(Who does not know, who knows anything at all about Chicago music, of Eric De Lamarter, the gifted young aide of Frederick Stock in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the talented organist, and the creator of exquisite original compositions?)

We knew what Mr. De Lamarter's opinion would be worth. But the pianist interrupted the praise of himself with a serious statement, "There is too much for my wife to do now, without being loaded up with more work of transcription for me." And he then told me of his wife's devotion and care for him. She, in turn, quietly brought out an object that effectively broke this line of talk.

The interruption in this instance was the glittering gold and enamel cross of knighthood in the highest order bestowable by the king of Denmark, an order conferred upon Mr. Dupont-Hansen by that monarch several years ago. This gives him prideful feelings, too.

"But don't think for a minute that it means anything but that I'm an American from heart to head and thence to the soles of my boots! Can you imagine that some of our friends, of Danish ancestry, said that they did not see how I could accept the highest decoration the kingdom of Denmark could bestow and still remain a good American!"

We looked with respect at the exquisite trinket in its leather and enamel case.

"By the way, would you like to see some of my pets? Some of the smartest of the Danish-Americans in Chicago, these are. Tonight is the night I practice with them, if you would enjoy seeing and hearing them."

His pets are his choir members, young men and women who sing for the joy of the singing and the service of their beautiful little church on the near-northwest side of Chicago. That very night one phase of Dupont-Hansen's secret of his conquest of consciousness showed forth as plainly as if print letters had told the story.

The secret? A social urge, developed to an advanced stage. Dupont-Hansen, in spite of having a handicap set, a barrier placed, which would have introverted the ordinary ego to a hopeless degree, gets a sheer delight in extracting ego-thrills from the environment around him, and from the development of other minds in his herd.

And how they respond! Some of these have been his choir-singers for as long as fifteen years, and are still young; so they must have begun as youngsters indeed. And how their faces glow when they tell you of their

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long intimacy with Dupont-Hansen. As if some great personage had decorated them with a gold-enamelled and jewelled cross of honor. They have sung with him all over the state they live in.

One member, after a little judicious friendliness had drawn her out, showed us a page in her diary wherein she had set down, seven years ago, her recollections of his words on the occasion of their celebrating his twenty-fifth anniversary as organist and chorister.

She read, but almost by heart, in a voice low and full of feeling, his response to the sympathizing words of his friends and neighbors: "Yes, total darkness, constant darkness, is surely one of the hardest of the afflictions man is called upon to bear. And most men, it is true, feel that there is nothing left for them to do but sit on a street-corner with a tin cup.

"But you, friends of this congregation and of my choir, you have been as eyes for me; for never do you make me feel that I cannot see. Instead, you treat me as one of you and give me confidence in myself, so that I feel I can accomplish something worth while in life, in spite of my sightlessness."

This choir-member stopped reading and declared earnestly, "Why, you have seen him in action! How could one treat him as a blind person? He has keener ways of seeing than we do. It is he who starts the confidence business—he has never shown a flicker of a lack of confidence. He is so wonderful that one is proud to be allowed to be eyes for him in those few places where he must depend on physical sight. Why, listen. . . ."

Here followed anecdotes of how Dupont-Hansen can swing a hammer, dig in a garden, make fences and rose-trellises at his summer home on Fox Lake "and never misses the nail he is aiming at! How does he do it, will you tell me that?"

Questioned about this later, Mr. Dupont-Hansen. replied, "Well, I've thought about such things, yes. It's interesting to me when I have time to stop and thing about it. It seems to be an extension of the feeling sense, as nearly as I can describe it. But this outside work . . ." his face lit up with intense pleasure, "I'm happy as a lark when I can get into overalls and work about our little country place. I love it. How can I hammer and not hit my fingers; just trained muscles, finely trained. I have those from my music.

"I can tell you something much more interesting, and to me much more wonderful. Mrs. Dupont-Hansen will tell you that if we pass by a familiar store or corner and there is a new pile of boxes out in front or a new mound of dirt heaped up from the street, I will ask her, after we have gone by, 'What was that we just passed?'

"That new obstacle or pile of objects seems to impinge on my consciousness thru the skin somehow. Perhaps it displaces air which wasn't displaced so before; and my over-sensitive skin gets it. Don't ask me to be explicit or scientific; I'm not a scientist—I'm only a musician.

"Do you know," his fine face set into lines of determination and absolute conviction, "do you know, from a combination of reasons, I am sure I could even cross streets alone. I am sure I could feel—or whatever we should call it—the approaching traffic. But," here his face grew whimsical again and turned to his wife's direction, "this little person has stronger ideas of her own, about these boulevards where there are no traffic police to direct cars, and so on—so I accept guidance and go on doing my conquering inside of me and inside of other people—not on streets, but in minds!"

And as he spoke, the shining smile on his fine face betrayed the brightness of his inner sight.

Many Marriages

(*Continued from page 32*)

there must be a cause for every human action and a natural explanation, but also that if a given cause produces results that seem to us undesirable from a personal or a social standpoint, then the sensible thing to do is to inquire whether there isn't something we can do with or to the cause.

"Take, for instance, our case. We have looked at certain causes so far as my brother's wife's actions were concerned. The effect was that his family was broken up. But the real cause was his own physical condition. The pertinent question, then, is: could anything have been done about that? To that question I have given the most conscientious thought and study for the last ten years. When it first arose I would have had to answer—in fact I did answer both to him and to myself—nothing. But now I think differently. With the new knowledge slowly coming to us from various sources, particularly from Vienna, we could probably take a case like my brother's as it was when his unfortunate condition arose, or at least when he was injured, and restore his normal powers. Or, if we could not do it yet, certainly, I believe, we will do it within another decade.

"All of which means that a marriage like my brother's will be saved. It means that in many cases that now end

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in divorce, doctors will bring about a cure and cheat the courts. I have been as wordy as a lawyer who hasn't anything to say. But I trust you will pardon me, for that prophecy is my excuse —the prophecy that in many cases marriage doctors will take the place of divorce lawyers."

INTERESTING as was this conclusion of the doctor, it was not novel to me, tho assuredly it would have been had I heard it during my novitiate as a lawyer. But one learns rather rapidly at the bar after one acquires the license to do so. And I soon saw enough to convince me that, if one believed marriage a defensible institution, one could not escape facing the question: what is wrong with it? Obviously the men and women who came to my office seeking relief and the many others I saw leaving court cynically, triumphantly or sadly with their decrees were not acting on impulse nor without reason. As a young attorney, eager to build up a practice, I should have welcomed every prospective client with a fee; and I did. But it was borne in on me long before I had that talk with the doctor that for many who came seeking freedom from their marital bonds, there ought to be first some effort at making those bonds not merely bearable but pleasurable. It seemed to me that some sort of salvaging measures should be tried.

I do not mean by this that I regard divorce as itself necessarily an evil. Nor do I have reconciliation in mind. I have known many cases where friends, relatives, ministers and even judges, all well-meaning but more sanctimonious than wise, talked couples into dropping divorce suits, into agreeing to kiss and forgive and into trying again to live in double-harness. That kind of thing never works. It is as ineffective as a Pennsylvania-Dutch pow-wow doctor's hocus pocus over a broken leg. And when a marriage is sick, mere talk and advice and good resolutions will not effect a cure. Yet that is the condition when either husband or wife reaches the point of seeking a dissolution of the marriage. The mere fact that either party wants a divorce is evidence that something is wrong, that some malady has attacked that marriage. If it is an incurable disease, then as a matter of course relief should be granted. It is no more reasonable in such a case to deny it, than it would be to deny medical relief to a sick individual, even tho his illness were due to his own disregard of the laws of health or to a breach of the accepted moral law. And to talk of stricter divorce laws as a remedy is as ridiculous as it would be to prohibit surgical operations in order to cure appendicitis.

