

PSYCHOLOGY

LIFE ^{AND} THE MODERN WORLD

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1931

Facts and Dreams

By Arthur Frank Payne

The Sinclair Lewises at Home

Choosing a Vocation

Into the Breadline
and Out again

A Voice from the Mad-house

July

25c



A WARNING to men who would like to be independent in the next five years

YOU CAN tell a \$30 a week man how to make \$40 a week.

You can tell a \$50 a week man how to make \$75 a week.

But you can't tell a \$5,000 man how to make \$10,000. He's got to know.

Between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year is where most men of talent stop.

Health, youth, good appearance, brains will carry a man far in business.

But you cannot draw forever on that bank account unless you put something else in. Somewhere between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year you will stop dead.

Those who go on add something to their equipment at the same time they are drawing on it.

Profound changes are taking place in business—this year, this month, *now*. The man who sees in these changes his opportunity for independence and power is the man who will make his fortune in the next five years.

BUT this opportunity, like all great opportunities, is fraught with danger. Business today is new and complex. The old rules will no longer work.

A whole new set of problems is presented by production.

Foreign markets have become a vital issue. An entirely new conception of selling is replacing the old hit-or-miss way.

The man who would take advantage of opportunity today dare not grope. His experience is a dangerous

guide. He has no time to figure out all the possibilities and pitfalls. He lacks contact with the big, constructive minds of business.

How can he seize the *opportunity* and escape the *dangers*?

FOR two years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been laying the foundation of a new Course and Service for the leaders of tomorrow.

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satisfied with
\$5,000
a year
will not be interested
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who have had most to do in shaping present-day tendencies—have contributed greatly. Read the names of just a few of them:

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Men who are satisfied with departmental jobs and small earnings will not be interested in this type of training. It is offered to the kind of men who want to become officers of their companies or go into business for themselves.

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A BOOKLET has been prepared which tells about this new Course and Service. Its title is "What an Executive Should Know." It should be read by every man who faces the responsibility of shaping his own future. It is free.

We will send you this booklet if you will simply give us your name and address on the coupon below. But we do not urge you to send for it. If you are the type of man for whom the new Course and Service has been constructed, if you are determined to take advantage of the

rich opportunities of the next five years, you will send for it without urging.

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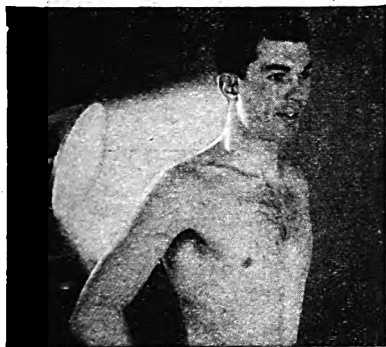
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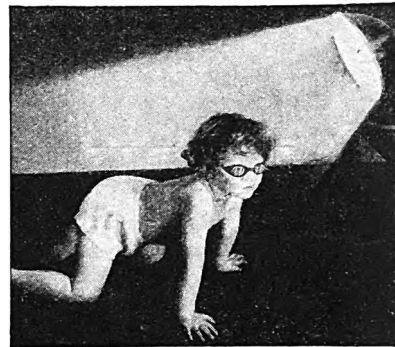
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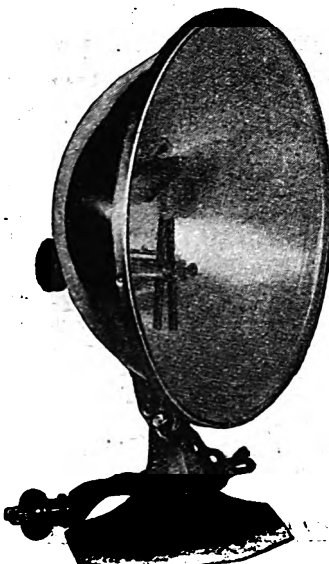
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The Standard Publication of Practical, Inspirational and Applied Psychology

PSYCHOLOGY

Life and the Modern World

VOL. XVII. No. 1

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Founded and Edited by Henry Knight Miller

Arthur Frank Payne, Associate Editor

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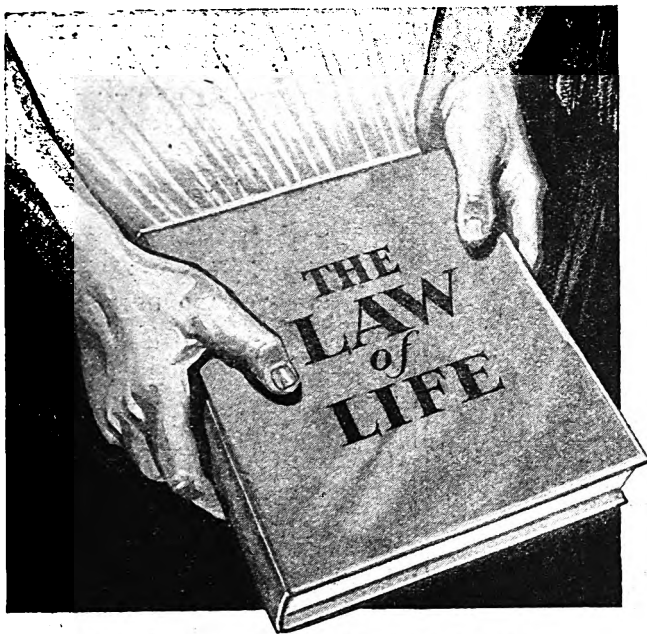
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IMAGINATION: Do you learn new things quickly?

LEADERSHIP: Do you look for new ways of doing things?

JUDGMENT: Is your advice sought by others?

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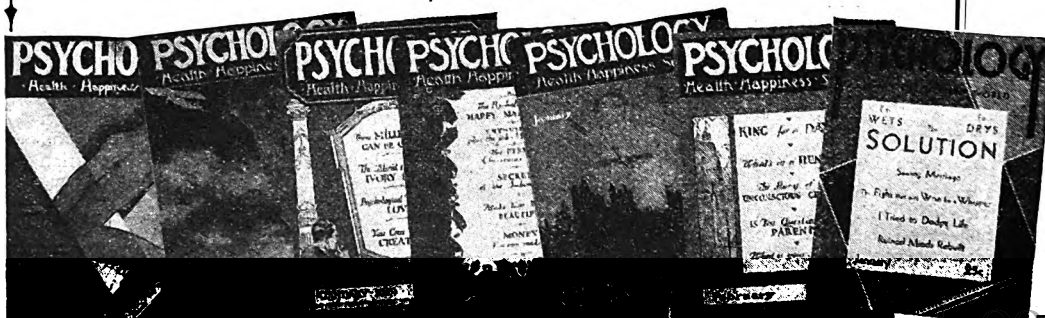
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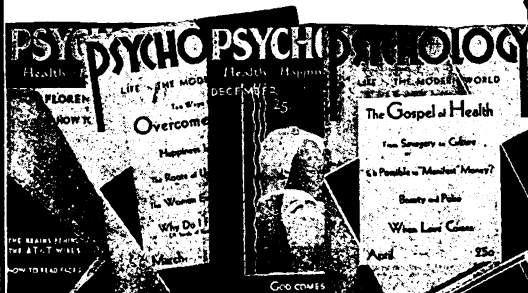
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The Record!

Come-to-Grief Airman: I was trying to make a record.

Farmer: Well, you've made it. You be the first man in these parts who climbed down a tree without having to climb up it first.

—*Passing Show.*

* * *

Salesology

Sales Manager: I think it's a good time to sell the Joneses a car.

Salesman: What makes you think so?

Sales Manager: Their neighbors have a new one.

* * *

A la Einstein

Recently the Bishop of Chelmsford, dealing with the difficulty of understanding Einstein, quoted this amusing specimen:

"There was a young girl named Bright, Who would travel much faster than light.

She started one day
In the relative way,
And came back the previous night."

—*The Kablegram.*

* * *

Son: Pop, I got into trouble at school today an' it's all your fault.

Pop: How's that?

Son: Remember I asked you how much £100,000 was?

Pop: Yes, I remember.

Son: Well, "a helluva lot" ain't the right answer.

—*N. Y. A. C. Review.*

* * *

Head Cook: Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?

Assistant: I did. It was half-past ten.

—*The Humorist.*

* * *

All Forgiven

Smith was standing before the judge for having injured his wife.

Judge: You maintain that you threw your wife out of the second story thru forgetfulness?

Smith: Yes, we used to live on the

ground floor, and I'd clean forgotten we'd moved!

Lustige Kolmer Zeitung (Cologne).

* * *

Lady (to little girl selling cream buns): Don't you often feel tempted to eat one, my dear?

Little Girl: Oh, no, ma'am, that would be stealing. I only licks 'em.

—*Fishing Gazette.*

* * *

High Finance

This dialogue was between a small girl and the proprietor of a corner shop.

"A large tin of salmon, please, and will you book it?"

"I think there is some mistake. Your sister came in for one a quarter of an hour ago. Surely your mother doesn't want two?"

"Yes, it's all right. She sold the other one to go to the pictures."

—*Answers.*

* * *

Johnnie was gazing at his one-day-old brother squealing in his cot.

"Has he come from Heaven?" inquired Johnnie.

"Yes, dear," she said faintly.

"No wonder they put him out."

* * *

Teacher (in grammar class): Willie, please tell me what it is when I say "I love, you love, he loves."

Willie: That's one of them triangles where somebody gets shot.

* * *

The Parental Problem of Awards

"Mummy, if you don't give me a penny, I shall go to see Teddy Baines, and he has measles."

Alla for Alla, Stockholm.

* * *

Joan: It's too bad of you. You said you wouldn't give away that secret I told you.

Jean: I didn't give it away. I exchanged it for another.

—*Fishing Gazette.*

* * *

No Complaint

"It seems to me, Bridget, that it is

the worst mistresses who get the best cooks."

Bridget: Oh, go on wid your blarney now.

—*Catalina Islander.*

* * *

Remember!

If you your lips would save from slips
Five things observe with care:
Oh whom you speak, to whom you speak
And how and when and where.

If you your ears would save from jeers

Five things keep meekly hid:
Myself and I, and mine and my,
And what we do, and did.

—*The Forester.*

* * *

"When is your sister thinking of getting married?" "Constantly."

—*N. Y. A. C. Review.*

* * *

She: Don't be absurd, I can go as fast as I like.

Cop: Oh, yeah?

She: Yeah! The man I bought it from told me that after the first thousand miles, the sky's the limit on speed.

* * *

Page Miss Post

Rab had been invited to the funeral of a neighbor's third wife, and, as he had attended the funerals of the first two, his own wife was surprised when he informed her he was not going.

"But why are you not going to this one?" asked his wife.

"Well, Mag, it's like this. I feel a bit awkward to be always accepting Tim's civilities when I never have anything of the sort to ask him back to."

—*The Kablegram.*

* * *

Doctor: Your husband's not so well today, Mrs. Maloney. Is he sticking to the simple diet I prescribed?

Mrs. Maloney: He is not, sorr. He says he'll not be after starvin' himself to death just for the sake of livin' a few years longer!

—*The Belfast News-Letter.*

Are Unreasonable FEARS and NERVOUSNESS Wrecking Your Life?

Fear Is YOUR Worst Enemy

You are destroying yourself by your own wrong thinking. Worry, Self Consciousness, Apprehension, Overseriousness, Overanxiety, and the hundred and one fears which can accompany loss of confidence, can tear you to pieces and in time actually kill. They create fertile soil for the growth of very real disorders. FEAR poisons you through a chemical change which it creates. FEAR lowers your vitality and tone, causes functional inaction, and creates nerve-supersensitiveness. These statements are backed by the best medical authorities of today.

Has FEAR become stronger than your REASON? Do you find yourself in a "Mental Trap" from which you can see no avenue of escape? Is FEAR limiting you mentally, physically, socially or financially? Then it is TIME TO ACT. FEAR will crush you completely if you continue to be a slave to it.

The True Cause of NERVOUSNESS and NEURASTHENIA

One out of every ten persons in the U. S. today is suffering from a partial or complete NERVOUS BREAKDOWN. Over 500,000 cases of mental disorders were treated in institutions alone last year. The demand for a very REAL FORM OF HELP is great. Breakdowns are the result of loss of confidence—FEAR. They come to those possessing a sensitive, emotional nature, with a slight tendency toward nervousness; whose early childhood training was not suited to this type of child. Your temperament represents an active—"going" mind which has become introspective. Worry alone will in time completely wreck the strongest nervous system. FEAR is a constant irritation to the Sympathetic Nervous System, and in time the nerves become so hypersensitive that alarming symptoms present themselves. Help is sought along purely physical lines until the sufferer learns that this form of service is of little avail. YOUR type and temperament must be dealt with as an individual. There is no standardized or set form of aid which will work in all cases. BUT YOU CAN BE RESTORED TO HEALTH.

To Just Drift SPELLS DESTRUCTION

You CANNOT drift out of your present condition. Conditions must be met in JUST THE RIGHT WAY if you are to again be normal. You must first have a perfect and definite understanding of yourself, these FEARS, and of your powers. Through a process of reeducation your VIEWPOINT toward self and life must be changed. When you have reached a point where you can FORGET YOURSELF and view things as normal people do—YOU WILL BE NORMAL. There is no hidden, undiscovered, obscure state of weakness present in you, but you have drifted into this condition through a lack of understanding, and it has all been according to LAW.

Let one ignorant of the laws of electricity take hold of a heavily-charged wire and death may be the result. But that very same force when wisely used and directed becomes most constructive and a real blessing. So it is with YOUR powers. There is but ONE FORCE at work in you—THE NATURAL LIFE-FORCE—and when you have made the proper adjustments and redirected these powers, you will find them growing stronger and serving you in a most wonderful way. TRULY, you have been your own worst enemy.

YOUR Trouble Is Absolutely Curable

Drugs cannot be of service to you. You must go back to the TRUE CAUSE of your trouble and eliminate the destructive influences that WRONG THINKING and LIVING have brought. The change will be according to law and will be in the form of Psychology, Psycho-Analysis, Physical Culture, Dietetics, etc. The change which takes place in those who earnestly and honestly follow out NATURE'S WAY, is astounding. You haven't really lost any of your powers; they have just been weakened through lack of proper direction. You CAN build up YOUR powers, CAN get yourself in hand, CAN make all necessary adjustments—CAN BE FREE.

A Human, Intimate, Personal Help Is Offered YOU

I have made a success of my work because I have never lost sight of the fact that I AM HUMAN, and have taken a very real interest in my patient. YOUR troubles are MY problems when you come to me with them, and I can feel YOUR suffering, and see things from YOUR angle. I understand perfectly and KNOW that your suffering is very real. Your reactions are NOT imaginary and I know that your suffering at times is very real torture. There is no suffering quite as hard to bear as that created by mind and nerves. I have a service—A MOST HUMAN ONE—that I can carry to your very door. It is of a very personal and intimate character. Thousands have been made stronger and happier through this service. I OFFER IT TO YOU.

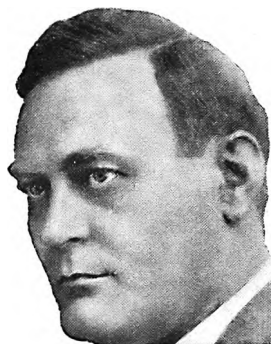
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"I am feeling splendid Doctor. I feel grateful to you for what you have done for me. I was a perfect wreck when I came to you for help. I was on the downward road, toward suicide, but things have changed completely." E. T. G.

"The other day I met a friend who didn't know me because I looked so good. He certainly commented on my good appearance and I really look the part. I must truthfully say that this improvement has taken place since I began treatment with you." J. G. L.

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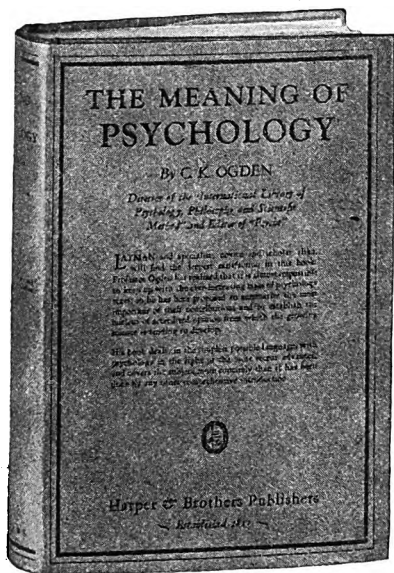
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The Meaning of Psychology

By C. K. OGDEN

*Director of the International Library of Psychology,
Philosophy and Scientific Method*



*An Idea of the Fullness of a Single Chapter

CHAPTER XV: HOW THE MIND GOES WRONG—Character and the Unconscious. *The Growth of Personality*. Forerunners of psychoanalysis. . . . *The Mutual Obstruction of Interests*. Early transformations. The child's relation to other people. . . . *The Freudian Theory of Sex*. Infantile germs of the later sexual interest; their growth and unification. Transferences of special sub-trends. The love of money, of domination, of self-display. . . . *The Complexity of Sex*. The attitude of dispassionate inquiry. Perversions, sublimations, and inhibited development. *The Oedipus Complex*. The child's attitudes to his parents. The simplicity of his interests. His pre-verbal thought. . . . *Projection and introjection*. . . . *The Riddle of the Sphinx*. Infantile Sexual Theories. . . . *Conflict and Repression*. The desire for approval. *Regression*. Confusion and dilemmas. Solution by development. . . . *Mechanics of the Unconscious*. The status of the repressed wish. Neuroses. . . . Compromises. Dream Analysis. The dream as a compromise. Pictorial and metaphorical thought. . . . *Transference*. Its outcome in marriage. . . . *Organ inferiority*. The will to power. . . . *Moral re-education*. Indecision. The troubled conscience.

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One attending Columbia University wrote:

*"I want you to know just how life looked to me before I studied your course. Mentally and spiritually I was down and out. I had no confidence, no hope and no vision. I was fear-ridden and disappointed in life. *****I have been helped in Christian Science and have studied the — System with interest, but not until I received and began to read your work did I get my full baptism into the wonderful possibilities contained within my nature."*

A service station operator writes:

*"It does bring results. I have arrived at a point where I am sure of that power within and it has ceased to be work to think the things you have taught me. I can now approach a stranger with no fear, but with a peaceful assurance that I have that which will be of great interest and benefit to him. I can now tell the truth attractively. *****I think this system of yours every minute I am awake. It is making over my whole being. I can see it; feel it; and know that others feel that something has happened to me. It controls temper; it tempers judgment; it broadens views; it rounds out an education. I almost feel as though I had just been taking a college education."*

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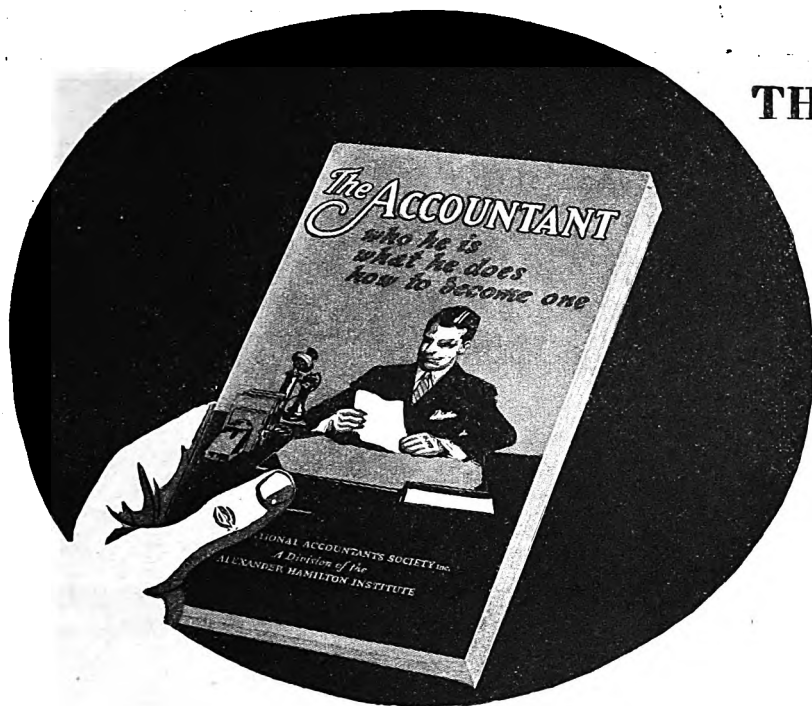
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Evensong

By

J u n e D a v i s

EVENSONG—and sleep once more,
 And a forgetting,
 The closing of the door
 Upon the past, with no regretting
 For the things the day has taken or left.
 So, calm and tranquil, and bereft
 Of fears, I'll sweetly sleep,
 Pillowed on thy bosom deep,
 O kindly Night!

Let friendly Darkness, with her shadowy wings,
 Gently brush my eyelids to repose;
 The heavy dust of day still clings
 Upon my brow. Bring me a rose
 Of dreams to charm me, or release
 My spirit to oblivion and peace.
 Fold me in thy warm embrace and let me rest,
 Knowing I am thy dear, beloved guest,
 O kindly Night!

Afraid to face the TRUTH About Himself!

What most men would hear
if their mirrors could talk

HIS own conscience TELLS HIM how miserably he has fallen below what others had expected of him—and what he had DREAMED for himself.

If a mirror reflecting his daily life could TALK it would say, "You're BOUND to stay in a rut. You are SCATTER-BRAINED and GRASSHOPPER-MINDED. You nibble at everything and master nothing! Your thoughts are always HAZY and you can't THINK THINGS THROUGH. You just DAY-DREAM and hope you will get 'some lucky break'. And, deep in your heart, you KNOW that these ARE your faults. That's why you're TIMID and self-conscious—afraid of your JOB, of your ABILITY, of your JUDGMENT, of your FUTURE!"

At a SHOW-DOWN like this the "BIG" man FACES the truth, and DOES SOMETHING about it.

But the "LITTLE" man TURNS HIS BACK on his shortcomings, FINDS EXCUSES, and DOES NOTHING.

A certain task finds him LACKING IN THE PERSISTENCE to carry it through. So he says that his employers "want too much work for what they pay me!"

A splendid opportunity FINDS HIM UNPREPARED, and another seizes it. Then he says "some fellows get all the breaks!"

Some circumstance shows up his utter LACK OF PURPOSE IN LIFE (so plainly that even HE cannot escape admitting it). So he COOKS UP AN ALIBI about having been "unable to go to college!"

You don't need to be told that this "LITTLE" man fills a "LITTLE" job—is paid a SMALL salary—and has INSIGNIFICANT future prospects. These are the rewards of THE MAN WHO FOOLS HIMSELF!

But this man's REAL TRAGEDY is that he is almost always a fellow of great promise and fine POSSIBILITIES!

If he would only use his ingenuity in FINDING OUT what's wrong with himself, instead of WASTING it in ACCOUNTING FOR HIS FAILURES—he would soon discover that he has the makings of a "BIG MAN!"

What is the one important difference between "the Failure" and "the Success"? It is this priceless ability that "the Success" has of FACING his mental HANDICAPS and replacing them with definite mental ADVANTAGES.

You know by instinct that this is AS TRUE AS GOSPEL. And you can PROVE it right now in YOUR OWN CASE by what you DO about sending for a remarkable free book called "Scientific Mind Training."

It is the story of the world-sweep of Pelmanism. It shows in fascinating detail how Pelmanism has helped over 700,000 men and women to FIND THEMSELVES.

Before these people learned about Pelmanism they were using only the ONE-TENTH OF THEIR MENTAL POWERS THAT THE AVERAGE MAN USES. (This is a scientific fact—vouched for by the world's foremost psychologists.) The other NINE-TENTHS remained ASLEEP—DORMANT—UNAROUSED!

This great reserve of mental power, almost wholly lost by the average person, is capable of making his life more SUCCESSFUL, HAPPIER, MORE SIGNIFICANT. Right within the mind of the average person is contained the ability to ACCOMPLISH his aims—whenever a GREATER PERCENTAGE of his latent but unused mental power is HARNESSSED and directed through scientific mind training. Any person who wishes to DO more, to HAVE more, and to BE more, must put into his life a PRACTI-



CAL PLAN to bring together the natural powers he already has, strengthen them, and PUT THEM TO WORK.

To over 700,000 people in all parts of the world PELMANISM has been this POSITIVE SYSTEM. For thirty years, in almost all lands and languages, it has been HELPING MEN AND WOMEN answer this world-wide URGE TO GO FORWARD.

Men like Edgar Wallace, the famous mystery-story writer; Sir Herbert Austin, manufacturer of the "Austin" car; General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scout movement; Sir Harry Lauder; Prince Charles of Sweden; Frank P. Walsh, former Chairman of the National War Labor Board, and hundreds equally famous, praise this method of increasing brain power.

Through Pelmanism YOU can bring into being YOUR OWN unsuspected self—in full COMMAND of the powers and accomplishments HIDDEN within you, waiting to be developed.

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

You have only TWO CENTS to lose by writing for your copy. You may GAIN success, peace of mind, happiness, independence!

Thousands who read this announcement will DO NOTHING WHATEVER about it. The little effort and the will needed to send for this book—which is FREE—will be "JUST TOO MUCH" FOR THEM! How can these people EVER gain what they hope for, dream about? They are the skeptics, the doubters, the "show me" wiseacres.

The thousands who are open-minded—who are willing to learn something to their advantage—will ACT on their impulse to send in the coupon. They will be COURAGEOUS enough to FACE THE TRUTH about themselves: They will WANT to find out what's HOLDING THEM BACK—will want to DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. Such people will find it IMPOSSIBLE to put a 2c stamp to greater use than MAILING THE COUPON BELOW. If you are one of them, mail this coupon TODAY.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

71 West 45th Street

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Suite 687, 71 West 45th Street, New York City.

I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 700,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever, and no representative will call upon me.

Name _____

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Some Lessons

A Chat with the Editor

WE are in the midst of a world-wide depression which has

By Henry Knight Miller

brought almost insupportable misery to untold millions. The gaunt spectre of hunger confronts vast groups of our population. The streets of our city groan under the tragic weight of breadlines of the unemployed and hungry. Millions of small home-owners, merchants and professional people are reduced to such complete lack of funds as to thrust them into a perfect hell of despair, as creditors close in upon them, tax collectors and mortgage holders threaten to take their homes and life insurance policies are canceled for non-payment of premiums. Out of hundreds of families I know personally, none seems to have escaped the general inferno that has engulfed the world.

The entire cataclysm points to a faulty economic organization. Obsolete standards of cruel selfishness and fatal stupidity hold full sway, and the end is not yet. We do not concede that Communism is the solution. There is so much which can be dispassionately alleged against Communism in principle and practice that it is earnestly to be hoped that our economic and political system, drunk with power and a false sense of security as it is, rotten to the core, the almost complete breakdown of which is being witnessed in these tragic days, will, before an outraged, despoiled populace rises to overthrow it, reform itself from within.

But few dynasties of history have had the vision and good sense to voluntarily correct abuse. Louis XVI mocked the oppressed and starving peasantry and sneered, "Let them eat grass." A few days later his head was carried thru the streets of Paris by a jeering mob, his mouth stuffed with grass. And one by one the proud dynasties of history have gone down before the awakened might of the common people whom the entrenched forces of privilege scorned, but whom awakened and united they could not withstand.

AMERICA today needs a Gandhi who can by force of superb sincerity and spiritual integrity lead the people, not by violence but by passive resistance and a heroic policy of non-cooperation, out of the bogs of its broken-down economic system into a new organization of industry, banking and politics, based on co-operation and humanism rather than greed and selfishness. This new order will be interested in the welfare of the whole rather than the protection and encouragement of the predatory exploitation of the many by strongly entrenched parasites who grow sleek and fat on the bodies, souls and fortunes of their fellows.

The most obvious weakness in our present economic system is trading in stocks "on margin". This means buying stocks by putting up with a broker a percentage of their cost without expecting actual delivery. It is not legitimate business. It is gambling of the most vicious kind. It constitutes the most dishonest conspiracy in America—the great American fraud—protected by law, supported by the banks and a speculative public unaware of the crooked tactics it gives rise to.

Thru this medium millions of hard-working Americans are robbed of their earnings, ruined, bankrupted and frequently led to crime or suicide. They fall for the dishonest sophistry of organized, industrial crookedness, that marginal trading is legitimate business speculation. It is not. It is gambling where the dice are loaded. No third-class gambling joint where men play with loaded dice and crooked roulette wheels is any more dishonest than many leading Wall Street houses who put issues on the market and run them up by generally accepted market methods, with the help of newspaper financial columns, financial magazines and the even more effective form of whispered "confidential and inside tips" that spread like wildfire. They also use forced buying of larger blocks on an ascending scale to create the false impression that the issue is due for a big rise. Then the real insiders, respectable capitalists, philanthropists, churchmen, donors of college buildings and dictators to Washington unload at peak prices, withdraw their artificial support and let the issues crash, wiping out tens of thousands of small "investors" unable to protect their margins.

This, in the vernacular of Wall Street, is "wholesale liquidation". It is also spoken of as "improving the technical position of the market", which in plain English merely means that the great houses and powerful operators can buy the stocks again at bargain prices and repeat the process of picking the pockets of the hard working people of the nation who have been lured by false stories of easy money and by the "paper profits" of their friends—which few ever cash in on.

The president of a large Wall Street house told me that a check-up of twenty years' business by one of the most powerful houses on Wall Street disclosed the fact that 98 per cent of the customers who traded on margin lost. The 2 per cent were probably cautious souls who made a few dollars and had sense enough to get out before the "big boys" got their profits away from them.

The vice-president of another powerful house that fosters many issues admitted to me that the prices of stocks were fixed weeks in advance down to the day

from ADVERSITY

and in some cases to the very hour. He said, "We do not gamble. We know what the price will be tomorrow, a week from now, ten days from now. We know because we put it there." How can an outsider, relying on tips which 98 times out of 100 are false and misleading, hope to compete against those who control these situations.

All of the big houses have "customers' men". These men contact the customers. The latter are advised to buy stocks on recommendation made by the management to the customers' men. All kinds of tips are given out in whispers . . . "very confidential . . . just let a few of your best customers know." The customers' man tells all of his customers—they tell their friends—a buying wave begins, the insider's stock is fed out to meet this new demand—the insiders unload at the peak—then, their support withdrawn, the prices fall and again the public loses thru their guilty and crooked conspiracy.

We need a new scale of market ethics. Because this kind of things is "being done" by virtually all the houses on the street it is considered legitimate "trading", "sound finance", "clever market manipulation", whereas in reality it is plain stealing, crooked and cowardly.

The same thing is done by "pools", powerful interests that get together, manipulate certain stocks, feed out tons of "bullish" literature, running up the market out of all proportion to the intrinsic worth or the legitimate demand for the stocks in question based on their history, earnings, personnel and reasonable expectation for future enhancement; then the pools unload at the artificial peaks they have reached, pocket the millions they have robbed from the small investors and repeat the process *ad libitum, ad nauseam*.

All of this would not be impossible if marginal accounts were prohibited by law and practice, but the evils of market trading would be reduced to a minimum if this form of gambling were prohibited.

Those who buy stocks as investments based on intrinsic worth, dividend record and sound prospects



DR. MILLER

need not care unduly about fluctuations. The stocks may decline but they are theirs, cannot be taken from them; they enjoy certain dividends and rights and if held long enough their losses will doubtless be turned to gains if the stocks are sound and general conditions normal.

I am not against Wall Street as a place in which to finance legitimate industry and to buy and sell stocks. Such a medium of exchange is an imperative necessity. The investor who for any reason needs to sell his stock should have an exchange where the buying and selling of stocks are effected. But the function of the exchange must be limited to this legitimate purpose and it must cease to be the center of multi-billion dollar swindling.

Another crying abuse of Wall Street which is purely an instrument of gambling, having nothing to do with the legitimate purchase and sale of securities, is the practice of selling "short". This means selling a stock you do not own at a price you believe higher than the level at which you will be able to purchase it later. This is as much gambling as roulette which is prohibited in nearly every state in the Union, while short selling, responsible for a hundred times the misery and loss of roulette, is prohibited in no state so far as I know. But even at that it would not be so bad if short selling were merely guessing the trend by individual traders. But the practice gives rise to organized "raids" on meritorious stocks with the malicious and dishonest purpose of depressing their quotations to the level at which the shorts can cover with a handsome profit to themselves on the stocks which thru false rumors and forced manipulation they have compelled the marginal investors who were "long" to unload at heavy losses.

A law backed up by suitable resolutions of the Board of Governors of the various exchanges requiring every purchase or sale to be a purchase or sale in fact, with the delivery of the number of shares bought or sold within twenty-four hours and which would make it a criminal offense to buy stock without the money to pay for its delivery or to sell stock not actually in the pos-

session of the seller, would eliminate nine-tenths of the abuses of Wall Street which have ruined the country, impoverished its citizens, blighted its basic industries and helped to throw five million men out of work.

