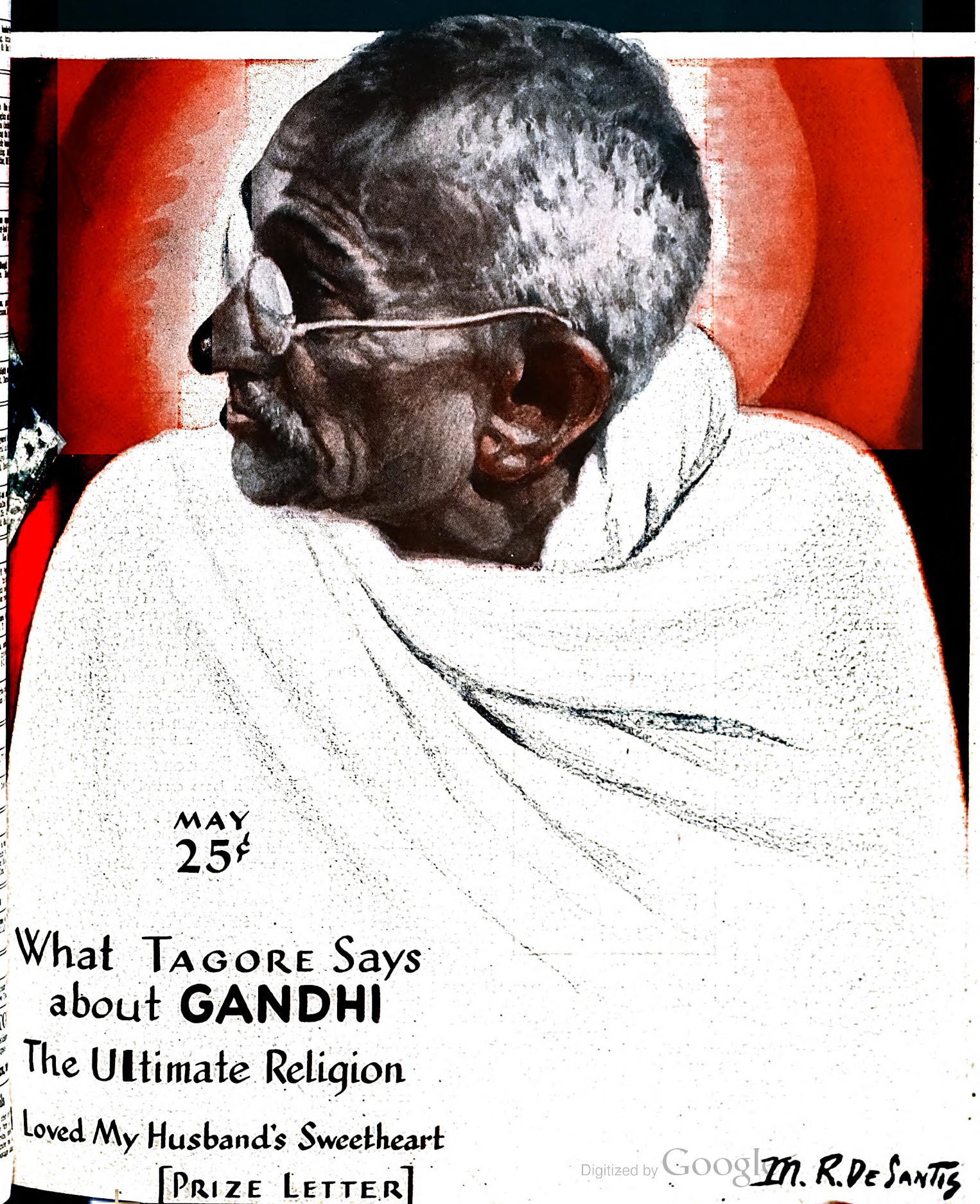


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[PRIZE LETTER]

"Nerves" Are Caused By Fear

And Fear Can Be Abolished

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Thousands of men and women who suffered for years from severe "nerve" conditions, leading uneventful, mediocre, even sickly, harassed lives, have found new joy in living, never have the "blues" or nervous trepidations; no longer suffer from mental depression, lack of confidence, doubts, fears, worries. With them, that deadening sense of powerlessness traceable to sub-normal nerve force is a thing of the past.

Tell you the story of how they abolished fear? Why certainly, here it is!

These surprising results have been produced not by drugs or medicines of any kind, not by foregoing pleasures, not by retiring into seclusion, not by going through torturous physical exercises, but by *simply knowing the few natural laws* which govern the nervous system. These men and women know how to direct intelligently the hidden forces within them—how to easily develop a healthy nerve force and to control it scientifically.

When the nerve force is misdirected, it results in weak, anaemic men and women who are listless, dragged out, sickly and neurotic—"nerve" patients who crowd the physicians' offices, sanatoriums, and health resorts.

But when the nerve force is intelligently directed, the result is strong, healthy, red-blooded men and women—people of almost endless endurance; keen minded, forceful folks who are on their toes with vim and drive every waking hour. And when they retire, they sleep peaceful, dreamless sleep, waking refreshed and rejuvenated.

Science and medicine now admit that only through Psycho-Analysis can men and women be quickly freed from obsessions, fears and many nervous disorders, which all other methods of treatment have been powerless to reach.

Prof. Eugene Victor Legaren has proved that in just one evening a great number who suffered from nerves for years and never knew what their real trouble was, found an easy, simple method that directed them out of their misery into joyous

Conquer Your Nerves

Prof. Legaren has perfected a simplified method of learning and applying Psycho-Analysis. This course which he entitles "Subconscious Power—the Secret of Achievement," is absolutely simple, remarkably easy to follow, and *can readily be put into practice by the layman*, because it is written in a non-technical way. Each one of its six graphic lessons will hold you spellbound from its first to its last sentence. It will direct you so that you will know how to conquer your nerves and accomplish almost any purpose you desire. The various things which have held you back for years will lose their power and actually be made to help you to health, happiness and success.

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But if you are ever going to use all your powers

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I am troubled with:

- "Nerves" ☐
- "BLUES" ☐
- Nightmares ☐
- Haunted Imagination ☐
- Timidity ☐
- Self-consciousness ☐
- Doubts ☐
- Worry ☐
- Inferiority ☐
- Fears, such as: of thunder; the dark; empty places; crowds; being alone; the boss; my competitor ☐
- Unfounded suspicions ☐

This questionnaire will enable you to decide whether "SUBCONSCIOUS POWER," the simple course in self-psychoanalyzing will solve your "nerve" problem.

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Keep the course for five full days. Study it and be convinced that you can quickly and surely overcome all of your little nervous troubles and all of your BIG nervous afflictions. *You can be master of yourself if you really want to be.* The very first evening—you will see the great light that will direct you to perfect nerve health. But if for any reason you wish to return the course, you may do so within five days, and your money will be returned in full, promptly and without question.

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Business Position

PSYCHOLOGY

Life and the Modern World

VOL. XVIII. No. 5

MAY, 1932

Founded and Edited by Henry Knight Miller
Arthur Frank Payne, Associate Editor

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IN JUNE

Are You Popular?

Group Tests for Popularity, worked out by Professor Henry Foster Adams, of the University of Michigan; Professor Donald A. Laird, of Colgate; and Albert Edward Wiggam. A lesson-game at once amusing and helpful—helpful for those who want to master the secret of being liked. By Jeanne Goodside.

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Is Life Becoming Tragic?

Neurasthenia—Nervous & Mental Breakdowns and Self Consciousness, often means A LIVING HELL!

The Psychology of Your Fears

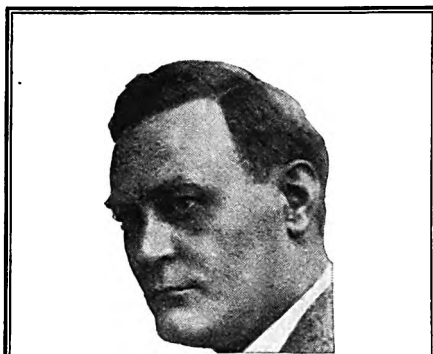
NERVOUS and Mental Breakdowns are primarily due to FEAR. These FEARS are due to your possessing a sensitive, emotional, impressionable nature. Such people are known as introverts. No one who has never experienced such a state can conceive of the suffering and torture which is possible. These FEARS become very real and intense in character—to the point perhaps of one becoming panicky and even hysterical. You feel "trapped" and know not which way to turn. Your relatives tell you it is all foolishness, your physician tells you—"to forget it," and you are ashamed to tell your friends of your trouble for fear they may think you queer. Thus you suffer in patience and wonder what the end is to be. Deeper and deeper into the mental mire you sink and inwardly cry—"Oh, what shall I do?"

What Your Imagination Can DO

You are told your FEARS are not REAL but yet you suffer quite as much from them as though they were real. You do not understand the condition, therefore your mind is full of doubt. If a good friend told you that a dear one had been killed in an automobile accident you would suffer keenly and pass through some very pronounced physical reactions, even though that friend were mistaken about its being your dear one. You believed him, and that was enough. In a like manner you believe these fears you have are likely to culminate into realities, and believing it causes keen reactions. Through constantly holding these fears you generate a very real poison in your body, with a definite chemical change, which produces an auto intoxication. This means a lowered vitality, functional inaction, and supersensitive nerves—all of which forms fertile soil for the growth of very real disorders. Every fear has its reaction on the Sympathetic Nervous System and is a shock which is felt throughout your entire being.

Your Fears as a Neurasthenic

Neurasthenia is a child of FEAR. It is due to your sensitive, emotional nature getting the upper hand and dominating YOU, instead of your controlling and directing it. Frequent indulgence in these fears form fixed HABITS which trap you. Some of the more common fears are: Fear of insanity, fear of suicide, fear of injuring a loved one, fear of crowds and closed places, fear of being alone, fear that something might happen to you, fear of death, fear of disease, fear of germs or dirt, fear that people may recognize your trouble, fear that you might lose control of yourself and make a scene. You find it practically impossible to forget yourself and you assume an overserious and overanxious attitude toward most everything. You lose interest even in life, and each morning you get up to—"just another day." Where the fears and feelings are acute the nerves become extremely sensitive and weak and you have peculiar sensations, such as uncertainty in locomotion, a slight dizziness,



C. FRANKLIN LEAVITT, M.D.

Dr. Leavitt has been helping people make adjustments for THIRTY-FOUR years; ten years in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and the past twenty-four years exclusively devoted to Psychology and Physical Culture. He has made several trips abroad and is thorough, scientific and practical in all his work. He is the author of several books which have had a wide sale, a writer for magazines, and conducts a Psychological Department in one of our leading magazines. Each month, since the beginning of Psychology Magazine, he has carried his message to its readers and thousands have profited by it.

nervous indigestion, etc., which seem quite alarming to you. Remember, worry alone, which is a form of fear, can upset your nervous system completely.

You Ask—"Is My Mind Weak?"

No, only those with active, "going" minds experience these breakdowns. It is merely due to lack of understanding and repressed emotions which have accumulated to such an extent that you are like an overloaded boiler—just about ready to burst. This good mind of yours has become introspective, that is all. But to just continue to drift of course will mean more and more acute suffering. Such a nature as yours is capable of carrying you to great heights. The truly successful have just such a type of mind. You are out of adjustment, that is all. The depressing reactions you are experiencing are NATURAL reactions for the life you have been living. Things are according to LAW. It is a matter of "reaping what we sow." You lack UNDERSTANDING, TRAINING and DEVELOPMENT.

You Are Wasting Your Energies

RIGHT thinking and living along with proper mental and physical training and development, will set that delicate and wonderful machinery of yours working FOR you instead of against you, and will bring HARMONY. You have tremendous power, the SAME power that others have used to win success and happiness. Your confidence has been badly shaken and you are now on a negative plane of life, with your life's batteries short-circuited and low. All this CAN be changed completely, and has been in thousands of cases.

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DON'T POISON YOUR FAMILY

IN millions and millions of homes throughout the world today, the best selected food is innocently taken, washed and scrupulously cleaned of the dirt, then placed in a container full of water and boiled anywhere from one-half an hour to two hours' time. Following this religious procedure, the water is then poured off from the vegetables and the foods are served to the family. When food is served this way, the very life has been boiled out of it, and nothing remains but the so-called bulk, or what may more familiarly be termed refuse or garbage. Boiling foods takes from them the sixteen essential elements that the body of man requires to rebuild each of the tissues and replace the lost energy of each day's work. Is it any wonder that the average individual is a fit candidate for a chair in some doctor's office? Is it any wonder that his health is impaired ninety-nine percent of the time? That his teeth have softened and are decaying because of the want of the sodium, calcium, and lime salts contained within these foods originally, but taken from them in the boiling process?

Stop Digging Your Way to the Grave With Your Knife and Fork

The food that you eat may be likened to the gasoline that your motor car consumes. It serves very much the same purpose, which is, namely, that of a refueling problem. You always think of gasoline as a highly refined and processed substance which must be used in its purest state, or the results would not be satisfactory to you or your car; but when it comes to the use of food, few people think of the necessity of using it in its purest state. Hence, they boil, stew, and fry the very life out of foods, eating the refuse, and wondering why they should suffer from diseased conditions which are nothing more or less than the result of body starvation; because the food scientists advise that their bodies are over-fed with refuse resulting from these improperly prepared foods, and starving for the want of those sixteen chemical elements which keep the body of every living creature on this earth.

Why Not Eat Your Way to Health?

It is just as easy, and more so, when one knows how, for all that is necessary is the knowledge of combining your foods properly, and that is the reason why California's famous diet specialist, Dr. J. Douglas Thompson, has written a special book on this particular subject, the title of which is, the **EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH COOK BOOK**. This splendid cook book is the last word in the science of health cookery. It comes to you from the pen of a man who has spent twenty-two years in scientific research work, during which many hundreds of thousands of people have been restored to health through his unusual **EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH** methods. The **EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH COOK BOOK** is the type of book you will really enjoy reading, as everyone of its hundreds and hundreds of recipes have been tested not once but dozens of times in the kitchens of the Doctor's own home before they were allowed to enter this book that has now become so famous that it is used in hundreds of domestic science schools throughout the country.



Among its many delightful chapters are "Why Natural Foods Are Necessary," "Combining Your Foods Correctly," "Why You Should Not Use Condiments," "How Old Mother Nature Has Provided Natural Flavoring for Each and Every Food," "Eating Your Way to Health Soups," "Eating Your Way to Health Salad Dressings," "Eating Your Way to Health Salads," "Eating Your Way to Health Vegetables," "Eating Your Way to Health Vegetable Time Table," "Eating Your Way to Health Sauces," "Eating Your Way to Health Chafing Dishes," "Eating Your Way to Health Poultry," "Eating Your Way to Health Meats," "Eating Your Way to Health Fish," "Eating Your Way to Health Sandwiches," "Eating Your Way to Health Cereals," "Eating Your Way to Health Beverages," "Eating Your Way to Health Confections," "Eating Your Way to Health Desserts," "Eating Your Way to Health Tonics," "Caloric Value of Various Foods," "Amount of Time Required for Digestion," and nine pages of food value charts, the first ever to appear in the printed form. This splendid accomplishment is the type of book that you will treasure and prize, because of what it will do for each and every one of the members of your family. To introduce it to you, the Doctor has especially priced it at a ridiculously low price.

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For just about a minute;
I'd make you swallow one big pill
With heaps of laughter in it."

—*College Humor.*

* * *

The Newer Etiquette

"Here, Johnny," said a visitor, "is an apple. I suggest you divide it politely with your little sister."

"How shall I divide it politely?" asked the boy.

"Why, in a case like that, always give the larger part to the other person."

Johnny thought a moment and then handed the apple to his little sister, saying:

"Here, Sis, you divide it politely."

—*Brooklyn Central.*

* * *

It Used to be Fords

An old gentleman was crossing a busy corner when a huge police dog dashed into him and bowled him over. The next instant an Austin skidded around the corner—bumped him—and inflicted more injuries. Bystanders assisted him to his feet and someone asked if the dog had hurt him.

"Not exactly," the old gent replied "It was that tin can tied to his tail that did the damage."

—*Twin Twinkles.*

* * *

Safety Last

Workmen were making repairs on the wires in a schoolhouse one Saturday, when a small boy wandered in.

"What you doin'?" he inquired.

"Installing an electric switch," one of the workmen said.

"Well," concluded the little fellow, "I don't care. We've moved away and I don't go to this school any more."

—*Skelly News.*

Statements Ignored

Harduppe: "I have nothing but praise for the work of my tailor."

Cashdowne: "Yes, so the tailor told me."

—*Farm Journal.*

* * *

Hard To Please

"I hear she has left her husband. What was the trouble?"

"She said she couldn't stand it to live with a man who couldn't think up as many ways of making money as she could of spending it."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

* * *

"Men will wear brown this winter," says a style book. They will if they wore brown last winter.

—*Catalina Islander.*

* * *

Jimmie Gets the Best of the Bargain

Jimmie: "Dad, gimme a dime."

Father: "Not today, sonny, not today."

Jimmie: "Dad, if you'll give me a dime I'll tell you what the iceman said to mamma this morning."

Father: "Here, son, quick, what did he say?"

Jimmie: "He said, 'Lady, how much ice do you want this morning?'"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

* * *

Boss: "Sam, you never get your work done. I guess I'll have to look out for another man."

Sam: "Ah's glad to hear dat, sir. Dah's 'nough work for both of us here."

—*Fishing Gazette.*

* * *

Forewarned

Flapper: "I'd like to see the captain of the ship."

Rookie: "He's forward, miss."

Flapper: "I don't care, this is a pleasure trip."

—*Patton's Monthly.*

Reciprocal Contingency

Father: "So you want to marry my daughter, eh? My answer depends on your financial position."

Suitor: "What a coincidence—my financial position depends on your answer!"

* * *

"I saw your cook kissing the milkman."

"Good gracious! Wasting her time on him when we owe the grocer \$50?"

* * *

Parson at funeral service: "We have before us only a shell, the nut is gone."

—*Who's Who.*

* * *

Some Lincoln Philosophy

"I shall not try to read, much less answer, all the criticisms of me and my associates. Else this office might as well be closed for any other business." * * * "I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep on doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten thousand angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

* * *

Mutual

A certain chap thought it would be a good joke on his ex-wife if he sent her the first alimony check in an envelope addressed in a woman's handwriting. However, he didn't feel so funny when he, in return, received a note in masculine handwriting saying: "Thanks, old top."

—*Catalina Islander.*

* * *

Football Fan: "How about your team—are they good losers?"

Coach (after a terrible season): "Good? Hell, they're perfect!"

—*Exchange.*

A Dried Pea vs. a Rolls Royce

Science now confirms the assertion of philosophers of yesterday and today that all matter is created out of the same substance. In glaring headlines we are told that a dried pea and a Rolls Royce are precisely the same atomically, the only difference being in the number and quality of vibrations.