But, firmly as I believe in easier rather than stricter divorce laws, just as firmly do I believe that other remedies than divorce should be tried first, and that means should be provided for the treatment of the disease before we take up the judical knife and perform an operation. In short, as Dr. N . . . said, we need marriage doctors to whom married folks in trouble can go before retaining divorce lawyers—we need clinics thru which parties shall pass before entering the court-rooms.

I stated above that I had reached this conclusion long before I heard the doctor express it. Early personal experiences planted the seed of that thought. The cases that continued to pass thru my office, what I saw in court and what I learned from other observers gradually matured it and gave it definite shape.

Dr. Hibschman, in January PSYCHOLOGY, will continue his discussion of marriage and will analyze specific cases, pointing out the factors that brought certain marriages to the brink of disaster. He will discuss solutions for these problems and show how they worked out in actual cases.

From a Psychology Laboratory

(*Continued from page 47*)

lightest of the color series, while college students placed black and white as the heaviest colors and blue and green as the lightest.

"The results of this experiment find an application in esthetics, architecture and business," the experimenters declared. "It is an established principle that darker colors should be placed below lighter ones in order to give the impression of strength and solidity to a structure. Merchants also know that if they wrap goods in dark paper they will make the housewife believe that she is getting more for her money."

V. Women Overestimate Ability More Than Men

WOMEN overestimate their general ability and underestimate their specific knowledge to a greater extent than do men, it was discovered by Andrea Kiefer and Lois Finger, co-ed experimenters in the department of psychology.

People with large vocabularies tend least to overstate themselves, the study also revealed.

The experiment was devised to study how much people overestimated or underestimated their knowledge. The test consisted of six mimeographed forms which were given simultaneously to seventy-six subjects, of whom a large percentage were women.

In the first part of the test, subjects designated their degree of familiarity with more than a score of "difficult" words. Appropriate definitions for the words were asked for in the latter part of the examination, and "bluffing" was revealed.

"It is very evident that people are not accurate in judging their own vocabularies," originators of the project said. "There is a striking tendency for them either to overestimate or underestimate the knowledge they possess."

VI. Sniff! Sniff! What's in a Smell?

FORTY different smells, bottled and corked, ranging from the sweet scent of narcissus and lilac to the rancid odor of stale cheese and rotten eggs, figured in an unusual experiment recently conducted by R. Gilbert Hohn, Almon Tucker and Robert Crosby, psychology students at the University of Minnesota.

Approximately eighty students, also engaged in experimental psychology work, were "drafted" for the project which purports to test the suggestibility of certain odors and the individuals' ability to name them correctly.

Subjects were given the forty brown bottles with instructions to remove the cork, take a sniff and record on paper the first word that came to their minds. A limited number of persons were also told to rank the odors according to degree of pleasantness. The investigators then studied the combined answers of the group in order to determine what stimulus words and smells brought similar responses from the subjects.

Assuming that a certain number of persons would be subject to "suggestion" and give names even to odorless substances, the experimenters removed and replaced five bottles of "odors" with bottles containing distilled water. Results found indicate that women are more "suggestible" than men, believing that the bottles of water contained other odors. Women, however, identified smells with greater accuracy than did men.

The odor of banana was judged the most pleasant by men, while women

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selected chocolate as their best choice. An outstanding difference, according to the experimenters, was the ranking of vanilla by both sexes. Men named it their third best choice, while women gave it thirteenth place.

VII. Attitude of College Students Toward Talkies

DESPITE the propaganda by national organizations of musicians that the talking pictures do not contribute to a cultural uplift, the majority of men and women in colleges, judging from the returns of a questionnaire recently distributed to more than 150 Minnesota students, still prefer the talkie innovation.

The purpose of the three-page questionnaire, prepared and distributed by the writer, was to determine the attitude of college students toward talking pictures and to test their movie knowledge. Several unselected groups of upper and lower classmen, chosen at random and representing both sexes, acted as subjects.

After more than six weeks of gathering data and tabulating the answers given to a score of questions, the following results were found:

College men and women attend on an average of one show each week. Comparing the scores in the movie knowledge test with theater attendance, it was discovered that those who do not attend movies regularly have a correspondingly small amount of movie knowledge. It was also discovered that those who prefer the silent or sound pictures may be found among the more or less irregular theater-goers. In other words, many subjects are cynical toward the talking picture only because they have seen so few of them. Records in this test show that those who are above the average in theater attendance generally prefer the all-talking photoplay.

A majority of men and women read previews and newspaper criticisms before going to the movies, but only seven out of ten persons say they are influenced by them.

Women cry much more easily than men in theaters. Women do not get extreme enjoyment from romance in pictures and many show a distaste for it.

Five out of six college men and women go to the movies merely to be entertained. A few co-eds gave the following reasons for attending theaters: to escape my own worries, to kill time, to forget my own life for awhile, to hear the music and forget my work. Men gave different reasons for going to the movies: to idle away time, to take someone else, it is the cheapest, most convenient and acceptable way to entertain a girl.

Altho women were slightly superior to men thruout the movie knowledge test, there is evidence that the amount of knowledge of the cinema possessed by the average college student is comparatively small.

"Follow the Gleam"

(*Continued from page 43*)

work. He generally follows it. Thus he has been led to grasp many an opportunity that might otherwise have passed unnoticed, and to prevent many a mistake, misunderstanding, hostility, worry, loss. He doesn't really know what a "hunch" is, but he knows what it does for him.

The most brilliant force we all use to advantage is electricity. Our telephones, telegraphs, lighting systems, large industrial plants and experimental laboratories depend on electrical power for maintenance. Who knows what electricity is? Thomas A. Edison frankly says he does not know—and he is the world's master of electricity. Why doubt the mental and spiritual forces of illumination just because they are not yet fully understood? We can use them, profit by them, appreciate them. Such action betokens rare wisdom.

How would you define or explain a "hunch"—in better language a premonition? While possessing one did you ever trace it back, in, out or up to its source? An expert psychologist would analyze it thus.

It may be a flash of intuition, revealing at a glance the true inwardness of a situation that bodily eyes could not perceive. It may be a memory of a past experience enough like the present to serve as a guide to decision or action. It may be a habit of noting facts, relations and probabilities more quickly, accurately and fully than is customary to the average mind. It may be a telepathic message from an absent friend; warning, advising or assuring us in relation to our need and purpose. It may be a prophetic sense of what may happen from the peculiar combination of existing circumstances. It may be some other glimpse or feeling not yet classified.

What does a wise man do when he has a premonition? He stops, looks and listens. He regards it quietly, calmly, carefully. He respects it but also rules it. He promptly heeds it when it urges caution, conservation, silence or other safety method of procedure; but when it conveys a radical impulse of any kind he halts, and by

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concurrent queries and tests makes sure he is right before he goes ahead. In short, he has a mind both ready and steady. Have you?

A person building a home has a choice of three kinds of illumination: oil, gas, electricity. A person building a future has a choice and combination of a dozen or more beacon lights for progress, comfort and happiness. Would you not enjoy making out a list of these gracious and benign luminaries, for the selection and adoption by yourself?

To aid you in this fine project, we offer a list below. It is not altogether complete, so you may be able to extend it by concentrating on the subject. Which of these lights are you following already? Which have helped you most? Which do you need most? You are invited to present the list of human lights to your best friend, possibly for discussion of joint benefit. Some of the lights are individual, others are mutual and reciprocal. You might well classify them prior to discussing their possibilities for you and your friend.