The churches have spent millions in campaigns of sometimes questionable merit, in well intended efforts to improve social conditions and combat gambling and other forms of negative social ethics. Why do they wink at this public scandal? Surely they are not entirely controlled by the conscienceless forces of Wall Street parasitism, tho doubtless many of them are. Where is an Augustine, Savonarola, Luther, Wesley or Knox who dares to speak out against this monstrous wrong? Where is a Moses who will lead us out of this wilderness of deceit and confusion? Where is the moral force of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America? Has it not some flaming social evangelist who dares defy the forces of entrenched privilege and do battle like David against this Goliath that the rest of the children of Israel tremble to tackle? If the church has not lost its sense of moral and social leadership let it lead now! Let ten thousand sermons boom forth. Let suitable resolutions pour into the state and federal legislatures. Let the public press be bombarded with letters of protest. Let this become a real issue for the next presidential campaign.

It would, of course, not be fair to urge that this highly organized and legally approved form of open plunder, which costs the citizens more than the depredations of a million ordinary burglars, is alone responsible for the present chaos.

Overproduction which is the result of mass and competitive production is certainly one important cause of world conditions. The solution must be found in some form of voluntary coordination and limitation such as is now being practised by the hard hit oil industry in various sections of the country.

Irrational tariff rates dictated by selfish sectional interests, passed by political trades—"you vote for my steal and I'll vote for yours"—have played their part in bringing about resentment and retaliation by other countries. This has resulted in curtailment of our foreign trade and added to general business stagnation, unemployment and poverty. Doubtless some degree of protection is needed by certain industries but few would seriously contend that the tariff bill passed by the last Congress represented the best economic interests of the nation at large.

One of the chief causes of world depression, of course, is the economic aftermath of war and the staggering cost of preparation for another war—which, incidentally, if it ever should occur, would without question mean the complete breakdown of economic and social life as at present constituted. Here again the moral conscience of this nation must awaken. Our representation at the last naval conference failed to take the aggressive and insistent stand that the people of this country desired should be taken for drastic reduction in armament. Rather our experts, themselves, obsessed with the "big-navy" phobia, dilly-dallied and came home with agreements increasing naval armaments rather than decreasing them. We should lead the way in these reductions and in compelling universal reduction thru threat of cancellation of credits.

Now bad as is the present abysmal condition and

important as it is that we leave no stone unturned that might lead to improve present conditions, I desire in closing to consider some of the more hopeful lessons we may learn from the present situation and the human reactions thereto. What are some of the psychological factors from which we may gain comfort—even if some of my readers may feel it is scant comfort?

1. There is the heroic courage of the average person everywhere evident which enables him to carry on in the face of utter desolation, to fight on despite every discouragement and to endure suffering with Spartan-like fortitude. This fact alone tends to strengthen one's faith that there is something decent and worth while in human nature after all.

2. We are discovering how very little money it is possible to live on. Many are getting along on an income hardly more than what they once spent for amusements. We see how useless was the tyranny of luxury, how futile are houses larger than we need, surplus clothes, expensive automobiles built primarily for show and the general effort to "keep up with the Joneses". In the lure of the simple life, in a new freedom from artificiality, many of us will find a new and finer sense of being.

3. On the other hand many of us have discovered for the first time the value of money. We think of the days when we threw money around with scarce a thought of restraint. Now when we do not have it and cannot get it we determine that, when we do—if ever—get out of the bog and arrive at the place where we can pay all our bills and begin to save, we will spend money more cautiously. Instead of wasting our money we will make safe, conservative investments in sound investment stocks. If we get any considerable sum of money we will put perhaps 80 per cent away in a trust fund in some strong bank where even we cannot touch the principal but can always be sure of the interest.

4. We begin to see the futility of unbridled ambition. After all, what does it all amount to? We spend our poor, puny lives striving, struggling, building up paper houses that a cataclysm like the present knocks over—and who cares? Better by far to cultivate a modest ambition, to gain a fair competence so that we may care for our own and be protected in old age, accomplish some worth-while work, not for fame, which is an empty bauble, but for the sheer satisfaction of accomplishment, to know something of the arts, music, literature, to build strong bodies, to cultivate clear minds, to gain a measure of self-control, to make a few friends, to face the future unafraid. Conditions like the present bring about a revaluation of life's meaning where the deeper and more ultimate values have their proper and proportionate place and where the artificial and transient factors tend to be relegated to positions of lesser importance.

THUS may we find some consolation in the transition going on all about us. As the old order crumbles to dust may we try to build a new and finer personal and social life in which all psychological and human values will be conserved.

Thus out of chaos may come order and out of abysmal darkness the light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Don't Use a *Butterfly's Wing* for a Sail!

By

Esther L. Cottingham

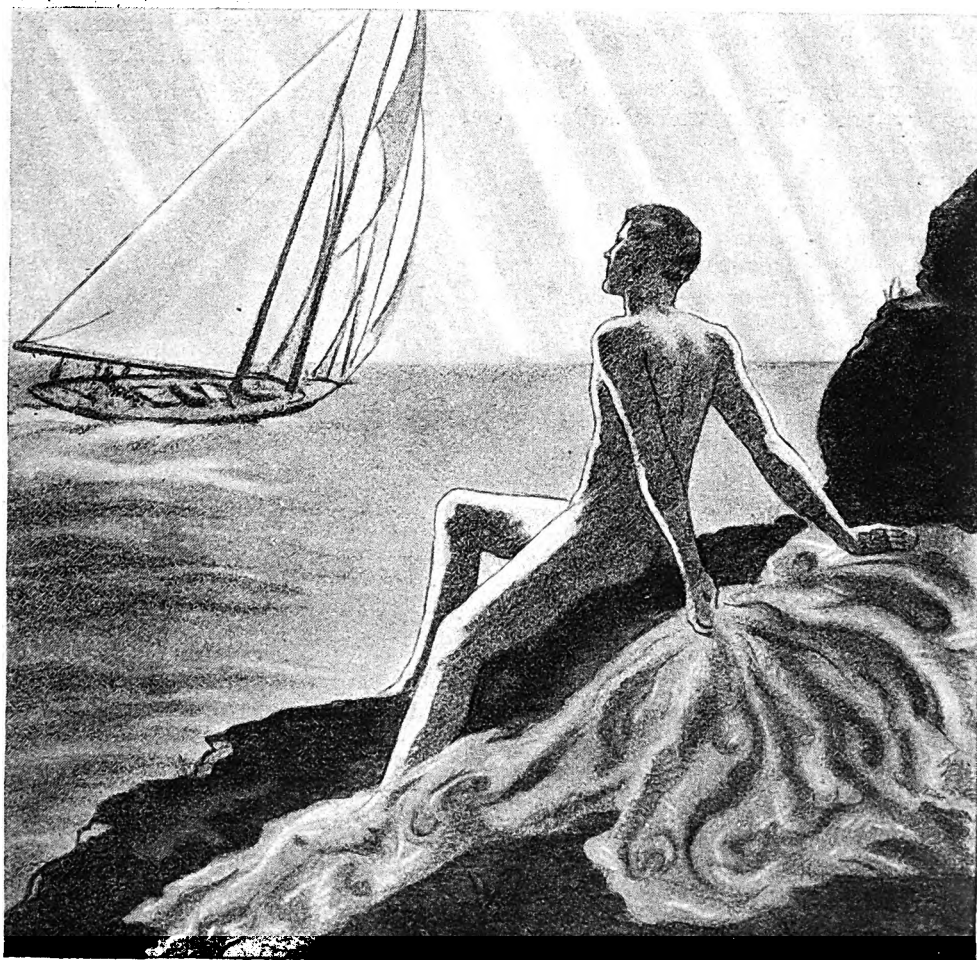
TO TALK of profiting by experience, of regarding our failures as wisdom gained and incentives toward attaining subsequent success and happiness is all very well when we have failed to accomplish as much as we expected. But when others fail us—fail to live up to our expectations—how can we become reconciled to the bitterness of disillusionment?

Youth, high-hearted and untried, setting forth with lofty, beautiful visions to test his prowess in the combat of life, inevitably meets this overwhelming disappointment. So it is also with the dreamer, the idealist, the introvert—each must see the shadows of reality darken the bright beauty he has created for himself. More often than not the radiant fancies of the poet and the lover are dispersed by the coldness and gray of actuality. The lunatic alone, living in his own narrow world, completely shut off from reality, is sure to preserve his false, self-gratifying dreams. Here one man buries himself in the depths of misanthropy because some trusted friend has betrayed him; there a lover seeks to avoid all humanity because his sweetheart has proved disloyal and unworthy of his adoration; another is disconsolate and suspicious of all mankind because he has discovered some serious faults in a hero he had imagined perfect; still another drifts toward suicide because some great object or sublime ideal upon which he had set all his hopes has crumbled to nothingness in the blast-furnace of reality.

How can there ever possibly be any beneficial influence derived from such discouragements that are beyond our power to con-

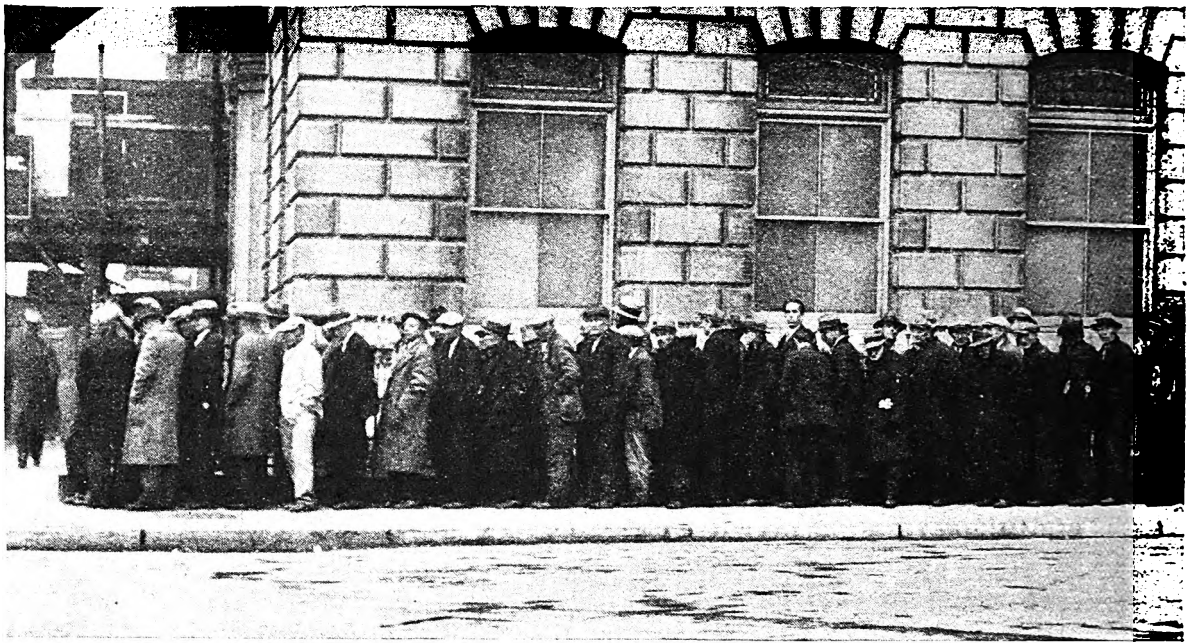
trol? How ever restore calmness and balance to our attitude toward such hurtful and humiliating experiences? Must we see only the unmitigated blackness of despair and grope thru it as best we can, altho there is no glimmer of hope to beckon us on? Disillusionment often seems life's darkest abyss from which there is no escape.

(Continued on page 59)



Picture by
Helen Craig

The breadline outside St. Vincent's Hospital in Greenwich Village, New York City.



Into the Breadline

I VIVIDLY recall the first time I stood my turn in the breadline. My collar was turned up and I was in deadly fear lest some one I knew should see me. An old, unshaven man, with tattered clothes and a strong odor of tobacco, his white beard stained, tried to pick up a conversation, but I buried my head deeper in my collar and moved my face to the more shadowy part of the wall. Altho a companion in misery, I was even ashamed of him. I took my bowl of soup hastily, spilling some of it, and gobbled the bread as quickly as I could. In fact, hungry as I was, I left much of the hand-out, for it stuck in my throat. I could not enjoy charity bread.

Giving in to the breadline followed days of hunger and nights of despair. I made a terrific struggle not to. I had never before accepted charity. I had worked as a clerk in an architect's office, and when the depression came I was fired. I had been reading in the papers of the horrible times, and I was convinced that it was almost impossible to find employment. To make sure that I was right, I went half-heartedly to several places and was told that there was no work. I had saved a little money, and economized as much as I could. Soon I was reduced to my last \$4. At this time I was already making a 5 cent bag of peanuts do me for half a day, and to clog up a ravenous appetite would buy an apple and some rolls. My room rent was behind two months, but the landlady knew me to be punctual and did not bother me at first.

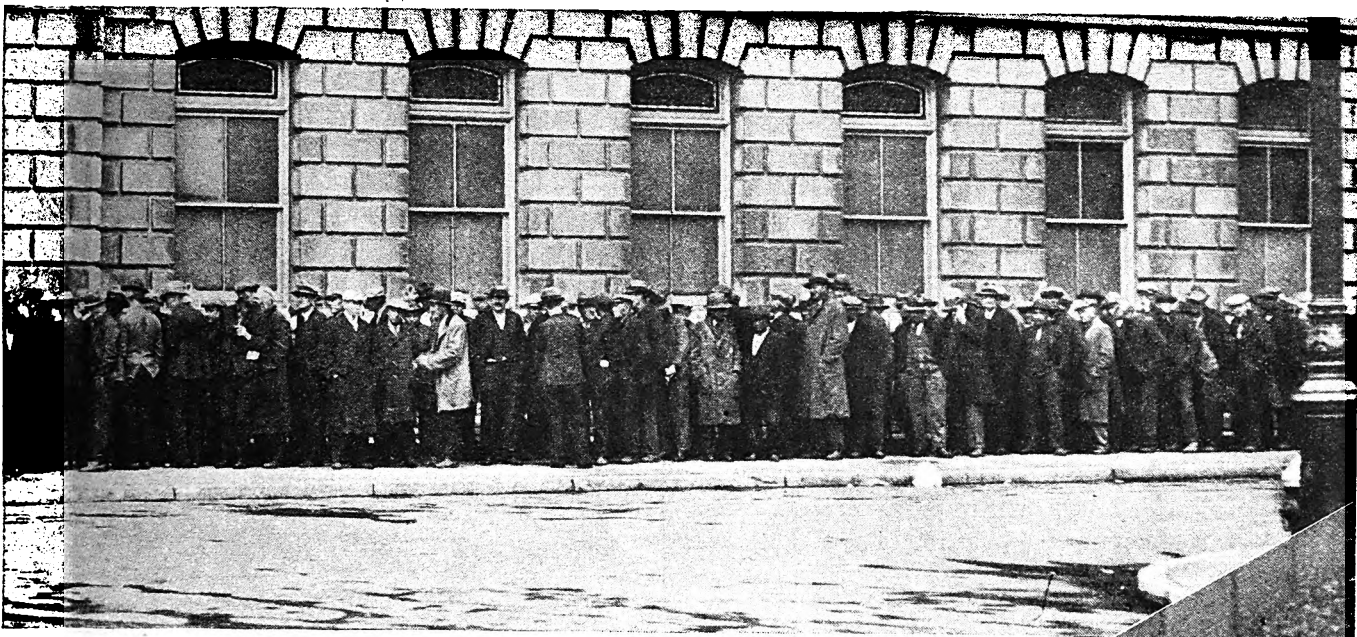
But when the third month came around, I could hear her climbing up the wooden stairs, bang at my door and shout out, "This is no charity institution." I tried to hush her up, because I was very sensitive and didn't want my neighbors to know of my plight. "Mrs. Martin," I told her, "I am expecting money to come to me any day. Don't worry: I'll pay." Disgruntled, she

replied, "Remember now, next week and no longer." I was willing to promise anything.

I began to pawn things, first my watch, then my ring, then my Sunday suit. In the interim, I would walk the streets and dream. I imagined myself rich and prosperous, with servants serving me on silver trays steaming hot roast ducks, geese and turkeys, in somewhat the same fashion as Dickens described in *The Christmas Carol*. Every restaurant was an object of interest. The aroma that came from it gripped me with the same strength that whiskey does a drinker. Food . . . food . . . was all I wanted. Every time I saw a corpulent, well-fed man, I would think, "He ate breakfast today, probably bacon, eggs, white rolls and hot coffee." My parched throat would become watery. When I read in the newspapers of men leaving estates of \$1,000,000, I would curse my luck, and say, "Why wasn't I his son and inherit some of the money instead of the other fellow."

But soon I didn't have a nickel for peanuts. I had nothing of any value to pawn, except the suit I wore, which was the bridge between me and respectability. I held on to the suit tenaciously. No, I wouldn't give it up. My landlady was becoming more insistent about the rent. I was already four months behind. To avoid meeting her I sneaked out early, tramped the streets all day and returned late at night. It was cold and all sorts of thoughts filled my head. I had strange desires to break thru windows of Fifth Avenue displays and take out the maddeningly tempting fruit baskets and imported foodstuffs. I preferred most of all solid food, nothing fancy: ham and eggs, meat and bread, but pride kept me from standing in front of restaurants, altho my pace slowed up every time I smelled food.

One night, as I was noiselessly trying to enter my



and Out Again

By

A Man Who

Went Down

But

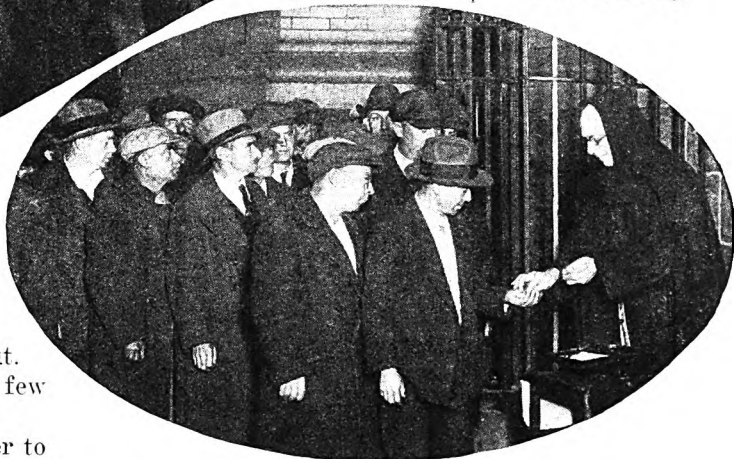
Would Not

Stay Down



Photos
by
Acme

At the Church of St. Francis Assisi, Franciscan Fathers hand out nickels daily to the unemployed in New York City.



boarding house, I was caught by my angry and indignant landlady who informed me with asperity that I either pay the rent then and there or get out.

Got out, or better still, put out I was, and the few things I had the landlady kept.

Without money in my pockets and with no shelter to go to at night I wandered the streets. And yet something held me back from continuing the search for a job. "Four million men out of work," I would say to myself, as I glanced up from the newspaper. "What chance have I of getting a job?"

Soon the suit I wore, which was in fairly good condition, went. I exchanged it for a shabby second-hand

suit and \$3. It is surprising, when put to the test, how little money you need to live. At night I would ride the subways for a nickel. It was cold and the wind got into my bones. Amazingly, I didn't become sick. Some of the conductors would rudely awaken me and kick me off. But I learned which (Continued on page 58)

the paranoiac type of day-dream. If that goes too far it develops into melancholia. Many times it leads into a manic-depressive state, one in which the patient has no interest in anything at all, walks, social contacts or any of the ordinary experiences of life. These patients are just not interested. They become so pessimistic that they are out of touch with the world and are living in their own world of unreality. The revenge day-dream is one in which the subject wants to defeat and punish someone who has suppressed or has become superior to him.

All of these four types of day-dreams are escapes from the feeling of inferiority.

I recently received three letters that suggest certain facts about day-dreaming. The first is from a mother who wrote: "I have a son five years of age, and last Christmas we spent our vacation at his grandfather's farm. One day he came rushing out of the barn. He was laughing in a sort of hysteria and seemed to me very much overjoyed, and at the same time badly frightened. He said that he had found and killed a great big black bear in the barn. He seemed to be sure about it. Shall I punish him for telling such lies? Incidentally, it might interest you to know that his nurse tells him that a big black bear will get him if he doesn't behave."

That is an interesting incident or example of the kind of thing I mean. Here is a boy of five who becomes conscious of himself. Up to this age a child is almost wholly unconscious. This boy has been rendered inferior. He has been frightened by the nurse. One of the first things I would ask this woman to do is to dismiss the nurse or tell her not to frighten the boy again. Imagination always wins. Whenever there is a conflict between the imagination and the will, the imagination wins. People can imagine themselves into really serious illnesses. The imagination of a child is something we ought to treasure, because all the great work of the world has existed in the imagination first. Sometimes children of this age think that their night dreams have actually occurred. Let them tell you about them and be happy with them, and at the end say, "Now, of course you know that didn't really happen." Make him face reality by bringing gently to his mind the recognition that it did not happen in reality.

Another letter is from a father: "We have a daughter of fifteen who is in second year high school. She has lost interest in school, spends hours alone in her room. She reads love stories and eats chocolates. She will go to the drug store for a soda and will be gone for two hours. She wants to wear evening dresses, etc., etc." My sympathies are all with the girl. The situation is this, that this daughter is entering the adolescent period or is in the middle of it where changes are occurring in her body. Things look different to her. She is not interested in mathematics. You see she is a very intelligent girl or she would not be in the second year high school at the age of fifteen. She has lost interest in school. Yes, of course she has. Things are happening. She is interested in boys, she is thinking of marriage. She spends hours alone in her room apparently doing nothing. She is very busy. Her mind is constructing. She is escaping to a world of unreality, which I hope will become a world of reality for her. The fact that she reads love stories is a good sign. She

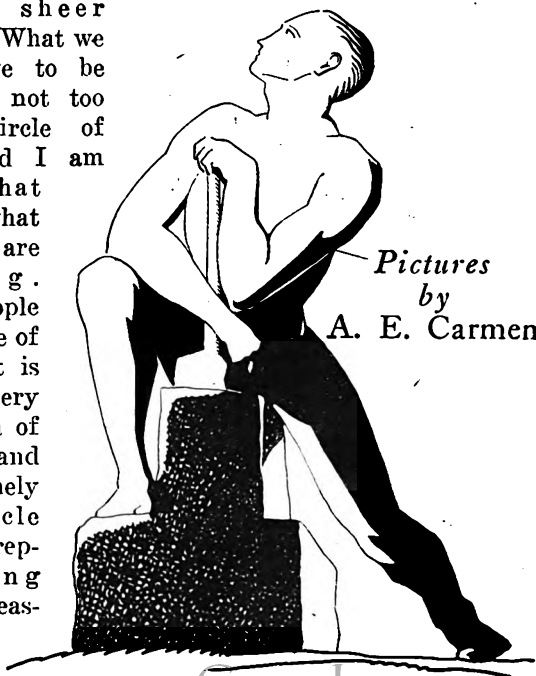
will go to a drug store and be gone for two hours. If I were the father or mother, I would go with her and see what kind of a drug-store clerk is in the store. Now about the evening dress, I don't think it is silly at all. She wants to wear her mother's clothes.

The third letter is as follows: "My husband, age 45, just sits silent for long periods and prefers to be alone. He is not interested in anything. Fortunately we have an ample income. After sitting for hours and hours he talks about people and incidents just as tho they had actually occurred when they have not. Sometimes he is very much alive and then he talks about the big but impossible things he is going to do."

I am afraid that this particular case is out of the realm of day-dreams and entering the realm of the neurotic and psychotic. Possibly I am mistaken, but from this letter I would have a very grave suspicion that this man is suffering from a manic-depressive neurosis. He sits and thinks, but all the time he is sitting there he is extremely busy in the world of unreality, and is compensating for an inner feeling of inferiority. Please remember this warning, "*Be careful of your day-dreams, that they don't carry you too far into the world of unreality*", because day-dreams become fantasies, and then they become hallucinations and that is the road to insanity.

Day-dreams are all wish-fulfillments. They are symptoms of the inferiority complex. They are compensation for the feeling of frustration.

Now take a bit of paper to draw a little diagram I want to explain to you. Draw a little black spot smaller than a penny. Outside of that spot of black draw another circle, enclosing an area of white. Now draw lines in that circle, making it checkered. Outside of that draw another circle and leave it perfectly white. Now you have a circle around a spot of black, another circle larger and another circle of white. Let us say that the black spot represents the hard work of an individual's life. This is the work that you have to do. The checkered circle outside of that is work you enjoy doing. The plain white circle outside of that is the circle that represents sheer pleasure. What we must have to be happy is not too big a circle of black, and I am afraid that that is what most of us are getting. When people get a circle of black that is big, a very small area of checkered and an extremely small circle of white representing sheer pleasure, they push out



Pictures
by
A. E. Carmen

that white circle into the realm of unreality. That is compensation, escape.

The only hope for you is to keep an equal balance. I am wishing that each of you has no black at all, but that you have a large area of work you love to do and a big enough area of sheer pleasure.

We can rid ourselves of the habit of harmful day-dreaming by schooling ourselves to face reality. Life, as I have said, is a continual effort to escape pain and a continuous desire for pleasure. It is in every act that we do. Of course this is truly instinctive—a function of the subconscious; it is biological, it is primitive.

The principle is this. First of all we accept the pleasant. A baby wants the pleasant things all the time and he yells at the unpleasant or painful. After we have learned to accept the pleasant, we attempt to reject the unpleasant and the painful.

Some people reject all unpleasant things. They defend themselves against reality. They push things down into their subconscious. They do strange things and they don't know why. We must face reality and consider that this world is full of irritability, full of responsibility, full of opportunities to which we must adjust ourselves. We have to be tolerant; we have to consider the feelings of others; we have to face reality by accepting the unpleasant with the pleasant and take our medicine as it comes.

There is no use trying to make this world a Nirvana—a heaven. If we did not have some pain in life we would not know pleasure when we had it. It is an interesting thought that the Negroes in Africa did not know they were black until they saw a white man.

In facing reality, we must modify the pain-and-pleasure principle and adopt a reality principle. The reality principle is nothing more or less than a realization that we must shape our subjective inner mental life, our reactions, our attitudes, our opinions, according to the necessities of our environment. We must remember that we are an evolving and adjusting organism. We cannot have our own way in everything. We have to suffer pain and be grateful for what pleasure we get. So many people write to me that they are in difficulty. They say, "Why do I have to suffer so?" They really write as tho for some unknown reason they should not suffer at all. "Everything ought to be all right, and why is it. Dr. Payne, that it isn't and please tell me what to do about it."

First of all, realize your own utter unimportance in this overwhelming universe. Don't forget that. You are not so important. You think you are, but you really and truly are not. Second, face the reality of

facts and truths. Don't distort facts. Don't pick out things that favor your side and discredit others. Don't get a wrong sense of values. Don't try to tell the other person that everything he or she did was wrong and that you always did everything right. Don't take untruths or half-truths. Don't defend yourself against reality or attempt to escape from it. Face it courageously and face it while you are strong; do not wait until you are tied up and weak, tired and disorganized from conflict with yourself and with reality.

Practically all our behavior and our reactions are instinctive. We want to satisfy our ego, we want to feel important. But we should get that idea out of our heads. Try to be of service, try to help others and you will find that what you want will come to you. Instinctively we try to escape pain and get pleasure, with a goal of peace. We want to be free, we want the lack of irritation.

Face, for instance, the reality of growing old. The proper psychology will give you a feeling that you will never grow old, that you will never die. Learn to grow old gracefully. It is an enjoyable thing.

Face the realities of love. Face the realities of work. Above all things, face the reality of death. Don't be afraid of death. You will either go into oblivion or you are going into another life after this.

The reality principle teaches us four facts in life:

1. That this is a sense-limited world. We are in a material world. It is a world of things.

The second thing is the world of I, Me. It is the subjective world, the inner world, the world of ideas, the world of thought, and to me that is our real world.

The third thing to recognize is that other people

have the same world that we have. They have an objective world and a subjective world. We must remember that the world to other people looks quite different from the way it looks to us. The world as you know it today is quite different from the world your sons and daughters know and see and feel, whether it is the objective world or the subjective world.

The fourth thing to remember is that everything is controlled by the principle of evolution. The world is going to change, it is going on, and if you do not go on with it you are going to be rolled over.

Reality, then, is the inner and outer worlds reaching and reacting one on the other; your thought life reacting on the outer world, the material world and the world of other people, and that outer world reacting upon you. It takes courage to face reality, it takes honest-to-goodness back-bone. But it is the only path to happiness and achievement.

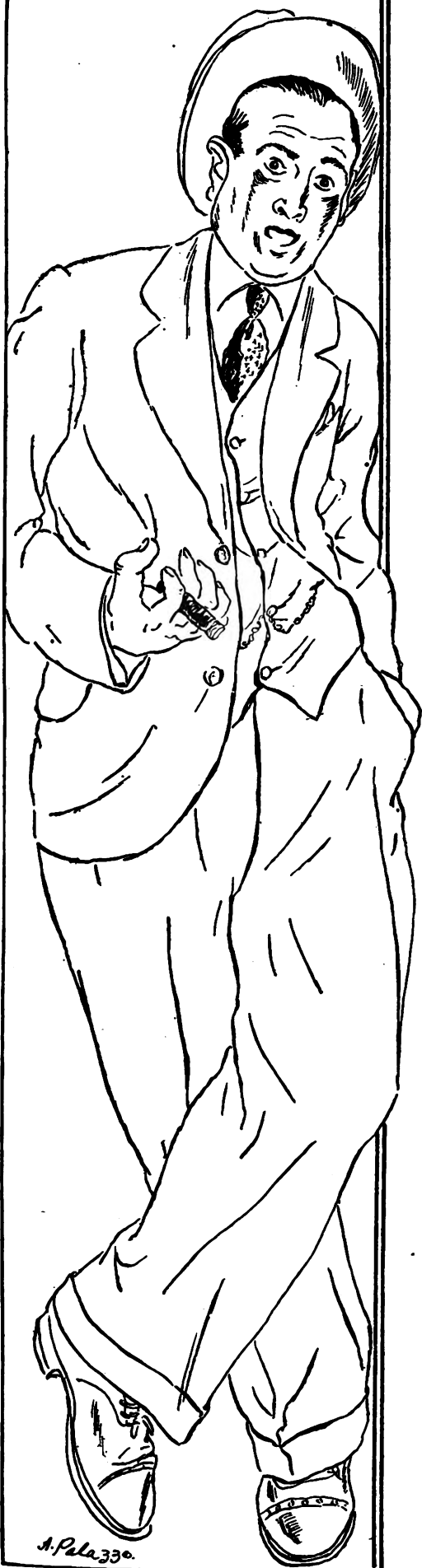
Passing

By Samuel Hall Young

LET me die working,
Still tackling plans unfinished, tasks undone,
Clean to its end, swift may my race be run,
No laggard steps, no faltering, no shirking,
Let me die thinking,
Let me die working.

Let me fare forth still with an open mind
Fresh secrets to unfold, new truths to find,
My soul undimmed, alert, no question blinking,
Let me die laughing,
Let me die thinking.

No sighing o'er past sins, they are forgiven.
Spilled on this earth are all the joys of heaven.
The wine of life, the cup of mirth still quaffing.
Let me die giving,
Let me die aspiring,
Let me die laughing.



The Talker

By Grenville Kleiser

HE talked away at break of day,
He talked when he had naught to say.

He talked at home and in the shop,
He talked—and simply would not stop.

He talked of politics and crime,
He talked and wasted precious time.
He talked of money and the probs,
He talked of gossips, neighbors, snobs.

He talked as long as one would stay,
He talked his wearied friends away.
He talked for merely talking's sake,
He talked—nor any hint would take.

He talked of much he did not know,
He talked for ostentatious show.
He talked and firmly held the floor,
He talked while one walked out the door.

He talked to ventilate his mind,
He talked a tiresome, steady grind.
He talked of health and made it worse.
He talked, and made his talk a curse.

He talked of trifles, things inane,
He talked to drive his friends insane.
He talked right on the whole day long,
He talked tho he was in the wrong.

He talked, nor would he silence keep,
He talked and mumbled in his sleep.
He talked ahead—he caught his breath
He talked at last himself to death!

Picture by Anthony Palazzo



G l a d y s B a k e r
I n t e r v i e w s
t h e
 Sinclair
 Lewises
a t
 Home



Mr. Lewis and his wife,

"**W**HAT do I like most to do? To talk, to smoke, to drink, to love—to go on long tramps in the country." Sinclair Lewis, winner of the Nobel award for literary excellence, is talking, words tumbling swiftly, incisively.