Pretty soon Science will take the final step, casting aside forever the veil of ignorance that surrounds our psychic existence, and demonstrate that there is no difference between matter and space! No difference between time and fried eggs—no difference between *thinking* about a locomotive and an actual locomotive.

These are pretty hard ideas for us humans, encased in a faulty, aging, unsatisfactory prison of a body to understand. For countless centuries the magic of our astral and psychic selves has been a delight and a consolation that only the priests and prophets knew about. Gingerly and for high pay they gave out a tiny inkling of their information to a few here and there, guarding most carefully the full, whole, startling, amazing truth.

Why Tell Too Much?

Thousands of books have been written on "Realization"—books that purposely used terms and words and phrases that the ordinary person could not understand—why tell too much? Millions of dollars have been given to Yogis, High Priests, Soothsayers, Fortune

Tellers for information that only made the process of getting what one wanted *half* clear—why give out the Secret all at once?

The *truth* is, however, that *Realizing* the things you want and need and must have—enough money, good health, a loving mate, children that are a credit, a chance to do the kind of work you like—these things are no more difficult to get than it is to ask for them! To *desire* a new automobile is to have one, because as matter and thought and space and time and life and death are one and the same thing—thinking an automobile is precisely the same as owning an automobile.

A Mystery Revealed

This is a very difficult lesson in metaphysics for an uninitiated person to learn. It seems so im-



possible in face of the sad facts of life and struggle that the uneducated person experiences. In fact, I don't know how anyone could have learned the *Secret* of Realizing the things one wants from the books or instruction that now exist.

I was never able to. Indeed, I never thought much about it until that day, two years ago when the mystery was suddenly revealed to me so clearly, so perfectly that not only I but anyone could easily understand and apply the principle.

I immediately wrote out this magic Secret in plain language so that others might at last know, without a lot of bother and fuss and study and confusion, just what to do in order to get the things that are one's *birthright* on this earth.

The Magic of Their Lives

Thousands of readers of *PSYCHOLOGY Magazine* now know my Secret—it has become the guiding light and happiness—the *MAGIC* of their lives. I have in these pages shown you typical letters of gratitude that come from every state in the Union, every country on the globe.

"The Secret of M. S. R." was certainly a *revelation* and might well have been the means of making a fortune—but if one has the Secret of M. S. R. one has but little regard for a "*fortune*" in the ordinarily accepted sense of that word! So the price remains \$1, which simply covers the cost of this announcement and the printing and mailing of the work. You should, if you value your happiness, make this small investment at once. There is no risk. My publishers will refund your money at once if you are not completely satisfied.—M. S. R.

Full name and address given on request.

JOHN L. ROGERS, Publisher
101 West 31st St., New York, N. Y.

Send me M. S. R.'s "Realization Secret" described above, for which I enclose one dollar. I understand that I may have my dollar back if not satisfied.

Name _____

Address _____

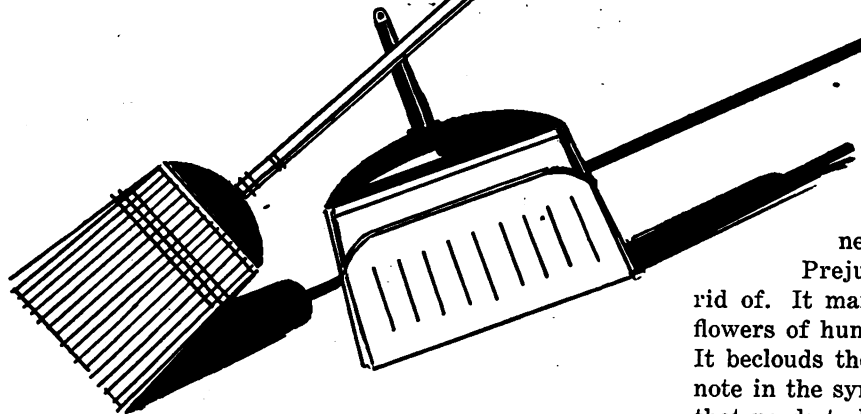
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SPRING HOUSE

A Chat with the Editor



AT THIS season of the year all good housewives undertake the task of thoroly cleaning their homes. Accumulated rubbish is thrown out. The dust and dirt of months is removed from draperies, rugs and carpets. All is renovated and made like new.

Would it not be well to inaugurate a mental house-cleaning? Spring is the emblem of reborn life. All of nature takes on a clean, fresh aspect. After the bleak desolation of winter, spring comes, an ever-recurring miracle of new life, bringing new verdure, fragrant flowers, blue skies and the music of songbirds.

Is this not an appropriate season to clean the house of the soul, to get in harmony with the sweet symphony of nature, to clean the mental and emotional life, even as we clean the material habitation which we call home?

Let us consider some of the accumulated rubbish that should be thrown out.

Get Rid of Prejudice

Well, there is prejudice. So few of us are able to view life calmly, with minds open to consider the real facts, free from prejudice. Because we were born Republicans we can see no good in Democrats. Our fathers voted the Republican ticket, so must we, regardless of men or principles. Or vice versa. The most grotesque incompetent might be running for office on "our" ticket. The man of all men most fitted for office might be running on the opposite ticket. But he is a Democrat, and we are prejudiced. The very name stirs dark emotions. Or perhaps it is a racial prejudice. We are Jews and do not like Christians, except to beat them in trade or sell them something. Or we are Christians and despise the Jews. We will borrow money from them at usurious rates of interest but we curse them, even while we take the money. Or we may be Protestants and are prejudiced against Catholics. Or we are Americans and prejudiced against the English, French or Japanese.

Let us get rid of these stupid prejudices. We must come to see that all men are members of a common

brotherhood. We are all one "under the skin." We are stirred by the same emotions. We work, laugh, weep, love and strive with the same general incentives and objectives. Not by narrow-minded exclusiveness, but by broad-minded inclusiveness will we reach the common goal.

Prejudice is one load of rubbish we need to get rid of. It mars the sweetness of life. It blights the flowers of human kindness. It dims the light of love. It beclouds the fair skies of peace. It is a discordant note in the symphony of life. It is rubbish of the mind that needs to be cleaned out. Cast it forth as a deadly weed from the garden of the soul. It is ignorance, masquerading as wisdom. It is vice, camouflaged as virtue.

Away with Superstition

Then there is superstition. We cannot start anything on Friday. We shudder at the number 13. We look for trouble because of a black cat. A cross-eyed man means bad luck. A girl whistling in a dressing room. We cannot walk under a ladder. All these stupid hand-me-downs from the dark and ignorant past lay their cold, clammy hands upon us. No single superstition has ever been demonstrated as true. Each one has been disproved a million times. Some of the most "lucky" individuals have studiously defied every ignorant superstition. Many of the "luckiest" events of history have occurred on Fridays, on the thirteenth. Yet millions of forlorn souls hug their inane superstitions feverishly to their breasts and still live as tho the world were under the sway of black magic rather than rational law.

Closely akin to superstition, also a child of ignorance and prejudice, is the closed mind. The mark of education and intellectual superiority is the willingness to dispassionately consider all evidence presented. The person of small intelligence and little culture refuses to consider any evidence at variance with his own preconceived ideas.

We need intellectual freedom and intellectual sincerity. He who refuses to consider evidence admits that he fears the truth. He fears that his pet ideas may not stand the test. He prefers lies to facts, if those facts are at variance with his pet religious, political, economic, or social theories.

This is some of the rubbish that needs to be cast forth in the house-cleaning of the soul. Cultivate the open mind, ever alert for new facts, willing to change ideas if they are proven to be inadequate or untrue.

The Glory of Forgiveness

Do you hold grudges? These need to be cast forth. They do no good. They poison the fountain of life at its source, for the source of life is love, and there can

CLEANING

By

HENRY KNIGHT MILLER

be no love where grudges hold sway. Has someone wronged you? Forget it. Forgive it. Show your spiritual supremacy by passing it by. Be kind, forgiving, forbearing. No man ever lost by forgiveness. Millions have lost by storing up bitterness and hate. When you forgive, you shame your enemy and make a friend. When you hate, you confirm the enmity of the one you hate and preclude his possible friendship. Grudges gain no good end. They are the rubbish of the soul. Let them go. Forgive—not for the other fellow's sake but for your own peace of mind and health of spirit.

Then there is jealousy. What useless rubbish is this. The only value of any emotional state is its utility. There is no utility in jealousy. Instead of holding the love of the one about whom we are jealous it repels. We become obnoxious. The very beauty of the face is distorted. All allure is lost. We draw by love. We repel by hate, and jealousy is a form of hate. Millions have been killed in jealous rage. Not one has ever been killed by patience, sympathy, kindness.

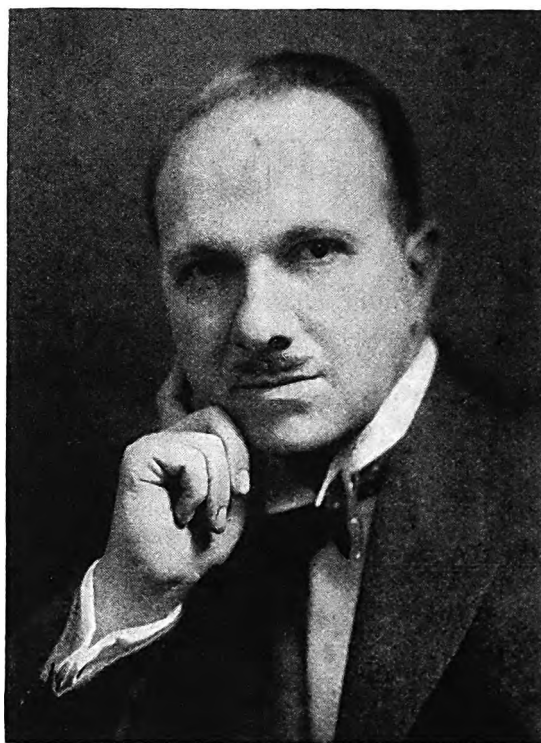
Do not give way before this monster that destroys the beauty and fragrance of life. Better to lose the one you love than lose the integrity of your own soul. Be brave. Be strong. Be generous. Get rid of jealousy. It spoils the music of life's resistless symphony.

You Are Not Inferior

There is also the feeling of inferiority, the so-called Inferiority Complex. Millions are held down by this depressive feeling. They drag thru uneventful days, void of courage, hope or happiness. Others fail to believe in them because they do not believe in themselves. Their innate abilities are never crystallized in noble achievements because, doubting their own powers, they fear to initiate the activities which might have lifted them to supreme heights. Their haunting sense of inferiority precludes their mixing normally in the activities of social and business life. Others carry off the prizes of life which might have been theirs, except for the paralyzing effect of the Inferiority Complex.

Suggestive psychology, and in extreme cases psychoanalysis, offer means of ridding the psyche of this hurtful rubbish.

Pessimism is another habit of mind that should be cast out in this mental house-cleaning. It is not an easy task to be an optimist in the midst of conditions as depressing as those in which we now find ourselves. But there is no advantage in pessimism. If we lose hope we may as well lie down and die. Optimism, balanced by a sane appraisal of facts, has led millions thru life's trying experiences to ultimate achievement and security. Pessimism never led a single soul to noble achievement. Optimism is constructive; it builds.



Photograph by Bachrach

DR. MILLER

Pessimism is destructive; it tears down. Optimism is soul health. Pessimism is a spiritual disease. Get rid of this enemy of the soul, this worthless rubbish of the mind and spirit. Clean it out!

Away with Cowardice!

Cowardice is another enemy of the soul that needs to be cleaned out. The whole world admires the hero and scorns the coward. Cowardice degrades life. It is the thief of manhood. It murders self-respect. Not only physical cowardice. Most of us are reasonably brave when it comes to facing physical pain, but how many of us are guilty of mental cowardice! We are afraid to stand alone. We tremble lest we incur the disapproval of others. This is one of the most retarding factors in life. It stifles initiative. It precludes sincere social experimentation. It forces conformity. It takes the zest, romance and glamour out of life. Courage is a godlike quality. Develop it, and clean out the tendency to physical, mental, or moral cowardice.

Finally, there is the rubbish of selfishness. This fatal poison withers the flowers in the garden of life. Learned psychologists insist that selfishness is a natural reaction. It may be true that it is necessary that each individual consider himself. But we insist that while it may be necessary to consider one's own interest, the real zest and joy of life come not from getting but from giving. Selfishness is the rubbish which precludes successful achievement. It is the chief enemy of content and happiness. It must be conquered. It must be thrust forth from the citadel of the soul as the most poisonous and dangerous weed in the garden.

Spring is here. House-cleaning time. We clean out our homes. Let's clean out our minds. Clean them out now. Start today.

The ULTIMATE RELIGION

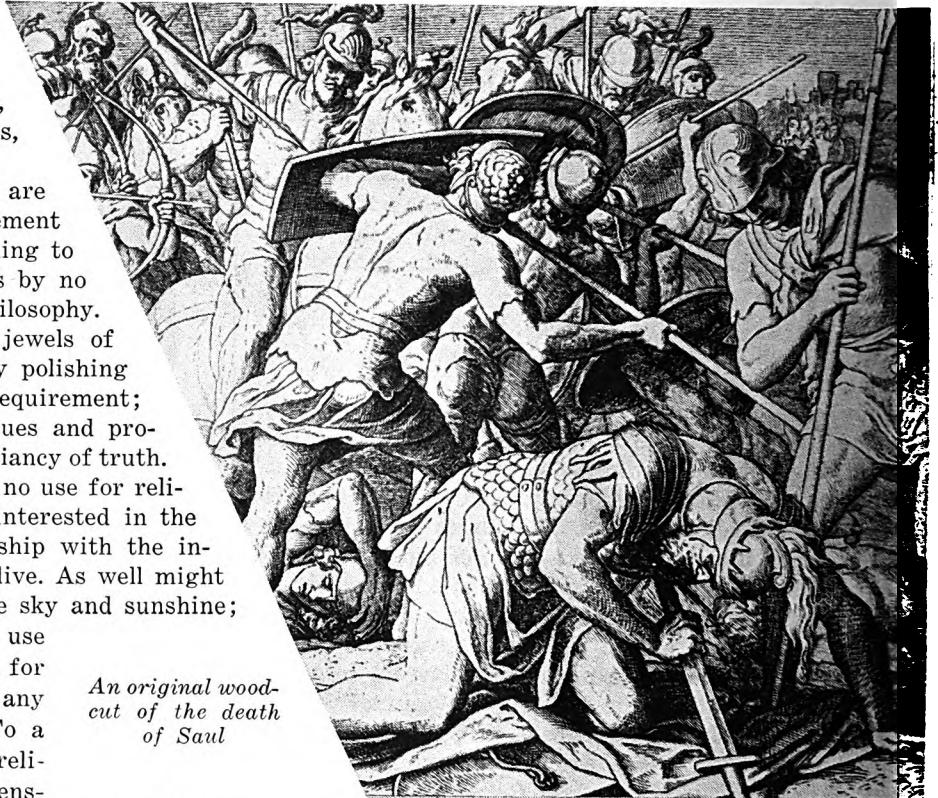
THE greatest of all life's problems is the problem of life itself, its origin, its nature, its purpose, its relationships, its responsibilities, its opportunities, its destiny.

Science, philosophy and religion are equally concerned. No disparagement of science and philosophy is becoming to religion. Contempt for religion is by no means flattering to science and philosophy. Science is the miner delving for jewels of knowledge; philosophy the lapidary polishing and shaping to meet the human requirement; religion the jeweler appraising values and providing suitable settings for the brilliancy of truth.

To say, as some do, that we have no use for religion is to imply that we are not interested in the acquisition of a conscious relationship with the infinite forces that give us power to live. As well might one say that he has no use for blue sky and sunshine; no use for clouds and rainbows; no use for beauty, for color, for conscience, for fellowship, for hope, for love, for any of the larger meanings of life. To a moral being in a rational universe religion is natural, inevitable, indispensable. It is the answer of the human organism to the call of Cosmos. It aims at the complete harmonization of human personality with cosmic phenomena and history.

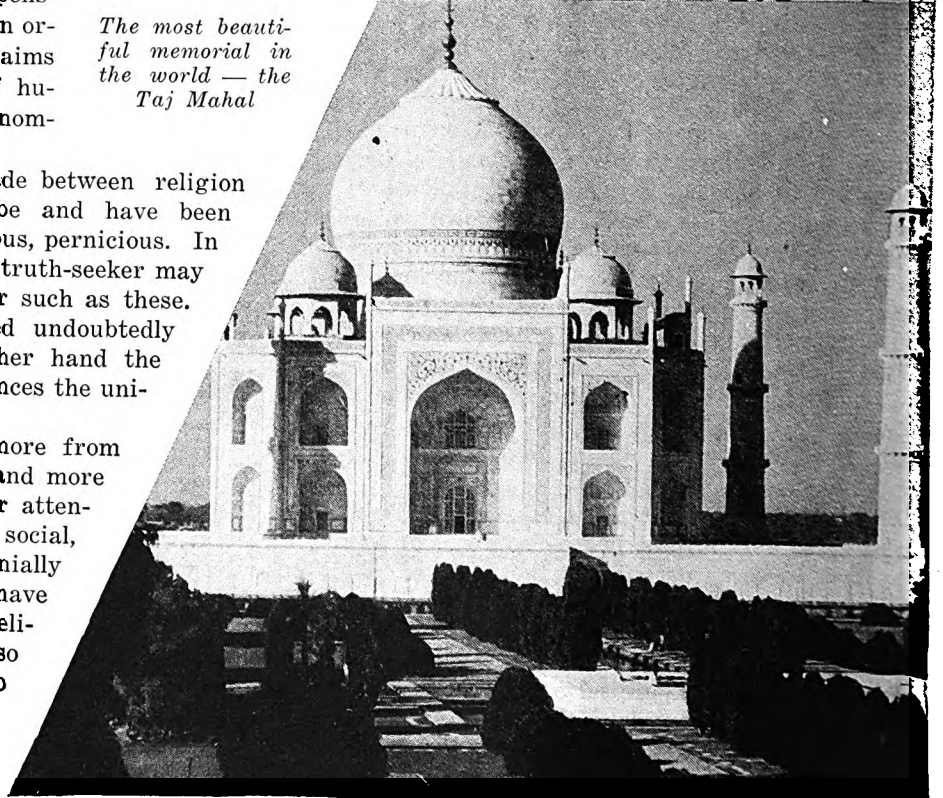
Clear distinction must be made between religion and religions. Religions may be and have been grotesque, brutal, licentious, pompous, pernicious. In sheer revulsion of soul the sincere truth-seeker may rightly say that he has no use for such as these. The expression as commonly used undoubtedly has this significance. On the other hand the very multiplicity of religions evidences the universality and reality of religion.