The light of instinct points to health by showing us how to live as nature intended.

The light of reason promotes our welfare by leading to careful, wise and effective action.

The light of intuition clarifies our understanding of people, problems and events by radiation of the subjective mind.

The light of conscience certifies methods and results by stimulating our moral sense to guarantee satisfaction.

The light of experience helps us to master the future by inculcating lessons from the past.

The light of ambition opens the route to advancement by stirring our energies and making us forge ahead.

The light of investigation removes doubt, error and delay by putting essential facts first in our program of achievement.

The light of experiment intensifies power and accuracy by demonstrating our efficiency as we go along.

The light of science improves our equipment for success by revealing the facts, methods and facilities most useful.

The light of labor scatters the darkness of idleness by depicting for us how the greatest men are the greatest workers.

The light of caution prevents mistakes, accidents, injuries, losses, by focussing our attention on safety first.

The light of responsibility favors the growth of confidence by proving how capable and resourceful we are.

The light of faith quickens and strengthens our faculties by liberating the dynamic force of optimism.

The light of courage makes us invincible and secure by enabling us to overcome all obstacles.

The light of sympathy betokens happiness by limning a beautiful place for us in the hearts of our friends.

The light of anticipation keeps us hopeful by reminding us that we shall finally have the blessings we have earned.

The light of renunciation leads to contentment by declaring our eternal selfhood above the bondage of things.

The light of inspiration fosters unfoldment by connecting us with our heavenly source and destiny.

The light of love establishes the divinity of humanity by impelling us to blend ideality, communality, creativity.

The light of religion saves and sanctifies our immortal souls by elevating our consciousness to the realm celestial, where the trials and troubles of earth are over.

Such a wonderful, bountiful array of lights on our path should encourage us to bear anything, or dare anything!

A luminous fact may well close this article, by way of illustration. What prompted the writing of the article? A beautiful gleam on the face of a child.

Some of the children of our community are educational singers, taught by a music teacher who is a practical psychologist. They have learned at school, and enjoy at home, a variety of appealing songs with a higher educational value than any of the so-called classic music ever had. The refrain of one of the songs they like best is this: "Follow the Gleam!" A dear little girl of our neighborhood sings the song with such fervor, delight and musical feeling that her countenance shines, to radiate abroad the gleam in her voice and heart.

So this article was impelled by that child. Many children could lead us into a realm of new light, if we only thought to look and listen. What child has helped, or might help, to brighten your way? The child you know best and love most.

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The Derelict

(*Continued from page 37*)

wouldn't get more than five miles with any of these hyenas we have in here before they'd knock you over the head, steal your car and leave you for dead along the road."

"I knew you'd say that, John. So I'll ask you this. Suppose any of these boys did knock me over the head. What good would that do him? And if he stole the car, I'd only have to walk home. And on top of that, he'd have nothing to steal from me because I'm not taking anything that would be worth a darn to him. If he wanted to go anywhere, we wouldn't fight about that. I'm not going any place in particular, so it'd be all the same to me. We'd just go there first."

John Barrow frowned in perplexity.

"Fanny, I think you're all wrong," he said. "But after all . . . it's your neck. And you got a good line of talk. So maybe you could talk him out of it."

"What a lot of faith you have in your fellow man, John! Did you ever stop to think that maybe that's why men steal? Well, anyhow, give me the first man to get out. I'm raring to go."

John Barrow scratched the bald spot on the top of his head. What next, he thought, as he shrugged his shoulders and went back to the cells. In a few minutes he returned with a close-cropped, grey-faced man in his early twenties. Sullen and morose, he looked at Aunt Fanny with a certain grim defiance.

Aunt Fanny smiled at him in her irresistible way. The young man softened and smiled back at her, showing a row of the most beautiful teeth Aunt Fanny had ever seen.

"What is your name, my friend?"

"The sheriff can tell you, lady."

"It's . . ."

"Never mind, John. We'll get along without a name. I'll call you Peter. I always did like that name. When can Peter and I get going, John?"

"Most any time, I reckon. His time's up tomorrow."

"Then tomorrow we start. How well do you drive?"

Peter answered, "I was a taxi driver in New York once."

"That's good enough. You'll be a wow on the road. Got a suit?"

"Yeah, I wore one when they gave me my room and bath at this hotel."

"Well, it must be all right now, then, for you didn't get much chance to wear it out while you were in here," Aunt Fanny grinned at him. "Bye. Oh, John," she called back to the sheriff, "give this boy a good breakfast, will you? We've got a lot of ground to cover before lunch."

JIM BRADY, hold-up man, bank robber and general all-around thug, started out at ten with Aunt Fanny. He was glad to have his name changed. Didn't reflect much credit on him, he mused, as he drove expertly in the direction she had pointed. He wondered

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what her game was. Well, anyhow, he had nothing to lose. The old dame couldn't do any more than go goof—and then he'd just leave her somewhere and travel on.

After an hour, Aunt Fanny began to talk—slowly warming up. In the open, clean way she had about her, she explained her idea.

"You see, Peter," she told the silent profile at the wheel, "I got a funny idea of life. I can tell you, because you haven't any social graces. And because you've had a lot of experience, you'll understand me. I don't figure on shocking you, because you're shock-proof, or should be."

Jim, called Peter, looked at her out of the tail of his eye. Seemed to be rather harmless, even tho she was nutty, he thought to himself. However, after coming to a lonely road on top of a long hill, Peter drew to the side and stopped. Then he turned and faced Aunt Fanny, sitting so contentedly at his side.

"Lady, I don't know what kind of a nut you are. At least, I've never met anything just like you. You've been talking some sort of bunk to me that's all mixed up. Now you're a nice old lady and you oughter be home with your children; not running around the country with a guy like me. What's to prevent me from dumping you over the edge of this boat with your neck twisted, and going on my way? What's the big idea, anyhow?"

"Peter, my boy, I really don't think I can explain it to anyone. I'll have to live it. But I need you and you need me. You wouldn't harm me, because I'm not important enough for you to risk getting yourself hanged for. And if you had the car you couldn't use it because you'd run out of gas and you haven't any money. . . . And I'm only waiting to go where you want to go, anyhow. And do the things you want to do. So you're much better off to have me alive. And you'll eat better."

"Lady, for God's sake, if you gotta go around like this, it's better for me to take you than let some egg get you that would crack you. This is sure a new one on me."

"Nothing new about it. Only nobody's tried it. And God bless you, boy. You've proved me right, from the start. Now, where shall we go?"

"Well, I've always wanted to go to California, lady. Gee, it would be great to go to California."

"Righto. And Peter, call me Aunt Fanny. It'll make me feel like home folks. And as we're going to be buddies, we'd better begin right."

ON TO CALIFORNIA!

And so the oddly assorted pair started for California. The little hotels and tourist camps where they stopped didn't pay much attention to the friendly-faced old lady and the old-young man who accompanied her. Peter, as he now called himself, became the devoted slave of Aunt Fanny. She bought the boy a suit of clothes. And as his hair began to grow and his face bronzed from the long lazy days in the sun, Peter was disclosed as quite a fine, clean-looking young chap.

Bums and hoboes and tired hikers along the road were friendlily hailed and given a "lift". Fear was unknown to these two who greeted men as brothers. And in every case were greeted similarly in return. Never once did the alert Peter have to use his hard fists and work-toughened muscles on any of the derelicts, in defense of Aunt Fanny.