The author of *Main Street* is seated on a comfortable lounge in a spacious room with many windows. Coziness is achieved by wide divans, low sprawling chairs and dull-toned damasks in which grays, blues and soft yellows predominate. His wife, Dorothy Thompson, is discussing a newspaper assignment over the telephone. The novelist is attired in bathrobe and slippers; Mrs. Lewis trimly turned out in navy blue crêpe. One instantly arrives at an impression of the two which is confirmed by further observation. Lewis, tall, lank, sandy-haired and informal. His wife distinctly active, direct and capable.

Not that the first American to be awarded the most coveted literary prize is lazy—it just simply would not occur to him to regale himself in conventional attire if the spirit failed to move him. He talks with small effort, racing from one subject to another. Moves about as a man whose nerves are taut, senses eager. He smokes incessantly, lighting one cigarette from another and scattering ashes indiscriminately.

His wife is orderly, an inheritance gained as a daughter of a Methodist minister in a New England environment. She cannot resist reminding her husband that there are ash-trays. Courteously he acknowledges the reminder, but in another minute has forgotten. Interested in what is being said, or in the subject he, himself, is pursuing, it is necessary for him to be told for the

third time that luncheon is ready. He cannot be swayed by the very practical argument that cold oyster stew is not as tempting as the same concoction served up steaming. He does not say so (for he is a most amiable fellow), but his attitude declares that he would willingly wait for his mid-day repast until tea-time, or, for that matter, let it go by until tomorrow.

He has no idea of time. There are several clocks in the room—but none is running. Only Mrs. Lewis's wrist watch is reliable in the stern business of checking up hours and minutes.

Because this leisured way of living is more the custom on the Continent, his wife has imported a German couple who served her in Berlin where she lived for several years as foreign correspondent for American newspapers. To them is assigned the task of bringing order into the haphazard methods of domesticity preferred by the temperamental novelist, and who is likely to invite from ten to fifteen guests for dinner without warning, or think up the most original idea of a mid-night supper—at midnight.

"I loathe it," was the way he expressed his intense dislike for the business of writing. Once at it, however, he tackles a job with terrific energy and concentration so that he often sits at his typewriter for six or eight hours in an uninterrupted spasm of labor. Being not particularly robust, such method of work unfits him for further effort.

He is ever moving about. He tries one chair, then



Dorothy Thompson.

another, perches on the arm of a sofa, answers the telephone, signs for telegrams—any excuse for swinging into action. Then back again, making a grave attempt to be serious: "All right. Fire away! What shall we talk about? The advantages of the American scene in fiction or take a turn thru contemporary literature abroad?" Roguishly assuming the pose of a college professor, chin cupped in hand.

Finally he settles down and talks, winningly, engagingly, presenting ideas that flash thru his mind. Now he is chatting of those early days when, as a writer of brave love lyrics, he must set his feet on far-flung roadways; of a passage to England on a cattle-boat; of life in the steerage of a boat pointed to Panama; following the trail of Martin Arrowsmith thru the Caribbean to St. Thomas . . . Trinidad . . . Fontainebleau . . . San Lucia. It is never with the eyes of a tourist he observes a city. In Venice, for instance, (which he loves most of all places) he spends hours sitting in the sunshine of the Piazza, thoughtful, observant and not a little amused, I think, at the stereotyped remarks of the tourists.

Walking is a pleasure shared with equal enthusiasm by both the Lewises. Going in gypsy fashion thru Wales or enjoying a jaunt in late Summer along the Cornish coast. "The only trouble," confesses Mrs. Lewis, "is that Hal (most of his friends call him that) accumulates a whole library from every place we visit. After a few days you can imagine the weight of his

knapsack." She admits, too, that her husband's chief diversion is conversation. "He likes to talk. He gets up in the morning, mind teeming with ideas that he must talk straight thru at the breakfast table. He cares for only a few friends, the kind he can drop in on at all hours or drag out of bed to talk over some amusing situation."

This bright camaraderie of the novelist is contagious. The lunch party is enlivened by spontaneous quip and comment. The formality of being seated at table does not prevent the author's restlessness. He is ever on the move. In the middle of a course he disappeared upstairs, returning with an elaborate make-up of cotton mustachios and a Van Dyke.

Sinclair Lewis is an incorrigible jokester. When away from home he calls his wife several times a day, imitating famous persons she has interviewed in Europe. "Once," she reminisced, "when we were driving in Munich he turned to me (he was then writing *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*) and, assuming the character of Schmultz, began an interminable yarn about the last time he had been in the city, tho I knew it was his first visit. Anyone who didn't know him would have thought he had gone suddenly mad," she laughed.

Whenever our most famous literary man is writing a novel he lives the part of the chief character. When he was working on *Elmer Gantry* he adopted the gestures and pious attitude of the hypocritical preacher. So thoroly did he enter the role of *Babbitt* that it was some time before his friends could convince him that he, himself, was not unlike the character of his celebrated novel.

There was a time when he stood before the congregation of the Kansas City Methodist Church and granted ten minutes by his watch to a wrathful Jehovah to strike him down.

"What did you hope to prove by it?"

He grinned gleefully. There's something particularly nice about Lewis's amusement. Something he lets you in on, in the same flattering way as in his novels he permits the reader to draw his own conclusions.

"I was perfectly aware I wouldn't be able to prove anything," he answered, "but I was willing to show them that my idea of God was something quite different from a fellow who trades in such charlatanry as sudden death, brim-fire, eternal damnation and all the rest of it."

There was no intention of blasphemy in recital or performance. Simply, it seemed to me, a divergence of viewpoint.

What does Sinclair Lewis believe? He is certainly not a religious person in the commonly accepted meaning of the term, but that he admits of some Omnipotent Force could be read into the way he said (and the words, too) "that just isn't *my* idea of God".

The Nobel prize man isn't, you know, a mean fellow. He wins and keeps his friends by rare charm and an essential sweetness. Notoriously is he kind and loyal. Joseph Hergesheimer told me once that Sinclair Lewis was the most generous writer—to other writers—in America. He is eager to bestow commendation when it is merited and willing to go to (*Continued on page 61*)

Rough With His Cubs

By J. George
Frederick

EVEN as he came into my office there was a quality in his step which I appraised. It was not firm and seemed to be directed by a straying will, a halting diffidence, like that of a child walking in the dark.

"I'm George Brown, you know," he said. "My friend Halsey introduced us in the club the other night. You were very kind to let me come and talk to you. I really don't know if anything can come of it for you."

He became more and more uncertain and his eyes stole about the room as if he wished that whatever had impelled him to come would free him and permit him to depart.

"That's all right, George," I remarked, settling back sociably in my chair. "Shoot." I am not accustomed to calling new acquaintances by their first names but I have always kept alive an intuitional relationship to men; and my intuitions told me that George Brown was a young man in search of a father.

George squared his shoulders with visible encouragement and relief.

"I've read your books," he said simply, "and know your reputation as a counselor and consultant. Brother and I are in a very difficult position. It's hard to speak about it. You know our company, the Brown Manufacturing Company?"

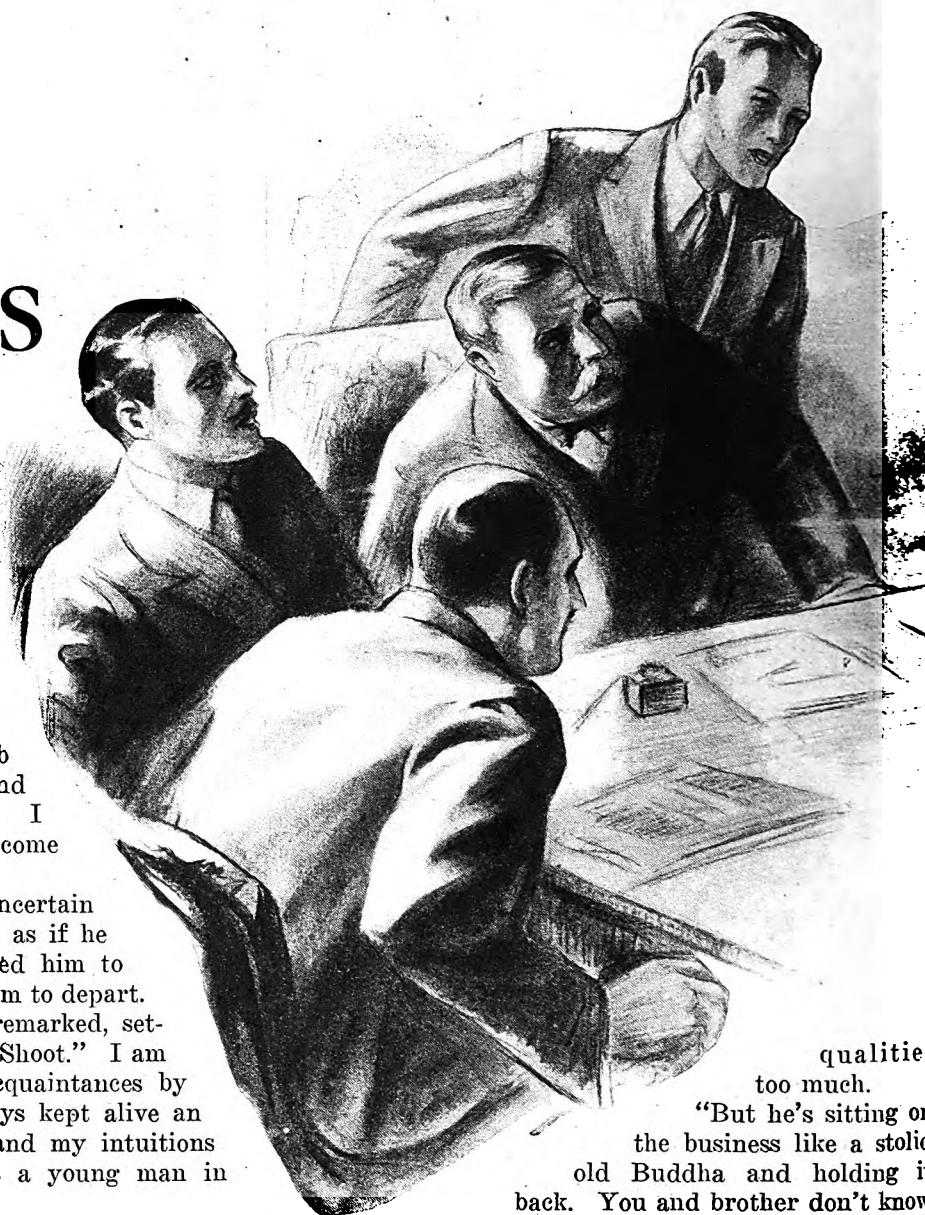
"Yes, I've heard of it for years, George. What's the trouble?"

"Well"—and there was a pregnant pause during which I saw in profile a high-domed head, long nose and eyes a little sad for a young man.

"It's father," came out finally in a flat declaration which evidently cost something. "He's a fine old fellow, really; there are few like him left."

"How old is he?"

"Seventy-one—and takes his plunge at the athletic club pool every day." He was protesting his father's



qualities too much.

"But he's sitting on the business like a stolid old Buddha and holding it back. You and brother don't know what to do about it."

George whirled half way about on his chair.

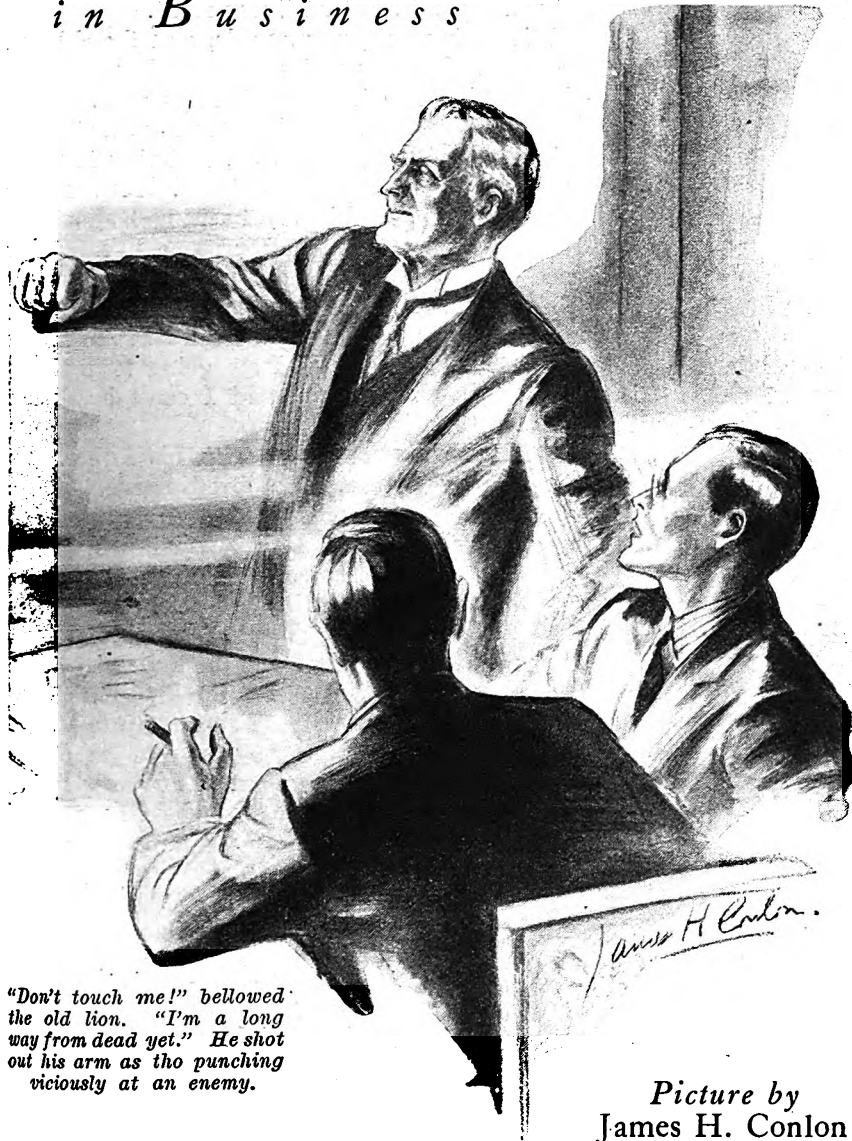
"Has anybody been talking to you about us?" he demanded with hostility in his tone.

"Not at all, George. Merely a human guess, that's all. It's very human, you know, and not at all uncommon. Don't hesitate to talk to me about it."

The troublous look on George's face passed almost away, and was replaced with eagerness. His words came tumbling out like suddenly released water.

"We must do something. Brother and I can't do anything. The situation is constantly growing worse. Sometimes we sit up until long after midnight when we get to a breaking point and decide that the next day we will tell the old man we have come to the end and are going to quit the business. But the next day we somehow can't bear to do it. It's tearing us down physically and mentally. Just what we should do we

The Father-and-Son Problem in Business



"Don't touch me!" bellowed the old lion. "I'm a long way from dead yet." He shot out his arm as tho punching viciously at an enemy.

Picture by
James H. Conlon

don't know. . . . Have you any idea what is the way out?"

I was silent a moment.

"We'll pay your fee out of our own pockets, brother and I."

"No. That's not the way, George. Suppose that I write your firm a general letter offering my services. Manage to get this letter and pass it to your father and brother with a brief recommendation that I be engaged for a minor piece of consultant work. Then we will feel our way."

"Do it tomorrow, today, if you can."

Within three or four days I received a wire and took a sleeper for the small city where the Brown plant is located. Even the short ride from the station to the hotel sufficed for the two young men and me to become delightfully well acquainted. Horace was rather opposite in temperament from George. He had been on a varsity football team and was well set-up, positive and capable. George was a graduate of Harvard School of Business and in addition was an amateur musician. Astonishing how quickly the gates of personality and friendship swing open if the separate ele-

ments are mutually necessary to advancement. We had fixed a life friendship in an hour. George Brown, the younger son of the president of the company, was secretary and treasurer. Horace, the older son, held the title of general manager.

I met the father at lunch at the new Chamber of Commerce building. He fitted my mental picture of him to the full. He was taciturn, heavily built, ruddy, hale and hearty and no outward sign of old age. He belonged to the Napoleonic period of American super-individualistic business; that was obvious. A benevolent autocrat, delegating little authority and assuming most of the responsibility. He was a "thunderer" or what a friend of mine calls a "desk-thumper" type of business executive. Obviously, as long as he ruled the Brown Manufacturing Company, all his executives must be complete "yes men"; negative, obedient, diffident, "order-takers".

It had taken very earnest pleading to "sell" the old man on the idea of hiring a counselor, even for the selected "minor" work. He pooh-hoohed the idea; but the boys believed it was the only way to get out of the stalemate created by their desire to move forward and their father's evident desire to stand pat and "do as they always had done". They had offered, I learned, to pay for it themselves if he didn't approve of the results. That had moved him, for surely it was evidence that his sons had his interests at heart.

Once there, however, and having established some measure of confidence in the minor work I was

doing, I soon saw a glimmer of the drama that we would have to enact. In Africa or Java or the Amazon River country the two sons, reverently but firmly at their father's own wish and according to tribal custom, would have swatted the old man on the head with a teakwood club and ended his days. But in the Twentieth Century, in business, it is an acute problem, solved in various painful ways, to get rid of an old man at the head of a company who is no longer mentally up to the modern pace. Usually the company dies a slow death; or it is sold or consolidated at the stubborn founder's death; or sons take it over and rapidly advance it or rapidly wreck it. It all depends on the sons.

George, Horace and I met nightly at the hotel and talked things over. Once the old man condescended to take dinner with us and finally reluctantly admitted that we were doing well with the new plans and might go further.

The more closely I studied the problem, the more clear it became what the key decision must be if the Brown Manufacturing Company was to go forward.

The old man must cease active connection with the business and let the sons run it. So simple!—but who was going to step up and invite the lightning to strike? As well have stepped up to the Kaiser (before 1914) and calmly asserted that he must abdicate his throne for the good of the Reich!

As I pondered the problem events moved forward.

I was in the old man's office one morning when Horace came in. His manner and tone were faultlessly correct.

"I had to shift Mill No. 2 yesterday onto that new order," he said; "simply couldn't figure any way out of it."

The old man wheeled about. "Then you rush right out, you young idiot, and shift back again. Didn't I tell you before that was a jackass way of doing business?" The old man's tone was shockingly raw.

The shoulders of the son stiffened and his face became a mask of crimson. A long-suffering look was in his eyes; this was the torture he had been enduring ever since he had come into his father's employ. To receive it before a stranger, a counselor, was trebly humiliating. Nor was it the first time it had occurred in my presence.

I saw manhood surging in him at flood-tide; rise, recede, rise again, this time not to be denied.

"The mill will stay on the work on which I have ordered it put," he announced quietly, the muscles of his jaw knotting convulsively.

"What!" roared the old man, rising to his full height.

"—Or else my resignation gets placed on your desk to-day," finished Horace, not retreating an inch before his father's advancing inflamed presence.

The old man began to bellop his rage in terms of another generation of business; in terms, indeed, more fit for an Irish policeman in a district of bad boys. It was a tense moment.

The gavel of the chairman of the board of directors happened to lie atop a desk near me, and putting on a smile I rapped lustily for order. I had, in fact, at that very excitable moment the glimmer of a shadowy idea of the way out of the whole situation.

When finally both calmed themselves a trifle as I pounded lustily, I asked the privilege of saying something. I think both were glad of a chance to have me serve as a lightning rod.

"Look here," I said as blandly as I was capable of, "don't you two see what the mistake is that you're making? Mr. Brown, when Horace comes into this room and talks to you on business, it is not in his capacity as a son of yours *but as general manager of the company*. Do you have as little respect for your

general manager as all that? If so, fire him! If not, for goodness' sake stop spanking him as tho he were a ten-year-old boy of yours!" I spoke as tho quite obviously they must see that I was right.

The logic of it was unanswerable, and the old man didn't answer. He was full of the crude relish of a fight—but behind it all, too, a father's pain. It became clearer than ever to the boys and me that either he or his sons would have to rule, and that if he insisted on ruling, the sons would leave. Horace later bared his heart on the subject and said he had suffered untold humiliation in scene after scene like this for five years during which the old man had invariably treated him as a boy and never as a man.

"I've given myself until New Year's to see a way out, and if there's no change I am going to get out," he told me tensely. "If you and I can't break this deadlock, I'm thru."

George had no direct clashes with his father. He was of a gentler nature. He loved music, and he poured his troubled soul into it. His quarrel was that he hated the indirect "pussy-footing" routes he had to take to do what should be done. He hated the hypocrisy of the situation; the humiliation was quite as galling to him as to Horace. "We're ready to throw our inheritance in the business overboard without a quiver if we can't get a square deal from father," they agreed. "The old man may make a bonfire of our stock in the company. He'll be lucky if we don't throw it in his face. To hell with the Brown Manufacturing Company."

As I sat in the hotel lobby late one evening smoking the whole problem revolved interminably in my brain. The defiant words of the sons were still ringing in my ears. The inner logic of the situation sprang at me of a sudden. I rose as if I had been shot, punched my right fist into my left palm with excited force.

"Sure, that's it!" I exclaimed so loudly that the woman scrubbing the floor—it was a wee, sma' hour—cried, "What's the matter, sir?" I went to my room and for two hours I scribbled or walked the floor or smoked until I had a working plan in my mind. My strategy was laid; but it was strategy in which the boys were to play no knowing part. I was thrilled with what seemed to me my discovery and my sure-fire plot.

I chafed at the three weeks before the regular meeting of the board of directors before which I had been asked to present my general recommendations for bettering the business.

The day came and the board assembled. Old man Brown called on me for my (*Continued on page 60*)

A Little More Something

By Verona Armbruster

RUNNING a two-mile race means covering two long miles, but the winning may be by an inch. Twenty scores may be made in a basket-ball game, but the winning basket is all that matters. A man may poll five hundred thousand votes, but if his opponent polls five hundred thousand and one, that one vote tells who shall have the office.

The difference between success and failure is a small margin of a little more energy, a little more pluck, a little more something. Who has it?

Not the fellow who does his work half way, who eases up on effort, who dissipates his forces. Such a one may keep going for a while but he does not win.

The last inch, the deciding basket, the majority vote, go to the fellow who puts into the contest just a little bit more than any one else does. Getting by isn't enough. Having the edge on things—that means success.

Where Do Thoughts Come From?

An Analysis of the
Processes
of *Constructive* Thinking

By

Richard Lynch



Dr. Lynch, president of the New York Unity Society

WITH MAN, creation as we know it has reached its highest point. Man stands in the front rank of a new order, and by means of his constructive thought may evolve into whatever lies within or beyond him in mental or spiritual realms. All things terrestrial having been brought up to the point of man, evolution from now on must be a progress of the powers of the mind. In man, mind finds its highest opportunity for expression on the visible plane. The mind of man is the source of thought, consciousness, intelligence and understanding.

In studying mind as the source of ideas we find that its tendencies toward any sort of original effort include desire, imagination and will. First the idea is conceived; desire for its manifestation then ensues, imagination visualizes and images it and, lastly, the will resolves it into action. We have here, then, the sources of creative expression.

Inspiration comes to the artist thru the mind in its suggestive aspect. A desire is set up to reproduce that impression, the special form of truth just visualized. The imagination with its wealth of fancy suggests certain forms or expressive molds. Then enters the will, the doer of things. Suggestion, thru desire and imagination converted into practical form, seeks expression, and a determination to express calls the will into action. Desire and imagination would fail without the will to express—the will begins to impel the thought forward to the creation of forms of expression.

Psychology treats largely of desire. We are all given to indulgence in wishing for the many things that at-

tract us in the material world, but our circumstances condition their fulfilment. Desire, however, is something more ardent and powerful than mere wishing. It is a permanent hunger within us for the special thing craved. With the great majority of persons desire is suppressed or held in check. But the bold realize that its consummation requires effort and action.

Psychology points the way toward fulfilment of desire thru scientific, constructive thinking. It may always be realized by correct mental attitude and well-directed effort. Naturally I am speaking of that which is reasonable and not of the fantastic or impossible, altho many great men have shown us that the seemingly impossible has been made possible by constructive thought and persevering effort. "Beware of the secret desire of your heart," Emerson says, "for it shall surely be yours." So, look well to your desires and see that they shall not be hurtful—if realized.

Believe in your imagination; give it plenty of play, for it is a gift, but a dangerous one if given too free a rein because it easily runs away with the intellect. It should, therefore, receive careful training—it should be taught to omit all that is erroneous in proportion or

false in estimate, for these things as well as others come true if they are well imaged. Unchecked by mental balance, the imagination often brings its owner to grief.

"The will is the man," one of the old philosophers said. And here we have reached the source of energy and persistence—the doer, the accomplisher. It is the power above all others that requires training. Nothing is impossible to the determined will, the fixed resolve to overcome. No earthly power can bend or break the invincible will.

So often men fail for lack of some aim in life. Look over the world. Where is it you find the great masses of humanity? Milling about in the valley of indecision, unable to say where they are going or what they are going for, because they have no conception of either. "One aim" changes a laborer into a foreman, makes a superintendent out of a foreman and an executive out of a superintendent. "One aim" lifts a man from want to affluence, from obscurity to fame, from bondage to the directorship of destinies. Life is continually adjusting itself to the powers of the individual, and the man with "one aim" commands life to pour all its treasures into his lap.

Thought makes the vicious person, the thief, the pervert, or it makes the upright, honest man, the man of principle and vision, the man of wisdom and understanding. All that is base and all that is noble, all that lifts man to the stars or debases him to the level of the beast, is in thought—thought, controlled and directed or uncontrolled and misdirected.

Where does thought come from? Can you tell? You have many thoughts during the day. How do they come to you? That man who does not reason seldom has a thought originating in the realm of ideas. He is like a child, engaged with the perception of the senses and their reactions; he observes people and things and accepts suggestions made by his associates. But for ideas, he has no time. He does not even try to find one. But the man who likes to think is apt to speculate about himself and his mind. He looks for causes behind externals. And thought comes to him, but where does it come from?

Most people are continually confusing the mind with its instrument, the brain. Therefore we hear people of achievement described as "brainy", and failures spoken of as "having no brains". Frequently we hear persons wishing they had the brains of men such as Edison, Rockefeller or Ford. What they mean, of course, is not the brains but the mind.

Scientists have come to the conclusion that none of the mental faculties is connected with brain matter at birth, but are created by the individual himself, anatomically modifying his own brain.

It is only during the past fifty years or so that science has concluded the brain to be merely a physical organ with no inherent power of selection or initiative, but attaining this power only thru the mysterious "something" that separates man from the animal world and makes him king of all creatures.

What is the value of this knowledge to the "man in the street"? Simply that no person can offer as an excuse for failure the lack of "brains". He has just as much brain-substance as the man who outdistances him. It is not a question of abundance or lack of material, but of the *use* which is made of the material.

Ideas are received thru an effort to obtain them; by diligent application of the mind to the subject at hand, whatever it may be. That "something" within us presents an idea to the consciousness as a result of reflection and consideration. An idea does not just "pop into the head". As we learn to think and to use the mind the flow of ideas becomes greater and the power of originating increases.

Thinking is not the prerogative of the rich, the powerful or the learned. It is the gift to every man, thru mind. We all may think if we but will to do so. Individual apathy indicates death of the mind. We must realize that mind is our maker, and that one man's mind is as good as another's if he but works it. We can make ourselves what we will to be. Mind makes men giants or it makes them dwarfs.

Are you seeking success, health, character or achievement? Know, then, that it is possible for you to have what you desire; but your mind thru which you are to operate to gain it must be rightly used. It must be trained to act only under the universal laws of good, or it will bring you sorrow and destruction. Do not be deceived by those who seem to have gained wealth, power or place by discreditable means. You may be sure that they

have their reward. Within every error lies the penalty for its commission. Correspondingly, within every effort for good lies its similar reward. You can never have real success by taking from another the thing you desire for yourself. You may have it only by creating it from within.

The creative power of thought makes for right success, rightly guided, and this kind of success guarantees that it will stay with you and prosper you. The world is ready to pay any price for the man who has high ideals. Applause of low ideals is simply the approval of the base.

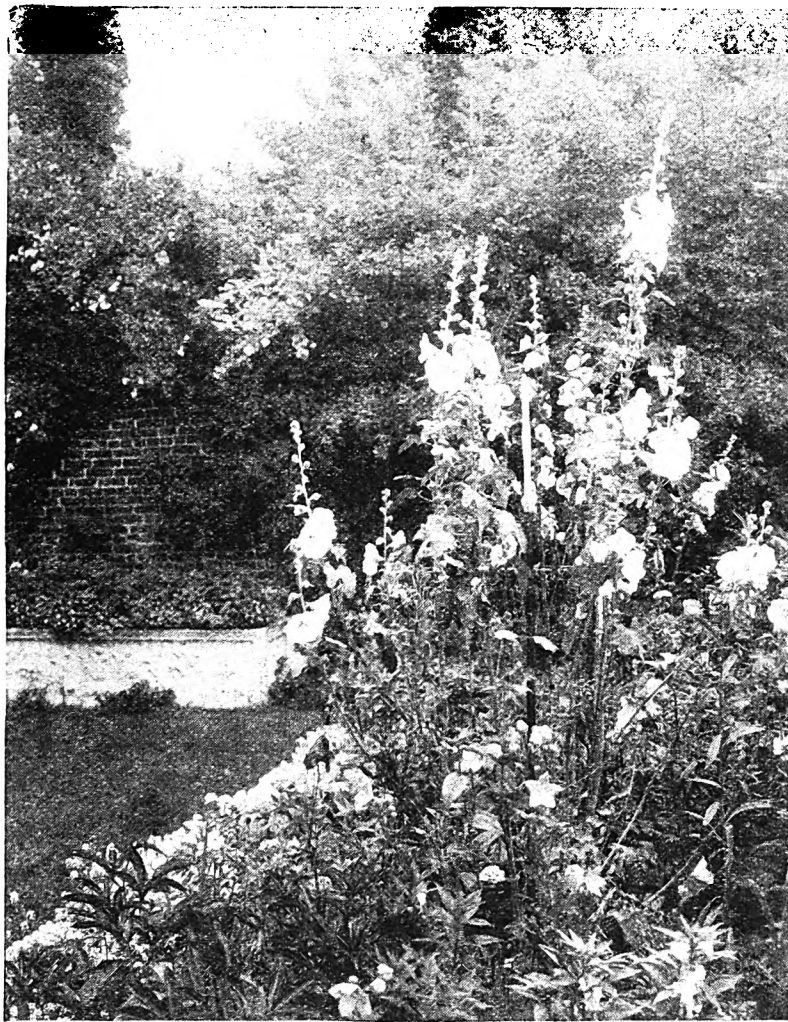
Fix in your mind a noble aim, and incessantly nerve yourself with the thought: "One thing I do, and this one thing only." Strength will flow to you from every direction. Nothing is able to withstand the settled purpose of the resolved mind. Mind makes of you a giant!

EVERY dirty little brown chrysalis has a winged thing inside—a symbol of joy and freedom. You have to wait till the proper season to see it spread its wings . . . but who wants even a beautiful butterfly at the wrong time? A sense of beauty is, after all, a sense of the fitness of things. Think of that when plans go askew. Maybe just now was not the moment for their birth. Things born out of their time rarely prosper. We can't force a growth, you know. Nature, who seems to know a little bit more about such things than we do, never does! She coaxes each little thing along, and does a lot of rather interesting things on the side while she waits for those particular things to happen!

Keep busy, and grin!

MARY ROBERTS

The Garden of Tomorrow



Photograph by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

By
Lillian
McVay
Stroud

THE Garden of Tomorrow is ever before us. It measures as much ground as the individual mind is able to comprehend. Two gardeners only there are: the Optimist and the Pessimist.

The Pessimist's garden is always overrun by the Cactus of Doubt, with its many stickers to prick and remind one of lurking dangers that seem inevitable.

The devil's walking stick grows tall and is ever ready for the workers to lean upon as a crutch, an excuse for delay.

The chief caretaker of this garden is Despair and his most choice plant, which he never neglects, is discouragement.

In the spring Inconsistency and Indolence help scatter great beds of faulty seed, while Neglect and Insincerity enjoy waiting for them to grow.

The winds of Dissatisfaction come howling their ominous cries and sad forebodings, for none knows what a day may bring forth.

The smallest breeze invites insects and slugs to help themselves, as the gardener's crop will be short any way.

A very noticeable characteristic of this gardener is that he is egotistical enough to believe that the whole world wants what he has, that if even one trespasser is allowed inside, all his plants will be broken down or uprooted and carried away. So for his protection he places on guard a powerful watchman, born to rule. His name is Selfishness.

He places nothing on the market because he distrusts

his customers and feels that he really never gets proper remuneration for his efforts.

The garden of the Optimist is always filled with flowers of every hue, a place where one may find encouragement blooming profusely the whole year round.

The Drought, frost or even snow brings no ill effects for the daily care-taker is Hope, and Hope can prevent all evils.

The sunshine of Love warms the mellow earth, giving strength to the efforts of even the smallest growth.