The cause of religion suffers more from neglect than from denial. Other and more immediate tasks seem to press for attention. Affairs political, industrial, social, scholastic, recreational are perennially in the foreground. Little time have we for philosophical thought and religious meditation. Yet a subject so vital and so vast will continue to challenge the best thought of earnest men thru long ages to come. A safe course is to be found



An original woodcut of the death of Saul

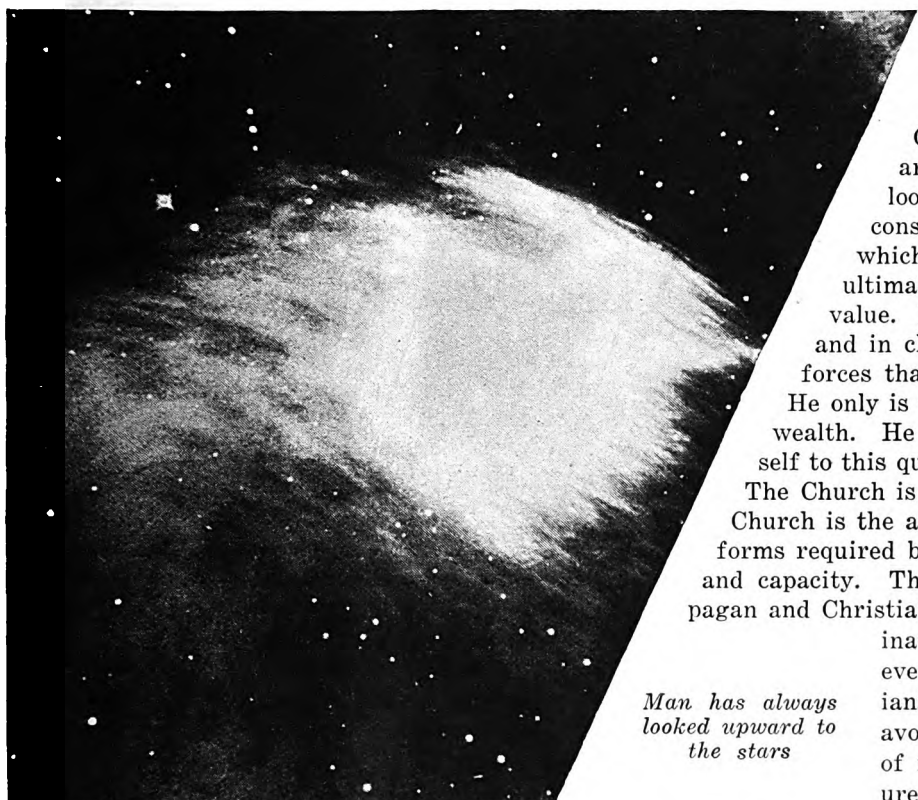
The most beautiful memorial in the world — the Taj Mahal



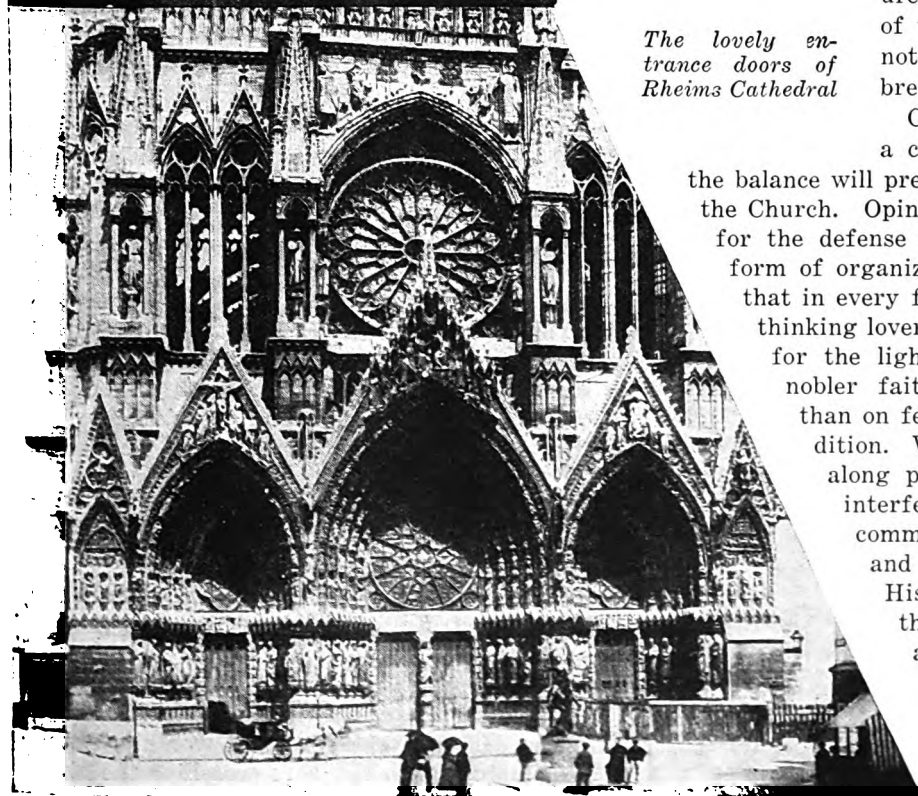
By William Charles O'Donnell, Ph. D.

Based on

TEN GREAT IDEAS



*Man has always
looked upward to
the stars*



*The lovely en-
trance doors of
Rheims Cathedral*

between the Scylla and Charybdis of materialism on the one hand and monasticism on the other.

Our favorite boast is that we are are practical. To be ever on the lookout for highest values cannot be considered to be impractical. That which affects most advantageously the ultimate outcome of things is of highest value. He is best off who is best acquainted and in closest harmony with the motivating forces that determine the issues of life.

He only is well-to-do who has accumulated this wealth. He is truly practical who devotes himself to this quest.

The Church is not synonymous with religion. The Church is the attempted socialization of religion in forms required by man's changing needs, knowledge and capacity. Thru the ages, in primitive, oriental, pagan and Christian society, the Church has been dominant for the very reason that, however unworthily, it has assumed guardianship of supreme issues and has avowedly sponsored the higher values of riches imperishable, spiritual treasures safely stored in the secret recesses of the soul where moth and rust cannot corrupt and where thieves cannot break thru and steal.

Church History has both a debit and a credit side. In the final accounting the balance will presumably be found to be in favor of the Church. Opinions will differ. We are neither set for the defense nor are we embattled against any form of organized religion. Rather we shall hope that in every fold there may be found some clear-thinking lovers of truth who will join in the quest for the light that will illuminate a new and nobler faith based on understanding rather than on fear, superstition, speculation or tradition. We must be free to pursue our quest along paths of our own choosing without interference and innocent of offense toward communicants who are honest, humble and happy in their prescribed devotions. Historic religions live in, for and by the past. To glorify ancient events and to perpetuate ancient customs and institutions is the determined program of orthodoxy, upon the hypothesis that the events thus glorified were supernatural in



Keystone Views

A famous fresco from the interior of the Vatican

tions of Babylon, Assyria and Egypt with their profligate gods and their imperishable tombs; marvellous mythologies of Greece; temples of Rome celebrating Greek and Latin deities; in India mysticism, philosophy, poetry, Brahmanism, Hinduism, Buddhism; Zoroaster in Persia; Confucius in China, and Laotze, the lofty-minded; in Judea, when the fullness of time had come, the wonderful Jesus called the Christ.

More than half a millennium later came Mohammed whose religion still flourishes with 240,000,000 followers.

Into the picture fall nearly two thousand years of Christian history—the mission and martyrdom of Jesus, the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, the preaching of the Apostles, antagonism, persecution, then conquest and power; long centuries of testing and triumph, exploits of missionaries, scholars and saints, inquisitions, corruption, Reformation, schism, sectarianism, uncertainty, unrest, the world as we have it today.

Modern religion repudiates fear. Not in the spirit of bravado, but in the consciousness of kinship with controlling forces, we approach our problem with no sense of intimidation or terror but with a resolute joy born of gratitude for the privilege of living the life and thinking the thoughts of a golden age of opportunity and progress.

Primitive traits may remain but we have advanced far beyond primitive conditions and customs. Lightnings may be as severe, thunders as loud, earthquakes as violent, storms as destructive, but we have no human sacrifices to offer, no demons to propitiate, no infuriated God to pacify.

Reason has rescued religion. Not in shaking fear, but in earnest desire, in full confidence, in increasing

understanding, in grateful appreciation, in fearless fellowship with higher powers will we find our supreme satisfactions, our redeeming inspirations.

IF MAN were incapable of experiencing the consciousness of the presence of forces beyond the scope of his own faculties to create or to comprehend he would be incapable of religion. With this consciousness as a fact in his experience, the uppermost question of his earthly existence must be that of the relationship of the human to the extra-human. The first step in the direction of the understanding must therefore be to acquaint ourselves with the nature of our material world.

What do we know and what can we believe concerning this relationship that binds us to all Creation? What kind of a universe is this with which we would hold communion?

Such questions require something of technical learning for apt answer, but they are not exclusively the concern of scholars. They are worthy of popular attention and capable of general application to the needs of men. It is the exceptional navigator who is fortunate enough to discover a continent while millions may follow to occupy and enjoy it. So humble folk enter into the labors of giant intellects and come to know something of the secret things of atomic activity, the structure of matter and the miracles of remote spaces. Were it otherwise, religion would be for the favored few, a special privilege rather than a common heritage.

Thru the process of man's searching certain comprehensive ideas have developed, ideas which constitute the priceless intellectual heritage of the generations now living. When the old religions were formed these ideas were not current. Philosophers (*Continued on page 59*)

Don't Kill Him!

But Let Your Love Expand
Till it Takes in "The Other Woman"

Says Ann Ricker

Who Wins the \$25 Prize

"I Loved My Husband's Sweetheart"

Contest Editor,
PSYCHOLOGY,

Enclosed find my answer to the question
"What should a wife do when she finds out that her
husband loves—or thinks he loves—another woman?"

Not what I think a wife should do but what
I did do in a like situation! After twenty years of
contented married life, there came into my husband's
life, a very charming young lady, loved by all who
knew her and my husband was no exception.

The affair had nearly got beyond my husband's
control when he came to me one evening and told me
all, saying he loved me but adored her. He finished
by saying, "What are you going to do about this?"

I, after finding words, replied "I love you
too well to give up so easily and not first try some
way to win."

We had our home and two nice children who must
not suffer if any way could be found to prevent it.
I said, "You spend as much time with her as you care
to and after a year, if you still care for her as you
do now and she does not change her mind about you,
we will then find some solution to this triangular
situation."

I loved the girl dearly myself and she was
always welcome to come and go as she cared to. I
could not blame him, for she was a wonderful person.
But as time went by, the affair began to lose its
glamor and they both found the love they were so
sure of was waning, and before the year was over it
seemed quite right that we should live together
twenty years longer, if the Lord seems willing.

If I had lost my head and killed my husband,
the ending would never have been so wonderful—with
three people blessed by the experience and more
charitable for having had it.

Ann Ricker

for the Best Answer
to the Question—
*What a Wife Should
Do When Her Hus-
band Loves—or
Thinks He Loves—
Another Woman*

Honorable Mention

WITH increasing frequency I dined alone. Did I show jealousy, anger, hurl accusations, trail him? O, no! Outwardly, all was peace; inwardly, I arrayed for battle. The future of two wonderful children—what would it be? Three stanch soldiers, intelligence, diplomacy and love, I knew could win. I bided my time.

One day, he failed to phone "I will dine out." I rejoiced at the opportunity to call the office. From the cheery-voiced office-boy came this, "Mr. Bronson is out with the usual customer (?) Miss LaVel." Unperturbed, I asked Oliver to close the office and go home. At six o'clock I would call for both him and his mother, taking them to dine with me. I used my best silver, my best manners, and won two faithful allies.

Without inquisitiveness on my part, Oliver remarked "Miss LaVel is a buyer for Cohn's." I sought Miss LaVel. We became friends. At the end of three months (I worked slowly) we occasionally went to lunch together. I made myself congenial. She had lost a husband as I was losing mine. I sympathized but never discussed my own affairs. Mr. Bronson knew of our friendliness, but made no comments.

I worked under cover. Watched developments. Outwardly, I was dumb, unsuspecting; inwardly, alert, on the job. Miss LaVel took Sunday dinner with us. At our social gatherings, she was included.

Mr. Bronson held the attitude of "what-next-sort-of-suspense." A few months later the whole matter solved itself. He showed marked disgust at her presence. I gradually ceased to invite her. She became interested elsewhere. All was lovely. There was no break to be cemented. No explanations to be made.

To all intents I had played an innocent part *but it worked* and will work again.

Mrs. Mae C. Culp,
Memphis, Tenn.

Other Answers

IN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS, as wife and mother, I have weathered successfully three triangular situations. From these experiences and from observations covering a wide social range, I have learned that for a man to love is a very different emotional state from that of being in love.

A man may love his wife and be in love, on occasion, with other women. He may be in love with the woman he marries and never develop love for her. When he can forsake with contentment his wife's companionship, after the honeymoon, the sooner the wife does without him for life, the better. The man that must be "held" like an animal will prove less a mate than a monster.

Men often stray from the marriage fold because of some thwarted instinct; nutritive, egoistic, reproductive, social. Bad cooking, nagging, barrenness and jealousy of premarriage friends are factors that destroy many a wife's halo.

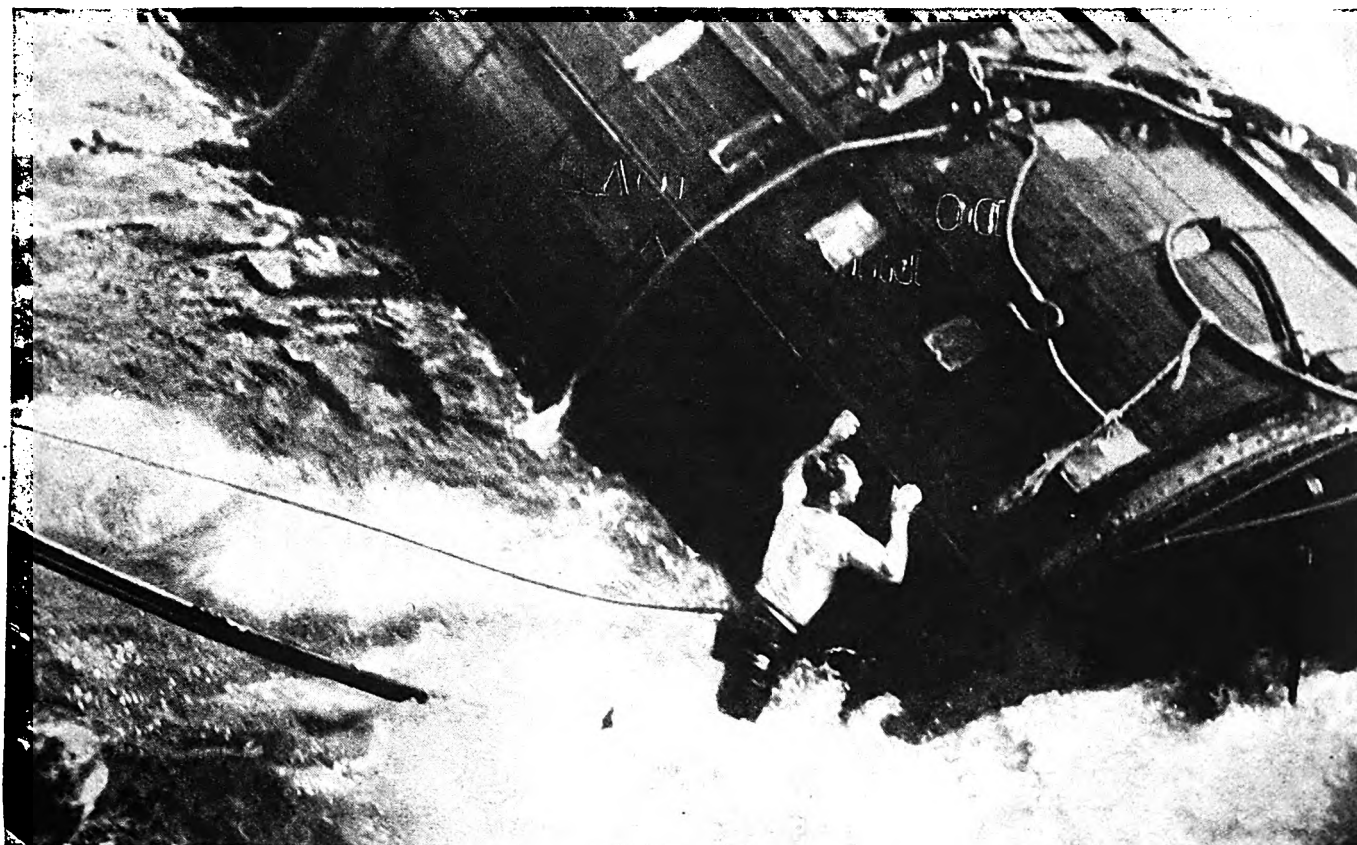
Marriage is a social gesture and the primitively possessive woman who would dominate her husband, creates a love situation with criminal possibilities. To avoid these, the intensity of her will-to-power manifest-

ing in frenzied jealousy, should be diverted into channels of self-expression and leadership where her emotional urges normally released, will develop her into a mentally alert and magnetic personality.

Then when some rival for her husband's love appears, she will be prepared for action that will prove constructive and helpful to her husband. She will cultivate the rival's acquaintance, receive her into her home, discuss her freely and naturally with her husband, treat her as a mutual friend. The husband will soon be cured of threatened infatuation, will lose his appetite for "sweet sensual feasts with her alone" and manifest his appreciation in a renewed depth of devotion to his loyal wife.

Mrs. Clara Bull,
East Longmeadow, Mass.

TRIANGULAR situations grow out of humanity's need of variety. The law of variety is a fundamental law of the universe. The earth rotates and revolves in harmony with this law, bringing to mankind summer and winter, day and night. Perennial summer and perpetual day would be (Continued on page 59)



Photos by Underwood and Underwood

"Danger" is only a paltry word when lives hang in the balance. Last vain efforts to save the crew of the S-51

and I knew that if I didn't get brother out of the water, he'd be gone."

This was Neola Alton, a little Indiana girl who, altho she had never swum a stroke in her twelve years, plunged into the flooded, swirling waters of a canal and by her own slender strength, seemingly superhuman for the moment, kept her baby brother's head above water until help came.

She was afterwards awarded a medal but I talked with her only a few hours after this happened.

"I hate water. I'm afraid of it," she admitted, "but when I saw that bobbing speck of blue—a bit of brother's clothes, sticking out of the water, something came over me. I wasn't afraid then—nothing could have held me back."

It was in a hospital that I saw the young girl, only a few years older than Neola, who jumped in front of a clanging, onrushing fire truck and pushed an old lady—a stranger—out of death's way.

"I wasn't afraid. Yes, I thought I'd be hit. But she was such a little thing—that old lady. Just like my grandmother back in the old country." And this young Hungarian, fighting days and weeks for her life, almost smiled. There was a light in her eyes—.