Sometimes they visited the sheriff of a town they happened to pass thru, inquired if there were any discharged prisoners going their way. Many a puzzled crook was thus given a few days of ease and a certain friendly treatment hitherto unknown to most of them. Perhaps these crooks might prey on their fellow men afterwards, but while they were with Aunt Fanny, they could not help feeling a change of heart.

NO REFORMS!

Aunt Fanny had changed, too. She was happier and much more contented than she had ever been before. Her dress was pretty dirty at times from the long dusty rides. But her wholesome, smiling face shone with the love that filled her. She forgot the little town life she had left behind and tried her best to take all the world into her ample arms.

She had no reforms in mind. No colonies to form. No psychology classes to instruct. She just took life as she found it, looked upon it and tried to love it into generous sweetness. Always her hand was outstretched to help some one who needed help. And how she loved life! It grew so dear to her, that, as she told Peter, she hated to sleep for fear she might miss some of its treasure.

One sunny afternoon, some weeks later, they were sitting under a tree eating lunch. This they washed down with cold beer purchased at a delicatessen store. The warm California sunshine filtered thru their leafy shelter. Finally, Peter, after clearing his throat a number of times like a bashful boy about to "speak his piece" on Commencement Day, turned and said, "Aunt Fanny, I want to ask your advice on something serious."

"Why be serious on such a warm day, my boy?" Aunt Fanny's heart tightened. She knew Peter was going to move on. And she had grown to love him like a son.

"Because, Aunt Fanny, I want to try and be somebody. I want to go straight

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for the rest of my life. And I want to show you how grateful I am, and make good for you."

"Peter, you don't have to make any special effort to go straight. You *are* straight now. You *were*, the first time I saw you. Only you didn't know it." She smiled at him as she opened another bottle of beer.

"But you had faith in me, Aunt Fanny. Nobody before ever had. Everyone said I was born to be hung. And I hated them all."

"Sure you did. You were a funny answer to a maiden's prayer, Peter."

"Maiden's prayer?"

"Uh huh." Aunt Fanny gulped down a good swig of beer. Then she put down the bottle.

"As long as you want to be serious, I'll tell you something. When I got this idea into my old fool head I was shaking at the knees. Honest I was. Then, when you came out with John Barrows —and you were a pretty tough looking specimen, Peter—I thought, if you proved to be all right . . . well, then, almost anyone might be helped. And, then, when we rode along the highway and you looked so sullen again, I kept talking in rambles, wondering if I'd made a mistake. You can imagine my feelings when you stopped on top of that God-forsaken hill and got off that line about what did I have up my sleeve and how I was a new kind. But, Peter, when you said, as long as I had to go along it was better to have you than maybe run a chance of picking up some egg who'd cut my throat, well, that made me 100 per cent right, and I felt as tho I could go on forever. So that's that. Have some beer?"

"Sure, Aunt Fanny. Thanks."

"And, after all, Peter, it's only the way you go about it. You had no temptation with me. I eliminated that. Then I gave you trust and love. And you have given me the happiest time of my life. At least, you did lift the curtain."

"What curtain, Aunt Fanny?"

"On my dream: 'all the world's a stage . . .', of course you know that quotation. And so it is. And this is one of the scenes I dreamed of long ago. You, Peter, my son, and this open beauty of sky. No fears, no creeds, no hate."

"My lord, Aunt Fanny, don't move! You almost put your hand on that poison ivy!"

"That's one thing I can't bear, Peter. It looks like something it isn't. Let's get going."

AUNT FANNY is sixty years old and still wandering around. She has had ten years "on the hoof", as she good naturedly explains it. Her winters are spent southward, her summers in the north. Once in a while, when she gets tired of land, she boards a freighter and takes a whirl around the world. Her curiosity is always keen. She sees everything she should see. Those things she misses are overlooked because she is blind, and deaf also—when necessary.

On the freighters, her great knowledge of human beings makes her loved and respected by all. She mends the seamen's clothes and tells them stories of her travels. She plays cards with them, and to win. Sometimes she even takes a drink with them, when she feels that this might be a barrier breaker. One of the most interesting sights in the world is to see Aunt Fanny, fat and shabby, shooting dice with a lot of men in sweaters and with three or four days' growth of beard on their faces. The men pay her the great compliment of treating her like one of themselves. And yet, there is a strange absence of the "salty" swearing you ordinarily hear at such gatherings.

She is also the great lady with the captain, playing bridge with him with all the dignity of a grand duchess. On occasion, when they arrive in port where it is necessary to entertain a big shipper or some visiting captain or port officer, Aunt Fanny is hostess. She dresses for the occasion by putting a string of pearls, valued at two bits, over her shabby dress.

Peter has made good. He has a position in life, a home and a family. His first-born is called Fanny. It's the delight of his life to sit before the fire, with his little one in his arms, and tell her about Aunt Fanny.

The little one has become so interesting that Aunt Fanny has qualms about leaving her, every time she visits the ever-urging Peter. So she doesn't go there very much. Gets around to them about every two years or so. She has absolutely no idea of time. Time, she says, is made for slaves.

And there is Aunt Fanny—her family call her a derelict, impossible. But her comrades call her the salt of the earth. She has more friends than any other living human, it seems. She knows someone in almost every place in the world.

Her big round face is always wreathed in smiles, and she booms out with great gusts of laughter at the simple, funny things of life. She is wide of hip and body, with an outdoor look that somehow has fastened the bigness of all outdoors in her face. Yet her expression, when she talks to anyone in trouble, is almost ethereal—if such a thing could be in one so vividly healthy and palpably substantial.

Peter, whose clever brain had turned to construction work and who is now worth a great deal of money, ran into Aunt Fanny on a South Sea beach, whither she had drifted on one of her world jaunts.

She was sitting on the beach with a lot of children who were wide-eyed at her skill in fashioning sand houses. Her zeal in the construction of the sand castles was as keen as that of any of the youngsters. And the sun-tanned crew were all working as tho their lives depended upon their diligence.

Peter caught her to his heart and held her close.

"Peter! You? How handsome you are! Come and help us."

Only this, after three years.

After a while, they went back to the house where she was living. Here they talked thru a moonlit evening of almost unearthly beauty. Finally Peter held her hand against his face in loving adoration and said, "Aunt Fanny, tell me, dearest one, have you been as happy as you seem? Has this kind of life been really worth so much to you?"

Aunt Fanny looked at him and smiled. Then she spoke softly, "Peter, can you ask that? Worth while!" Her eyes were shining with tears of joy.

"I don't mean the joy you've given to everyone. I mean have you, yourself, been happy? That's what I want to know."

"Honey, there is a law. It's an awfully simple law. Just treat everyone as your equal. Treat them as tho they were the salt of the earth, whether they are kings or convicts. And they'll give you back what you give them."

"But you can't be a brother to all mankind. After all, people are divided into a good many different castes."

"Go on with you, Peter. I'm a law to myself. What do I care about anybody's idea of caste? You know so many people are trying to climb up some kind of a ladder that mostly they only see the soles of the feet of those ahead and the top of the heads of those below. . . . Let's have a cold drink and have a bite to eat and stop all this philosophizing."

"Please go on, Aunt Fanny."

"Well, it's all very simple. If you really want to see a man or a woman or a child, for that matter, you gotta get down, or go up, and look 'em plumb in the eyes. And take their hands and listen to them, with your eyes telling them how much they mean to you. That's all I've ever tried to do."

"And how you have succeeded, Aunt Fanny. How you have!"

"Yes, Peter, and I've had the time of my life doing it. Say, can't we have that little bite now?"