The little breeze of Cheerfulness is ever blowing and carries on with the fragrance of flowers the good tidings of an abundant harvest to be. The winds of Kindness come and wipe away the sweat on the gardener's brow.

In the spring Aspiration and Diligence come to help sow the seeds while Hope stands by to watch them germinate and help them grow.

Faith does the digging for Hope, uprooting all thorns of Doubt and weeds of Indecision before harm can come to the tender plant.

A beautiful fact about this garden is that the cultivation of it not only helps the owner but its products are without price in the great markets of human endeavor. The supply never seems quite equal to the demand.

And so—in these two gardens ever grow the plants that feed or starve our fellowman. My friend, which garden do you tend?

Be Ready!

By

Edward

Earle

Purinton

Practical

Tests

for Measuring

your

Personal

Preparedness

The individual is the nation. The man who has formed the preparedness habit is the man to save his country, his community, his family and himself. The technical details of national preparedness must be founded on the broad base of *personal preparedness*. To be ready for whatever comes—physically, mentally and morally ready—is the test of a man!

To be prepared for life is to be ready in two ways—against calamity and for opportunity. Calamity is really opportunity hiding in a shadow. Our worst foe is usually our best friend in disguise. Not, then, hating our foes, how may we discover them, attack them, outwit them, surpass them, learn from them without being injured by them?

Mental shrewdness we must have to locate our enemies, but also moral braveness to mend our own weak spots! The strength of a *man* lies in his wrath at his weakness.

What do you fear? Why? Fear is the guaranteed seed of failure. And everything we call misfortune is the fruit of some failure—grief, loss, unpopularity, abuse, drudgery, fatigue, responsibility, defeat, disease, old age, death. Is there anything or anybody that could make you lose heart, or presence of mind? If there is, prepare! Be sure that whatever can test you most will some day come to you. Don't wait and have to run like a rat to its hole. Study your moves and marshal your forces while yet there is time.

The common tragedy of life is to be unequal to the unexpected. The crown of every conqueror is molded from a crisis; and in lifting or lowering men the agency of Fate is an emergency.

THE NEED for industrial, financial, educational and social preparedness is here, all about us, all the time, but present-day conditions have brought this need home to all. Must Fate plunge us in war to cleanse us of our national sins and follies? Or have we the courage and wisdom to redeem ourselves?

Make a friend of Misfortune; you will have a friend you can always count on. Ask yourself what the worst affliction could be and prepare to meet it. Should it come, you might falter in the depths of sorrow, as all must falter when human hearts break; but men should in the end pursue the plan laid out and go on with their work. How would *you* meet *your* keenest hardship, rise to your most painful test, bear your supreme loss? Prepare for the hardest thing and all things grow easier.

Divide your campaign of personal preparedness into lines of defense and offense, with your foes and your allies properly balanced. First, as to defense. Among the assailants for whom one should prepare are these: Failure, Sorrow, Disease, Age, Death. Why let these foes rush upon us and ride over us—finding us with our armor off, guns spiked, swords dull and flags in the dust? We should, we can, forestall them; by summoning as our allies Faith, Courage, Knowledge, Forethought, System, Science, Work.

Prepare to meet Failure. And not once, but often. I know a man who had twenty battles with Failure, one after another, and each fight seemed lost. His war with Failure lasted thirty years. At the close he had so everlastingly routed Failure that the world crowned him the most successful man in his field who ever lived. Few of us fail enough. Envy the man who makes a big mistake; he's going somewhere—but pity him if he makes it twice, he's crawling back. When Failure attacks you, mark the weak spot aimed for and strengthen it. Do this well enough, and Failure stops.

Prepare to meet Sorrow. If your best friends should all die or desert you, could you face the world with a smile? If you lost all your money, would you feel just as rich? If you lost your reputation, would you have as much character left?

Prepare to meet Disease. If you want to endear yourself to your wife, learn to endure pain as sweetly as she can. There is nothing to fear in disease—except the fear. But almost every man has a constitutional weakness that he must guard against. What is *your* weak spot—heart, stomach, liver, lungs, kidneys, nerves, eyes? Are your daily habits ordered with a view to correcting that and keeping your health-defense high?

Prepare to meet Age. What are you going to do when you're seventy or eighty? Loaf on your family and friends? Depend on their charity—moral or financial? Mumble of the past and hobble in your mind as in your muscles? Die in heart and brain before you die in body? Or grow younger, stronger, wiser, braver.

happier and better as the little years go by? Will you be financially independent at sixty? Are you absorbed in a fine work that you can still be doing, no matter how old the world calls you? A man should be in his mental prime at sixty. Whoever is not, died in his youth, if ever he *lived* in his youth.

Prepare to meet Death. Not only in a religious sense, but in a psychological and biological sense. Do you know what Death is for, why necessary, how welcomed—and yet postponed? Have you studied the conclusions of the world's thinkers, scientists and philosophers regarding the final transition? When we have overcome the fear of death we can die as calmly, bravely and superbly as the millions of soldiers whose hearts remained whole as their bodies bled away on the battlefields of Europe. Better than dying bravely, as they did, we can live bravely, facing all that life may bring, and with a light heart.

But the test and sum of our preparedness is to prepare for life—to wage an offensive warfare as fiery as our defensive is firm. The great thing to fight for is opportunity. Gain this, hold it, utilize it and you have won the world.

The president of the largest corporation of its kind in the world states that he always has a number of \$10,000 positions waiting, unfilled and unasked for. He can't find the men to hold them. A \$10,000 man is sure of a job while a \$500 man goes begging. Are you a \$10,000 man, or more? If not, why not? If you don't expect some day to be earning five times what you earn now you should be ashamed of yourself. You are mentally asleep. Of course, a man can be a moral giant—and financially poor; but if he knows his job, works his job and has a job worth having, he won't stay poor.

Picture by Fred Reinert

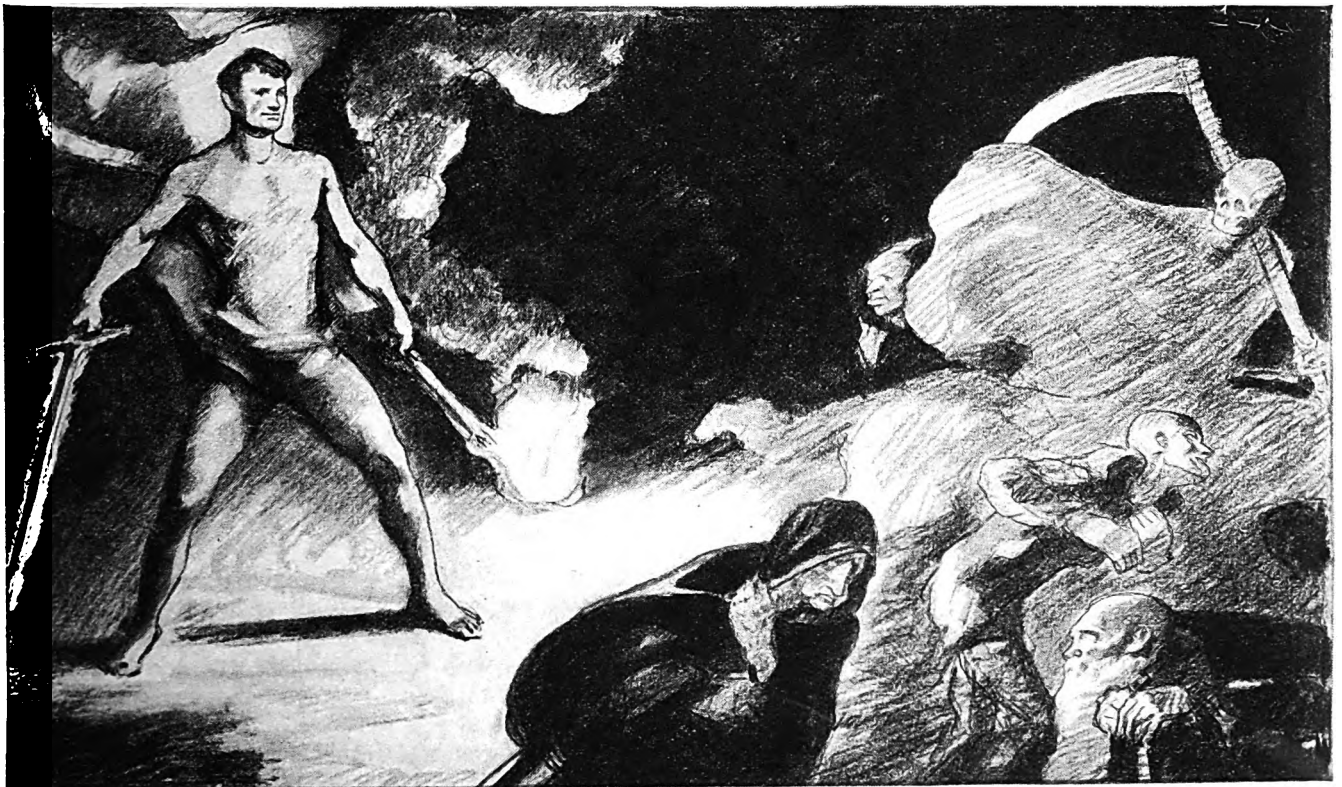
Your big chance, has it come? Are you sitting around waiting for it? Then you will die Expecting. Pull yourself together, prepare for your chance, get up and go out and hunt it. You can no more get a chance without a focus than you can get a picture without a camera. Put your mind in shape to record and develop your chance when it looms ahead.

Prepare by *action*. Things turn up for the man who digs. Doing big things means trying new things. A man, like a tree, is fruitful only after he branches out.

Prepare by *thrift*. The chance of a lifetime may be lost because you haven't a few thousand dollars or even a few hundred in cash for immediate use. Never let a pay-day go by without putting something in the bank. Learn the fascination in watching money grow. Study the science of investment. Plan what you will do with the money you have saved. Ask a rich man, or a bank president, how to save most wisely. Get a book on thrift and read it in the family, then start together to economize.

Prepare by *work*. More work, better work, faster work—follow these steps and nothing on earth can keep you down. The time to go to work is an hour before you have to. Make believe you like work as much as play. Do your work so well you are proud of it—then you will like it. Failure sits on the doorstep of the man who hates what he has to do. You say you aren't appreciated and you aren't paid enough? Do you need a pat on the head and a sugar-plum for doing what you ought to do? In the end, work wins. The hardship of the present means nothing when the hope of the future means everything.

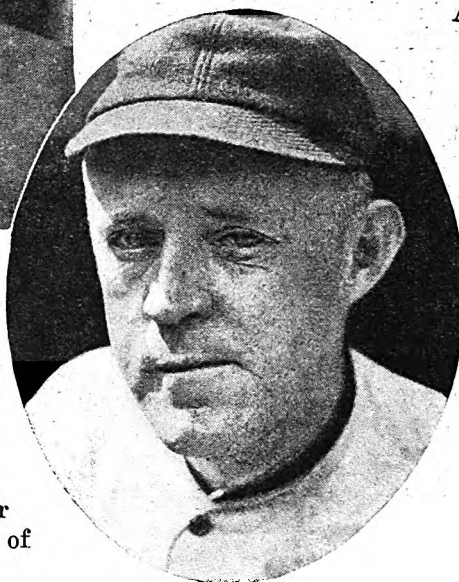
Prepare by *study*. Carry a book in your pocket as an efficiency habit. Learn self-
(Continued on page 78)



Prepare to wage an offensive warfare against Misfortune, Failure, Sorrow, Disease, Age and Death.



Harry Herberts (Oval)
Johnny Evers



Stars Who Came Back

And by Their Prowess

Won *New* Acclaim

in *Old* Fields

after Fate Had Dealt

A Knockout

THE athlete who is forced to bear the effects of injuries or illness is fighting tremendous odds in his effort to attain success. For there is a persistent and insistent demand for physical soundness in all branches of athletics.

Grit—plenty of it—is essential in overcoming disabilities, especially in the strenuous field of sports.

The number of individuals who have lived longer than a few months after receiving broken backs can be counted very easily. Those who have lived for any length of time have been cripples for the balance of their



Art Staff

By William J. McNulty

lives. Ten years ago the information was broadcast that Harry Herberts was expected to die within a few months. He was severely injured on the football field. His back had been broken. It was while he was on the offensive for Syracuse University that Herberts was carried from the field.

Herberts had been one of the flashiest gridgers ever developed at Syracuse. He had been assigned niches on several of the All American elevens for two years. A gloom enveloped the college when it was announced that Herberts had only a few months to live.

Instead of dying, however, Herberts recovered, but it was agreed that his athletic days were over. He was not in accord with this general agreement, shifted over to Boston University and astonished the football coach by turning out with the grid squad. And not only that. He won a place as a regular on the Terrier line-up. He played for two seasons with this eleven and was one of the stars of the combination. To watch Herberts on the football field with Boston University, one would never suspect him of being the youth who was removed from a game with a broken back, who had been in bed for almost two years and on crutches a year. Of course, Herberts was not as effective as he was originally, but he was better than the average gridger and could rough it with friends and foes without seeking quarter. He had been strongly advised by surgeons to abstain from all competitive athletics, particularly



Eugene Criqui



Photos by Keystone

Johnny Weissmuller

football. The lure of the game, however, was more than he could withstand. He was fortunate in escaping a kickback from his disobedience of these orders.

Besides returning to football, after being apparently shelved for life, the period of which was forecast as short, Herberts played baseball with the Boston University team and suffered no ill effects. And his broken back was one of the most severe ever received in football.

A shattered jaw would never be listed as an asset for the strenuous game of fisticuffs. The prevailing impression is that anybody who lost his jaw should be content with being alive and not carry his substitute frontispiece into the ring as a target for willing fists. This view did not appeal to Eugene Criqui.

Gene was one of the best European fistic prospects for the three years prior to the outbreak of the World War. He was in the bantamweight class, and the only individual who stood in his path for the championship of France was Charlie Ledoux. In 1914 Criqui tried to eliminate Ledoux, but was unsuccessful. Ledoux won the decision in a bitter battle of 12 rounds held in Paris.

Soon after this, Gene joined the *poilus* and went quickly into action. A year later he was lying in a base hospital, a physical wreck. His jaw had been completely shattered and most of his face, including his nose, was shot away. There were also severe shrapnel wounds in the legs, body and arms. After taking an inventory of the stricken soldier, French surgeons decided to graft the jawbone of a sheep on Criqui. There was one chance in a hundred that this operation would be successful, but it was the only course open.

Three years after this operation was performed, Criqui, who had been given up as dead several times only to rally on each relapse, made his reappearance

in the ring. In 1917 and 1918 he won all his bouts. In 1919 he did well, altho he met with two snags in the persons of Tommy Noble of London and Pal Moore of Memphis who stopped him.

These reverses did not discourage him, and in 1920 and 1922 he had a string of knock-outs to his credit in European bouts. In 1922 he turned the tables on his fellow countryman, Charlie Ledoux, by knocking him out in the very first round. The victorious march of Criqui continued and in 1923 attained its zenith when the Frenchman was imported to New York City to fight the ancient featherweight champion, Johnny Kilbane of Cleveland. Kilbane was flattened in the sixth session and Criqui became world's featherweight champion.

He could have taken his title into cold storage for a year or more as champions so often do and capitalized on his succession to the throne. However, Criqui who beat the creaky Kilbane (*Continued on page 65*)



Harry Greb and his daughter

The Story of a Woman

Whose Past Was a *Shadow*

Which Did *Not* Darken Her Future



Picture by
Samuel Kirby

I dabbed a bit of raspberry jam on a feathery muffin as Mrs. W . . . commenced her

story. "One of my most vivid recollections is the night my father committed suicide. For many years he had been ailing and thin, with frequent coughs and colds. Finally he had a constant cough and had to give up his job because of ill health. Then mother started taking in washing to add to our tiny income from the rent of the house next door which we owned. Both our home and the other dilapidated house were in the poorest district in the city and both were heavily mortgaged.

"After my father's funeral life went on much as it had before until I entered high school. Naturally I wanted to go on all the parties and picnics the rest of the girls did, so mother took in still more washing to buy me new clothes and to give me spending money. She worked early and late, and thoughtless as I was at that time I let her.

"Late one rainy day mother was busy stewing onions and baking cornbread for my dinner, drying her

washing by the wood stove and finishing up an ironing. While hurrying to and fro she slipped on the wet floor and broke her hip. When I came home I found her moaning with pain. The doctor put her to bed, and I had to stay out of school, not only to take care of her but to earn our living as well.

"Washing and ironing were exceedingly hard for me as I had helped mother so little before, how little I often shudder to think. Poor mother kept hoping that she would be able to get back on her feet so that I could return to high school next year. But the doctor had told me that it would be a long time before mother could walk at all, if she could ever walk again!

"So I washed away endlessly. How my shoulders did ache. And my poor hands! At first they were blistered from handling the irons so much and later on they were rough and callous from the work. I longed for some other way to earn my living, but what could I do? I had no training for any line of

work, and if I had I could not go and leave poor mother in her wheel chair alone all day.

"So I drudged away for nearly three years, each year coughing more than the year before. I wondered if I, too, were getting tuberculosis.

"Meanwhile we were being pressed to pay up our mortgage. I wondered if any other living human being had ever lived in such a chaotic state of affairs.

"All the girls whom I knew were going to parties, dancing and having beaux. I was bitter I can tell you because I had to slave so when I was only eighteen and as pretty as anyone. Even if I had time, I could not go anywhere because I had no clothes. I laid my head on the scrub board and began to sob.

"Mother came along and tried to comfort me. My poor, brave mother who was doing her best to add to our income even tho she was in a wheel chair! For by now she was mending, darning, embroidering and making plain house dresses for the church people. She used a sewing machine to which an electric motor had been attached, the gift of the church people. This was before the day of the electric sewing machine.

"'Dear, why don't you go back to school part time?' Mother suggested. 'I'm earning enough so that if you wash three times a week that will be enough.'

"'But why go back to school,' I grumbled miserably to myself. 'All my classmates had graduated, and I already looked like a frump with my rough hands, unkempt hair and shabby (Continued on page 72).

You don't know what that means—you cannot know, never having been here. Of course there are violent patients here and others equally unfortunate, but they are where we seldom see them and only occasionally hear them. They jar less upon me than do the people with whom I was formerly constantly coming in contact.

The clothes I wear are comfortable; I can work if I want to and if I do not want to there is nothing driving me on. The meals are good. The cooking while plain is a relief from that which I have been enduring all these years. The mush we have for breakfast tastes like mush; the bread is not spiced with raisins or caraway seeds. The coffee is weak enough not to tighten the nerves. The meat we get at dinner tastes like what it is: beef, mutton or pork. It is not cooked to death nor does it taste like perfumed sawdust or gutta percha mingled with catsup. You can tell what the vegetables are without asking what the label on the can was; and the preserves and stewed fruit we get are not chemically flavored. The eggs and milk come from the asylum farm and we know they are both recent.

We don't dress for dinner and then sit about and play with food that we never wanted and that we only eat to see if the chef has invented a new taste or a new smell. We talk about what interests us or we don't talk at all. We make no effort to talk about topics of the day nor of scandals; nor do the women try to tell shocking stories and the men worse ones. There is nobody to watch use the wrong forks for there is but one fork by each plate and one dull knife. You may understand why the knives are purposely dull.

But, most of all, the people here are *natural*. That I think is the most restful and the healthiest part of it all. They are what they are; they do not pretend to be something else. And everybody is courteous, from the chief down. Everybody has time to be polite, everybody *tries* to be polite all the time. The people think straight, even if some of them think more simply than others. But that is not their fault and everybody recognizes it and acts accordingly. The people, in short, remind me constantly of the way I used to think people were when I was a boy in grammar school and studied history.

The women wear simple and serviceable clothes. Most of them are becomingly dressed. None of them wears ridiculous skirts that are too tight. Their shoes are comfortable you can tell to look at them. Their complexions are real and natural; they do not look like calomined masks upon which artists of varying degree of skill have daubed colors. When they smile you can see them smile and when they frown the wrinkles do not fill with powder or crack into dusty, jagged lines. You can walk into the sewing room off the library any time and not be overcome by the odor of scents that are neither floral nor animal.

The men wear comfortable clothes. They are neat, tho some of them are patched. But they are sensible. They wear serviceable shoes. There are no silly, pinch-back, high-waisted coats, no manikin clothes that look like animated monkeys masquerading at a pantomime. Their trousers are neither long nor short; they do not

wear cuffs on their ankles nor exhibit rainbow hose above their shoe-tops. People speak to each other pleasantly when they speak; they ask about each other's interests with a consideration that is remarkable.

Nobody pushes ahead of anybody else; nobody struts

By

Victor

Maxwell

Pictures by
Stina Lencke



ahead because he or she thinks his station in life entitles him to. Nobody is falsely proud. At the entertainments given once or twice each month in the auditorium everybody wears the best he has but makes no remarks about what the others wear. Sometimes a nurse will say: "How nice you look tonight." But there is never any casting of eyes at what another may wear, with snickering behind fans or whispered, ill-concealed jests about "frightfully killing clothes". The other night a Chinese woman here appeared at a concert in a flowered coat and silk trousers. Everybody admired the beauty of the coat, of the embroidery upon it, but nobody said a word about the trousers.

The entertainments are what they pretend to be. If it is an illustrated lecture, it is by somebody who knows; if it is a concert the musicians play as best they can good music. If there are movies they are good movies; perhaps a travel picture, a laughable comedy, always a "news" or educational film and often a good, interesting play. When there are dances, the men dance with the women nurses and the women with the male guards.

And church . . . they have it in the auditorium

every Sunday. Sometimes the Catholic priest comes over and talks, sometimes one of the Protestant ministers comes out from the city. Often the secretary in the chief's office simply reads from the Scripture and we all sing, and then the chief will talk to us about something going on outside.

There is none of the rot and drivel of the usual sermon. Nobody tries to explain how it was right for Christian nations to go to war and slay fellow Christians. Nobody says anything about Armageddon; nobody tries to alibi for the mission system. And you don't have to go to church. You are invited. There is no compulsion. And maybe for that reason most of us go. But if we stay away, nobody looks at us, nobody pays pastoral calls, nobody asks us to look into our souls and be saved. Possibly the ministers that come here think we are damned or regard us as already entitled to heaven because of our affliction, so do not bother talking of the hereafter. Or maybe the chief will not permit it.

There is nothing to disturb us, nothing to keep us from leading healthy lives. There is no sham. We all meet upon a common ground; we are here and we make the best of it. I think most of us are as contented as I am.

When there is a baseball game between teams from the different buildings, everybody goes and everybody is interested in the game. There is no soda-pop boy to get in the way; there is nobody with big feathery hats in the box seats down front parading clothes instead of watching the players.

You don't know what it is to live among simple, natural people. The young people here *play*. It had been years since I had seen school-children play. It had been years since I had seen *children*. Before I came here I used to see little men and little women, ape-like in their mimicry of the undesirable points of older men and women. Boys were nasty, vulgar, loud-mouthed; smoking cigarettes and wearing clothes that would disgrace a cadet. Girls were silly, pasty-faced, exotically romantic, mad over actors and wiggling their little forms about in ridiculous and shocking imitation of unspeakable women who paraded the streets. Every time I went to or from the office or to a building the erection of which I was superintending, I used to look at these unnatural children and wonder what they would be when they grew up. And when I went out at night, to a dinner, to the theatre, to anything, I saw what these children had become.

I met them in my office. They came to me not to get homes but to get signboards of their pretended wealth. They bought houses by the dollar's worth. They wanted garages built under the porch so that passers-by would know they had a car. They wanted two doors to their garages so that people would think they had two cars. They wanted me to design them

houses that would cost twice as much as they could afford to pay for a comfortable home and then arrange with some broker to accept a mortgage on the unbuilt house to pay for half of its cost.

They came into my office like lords of creation, lying about their finances, attempting to act the part of millionaires, asking for houses that "looked like that scene in the film at the Star Theatre where the leading woman falls down the long steps leading up to the portico." They wanted mansions built on city lots; they wanted palaces where they should have had cottages.

Artistic sense they had none. John Goltz, of the smelter, came to see me one day. "My wife wants a \$100,000 colonial house, all white, with columns on the front of it," he said. I asked him where he was going to erect it so that I could design something fitting. "None of your damn business where I'm going to put it," he said. "I can pay you for the design. If you don't want my work I'll find somebody who does."

I needed the fee and, God help me, I designed him a house. It is the show-place of the city. It stands cramped on three lots at the corner of streets both of which have car-lines upon them; and the chauffeurs of the sight-seeing cars stop there and tell tourists about it. "Designed by Roger Norton, the city's leading architect," they say. And everybody who sees it puts Roger Norton down either as a fool or as a grafter who wanted the fee and who didn't care how the house looked. There's a garage with three doors in between the sidewalk and the porch, with concrete vases with

palms in them on the roof.

That house has lost me more clients than you can imagine; yet Goltz and other people think it is fine. All that house says is: "The people who live here paid a lot of money for this; presumably they could afford it." It doesn't say "home"; it doesn't say "comfort"; it says nothing but "money, money, money".

The fool Wheatley thought it was a grand house.

Persons here don't go round with chips on their shoulders. They don't wear big watch chains. They don't write checks that the bank has to hold until they are covered. They don't haggle over the price of open plumbing and wonder why lead pipe wouldn't do as well as nickel-plated tubing. They don't order mansions and then ask you to "fix a place in the attic where the cook can sleep". The men don't want secret doors between the den and the guest-room; they don't leer at you when they talk; they don't talk about women at all. Not unless they are insane.

That was the trouble with Wheatley. He was forever talking about women. I lost four stenographers on his account. The others I wish I had lost. The beast was forever making what he called "dates". He would go out early in the (*Continued on page 69*)

A Little Journey in Eternity

By Joseph A. Sadony

THE life of a thinker is akin to
Eternal things.

Hence the simplicity and humility of
one who travels slowly but surely;

He need not repeat his journey for
want of sight and memory,

For speed means but destruction and
short life,

The penalty of laws neglected.

Why rush anything, with Eternity
before us?

Let us practice our long journey be-
fore we poise for our long flight.

Thirteen Women Who Say —

"Just Because We're WOMEN

Is No Reason We
Can't Find Our Way *Alone* to
Business, Political or Professional
Success"

By Anabel Parker McCann

LAST SUMMER a westerner visiting in New York called a friend's attention to a tall, fine-looking woman passing thru the lobby of one of the large hotels. "There goes one of our successful business women from Indiana," he remarked. "She started as a stenographer, like thousands of other girls, finally obtained an unimportant position in a bank and to-day is an officer or director in most of the large banking organizations in her section of the state. She is on the directorate of one company whose other nine members are men. No opinion on that Board is more closely listened to than hers. Everyone in the state knows about Emma Claus of Gary."

Miss Claus was on her way for a six weeks' vacation in Europe where she was to spend part of the time studying the operation of foreign banking institutions.

There are so many of them, these women who have achieved success in business life, that any girl who needs heartening in her own efforts towards economic independence can find it in generous measure in the stories of what others of her sex have already done. The girl who lives in a small town or in a rural district where opportunities seem few and promise little by way of reward may find, if she searches carefully, that a real opening for her lies "just around the corner".

Hundreds of women, some young, some not so young, all over the United States, have discovered the truth of this. Their stories are written among the names that make up the rosters of all the organized groups of business women, such as the Business and Professional Women's clubs, with their 55,000 members; the Zontas and the Soroptimists, not to speak of the many groups in special activities such as the advertising clubs and the various trade organizations.

Sometimes the opportunity may be found under the home roof in making a food specialty—pickles and relishes, sandwiches or candy. Any girl can learn to make some sweet or food which is so good that buyers can be found not far from home. The story of Mrs. Elsie M. Flake of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, is



PEARL KINMAN



EDNA BROWNING RUBY

original investment was \$10 for supplies. Within a year she had to put up a building, for her business had grown so fast that the kitchen was no longer big enough to contain the workers. Then she added other food specialties—relishes, potato chips, sandwich-spreads and pickles. She chose a trade-mark and tried to make every new product add new lustre to it. Today, she is doing an annual turnover of \$60,000. Somewhere in the long list of good things to eat any girl should be able to find some special thing that, properly made and marketed, would bring rich rewards.

Sometimes there is a well-established business in the family and its manager dies. Perhaps no one is left to carry on except the mother or daughter. Ruth Beetle of New Bedford, Mass., faced that situation. For over a century, her forebears had built boats for New Bedford's sea-faring men, at first for its whaling captains and later for its yachtsmen.

Beetle boats had an unexcelled reputation for staunchness, speed and endurance. When Miss Beetle's father died, there was no son to continue boat-building. She had expected to teach New Bedford school children. But her father, with pride in his craft, had taught her the technique of boat-building and she resolved to put this knowledge to work. That is why she is now one of the outstanding business women of her city and her

business one of the industries of which the city is proud. Ask the owner of



MRS. C. C. BRINK

a Beetle catboat anywhere along the New England shore what he thinks of his craft and the questioner will at once discover that Miss Beetle's reputation as a builder and as a member of the business community in no wise suffers because she is not a man. And her bank account will guarantee the fact.

Another young woman who has entered the family business and by sheer ability been admitted to partnership is Dorothy Cunningham of Martinsville, Ind. Miss Martin builds public highways and is declared to be not only a builder of good roads but a good boss to work for. Her activities in the road-building field began when her brothers asked her if she would ride

out twice a day to see that a piece of work they were engaged on was going along smoothly.

Instead of going twice a day, she made a full-time job of it and the result was that in two and a half months the strip of road, which had been expected to require a year for completion, was finished. Miss Cunningham's brothers felt that the most suitable reward for her was the tender of a partnership in the Cunningham Construction Company. This was accepted and since then Miss Cunningham has bossed road-building jobs in Michigan, Illinois and Ohio as well as in her own state. She is an expert on steam shovels and other road-building equipment. She says she enjoys seeing the big shovel bite into the earth and come up full. Her crews carry their own electric plants and when necessary after-dark work can be properly done.

The girl who lives outside the confines of a small town, "off in the country", can find opportunity for big business if she is very enterprising, even tho she may not have much money to depend on. Capital and some one to back her give a girl a sense of support, but a truly modern young woman will say, "Well, look at the men who have carved fortunes for themselves without a cent of capital. What man has done, women can do and I'm right here to show what this young woman can do."

A woman rancher in Idaho, who is now secretary and manager of a combine marketing turkeys to the value of a million dollars a year, said something like that to herself no longer ago than in 1923. On a bleak day around Thanksgiving time in that year, Mrs. C. C. Brink drove into Boise from her ranch with a

load of home-raised turkeys which she hoped to sell to the markets. But other ranchers with turkeys to sell had been there before her. The home market was glutted. Mrs. Brink began figuring. She knew that millions of people in the big cities depend on



ALICE ENGELHARDT

folks like herself for their Thanksgiving and Christmas turkeys.

She felt that a supply line between



RUTH BEETLE

the turkey-growers of her own district and the city people would do a good turn to both parties. Other ranchers were quick to see the good sense of such an effort and Mrs. Brink set about organizing the turkey-growers. Later she made trips to large eastern cities to organize a market for Idaho turkeys. That is why a hundred carloads of prime turkeys from her state found their way to the eastern consumers last year, each car valued at about \$10,000.

Pearl Kinman found her opportunity in no less a place than the great outdoors, miles away from any other habitation. She is the working partner of a Wyoming dude ranch. Many an easterner, going out to the Big Horn region of Wyoming, has "met up with" her smiling face and cheery western frankness. They tell you that Pearl Kinman likes nothing so well as "selling" the west, especially Wyoming, to easterners. She sells its scenery, its clear skies, its mountain trails, its mellow sunshine, its hunting, fishing and play grounds.

She says she learned salesmanship during the days when she managed a piano-and-book store. She proved how well she had mastered the science when she started out one time in a Ford car with a trailer behind carrying a piano for delivery. At midnight the Ford, the trailer and Pearl Kinman became stalled on a hill. She wakened a farmer whom she had never seen and with his help took the piano into his house. Two hours later she drove away, carrying only an old organ and in her pocket book the farmer's check for the piano.

Early in her career, after graduating from the Chicago Art School, Edna Browning Ruby of Lafayette, Ind., found the art field so crowded she couldn't get a job. She decided she would have to try out some original line of artistic work which few other women had attempted. Miss Ruby had a gift for design. It made little difference to her whether she was asked to create designs for a new line of summer silks, for heavy satin draperies, for the carved wood work of church interiors or for stained glass windows. She seemed able to produce something beautiful and suitable for any purpose.

A new field for the woman artist lay in interior decoration for churches and she began specializing in that branch of decorative art. Now she takes contracts for beautifying entire church interiors, designing windows, altar carvings, pillar ornamentation and chancel decorations, creating a unified whole and having for her own satisfaction the joy of knowing that her work will give pleasure to hundreds of people for many years.