The highest courage I ever contacted—courage that took no impetus from the excitement of a moment but which endured and would not bend thru hours and days was that of the parents of two seventeen-year-old boys.

It was soon after the submarine S-51 had been rammed and sunk near New London, Connecticut, that I had the assignment to see and talk with these parents. Their beloved twin sons had enlisted in the Navy together and now, under appalling circumstances, they had gone down under the sea together.

It was supposed that the officers and twenty-eight first-class seamen in the S-51 had a chance for life. There was enough oxygen on board to last seventy-two hours if, as the boat was sinking, they had succeeded in closing the hatches, making the compartments water-tight.

A deep-sea diver had reported tapplings that indicated the men were trying to signal. Imagine *your* feelings if you knew *your* boys were awaiting rescue 127 feet under the sea, with tons and tons of water over them!

I expected to find the mother of the Teschemacher brothers screaming and wailing. One glance at her and I knew that I was in the presence of greatness.

The newspapers were reeking with condemnation of the boat that rammed the S-51; of the captain who, it was alleged, stood by for rescue only a scant number of minutes; of the Navy which produced most inadequate facilities for the rescue, civilian derricks being the only ones at the scene; even Congress was being criticised. Many things grief-crazed parents might have seized upon for emotional relief.

"We do not condemn. We are not bitter at any one. We are only waiting—"

Thus spoke the mother. The father nodded his head.

To keep the story "hot" I fairly lived in the home of those parents until the fateful seventy-two hours had passed. I was there when the mother brought out all the photographs of the beloved fair-haired boys and told little, whimsical stories about them; when telegrams arriving frequently told every wisp of strange or tragic news; when reporters, neighbors, friends came and went; when hope had died and was revived again because a rear admiral (Continued on page 45)

*We think not
only with
OUR BRAINS
But also with
OUR BODIES*

*Testing Claudette
Colbert's emotional
response to music
by means of an elec-
trical stethoscope*



Keystone-View Co.

MEASURING *the* EMOTIONS

By

Edward Podolsky, M. D.

AMONG the latest of man's notable achievements in science is the ability to measure accurately and record the various emotions to which humanity is subjected.

What is more important is that this can be put to various practical uses. For instance, there is Professor Dunlap's chronoscope or mechanical detective. This little instrument has been found useful in place of the brutal third degree in eliciting the truth in certain cases where a crime has been committed.

Incidentally, quite a few of these "lie-detecting machines" have been devised, each on the principle of detecting any emotional change while the subject is making a statement. What has been perhaps the most

radical departure along these lines is Professor Waller's instrument for revealing one's special aptitudes for any trade or profession.

Dr. Knight Dunlap's chronoscope makes use of a well-known principle in psychology—the association of ideas. Just what is meant by this may be illustrated by the following: If you show a piece of canvas to a sailor he immediately thinks of a sail; a bottle to a bartender would bring to mind something to drink. Certain ideas are closely linked together in the minds of different people. Were you to show the piece of canvas to an awning maker he would not associate it with a sail; nor will a bottle conjure up visions of drink to a chemist or perfumer.

The underlying principle of the chronoscope is the well-known fact that uppermost in the human mind are always floating ideas relating to whatever may be the chief anxiety or interest of the individual at the moment. A murderer is perhaps subconsciously thinking of his murder, or a thief of his theft, and closely linked with these thoughts is his fear of detection in connection therewith. The human element being eliminated, the operation is characteristically machine-like, passionless and without bias for or against the suspected person.

The machine consists of a dial, around which spins a sort of clock hand. Behind the dial is a small electric motor which causes the hand to spin around. The other features of the apparatus are two discs of thin celluloid mounted on tripods. The clock hand does not move unless one of the celluloid discs is vibrated. A word uttered by a person with his lips near one of the discs sets the clock hand in motion. A word spoken in like manner by another person to the other disc instantly stops the clock hand. In either case the sound vibrations produced by the voice actuates the mechanism.

The clock hand makes five revolutions per second. The face of the dial has 100 divisions; each division thus represents one five hundredth of a second. It is quite understandable that the machine is able to record with greatest accuracy the time that elapses between speaking of a word by one person and the utterance of a reply by a second person.

An index plate at the top of the dial shows the number of revolutions made by the clockhand. For instance, it shows an eight, and the hand has stopped at the sixty point. This means that the hand has travelled 860 divisions during the time which elapsed between the speaking of a word and the utterance of a reply.

This briefly is the mechanism of the device. Let us now see how it works in a given case. Let us imagine that at this moment there are four men sitting at desks in the next room. Here we have a picture of an Hawaiian hula-hula girl. Suppose I go into the next room and show this pic-

ture to one of the men without letting you know who the man is. With the help of the chronoscope you can put these men thru an examination which will determine with certainty which one of them has seen the hulahula postcard.

This you can do as follows. You fire twenty-five words in fairly rapid succession at each man, using the same words, and in each case requiring a response with the first word the man thinks of. Suppose one of the words is *grass*. Three of the men will probably say *green* or *hay*. The fourth is likely to say *skirt* or *girl*. He is the one who has seen the postcard. Or perhaps he may hesitate and his hesitation gives him away at once.

You see the point is that this man has seen the picture of the hula-hula girl and has the girl idea and grass-skirt idea floating on the top of his mind. Thus when the word *grass* is spoken to him and he is required to respond instantly with an associated word, out comes *skirt* or *girl*. *Grass* is the trap word. Put it among the others in such a way as to catch the unwarned person napping. He has no time to think before replying and so is caught.

The machine records the hesitation, the dial marks it relentlessly. It indicates the exact time consumed in replying to each word representing an idea which it calls up. Not even a moment being allowed for reflection, the responses are automatic, and so relentlessly reveal whatever is at the surface of the subject's mind.

Suppose we have a case of a house in which mysterious pilferings have repeatedly occurred. There are half a dozen servants and one or another of them is presumably a thief. It is important that the matter shall be cleared up. With the help of this machine it can be done unflinchingly. If one of the servants were to refuse to submit to the test, the refusal would be almost tantamount to a confession of guilt. The innocent, when the object in view is explained to them will readily acquiesce.

It is essential, however, that the person examined shall know that he or she is under suspicion for otherwise the man or
(Continued on page 46)



Industry turns to psychology—
tests put you in the job to
which you're suited.

Candidate taking bi-manual co-
ordination test.

Underwood and Underwood

What TAGORE Thinks about GANDHI

*Based on
Numerous Talks
with the Poet
about the SAINT
of INDIA*



By

Basanta Koomer Roy

Author of "*Rabindranath Tagore:
The Man and His Poetry*"

Many others beside Tagore believe Gandhi to be the most truly great man in the world today. An unusual photograph of the Mahatma before he discarded conventional attire.

I HAVE had the cherished honor of knowing Rabindranath Tagore for the last twenty years. I wrote about him in America when he was scarcely known in this great country of the New World. That was, of course, before he won the Nobel Prize for literature in November, 1913. I have discussed with him various subjects and numerous personalities of the world. But we never discussed Mahatma Gandhi until the year 1920; in which year, by the death of Balgangadhar Tilak, he became the leader of the Congress Party in India, just as Calvin Coolidge became the President of the United States of America by the death of President Harding.

Since 1920 I have had numerous talks with Tagore about Gandhi; and on each occasion the poet has spoken most highly of the personality of Mahatma Gandhi. At different times, under different conditions and after intervals of years, I have asked the poet about Mahatma Gandhi, and he has invariably answered me in the same strain of unstinted praise of, and in reverent attachment for the little man with a great soul.

"What do you really think of Gandhi? Does he deserve the title of Mahatma?" I asked Tagore in 1920.

"Why," said Tagore serenely, as almost a devotional smile flashed over his lips, "I think and I do most sincerely believe that Mahatma Gandhi is the greatest man in the world today."

"You are such a great poet! And this remark of yours must be a correspondingly prodigious poetic license," I said, in doubt.

"No, not in the least," said Tagore, most emphatically, as he wove his tapering fingers thru his flowing beard. "You have not met him yet. If you knew him, you would not doubt my statement in the least. I

have known him intimately for years. After his return from South Africa he came to our school and lived with us for a while.

"He is so great that it is impossible to imagine his greatness. One has to live with him for at least a week before he can realize the intrinsic worth of his character and nature.

"What did he actually do during his stay with you at Balpur that impressed you so much?"

"What I could not accomplish in years, he did in a few days. I always held that the boys of my school should themselves clean their rooms, make their own beds, cook their meals and wash their dishes. But our boys came from such high-caste families that I could not make them do these things. The trouble was that I did not clean my own room, nor make my own bed, nor cook my own meals, nor wash my own dishes. Consequently the boys did not care to take me seriously. I simply lectured; so the boys just listened.

"But when Gandhi came he at once won the hearts of our boys. He mixed with them as one of them. He told them that it was improper to have servants do the work they themselves should be doing. And he himself cleaned his own room, made his own bed, washed his own dishes, and he even washed his own clothes.

"The boys were ashamed of themselves; and they at once began doing all these tasks most joyously. I at once knew how Gandhi won the hearts of our students.

"In the meantime Gandhi asked the scavengers not to do any work for a few days. The high-caste boys could never think of doing the work of untouchable scavengers. Life in the school became almost impossible with the odor of night soil.

"Then Gandhi himself carried the pots on his own

Meeting One's Double

The Story of Something that
MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED
And ALMOST
DID



*He didn't have much of a face, to be sure,
 but I saw there were traces of resemblances*

ALL MY LIFE I had heard of "doubles." But it never occurred to me that I myself might have one somewhere. I wouldn't have thought that even Nature would make the same mistake twice.

A double, you understand, is a sort of unrelated twin, not necessarily born on the same day or in the same year; indeed, most likely not. And yet he is more or less of a human duplicate—at least to such an extent that the fact is noticed and remarked by those who have met both. Doubtless there are thousands of these

more or less duplicated humans who never meet each other and even have no acquaintances in common.

A real double, like a true twin, is of course contrary to what seems to be the theory and plan of Nature, according to which each individual is different from all others—each one a new experiment in human life.

Indeed, variation in this way appears to be the purpose of nature's plan of reproduction thru the agency of the two sexes, by means of which our traits, characters and faculties are continually being shuffled, so that

they will appear in different combinations in each fresh start.

But sometimes an individual comes double, in the case of true identical twins, altho not all twins are the identical kind. These are even more alike than two peas in a pod. They are actually the same person—in duplicate. They not only look alike, but they think and feel and act and react alike, under all conditions.

But while "doubles," from different families and unrelated, may look much alike, they of course cannot be actual duplicates of each other. There are different family strains mixed in. But are they really unrelated? Who can say? Probably they get that resemblance from the dominant or so-called pre-potent qualities of some common ancestor—possibly as far back as William the Conqueror. The only question is, when they look alike, to what extent do they think and feel and react alike? That would be interesting to know. How much alike are they on the inside? Have they derived the same pre-potent qualities of mind and soul?

"Haven't I met you before?" said my friend J. when I introduced him to M. "Surely, I've met you somewhere."

"Well, I'm sure that I never saw you before in all my life," said M. Then it transpired that M. only reminded him of H. The curious part of it was that H. was a native Englishman, while M.

was German. The probable answer is that H. represented the Saxon end of the Anglo-Saxons in England and that M. belonged to the same strain of the Saxon breed that remained in Germany. I may add that in that

particular instance there were decided differences of personality. On the other hand, the resemblance was not very marked. They were not very good doubles.

I myself was startled one day when a young man said to me, "You remind me of a friend I used to know."

"What's this?" I asked. "There is some one else who looks like me? I'm sorry for him."

"But why?" he replied, taking it seriously. "You two not only look alike but you have the same mannerisms. You remind me of him constantly, in every way. He was a Mr. Cartwright—a chemist."

Thru pure curiosity I looked up this Mr. Cartwright. I knew that he would not hesitate to see me, that I might even impose on him, if he were anything like me. But upon meeting him I learned something about myself. Not only do we not know what our own voices sound like to other people, as many have discovered to their astonishment thru phonograph recordings or dictating machines, but we don't know what we look like to other people—unless we're movie actors. Our mirrors don't properly show us up. In the first place, in the mirror, left is right and right is left. Then we only see ourselves from the front, eye to eye. And then there is our own self-consciousness. We do so much posing for our own benefit when we survey our noble reflections. But our families and friends see us in quite a different way.

By

Carl Easton Williams

Illustrated by

Leonard Kissell



Mr. Cartwright was certainly a funny looking fellow. I wasn't sure that I had the right man. "Mr. Weston Cartwright?" I repeated, and he said that he was the same. A funny, most unmusical voice.

Then I explained what my friend had said about us and why I had come. He looked at me strangely—probably thinking the things about me that I was thinking about him. His hair was getting thin on top, same as mine. He didn't have much of a face, to be sure, but I began to see that there were traces of resemblance. He, too, had learned to wear brown, as a becoming color, for he had on just such a suit as I might have chosen for myself. And just then, as I studied him, I reached up and pulled my nose, an unconscious mannerism of mine when I am puzzled or thinking about something. By some curious impulse he did the same, at the same moment. I followed the movement by spreading my hand across my forehead and stroking it backward over my hair to the back of my head—as he did precisely the same thing. And at that we both laughed.

"Wait a minute," I said, "have you got a mirror?"

He turned and pointed to the little towel cabinet over the wash basin in the corner. We then took positions, not in front, but diagonally opposite, so that by looking into the glass I saw his face, and he saw mine. And there, in the mirror, where left was right and right was left, looking eye to eye, I saw the familiar reflection—almost as if I were looking at myself. He started.

"Now I see what I usually see in the mirror," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "and when I look at you out of the glass I suppose I see what others see when they look at me."

But there was still the question as to how much alike we were otherwise. What was his nature, his behavior?

"Do you like music?" I asked.

"Crazy about it," he replied, showing the first trace of enthusiasm. "But I don't play or sing."

"I'm a great consumer myself, tho I gave up the violin because of an inaccurate ear. Do you like poetry?"

"I can't read the stuff," he snorted.

"Same here."

"I'm too sentimental," he added.

"I know—and poets smother sentiment with words and tricks."

"That's it," he agreed. "The machinery creaks too much. Do you like art, painting, sculpture?"

"Oh yes, and I have a slight talent for drawing."

"Me too, but I never did anything with it."

"Chemistry used to interest me a little," I volunteered.

"That so? And are you nuts on automobiles?"

"More or less, yes. Any- (Continued on page 43)

As Told
to
Ruel Mc-
Daniel



Terrell Sledge

The Story
of
Terrell
Sledge,
of Kyle, Texas

What an OXFORD MAN Is Doing In a Small Town

I AM something of a novelty in this section of the West. People cannot understand why I, after graduating from my state university, winning a Rhodes scholarship and securing a degree from Oxford, came back to my home town and entered the mercantile business.

You see, my home town has less than 700 people and it has not grown appreciably in the last twenty years.

"You could have had a choice of a wide range of opportunities here in this country and abroad," I have pointed out to me frequently. "Rhodes scholars are always in demand. Surely you—." There they usually stop, more or less awkwardly. What they want to say is that surely I could have done better than this—being the part-owner of a general merchandise store in a sleepy country town.

I am twenty-seven years old. I have not been back

from England long enough to lose my Oxford accent which amuses my friends greatly. I am not married. I like the city and its life and opportunities. Yet I do not believe that I could have done better than I have, in selecting my life's work.

To me the typical American small town today represents the real mercantile opportunity for the young man who wants to be in business for himself—especially if his capital is limited.

The small town has an appreciation for individual effort, character and good intentions. It is responsive to new merchandising ideas and an honest attempt to render a service. And more important still, it seems to me, there is a great opportunity in the small town for the enterprising merchant to perform a service that will bring more comfort to the lives of his customers and at the same time bring him business success.

During my last year in Oxford I devoted much of my spare time to plans for my business enterprise back home. From the start I saw the small town store not merely as a means of selling goods and making money but as a sort of hub around which much of the activity of the surrounding country would evolve.

I believed that selling goods was only incidental to building a successful mercantile business in a small town. I felt that it was necessary to go back to fundamentals and there lay a background upon which to build a successful retail business.

That is the policy of my store today. Business is good in spite of an apparent trend away from the small town. I am making fair profits in spite of a drought in this section and low prices for farm products.

When I started in business the chief "money" crop in this vicinity was cotton. Following out my theory that to build a successful business it was necessary to go back to fundamentals, I began a one-man campaign to curtail cotton acreage and to diversify. I did that for two reasons, both selfish. One was that I realized that cotton farmers bought practically no machinery because cotton cannot be successfully cultivated or harvested by machine—and I sell machinery. Another was that I felt that cotton farming was curtailing the earning power of the farm and therefore reducing the purchasing power of the farmer who is my best customer.

I own a farm. I set what I believed to be a good example by purchasing a dual-purpose strain of cattle, up to that time unknown in that territory, and ranging them on my farm. Farmers watched with interest. I planted grasses and clovers to provide year-round pasture for my herd. It was not long before I was producing beef and dairy products at a profit.

My customers saw the opportunity of similar change and followed my example. Today my best customers are farming on an entirely different plan than they were three years ago, when I came back and entered business. They are growing grasses for their stock. And the surplus of grasses produces a hay crop which brings cash. They are raising hogs and poultry to consume the surplus and ordinary waste from the dairy herd. And chickens and hogs sell for cash the year round.

This program has provided a fairly steady flow of cash into the pockets of many of my customers and that condition immediately records itself in my cash

register. There are farmers today who are buying eighty per cent of all their supplies from me, who bought practically nothing when I first started in business. They are doing so, I am sure, because they have appreciated my efforts in helping build the community and aiding them to make more money.

A common reason advanced for lack of opportunity in the small town is that the trend is away from the little town and toward the city. That is true but there is no reason why that should seriously limit the business opportunity in the small town. For that matter, there is a trend toward decentralization that reaches all the way from the largest city to the farm, but neither does that lessen the young man's chance in the small town—if he will give the small town a chance.

This decentralization of the small town and farm is a sort of sifting process which will work to the benefit of the small-town merchant in the long run. There are going to be fewer farmers but better farmers. That means better customers for the small town merchant. There may be fewer citizens in town, but they will be better citizens—and better customers.

Good roads make it possible for farmers and small town citizens to go to the city and trade at any time they wish. Yet that does not materially affect my business. Good roads also make it easier for farmers to come to my store.

I make it a point to carry every item of merchandise in general demand which requires some form of service to make it render the most satisfactory performance. Radio receiving sets are typical. Some of my customers, attracted by advertising in city newspapers go to the city to buy their radio sets. But when they need service they come to me, somewhat reluctantly. I render the service, make a reasonable charge for it and point out the advantages of buying radio sets at home. Fewer and fewer of my customers are going to the city for their radios.

The same thing applies to a score of other items. By using these commodities to show customers the service rendered by the home town merchant, I am gradually educating them to the advantages of buying not only these articles on which service is required, but staple commodities as well, from me.