"Well, who's going to stop us?"

THEORIES

By John Harsen Rhoades

DON'T blame him for his theories,
Nor minimize their worth;
For were it not for theories
Naught new would be on earth.

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The High Cost of Misery

(*Continued from page 39*)

hits the slave mind hardest because it is encountered so often. When the gloom philosopher has a relapse from righteousness he invariably makes a pig of himself with the pleasures he finds available. He can't indulge himself without over-indulging to the point of repletion, of bursting, of exploding. Consequently he always has a morning of regrets after his night before, when the world is ultramarine blue and all his sanctimonious beliefs in the eternal badness of good things seem unquestionably demonstrated. One other experience might confirm the slave mind in its opinion, except that no slave mind can ever have such an experience. This is the experience that the sweetness of good things, the divinity of pleasures, depends upon time, place, circumstance and liberated sensibilities. It is the experience that enjoying life is the finest of the fine arts, and to seize pleasure crudely is to find it turned to dust in one's own hand.

Such has been the psychological history of the prevailing melancholy attitudes of "good" people toward the good things which confer pleasure and happiness upon life. People whose circumstances denied them the good things of life made up for it—"compensated", as the psychologist says—by convincing themselves that the good things were actually evil, and, vice versa, that the evil things of which they had an abundance were the highest of virtues. Aesop's fox who decided that the grapes were "sour anyway" was a typical compensator. Turning from the tempting grapes to some low-lying skunk cabbage, this too-human fox averred to himself that it was the most savory of viands. And when he had gotten his fill of skunk cabbage, he went to the nearest legislative halls and lobbied for a law against grapes.

Strange, that in modern, civilized, cultured nations, where a ten-fold manpower of mechanical slaves stands ready to do the bidding of every man; where science has taught how to subdue so many enemies of life; where art has provided the means to enjoyments unbounded—strange, that so long after slaves have been emancipated, slave minds should still persist in clinging to slave beliefs!

Mother-for-a-Day

(*Continued from page 24*)

The Godey Fashion Plate challenged her stiffly: "If you really want to give pleasure to an unfortunate child . . ."

"I . . ." stammered the woman.

"She's a bright little thing. Obedient. No trouble at all. She's been here only a few months. She's six. Her parents are dead and the woman who had her was a"—the thin lips began to spell—"d-r-u-n-k-a-r-d. She b-e-a-t her with a w-h-i-p. There are w-e-l-t-s. If you would care to see . . . ?" She laid a hand on the child.

The lady in sable cried swiftly: "No! No. Thank you. I'll take her, of course. She's just . . . the . . . one I was looking for. Her hat? Her coat?"

The Godey Fashion Plate fetched the child's hat and coat. The lady in sable looked at the garments and asked: "You won't mind if I fit her out?"

"Certainly not." The Godey Fashion Plate was smiling now. She buttoned the top button of the child's shabby coat and leaned down and kissed her. It was blood, after all, and not vinegar that flowed thru her veins.

The lady in sable and the child named Dolores went out together, the child dragging the leg in a brace slightly. The iron made a ghastly little clanking noise every time the child moved, as tho it wanted to remind folks that it was there, all the time. The woman felt trapped. She tried to talk with the child as they walked toward the taxi. Did the child like snow? Did she like Christmas? What had she received last Christmas? She tried to stop that last question but it got out in spite of her. She knew what the child had had last Christmas. Welts across an emaciated little body . . .

She helped the child into the taxi. The iron brace clanked on the running board and when the child was sitting back in the seat it stuck straight out in front of her. The lady in sable tried not to see it. She said to herself "She could be pretty—if she had a chance. She has a beautiful forehead and her eyelashes are surely half an inch in length." But the iron brace kept clanking a little to remind her that it was there.

She instructed the taxi man to drive to a shop where they outfitted children. She had looked in the window many times. When they had reached the shop she dismissed the taxi and took the child inside. She spoke to a clerk: "Everything for a child of six."

Dolores did not know herself when she was dressed. She met herself in a mirror and stood staring at the beige broadcloth coat and hat, the tiny chamois gloves, the beaver scarf and muff,

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the soft suede shoes. She seemed a bit afraid and clung more tightly to her mother-for-a-day when they went out into the street again. It was hard for her to realize that she could have anything she wanted, even a doll. She had always wanted a doll so terribly. Now, suddenly, she found herself surrounded by dolls. Such dolls! They opened and shut their eyes; they cried "Mama!"; they were dressed in the height of doll fashion; they had real hair on their heads and real eyelashes over their eyes. And she could have one. Two, if she wanted them. But she only wanted one, a humble little one that couldn't speak or close its eyes or bend its legs, but was the sort of doll that would need a great deal of mothering.

The lady in sable bought it. She also bought the child a handbag, a bracelet, handkerchiefs and a ring with a chip diamond in it. She bought and bought until her gold-topped bag began to look thin. Buying, she found, was a sort of anesthetic. It dulled the shock of the leg in a brace. It kept her from remembering that soon the child would have to go back to the drab life from which she had taken her. It kept her from wishing so desperately that Bruce was different about children.

An awful, an unheard of idea, insisted on creeping thru the anesthetic whenever she stopped buying. What if she took the child Dolores home with her? What if she fitted up a little room especially for her with six-year-old furniture and six-year-old pictures? What if she saw that the starved alley kitten of a child was fed the proper amount of protein and fat and carbohydrate and vitamin? What if she summoned the greatest child surgeon in the country to operate on that crippled leg? What if she . . . adopted . . . this waif . . . gave it her own name . . . ? She remembered Bruce. She remembered her friends. She could not adopt this child. If Dolores had been pink and white and blue and gold, if she had been *perfect*, perhaps she might have dared, in spite of Bruce, but to dream of taking home this dark, tragic child with welts and a leg in iron . . . ! No! No! It was a grotesque thought. She pulled her sables closer about her and did not look down at the child again for a long time. She was fiercely proud—this lady in sable and diamonds.

They had breast of chicken and ice cream for lunch and the child's eyes were enormous with excitement. When they had finished the lady said: "Now what shall we do?" And Dolores said timidly: "I want to see Sandy Claus."

So they went to one of the largest stores to see Santa Claus. It seemed as tho the whole world was on its way to see Santa Claus. He was on the third floor, so they squeezed into an elevator and rode slowly up. It was at the second floor that somebody remarked to

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the lady in sable: "I'm afraid your little girl is getting crushed." "Your little girl." The lady in sable looked down. The child was looking up at her. She hesitated only a minute. Then she said, "Thank you," and bending down, lifted the child—she didn't seem to weigh anything—and held her, leg-in-a-brace and all. The child wrapped thin arms about her neck and snuggled in a warm nest of sable, and sighed a little as tho she knew that very soon she would wake up and find this all a dream. The lady in sable sighed, too. And then the man who ran the elevator shouted: "Third Floor!" and they got out.

ON the day before Christmas, in a city the size of the city where the lady in sable lived, there could be found all kinds of Santa Clauses. Good-natured Santas and cross Santas; good-looking Santas and homely-as-sin Santas. Fat Santas, thin Santas; lively Santas and bored Santas. You could find them all, but probably never again in all the wide world would you find another Santa like the one on the third floor of that particular store. Because this Santa was old St. Nicholas himself.