Without professional training, without a goodly bank account or a well-to-do relative to fall back on, with no business experience to her credit, what can the girl starting out to be self-supporting do? Two young



EMMA CLAUS

just kept on doing anything that came her way. When she was made secretary and treasurer at a salary big enough to win anyone's respect she undoubtedly felt that her reward for extra work had come.

Miss Mae Ketrings, now proprietor of a furniture store in Portland, Ohio, began her business career in the office of a furniture house. Eventually she saved \$225. She had always loved furniture and even when she was only ten years old was forever moving around the furniture in her mother's sitting room or in the bedrooms. Every sweeping day was the signal for a grand switch around of chairs, tables and sofas; so much so that when her father came home he sometimes had to look twice to make sure he was in his own home.

So Miss Ketrings's \$225 went into starting a furniture store of her own. It is now the centre of a business running to \$100,000 a year. Miss Ketrings's show windows are the pride of her town. Twice a year she goes to Chicago and the great factories at Grand Rapids to select the newest and most interesting furniture designs. When her selections are shipped and finally set up in her store she is ready to give her customers personal advice. Frequently she goes to their homes in order to determine what will be most suitable.

Miss Ketrings gives this advice to the girl going into business: "Just liking a job is not enough. You must have enthusiasm for it if you would climb to the top."

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women with this outlook answer our question ably.

Alice Engelhardt, who is now secretary and treasurer of a million dollar shoe firm in Cincinnati, Ohio, started as a sort of general errand girl in the office of the firm at a wage of exactly five dollars a week. She took on herself, in addition to her duties in the firm's office, such voluntary tasks as opening shoe cases, dusting shelves and even selling shoes when the clerks were busy. She



MABEL M. CONGER

By
Fanny Kissen

Are You



In some neighborhoods it is the practice for a newcomer to establish his place in the community by fighting the older residents.

Queering your Boy with His Gang?

Pictures by Fred Reinert

MRS. PETERS prided herself upon being a modern mother. She belonged to the Parent-Teacher Association. She listened to lectures at the Child Study Club and occasionally read papers before it herself. She and her son John, now nine years old, had always gotten along together with very little friction. She felt that she understood him thoroly and that her handling of him was based on sound child psychology. Her attitude and conduct toward the boy were as nearly perfect as possible, Mrs. Peters believed.

Then one day, in a mood of righteous self-examination after hearing a talk at the Child Study Club, Mrs. Peters asked her son if she was failing him in any respect, if he could find any grounds for what might seem to be just criticism of her conduct as a mother. John wriggled and squirmed and remained silent. Finally, after much urging, John blurted out his indictment of his mother. She was "queering" him with his friends. A dozen things she did, from the way she had his hair cut to her sending the car for him at school, were humiliating him among his associates. In fifteen minutes' talk with her son Mrs. Peters learned much about boy nature that she had not even suspected.

The boy of six to twelve years old lives in a world of his own. No adult can gain admission to it and only by accident can glimpses of it be caught, for no mother has ever been there and very few fathers can remember it except vaguely. This little world has an unwritten code of immutable laws which are handed down in some mysterious way from one generation of boys to the next. As W. D. Howells says, "No boy can violate them (these laws) without losing his standing among the other boys,

and he cannot enter into their world without coming under them. He must do this, and must not do that; he obeys, but he does not know why, any more than the far-off savage from whom his customs seem mostly to have come." It is a world which has its own rules, its own ideals and its own superstitions.

Often there is a great discrepancy between the ideals of the home and those of the group with which the boy associates. The aesthetic standards of the mother do not always fit in with the rough-and-tumble atmosphere of the active boy's life. The mother's ideal of behavior for her son is usually the perfect little gentleman, a boy who is always careful of his clothes, who never fights, who is considerate of his sisters and his parents and who possesses all the social graces. In short, she wants a boy who can be depended on never to disgrace her in company, a boy whom her friends may consider a model of deportment.

But boys like that are rarely to be found among healthy, normal children. The active boy's life is one of general revolt against feminine conventions of all kinds. There is the matter of clothes, for example. There is an unvoiced etiquette among boys that governs their dress. It is hard for an adult female to realize that she is inflicting torture upon her son when she forces him to wear clothes chosen to conform to her aesthetic point of view rather than to the general usage

of his group. To pass muster among his associates a boy's manner of dress must not be too fastidious nor dandified. With his hair reaching down below his ears and a flowing tie on his satin suit, Junior may look sweet to his adoring mother but to his fellows he is a "sissy", and they are not backward in letting him know their opinion of him.

To be safe from the jibes of his playmates a boy's clothing should not differ outstandingly from the common usage of his group, and the wise mother who values her own happiness as well as her son's will not contest the unwritten etiquette, at least for play hours. The "Third Street Champions", or whatever they may call themselves, may wear their knickers below the knee, while the "Tenth Street Tunneys" fasten theirs above the knee. Socks may be worn over or beneath the knicker band, as the street decrees. Market Street may wear caps, while Harrison Street may elect to go hatless altogether. The propriety of coat or sweater, short shirt-sleeves or long, is also dictated by the group.

Cleanliness that is so fastidious as to be almost aggressive is looked at askance by boys. When a boy's mother has company, it is not held against him if he is made to wash up and put in an appearance in the living room. If he is a normal boy he will unobtrusively slip away as soon as he can. But if a boy voluntarily cleans up for company and stays around longer than he can avoid without a scene in front of the company or after they have gone, he is dubbed "Mama's boy" and "Sissy" by his fellows. The mother who makes her son put on a clean blouse and keeps him around to pass the cake and to play the little gentleman falls into disgrace with the boy's associates.

To the group the mother represents the family authority, for the father is rarely encountered by the other boys. It is to her that the boy must look for consent to go places and do things, and she is judged a good mother or a poor mother according to the degree to which she cooperates with the plans of the group. A reputation for a liberal distribution of cookies will not make up for a refusal to let John go swimming or on a hike. Neither will it compensate for a refusal to allow the cellar or the attic to be used as a club room or a circus tent, as occasion may demand.

It often happens that the boy's friends will turn into a band of conspirators to circumvent one whom



Junior may look sweet to his adoring mother but to his fellows he is a "sissy".

they consider a poor mother. They will suggest schemes whereby the boy may outwit her and attain the common end. If the scheme fails to work and results in a reprimand or a whipping for the boy, the other fellows will melt rapidly from the scene, but that will not deter them from trying again when the next occasion arises. They will help him dry out his clothes when he has been swimming without maternal permission, and they will aid in removing the evidence, as far as possible, when he has been in a fight.

The fight is another common custom of the boy's world which has its rules of etiquette and procedure. If a boy has been hurt by another in body or feelings, it is up to him to avenge the insult himself. It is "soft" for him to run to mother or teacher with the story. A boy who tattles to a grown-up when he is hurt is labeled "cry-baby" and loses caste with his group. He must stand on his own feet. The mother who encourages this softness in her boy by telling him to "come and tell mother if anybody bothers you" is not only making her son helpless and dependent, but is impairing the respect and liking his playmates may have for him.

In some neighborhoods it is the practice for a newcomer to establish his place in the community by fighting the older residents or the boy tacitly accepted as their fighting representative. The newcomer must show the stuff he is made of. If he fights and wins, his acceptance by the group is assured. He may even become leader. If he fights and loses, he at least shows that he is a game sport and cannot be intimidated. But if he dares not put up a fight, either because of cowardice or by reason of parental prohibition and disapproval, he becomes the butt of the street and fair game for the others. It is better for the boy to bring home a black eye acquired with honor than to remain physically unscathed and socially dis-

(Continued on page 73)



Cleanliness is looked at askance by boys.

The Mind of *Queen Elizabeth*

The Story of a Woman Who Traded *Happiness* for *Power*

IN HER long pointed stomacher loaded down with jewels and ornaments, Queen Elizabeth of England has emerged from the printed pages of history for nearly three hundred years as one of the world's greatest personal mysteries. Was she a man or a woman? Was she a devil or a saint? Hundreds of such questions were spread abroad by wagging beards and powdered chins in her own time. Multiplied thousands of such questions have streamed from the pens of wild-eyed students in our time. To a legion of biographers, bewildered by a maze of seeming inconsistencies, Elizabeth has remained the sphinx, the perennial question mark of English sovereignty.

But manifestly, life is the striving to satisfy a desire, and as a corollary, a life offers itself more and more readily to analysis in proportion to its adherence to one dominating desire. It is Elizabeth's pertinacity to a single desire that gives us the key to her life.

From the first day that red-haired princess raised her dark hazel eyes up to the stateliness and gravity of Princess Mary, from the first day the baby strove to emulate that seventeen-year older sister, affecting the dignity of her demeanor and the very contralto of her voice, to the last day her bony alabaster hand hung over the edge of her silent deathbed, motioning the already exhausted Archbishop down on his knees again and again to persist in his fervent prayers for her, one great desire held fast the life of Elizabeth Tudor.

The heaving sea of questions aspersing her parsimony, her patriotism, her cruelty, her intelligence, her sex, her very soul and body is in reality correlative (in fact, subordinate) to the most obvious thing in her life: control, complete personal control of all the circumstances that immediately surrounded her.

Simply to prove this aspect it is unnecessary to lead once more the striking personages of her mother and father across the worn boards of the prelude to the Elizabethan drama. But to taste the vital sap which welled in the roots of her will to do or die, it is essential to investigate her parentage. C. G. Jung has put it, "As a rule, all that was repressed in the parents is transmitted to the children in a perverted form."

In the broad chest of Henry VIII, Elizabeth's father, clamored a desire for self-assertion and virility

which his inherent childishness, his first wife, Katherine of Aragon, and her ally, Cardinal Wolsey, smothered the life out of. Eventually he became a victim of eroticism and passed from one wife to another like a busy bee on down the purple, pink and white blooms of a row of noble asters.

Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth's mother, that plain but stern Protestant, upon whom Henry curiously bestowed the masculine title, Marquis of Pembroke, wanted in the worst way to be Queen. She defied the Pope and the Church, and with determination flashing from her black eyes she pushed polemical Henry into court to fight for a divorce. Then, by the strength and charm of her personality alone (for her grandfather was only a London merchant and beauty was not hers), she drew Henry back to her. She stroked the prized hairs of his red beard, and he took to love and marriage amid the luxuriance of her dark tresses.

Nearly three years dragged by before Henry could celebrate the death of his first wife by decking himself out in bright yellow and bearing in his arms before the courtiers his second wife's baby, Elizabeth. But, alas, Anne had fallen moody and lonely and hysterical among her dogs under the soughing oaks of the park. Her growing disinterest in the romping playboy she had married was at once pounced upon by her enemies. They accused her of incest and adultery, and chopped off her head—a simple matter.

So the little pale-faced princess was declared illegitimate, and had to come up off her hands and knees without the warmth of a home, without the love of a mother and without even the direction of a conscientious father. She was brought up under the vigilant eyes of dames versed in the rearing of princesses, dames who poured firmness and loyalty into her soul. Male tutors walled in her life with the massive blocks of a classical education. At last Elizabeth not only glowed with precocity in the unyielding light of Greek and Latin, but at the age of six she glowed before the King's messengers with the dignity and regality of an experienced queen.

By
Richard
Bates
Ellis

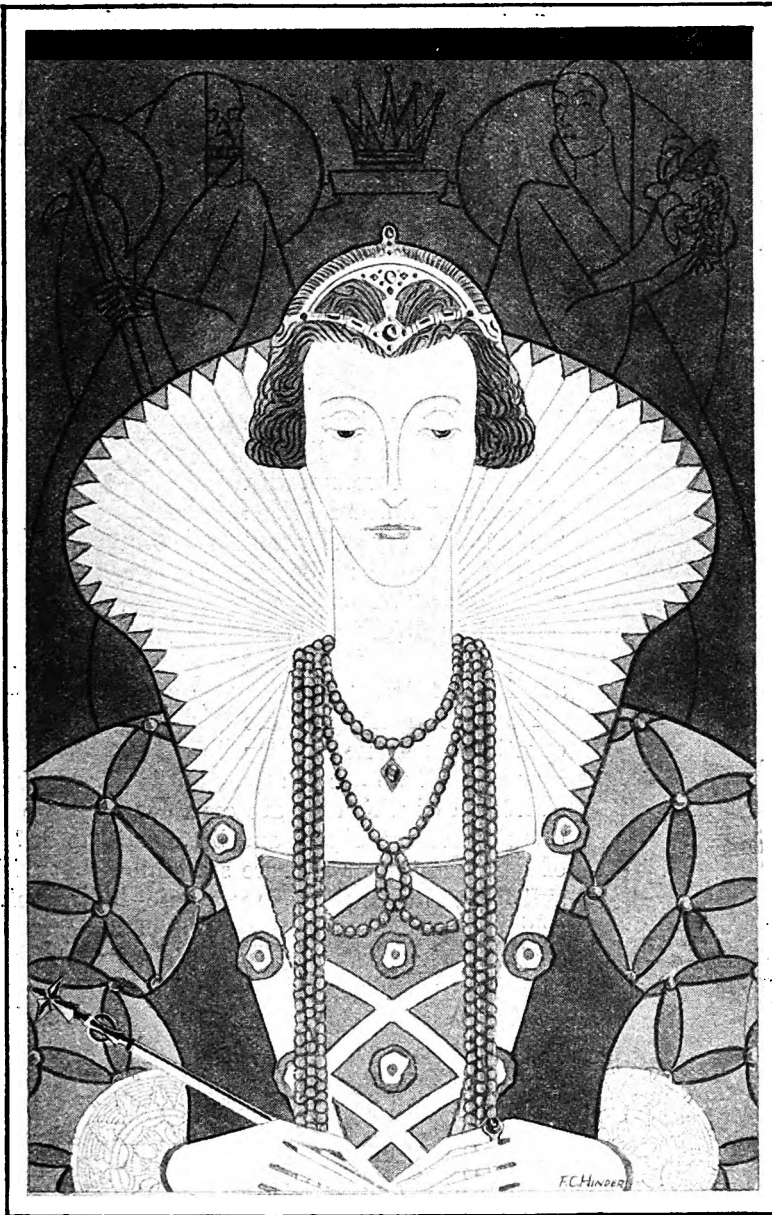
Drawing
by
F. C. Hinder

Henry's sixth wife, Katherine Parr, fortunately nourished a responsible outlook on life. She brought the ten-year old princess from seclusion into the family life at Whitehall. This prospective intimacy might have relieved somewhat the child's inflicted tension of pure learning and ritual. But her sternness and self-assurance were against her from the start. The dead Anne Boleyn's black eyes gleamed out thru Elizabeth's, the mother's toneful voice quavered in the daughter's—too much of a reminder even for what tiny conscience Henry may have had. Elizabeth once more was sent away.

However, the separation from her family again did not fret the smoothness of her high white brow, for she had learned already how to run her own establishment. She pursued her studies in Greek and Latin with renewed enthusiasm, and she began to turn toward Protestantism, which was not at all Henry's nor her sister Mary's nor even her brother Edward's—it was something like proposing her own death-warrant.

Then, to make matters worse, Henry drew one last harassed breath and turned the kingdom over to his son, Edward, who was, in turn, too young to rule. Sir Edward Seymour became monarch *de facto*, and his jealous brother Thomas, an adventurer, a pirate, and a promiscuous lover, handsome and athletic, cast an eye about for better things.

Bound to make trouble, at the age of forty this Thomas Seymour proposed marriage to the Princess Elizabeth, hardly in her teens. Certainly his mighty beard and his informal love-making must have awakened love in the young girl's heart; but, ad-



ELIZABETH TUDOR

mirably, she refused him all the same. Whereupon, the persistent Thomas, hardly taking his eyes from the princess, did the next best thing for himself by marrying the ex-Queen, Katherine Parr. Meanwhile, his intimacy with Elizabeth increased by leaps and bounds. Katherine soon realized that the love affair between her husband and his highly-strung foster daughter was a deadly business. And, to her eternal credit, she broke up this odd trio at Chelsea by sending Elizabeth away.

Once more the girl was thrown upon the necessity of fighting

her own battles. And altho both Edward Tudor and Mary Tudor still stood in the way of her accession to the throne, it would be strange if the inconvenient dream of eventually becoming Queen did not find a way to lodge itself annoyingly in the midst of the harmony between her natural eroticism and her love of domestic activity.

Then, when Katherine Parr died, certainly the ambitious Thomas would have commenced legitimate and hasty advances toward the susceptible girl of fourteen had he not prematurely involved himself in a foolhardy conspiracy. For this his fearful brother took the drastic measure of locking him up in the Tower of London.

But foul scandal and key-hole gossip spread abroad like the Black Death. Had Elizabeth given Thomas her love? The Privy Council wanted to know. Gentlemen who had just given up long hosen for breeches and stockings wanted to know.

For days the girl was pitilessly cross-examined. There she stood with ashen (Continued on page 62)



“What am I GOOD for?”

By

Cosgrove Murphy

THE questions arise in the mind of every man and woman with life, energy and ambition: “What are my talents?” “What faculties do I possess?” “What is my mission in life?” “What is my work?” “For what am I best fitted?”

No one escapes these questions, for no matter how well off we are the question is always there, “Are we getting out of life all of which we are capable? Are we doing our big work or is there something bigger and better still to do? Have we uncovered all of our faculties or is there something that will bring us greater fame and fortune than we have yet enjoyed?” Prof. James said that no man achieves more than ten per cent of his capacity. And this makes us curious to know what latent talent lies dormant within us. What is this ninety per cent of power that we are not using?

Those who have no ambition will not trouble to answer these questions or seek to find their inner powers. They are satisfied with the ditch or the rut they are in and have no hopes and no aspirations; they never expect to be anything more than a drudge.

I said in an article written for another magazine some time ago: “Some are born into a world of little things and never get out of it. Trifles, like worms, eat out their hearts and little things consume them.”

But there is nothing without a purpose in this world. There are no useless things. Everything serves a purpose and everything fulfils a law. From the electron in the atom to the planets revolving around the sun, everything fits into its proper place and one thing is just as important as another to make the scheme complete in the Great Plan; and each is necessary for the success of the whole. Every man and woman has a mission to fulfil, a place in the world to occupy and a specific purpose. There is some one thing that he can do better than anything else. Abraham Lincoln once said: “Every one has a gift for some one thing, but few can succeed in many things”; and Emerson remarked, “Blessed is the man who has found his work.”

If you have a strong urge to do something there is a potential power seeking expression and your energies are alive; there is a talent in you trying to be released.

We have certain power-houses in our mind called faculties, and it is a combination of these faculties that fits us for some particular vocation. The principal faculties are Attention, Concentration, Memory, Language, Imagination, Intuition, Reason, Form, Color and Construction. The faculties of a more or less emotional nature are included in the term “Personality”.

Every normal person possessed of his full senses has all the faculties possessed by any other person, but not in the same proportion. It is possible for one man to do what any other man can do if he can bring his faculties up to the same high degree of efficiency and can exercise

Practical Points on Choosing a Vocation

Pictures by

Jon L. Blummer

his will power in the same proportion. The grouping of the faculties in an individual determines a vocation, as certain faculties are essential to certain occupations. When the faculties are all of a high order the result is an individual of high-powered qualities and general excellency. The grouping of faculties indicates a talent. It may be in literature, art, music, business, commerce, finance or in one of the professions or trades. When these faculties transcend the normal they produce a genius.

The purpose of this paper is to help you find these inner forces, and to point out the way by which they may be used to the best advantage. Your urges, impulses and desires are all factors in your construction and are like dynamos, giving impetus to mind and action.

FIVE VOCATIONAL FIELDS

Dr. Holmes W. Merton, vocational analyst and dean of the Merton Institute, New York, estimates that there are about 1400 different vocations, including 362 professions, arts and sciences, 344 commercial enterprises and businesses and 700 trades and skilled vocations. This classification, the result of years of vocational experience, analyzes many jobs that are different from the main job by only as much as a single tool or a slight variation of office, and the world's work has been raked with a fine comb to make minute subdivisions under job heads. So, to begin the task of deciding our vocation, we will not try to differentiate between jobs, but will try to determine in what division or field our particular faculties lie, and then, having found our field, we can better decide our course.

The first step in deciding this question is to classify vocations under field heads: to arrange the vocations in system and order and to give each subdivision a distinctive head. We find that there are five fields of work and that all work will come in one of these fields, and that each of us naturally and rightfully belongs in one of these fields.

The fields necessarily overlap, but in general the following five divisions are valid:

MENTAL
MUSCULAR
PROFESSIONAL
EXECUTIVE
ENTERTAINMENT

Mental Field. This field comprises all educational, literary and clerical work. It includes scientists, chemists, astronomers, physicists, mathematicians, technicians, architects, draftsmen, laboratory and research workers, teachers, writers, accountants, bookkeepers, stenographers and all those in positions where the work is purely of a mental nature.

Muscular Field. This is the field of muscle and bone, and the individuals in this field demand a life of activity and motion. They love an outdoor life; are fond of hunting, fishing, camping, hiking and traveling. They are fond of outdoor games and sports, and many of this type are professional athletes. Work in this field includes construction of all kinds, engineering, transportation, mining, agriculture and stock-raising.

(Continued on page 66)



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.

If you wish to consult him in a very personal way thru correspondence, we assure you that your confidences will be sacredly guarded. Look up his advertisement in this issue and write to him direct if you desire more confidential service.

THE EDITORS

QUESTION:—A. S. T. writes:—

I am very much afraid of lightning. So much so that when an electrical storm puts in an appearance I take myself to a favorite closet, where I believe I am perhaps safer than in any other part of the house, and stay there, sometimes praying, until the storm is over. I had an uncle who was quite as afraid as I am. Do you think I have inherited this fear? Is there any way that I can get over this?

ANSWER:—

Of course you can get over this fear, but not by running away from it. Instead of seeking this favorite closet and indulging in prayer, face the storm and tell yourself that you are not afraid and that you will see it thru, even tho you may be trembling to such an extent that it is hard for you to keep your knees from knocking together and you may perspire from the experience. God has nothing to do with these storms, for you know lightning strikes the church-steeple just as often as it does the worst dive in town. Reach a point where you are not afraid of death by building up a comforting philosophy of life, and tell yourself that you can take your chance with the rest of us and be game. It doesn't really take as much courage to face an electric storm as it does to get into a bathtub or to walk on the sidewalk, for the proportion of persons killed in bathtub and sidewalk accidents is far greater than those killed by lightning. It is merely your thought toward it, and you are permitting unreasonable fear-thoughts to rule your life in place of reason. Show yourself how little danger there really is and then face it.

QUESTION:—W. E. writes:—

I have a dear friend and for several years we have tried out so-called telep-

athy. We have on certain occasions obtained what seems like real results, but as we have no way to check back we are wondering whether we are right or wrong. Do you believe that telepathy is possible? Have you experimented in this field of psychology?

ANSWER:—

Yes, I do believe in telepathy. Of course it is not an exact science by any manner of means, but after experimenting for years, in perhaps as many as 15,000 cases, I am convinced that it is possible to carry a message—not in words but merely in the form of sensations—to another who is receptive to what the sender is striving to create. The percentage in my experimentations is far too large to believe that it is imagination alone. Certain people are more sensitive than others and therefore more receptive. I have found many who are rather confused regarding telepathy and believe that a person can influence another against his will. This is not possible. There is nothing to fear in connection with this work I assure you and it is *only* thru establishing harmony, oneness and receptiveness that it is at all possible. Therefore, your experiments may have some real truth back of the results.

QUESTION:—O. E. writes:—

Will you please tell me what attitude I should assume toward the following conditions: In the office where I work there are several young fellows who delight in playing practical jokes and embarrassing others. They have picked on me to such an extent that I have seriously contemplated leaving my position and seeking another. I have an excellent position and were I to leave it and go into a new one I could not expect to receive the salary I now do or nearly as good a position in the beginning. Some of the remarks made are positively insulting and I don't know just what to do.

ANSWER:—

What's the matter, don't you believe in fighting? I feel that there is such a thing as "righteous indignation" and that when one passes a certain point, unless the odds are very much against you, it is time to resent it, even to the extent of a real physical fight. From the tone of your letter I would say you lacked backbone and confidence. Not only are you afraid to stand your ground and fight, but you say that if you were to change positions you could not expect to get nearly as good a one. Why not? Don't you think your experience counts for something? Why should you have to begin at the bottom again? A man who is afraid to stand up for himself can't expect to succeed in this world. Life is a battle and you must learn this sooner or later or you will find yourself getting the worst of it.

QUESTION:—D. I. writes:—

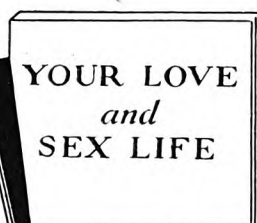
I have always been a very hard worker and I now begin to find myself letting down and lacking in pep. I am 42 years old. From the age of 15 I have worked on the average ten to twelve hours a day. Do you think it is the long hours that has caused me to feel so lifeless?

ANSWER:—

A man cannot continue to work the long hours you have, with no time for recreation, without in time feeling it keenly. There is such a thing as overworking and this is probably what you have done and is responsible for your present state of "lifelessness". The fact is that you probably accomplish no more in your twelve hours of work than you would in eight. When one works too long both his mind and body become "stale" and his vitality re-

(Continued on page 74)

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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.

LAST week three letters asking definite questions failed to give the writers' addresses. One reader even sent a dollar bill, asking me to send "Success" cards to a list of ex-soldiers and did not include the list or her address. If this woman will send me the list I shall be only too happy to send these cards.

PACKAGES WRAPPED AND MAILED— PETS CHECKED AND FED

HERE is a new one! A college boy who needed to earn money sat on the roadside of a summer resort and wondered what the place needed that it did not have.

He made a list of everything he found in the place. He listed the shops, the sales stands—noted what they sold. He noticed that many of the little cottages were scarcely more than summer camps. He studied conditions carefully.

These people sent special candies for which this place was noted and other things as gifts to those left in the city. He felt that there might be a need for a stand to pack and send off parcels attractively. Also, in an enclosure, he planned to have pets checked and fed. Later we will hear from this young man and get a report. It is a good idea.

COLORFUL KENNELS

ANOTHER young man who had been selling doll houses decided to make attractive houses for dogs. The one I saw was made from an old piano box. The top or roof of this dog house was painted to imitate an awning. Under this were painted groups of life-size dogs. Now, of course, this painting did not require the genius of a portrait painter—it was done more in the manner of the "funnies". Any child with a pet would adore having such a kennel. And with the kennel there came immense heavy crocks for water and food all in the same design and color.

THE STUDIO-APRON VISITOR

WHEN a number of cards with a pen sketch of a woman in a studio apron and paint brushes in her hand was sent out you can make cer-

tain that the card was read and not thrown into the wastebasket. Miss V . . . wanted some extra money. She had taught art, but business was dull as the pupils were going to camp. After thinking it all thru most carefully Miss V . . . decided that since every one spoke well of her own studio which she had made from one of the homeliest rooms in her house she would offer to re-paint and do over in attractive colors wicker and other chairs of neighbors. Since she began this in the Spring she specialized in porch furniture. One after another employed her. She charged ten dollars a day and often she did four chairs and two tables in one day. Where the customer preferred a flat price was made. Miss V . . . suggests color schemes, potted flowers, shrubs, iron tables, and other pieces to complete the furnishings. This young lady is doing a rushing business. In fact, the latest from her is that she will take another studio and have one of her friends join her.

FROM COOK TO SPECIALIST

A SPLENDID young woman came East from a farm in the West. She had never had a position in any one's home, but work was scarce in the city and this woman was sensible and willing to do anything. She was told that it might be easy to get a place with a family. She engaged as cook and earned sixty dollars a month, had a home, her laundry done and no expenses except her clothes and entertainment.

The family consisted of mother, father and two small children. This woman had studied diet. She knew a great deal about food values. Naturally the children liked "sweets". This "special cook" made them special candies with figs, pure cocoa, honey, (not sugar) and nuts. One evening the family physician called in to play bridge. He had a piece of the children's candy. He made inquiries. He wanted to get all he could for his patients' children. The woman for whom this "special cook" worked permitted the cook to use her stove during her two hours of rest-time and afternoons "off".

This is how "it began". But now the woman who employed this unusual cook and the cook herself are in business together. They are sending these candies to families of intelligence who desire their children to have only the healthiest foods.

Several doctors are interested and no one can yet foretell what the end of this small beginning will be.

A WEDDING ASSISTANT

MRS. LINN (our name for convenience) had a home of her own and enjoyed a most comfortable existence until her husband died. There was no insurance as Mr. Linn had not been considered a "good risk".

As Mrs. Linn belonged to the leading clubs and had a wide acquaintance she thought out a service which she was capable of rendering. This was to take full charge of weddings. When an engagement was announced Mrs. Linn called to see if she could take charge of the affair, from ordering and sending out the invitations to getting the tickets for the honeymoon! Of course she planned the reception, the food and the favors. Some families could spend hundreds of dollars and others could spend only a few. This mattered not to Mrs. Linn. It was her business to take entire charge and give the best service she possibly could for the price.

She received part of her remuneration by taking a commission from the florists, the engravers, the restaurants, etc. She even designed the gowns for the bridesmaids and decorated the homes or churches for the occasion. This is a good business idea. And it relieves the bride and her mother from that wear and tear of rush and attention to details which is always tiring.

THREE WOMEN AND A COUNTRY HOME

A WIDOW of sixty, her widowed daughter of twenty who was not well and a spinster friend decided to put their savings together and buy a place of two hundred acres away from town somewhere in the West. The land they eventually bought had a well on it and a tumbled down barn. These

women bought a four-room, ready-made house. They are very inexpensive, yet practical.

The mother was alert. She took with her to their farm or country home the classified telephone books of three large cities. Then she selected from this department six small and easily made articles. These women made dozens and dozens of these articles, labeled and boxed, ready to mail. To the large houses, whose names were taken discriminately from the telephone book, they wrote, sending a sample, with return postage, and price lists per dozen and gross.

On one thing alone they made a great success. In small transparent envelopes were placed a cut-out paper doll. In the same envelope were put three gingham dresses cut kimono fashion that any child could sew up. These sold for twenty cents each. Think how many three-inch-long doll dresses could be cut from one yard. In the envelope the child found not only a lovely doll but three dresses; one pink, one blue and one tan.

I suggested that they order envelopes in large lots and give the dolls and dresses a trade name. Also to print this name and address clearly on the envelope. It is true that some stores would not permit her to use her name on account of repeat orders, but to her individual customers she could do this. It was decidedly profitable and little trouble. Why even a child could do this.

A NEW KIND OF DOLL HOUSE

A YOUNG mother who had always lived in a small town found suddenly that she and her five-year-old girl, in order to be near the husband, would be forced to change their residence every few weeks. The idea was most disconcerting to this "little stay-at-home mother". In fact the idea actually made her ill. She could not understand that it would be possible for her child to get an education if she was moved about. She did not know how she could keep a child amused in hotels. She was fretting and complaining to such an extent that her husband was losing his natural enthusiasm about the new and better paying position.

There is always a solution to such problems. I showed Mrs. Smith a large chest I keep in the studio for boxes and files and I thought a similar thing could be done with an old trunk by dividing it into permanent compartments. The trunk to be used in this way should be placed on end just as a wardrobe trunk stands. One of these old trunks would be devoted entirely to the child.

In the top of this trunk two book shelves were to be built in. On these

(Continued on page 79)

Writing

... a source of income that many people neglect



"You may be interested to know that since enrolling with the N. I. A. I have written several articles for health publications that have been accepted and printed. I am now engaged in the preparation of some articles on church music and on business. Again I want to assure you that I am well satisfied that I decided to learn to write by your copy-desk method."—Arthur S. Pettit, 368½ So. Burlington Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.



"I want you to rejoice with me. I have sold my first manuscript—a crime story—and the check is \$180. It's the real thrill that comes once in a lifetime. All this I owe to N. I. A. training—and I consider myself a beginner of rawest type. I got back far more than the N. I. A. tuition fee in my first sale."—Mrs. C. E. Scott, 660 N. Market St., Shawnee, Okla.



"My first big thrill came last month. An acceptance slip! The check that followed was not large, but I got a real kick out of it just the same, for it proved that I can write printable stuff."—L. A. Emerton, Jackson Street, Hanover, Pa.

MANY people who should be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, sports, travels, recipes, etc.—things that can be easily and naturally written in spare time.

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ONE of our readers, Joseph Green, U. S. Destroyer Base Club, San Diego, Calif., has sent us an original criticism of the articles which appeared in April *PSYCHOLOGY*. Perfect, he says, is indicated by 4.0. Passing is indicated by 2.5.

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HAVING just finished reading "Are Famous People Happy?" in the June issue, I am not only surprised but astonished that men with the intelligence of Arthur Brisbane and E. W. Howe would make a statement "that they do not believe anyone is happy". These gentlemen do not seem to know what happiness is comprised of.

I am not famous and have no desire to be, but I am truly happy. Fame for me has no attraction, because too well I know that it is really an enemy of happiness.