My customers are especially responsive to good displays, original advertising and other merchandising effort
(Continued on page 58)

Here's a Wholesome Story!

Terrell Sledge won a Rhodes Scholarship, got an Oxford degree, and decided that there were just as good opportunities in his tiny home town of Kyle, Texas, as could be found in any metropolis of the world.

Kyle has only 700 inhabitants, but things began to happen when young Sledge took charge of the general store there.

In accelerating the farming activities of the surrounding community he has been proving three facts of major importance: (1) That no town is too small to provide a Big Opportunity; (2) That the country is a better place to live in than the city; (3) That the way to become a successful merchant is to develop the Earning Power of your Customers.

By Roy Sullivan

Let the SELLER BEWARE!

AN OUTLINE of the NEW CODE of BUSINESS

WHY do we more cheerfully pay some bills than others?

The psychology of spontaneous honesty which makes us pay our bills not only promptly but cheerfully is a matter of serious study in the business world right now. It bids fair to turn the minds of the men who sell us our homes and everything that goes into them away from the psychology of *selling* to something more basic; something which may hold the key to a new and firmer prosperity. That something is the psychology of *buying*.

Why, for example, did you or I decide to buy the car we did, or a certain type of electric refrigerator or a specific vacuum cleaner? There is a wide range of selection in each of these fields. Yet we chose one car, or refrigerator or vacuum cleaner.

Why?

That's exactly what the makers of the articles which we did *not* buy would like to understand.

Having received the articles of our choice, we more cheerfully pay for some of them than for others.

Forward-looking manufacturers, distributors and retailers are looking into this subject. Many of them are forced to admit that while the quality of their goods and the price may have been important considerations, the chief motivation was our state of mind at the time of the sale.

Big business has long known that prosperity is a state of mind and the word "afford" largely a way of thinking. After a family passes the stage where it is sure of its three primary necessities, food, shelter and clothing, then the quality of food, the kind and location of shelter and the standard of dress depend as much on the manner of spending as on the family's means.

The present generation approaches the spending of money in a far different attitude from that of fifty years ago, or even a quarter of a century ago. There was a time when the village smithy was regarded as an exemplary citizen because he owed not any man. The village smithy is now, very probably, a garage pro-

Mr. Sullivan thinks that the day of the "High Pressure Salesman" has passed.

The new type salesman looks at the transaction from the point of view of the Buyer.

He wants the buyer to be satisfied after the purchase; to pay for it cheerfully—and to Buy Again!

prietor, and he owes every one he can. To a certain extent, the more he owes, the more honest he is conceded to be, for it is the man who owes and pays promptly who has a ready and useful credit rating.

From the time of the village smithy until now, or from the days of the horse to our machine age, manufacturers have been inventing and perfecting devices to add to our comfort

and pleasure. Problems of distribution have been solved by constantly changing types of rapid transportation. Problems affecting the sale of these goods have been met by national advertising campaigns, backed up by local effort on the part of distributors and retailers thru newspaper advertising, direct mail and personal solicitation. The one source of power, which keeps the wheels of our machine age running smoothly, is the broad extension of personal credit which makes the time payment system of buying and selling possible.

We have become accustomed to paying for the articles we select as we use them. It is difficult, therefore, to realize there was ever a time when people did not make important purchases until they had the full amount of an article's value. The time payment method of buying has made buying a simple matter and offers far more comforts and conveniences to people of limited incomes than even wealthy families, of the past, enjoyed.

Along with mass production and national distribution, there was created a new and energetic figure known commonly as the high pressure salesman.

There was a very definite need for such a link between buyer and seller. Factories were turning out goods at capacity upon the premise that they must be produced cheaply as possible, and yet maintain a certain standard of quality; that they must be distributed on a grand scale—and rapidly—or the whole plan would crumble and fall. So the high pressure salesman stepped forth. He forced wholesalers to carry large stocks and he loaded the retailers' shelves; then he be-

gan working on you and me. He created the desire for possession and showed us how easily we could buy. We paid only a small part of the value at the time of the sale and agreed to settle monthly for the balance.

The high pressure salesman played an important part, therefore, in raising our standard of living. He made us want things and forced us to a faster and ever faster pace to earn the money to buy them. In the city, he changed our lighting from gas to electricity and the brilliance revealed much to be improved in our homes and furnishings and standards of decoration. In the country, he has equalized the small house and the large barn and provided the farmer's wife with almost as many labor-saving devices as the city dweller's wife possesses.

People of a future age will look upon us with amazement; observing how we lashed ourselves into a fury of earning power, from the greatest industrialist to the least employe, because we assumed obligations to

the limit of our credit and sometimes even beyond. This unnatural condition brought about the inevitable crack-up and now we are emerging from the nightmare of a painful period of readjustment. We engaged in excesses and now we are paying, for people must always pay for excesses. But we are emerging, and we are looking out upon the world with a saner vision. The high pressure salesman who piped for us has fallen into the pit with us. He raised us to great heights, and showed us pleasant vistas of comfort and convenience and pleasure. He has played his part well but now that we are getting a firmer grip on ourselves we have no further need for him. He has become an anachronism.

We are ready to buy again but we have become careful buyers. That is why manu- (Continued on page 47)

The brilliance of the new electric lights revealed much to be improved in our homes and furnishings.

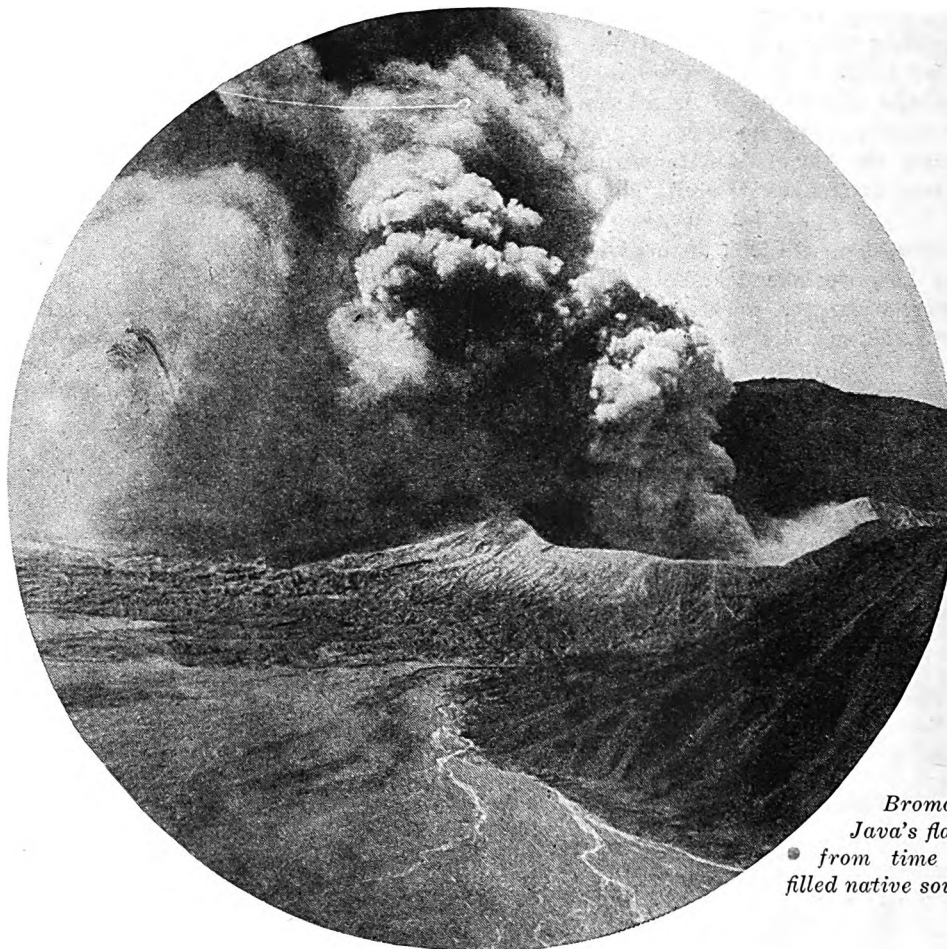


Guna-Guna

A Glimpse into
the *Strange Superstitions*
of the JAVANESE

By
Hendrik
deLeeuw

With
Photographs
by the
Author



*Bromo volcano, one of
Java's flame mountains that
from time immemorial have
filled native souls with deadly awe*

EVERY RACE has its lumber room of magical beliefs and practices and many such revivals are beautiful and full of historical interest. So before the rapid influx of too much modernism washes away the landmarks of their complex and ancient civilization, I have chronicled some of that highly interesting Javanese Magic, *Guna-Guna*.

Magic maintains its hold firmly in the Far East where the practice has not only come down to the Mahometan Malays by tradition in popular folk-lore but persists also as part of their former Pagan religions, which are filled to the brim with ideas of witchcraft, magical precepts and charms.

This ancient superstitious faith still survives in the practice of Berhantu or Exorcism and MenJampi or practice of magic, in which superstitious and un-intellectual Malays deeply believe. They will at times employ Black Magic sometimes with and sometimes without the assistance of a medicine man, whose judgment they greatly respect. It is his business to give advice in matters of sorcery, to propitiate devils and to chide or coax evil spirits, as the occasion demands.

In my wanderings of many years in the Malayan islands it was comparatively easy for me to learn of the

simpler and more forthright superstitions of the Malays, but some of the more recondite customs and beliefs could not be ferreted out so easily, since a curious reluctance to speak attacks these people when the question strikes them as too pointed. But I did, little by little, sometimes arousing the anger and suspicion of my interlocutors, find out a great deal.

From a hint here, a sentence there, I managed to learn something about their evil spirits—the ones they fear the most besides gaining some very interesting information about witches, werewolves and vampires.

In speaking of spirits, if we are to believe early Malayan accounts, the sun and the earth once had human form. The sun had the form of a man. The earth that of a woman whose milk may even be traced in the tin mines of the East Indies and its ore in Malaya, and whose blood now is gold. In some ancient strata of Malayan beliefs, the white spirit of the sun and the black spirit of the moon must have been highly important. This mysterious black spirit in this Malayan Pantheon was addressed by the natives as King of the Earth. They believed he walked along the veins of the earth and slept at its gate.

Most of the Malays are animists, however, and their

beliefs are founded on two fundamental dogmas. According to their ideas, everything in nature, whether man, animal or plant has a soul. These souls possess the faculty to leave their present habitat and settle in other abodes more congenial to them. But the Malay is no fanatic and does not live in constant fear of these spirits, embodied and disembodied. I have come to regard them broadmindedly enough to make deals at times with these spirits.

Like all primitives, the Malaysans believe that evil spirits are especially active on abnormal occasions of life. For instance, birth, puberty and marriage occasions are invested with ceremonies of *Slamatans*. As soon as the Malayan woman is with child, abstentions and rules for the husband and the Malay woman are the order of the day in order that no vampire may injure the expectant mother or mar the delivery or affect the unborn. To frustrate the evil spirits the woman is obliged to carry a knife of iron as a talisman while the husband, in going out after dusk, is not allowed to return directly home, but must first pay a visit to a neighbor to put the vampire off the scent.

Wherever a woman is about to give birth to a baby, no one is allowed to enter the front door, this probably symbolizing there is only one exit from the womb. If the delivery is difficult, the witch-doctor is called in who lifts the ends of the woman's tresses while blowing down them and reciting charms. The husband is also given a curious job. He is summoned to step to and fro across his wife, kissing her and condoning any sins she may have committed.

After the birth, mother and child are laid on a platform, and toasted frequently during forty-eight hours of purification. The savage mind dreads contagion of her effeminacy and hysteria and so when the forty-eight hours of purification are complete, the wife throws away the bench on which she has been roasted and the child is introduced to Mother Earth and Father Water.

In connection with these children it might be interesting to know that the exact likeness of a male child to the father, or as the Malays interpret such an event, "possession of two hosts by one soul" causes great alarm in the Malayan household. The witch-doctor is called in again and the child's ears are pierced. If this is not done, father and son are likely to die.

Demise of a woman in childbirth is most feared,

which in itself is easy to comprehend, in view of the united belief of all Malay-Polynesian peoples that the true and fundamental purpose of existence is to breed children. A barren or sterile woman is held in great contempt and disgusted pity and for those who are able to bear children, the strictest obligation to do so is in force. They have not arrived at the conclusion of civilization—that too many children may be bad. Nothing must stand in the way of a successful delivery and, by most natural consequence, it follows that the spirit of a woman dying in childbirth must be feared. To these no honor is paid. Instead magical charms and amulets, ashes and stench of burnt herbs are resorted to to drive them away. The woman who dies in child-bed ranks as a martyr and the horror of her untimely demise makes the ancestors very bitter.

Such is the anger and awe when such an untoward event occurs that they are apt to visit their wrath on the cause of it. The sufferings of women in delivery fill them with great amazement and for all this agonizing commotion to take place and end only in death is in their eyes a crime towards the universe and mankind.

From the foregoing, it may be concluded that the Malayan peoples respect the vocations of the witch-doctor. He is generally held in great honor for his sagacity and skill in the use of remedial plants and drugs and he uses his wits either with or without the aid of the magic art, which in Java is also nick-named Guna-Guna.

The term Guna-Guna, or Javanese magic, is very elastic and its use includes a multitude of questionable practices. Let me say however, lest any one accuse me of pandering to the widespread public interest in the so-called mystery of the East, that I do not for one moment give credence to, nor am I sold on the "powers of darkness" which the exponents of Guna-Guna claim to be able to invoke. I do on the other hand, most emphatically believe them to be possessed of a very intimate acquaintance with the science of suggestion, coupled with a deep knowledge of the properties of certain kinds of obscure drugs.

The island of Java is filled to the brim with those mysticisms which are hidden from Western eyes and that there is a hidden force, that lurks and slumbers like a smouldering fire and includes hatred and mystery, is undoubtedly true.

The spiritual life of the (Continued on page 50)

Priestess of Guna-guna rites

Javanese priests in full ceremonial vestments

The segmented whiskers of these gentle beasts are a favorite poison in distant Java

Underwood and Underwood





Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Photo

The “YES APPROACH”

And HOW to USE IT

By B. W. Elsom

Ass't Supt. Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wis.

PSYCHOLOGISTS have recently analyzed and dissected a very powerful piece of strategy in the art of handling people. They have christened it the “Yes-Approach.” They do not claim to have invented this strategy; we find examples of its use by great leaders as far back as we can delve into history. The psychologists, however, have given it a definition, and have clearly delineated its psychological background. Here is the principle:

“The more ‘yesses’ you can get in the opening stages of a proposition, the more likely you are to get a favorable decision in the end.”

Read it again—two—three—four times. Its many implications will become more apparent as we study its practical applications. It can be used with effective results by executives, supervisors, teachers, politicians, parents; in short, by anyone who wishes to influence the actions of other people. I am thinking just now of four practical uses of the “Yes-approach.”

1. **IN SALESMANSHIP:** Suppose I am a house-to-house salesman selling a new book on natural history. I ring a doorbell. The lady of the house appears. I say, “Madam, may I take a few minutes of your time to show you this new, very complete book on natural history which we are offering at a greatly reduced price?”

I have to say this fast so as to get it said before the lady slams the door, which she probably will do. Even if she does not slam the door, her answer, nine times out of ten will be “No!” That is the answer most people have schooled themselves to use whenever anyone asks if they want to buy a book. I have gotten off to a bad start, at any rate, because I have invited a negative reaction to my first question; it will take a great deal of skillful salesmanship to persuade the lady that her first answer was incorrect.

Suppose at the next door I change my tactics. The lady answers the bell and I say, “Mrs. Foster?”

“Yes.”

"I understand, Mrs. Foster, that you have two children in Central High School?"

"Why, yes."

"The boy, I believe, is a senior?"

"Yes, he is."

"And the girl a junior?"

"Yes."

"Our high schools today, Mrs. Foster, are laying a great deal of stress on natural history."

"Why yes, I believe my boy was cutting some clippings about natural history out of a magazine the other day."

Now when I ask if I may show her my book, don't you think Mrs. Foster is more likely to say "Yes"? She has said "Yes" to me five times already, before I present the question that is all-important to me. She may not buy my book, but at least the chances are much better that she will let me show it to her. We have gotten off to a propitious start.

I have established between us an affirmative bond, thanks to the "Yes-approach." I have shown her that I know her name, who her children are, where they go to school, and something about their problems in that school. I have begun to establish that bond of mutual understanding which is the essential basis of every successful sales contact.

2. IN SUPERVISION: The "Yes-approach" may be used with great effectiveness by all those who have to supervise or direct the work of others. That supervisor who can establish an affirmative bond between himself and his subordinates will be most successful in building up their morale and increasing their production. The use of the "Yes-approach" in supervision does not mean that you should ask all questions so that they can be answered by "Yes." It centers around the creation of that affirmative frame of mind which makes the worker feel that the boss is a regular fellow.

For example: In giving an order to one of your workers you may make it short and snappy and bare of details. The worker will tackle the job that you ask him to do, but he will not tackle it with that whole-hearted interest that might be inspired thru the "Yes-approach." Take a few minutes longer in giving your order to let the worker understand just why he is to do this particular job, what effect its efficient fulfillment will have on the customers of the firm, his fellow-workers, or on the output of the department. The worker feels that you take him into your confidence when you give him this additional information, and you are paving the way for his whole-hearted co-operation.

3. IN HANDLING GRIEVANCES OR COMPLAINTS: Suppose one of your workers, or one of your customers, comes to you with a complaint or grievance. You may know after you have heard the first few words of the grievance what the answer is; you may know that the complaint is unjustified. Don't say so at once. That will only make the person who has come to you feel that you are prejudiced against him and will increase his feeling of injustice and mistreatment.

The "Yes-approach" method is this: Listen to his complaint, carefully and sympathetically. Let him tell you the whole story. Agree with those points of his statement with which you can agree. Postpone points of argument until later. When he has finished his recital, then say, "Well, I think I understand just how you feel about this grievance. I agree with you on many of the things you have said. I believe (Continued on page 58)

Don't give her a chance to say No!