You knew he had been waiting impatiently the whole year for the day before Christmas. You knew he had traveled all night behind his prancing reindeer. You knew there wouldn't be one child in the whole world that he would forget. His hair was white and his eyes were twinkling blue. He had a nose like a cherry and a fat stomach and his voice rolled out of him like thunder in the hills. And he didn't give a rap if there wasn't an adult in sight. All he wanted was children. He sat on a red velvet throne, and whenever a child came near him he reached out and scooped it up and sat it on his lap and kept it there as tho he never wanted to let it go. You knew that, in red flannel or out, this Santa's passion was children. You knew, if there was a child a little poorer, a little plainer, a little thinner standing beside one not quite so poor, not quite so plain, not quite so thin, he would reach over and lift up the poorer, plainer and thinner child first. And if there was a child with great tragic eyes and an iron on her leg . . .

The lady in sable hid herself behind a post. She was crying because this remarkable Santa so instantly saw thru the expensive clothes she had put on the child. He had given her the place of honor on his knee. His silvery head was bent over her and the child lay against his red flannel heart, smiling.

"He's like the pictures of Jesus," thought the lady in sable tremulously, "Jesus, bidding little children to come unto Him." She looked at the child hungrily, wanting to hold her that way, too. "I shall take her home," she decided suddenly, "and Bruce can say what he wants to! I couldn't endure taking her back to the Home now."

All at once she felt jealous of Santa holding the child on his knee so long! She dried her eyes and stepped out from behind the post, calling softly: "Dolores! Come, dear."

The child got down instantly off Santa's knee and started toward her mother-for-a-day. The iron brace on her leg made her progress slow. But it was not the pathos of that that made the lady in sable catch her breath suddenly. It was the strange behavior of the Santa who was old St. Nicholas himself. Why should he clutch at the arms of his red velvet throne suddenly and stare over the head of Dolores straight at her? Why should he stand straight up and take a step forward and then come running down the three red velvet stairs of his throne room as tho he had gone quite mad? He was frightening when he did that, for you couldn't help seeing that he wasn't a Santa Claus at all but a man, a tall, strong man masquerading behind a white beard and a white wig and a false nose and a pillow under his belt!

The lady in sable hurried the child toward an elevator. It was a pity that such a remarkable Santa should suddenly go insane but, after all, it wasn't her problem, was it? The child was her problem. The child and Bruce. She might have to take Dolores and go away somewhere until Bruce got over the shock. She might have to . . .

"Sandy Claus!" breathed the child.

He had caught up with them. He was there at their elbows. He was saying huskily: "Alice! Don't you know me? Even in this rig I should think that you . . ."

The lady in sable said faintly: "Bruce!"

They stared at each other over the child's head. People streamed past them unheeding. It was just a mother of a child and a Santa Claus conversing. Mothers of children and Santa Clauses have conversed on the day before Christmas since time immemorial. So they stood in a little world of their own, a crazy, upside-down world. At last the lady in sable said tremulously: "Bruce, is this where you've been spending the day before Christmas for the last three years?"

"Not always in this store," answered Santa Claus deeply, "but always in some store. Because of the kids, Alice. I've wanted one so and you . . ."

"I . . . ?"

"You've always said they were a nuisance. You've said they tracked in dirt, ruined furniture and upset everything."

"You always said," accused Alice back at him, "that it was foolish to struggle with mumps and measles and scratches and bites and burns. I remember you saying that when we were first married."

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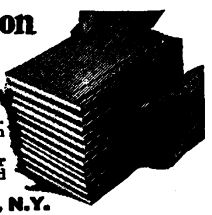
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"But I didn't know anything then," protested the man, "and later, when I wanted them, I didn't dare say so because you seemed to have everything just as you wanted it."

"January, February, March and April," said the woman slowly, tightening her grasp on the child's hand, "May, June, July, I seem to have everything just as I wanted it. August, September . . ."

The man broke in eagerly. "That's it! August, September, October and November you could manage well enough. But December! Christmas!" He made a wry face. "The silly trees we've had, Alice! Why, a Christmas tree should be so tall that you have to cut the top off to get it in the house! It ought to *smell!* It ought to dry a little and sprinkle its needles around!

"I know," said the lady soberly. "But what was the use of buying a real tree? Only you and I . . ."

The man nodded. "Only you and I."

"Our stockings," went on the woman tremulously, "look so ridiculous hanging there by the fireplace!"

"With diamonds and gold pieces in the toes!" responded the man scornfully. "Hung-up stockings are for oranges and lollypops. Everybody knows that."

"Yes, everybody knows that," echoed the woman. "Bruce . . . I was supposed to go to a luncheon and bridge today. Just the thought of it made me . . ." she broke off and shivered. "You know. The same people; the same food; the same gossip, I couldn't! I'm so tired of that sort of thing. It isn't the sort of thing women should be doing the day before Christmas, is it?"

"No," said the man emphatically.

"I thought if I could do something for somebody . . . for some child . . ." the woman's eyes changed from green that matched her emerald earrings to soft brown like her sable coat, "I was being a mother-for-a-day, Bruce."

"I see," said the man.

"Don't you think," the woman held the child to her, "you might get out of those clothes and . . . and come along and be a father-for-a-day?"

The man looked down at the dark child and shook his head.

"No."

"No?"

"Not a father-for-a-day, Alice. A father-for-always or nothing at all."

"Oh, Bruce!" Tears made the woman's eyes luminous. She pressed the child Dolores to her passionately. "This one? This one . . . even with . . ."

She couldn't say it but the man understood.

"That's the best part of it, dear," he said gravely. "It gives us something big to do. If she was perfect . . ."

The lady in sable leaned down and kissed the child. "She is perfect," she said softly.

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What Can We Do For You?

(*Continued from page 54*)

QUESTION:—B. E. T. writes:—

I have what has been termed a varicocele and a surgeon suggests that I permit him to operate and remove the enlarged veins. This has not been troublesome to me and was discovered thru my having a general examination before taking a new position. Do you believe an operation is the only remedy?

ANSWER:—

Unless the veins are badly swollen and there is discomfort experienced I would not have the operation. The removal of the veins has a certain bad effect on the glands and one is not likely to be as strong sexually in later life in consequence.

QUESTION:—Q. R. writes:—

Is erysipelas contagious? I have been told it is not, but a second member of our family has this disease and it looks to me as tho it may have been taken from the member who had it. Our family and neighbors seem to think the thought of its being contagious ridiculous. Will you let me know just how it is considered by the medical profession?

ANSWER:—

Erysipelas is contagious, altho I know many of the laity seem to have a contrary opinion. It should be treated as one might tuberculosis, keeping separate towels, wash-rags, etc., for the patient's exclusive use. Remember too that it can be contracted thru handshaking, for one who suffers from this disease is more than likely to touch the affected parts with his hand. Of course it is not as contagious as many other forms of disease.

QUESTION:—M. M. G. writes:—

I have reached a state where it is almost impossible for me to continue with my profession. I am so self conscious that the minute I realize someone is watching me I tremble and my heart beats so fast that it is quite impossible for me to hold my hands still. They shake like a leaf. I have tried hard to overcome this. When out of work the minute I approach a hair-dressing parlor—that is my profession—fear grips me and I grow weak. I have made a living at this profession for the past five years and of late I have grown really to hate the work. Do you think there is something wrong with my nerves?

ANSWER:—

You just lack confidence in yourself. Thru taking an inferior viewpoint of self you place yourself in a negative position and place the thing or the person you are in contact with in a positive state. Thus you become very conscious of yourself, fear another will form a poor impression of you, and the more you think about it the more nervous and self conscious you become. After being in your work as long as you have there is no good reason for you not to trust yourself. Yes, it is just fear and very unreasonable fear too. Of course your nerves are upset and supersensitive. Fears always act on the nerves in such ways.