True happiness is comprised of these ingredients: Someone to love who returns that love. An appreciation of true values. The enjoyment of simple things. The comfort of true friendships and real companionship. The responsive and understanding look in the eyes of a loved one. Physical and mental health and purity.

Any person who has achieved fame, whose every act is of interest as a news item, will tell you that living with no more privacy than a goldfish does not make for happiness, but is destructive in its action upon the nervous system of the human organism.

It is not my desire to appear as an egotist when I state that I am the happiest person I know of. I work eight hours a day, six days a week, have a five-room house which isn't paid for and a car which is four years old. Not much to make me happy, you may think.

But the joy of coming home to this little house, which is my kingdom and refuge from the petty irritations of the business world, no words have the power to convey.

J. M. Hunter,
4721 Tracy Ave.,
Kansas City, Mo.

I HAVE just finished reading "Tho Dark the Way" in February.

Your story is so nearly like my own that in reading it I have taken new heart to keep on trying until in God's own way and God's own time I shall succeed.

Ambrose J. Wyrick,
Congress Hotel,
Chicago, Ill.

THE February number of the best magazine published on its subject, I mean *PSYCHOLOGY*, is full of inspirational matter. "This Shrinking Planet" by Ivy Lee, Pearl Brown's "How College Changed My Religious Views", "The Coming of the Superman" by Edward Earle Purinton, are of real moment to readers who think.

But your own, "Tho Dark the Way", is of the highest order. It is a moving talk and has an undefined potential worth beyond the candid recital; its simplicity and directness are telling. With what pointed impact does it strike one who is even now in the midst of difficulties not much dissimilar!

Edward A. Hill,
1228 S. Howard Ave.,
Tampa, Fla.

I WISH to thank Mr. Williamson and the editors of *PSYCHOLOGY* for "The New Vision". It will be welcomed

by those who in their search for a true knowledge of God can sometimes break away from tradition and dogmas.

Altho the relation of man to this "Law" is not yet well understood we can already, thru the new vision, see the dawn of God's glorious revelation.

Arthur H. Brelle,
83 Pelletier Ave.,
Woonsocket, R. I.

THE very nearness and simplicity of this new conception, "The New Vision," is the difficulty delaying its realization.

The belief in an anthropomorphic God is not satisfying and is passing away. Truly some are standing in bewilderment crying, "They have taken away my God and I know not where they have laid him." But the new vision is satisfying wherein the other failed. In due time, as our spiritual consciousness enlarges, when the mists of misunderstanding and uncertainty have rolled away, a peace and a comfort, hitherto unknown, will crowd out fear and doubt and impress our very beings.

Gordon P. Langdon,
Chin Lee, Ariz.

I WAS charmed with "The New Vision". It seems to me to coincide with the gospel teaching which says, "There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him (man) understanding." This spirit in man I take to be that image and likeness of God which Genesis tells us is our birthright. It is this inspired spirit in man which is working out his evolution, leading him ever on and up to a higher interpretation and understanding of life and its manifestation on earth.

Not until this "inner vision" becomes active do we begin to understand that heaven is not a locality and God is not seated on his throne somewhere up in the skies, but realize that heaven is within and God is wisdom, love and power, omnipresent, creating and permeating every object and implanting within us an instinctive desire to know more and to get in closer contact with the Designer of it all.

Mrs. J. W. Dennard,
R. F. D. 3,
Selma, Ala.

"THE NEW VISION" will no doubt be very disconcerting to perhaps the majority of people and evoke many bitter replies, but to the thinker it is just a matter of time before the vision passes and reality steps in to take its place.

Cause has been realized as the root of effect by past generations. In some cases, however, the knowledge of mankind has not been great enough to locate causes, and in others no effort has been made.

There is no doubt that one dominating cause has not yet been truly discovered; that is, the cause which will produce an effect whereby a system will be created which will unite the people of the world into one big harmonious community.

Frederic C. Smith,
210 Henderson Ave.,
Ottawa, Ont., Can.

GOOD as **PSYCHOLOGY** has been in the past the February issue is a masterpiece. "Tho Dark the Way" is a masterpiece of inspiration, so much so that I feel you will understand my eagerness to be of service to my fellows and the overwhelming feeling of sympathy for those of our citizens who hunger in the midst of plenty, when a little organization, imagination and constructive action could bring prosperity to all.

Many of our farms are at present abandoned, with no hope of being profitably cultivated, owing to overproduction, and in some cases lack of necessary funds. In the meantime the cost and maintenance of our army increase each year. Would it not be possible and advisable for the government to buy up large farms and organize an agricultural division of farmer-soldiers who could do a certain amount of military training along with their farming duties? Would not the result of such a new system of farming decrease the taxation now necessary?

Or, would it not help if some of our fraternal orders bought up farms for co-operative farming and vacation resorts for many of the membership unemployed. Lumber would be bought, carpenters employed, bungalows built and some of the unskilled put on the land to supply products on a co-operative basis. We must have the co-operative spirit in our onward march toward the goal of Universal Brotherhood.

Robert Davidson,
458 West 31st St.,
New York.

MILETUS GARNER, of the Ohio State Life Insurance Company, Youngstown, Ohio, frequently sends out bulletins to his salesmen. He incorporates many points that show his understanding of psychology:

Almost anyone can hold a job which presents no difficulties. That's why so

many jobs pay such small remuneration. Those who master difficulties are paid for their willingness to accept responsibility for the problems that they tackle and the difficulties they lick. Troubles are responsible for the greater part of anyone's income.

One is essentially what he is interested in—that which consumes his thoughts and dominates his energies. To be interested in a thing is to be in it—to put one's time, talents and entire personality into its accomplishment. So dominated and so directed one finds no occasion for frittering away his time or consuming his powers on trifles.

There is more cause for joy than for complaint in the hard and disagreeable circumstances of life. It is not important if the circumstances about one are not of his choice, if by them he can be trained, learning the lessons of patience, fortitude, perseverance, self-denying service and the hearty doing of it. Circumstances do not make character. Wherever you are, take the things of life as tools and use them for the accomplishment of your job and the things of life will mold all into your highest fitness and qualification for development of character....

With every pump of the heart and every beat of the pulse the poison of negative thinking is tabulated upon the time clock of life. Let the golden rod of forgetfulness wind your clock of eternity and do not forget to lubricate the springs with the oil of love and you defeat Father Time in his effort to hurry you to uncompleted success and happiness.

IN regard to "The New Vision" by Emery C. Williamson in April, I want to say that I have read it over and over a number of times and if there is anything seriously erroneous about it, it is not apparent to my eyes.

It is the very thing I have been looking for.

We know that healings thru faith are not all fakes, tho often the believers themselves don't know what force or power it is that accomplishes the work and neither do I; but the fact that nearly all branches of the Christian faith have reported similar "miracles" leads one to believe that none of them has a monopoly on it as some of them appear to pretend.

I wonder if it is true that, as Charles P. Steinmetz said, "the greatest development in the next fifty years will be along spiritual lines"? The outlook as outlined in **PSYCHOLOGY** seems to bear out the prediction.

Mr. Williamson's language and reasoning remind me of the unforgettable Robert G. Ingersoll.

Hubert Stoner,
P. O. Box 67,
Washington, Pa.

PSYCHOLOGY is a fine, uplifting magazine and I enjoy every article and often read them many times.

I am wondering just what became of our "Study Page" that used to be the last page of the magazine. I would welcome its return. How about it,

(Continued on page 76)

"Can't hardly"
"He don't"
"You was"



Your Mistakes in English STAND OUT!

YOU can not hide your mistakes in English—they stand out sharply, giving others an unfortunate impression of you. You may not make such glaring errors as "He don't," "You was," "I ain't." But perhaps you may make other mistakes which offend the ears of cultured people and cause them to judge you unfairly.

No one will correct your mistakes in English. People are too polite. They fear you will feel insulted, and unconsciously you keep on making the same mistakes. And, though you may think your English is good, it may be dotted with errors which others notice, and which destroy many of your opportunities for advancement.

What Can You Do?

For many years Sherwin Cody studied the problem of creating the habit of using good English. After countless experiments, he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day.

Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Soon the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides, on the contrary, for the formation of correct habits by constantly calling attention only to the mistakes you make—and then showing you the right way so that correct English soon becomes "second nature." Already over 70,000 people have used this method with the most marked results.

FREE Booklet on English

A new booklet explaining Mr. Cody's invention is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, or if your vocabulary is limited, this new free booklet, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day," will prove a revelation to you. Merely mail the coupon or a letter or postal card for it now. **SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH**, 347 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

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Into the Breadline and Out Again

(Continued from page 21)

of the conductors were kindly and rode their trains, getting off when they changed shifts. I also soon learned which were the warm stations where they did not bother me when I dozed on the wooden benches. For food I hunted back alleys. I remember the joy with which I pounced on a piece of chocolate which a child threw away.

More than cold and hunger I minded the fact that some of my old acquaintances might see me. One night, in going into a train, I noticed someone with whom I had worked. He was accompanied by a young lady. In a cold sweat, I rushed out, thankful that he hadn't noticed me.

Gradually I became inured to slights and kicks. After a while, I didn't mind what people thought. For a long time something kept me from asking charity. But finally, as a result of the hard life, I went to the municipal shelter where I was given a bed. Altho the room was warm and the sheets were white, a luxury I hadn't had for quite a time now, I was tormented all night. Thus had I fallen. Another man, with dissipated eyes, weak from alcohol, tried to pick up a conversation with me, but I couldn't join in. "Listen, pal," he said, "I know of a place where they give the best hand-outs in town. Let's get up early in the morning and be the first in line." But well-intentioned as his remarks were, I couldn't bring myself to answer. "Certainly," I thought, "I have sunk low enough, but to begin to associate with these men as friends and companions was even sinking lower."

The stuffy room, the smell of filthy clothes and a bitterness of the heart kept me from sleeping. "I must get hold of myself," I thought as I tossed in bed. "I'm still young and can work." I resolved to search again for work.

I awoke early the next morning bent on finding something to do. I went first of all to offices, thinking that since I was acquainted with the work it would be easier to get a job. However, I soon learned it was more hopeless than I even imagined it to be. The insults heaped upon me were even worse than those of conductors and policemen. In some office buildings the elevator man wouldn't even let me into the lobby. When I succeeded in gaining an entrance into an office, they looked at my shabby clothes and curtly said, "Nothing doing." I noticed in some cases contemptuous smiles.

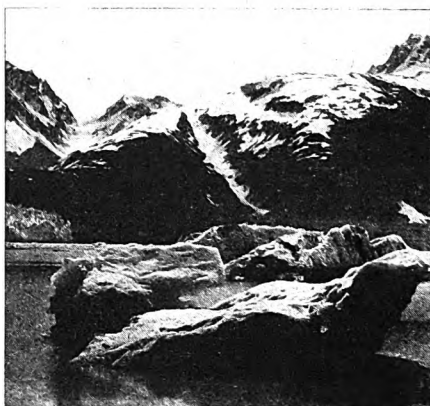
Much as I hated to, I went back that night to the free bed. I went again and again and soon felt the same way as if I were going to my own room.

There was no longer the slightest twinge of conscience.

I kept drifting downward. I had no hope. I would never get a job.

Now I was actually in the breadline. Eventually I got to know every breadline in the city and the time they served. In that way I could average three, four and five hand-outs a day. The bread, soup and beans I received were filling but not sufficiently nourishing, and I soon would become hungry again.

Quite a number of the men went around the streets begging. They would spend the money on booze. As we waited some of them would take out a flask and ask, "Have some to cheer you up." I never drank and always refused. One biting cold February night, after waiting more than two hours in the breadline, I was offered a "sip" and took a whisk from the flask. It warmed me for a time and relieved my depression. I took more. Thenceforward, I took as many



"whisks" as I could get. I began to fraternize with the men. The loneliness and the misery of my outlook were becoming unbearable. I went with them to cheap Bowery speak-easies. Every now and then one of the crowd who had made a good picking on the street would treat. I would wait for such "breaks".

One nasty night I found myself so exhausted that I couldn't stand the two-hour wait in the breadline. As a result, the next morning I was more hungry than ever. I now tried to do what the others were doing. I held out my hand. I did it timidly. After two hours I did succeed in getting a dime.

"Tell them a hard-luck story," coached one of the cronies I had come to know. I listened carefully to instructions. They soon made it obvious that they thought little of the dumb ones who just held out their hands. They were at the bottom of the ladder.

Next came the man who asked, "How about a dime for coffee?" But most respected of all were the men who engaged a sucker in conversation, telling him a pitiful yarn which brought out the coin. "Pick on a young man with a dame," they advised. "They're the easiest picking." I followed directions and soon could realistically narrate a story of starving wife and children that got me as much as \$6 a day. This money I religiously shared with the gang. It was the custom. Because of my success in begging, they not only received me warmly but held me in great esteem.

One day I ran across a man whom I had known in better days. He was with a girl. I hastened over and introduced myself. For oldtimes' sake I asked him for a little help. He was shocked at my changed appearance and gave me \$2. I greedily took the money. Thinking I was out of ear-shot, he turned to his girl and said, "You wouldn't believe it, but he used to be a nice sort of fellow. It's terrible!" "All I can say," said the girl, "is that he looks dirty and disgusting to me."

The conversation was really a turning point in my life. If I hadn't heard it, I would probably have gloated with my cronies over the way I got the \$2 and had another round of drinks. My first impulse was to return it. But I didn't. I gave it to the bunch, not touching a cent. I gave away all the other money I begged that day.

I would get hold of myself!

I began to realize that it was impossible in my present condition to obtain a clerk's job. Instead I began to look around for odd jobs. I did get a temporary one cleaning up the cellar of a tenement house. But my hands were soft, not used to hard or any other kind of work. After working a half-hour, my back felt as if it had been crushed by a piano. After working about four hours I was so tired and sore I had to quit. I simply couldn't stand it. "Life is short," I thought. "If I have to suffer like this, there is no pleasure in living." I was paid \$1.75. Altho never as tired in my life, never did I feel as good as having that honestly earned money in my pocket.

I went to a restaurant and, avoiding beans—I'll never eat those things again as long as I live if I can help it—I ordered ham and eggs, coffee and a piece of pie. It was food I had paid for, and I noticed that my stoop had straightened out a little and that I looked persons around me more steadily in the eye. That also was a delicious feeling. I still had more than a dollar left. I went to a cheap "flop" house

on the Bowery where I rented a bed for the night for 25 cents. A flood of hope took possession of me. I began to perceive that, despite the depression, there were ways in which I might rehabilitate myself. I obtained other odd jobs. Some I was too soft to stand, others I could manage easily. Suddenly the thought came to me that even if I had no money I could always earn a meal. I found that restaurants would gladly give food in return for washing dishes and other services.

Later, I landed a laborer's job in a construction company. It was my first permanent job. I thought I could never last the day. After what seemed twenty hours of work, I asked the man next to me for the time and learned that it was five minutes after ten. Two hours more of work before the heavenly lunch rest would come! When it did come, I had no appetite; I was too tired to eat. At night every bone in my body ached.

The old days of leisure and irresponsibility called to me. If it was so hard, so inhumanly hard, to be respectable, the deuce with it. The next morning I let the alarm clock ring and kept on sleeping. I went back to my old haunts, but I found that they repelled me. The next day I went back to the job and told the foreman I was sick. He believed what I said and I continued at the job. I was working there about two weeks when I heard the head of the company say to the foreman, "That man seems weak." The foreman agreed, but defended me with, "That may be, but he works steadily."

The task, I noticed, became less difficult every day. After two months I knew I had won out. I had conquered the breadline; I would never go back again. I may, of course, be without money, but I knew I would never ask for charity. I may be forced to ask for a meal, but it will be in exchange for labor. For I had discovered that toil for daily bread even if it be by "the sweat of one's brow" makes one feel happier than the best kind of charity.

The men I worked with were mostly Italian and illiterate. The foreman noticed I could speak English, and after he had come to know me, he also discovered that I could read and write. He began to ask me to assist him in checking up on the time the men reported for work, the time they left, etc. Gradually, he gave me other jobs, until as the days went by I was doing less and less manual work.

I now have a fairly respectable position. And yet when I think how near I was to wrecking my life, I shudder with terror. What I cannot understand is how I was so easily beaten in the first place. At any rate, I am richer and stronger for the experience. I am sure that should another catastrophe occur in my life, I would meet it with sterner and more steel-like resistance. I also feel sure, as I look back over it, that if I had dreamed less and made more determined efforts to find another job, instead of aimlessly walking the streets, I need never have gone thru the humiliation, the moral and spiritual breakdown.

A Butterfly's Wing

(Continued from page 19)

Let us look this thing disillusionment square in the face and by viewing it rationally in the psycho-analytic manner see of what it really consists. Psychologically it is really a dis-delusionment. In technical psychological language an error in belief is called a delusion, while an illusion is an inaccurate perception of an actual sense impression. In the popular sense, however, illusion is synonymous with delusion. Disillusionment is, then, an un-deceiving in the most acute form, a dispelling of those ideal illusions or delusions we have built up for ourselves and have attempted to project onto persons and things that at first seemed to embody those fond imaginings of ours. But then there comes a time when those persons or things behave in their own natural way, which happens to be sharply contrary to our deluded beliefs in regard to them. We are shocked, hurt, humiliated beyond expression because everything has not transpired in perfect harmony with the illusions we

have imposed upon reality. In a selfish and angry fit of resentment we gather up those broken fragments of our old visions and, bitterly disappointed with the world for having thus shattered them, we oftentimes turn in upon ourselves, brooding over those crushed ideals and refusing to trust the world or anyone in it for fear those beloved illusions will be harmed again. It always wounds our ego to be undeceived even in trivial matters, because doubt is cast upon the reliability of our judgment. Sometimes the very person who reveals the truth to us becomes the object of our reproach and distrust. At other times we find someone to blame for having withheld the truth from us. Children who become enlightened in regard to the Santa Claus or stork stories often feel more deeply hurt over the deception of their parents than over the loss of their fancies.

We persist in remaining blind to the fact that it is our illusions which are wrong and inapplicable to a real and

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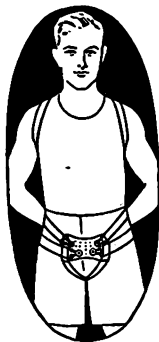
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human world, and that the error is in our own creating of such impossible ideals instead of in those human beings and realities of life which failed to fit the untruths we had imagined for them. We tried to fit the square peg of illusion into the round hole of reality and failed miserably, splintering the peg besides.

It is as if we tried to use a butterfly's wing for a sail instead of a strong canvas to withstand the stiff sea-breeze. How foolish then to blame the breeze for blowing in its usual powerful and capricious manner! Instead of spending our lives moaning over those sad rents in that beautiful gossamer sail, is it not better to go to work and build a sail out of tough canvas which, altho not so delicately lovely as that fragile wing, will be dependable when matched against the strength of the ocean wind? Of what use angrily to condemn the ruthlessness of the wind for tearing that pretty sail! But that is just as wise as denouncing those persons or things that have shattered the beauty of our fancies and freed us from our misleading illusions. Were it not wiser to consider the truths of human nature and actuality and be sure henceforth to fashion our sails sturdy and strong to resist the variable winds of life and circumstance?

Whether a girl or a man, a fact, a place or an object has caused our dis-

enchantment, it is our own ideas, not the enlightening agent, that are in conflict with the truth of life and character. And altho there is bitterness indeed in seeing our beautiful dreams crushed against the rocks of realism, we should not abandon ourselves to a life of hopelessness and suffering but rather face our experience courageously and take heed of its warning to build up more life-worthy, possible, practicable ideals and judgments for the future. Upon emerging from those deceptive, confusing mists of illusion we can look with truer perspective upon the values of life. And thus we may be enabled to refrain from unjust condemnation of the unavoidable weaknesses of others as well as more clearly to distinguish genuine beauty and fineness of character from the shallow, the superficial, the false. Often there comes a time later on when we can realize that these very disillusionments, against which there is no certain guarantee, lead up to better things that could never have been without those gloomy preludes. But even when no good whatever seems to result, such troubles are always behind us in the past and we can say that we were younger then and less experienced but now we have the advantage of those experiences which will do much to insure us against more such painful mistakes and disappointments in the

future. Those who trust in falsehood are sure to reap disaster.

Rather should we always endeavor to see the truth in all things than to try to keep ourselves blind to it so that we may escape hurt. Such an attempt is bound to defeat its own purpose, for there is little chance of happiness for those living under delusions that cannot possibly endure when brought into contact with contradicting realities. Would any of us wish to believe in a deceitful friend or a faithless lover or to demand that someone we have set up as an idol be always impossibly and abnormally perfect, just to spare us the pangs of disillusionment? What is not the pure metal of truth in our ideals is certain to be destroyed in the fire-test of reality to which they must be subjected before they can be molded into the most enduring and worth-while forms for use in life.

Altho reality is not always pleasant, let us aim to meet it valiantly with stronger, truer ideas of life instead of seeking escape in illusions and becoming embittered when they are broken in the conflict. Let us not despair over those silken shreds of gossamer torn by the very winds of reality we thought to avoid, but set up in place of them durable, strongly woven canvas sails, stout enough to resist not only gentle breezes but also the fiercer gales that we must invariably face.

Rough With His Cubs

(Continued from page 30)

report. As he stood up, my keen eyes detected a slight difference in his demeanor. He was exceptionally well-groomed, and there was a haunting air of some kind about him. Was the old man aware . . . ?

"Naturally," I read, after considerable preliminary detail, "an organization is only as good as its personnel. Therefore my first general recommendation deals with personnel. I recommend that Horace be made vice-president in charge of production, because his genius lies in factory efficiency. I recommend, because of the increased seriousness of the duties devolving on the officers of this company, that *George be made president and general manager of the company and that Mr. Brown, Senior, relinquish the presidency to become chairman of the board*, devoting his time to cementing more closely the bank relations of the company and managing the general finances."

An electric shock seemed to strike every man in the room dumb. They all tried not to look at the old man, but you could see that they were expecting the building to be pulled down on their heads—or the old man to

wither me into nothing.

But I had not made a mistake. I had calculated on my man; I had at last penetrated to the hidden logic of the whole situation.

"You have heard the report," said the old man without a quiver; "what is your pleasure? I consider the plan the New York expert presents a very practical one and I'm for it." The old man here shook himself grimly. "He fires me as calmly as if I were an office boy," he continued, his voice rising. "*The fact that he's got the nerve to do it makes me believe in his judgment.*" Then he turned like an old cornered lion on his sons; his voice a deep roar. "If you boys had come into my office together any day and said you thought I was getting to be too much of a fossil for the good of the business, I would then and there have made up my mind you were fit to run the business without me. I know my time has come and I'm content to retire. But, by God, I want men in my place, not a pair of squealing cubs. You will never put the business as far ahead as I did because you haven't got the guts." The old man was beating the mahogany with his big fist. The

boys looked positively aghast. The old man was enjoying himself prodigiously.

"You had to import an efficiency engineer from New York to say it for you. *Pht!* You couldn't face the old man, two-fisted and square, and tell him where to get off. Ha, ha, ha! An efficiency engineer to do your fighting for you! God, what did I do to bring two softies into the world?"

The old man's face was florid and he reached for a handkerchief. He swayed a little and Horace in alarm started toward him.

"Don't touch me!" bellowed the old lion in a voice that shook the rafters; his eyes glowed with a fierce personal pride. "I'm a long way from dead yet." He shot out his arm as tho punching viciously at an enemy.

Then he turned to me. "Yes, sir," he said, "that's a perfectly jim-dandy plan and I congratulate you, Mr. Efficiency Expert. It's cost the Brown Manufacturing Company just exactly four thousand dollars so far, I figure, to have this New York feller come up here and tell me I'm fired, and you two boys could have come into my office any day and done it and it wouldn't have cost the company ten

cents—if you had had a little plain, common, ordinary he-man backbone and Brown fighting stuff in you.”

“But, father,” began George.

“Shut up!” roared the old man.

“This plan don’t go into operation until this meeting adjourns, and I’m taking no ‘sass’ from the new president until I’m all set as chairman of the board.”

The old man mopped his face with dignity, put away his handkerchief, stepped out of his chair with a firm tread and went to the other end of the mahogany. Seating himself there calmly he said, “Take the chair—it’s yours! Now wreck the business, boys; it’s up to you!” and he busied himself carelessly with a fresh cigar.

Not a man stirred, and I let out a long laugh. The old man threw away the wrapper of the cigar, grinned a trifle, looked at me and suddenly broke

into an enveloping laugh with me.

Horace got up impulsively and rushed to his father.

“Dad, forgive me, I’ve . . .”

“Don’t ‘dad’ me!” exploded the old man. “Didn’t you hear what the New York expert told me a while back? He said, ‘Cut out the father-and-son stuff in business.’ We’re a corporation. Get to business. We got to have the election now.”

Horace, hurt for a moment, joined in the laugh.

“All right,” he said with a new firmness to his tone. “That’s that. I move that George Brown, Senior, be relieved from the presidency and I nominate George Brown, Junior, for president.”

“Second the motion,” said the old man with a voice that sounded as tho it came thru a ram’s horn.

The Sinclair Lewises

(Continued from page 27)

unbelievable lengths to boost a young writer not firmly established.

The author’s eyes are his most, baffling feature. They are a very light blue, I think, but the color is inconsequential. Ever since I first saw him in Paris, when we both were stopping at the same hotel, I have been searching for a word to fit the strange light in the eyes of Sinclair Lewis. It isn’t the eerie glow of the Irish mystic, such as one sees in the eyes of A. E.—nor the burning spirituality reflected in the midnight lanterns of Tagore, nor yet the microscopic scrutiny of an Adler. There is, it seems to me, something of all these and then again, something quite different.

He has brick-colored hair which could not possibly be confused with auburn. From it he got the nickname “Red”; and “Red” Lewis it was and always will be back in Sauk Center, the prairie village of 2500 inhabitants situated among dairy farms and wheat fields where Lewis was born in 1885.

The young literary celebrity comes from ten generations of Yankees, his father being a country practitioner. His uncle and brother were surgeons. In his youth he turned to studies which were later to fit him for his glamorous literary success. Tho he recalls splitting wood for the kitchen range and mowing the lawn there was still time to be passed in the long Summer afternoons with Scott, Dickens and Tennyson. He was avid for knowledge. When he volunteered to study Greek with the Episcopal divine he was laughed at by the boys who hung around the country store in Sauk Center. They liked old “Doc” Lewis’s red-headed boy but dog-gone if they could quite “get” him.

“When I announced my intention of

studying French I was regarded from that time on with suspicion,” he told me. “French was considered a most immoral language!”

THE refusal of Sinclair Lewis to accept rubber-stamp formulas was demonstrated during those years when he questioned the literal interpretation of Bible stories related to him at Sunday School. Not that these matters troubled him much. I do not think to this day that the tangle of metaphysical complexities befuddles his sharp mental processes. His sight is fixed more intensely on life as it swirls past him.

After coffee was served in the living room the novelist passed cigarettes in a Dresden box with a medallion in enamel of Prussia’s most celebrated monarch.

“I gave that box to Dorothy,” he said and the way his eyes twinkled I knew there was more to the statement. I remarked that it was very lovely.

“Oh, that wasn’t the reason,” he grinned; “as a matter of fact I think it’s quite hideous. I bought it for her because I think it looks like Frederick the Great with the mumps”.

The award of the Nobel prize came as a great surprise to the man who brought it for the first time across the Atlantic. “I didn’t think I had done anything yet that would make me eligible,” he said. “I’ve been working for some years on a labor novel and it seems to me if I were ever going to have a chance at the prize it would have been because of this book I am writing.”

I asked him what he expected to do with the \$47,000 which this year goes with the literary honor. I had heard that the royalties on each of several of his novels had fetched him a half

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million. "I'm going to use it to take care of the family of a young American writer so that the young American writer can continue to write." It was characteristic of his modesty. The family of the young American writer consists of Mrs. Lewis and a small two-year-old son named Michael.

No less surprised was the author's wife when her husband called her over the phone to tell of his good fortune. "I've just been awarded the Nobel prize," he told her. "Oh, yes?" she replied, "and I've just been elected the first woman President."

Next to his family the novelist is most interested in his country place, or rather "the farm", as he calls it, in New England. A picture of the old rambling house with its view of fine, rolling country occupies a conspicuous place on the mantel. The house was purchased in a manner typical of the two imaginative artists who would live in it.

"We knew we wanted a house in California or along the Chesapeake in Maryland—so we began looking in New England. We took a car and set out one day and the moment we saw this place at the turn of the road we were certain it was just what we wanted. The owner asked us to stay for dinner. The papers were signed over the coffee, while our host quite accommodatingly moved into town that night and allowed us to take immediate possession." One can tell by the way Lewis tells the story that the house is doubly dear because of the romantic manner in which it was purchased.

To Sinclair Lewis dullness and lack of imagination are sins of which none may be shriven. He is frankly contemptuous, not with the manner in which men of smug vision pursue their ways, but rather with their intolerance

in refusing others the same privilege. Let the men in Texas get their excitement from hog-calling contests; the Y. M. C. A. apply its platitudes of service; the Rotarians continue to hold "pep" meetings over cold roast-beef and potatoes; the Elmer Ganttrys keep right on being Barnums of religion; but let them not be scornful of other men who are able to walk free or to set more precious values on life viewed in its totality.

It is scarcely necessary to know the novelist to understand those conclusions which stand etched against the massed knowledge he has gained of typical Americans. In *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Elmer Gantry*, we see him attack with unsparing malice the complacency of the small-town community. Here a revelation of his own aversion for standardized methods of thinking; his impatience of self-sufficient provincials, scornful of men of superior attainments. In pointing the finger of ridicule at his characters he announces his personal revolt against that smugness of the greater proportions of Americans whom he considers slaves to bigotry and sworn enemies of individualism.

Contrary to popular belief I do not think that Lewis is entirely lacking in sympathy toward his famous characters . . . at least not for those who do not offend his sense of honesty and open-mindedness. In *Babbitt*, he allows the realtor of Zenith to see for himself, in occasional flashes, that there is something more of value in life than graft and back-slapping good fellowship; there is poignancy in the rebellion of Carol Kennicott, when already beaten by the limitations of Gopher Prairie, she cries out: "I don't care. I won't endure it. They lie so. They tell me I ought to be satisfied with my son and a good home and planting nasturtiums in

the station garden. I am I. When I die the world will be annihilated as far as I am concerned. I am not content to leave the sea and ivory towers to others".

In *Dodsworth* we see his vitriolic satire trained not on the wife of the title character as an individual, but rather does she represent his antipathy for a smart-Alex parade of show-case culture. The author's admiration is for *Dodsworth*, because, in spite of limitations, he is frankly what he is, without cheap pretensions. It is not necessary for Lewis to tell us, as he does on several occasions, that *Dodsworth* is more fundamentally cultured than his wife. That his reaction to beauty and strangeness, being natural and spontaneous, is of infinitely more worth to him than *Fran Dodsworth's* struggle after superficial social graces.

Mr. Lewis's distinct contribution to our national letters has been achieved by a literary method which, lacking a more specific term, we have come to know as Realism. It means, simply, that the writer has broken with traditional literary conventions. He is neither humanist nor romanticist. By employing objective analysis and description he interprets a great cross-section of American life as it exists for millions who read his novels and recognize, therein, themselves and their neighbors. The novelist is neither concerned with our past or future. It has been said that his works will be valued in later times as the most accurate picture of America's "coming-of-age" period. With bold, free strokes he paints the incongruities, stupidities and maladjustments implicit in a new civilization groping its way toward more blossomy realms of culture.

This is Sinclair Lewis, who has been singled out as the worthiest and greatest writer in America.

The Mind of Queen Elizabeth

(Continued from page 49)

face before their insulting questions. Her dark deep-set eyes shone. Maybe the morning sun glinted in her golden-red hair. And at a crucial moment the dreadful news was popped upon her that her lover's head had rolled down the off-side of a block, the handsome head of the swearing pirate who had caressed her and cut her black gown in a hundred pieces back in the garden at Chelsea. But Elizabeth's blanched face did not betray the faintest shadow of distress for these eager nobles to seize upon. There must have been a horrible pang of anguish in her heart, for certainly she felt the love for him which any girl feels for the first man in her life. But in her low voice she calmly uttered only the words: "Then this day died a man of much wit and

little judgment." Already Elizabeth Tudor had attained great diplomacy. Already she knew how to master the situation with her self control.

At this point young King Edward gave up the ghost, and Mary became Bloody Mary, crowned henchwoman of conniving ambassadors. Elizabeth's reluctance to attend Mass was joyfully transmitted from mouth to cupped ear of all those intent upon keeping the throne Catholic—it bade fair for Mary, Queen of Scots. Again Elizabeth was cross-examined, standing subordinated to the lesser ladies of the court by the indignant Mary, standing pale and straight, her jeweled tiara sparkling with subtle defiance in her auburn hair. She guarded every word, expression and gesture. Tudors were ever as

ready to send Tudors to the block as they were to send alleged traitors and heretics whose blood already drizzled from the very gutters of the Tower.