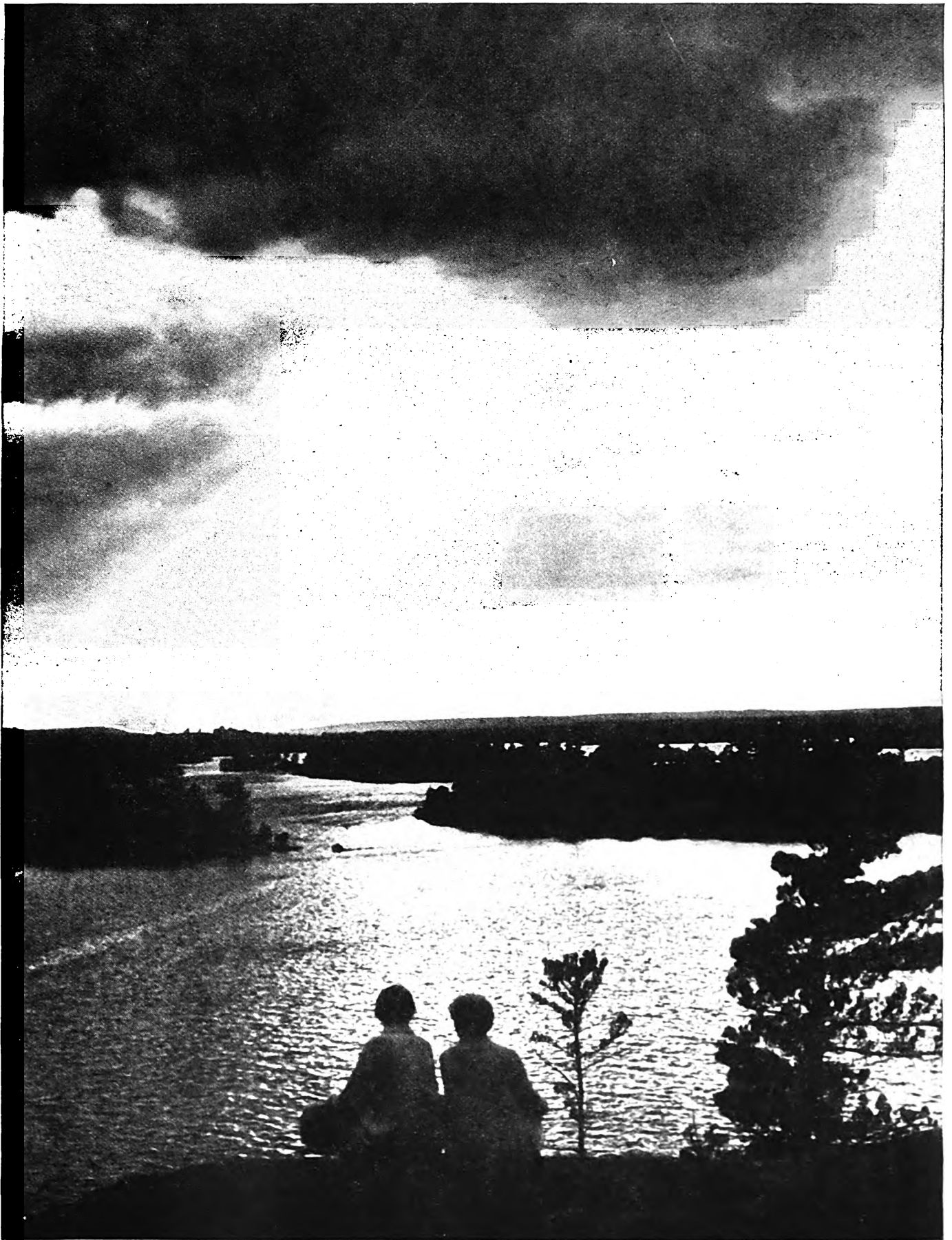


A RAINY DAY

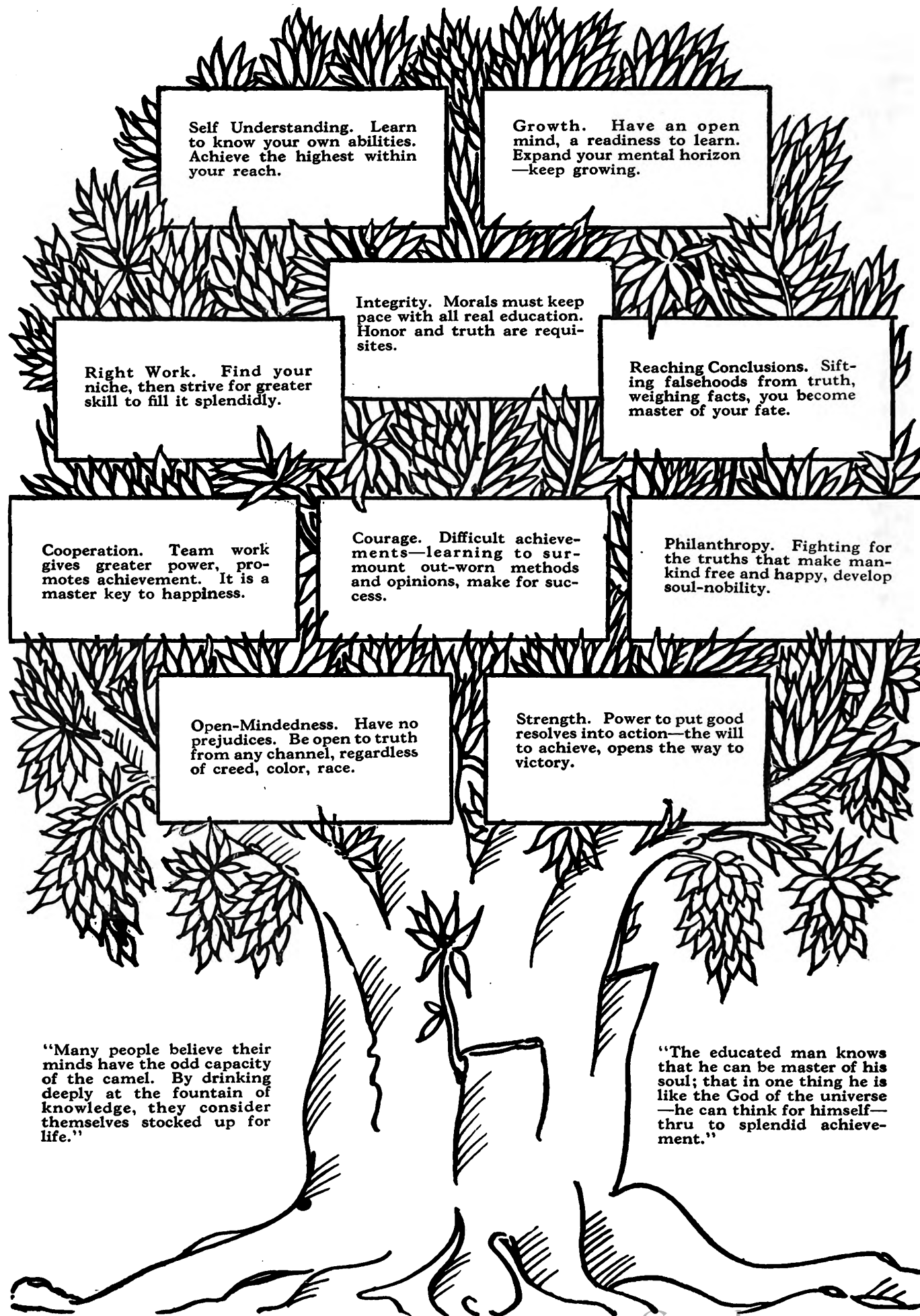
by
Frances Kiffin

*The grass is bent beneath the torrent
Of the rain,
Sweeping in flowing ecstasy
Towards the sea.
All day my ears have listened
To the brittle trickle
Of the water in the spout:
The silvery drops, a-tapping dreary music
From the eaves,
Have pierced my melancholy mood
Until I cannot bear
The lonely whistle of a robin's call.
The wells of recollection
Burst like freshets from a long-dry bed,
Engulfing me.
The house is lonely
And my heart is full of shadows
As the trees upon the lawn.*

*I stand,
With fingers drumming on the window-pane.
Against the grayish pall
The world's a changeling—
Distorted and awry—without the sun;
And so am I.
Yet when the sun
Comes slanting thru the clouds,
Slashing the ragged mists with light,
I laugh,
And know the rain was good—
A dripping mercy,
Washing clean the heart.
So we may drink the sweetened air
And breathe the perfume of the earth.
Renewed, refreshed,
I sing my joy
To that strange miracle of rain.*



*"Yet when the sun
Comes slanting thru the clouds—"*



Self Understanding. Learn to know your own abilities. Achieve the highest within your reach.

Growth. Have an open mind, a readiness to learn. Expand your mental horizon—keep growing.

Integrity. Morals must keep pace with all real education. Honor and truth are requisites.

Right Work. Find your niche, then strive for greater skill to fill it splendidly.

Reaching Conclusions. Sifting falsehoods from truth, weighing facts, you become master of your fate.

Cooperation. Team work gives greater power, promotes achievement. It is a master key to happiness.

Courage. Difficult achievements—learning to surmount out-worn methods and opinions, make for success.

Philanthropy. Fighting for the truths that make mankind free and happy, develop soul-nobility.

Open-Mindedness. Have no prejudices. Be open to truth from any channel, regardless of creed, color, race.

Strength. Power to put good resolves into action—the will to achieve, opens the way to victory.

"Many people believe their minds have the odd capacity of the camel. By drinking deeply at the fountain of knowledge, they consider themselves stocked up for life."

"The educated man knows that he can be master of his soul; that in one thing he is like the God of the universe—he can think for himself—thru to splendid achievement."

Are You

By W. A. Mansur

Tests to tell
if you are an
EDUCATED PERSON

EDUCATED?

BECAUSE of mass education, over-production of degrees and oversupply of graduates, people are asking, "Are we educated?" "How can I know who is educated?" and "What are the marks of educated people?"

In the following simple answer you will find indications of true education which will help you measure your own education, assist you in gauging the education of others and provide criteria by which to understand people—their character, education, problems, failures, achievements and their possible future.

Educated People Continue Their Self-Development

The paramount principle of educated people is the continuation of their self-development. School graduation is a commencement and not a completion of their education; it is a beginning in a larger school, it is a matter of choice and not compulsion.

"People desire not only the intelligence," said President Coolidge, "to comprehend economic and social problems but they are finding that increased leisure is little more than time wasted in indulgence, unless an opportunity for self-development and self-expression has been provided in youth by the cultivation of a taste for literature, history, and the fine arts."

Educated people have developed the art of self-development. They have come to know themselves—their bodies, minds, and spirit. They have tried to know their inabilities as well as their abilities. Their desire is to bring out the best that is in them, to achieve the highest within their reach, and to promote the welfare of others. They are ever learning, ever growing, ever attempting bigger and better things.

Think For Themselves

You must learn to think for yourself; you must develop the ability to appreciate things; you must increase your capacity to make better choices, pass accurate judgment and develop skill above the mediocre about you. You must expand your mental horizon, widen its grasp and increase its wisdom. You must be able to use what knowledge you have, make it adaptable to the circumstances and use it to your purposes.

There are too many people with the "camel" theory of education. "The camel, as you know," explains Dr. Frederick B. Robinson "is a queer quadruped that drinks enormous quantities of water before setting out on a long journey across arid sands and depends upon this supply to sustain him for the entire trip! A great many people, unfortunately, believe that their minds have the odd capacity of the camel. By drinking deeply at the fountain of knowledge in school or college they consider themselves stocked up for life. These are the people, as I have long observed, *who never rise above mediocrity.*

Educated People Have Found Their Work

Educated people have found their work. Many drift because they change often from one task to another; some are mediocre in their work because they refused to pay the price for greater skill. Still others fail because they are lazy, self-satisfied and without a high purpose. But the truly educated express their character thru their work, show their personality in their achievements and indicate their life philosophy in their life vocation.

Owen D. Young says, "The misplacement of human beings is one of the greatest tragedies. Be on the guard always against letting yourself drift into occupations for which you are not fitted. You must discover your own aptitude—you must pilot your own ship."

The first thing educated people do is to ascertain what their capabilities are, and the direction in which they tend. They try to find the work in which they may become most useful. They find their happiness in work well done.

Educated People Govern Themselves by High Morals

Theodore Roosevelt said, "To educate a man in mind and not in morals is to educate a menace to society."

Truly educated people believe in governing their lives by high moral principles. The truly educated man will not violate either his mental or his moral integrity.

It is certain that a man is unsafe, even to himself unless his life is motivated by principles of righteousness. Educated people de- (Continued on page 56)



"ALLELUIAH!

By
Eudora Ramsay
Richardson

and Her Smoke Rose Up!"

THE chaplain of a state penitentiary in the Middle West has asked me to comment upon the woman who smokes. From time to time reminders, such as the letter from the chaplain, serve to shake loose my intermittent belief that the woman smoker is at last taken as a matter of course.

Recently in my own city an amusing little incident that occurred within the ranks of the Parent-Teacher Association indicated that there are still those who hold that smoking disqualifies women for leadership. The entire slate proposed by the nominating committee was defeated because the presidential candidate's mouth was said to have been polluted by the filthy weed.

Several women politicians of my acquaintance smoke only in private and two do not smoke at all because they fear that cigarettes might lose votes for them. While I know not one young man who disapproves of smoking, I can think of three husbands from the middle generation who discourage the habit among women. Yet I admit at the outset that the circle of one's own friends furnishes a poor basis for the making of generalizations.

We are so accustomed in the South to ultra-conservatism and to the pedestal attitude toward women that we are not surprised to hear smoking mentioned as an accomplishment that should be purely masculine. Of recent years, however, commercialism has overcome sentiment. The staple, by means of which the southern colonies subsisted during the pioneering years, is too important from agrarian and industrial standpoints for its purchase by any type of consumer to be greatly discouraged. Now that the tobacco kings who hold sway thruout North Carolina and Virginia are advertising their brands of cigarettes as necessary supplements to feminine charm, few vassals have the temerity to vocalize their objections.

My personal observation—again confessedly limited—leads me to believe that the hardest opponents of tobacco come from the North and West. Not so long ago at a meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs a delegate from Chicago and another from Detroit precipitated a mild scene at their table when two other delegates—from the South—as it happened—lit cigarettes after dinner. W. C. T. U. leaders who have been most outspoken in their condemnation of tobacco receive their mail at Northern addresses.

In Richmond the last stronghold of conservatism was taken about three years ago when ash trays were placed in the social rooms of the Woman's Club. Up to that time legend persisted to the effect that smoking at the club was

A delegate from Chicago and another from Detroit precipitated a mild riot when two other delegates lit cigarettes.



"I Worked *Hard* at Being a Failure—

And Suddenly Found
It Is *Easier* to

SUCCEED"

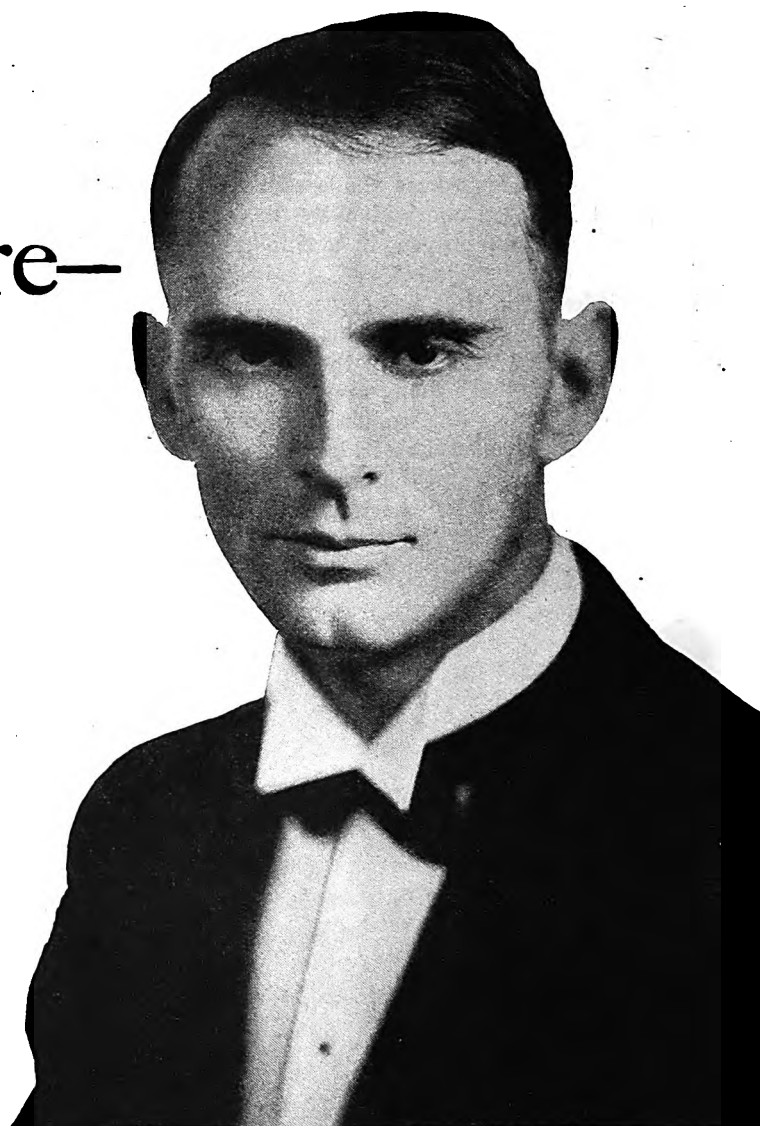
Says

J. John Gilbert

Author of "*The Invisible Fulcrum*,"
"*Alley Gods*," etc.

In an Interview with

Adele S. Bailey



J. John Gilbert

"**N**O ONE but myself will ever know how hard I worked at being a failure," remarked J. John Gilbert, the earnest dynamic young author, who is now working as hard at being a success as he worked a few years ago at being a failure.

"I courted failure in every walk of life until, like a galley slave bound with chains, I found myself chained to and by intense fear and hatred, expecting and receiving only disappointment in everything I attempted. In desperation I turned to self pity which was like throwing oil into a blazing fire. But," he added quickly, "that was before I bought the success stock."

"Success stock!" I exclaimed, "that sounds interesting. Suppose you tell me about it," I encouraged. He didn't reply immediately. "Please do," I urged.

Suddenly he smiled and said, "Well, I made a good big purchase of success stock, when I realized that it is just as easy, in fact much easier to be a success than a failure. It is merely a matter of deciding that you intend to be a success, and then holding to your decision. The person who finds the world all wrong must reform himself by changing his view-point and soon he will find the world all right. He must build up a healthy imagination, holding positive success thoughts. If you visualize success so strongly that you actually feel successful, then unconsciously you will act successfully and in that way you are attracting success to you—for just as poverty attracts still greater poverty, so

one success will lead to another and greater success.

"With tenacity, courage and faith you are buying success shares. Never for one instant let yourself be side-tracked; when your courage wanes, get busy and work harder, for conscientious, intelligent labor always brings results, and results bolster faith. When you are weary from working, just relax and have faith, visualizing and knowing that since you have given freely you will receive. That is what I mean by purchasing success stock."

"It sounds so easy," I remarked.

"And it is easy," he replied, "if one is just persistent in holding to one view-point and that—success."

Neither of us spoke for several minutes. Then Mr. Gilbert continued, "The most encouraging fact of all is that no one is ever bound to failure by environment, for the same conditions which you permit to make you a failure, can also make you a success. All depends upon how you react to them.

"I believe there is good psychology in the nursery rhyme about the man who fell into the bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes and then fell back into the bush and scratched them in again. For instance, so-called troubles and disappointments can bar your success or they can be made stepping stones toward it. No

difficulty, no matter how formidable it may appear, can deter a person whose mind is dominated by constructive thoughts from reaching his goal."