Confidence must be developed thru your using all the confidence you now have, and using it daily. Your fears must be overcome by your facing them and whipping them. Each time you run away from your fears you have been weakened, and each time that you go right in the face of them with the right attitude and thus meet the resistance offered, you have added to your strength. You have a right to assume that you are as good as the best. Try to take more of a "don't care attitude" toward these things that have troubled you. It is your opinion of yourself that will count the most in life. When you can forget yourself completely your troubles will be at an end. You are just too sensitive and overserious and make mountains out of mole-hills.

QUESTION:—T. O. L. writes:—

For a number of years I have been troubled with my breasts, mostly just before my period. They seem to become full and hurt considerably a week or so before and during the period. At different times I have been to physicians about them and, until recently, all have told me that it was just a little congestion and did not amount to anything. A few months ago I visited a surgeon, at the request of my good neighbor, and he told me that I should have the glands removed. He said that there was no lump or trouble there of a definite nature, but that it was the kind of a breast that serious trouble might form in. Ever since I have been greatly worried. I do not wish to have my breasts removed unless it is necessary, nor do I want to take any unnecessary chances of developing cancer. What is your advice?

ANSWER:—

As several have told you there was nothing seriously wrong, and as even the surgeon told you that there were no lumps or signs of serious trouble in the breasts at this time, I surely would just forget all about it and not have an operation. Surgeons get so they see things only thru surgical eyes. Again, there has been too much talk and propaganda given the laity in reference to cancer. It has frightened people and I am sure those who have become "alarmists" are doing far more harm

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than good. A great many women have soreness in the breasts before the period starts. It is sometimes due to one ovary not functioning quite normally. But it is nothing serious. The more you forget what the surgeon said the better and happier you will be.

QUESTION:—E. E. R. writes:—

I am now thirty-three years of age and have been married three years. During this period there has been no sign of pregnancy. Is that an indication that either my husband or I is sterile? If I am to become a mother, I should certainly prefer having a child soon rather than in my late thirties.

ANSWER:—

The fact that you have not had a child is no positive indication that either you or your husband is sterile. There may be just some very simple thing that is keeping you from having children. A laboratory test would show whether either of you was sterile. Sometimes a minor operation on the female makes conception possible.

QUESTION:—"Al" writes:—

Physicians I have been to state that I am suffering from nerves and mental depression. I am very apprehensive, especially when away from home. Formerly I loved to dance and meet people, but now I shrink from all such things. I stayed away from work for two weeks and just brooded. A young man who has passed thru a similar spell has been helping me and I am again back on the "job", but I am far from being myself. I worry a lot. I say it is all "bunk", but it does not seem to help.

ANSWER:—

You are suffering from neurasthenia, and, as you say to yourself, it really is "bunk". But still, thru habit, you permit these same fear thoughts to hold you back. To get back to normal, you must to the best of your ability do normal things. You say the thing is "bunk", and then you act out the fear thoughts by running away from what seems like trouble and embarrassment. If you were to say it is "bunk" and then go out and act the part of a normal, natural young fellow, you would soon find your troubles melting away. You must reach a point where you treat these feelings and thoughts with indifference; where you are not afraid of your fears or the sensations they produce.

QUESTION:—W. I. G. writes—

This time of the year I suffer with frequent colds. I have one right after the other. What do you suppose causes this condition?

ANSWER:—

Your colds may be due to low resistance. If this is true you require more nourishing foods and plenty of exercise. You may be one of the overcautious kind who bundles himself up too much, tries to avoid every little breath of air, and has the house too warm. Such practice makes a regular hot-house plant of you, and then when you are exposed more than usual a cold follows. You should try to toughen yourself and not bundle up too much. I do not think it advisable to start a change in the middle of winter, but do so this spring. If you have a sleeping porch, sleep out there. That will help you greatly.

You, too, Can Make Money

(*Continued from page 57*)

with these business men who so kindly gave him their time.

He has just written me this:

My dear Mrs. Cleaver:

On my return I scouted about looking for old barns or stables. I finally found an old stable no longer used. I am renting this for the large sum of eight dollars a month. Of course, I am to pay for all repairs and decorations. But—you ought to see the place now. I have two men working there. I'm going to have the snappiest shop you ever saw. Would you like to have a picture of it?

I'm having a great time fixing it. I have a stock of old bottles, so I'm placing little shelves in the big window and arranging these bottles so passers-by may see them. The stable is on the side of a road where many motorists pass daily. I'm having a big wooden sign made and will cut it into an unusual shape, similar to the one you drew for me. My colors are red and black. That seems more suited to my sex. It is O. K. for women to run to pastels.

My iron work is great. I am so proud of my new undertaking and feel that I'll clean up many a dollar before Christmas.

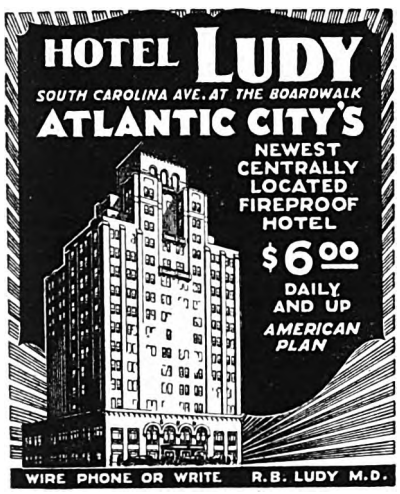
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So here is for the usual Merry, Merry Christmas with a purse full of Uncle Sam's gold besides. That's my wish for you—may you realize it, for you should know by now that the power is there—within every one of God's beings!

Before the Baby Came

(*Continued from page 35*)

I saw my physician regularly, and ate the same amount of food I had always eaten, perhaps a little less, as the waiting period was spread over the hottest part of the summer in central Arizona. I experienced no particular cravings, unless a partiality towards tomatoes could be so labelled.

I continued with my Red Cross work until one month before the expected birthday party, and beyond the president of the local branch, not one single soul in the office suspected all the fun I was having. I wore suitable gowns, and even my next-door neighbor, whom I saw occasionally, could not believe the newspapers when they announced the birth of a child in our house. She hurried over, in her great consternation and pique, to enquire of my husband if it were really so. The dazed man handed her the newly opened box of choice cigars.

My friends, who were in the secret, declared I had never looked so well and so radiant, and indeed I had never felt so well and fit. There was no reason why I should not. I was paying particular attention to my physical well-being and equally important attention to the realm of my thinking powers, weeding out as best I could all undesirable thoughts.

At last the table was prepared for the birthday feast. I clung to my "rod and staff", and true to my course of training, I passed triumphant thru the "valley of the shadow". A lovely son, twenty-four and a half inches long, weighing seven and a half pounds, arrived to be chief guest at the party. I must admit that he wore a bored and blasé air, and instead of crying in the approved style, he gave a very affected little cough, which made even the tired intern smile.

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We called him "Philip" because he was as powerful as a horse, even his lungs. He has not had a day's sickness since he came, and he is now three years old. His teeth appeared like magic, a series of delightful surprises. At six months he would yell "Dadda" and walk around by the chairs and other furniture offering a hand-hold. He would also stand at the wheel of the car in his daddy's lap. At ten months he walked away from my side to a group of children, while I was busy scrutinizing paintings at an art exhibit. And at this time he had his first book, one of horses and chickens, and so he has carried on his "bookish" career.

He accompanies us to the library and selects his own reading matter, his choice lying between *The Little Red Hen, Clean Peter,* and *Johnny Crow's Garden Party.*

An intimate friend of mine declared that he was a year old when he was born! I often wonder about this and to what extent I helped him off to a good start.