Elizabeth bound herself with self-restraint. But this unnatural damping of her immense activity brought sickness upon her. Mary, with the blood of Protestants still wet upon her hands and the Catholic Prince of Spain bundled in her heart, came to the wan invalid princess and gave her leave to depart. Mary had other plans for the present.

Daily warm blood poured more and more freely over the wailing English soil. Again Mary sent for Elizabeth; Elizabeth was too ill to travel. Craftily Mary sent her own physicians and a Spanish mule-drawn litter; she was de-

terminated; she commanded. Well-grounded fear stormed in Elizabeth's heart. Swollen and disfigured she was borne out from Hatfield. After days of torturous travel she was dropped at Whitehall, nearly dead. Was she on her way to the block? Desperately she wrote to Mary, declaring her loyalty. The Queen deigned not to reply. Before Elizabeth had time to realize it, she was clapped in the Tower—where her dark hazel eyes might gaze down upon the very green from whence her mother's black ones last looked to heaven.

She was accused of conspiracy against the Queen. Again she was cross-examined thoroly. A slip of her tongue might have meant disaster. But the sly diplomats were beginning to realize that it was no easy matter to pin anything on Elizabeth. This time her immense intelligence won only admiration.

Then a death-warrant arrived! But the Queen had not signed it! In fact, the Queen was so enraged by this presumption upon her authority that she removed Elizabeth from the Tower and sent her a safe distance from London, tho still to be kept a prisoner.

The axe seemed ever willing. Elizabeth had no way of knowing what subterranean conspiracy might be undermining her. She wrote more desperate letters to the Queen.

Then Prince Philip of Spain, tarrying in London with a matrimonial bent, made one of the best moves he ever made. He advised Mary to attempt a reconciliation with Elizabeth at Hampton Court. And so it was that the two sisters once more met, this time in the

flickering light of torches. Mary skillfully labored to extract a confession from Elizabeth. Elizabeth went down on her knees before her and said, "I am, and ever have been, your Majesty's loyal servant." Elizabeth was only a princess. Then, even servility was not too low for her. Yet she actually controlled the situation like a queen, verily, a better queen than Mary.

Prematurely worn down, Mary finally sighed away her throne. And the hunted princess, at the age of twenty-five, re-entered the Tower where she had so recently been held a captive, this time to receive the Crown of England. She looked down upon the blood-stained people with dark eyes that filled them with doubt. Her aquiline nose and sharp chin cut a horrible question mark before their anxious eyes and sinking hearts.

But, miraculously, England's slashed arteries commenced to heal under Elizabeth's hand. Trade and learning shot out branches. The nasal prayers of the Protestants had drowned out the Latin bulls of the Pope. And in the accusing light of religious dispute Elizabeth maintained a neutral attitude, making concessions to both sides, but, nevertheless, being very sure that the Roman Church became the English Church—in order that she herself might control it.

She scattered the dark rolling clouds of imperialism by throwing up her arms in a man's rage before the alarmed eyes of her generals. Foreign wars would only incur great expense and needlessly expose England to attack. She wanted to have complete



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control of England, and that was all.

Elizabeth dressed to kill. She, of course, wanted to control the style too, with the result that fashionable men and women nearly hung themselves on their trappings, trying to compete with their Queen. Her "pale bleake colour" drove women to swallowing ashes, gravel and tallow to affect the Queen's complexion.

Elizabeth was a flirt, admittedly. Her untiring life-long devotion to her country demanded some sort of relief. But whether she kissed Leicester on the tennis court or spat upon an earl's ruff in the Council Chamber does not really matter. These caprices go only to accentuate how much the intensity of her desire needed temporary relief.

It is a pleasant thought that possibly Elizabeth would have chosen a domestic and secluded life if she had been given the choice. The possibility is rather substantiated by her youthful domestic attainments and her satisfaction with them. Later, this desire found vicarious satisfaction in her continued concern with the domestic and matrimonial difficulties of people for whom she really cared but little. Since she became Queen by destiny, since it was her duty to execute that office to the best of her ability, she found expression for her desire by controlling the kingdom as she would have controlled a household. She kept the account books of England as strictly as she kept the account books of her own small kingdom at Hatfield.

Elizabeth burned with a jealousy of all women who rivaled her influence. (That partially explains the extravagance of her dress.) Moreover, she was never kind at heart to the wives of any of her favorites, to say nothing of her enemies. She fought for celibacy of the clergy. No doubt she felt that those who devoted their lives to a cause could not afford to be married. (That may in part explain her own singular state.) Elizabeth highly disapproved of the marriage of the Archbishop of Canterbury. She said to his wife, "Madam, I may not call you; mistress, I am ashamed to call you, and so I know not what to call you." She was jealous of Mary, Queen of Scots. When a son was born to Mary, Elizabeth fell deathly sick. ". . . I am but barren stock." Later, she seemed to resign herself to this fate. After all, domination of her country and control of herself meant more to her than progeny.

But in spite of this evidence there was still a great hue and cry: why didn't Elizabeth marry? She was urged to it from all sides. The highest men of the country begged her to reproduce. It was the rage! All the legitimate princes of Europe wooed her at one time or another. The most dangerous suit was perhaps that of the

younger Prince Francis of France who sent across the Channel one Jean de Simier as his John Alden. Elizabeth called him her "monkey". But he laughed, had dash and wit and eloquence and was undoubtedly handsome. Then the Prince himself arrived: Elizabeth trembled, for she liked him far better than she had anticipated. She even went so far as to permit their engagement to be announced. But she could not go on; kindly but forcibly she had him fairly shoved off the island. It seems that her not marrying was determined by the desire which ruled over every other decision of her life: she could never suffer anything less than complete personal control of all the circumstances that surrounded her. She could not, then, give herself up to a man without weakening her control. At least, she thought she couldn't or she was afraid to try.

. She promoted Robert Dudley to Earl

The Bridge You'll Never Cross

IT'S what you think that makes the world

*Seem dull or bright to you;
Your mind may color all things gray
Or make them radiant hue.*

*Be glad today, be true and wise,
Seek gold amid the dross;
Waste neither time nor thought about
The bridge you'll never cross.*

*There's useful work for you to do
With hand and brain and heart;
There's urgent human service, too,
In which to take your part.*

*Make every opportunity
A gain and not a loss;
The best is yours, so do not fear
The bridge you'll never cross.*

. —Grenville Kleiser.

of Leicester. And he was ever by her side, deporting himself with dignity and decision in his plumed hat and his Vandyke that had a poetic license, advising her this way and that, advising her to marry him if she couldn't settle on anyone else. Elizabeth flirted with him, wrote him poems of love—that was her way, especially with the younger men. But Leicester succeeded where all others had failed, did fail and were bound to fail because he alone seems never to have seriously tread upon her supersensitive toes. She never threw her slipper in the Earl of Leicester's face the way she did in Walsingham's. Leicester alone seems to have taken into sufficient consideration that, tho he had much power, Elizabeth's sanction to his actions was always necessary.

Michelangelo died. Shakespeare was born. Mary, that unlucky Queen of Scots, fled to England before the musket muzzles of Scottish Presby-

terians. Mary had more regal blood surging in her veins than Elizabeth. She had a legitimate claim to the English throne, and, moreover, she had made the mistake of announcing it some years before. It is highly probable, what with the mazes of underground influence that entangled the royal life of that time, that her claim would have been pressed had she been left free to have it so. But Elizabeth's reign lay in danger. No one had invited the Scottish Queen to England. Consequently, Elizabeth shut her up in a musty, unsanitary castle at Tutbury. Mary was free to work, hunt and play, but that she was a prisoner, nevertheless, cannot be disputed.

One of Elizabeth's nobles, Norfolk, proposed marriage to Mary. This, of course, was a deliberate affront and threat to Elizabeth's rule. "If I permit this marriage, I shall be in the Tower before four months are over." So the noble Norfolk's head was cleft from his body, and, I think, it was the first noble blood on Elizabeth's hands.

Mary tried to escape. She participated in many desperate plans. But Elizabeth held her securely, tho safely—and at the expense of being a continual threat to her throne for eighteen years. Then the case came to a head. Letters, spurious perhaps, were produced. (Mary often wrote more than she should have. Elizabeth never did; Elizabeth even filled the margins of her letters with elaborate scrollwork so that nothing incriminating could be added.) Mary was tried for conspiracy against the Queen's life, and found guilty. For days Elizabeth paced in her locked apartment, wrung her chalk-white hands and wagged her fiery head. Tho the question ultimately resolved itself to that of one queen or the other, still Elizabeth vainly sought a means to avoid Mary's execution. Then arrived Scotch nobles to plead the case of Mary. But the wool they thought to stretch across Elizabeth's sharp hazel eyes only wiped away the mists that had gathered there. Throwing back her shoulders under her gigantic ruff propped up by starch and steel, she cried hoarsely, "For a duchy or an earldom to yourself or such as you, you would cause some rascally knave to kill me. . . ." And Mary Stuart marched out to the block with all the dignity the Stuarts were heir to. In a way it must have been a relief to the rheumatic prisoner so tortured by the years. And tho the executioner hacked away three times before he held up a face distorted with agony, probably that axe hurt Elizabeth the more.

Then one moonlit night the Spanish Armada, with full white cheeks and fairly boiling over with troops, cruised into the English Channel. Elizabeth mounted her horse, donned her armor,

and, between Essex and Leicester, rode at the head of her army to Silbury. "I know that I have the body of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king—and a King of England, too!" A storm and the swift English pirate vessels completely routed the invincible Armada before any of the Spanish troops could be landed. The English coast decayed with the drowned bodies of Spain.

This was a popular victory for Elizabeth, but she soon lost her mainstay: Leicester died. He was the last of the long line she had gathered to her at the beginning of her reign. Elizabeth had flamed at the head of England for thirty years. Now she was alone. She had a dozen more years to go, to dominate, to control.

The engaging young Earl of Essex grew into Elizabeth's life more and more. He tried to fill Leicester's place—and some others. But he was too weak and unruly for the Queen, tho she was very fond of him and made love to him—as she ever did to attractive young men—and tried to make herself think that she was still young too. But Essex's diplomacy was bad. Elizabeth boxed his ears. Essex put his hand on his sword hilt. He was an impulsive youth. He might have run her thru. But the dark eyes of Anne Boleyn flashed their supreme anger and Essex retracted. Elizabeth finally consented to let him attempt quelling the insurrection in Ireland. Essex failed. Elizabeth turned him out of court. He made a fool of himself and tried to raise a party against her. For the third time the grooved block soaked in noble blood. But this blow,

the horror of having thus to mangle her young favorite, as much as killed the persistent Queen herself. She never recovered.

She sank; her power sank with her; and with her power sank her popularity. The Protestants gained ground. Literary work, religious conversion, the profession of law bloomed in the reign of this steel woman. But she left no progeny. She virtually bequeathed England to James V of Scotland, Mary's only son. Thus came the last days of isolated England—to be followed by Great Britain.

Elizabeth paraded in personal elaborations, elaborations that helped to make her famous, because she had rivals and must outdo them. Elizabeth cut down the expenses of her reign like a frugal housewife. She invested in no foreign expeditions, except those voyages that promised gold in return—Hawkins and Drake. Money that had been poured into war now flowed into trade. Except for Spain and Ireland the Elizabethan Period was practically warless. Elizabeth's rule is especially significant to England because it ushered in a life of intelligence, of trade, of art, of peace. The record of her life is of value to the psychologist because in the absolute constancy of its central purpose it becomes that abnormal specimen which so facilitates the analysis of a normal case.

There was a force behind all her decisions. That force came from knowing her goal. She pursued that goal with all the power in her mortal soul. And she succeeded. Her greatest attributes were intelligence, consistency and an indomitable will.

Stars Who Came Back

(Continued from page 37)

proved that he was a real fighting man of the ring by risking his title about ten weeks after he won it. With Johnny Dundee of New York outpointing him, Criqui had to accept a lacing to stay the limit of fifteen rounds, but he insisted on going thru to the end.

In 1925 Johnny Weissmuller had to forsake competitive swimming. In fact, his physicians ordered him out of the pools forever. Examination disclosed that an overdose of exertion had brought on an attack of heart trouble. At San Francisco Johnny had torn off a century in a new world's record of 52 1/5 seconds, lowering Duke Kahanamoku's record of 53 3/5 seconds. In the 1924 Olympic meet he had traveled to victory like a frightened fish.

After resting for only six months, Weissmuller returned to the sprint swims. In Chicago he reduced the 100 yards record to 49 4/5 seconds in 1927. In the same year he established a new

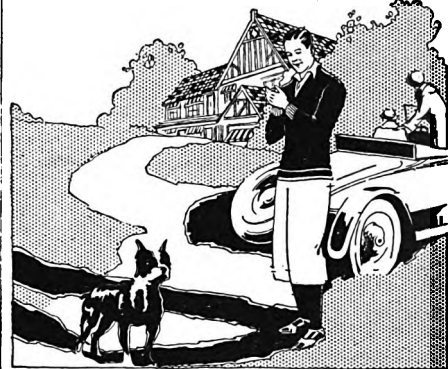
record for the 220 yards: 2 minutes, 8 3/5 seconds. During 1926, 1927 and 1928 Weissmuller was invincible, including the events in the sprints at the Olympic games.

Altho he had been ordered out of harness, he refused to accept the ultimatum that it was either retirement from swimming meets or a premature grave for him.

A prize-fighter with the sight of only one eye is like a gangster with a benevolent disposition. There's a big handicap. Peddling punches is hard enough on the eyesight when there are two eyes to see with. And yet the late Harry Greb had only one eye when he fought his way to the middleweight title.

In 1922 Greb lost the sight of one of his eyes, the effects of battering he received on the head. For two years previously the sight of this eye had been deteriorating, and finally, after

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while you are young enough to enjoy it

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Pretty soft for Bob Carrington, you say—a lovely country home, golf on a week-day when the other boys are slaving at the office—a six weeks' trip to Europe with the family—and all this wonderful success while he is still young enough to enjoy it!

But why look with envy upon success well earned—especially when it is within your power to attain that same success? "If men in business only realized how immensely valuable are those early years, and how vital it is to get away to a flying start, they would make it an inflexible rule to devote several evenings every week to home-study training."

One of America's foremost business men—an active director in a dozen big corporations—made that statement recently; and if you have the slightest doubt of its truth, you need only check it by the actual records of LaSalle-trained men, many of whom, though still in their thirties, are commanding five-figure salaries.

Send for Free Information

"I'm determined to succeed," you say—and we do not deny that hard work and day-to-day experience will eventually win some measure of success. If success is sweet, however, is it not doubly sweet if it comes while you are still young enough to enjoy it?

And is it not a tragic waste of years to continue at outgrown tasks, simply because you will not spare the time to master those bigger jobs that command the real rewards?

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Greb defeated Gene Tunney in 1922, he had only one eye to rely on.

Up to this calamity, Greb had been preferring the heavies and had defeated a flock of them including Tom Gibbons, Jack Renault, Billy Miske, Chuck Wiggins, Bartley Madden, Kid Norfolk, Bill Shade, Charlie Weinert, Clay Turner, Gunboat Smith, Bill Brennan, Bob Roper. After being deprived of the entire sight of one eye, he limited his operations pretty much to the light heavies and the middle-weights. In 1923 he won the middle-weight title which was then being claimed by several ringsters. After he defeated Johnny Wilson, Greb received general recognition as the leader of this class until he lost to Tiger Flowers in 1926.

Greb was a wonderful fighter. Nature equipped him with unusual endurance. This was his chief asset. He was greatly handicapped by defective vision but he did not permit this to discourage him. He battled in about 100 stiff engagements after losing the sight of the eye, and had to take much more punishment than he would have received had he had normal vision.

In 1914 Art Staff of Chicago and Detroit, a veteran speed skater, dislocated a knee. While he was in a race

the bone went out of place. His days of usefulness in skating competition were announced as over. But Staff decided to resume his athletic activities. His comeback was auspicious, for he won the international outdoor championship without losing a race in the entire meet.

In the succeeding years, Staff's trick knee was moved out of alignment twenty times. Frequently he would be leading in a race when the knee would dislocate and he would fall to the ice writhing in pain. Despite this handicap, he won the professional speed skating title in the years from 1922 to 1925.

Sprague Cleghorn, veteran hockeyist who starred with the Montreal Canadiens and Boston Bruins in the National Hockey League, broke his leg ten years ago while playing with the Ottawa club.

The leg did not mend satisfactorily and announcement was made that Cleghorn was thru as a hockey player. After being on the sidelines for a year, he got back into action. He was just getting under way when the same leg broke. The consensus of opinion was that the leg would be too weak to allow Cleghorn to resume his ice activities.

Refusing to consider himself among

the exes, Cleghorn made a second comeback. At the outset his work seemed to justify the predictions made that he was due for the discard. Then, to the amazement of hockey fans, he scintillated and continued to do so in the major hockey league as a sturdy defender and bad man until released from the Hub Bruins to manage the Newark club in the CanAm League, where he has been a playing pilot.

Neuritis threatened to force Johnny Evers out of baseball in 1906. He had been subject to this trouble for several years and each attack proved more severe than the preceding one. It was necessary for him to remain out of baseball for as long as two months.

After many years of top-line service as second sacker of the Chicago Cubs, Evers was considered out of the big time. The Boston Braves acquired him because of his experience. In 1914, the Braves won the National flag and took the world's series in four straight from the presumably unbeatable Philadelphia Athletics. Now Evers is back with the Braves as a scout and coach.

Handicaps can be assets. The will must be stimulated. A handicap plus an energetic will to win results in far greater rewards than physical perfection minus determination.

What Am I Good For?

(Continued from page 51)

Many in the muscular field are engaged in mechanical work, but all mechanics do not belong to this field, as there are mental mechanics as well as muscular mechanics. The decision which field one belongs in will be determined by the rating in the mental and muscular faculties, as you will see later. A high mental rating will cast one in the mental field, and with good mechanical ability a mental-mechanic would be indicated; one who would be interested in more highly technical mechanics.

Professional Field. The professional field takes in the many vocations requiring special education and intensive training. The principal professions are medicine, law, the ministry and teaching. Medicine includes all the practitioners engaged in the healing art. There is usually a "call" or special inward urge felt by the individual for this kind of work, and love of the work is the first essential to success. This is a very dignified field and offers opportunity for extensive study. There are unlimited possibilities for advancement and development.

Executive Field. This is for those who possess the qualities of leadership.

The executive must possess will-power, self-control and dynamic energy. He is the dominating factor in every enterprise and dictates the movements of every organized body. He is the field general in finance, commerce and industry. He is the administrative department of government and business. Great executives are born, and the history of the industrial world is dotted with the achievements of great men of executive genius. But while great executives are born, good executives can be developed out of persons possessed of the right material who will study and train for this work. There is always room at the top in this field and good executives are eagerly sought.

Entertainment Field. To qualify in this field the individual must possess certain highly specialized faculties, combined with much original personality. This field comprises the stage and all forms of amusement; the workers include actors, singers, dancers, musicians, humorists, mimics, clowns, acrobats, etc. It also includes those who provide material for amusement purposes — playwrights, song-writers and amusement-purveyors. In earlier days it was a lowly profession of mountebanks and strolling players,

social vagabonds who led a nomadic life and were nowhere received in decent society. But today it is a highly paid profession, knighted abroad and specially honored in this country. From being the lowest paid, it is now among the most highly remunerative, some artists receiving a salary larger than that paid in any other business or profession. It is, however, a profession of uncertainties and many disappointments and only a few succeed in reaching the high places of fame and fortune.

SELECTING YOUR FIELD

In looking over these five fields and trying to decide in which one of them you belong, you may find that you have faculties that would qualify you for more than one field. In that case the thing to do is to decide in which field your faculties are the strongest, and develop yourself in that line of work. There are those who have faculties for almost everything, but unless they are all high-powered faculties, which is rarely the case, they are what is known as "Jack of all trades and master of none", for "few people can succeed in many things".

The ability to do many things has often been the cause of failure; too

many irons in the fire; scattered forces, energy dissipated; effort expanded over too wide a range. Only when you are in the field where you belong do all your faculties get a chance to function. If you are working in any other field you are only working part time, as many of your faculties are idle. The things you could do you are not doing, and the thing you are trying to do you are only in part fitted to do. You are keeping the man out of a job who ought to be where you are, and you are leaving vacant the place you ought to fill. A misfit is a retarder in the field of labor; he is a misplaced part of the great machine and he affects the smooth operation of the whole machine. No one feels this more than he does; he is unhappy because he is not producing as he feels he should; he is not content because he feels that he is not occupying his proper place in the world. If he is a mental type he knows that he cannot compete with a worker in the muscular field who is qualified for his work; he is not physically built for muscular work and breaks in spirit and body when put in competition with this type. A mental worker will find his highest development only in that field.

What is true of the mental worker in the mental field is true of every other worker in his field. A muscular type in any other field is a misfit, and there are those in the professional, executive and entertainment field who are working at a disadvantage because they belong in the muscular field.

Katherine Blackford declares that 75 per cent of the people are in the wrong vocation. This may be something of an exaggeration, but it is nevertheless a fact that multitudes of persons are in the wrong field of work.

The following analysis and questionnaire will help you decide for what vocation your special faculties are best

adapted. A good plan to follow is to rate your percentage in each faculty on a separate piece of paper, and when they are all written down it will be apparent in which faculties you rate high and in which you rate low. To find your percentage of a faculty divide 100 by the number of questions and multiply by the number which you can answer in the affirmative, as follows: If the number of questions is 20 and you can answer 16 in the affirmative the example would be, $100 \div 20 = 5$ and $5 \times 16 = 80$. Your percentage, therefore, would be 80.

The faculties that have a high rating are the dominating forces in what should be your vocation, and these high faculties you will endeavor to make more efficient by devoting your study and attention to them. There is usually one high faculty, and this should be supported by the other faculties that are essential to its success. If the necessary supporting faculties are weak, they must be strengthened and invigorated by the proper training and development, just as would the players on an athletic team. In baseball a good pitcher must be supported by a good infield, a good outfield and good team work or his work will go for naught. And so it is with any single faculty; it must have strong support to be a winner; it must be backed up by the team work of supporting faculties.

Do not answer the questions under "Self-Analysis" hurriedly unless the answer comes to you forcibly and without any hesitancy or doubt. The better way, even tho you feel a strong conviction, is to pause for reflection, and be sure that it is the love of the work and not the fascination of a special environment that appeals to you. There are those who would like to become writers because of what they believe to be the life of a writer; some there

7 ESSENTIALS OF HEALTH

Do you know the 7 Essentials of Health?
If you overlook **ANY ONE** of the 7 Essentials you cannot have **LASTING** health?
Do you know how to make the body help the mind?
Do you know how to make the mind help the body?
Do you know why bread is **NOT** the staff of life?
Do you know what the **TRUE STAFF** of LIFE is?
Do you know why whole wheat bread is **WORSE** than white bread?
Do you know why the drinking of too much water is harmful?
Do you know the dangers of eating nuts?
Do you know which of the **NATURAL FOODS** are **CONSTIPATING**?
Do you know the harmful effects of using artificial aids to move the bowels?
Do you know the **TRULY NATURAL** way to **REALLY CURE** Constipation?
Do you know why many vegetarians **DO NOT** enjoy the good health they should?
Do you know the **DANGERS** of fasting?
Do you know why you have gas, and a simple way to eliminate it?
Do you know that when teeth decay the other **SOFTER** parts of the body also decay?
Do you know how you can **ABSOLUTELY STOP** all tooth decay and at the same time stop all bodily decay?
Do you know how to attain your normal weight with safety and ease?
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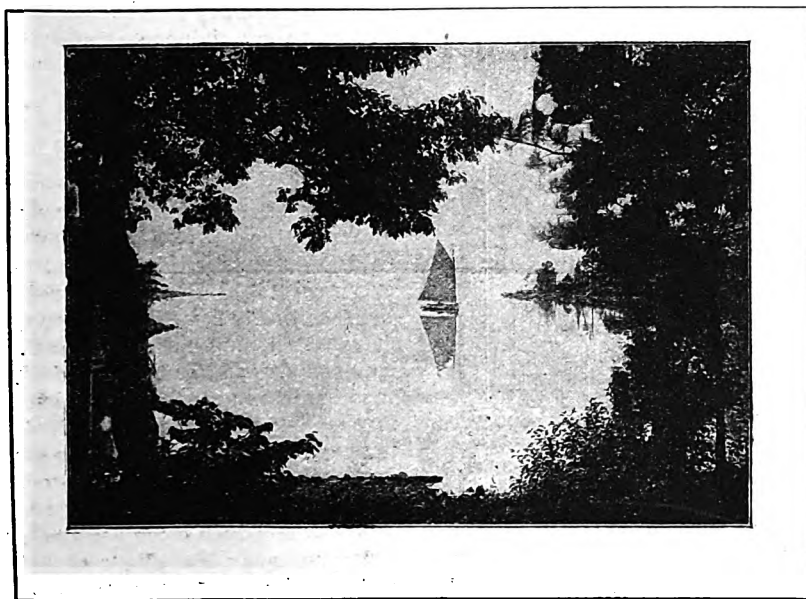
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are who look with pleasant anticipation to the profession of physician, minister or lawyer and picture a life of ease and comfort; and still others who are lured by the environment of the stage, motion pictures or other forms of entertainment. But the love for environment is not a true calling, and those choosing a field of work purely on those grounds will be doomed to disappointment. A misfit in any field will find that the environment that he longed for is only for the successful, for those whose natural talents fit them for the work. Therefore answer the questions with what you believe to be a true estimate of your faculties.

SELF-ANALYSIS

Mental Field

Am I studious?
Do I like to get off alone and study?
Do I like to read Shakespeare, Bacon, Byron or the Bible because of my love for good literature?
Do I like to teach?
Have I an inclination to correct those who make incorrect statements?
Do I like to attend lectures and sermons?
Have I a desire to write?
Do I enjoy thinking?
Do I try to solve problems, social, religious or political?
Do I study dogmas, creeds and beliefs?
Am I fond of educational work?

Do I like office or desk work?
Do I like secretarial work?
Am I particular and exact about detail?
Do I like calculating and bookkeeping?
Do I like stenographic work?
Am I fastidious and exacting in all mental or mathematical tasks?
Am I technical in terms and phraseology?
Do I like making blue prints and drafting?
Do I like chemistry?
Do I like laboratory work of any kind?
Do I like to work out cause and effect?
Do I like research work?
Am I interested in astronomy?
Do I like scientific work of any kind?
Refer to "Mental Field" for an enumeration of some of the vocations in this field.
My rating in the Mental Field is—. My inclination is for Education—. Clerical work—. Science—.

Muscular Field

Do I like activity in work and play?
Do I like to be in the open?
Am I interested in things that move, both animals and machinery?
Am I interested in agriculture?
Am I interested in live-stock raising?
Am I interested in railroading or transportation of any kind?
Am I interested in mining?
Am I interested in forestry?
Would I care to be a forest ranger?
Would I be interested in the work of a civil engineer?
Do I like horseback riding, auto-mobiling or aviation?
Do I enjoy outdoor athletics?

Am I fond of boxing, wrestling, football or any other rugged game?

Do I enjoy fishing, hunting, hiking, camping or automobile journeys?

Do I like machinery, to build or operate?

Do I like manual labor in preference to desk work?

Have I a dislike for detail work and all confining work?

Do I demand space and freedom of action?

Have I a love of liberty of thought and action, both for myself and fellow beings?

Am I called a doer by those who know me and not a dreamer or theorizer?

My rating in the Muscular Field is—. My inclination is for Agriculture—. Mining—. Transportation—. Forestry—. Engineering—. Mechanical work—. Sports—.

Professional Field

Do I innately feel a call to the ministry, medicine, law or other profession?

Have I a desire to preach?

Am I interested in theology?

Does the pastor's work appeal to me?

As a boy did I have a desire to be a minister when I grew up?

Did I play at being a minister?

Have I always been interested in the Bible?

Am I interested in the art of healing?

Am I interested in medicine?

Does the physician's work appeal to me?

Does surgery appeal to me?

Am I interested in nature's remedies or in osteopathy or chiropractic?

Does a professional life hold a fascination for me?

Do I like attending the sick?

As a child did I play at being a doctor, nurse or dentist?

Does disease and its cause interest me?

Am I interested in dentistry or optometry?

Does the practice of law appeal to me?

Do I find an interest in the phraseology of the law?

Do I like to cross examine?

Would I like to address a jury?

Do I like debate and discussion?

Am I aggressive in argument?

Can I build a convincing argument?

Am I persistent in making a point?

Have I tact as well as fighting ability?

Am I poised and balanced under fire?

Am I interested in political history and international affairs?

Do I like politics?

My rating in the Professional Field is—. My inclination is for the Ministry—. Law—. Doctor—. Other Profession (name it)—.

Executive Field

Am I naturally a leader?

Do I command attention?

Am I listened to when I talk?

Are my orders obeyed without question?

Am I positive in manner and speech?

Do I arrive at a conclusion without delay?

Do I stand by my opinion?

Am I an independent thinker?

Can I handle persons under me?

Do I get respect, loyalty and good work from those working under me?

Do I enjoy having a task to do and putting it over?

Do I like competition?

Am I willing to accept responsibility?

Have I the qualities of firmness, perseverance, stability and hardihood?

Have I self-confidence, enthusiasm and courage?

Have I self-pride, dignity and a love of power?

My rating in the Executive Field is—.

Entertainment Field

Have I a love for the entertainment field?

Have I a strong burning desire to be an actor or actress?

Am I fully convinced that I have histrionic ability?

Have I a distinct personality?

Am I attracted by things of a theatrical nature?

Do I like to recite?

As a child did I play at being an actor and re-enact plays I had seen?

As a youth did I try to get on the stage?

Did I take part in amateur performances?

Was I considered talented?

Have I been told that I should be an actor?

Do I find pleasure in performing in public?

Am I a mimic?

Do I like to interpret character?

Am I a good story-teller?

Have I a good speaking voice?

Do I think I would be successful in motion pictures?

Do I photograph well?

Have I any accomplishments—music, singing, dancing, fencing, swimming, rowing, shooting, horsemanship, athletic ability?

Have I a good "radio" voice?

Could I qualify for a motion picture director?

Why? (give ten reasons)

Do I enjoy producing plays or other amusements?

Could I stage and produce a play?

Have I natural talent for play directing?

Could I write a play?

Have I any ability for song writing?

Would I like stage and dramatic work as a business?

Is it the work or art in the Entertainment Field that attracts more than the environment?

My rating in the Entertainment Field is—. My inclination is for Drama—. Vaudeville—. Opera—. Musical Comedy—. Circus—. Motion Pictures (acting)—. Motion Picture Director—. Stage Director—. Producer—.

You will probably find affirmative answers in nearly every one of these fields, for, as has been stated before, every normal person is possessed of all the faculties to some degree; we can all drive a nail, sing a song, write a letter, bandage a wound or boss somebody and thus qualify in all five fields, but there is one field in which we will do our most effective work. Therefore do not decide the field at once but proceed to analyze the faculties; get your rating in these, and then come back to the selection of your best field, as it is the faculties that will qualify you in any field.

Indictment!

(Continued from page 42)

afternoon and then try to do his work at night. He botched everything and always excused himself by telling me what a pretty girl he had been out with and what he hoped to accomplish next time he took her out. Finally he called them his "harem". God pity them. He was engaged to several of them—two at the same time. One came to the office and asked me to design her a home . . . she drowned herself in the river. Wheatley said she was a fool, he could have got her fixed up.

He was oily. He used to get his nails manicured—a trick that effeminated him. I think he used rouge, too. He was forever combing his sleek hair. He was a sample of the grown-up children of today. He had a mock politeness for young women, but with elderly women he was what he called "all business."

"These young chickens," he would say. "A fellah can never tell when he'll make a hit with one of those babies. Might cop off one with a lot of kale, you know. It pays to be polite to a pretty woman; that's what gets them."

A number of the people here have discovered that I have a good education. They have asked me to help them in little things. I am helping one lad understand books. The library has a lot of old, substantial books in it—good reading. Also the chief has permitted me to help in the class they hold every day for the aliens; teaching them citizenship in the event that they are discharged from here. These people thank me; yet they do it naturally. They know that some of us are luckier than others, have better training. There is no jealousy.

The people here are a community bound together by a common interest—the same interest that is outside. They want to get along together. They think simply and get along. Everybody is on an equality as far as they go. Each individual is a member of the community and knows it. Some of us are farmers and help about the truck garden. Some have trades and do such work about the place as they can. Because I have the training, they are letting me superintend the erection of the new wing of the annex building. Over half the workmen on the structure live here. And they all accept my orders, because they believe I know what I am asking them to do. Sometimes they ask me why certain things are done in a certain way and I try to tell them. Sometimes a workman will explain to me why he does his part of the work in a certain way. I have really learned a lot about practical building here.