"In that case, there is hope for all of us," I remarked, "regardless of seeming handicaps."

"Of course there is," he affirmed. "The really big men are the ones who cash in on seeming difficulties."

"But we are generalizing," I said, "suppose you tell me just how you personally swung the pendulum in the opposite direction."

"It will sound so egotistical," Mr. Gilbert retorted. "I don't like to talk about myself as an individual."

"Never mind," I told him. "This time it's what I want, and I have come all the way from Boston to Dayton to hear just how *you* as an individual exchanged failure for success."

"All right," he said, "if you insist. I had always wanted to write. In fact I had been educated in the university for this very profession,—whatever a university trained writer means. I knew that the thing which I could do the easiest and with the greatest and most enduring happiness was writing.

"But I wanted at once to begin being a great success. I didn't want to go to the bother of working for it. Anybody without a college education could do that. So I began by aiming for the big magazines, only to receive rejection slips. I dashed off a story in an hour or two and expected to sell it. As my funds diminished I got frightened and prayed; prayed that one of my worthless stories (only at the time I didn't realize that they weren't worth the paper I had typed them on) would be accepted. But the stories continued to return and I continued to pray, but I didn't work any harder. I expected to have a platter of good things set before me without so much as lifting a hand to get them.

"When I found that I couldn't sell my stories to the first-class magazines, I gave up writing and tried for other work, but I was a failure in everything I attempted, for I would accept only positions which were far beyond me. I wanted to jump right into a big job. Then when I found that I couldn't, I became discouraged, lost confidence in myself and people in general.

"I saw myself as a failure. Finally, it was a question of starving or getting busy and doing something about it. It was then that I did manage to walk across the street and get a dish-washing job. That was the turning point. Without knowing it, I bought my first success share, for I was combining action with positive thought, prayer. I graduated from the dish-washing job and landed a position as checker in the shipping department of a large factory.

"During spare moments I took up my writing again

"Buy 'Success Stock'!"

J. John Gilbert, a newcomer into the ranks of successful authors, insists that what he calls "Success Stock" can be bought cheap—in fact for nothing.

All it cost him was the determination to walk across the street and take a job at washing dishes.

The minute he took that first sharp, quick step, he found himself walking rapidly toward the success he had sought in vain as a "high-brow" relying on his university education.

And he never tires now of urging others to get in on the Success Market on the tip that worked for him—quick, hard, decisive, persistent action.

but I didn't try to sell to the big magazines. Instead I wrote articles for trade journals, and elicited quite a few checks each month. I had learned at last that it is not possible to start at the top. Just as an athlete trains his muscles by constant, systematic exercise day after day, for weeks and months, I too, if I wished to ascend to Parnassian heights, must expect to plod my way along with faithful, persistent work day after day—considering every task, no matter how menial or small, a stepping-stone toward my goal. The best part of it all was I no longer felt discouraged. I was aiming for a goal and I knew that I was making progress toward it. I

knew I was buying success stock.

"My next writing attempt was a story about Andrew Jackson which I submitted to a San Francisco newspaper, offering it to them for one hundred corrected galley proofs. These I mailed out to editors of Sunday papers and sold eighty-five. I collected three hundred dollars for the work. Then came a position as advertising manager. I put in long hours and found very little time for writing, except during the early hours of the morning. Nevertheless, I did manage to write a book and the book was the outcome of my experiences from the dish-washing job and what followed."

Mr. Gilbert hesitated for a moment, then added abruptly, "I guess that's about all."

But that is not all. *The Invisible Fulcrum*, the book which Mr. Gilbert wrote under such difficult circumstances, proved a real financial success. Later it was dramatized and in the drama all the elements and emotions which had operated in the life of the author were given characterization. The negative emotions of Hate, Fear, Anger, Greed, Deceit, were seen arrayed against the positive emotions of Love, Hope, Courage, Faith and in the battle the positive emotions win.

Since writing *The Invisible Fulcrum* Mr. Gilbert has brought out another book, *Alley Gods*, which gives promise of equalling the first.

Someone, summing up Gilbert and his work, said recently, "He has the power spiritually, mentally and physically, to attract big men and big desires. He is a success because he thinks and lives success; he 'demonstrates' success." That power, the law which has brought him so far, will carry him a long way.

And the author himself, likes to repeat his great discovery, as phrased at the beginning of our conversation:

"I worked hard at being a failure; it is much easier to be a success."

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 skillful 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.

THE EDITORS.

QUESTION:—W. S. writes:

I am a man twenty-nine years of age. I was married April, 1925. I made the mistake of marrying without love and the marriage, of course, did not prove successful. We have been separated more than two years and I am now getting a divorce. Almost two years ago I met a lady who is also divorced. She lives in another city. We have corresponded and about once a month I visit her. She seems to be my ideal, our social standing is about the same, and we enjoy the same things—cards, dancing and even the same books. She has confessed that she loves me and I think that I am in love with her. When we talked of getting married she told me that she had heart trouble that had been pronounced incurable and that under excitement she might drop dead almost any time. When she was married the doctor advised her not to have children as she might not be able to go thru such a strain. My greatest desire in getting married is to have children, as my family name will be blotted out unless my heirs carry it on. In spite of all this I am almost persuaded to marry her. She is willing to risk her life in childbirth for me. I don't think I will ever find anyone so near my ideal. What is your opinion?

ANSWER:—

I do not believe that it would be fair to either of you to marry. You would be asking your wife to sacrifice too much in her running the chances she would in giving you one or more children. You both will have very tense and unhappy moments in connection with the possibility of death following conception, and I believe, if you really and truly loved her, you would not wish her to face the possibility of death to gratify your ambition to perpetuate the family name. She is the one who would pay the price and in her being willing to face the possibility of death in giving you a child, she

is showing far more love than you are. And you even state that you "think" you are in love with her which means that you are not sure. You will both undoubtedly find another mate who will fit into each other's lives quite as well, without her taking the risk she would run in marrying you. Death would mean that you would have a child on your hands to take care of and that also would be rather unfair to the child. A child needs a mother's care and attention. Use your head.

QUESTION:—G. I. S. writes:

I have recently been pronounced a T. B. by a physician and he strongly advises me to go to some other climate. The altitude here is about 1500 feet above sea level. I really cannot afford to go. I do not even know where I could borrow the money for train fare, as my folks are poor. But I could give up my work and remain with my folks here which would provide me with food and a bed to sleep in. Is it really necessary to leave home for me to get well?

ANSWER:—

Tubercular patients are today treated successfully even in localities where the altitude is low. Here in Chicago we have a very large Municipal Sanitarium for that purpose, and the reports seem quite flattering. Chicago, as you may know, is only a few hundred feet above sea level. If you cannot get into some institution, here is what I would suggest: Take a good long rest at home, lying out in the sun during the day when weather will permit, sleeping either near a wide-open window, or outdoors, eat plenty of nourishing food, such as raw eggs, milk and some meat, and hold a hopeful, cheerful attitude. Believe that

you are going to get well as the mental attitude either raises or lowers your power of resistance. Take a real rest and don't be jumping up and down and walking about much. If you can turn the tide in connection with your disease at this early stage you will undoubtedly get well.

QUESTION:—O. C. B. writes:—

I am a salesman on the road continually, and while my sales are average, I could do twice as well if I could overcome a drawback that I do not seem to be able to cure. This drawback is self-consciousness. At times I am so self-conscious that I have to force the words out of my mouth and at times they do not come out in a natural way but are suppressed. When this feeling comes over me I fight it but I never get the upper hand soon enough. Is there a cure for this? When I am talking to a prospect, at times, half my mind is on what I am selling and the other half is thinking about myself. I certainly shall appreciate your advice.

ANSWER:—

Your case is a common one, more so than you realize. Just thousands upon thousands of persons are in the very same situation and are wondering if there is a chance for relief. But most of them go on struggling and fail to get in contact with just the proper means of cure. Cure must come thru a process of training and development; thru gaining a different understanding of yourself and your powers—thru a toughening, hardening process; thru reaching a point where you are in command of self instead of being ruled by sensitiveness, feelings and sensations. Self-consciousness merely means that you are too conscious of yourself, and the cure lies in reaching a state where you are able

to forget self. Not only are you too conscious of yourself but you are too much concerned regarding the opinion the other fellow may have of you. If you could reach a state where you did not care what the other fellow thought, everything would be different. It is not his opinion which counts most in your life, but your opinion of yourself. It is a question of building up confidence to a point where it will crush fear. Fear and faith cannot live under the same roof, so if you develop confidence, you may be sure the reign of fear will be at an end.

Had you signed your name and address to your letter I would have sent you something helpful. You need not fear to sign your name to letters written me for there will be no form of publicity attached to it. Only initials are used in the magazine columns.

In conclusion, let me state without hesitation that your self-consciousness can be cured. It is just a matter of going about it in the right way and staying by it.

QUESTION:—G. A. F. writes:—

For years I have suffered from an extreme form of depression and unhappiness. I cannot see pleasure in anything and I live from day to day only thru habit. Not a day passes but what I think, "Oh if this day could just be the last." I have no aches or pains, seem in fair health in spite of the depression, and cannot account for its continuance. It started when my mother died some thirteen years ago. Is there any chance for a change in a case like mine?

ANSWER:—

When your mother died you probably received quite a shock for perhaps you two had been very fond of each other and you felt that a part of you was passing out of existence. Or, perhaps you had felt quite dependent on her for advice, for sympathy, for assistance in living your daily life. When she was gone you felt there was no one to turn to, no one to take her place. Thus you developed a hopeless state toward the future. You could see nothing bright ahead, all of the color had passed out of life with your mother's death and just a drab, uninteresting existence confronted you. And, continuing to think along this same line a real habit was soon developed. You have probably avoided the very things that would help to pull you out of this state—life, society and an interest in some form of work. During all these years you have lacked courage and confidence. With your mother's death you lost your nerve and became afraid of life. You can change this state thru forcing yourself to

think and act along different lines until a new habit and order of living has been established. You have said to yourself, "What's the use?" and have too often used the words "I can't." I assure you that you can change your life completely if you just will, and are willing to make an honest effort. When one is down as far as you are I believe you or she is in need of a helping hand. You will require lots of encouragement and some definite directions as to just how to meet your problem.

QUESTION:—D. B. H. writes:—

I have an uncontrollable and ungovernable temper which has frequently caused me trouble. Thru it I have

Cosmic

By ARTHUR H. HOWLAND

The silences are truer than all words,

The spaces solidier than sphere or star.

Farthest is near and nearest is most far,

And love can thrust its way against all swords.

Monarchs are serfs, and servants are high lords.

The open gate is an inviolable bar, While rigid stone and steel no barriers are,

And one true soul wins thru thrice armed borders.

Sleeping is waking. Dreams are golden stairs

Whereon the ascending soul ne'er strains for breath.

Fast fall the answers to a myriad prayers,

And in the silence soft music com-forteth.

Beauty is everywhere—and he who dares

Can laugh to life the shadows of dark death.

lost many good friends, my relatives keep away from me as they might a snake. Once I even went so far as to fire a load of bird-shot at a man I felt had wronged me. Fortunately I missed him or perhaps the distance was so great the shot did not carry. I have inherited this temper from my father. He was killed by another man while in one of his violent spells. What in the world can a man do who has inherited such a terrible temper? I realize my weakness and really wish to change it and will willingly follow any suggestion you may give.

ANSWER:—

All you have inherited is a tendency toward strong emotion. The temper you have developed. The old saying of "count ten before you speak" might help a little. Your fight

is entirely a mental one and a matter of developing control and self mastery. Make up your mind that you are going to make people love you; that you are going to forget self more and try to be kind, thoughtful and speak a good word to everyone. Make this matter of changing yourself a game and be determined to win. Each time that you lose your temper and display your old traits see that you pay some penalty for it. Ask that person's pardon, or give some member of your family a certain sum of money for having forgotten yourself to such an extent. If you will bring it to your attention in some way that you suffer thru it, you will be more likely to exercise conscious watchfulness. Strive to be guided by reason instead of feelings and emotion. If you will continue to follow out some definite plan, and be faithful and persevering, you will master that uncontrolled emotion.

QUESTION:—A. R. E. writes:—

Some two years ago I had a very peculiar sensation in my head. It was at a time when I was having a severe headache and a feeling was produced suddenly, as tho something had snapped. Since that time I have had a creepy, crawly feeling, sometimes accompanied with a slight pain and again with just a burning sensation—but the creepy feeling is there most of the time. I have been to three different physicians, have even had X-rays made, but nothing can be discovered. For the past year I have had an intense fear of insanity for I cannot believe things are right in my head when I have so much trouble. Naturally I worry considerably. In fact, I presume I would be called a worrying type. Can you explain this feeling I have?

ANSWER:—

There is *nothing* seriously wrong in your case. You are not going insane I assure you. The feelings you have are often experienced by those whose nerves have become hyper-sensitive. Your chronic worry, and perhaps other forms of fear, are responsible for this trouble. The condition in your head is due entirely to nerves and the sensation as tho something "snapped" is a thing that many report as having experienced in such cases. Many believe there is actually something wrong with the brain, due to this sensation, but that is not the case. If you can assume a less serious attitude toward self, break the worry habit, and reach a state where you are able to *forget yourself*, your troubles will be over. If you cannot accomplish this alone you should seek help for such troubles, thru drifting, are more inclined to become worse than better. You have nothing *real* to fear.

(Continued on page 62)

You, Too, Can Make Money!

Says Pauline Cleaver

Mrs. Cleaver has long been known to radio listeners, newspaper, magazine and book readers, women's clubs, business clubs, correspondents, students and warm personal friends by the thousands, all over the United States. In the midst of financial and economic uncertainties, she keeps insisting—"You, Too, Can Make Money," and showing how it is to be done. Her ideas and advice are fruitful because they are fundamentally sound. Talent, expressed in Service, means Income! That is her message.

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

FLOWER WINDOW SHELF

EVEN tho it is coming into the time of year in which each of us would like a garden of our own, we can't all have it. But everybody can grow flowers on a window ledge. Two school teachers I know made for themselves charming window ledge gardens. Later, they made and sold flower window shelves to others who wanted to grow miniature gardens.

These little shelves were in forty-two inch lengths but on the same principle as window curtain rods, they could be changed to fit any window. The shelf I saw was six inches wide and attached to it was a water color card showing what the finished effect would be, when the flowering pots were in place. The shelf was eighteen inches tall and hung over a curtain rod, if the ledge were too narrow.

If these women desire to, they can place these unusual shelves in gift shops on commission.

WHAT A UNIVERSITY BOY DID

SINCE we are on the subject of flowers, I want to tell you what a young college man did. He badly needed one hundred dollars by a certain time. Over and over he asked himself, "Where can I get this money?" Then he began asking himself, "Is there anything I can do to get this money?" He had read my book, "You, Too, Can Make Money," and something there gave him a suggestion to make a gold-fish flower pot stand.

He sent me a colored drawing of the stand and told me the happy news that he earned his one hundred dollars in exactly fifty-one days. And remember that he was a student, having to give the larger part of his time to his classes.

The picture shows a very sportive looking metal affair in gay colors. I think he cut this sheet metal himself. The ends were held together with metal gold fish, painted orange color. The shelves were enameled black and the color effect was very attractive, with five metal gold fish tacked on the

part of each shelf which leaned against the glass window pane. Black and orange colored pots were to be alternately arranged on these shelves and the young man made the shelves in different sizes.

IT'S TOO bad in the spring—the time of roses and romance that anyone should suffer from pangs of unrequited love. A young man recently wrote me that because the young lady of his affections had "turned him down" he was finding that even his work was affected.

I wrote him immediately and something of what I told him was that he would have to do his honest best in changing his view-point of life. If we choose to nurse unhappy, unpleasant thoughts, everything, even our work and surroundings are affected. Sometimes people think they can have their cake and eat it too—that is, think any old way they want to and still have the result they desire. They'll be disappointed. I have sent the young man a special letter telling him some things to read to change his thoughts and view point.

AN INTERESTING EX-SOLDIER

UNABLE to resume his old work, an ex-soldier was restless and unhappy. He missed some constructive work to fill in his time. Finally he wrote me: "I'm not well educated, but isn't there something I could do with my hands? Also, I should have work that would keep me out in the fresh air."

So together, thru the exchange of letters, we thought up the first step to his doing something useful—that is, we designed a chair in which he could get around. This was a moving bench chair, mounted on three wire, rubber-tired wheels with a small supporting back. Parts of an old bicycle went into the making of this chair and the bar for guiding, became a part of the chair.

In this, he gets all around town, doing odd jobs—things he couldn't do if he had to depend upon his shaky legs

to get him about. He is out in the fresh air too and his health is improving.

MAKING COOKIES PAY

HER friends call her Aunt May. Therefore they always dubbed her excellent home-made cookies "Aunt May's ginger cookies."

"Um, um," everybody said who ever ate any "These are the best I've ever eaten," So when Aunt May needed money a little worse than she had ever needed it in her life it was natural for her mind to turn to what people had so often said about the ginger cookies.

"I wonder if I could find a way to sell them," she questioned and then immediately added "but I never could sell anything in all my life." "About time you were beginning to," someone then bantered. Consulted, I suggested that the first thing to think of was how to make the cookies *look* as good as they *tasted*.

"See what the food advertisements try to do," I said. "They put sense-appeal into the words. They make you see, feel and almost smell the good things to eat."

Well, Aunt May put her mind right to work on this point. How those delicious ginger cookies were daintily and colorfully packaged! This little baker had to swallow her pride in getting new customers, but now she is selling all the cookies she can get out and "Aunt May's Home-Made Ginger Cookies" are getting better known in her home town every day. If *you* can cook or bake something especially appealing, think this over. People have to eat and will buy food when they won't buy anything else!

OUTFITTED BEAUTY SUITCASES

DON'T these sound interesting? A young lady who may be called Elsa had just decided to give herself a series of beauty treatments when she got an invitation to go out of town. She hit upon the happy idea of combining the two—treatments and the trip.

In the center of a little pig-skin suit case she reserved a silvered paper box for the few dainty garments she wished to take along. All the other space had materials for her facials, manicure, pedicure and even body massage. Incidentally, Elsa some time previously had another idea and that was that she herself could make many of the creams and lotions for her treatments.

She also had an idea that beautiful jars and bottles would add to her pleasure in the beauty case and even the bottle stoppers were unique and different. No sooner had Elsa opened the pig-skin case than all the girls "Oh'd" and "Ah'd." "I want an out-fitted beauty suitcase," one young lady cried and several suggested to Elsa that she duplicate hers for them. Not long after this she took up the idea seriously and she writes me that she has made a number of the cases to order and incidentally has made her-

self a nice bit of money. With each case sold she gives a free beauty treatment, illustrating her own clever method of beauty culture.