He has always eaten regularly, and of those things which a child of his years is supposed to eat. Evident extra attention has not been paid to his diet, but due consideration has been given to him when planning the meals for the day. He has his preferences for certain foods, especially young green onions purloined from the garden, and as yet he has evinced no dislikes. We are careful at table never to express an opinion on the food set before us, except to say it is nice or tastes good.

My own splendid health and the happiness and joy of Philip convince me that my meditations and conclusions on the power of thought during the prenatal period were not in vain. I am not a health crank, but I am sure that my cheerful mien and optimistic outlook contributed largely to my welfare and to his in that critical time of our lives.

Should I ever again enter upon a similar course, it will be with a sacred joy and a calm assurance borne of personal experience. I will sing my song again and perhaps add the *Gloria.*

Health Culture

(*Continued from page 52*)

ercise for flat feet, weak arches and weak ankles. Exercise until tired.

SIX

The arm scissors. An exercise for arms and intercostal muscles. (Concentrate) Right foot forward, left extended to rear, at the same time raising left hand to front and upward and right hand to rear and upward. (Concentrate) Repeat same exercise, reversing position of arms and feet. A good exercise for the whole body.

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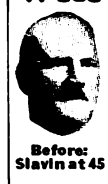
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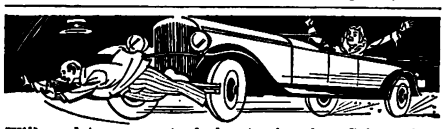
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SEVEN

Arm-reaching combined with deep-knee bending. (Concentrate) Raise arms above head; with arms extended take full deep knee bend at the same time stretching to fullest extent with both arms above head. (Concentrate) Repeat until arms and legs are thoroly tired. This exercise is beneficial for thighs, calves, arms, shoulders, and chest.

EIGHT

Reducing waist and hips. Raise the arms above head and stretch. Then bend forward from waist as far as possible with arms extended. (Concentrate) Rise to erect position and bend back as far as possible. Keep the knees stiff.

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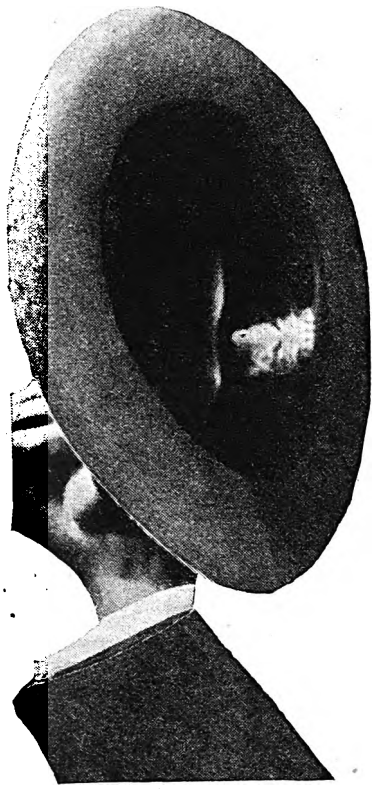
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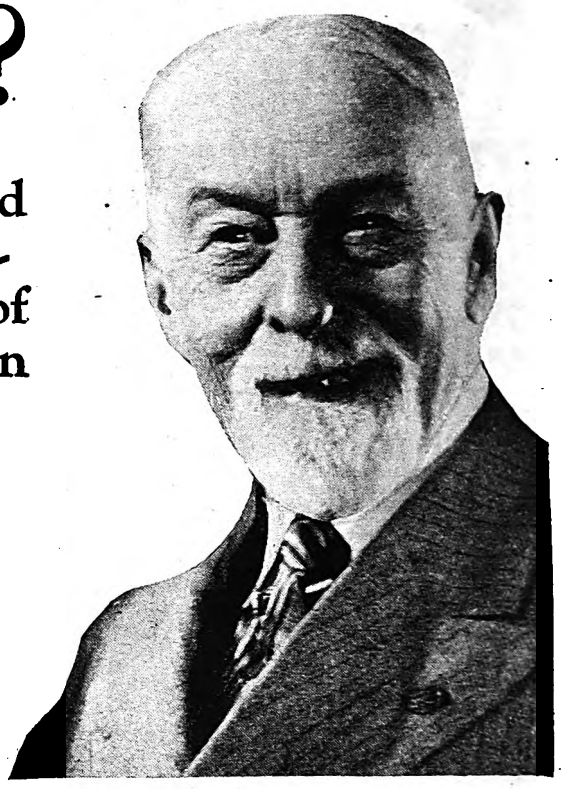
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Hitch your Wagon to a Star!



HAPPINESS is unquestionably the supreme goal of every man and woman in the world—whether they acknowledge it or not. The person with money or with social background is not necessarily a happy person. Happiness comes from courageous effort to reach the one thing that means most to you. Therefore, your chances for Happiness depend upon whether or not you "Hitch Your Wagon to a Star," and strive valiantly to reach the heights of your ambition. That "star" is your PERSONAL SUCCESS, in whatever field of activity you may elect.

BUT, "Hitching Your Wagon to a Star" is only the *first* step toward reaching your goal. In other words, you center your moral, spiritual and physical attention on one definite objective. The next procedure is to follow the proper course that will lead you to a realization of your dreams and ambitions. Many, many men and women, no matter how brave and determined they are, do not make decisive strides toward their goal. They dissipate their energy unconsciously and needlessly, because they are ignorant of the rules and principles that govern Success. To such people we are offering the most priceless assistance.

THE SELF IMPROVEMENT LEAGUE OF AMERICA has helped thousands in their quest for PERSONAL SUCCESS. It offers a Course written in plain, simple language which thoroughly and clearly explains those laws by which persons can reach the goal of their desires. This Course teaches you how to completely eliminate all worry, fear, distress and nervousness, and how to acquire confidence, assurance and dominance. And, you will find it amazingly easy to really progress toward your "Star" once you have an understanding of the Laws of Life and Success and of the functioning of the conscious and subconscious minds.

WITHOUT obligation we will send you FREE our two booklets, *"The Great Discovery"* and *"The Secret of Life."* These booklets will open your eyes to the great possibilities that lie within you, and they will inspire you with confidence, with increasing ambition, and will assist you in deciding *where* you wish to center your efforts and *how* to properly apply your energy.

IF you are seriously, earnestly and sincerely interested in reaching the heights of PERSONAL SUCCESS you will immediately grasp this unusual opportunity which is extended to you without the slightest obligation on your part.

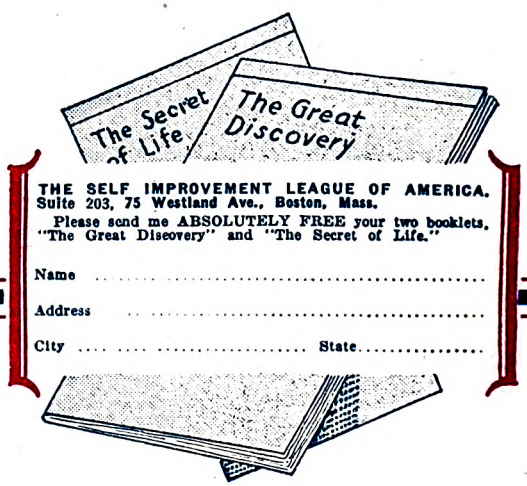
The Self Improvement League of America

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Boston, Mass.

FREE

The coupon to the right, properly filled in and mailed to us, will entitle you to FREE copies of our two valuable booklets, *"The Great Discovery"* and *"The Secret of Life."* MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.



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