Diet—Health and Strength

HEALTH CULTURE is a monthly magazine edited by Dr. Elmer Lee, a well-known authority and one of the brightest and most advanced writers of the day on the art of gaining and preserving health without the use of drugs. Opposed to the use of serums, vaccinations and needless surgical operations.

HEALTH CULTURE stands for higher ideals of life. Its aim will be to make men and women better Physically, Mentally and Morally, to save the lives of children, adding to the length of life and to the value of human existence by increasing the ability to accomplish and enjoy. One of Life's Essentials is proper food. What to eat to meet the various conditions of life, what is best for the growing child, the active adult and the more sedentary aged, is a very important matter. The consideration of this subject is a prominent feature of **HEALTH CULTURE**; but, as it cannot be considered fully, a work on this subject has been issued which admirably supplements the magazine and will answer the question **FOR YOU**.

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Dr. Elmer Lee
Editor

Name:.....

WHAT FOOD IS BEST

"WHAT SHALL WE EAT?" considers the Food Question from the standpoint of Health, Strength and Economy. Contains Numerous Tables showing the constituent Elements of all Food products and their Relative Cost and Nutritive Values, Time of Digestion, etc., indicating Best Food for all Classes. By Prof. Alfred Andrews.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Comparative Table of food products and values, showing eight points, viz.: Time required for digestion; amount of refuse; amount of water; per cent of heat and energy; of fat; of flesh and bone material; and cost of the different articles. The list includes several hundred of the most common articles of food. Well worth cost of book.

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Amount of Food Needed for Different Conditions.

Economy of Food. How to get the best food for the least money. Chart showing pecuniary economy of food.

Foods and Constipation. Diarrhoea and biliousness.

Food Combinations. What kinds should be used together.

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Comparative Table of Protein and Carbohydrates.

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I didn't kill Wheatley, tho God knows I meant to. He drove me wild; he represented in his personality and his ways all that jarred upon me so. He was "modern". Money was his God. He had the same training I had, at the same schools and colleges; that was why I took him into my office. But he didn't know the meaning of courtesy. And he thought women were all alike; he thought they were all the kind he wanted them to be. His cigarettes were perfumed; he wore shirts that screamed and his handkerchiefs had colored borders—the same color as his sox. His shoes were pointed and of ghastly shades.

That day when I came in he was polishing his nails and eating bon-bons out of a box he had open on his work-table. There was a smear of chocolate on a tracing he was making. I spoke to him about it. He tried to wipe it off and the silly cuffs that protruded below his sleeves caught in the India-ink bottle and upset it. The ink ran over the tracing and dropped on his trousers.

"I've got to go home and change them," he said. "Got a date with Will Lovejoy's 'steno' at three o'clock. Some baby she is—blue eyes and red hair. Some baby."

"I notice her hair and her eyebrows don't match," I said. "What's the trouble? Couldn't she dye them, too?"

If women want to dye their hair that is their business, but I hate a botched job. It shows lack of technique or lack of appreciation. So many women don't know anything about color, yet they use enough of it to learn.

He made some reply; one epithet led to another. He exasperated me. He was the epitome of what you see on every hand these days—mock men and travesties of womanhood. Finally I discharged him.

"You yaller dog," he said, "to fire an ex-service man."

I laughed at him and reminded him that he had enlisted the day the fake armistice report was published—a day remarkable for its enlistment records.

"It just happened that way," he said. "I got tired waiting for my draft number to be called. I didn't know about the armistice till afterwards. It was a fake anyway. I was as patriotic as you were."

I had designed the barracks at the cantonment and donated my services as civil superintendent. I'd tried to go to France but they turned me down on account of my lungs. I struck at him and he grasped the big knife we used to cut tracing paper from the roll and came at me. I knocked him down and kicked the knife out of his hand. And then he called me that . . . that word that you hear on all sides these days. I have cursed many a man,

but I've never insulted a man's mother by saying that to him. It was the end.

"I'll rid the world of one beast," I shouted at him and rushed for him. "For God's sake, Norton," he shrieked, dropping to his knees. "Don't. Listen, I got to have some money. I'll be a good dog. But don't fire me for a couple of weeks. I've got to have that much salary; I got a girl out in the hospital . . ."

The next I knew this slimy thing was grappling with me. I threw him off, into a corner. This wasn't the first girl that I knew about, but I made up my mind it would be the last. I jumped to my desk and pulled my revolver out. I shot at him pointblank three times. I meant to kill him. But

The Man Behind the Smile

I DON'T know how he is on creeds,
I never heard him say;
But he's got a smile that fits his face
And he wears it every day.

If things go wrong he won't complain—
Just tries to see the joke;
He's always finding little ways
Of helping other folk.

He sees the good in everyone,
Their faults he never mentions;
He has a lot of confidence
In people's good intentions.

You soon forget what ails you
When you happen 'round this man;
He can cure a case of hypo—
Quicker than the doctor can.

No matter if the sky is gray,
You get his point of view,
And the clouds begin to scatter
And the sun comes breaking thru.

You'll know him if you meet him,
And you'll find it worth your while
To cultivate the friendship of
The Man Behind the Smile.

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I didn't hit him, and he ran from the room dashing the door open. I saw him strike the railing about the light well and double up over it. The next I knew I was here.

Here it is all over and past. I'm not sorry he died. I would have killed him if I could. But I am contented here. People are courteous. You know what courtesy is . . . when you were a young woman and lived at home with your father and mother, people were courteous to each other.

And so I ask you not to try to move me from here to a sanitarium. I don't want to go to the sort of a sanitarium you would select. It would be modern . . . and it is the modern world that led me here.

Rest assured that I am well and

contented and whether you believe me sane or insane I am still,

Your devoted son,
Roger

* * * *

STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE

Office of the Director

August 28th, 1929.

Mrs. K. G. Norton,
87 Prospect Drive.

Dear Madam:

Replying to your letter of the 25th, enclosing copy of the order of the court for the removal of your son to Idlewild Sanitarium, I regret to say that we cannot obey the order.

The court's directions call for the removal of "Roger Norton, an insane person", from this institution. There is no such inmate in the State Hospital. The only Roger Norton here is our superintendent of buildings, a salaried employee, appointed by me on August 20th. Roger Norton, formerly an inmate of this institution, was discharged as sane on my recommendation August 19th by order of the court presided over by Judge Nettleson.

Thanking you for the courtesy of your letter I am,

Very truly yours,
Calvin C. Breck, M. D.,
Director in Charge.

P.S.:—I have, my dear Mrs. Norton, written you the above formal letter so that you may give it to your attorney, Mr. Blackwell, to make such use of as he may desire. But as a friend of your son, Roger Norton, I want to write you informally in regard to him.

Under the rules of this institution his letter, which he wrote you some months back, was passed to me to read before being mailed. Some of our patients occasionally write letters of a nature that is advisable to keep from their relatives. I would urge you to read your son's letter over again very carefully and if you love him to be guided by what he says therein.

Insanity, Mrs. Norton, is something that we doctors really know very little about. But we do know this: that the human brain is profoundly affected by its environment and that the brain may be wounded just as may other parts of the body. Yet with this difference: a wound of the brain may be the result of fatigue; it may be strained or wounded by a "psychic" blow just as a bone may be broken by a material blow. The brain is a most sensitive body, how sensitive we are just beginning to discover.

It is largely affected by environment as I have said. From your son's letter and from a study of his case I believe that the environment in which he spent at least the last few years before coming here had, by repeated "blows", wounded his brain. The environment

which he finds here, on the other hand, is building up and restoring his mental health—it is, in short, restoring that brain of his to its normal functioning. There is no doubt that Roger Norton was "insane" when he was sent to us. I am glad indeed to be able to say that now, due to changes within himself, I do not consider him "insane" at all. But I would not vouch for the continuance of his improvement were he to leave here. Contentment is a great medicine, and if there ever was a contented man it is your son.

Aside from that, all of us here would miss him very much were he to go away. He is not only a skilled, experienced architect who is saving this institution much more money than we are paying him in salary, but he possesses that innate courtesy of true gentlemanliness which makes him beloved by our patients here and a dear friend to all members of the staff. I am sure his character is a reflection of the excellent training and up-bringing he received at his mother's hands and I trust that you will permit him to have his way and remain in his present position until such time as he desires to leave, so that we may bask, as it were, in the reflected sunlight of his mother's sterling character.

Mr. Norton likes his work here. He was appointed at his own request when I learned that our former superintendent of buildings was going elsewhere. As a member of our staff he is one of the most valuable men to and at the hospital and as a fellowman he is respected and held in high esteem by all of us. Aside from his contentment and the satisfactory environment he finds here, I think the one thing he needs to assist him to absolute restoration of his former self is as many cheery, kindly, loving letters as his mother will write him.

Please believe me, my dear Mrs. Norton,

Most sincerely yours,
Calvin Breck

Just Because We're Women

(Continued from page 45)

Selling dental supplies is one of the occupations recently invaded by women. A few years ago, a "bunch of bright and sparkling femininity" five feet tall and bearing the name Mabel M. Conger arrived in Topeka, Kans., with \$15 in her pocket. She was far from being a sturdy person and could claim only one hundred and five pounds of weight. But she was blest with plenty of ambition and determination.

She was given a chance to sell dental supplies and liked it so well that as soon as she saw an opportunity to start in business for herself she found a



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If you cannot arrange for a personal consultation, write to PAULINE CLEAVER, 82 Rockview Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey, enclosing four cents in stamps, and she will promptly mail you her questionnaire. The study of this alone is helpful. See how clearly you can answer her questions. Find yourself in this sane, scientific way to better self-understanding.

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partner "to help her out, carrying some of the worry," and set up a dental supply concern of her own. It was not long before her saleswomen—she believes in helping her own sex—were covering all of Kansas, Missouri and northern Oklahoma in their tours, some of them driving their own automobiles. The offices of the Conger Dental Supply now occupy a suite in one of Topeka's finest office buildings.

This successful business woman plays as hard as she works. Her friends claim that she can sing and dance as well as a movie star, and she is a favorite entertainer for the Topeka Business and Professional Women's Club of which she is a charter member and now president. She is always a headliner in the Club revues.

The girl who likes public office can find stimulus in the careers of such successful public servants as Miss Delia Rossean, deputy sheriff of Council Bluffs, Iowa, or Miss Maude Fones, city clerk of Joplin, Mo. Young women who are deputy sheriffs in eastern states seldom get nearer to a sheriff's gun than to look at one brought in by a masculine agent of the sheriff's office. But in the West, a deputy sheriff's duties go along with the title. Miss Rossean is authorized to make arrests when occasion demands and she knows how to use her gun. She wears a gold star under the lapel of her coat and takes pride in being one of Uncle Sam's officials.

Mrs. Bessie Abell of Louisville, Ky., is a bright example of the old saying that the ability to make friends is one

of the first characteristics needed for winning success in business.

Mrs. Abell is chief ticket seller in Union Station in Louisville and earns top salary because of her beguiling way with the public. Her smile is so genial and she shows such personal interest in any traveler desiring aid in routing or making connections that she arouses a glow of gratitude and her beneficiaries want to know her name. When Christmas comes, they send her so many handkerchiefs that she is able to sport a brand new one every day during the following twelve months.

The girl with initiative and courage is sure to come out into green pastures of success if she just keeps pegging away at the things at hand that have to be done, all the while keeping her mind watchful for the big opportunity.

Happiness from Chaos

(Continued from page 39)

clothes.' My ambitions had all been blasted, so I thought at eighteen, and why should I pull them out of a garbage can when it was too late?

"After all this self-pity I felt as weak as a cat. I had to take Mrs. Jones' washing back to her, so I put the coffee on the stove to heat and went to get the cream and sugar. This would be my fourth cup of strong coffee that day.

"Dear, I wish you wouldn't drink quite so much coffee. I'm sure it isn't good for you,' mother said gently.

"I can't help it, I snapped, dashing tears out of my eyes, 'if I am too tired to go out in this rain without something warm inside me. I wish I had a good strong drink of brandy, that I do.' I had never tasted brandy, but I wanted to say something startling.

"That night I was nervous and fretful and could not sleep at all. I arose the next day with circles under my eyes. Our kindly physician who called to see mother noticed me and said, 'Girl, this will never do. You don't look one-half your self, and you've been losing weight lately. Is it a tragic love affair?'

"Love affair? How could I have a love affair buried in this old place?'

"So that's it, not getting any attention at all,' he said. 'Well, girl, we want to keep our health so that when the time comes we shall be ready for it. I'll see if I cannot get you into Dorothy's Rest for a month or so.'

"The old doctor was as good as his word, and in a few weeks I found myself in a wonderful mountain resort with a crystal clear lake between snow-capped sunlit summits. The other girls were mostly workers like myself, but oh, with such a different viewpoint.

Most of them were full of the joyous spirits of girlhood.

"Our chaperon was a vigorous, older woman whose life had been a long and zestful search for loveliness. She saw beauty in everything, and she knew how to bring out the best in every girl. She and I became close friends and remained so until her death.

"While in camp we each took a cold dip in the lake first thing in the morning, and then we took vigorous exercises as soon as we had rubbed ourselves dry with rough towels. In the snappy morning air we kicked, swung dumbbells, ran races, jumped rope and played hopscotch just like kids.

"Breakfast was welcome after our exercise; then we tidied up about camp and spent our days hiking, swimming or fishing. I learned to love all these outdoor sports which I hardly realized existed before I went to camp.

"I ate plenty of simple, wholesome food and, more than this, I learned mind control and poise, so that before the month was up I was so full of vibrant good health and happiness that I never thought of coffee or other stimulants.

"Home I went knowing that a healthy, right thinking girl will eventually find a way out of any situation no matter how difficult or chaotic it might be. I was eager to see mother because I knew she had been worried about my cross, peevish ways.

"As usual mother had been courageously carrying on, with the help of a distant relative who had kindly consented to come over while I was gone. To show her appreciation to this woman mother had made her a neat black and white dress and a little black and white felt hat to go with it.

Mother had made a hat, her first hat, and mother already had gray hair!

"If mother could learn to do new things at her age so could I. How stupid I had been! I had wasted time fretting because I had to wash for a living when I had a chance to earn a living helping mother create new clothes. Could anything be more delightful than planning color combinations, line and harmony in clothes?

"I went to work with a will to learn to sew, continuing the washing for the time as we needed money. Learning was disastrous once in a while, for I well remember the rage Mrs. Brown went into when I ruined her unmatched crêpe de chine. I was too mortified for apologies.

"But as my sewing improved, our income improved. I was putting a little by each month toward paying off the mortgage. I enjoyed my new work, and so my health continued to improve. I gained weight, my cough completely disappeared and my complexion cleared up. In a vivid red dress which I had created myself, my rippling dark hair loose, I presented such a trim, neat figure that I was a good advertisement for our shop. For by now mother and I had christened our sewing rooms 'The Betty Lee.'

"Sundays and holidays I usually went hiking or swimming with the friends whom I had met up in the mountains. Occasionally I even went hiking alone for I loved the colorful cliffs and canyons, the warm sunshine and the blue masses of distant mountains. These days I was happier than I had ever been before and mother, too, was improving. Now and again she walked with a limp, while her wheel chair sat idly by.

"I tried to be contented with my home, my work and my mother. But secretly I had a craving, a restlessness. Something was lacking to make my life a complete success. I later decided that it was children I needed, but how to have children without a husband?"

"At church parties and socials I met all sorts of young men, but none of them interested me, altho we often had good times together. Then I met Donald thru his sister who was a wealthy client of ours. For a time my heart went pitty pat—on account of the boy himself I thought at that time, altho later I saw it was his marvelous automobile and the glamor of wealth that surrounded him that attracted me.

"We went together for some time, and I never tired of hearing him say in his soft, caressing voice how lovely he thought I was. One beautiful night when the moon cast a soft glamorous beauty over everything, Donald put his arm around me and waxed louder and louder in his praise of my 'radiantly alive beauty'. Finally he stopped the car, miles from anywhere, and I sat waiting to hear a proposal of marriage. I had decided that I would accept.

"Donald continued taking liberties, growing bolder and bolder. Finally he presented the traditional alternative. 'Did I want to walk home?'

"I did not, so I tricked him. I pretended to acquiesce, and asked him to get out of the car and help me out. He started to get out; I grabbed his leg and pushed his shoulder and into the dust he sprawled. It was he who walked home that night, not I.

"I had learned to drive a car be-

cause we had been saving up to buy one ever since we had finished paying off the mortgage. Mother and I went on working and saving money for the car, but after my experience with Donald I would have nothing more to do with men. I tried to be happy and contented but I did want a baby.

"Then I met Tom. I had gone on a hike by myself and somehow had fallen over and broken my ankle. Tom came along and bound it up for me. He was then an interne in the largest hospital in the city. I remember as he drove me home that night that I longed for a wreck or anything that would keep us from getting home, because I did not want to part from him. He apparently felt the same way, for he called regularly after that and soon we were married. We did not have to wait until he was earning enough to support mother and me, for did we not earn enough doing work that we loved?

"My first boy came while we were still running the shop, but shortly after that Tom had a practice large enough to move mother, boy and me into a home of our own on the other side of town. Mother had several happy years before she died.

"Tom's practice continued to grow for he is a wonderful physician, you know that, and we bought a larger house as our family increased. Oh, I'm so happy with my three boys and two girls! It just does not seem possible that I came from the type of home I did. It just shows we can achieve anything!"

The sun was setting as I bade my hostess good-by. I went home determined to make more—far more—of my own life.

Are You Queering Your Boy with His Gang?

(Continued from page 47)

honored among his peers. Among boys of six to twelve years it is the convention to have nothing to do with girls. Of course, sisters are unavoidable. They will happen to the most manly and independent of fellows, to his annoyance. They do come in handy sometimes, to be sure, to mend a tear that must escape the maternal eye or to wheedle a privilege from the supposedly sterner parent, but in general sisters are held to be nuisances and cry-babies. A boy may play with his sisters and their friends in the privacy of his own back yard, but playing with girls as friends, as if they were people and his equals, is not looked upon with favor by the boys' world. This outlook naturally affects the mixed dancing class. To go to dancing school all dressed up in patent leather pumps and dance with girls is mental torture to the normal boy. The mother who forces her son to attend what he calls a "sissy" dancing class is making him

appear to his associates in the light of a prig and a dandy, to be held in sovereign contempt by his fellows.

The conventions and usages of the boys' world are, to the grown-up way of thinking, as cruel and uncivilized as those of any savage tribe. Much of the boy's cruelty is caused by curiosity, a great deal by thoughtlessness. When he pulls the wings off an insect, he is not merely being vicious. He is prompted by curiosity to see how the insect will manage without the wings. When he covers a rock with a cast-off hat and gets another child to kick it, he does so not so much because he wants to inflict the injury—tho he is not entirely guiltless on this score—but because he thinks it extremely funny to see the other's pained surprise. When he pretends to scorn girls he is merely trying to ape the adult male, strong, virile, imperious to softness or sentiment. When he fights it is for what he considers

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an infringement of his rights or to establish his prestige in the community. Is this so very different from the procedure followed by nations composed of mature men?

For the distracted mother of that youthful barbarian, the boy of six to twelve years, there is a broad beam of comfort and hope. If she will but realize that this barbarism is only a stage thru which the human male animal passes and which he leaves behind him after he enters adolescence, there will be less emotional wear and tear on both mother and son. The barbaric phase will disappear naturally and automatically with adolescence, and the ideals inculcated by the parents will bear fruit in the shape of a more civilized social attitude. Vanity, pride in personal appearance, will awaken; socks will lie smooth on the legs; shirt-sleeves will be rolled down, buttons and buttonholes will be properly mated. The boy will even wash behind the ears voluntarily. He will walk into the house thru the front door when there is company instead of stealing in thru the back way.

The discovery that girls are not so bad will aid materially in the reformation of clothes and manners. This discovery will not make him voluntarily attend dancing school, but it will lead him surreptitiously and shamefacedly to ask another boy to teach him the latest steps.

The understanding mother will find that it is really not necessary to queer her boy with his friends. Since she realizes that his young rough-and-tumble life is a passing phase, she will not expect or demand perfection. There are more ways than one of getting a child to do a thing, and it is most unwise to set up a negative or antagonistic attitude. The mother who wishes to save herself and her son much emotional stress will be circumspect about asking him to do things which might hold him up to the ridicule of his fellows or which are contrary to the customs of boydom. There are occasions when she risks her own dignity and authority less by respecting the code of the boys' world than by attempting to oppose it. Discretion is the better part of valor.

What Can We Do For You?

(Continued from page 52)

duced to such an extent that he is more or less inefficient. I presume that Henry Ford figured this out in cutting down the hours per day that his men work. He is probably getting out of them all the efficient, continuous work that a man is capable of giving in one day's time. My advice is for you to work less, have some hours left for recreation and learn to relax and forget all about business when you are away from it.

QUESTION:—U. E. D. writes:—

I am extremely self-conscious and blush easily. For the past few years this has caused me to keep away from all social affairs. I have tried to give myself the right kind of suggestions but they do not seem to work, for I never feel courageous enough to go out among people and not care how I act or feel. It would seem to me that if there was anything in suggestion I would have prepared myself for a normal life long ago, for I certainly have used suggestion faithfully for many years. Can you tell me what is the matter and why I have not responded to this widely heralded and supposedly helpful form of cure long ago?

ANSWER:—

There is a right and wrong way of doing everything, and you certainly have not been using suggestion in the right way.

Suggestion alone will not make any decided change in one. It merely represents the plan of action and gives your subconscious self a cue. It represents thought, and thought is never

complete without action. You might just as well sit home and expect to get to Europe without anything more tangible in the way of help than just dreaming about it. If you intended building a home you would not expect thought to do it, would you? Thought would make the "blue prints" possible, but it would take *action* in the form of a contractor and laborers to build the house. Your failure has been along the lines of action. You have expected to be transformed thru thought alone. It is experience and practice that you need. You must meet these things you fear time after time, priming yourself for the ordeal with the right sort of suggestion and then striving to forget yourself as much as possible in meeting these trials and fears. And, too, suggestion can be overdone. It is not wise to be constantly suggesting even strengthening things to self, for that is really keeping self and your weakness in mind too much. You must follow out a definite plan. It is not a crime to blush. You must develop as much courage as possible and an attitude of indifference toward it all and fight your weakness.

QUESTION:—B. I. B. writes:—

I have a daughter six years old who is deathly afraid of dogs, cats and all animals. It is almost impossible for us to get the child outside of our yard for fear she will meet an animal. I have taken her by the arm and pulled her into the presence of an animal, have whipped her, have talked to her,

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but all to no avail. She almost goes into a convulsion when she meets a dog or cat. Can you suggest anything I might do?

ANSWER:—

I would never use the tactics you have in trying to remove the fear your daughter has of dogs and cats. Your present method is not only irrational and cruel but will deepen the fear you are trying to remove. It is more than likely she has been told some story in earlier years that made a deep impression of fear on her mind. This you may not recall, for it may have been something told by another, even a story like "Little Red Ridinghood" could make a deep impression on the mind of a very sensitive child. Reason with her, try to lead her away from this fear thru kindness, joke about the thing at times, relate stories of wonderful things that dogs have done and how kind and affectionate they are, but not to her or as tho you were doing it for her benefit. Suggest to her while sleeping, in a quiet but firm voice, that she will not have any fear of dogs or cats as they are friends to humans. I am sure with patience you will be able to get rid of this fear.

Q **UESTION:—J. C. writes:—**

It has been my intention to take considerable time off this summer and be out in the sun and air a lot. There will be bathing also as I shall be living quite close to the ocean and a good beach. But several have told me of late that too much sun is not good for one and that it may harm me to follow out my plan. I am now undecided just what to do and would like a little advice.

ANSWER:—

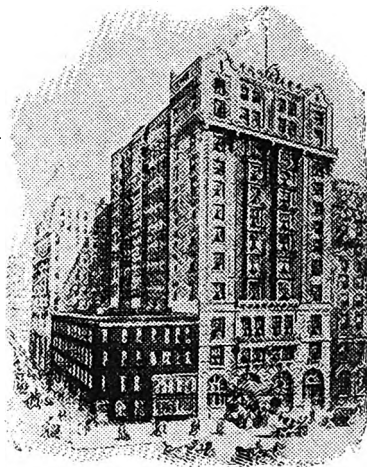
I never knew of air and sun harming one, unless the temperature was high and the sun's rays too heating. I would suggest that you gradually get used to the sun and get your sunburn slowly. Go out the first day and expose yourself only a few minutes and then return home or protect yourself from the sun by putting on your clothes. The next day you can add a few minutes, and so on. Don't get a bad case of sunburn by remaining too long at one time. If you will gradually accustom yourself to it I am sure it will do you a great deal of good.

Q **UESTION:—B. O. B. writes:—**

My father, aged 79, has been acting rather peculiarly of late. He is not really insane as I know insanity, but he will do peculiar things. It is now rather hard for us to make him understand us, and his conversation is vague and wandering. He at times gets a notion that he is not living in his own home and insists upon leaving and going home. Is there anything we can do for him, and in your opinion what is the matter?

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ANSWER:—

From your statement I believe your father is suffering from senile insanity, or, more technically called, senile dementia. It is a gradual breaking down of the brain cells and there is not much that can be done in the way of a cure. Such persons should be watched, for they are quite likely to wander off and perhaps get into trouble or meet with an accident. If he gets where you find it difficult to handle him at home I suggest that you try to find some nice place to send him where he will receive care and attention. He will in his present condition be quite as happy there as he is at home, so you need not feel you are mistreating him in making such a move.

QUESTION:—M. O. T. writes:—

I am very thin and am wondering if you can tell me anything that will add to my weight? I might also state that I am inclined to be nervous and some have told me that this is really responsible for my being so thin. I seem to be in good health and have no digestive disturbances.

ANSWER:—

It will take more than food to solve your problem. Nervous people are usually sensitive, indulge in worry, think about themselves in an over-serious way, play little and burn up a lot of energy wastefully. My prescription would be: Learn how to relax, rest a

lot, stop worrying, forget yourself as much as you can, try to turn your thoughts outward, go to bed early and take a nap in the middle of the day if convenient. As to foods, eat a reasonable amount of starchy foods, sweets, fat meats, cereals, bread, vegetables and fruits. Eliminate tea and coffee and drink milk or buttermilk. Take a glass of hot milk each night before going to bed.

QUESTION:—B. E. S. writes:—

My left hand is becoming quite crippled and out of shape from what the doctors pronounce arthritis deformans. They say that they can do nothing. Isn't there something that can be done to help such a condition?

ANSWER:—

In a case like yours little nodules form, or so-called spurs, that thicken the joints and gradually limit the use of them. This is caused by a deposit. I would suggest that you place the hand, palm downward, on some hard surface and then with the other hand press as hard as you can to try to force the joint to give some. This will be painful, for such an experience really hurts, but if you will continue to do this day after day you will in time be able to break down and grind off some of these spurs and will have more and more use of your hand. I also sug-

gest that you drink for two weeks at a time eight glasses of distilled water a day. After a rest of two weeks you can repeat this once. Keep away from salting your food heavily for the distilled water is for the purpose of eliminating some of the salt in the body. Do not eat meats for a time and live on vegetables, fruits and salads. Milk is also good for you.

QUESTION:—P. L. G. writes:—

My father is suffering from what the doctors state is locomotor ataxia. He finds it a little difficult to get about, especially in the dark, but in other ways seems to be in quite a healthy condition. He is contemplating giving up his work and says that he feels better while sitting or lying down. Would this be advisable? I am afraid if he stops his work that he will soon make himself a hopeless invalid. What is your opinion?

ANSWER:—

Your father should continue his work if it is physically possible for him to do so. You are quite right: to stop work and count himself as thru would be disastrous and he surely would become a hopeless and helpless invalid. Insist on his continuing with his work and see that he is kept mentally occupied most of his day. Encourage him all you can and keep him away from worry and other forms of fear. The more physical exercise he gets the better off he is.

“I Think”

(Continued from page 57)

readers? If other readers have the same attitude the writer would be happy to hear about it.

Ruth Enders,
North Liberty, Ind.

MY own experience and letters in the “I Think” column lead me to believe that so many people are just waiting to find the things which PSYCHOLOGY brings them that you and I, who already know the magazine, have a real piece of missionary work awaiting us. I have seen PSYCHOLOGY so gratefully received so many times that I have come to wonder how I can introduce it to more people.

The thought occurred to me the other day that I might do this by getting more newsstands to handle it; and by asking the libraries to put it on the periodical shelves.

And then the thought came that if I could suggest the idea to all the people who read PSYCHOLOGY now, and if some of them would do the same thing in their towns, soon no magazine in the country would be better known than PSYCHOLOGY.

We have found something good. Why not pass it on?

Mrs. J. B. Upson,
222 Monona Ave.,
Madison, Wisconsin.

THE story, “Back Yard”, is the first “story” I have read for months, but it got me just as the picture got the fellow in the story. I happened to buy a copy of your magazine last July and I haven't missed, nor do I intend to miss, a single copy. I hope that E. Margaret Parker will understand how much more wonderful a place I think this world is for having the few girls (and men) like her in it. I speak of her as a girl, because her story tells that even if she lived to be 200 she would never grow old in spirit.

Robert Pollard,
200 Madison Ave.,
Elmira, N. Y.

WHEN I first read PSYCHOLOGY I found in it several short, helpful and attractive articles which were

printed in large type. Some of these things have changed. The articles are longer and the print smaller and hard for me to read. However, I always found, and still find, some article in each issue that is helpful in one or more ways.

Now the fundamental objection to your magazine is: You sometimes make slurring remarks about a certain religious sect which I consider as good as any and far more practical than some. For a psychologist to make such remarks about a religion which makes more practical use of psychology than any other I know of I consider very much out of place.

I have the December issue of PSYCHOLOGY before me. In it I find a most helpful article for my work (psychotherapy) written by Dr. McKeever. Here are expressed in a nutshell the principles of applied psychology as well as some Christian principles. I think this article alone will last me a year.

G. S. Peterson,
Edward Hines, Jr., Hospital,
Hines, Ill.

Dr. Miller answers:

I do not understand what you mean about slurring remarks about a certain religious sect. We have never, to my knowledge, slurred any particular religious organization, tho we have perhaps criticized certain tendencies in all religions. We are not against any church. We simply are anxious that the churches live up to the high ideals set forth by the founder of the Christian faith, which they persistently fail to do. I would be glad if you would advise me as to what church you have in mind.

I FEEL as if I should tell you that I was one of your first fans, having purchased your magazine way back in 1924 and have not missed a copy. Up until 1928 I was in the habit of sending each copy after finishing it to someone I knew who was in distress, and I always found plenty who were glad to read and learn. I now have six months of 1928, eleven months of 1929, seven of 1930. Would you have any use for these copies?

I am in need of money and thought maybe some one would want a copy of these dates and be willing to pay a price for them. It would mean a lot to me just now if such was the case.

Leonard Hayden,
1710—22nd St.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dr. Miller answers:

I am placing your letter of recent date in the "I Think" department of PSYCHOLOGY and it is very likely that you will hear from some of our readers concerning the disposal of your back copies. We charge fifty cents for copies six months old and one dollar for copies over a year old.

I AM reading *The Laws of Psychic Phenomena* by Hudson. This book explains how mental treatment uses up the healer's vital energy, which is hard to replace. I understand that if a person uses up more physical energy than the body is able to replace there is danger to his health. What about those who devote their lives to healing others?

F. N. J.

Dr. Miller answers:

The energy used by the healer must be replaced constantly by energy from the cosmic world. The food which we eat, the air which we breathe, the water which we drink are all charged with dynamic, beneficial energy. For the full utilization of this definite activity of life the mind must be kept in constructive and receptive condition. Sleep must be perfect relaxation. Any mental healer who himself lives in accordance with the laws of good

health need not be concerned about the depletion of his vital energy.

READING, from time to time, the good that others are deriving from PSYCHOLOGY, it behooves me to give expression to my thoughts relative to what PSYCHOLOGY has been to me.

The day that Robert Collier transferred the remainder of my subscription to HOW over to PSYCHOLOGY was a lucky day for me; for prior to that time I had never heard of PSYCHOLOGY. September 1928 was the first issue I received and from that date I have read it "religiously," and have every number on file for reference, and find great pleasure in re-reading many of the articles of greatest interest to me.

I was particularly interested in the article in the September issue, "Mother of Pearl." Mollie's sudden development from a shivering coward in the water to an expert swimmer was not at all miraculous. She had the physical and mental ability for such accomplishment, but she was being dominated by those twin demons that retard the progress of so many of us on the road to success, namely doubt and fear. No sooner had she expelled them than she became an expert. The overthrowing of those two forces is a great psychological moment in any life.

May PSYCHOLOGY continue to prosper and to bring courage and inspiration to many in need of those blessings.

C. S. Broecker,
Merrill, Wis.

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(Continued from page 35)

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Money**
(Continued from page 55)

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