EARNING "HEAPS OF MONEY"

JEAN and Harriett racked their brains for a long time trying to find something from which they would make "heaps of money." The girls were close friends being together most of the time, so they took an inventory of their abilities. They decided that they did not actually want to cut and fit women's garments but they did love to decorate them!

"Making plain things beautiful," shall be our slogan," Jean suggested. They learned the trick of buying plain ready-made blouses from the manufacturers. A color scheme or color note, rather, was decided upon and then each blouse had this color brought out in bags, handkerchiefs, collars, made

to match. No two were handled alike.

One idea led to another, people began to know about the girls and their clever ideas and they are now making a neat profit each month. One of the best things about it, is that this work gives play to their creative, artistic ability and they are enjoying themselves as well as making money.

EXCHANGE LETTERS

HERE'S a "personal" message to all of you who may be interested. Would some of you like to exchange letters with some of my readers who say that they live in lonely places and who would like by letter to discuss subjects written of in this column? Also, some who make things might like to exchange their handiwork with others. Also, I wish some of you would tell me what you like most about this department.

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Meeting One's Double

(Continued from page 23)

way, I'm always losing nuts on automobiles."

"And you like the theatre, the drama? I used to do some home-talent dramatics."

"Yes? I once thought I might be a comedian."

"You look it."

"So do you," I said. "Do you like athletics? I used to sprint."

"Well, I ran the quarter once." He paused, with a reminiscent light in his eye. "Oh, you're married?"

"Yes, I guess we are the marrying kind. Are your children saucy and disobedient?"

"How'd you know I have children?"

"Just assumed it. Are they?"

"Yes, they are. All children are, now. It's largely because their mother—"

"I understand," I said. We both felt better acquainted. We were getting confidential—man-to-man stuff.

"Mrs. Cartwright is, of course, a very good woman," he started to explain.

"I know it," I said, "practically perfect."

He looked up quickly, and for a moment we searched each other's eyes. "Of course, you've always been absolutely loyal," I added.

"Absolutely, oh yes." But it was in a tone and with an inflection that almost made me feel as if I were saying it myself. I might have said it just that way. Was there a slight note of regret in this affirmation of his? I caught his eye again. He seemed to

know that I understood.

"I'll bet you don't drink," I ventured.

"Oh, no," he replied, wetting his lips with his tongue. "I think it's beastly." But he said it too feelingly, and somehow I didn't believe him. That is, I believed that he didn't drink. As to its being beastly—well, I think that, too.

"I know you're glad you never formed the drinking habit," I suggested further.

"Oh, I'd hate to ever get started." And there was that same wistful look in his eye.

"So would I," I replied, and caught myself wetting my lips, as he watched me. I felt slightly embarrassed, tho I could not understand why.

"Speaking of the theatre," he said, "have you ever been to the Follies?"

"I have always wanted to go to the Follies. Have you?"

"Only once, when the wife was visiting her mother in Connecticut. The comedians were great. Swell music, too." And now there was a different story in his eyes. I noticed that he did not mention the girls. Why? Did I know why? "Why don't you go, sometime?" he added.

"Oh, my wife never goes away—I mean, she doesn't care for frivolity. In fact, I have never even mentioned going to the Follies."

"I know," he said. "I know exactly what she'd say."

"Well, now look here," I spoke up, "how can you know? My wife may be

totally different from your wife."

"I'm not thinking of the wife—I'm thinking about you," he explained, half smiling, half sadly, but looking frankly into my eye. "About you—what any wife would naturally say to you—see?"

"I think I see," I said. "You, too, Mr. Cartwright, have the manners of a gentleman, but the instincts of—er—the suppressed instincts—"

"Yes, I know—not necessarily the instincts of—er—"

He stopped, non-committal. His eyes rose pensively toward the ceiling. He pulled his nose, and stroked his hand back from his forehead.

"I think, Mr. Cartwright," I now said, "that I'll be going."

He seemed relieved at this, and then he brightened up a little. "Will I see you again?" he asked courteously.

"I hope so," I said, with unnecessary emphasis. But he probably understood.

"I think," he mused, "that we understand each other."

"I think," I replied, a little more bluntly, "that we know too much about each other. Good by, Mr. Cartwright."

"Good by, I'm so glad to have had the chance to know you. After all," he added with genuine sincerity, extending his hand, "you are really a very wonderful fellow."

"And you, too," I returned with feeling. "You are one man in a thousand, Mr. Cartwright."

"Good by."



DEAR Dr. Miller:
Until a few months ago I had not heard of PSYCHOLOGY MAGAZINE. Since then I feel that I have made the acquaintance of a real friend. Every month I enjoy each article feeling that I am reading something worth while.

PSYCHOLOGY MAGAZINE is the "meat" in my diet of daily reading. It has helped me to find and appreciate the small, everyday things of life. For instance, I used to detest rainy days and now I like them—somehow the result of my reading PSYCHOLOGY. It gives me pleasure to write and tell you this.

From a busy housewife,
Genevieve Foster,
863 Waller St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR Dr. Miller:
I am nearly seventy-nine years old and have been reading psychology for thirty years but I think I am getting more truth out of your magazine than I have out of anything that I have ever read along these lines.

I am always anxiously awaiting the arrival of the magazine for I certainly love to read articles straight from the shoulder and especially those backed up by mental science.

Dr. S. Kellogg,
Coleman, Texas.

GENTLEMEN:

We have enjoyed PSYCHOLOGY articles many years. It is full of practical psychology and only at times are there articles that I get little from. Henry Knight Miller's articles are always elevating. They are simple, easily put into application and I have been helped by his writings. May PSYCHOLOGY continue to succeed.

Miss Alice Horne,
Long Island, N. Y.

**Don't Throw Away Your
Old Magazines**

EDITORS:

Years ago I was a resident of the United States and was then an enthusiastic reader of your magazine. Since I have returned to my native country, I have longed to have the magazine again.

At this time I am giving English

lessons to the unemployed clerks here and to them have given my old copies of PSYCHOLOGY. It is a gospel to them. If some of your readers would like to send their old magazines here for them I would gladly pay the cost of mailing. It would be the greatest joy to the fellows I try to help. Bless you for your kindness, dear Dr. Miller.

George Kuhn,
Lahr,
Voelckerstr, 13 A,
Baden, Austria.

DEAR Dr. Miller:
Not that I feel particularly qualified for the task but I should like to give a version of the cause and solution of the unemployment situation.

The predisposing cause is the fact that the city has drawn our rural population to the city like moths to the flame. In prehistoric time men grouped themselves together for protection but that which once provided protection has finally defeated its purpose by molding people into cogs of industry, slaves to their jobs.

This is the paradox of our civilization. Does it not seem logical that the ones who cannot cope with the situation should migrate to the rural districts? There they will find inexhaustible treasures—ready to be tapped thru the light of intelligence. If the many millions of dollars donated to charitable projects were used to place dependent people upon small acreage a great step would be taken toward the solution of many problems that confront the people.

Dr. Ross Fredric Roberts,
706 N. W. 29th St.,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

GENTLEMEN:

Have been a reader of your magazine for the past three years and have always found it most enjoyable. Am also voicing the opinion of acquaintances who have been reading this publication, some for even greater periods of time.

Now these friends and I have objected to your using moving picture covers instead of the modernistic ones

that we used to see on PSYCHOLOGY.

It is true that a majority of the publishers use these ordinary moving picture covers but since PSYCHOLOGY is different in content, why not keep it different in design also?

Hattie Kanter,
929 E. 167th St.,
Bronx, N. Y.

As you see, Miss Kanter, we have taken your suggestion and that of a number of readers who felt as you did about the covers and in the April number we returned to the beautiful symbolical cover, "The Return of Prosperity." We're rather proud of our May cover too.

DEAR Dr. Miller:
Have been reading PSYCHOLOGY about one year and think it very inspirational and encouraging. The "Chat With the Editor" is alone worth the price of the magazine. The April article by Dr. Miller was really wonderful and well worth reading many times. I am grateful to have had the privilege of reading it.

Mrs. L. C. Akin,
1305 So. E. St.,
Tacoma, Wash.

DEAR Dr. Miller:
How can I thank you for the help that I get from reading PSYCHOLOGY MAGAZINE? I have taken the magazine for three years, every copy getting fuller of good things. The crown of all is your editorial chat.

I hope you may long continue to give your good words to a needy world.

Miss Anna Quist,
Eureka, Calif.

DEAR Dr. Miller:
I am very interested to get my copy of the book, "Life Triumphant," as I am on a committee to plan the year's course of study in my club for the next year. I think it will be very beneficial to a group of women who are interested primarily in self improvement.

I read PSYCHOLOGY MAGAZINE every month and have done so for about two years. I hope you give us more articles like "Life in the Modern World"

by the Editor and articles by Edward Earle Purinton. I could name hundreds of articles that have appeared in the magazine that really have helped to make people discover themselves and make life worth while.

Mrs. W. M. Read,
Box 646, Route 2,
Corpus Christi, Texas.

DEAR Dr. Miller:

I presume you are interested to know the reaction of your readers. I understand the "Vox Pop" of Liberty Magazine is highly valued.

I decided a couple of months ago that the magazine is improving and taken as a whole, I think this is true. I first read a copy about a year ago and have seen about every issue since.

I see you use more photographs which I like. I very much liked the article "They Didn't Think They Could." It had a ring of sincerity, with no effort to make it sound "peppy." For the same reason I liked

"Walking With a Philosopher." I think the Yosian leader, Mr. Swift, is a great man.

I also liked the "Big Mick" story. I did not care for the March cover—a jolly actress is not the cover for a magazine of the dignity of PSYCHOLOGY. I wish you would advertise New York clothes in your advertising—but of course you cannot please everybody. We like your "chats" very much.

Mrs. F. E. Peters,
111 Bendlow Ave.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR Dr. Miller:

I am a regular reader of your magazine and enjoy it so much I just felt I should drop you a line and tell you it has helped me in all my work.

Altho I immensely enjoyed every article in your last issue I want to mention one article, "Are You Adjustable?" I showed it to a number of friends. This was in the November issue. Several said that they had never

thought of looking at life from that point of view and were glad to have read it.

In conclusion, let me say, just keep up the good work, for tho you may not always hear about it, you are helping a great number of people to a better and happier life. Good wishes to you and your staff from an appreciative reader.

(Miss) R. M. Alexander,
107 F St., N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR Dr. Miller:

Many, many thanks for your wonderful gift in the December issue, and also a personal profound appreciation of your monthly editorials and the magazine in general. Each issue is an inspiring gift to me. May your magazine never stop sending out joy and happiness to all. Wishing you and your publication the highest success obtainable on this old Mother Earth.

Henry Etlinger.

Are Common People Great?

(Continued from page 17)

confirmed the report of repeated signal tappings by the imprisoned men.

Altho I knew no single soul down there in the bowels of the sea, I repeatedly touched heights and depths of emotion, but the mother of the boys—and the father too—never gave way. Courage there was, so poignant, real, inspiring, I felt reverential in its presence.

Days later, when it was known that hope had always been quite unfounded, these two great souls, the parents, still evidenced royal courage, splendid tolerance. No one who was with them could ever forget.

When Lindbergh, shortly after his epochal flight, was passing thru a Mid-Western city, a little-noticed but unusual circumstance occurred. I headed the story "A Hero Greets a Hero." The story ran:

"One hero sat in an automobile on the sun-scorched pavement of the boulevard for a very long time. He sat very stiff and straight for a box-like brace arrangement made necessary by a tortuous spinal disease held him so.

"He is twenty years old and has never done anything spectacular. But he is a hero just the same, for during eight of those twenty years he has suffered as only few heroes suffer and he has been very brave and very quiet about it. Yesterday was one of the greatest days of his life. From the time he read of the landing of Lindbergh in Paris, this hero, who will never fly, has lived in spirit with the

young aviator.

"'He's devoured every scrap he could read about Lindbergh,' the boy's mother said.

"Yesterday, in spite of his eagerness to get into position to see Lindbergh, he would not go in his parents' machine until arrangements had been made to take several children from an orphans' home along. With these children, then, and his mother the boy waited on the boulevard.

"Presently there was a roar.

"'Lindy's coming!' the crowd along the pavement yelled.

"The hero of the day was approaching. He was stern-faced, drooping a little, looking straight ahead.

"But something out there from the pavement called him.

"The boy couldn't turn his head because of the braces. Another moment would have been too late—but the Colonel got the silent message and many of us who witnessed this will always believe in telepathy.

"Just as Lindbergh came opposite the car he looked up, straight into the boy's eyes, turned slightly toward him—and smiled.

"Colonel Lindbergh will never know what that smile meant to my boy," a happy mother murmured."

There was an interesting sequel to that little true story. An official of a great oil company who happened to be in town that day, read the story and my editor told me that the phrase in the story which called the crippled boy

"the hero who will never fly" aroused something in the rich man's heart.

"He will fly," the man declared.

A week later we carried a headline "Dream To Come True," setting forth the fact that the boy accompanied by his mother was to make a flight in one of the biggest airplanes in the country. He did, but that is another story.

Heroism is sometimes labeled "self-control," "restraint," etc. Here is the little incident of Queen Marie that I witnessed.

When she was visiting America and was in a certain inland city, ceremonies and honors for her reached an impressive point at a Roumanian church. The church was brilliantly decorated, many of the Roumanians were in native costume and the whole scene was colorful and beautiful in the extreme.

Several of us reporters were on the platform very near the Queen and we could see the almost worshipping light in the people's eyes as they gazed upon the royal visitor. Her coming, it was plain, meant much to them, American citizens tho most of them were.

She was a beautiful woman, gorgeously gowned and wearing a cloth-of-gold coat and extraordinarily high-heeled, gold-colored slippers.

She was very gracious, and smiling. After the singing of native Roumanian songs and the rest of the ceremony were finished, she turned to descend the steps. Her glittering, spiked heel caught in a ripple of the rich carpet.

An awful moment! Before all those admiring eyes, it was not a nice thing to happen to a queen!

She stumbled, her other foot missed the step and for a fraction of a second she came down on one knee. I honestly believe that not more than one woman in a solid million could have restrained a little exclamation, a quick breath, a frown, something that would have indicated chagrin or embarrass-

ment. But Queen Marie was quite equal to the situation.

Several jumped forward to catch the royal, outflung arm, of course, but not one tiny fleck of discomfiture crossed her face. Calm, unembarrassed (a moment afterward I saw strong men fairly mopping their brows) she straightened the royal knee and passed on down the aisle. Well, maybe this is slightly off the subject but such con-

trol of innermost feelings one doesn't witness every day.

But there's Jones around the corner. He's been out of work for fifteen months. Maybe you'll say he's just an ordinary fellow, but I've seen him smile unflinchingly into his wife's anxious eyes and say, "Oh, I'll find a job soon—maybe today!"

But there are a lot of heroes like that.

Measuring the Emotions

(Continued from page 19)

woman will not be thinking of the crime at all while the examination is going on. But a guilty person knowing himself to be suspected will have a mind full of thoughts relating to the crime and some of these are bound to come out in his response to properly chosen words. If he hesitates, the machine marks it as suspicious.

One may imagine a robbery in which the principal article stolen is a valuable pearl necklace. The police are confident that it is an inside job, that is, that one of the servants had something to do with it. In the course of the examination that follows, and which is conducted with the aid of the machine, twenty-five words are given in succession to each of the maids, the houseman, the butler and the chauffeur. It will be understood that they are examined separately, and this being the case, the same list of words can be used for all. The words let us say are: hat, honey, tube, sugar, vase, table, cushion, door, bowl, clock, cat, tub, stairs, window, beads, fence, horse, street, fire, chair, sofa, basin, teapot, plate, book. Now there is in this list a trap word so hidden that the person under examination does not guess what it is. It is the words *beads*.

Every one of the servants examined responds to this word in one fashion or another which has no significance, except the second housemaid who says "pearls." Or, if she does not say that, she hesitates, thereby making a black mark against herself which is duly noted. She would not certainly say pearls if any time whatever were given her to think. But no time being allowed she must say the first word that pops into her mind. And if she is the guilty party, ideas directly connected with the missing string of pearls will be floating on the surface of her mind.

The trap word has caught her but the examining expert does not tell her so. He puts her through a second list of words, and possibly through a third, to find out if she would trap herself. This she will almost invariably do. The

result, however, does not declare her guilt. It merely points at her the finger of accusation. Further inquiry in the case is thereupon concentrated on her. Her relatives and friends are looked up and it is finally ascertained that her lover is a man who has been suspected of complicity in a number of burglaries. He is promptly arrested and his confession discloses the fact that it was he who robbed the house and stole the pearls with the help of the second housemaid who had opened a door in the basement for him after everybody had gone to bed.

The chronoscope taps, so to speak, the surface of the mind. If you have done something wrong, you are constantly in a state of fear of being detected. The function essentially of this instrument is to point out and measure that anxious state. Even the most hardened criminal is never entirely at ease about his wrongdoings and with a machine of this type which so unerringly detects the slightest manifestation of emotional strain, it is quite easy to lay the blame on the guilty one.

Quite a different sort of machine has been perfected by Professor F. L. Golla, of Maudsley Hospital, London. This device measures accurately the various emotions one is subjected to. Thus, love, hatred, fear, dejection, etc., are readily registered by this machine. It is possible by this means to tell whether a man loves his wife, whether a certain object or person is capable of exciting fear or anxiety or some other emotion on the part of a certain individual. It is also possible to tell whether a certain person is guilty of a crime by the emotions he betrays while being measured by the machine. No matter how indifferent the subject may appear, no matter how hard he may try to conceal his emotions, the machine will with infallible precision register his true reactions under the given circumstances.

We think not only with our brains but also with our bodies. Every thought, every perception is tinged with

some emotional quality and even the most apparently abstract thoughts are not free from this emotional undercurrent. That this is true we can readily appreciate when some such abstract proposition is disputed. The wrong view is repellent to us and we then realize that the obviously correct answer was pleasant.

Emotions are affairs of the body as much as of the brain. If we think of rage we think of a certain sensation of quickening pulse, tightening muscles, altered respiration. Fright connotes a feeling of palpitation, trembling of the limbs and sometimes nausea. Grief is inseparable from an uneasy sensation and love has, above all, bodily sensations. If we take these various sensations away from our idea of a state of love, hate, or fear, we find little or nothing left.

When the bodily apparatus by which these emotional states are manufactured is disordered, we at once find that our general conduct is similarly disordered. We may feel too meek or too little and as a consequence our actions and reactions to the outside world may be unbalanced.

A particularly fruitful method is the study of the alterations in the electrical resistance of the body which occurs with every change of the emotional state. Anything tending to cause pain or to cause annoyance or generally to threaten the well-being and normal activity of the body causes a decrease in the electrical resistance of the body. Pleasurable emotions, for instance, cause an increase in the electrical resistance. These electrical changes cannot be influenced by any direct effort on the part of the subject tested. They furnish, therefore, unimpeachable evidence of the emotional value of any particular stimulus whether it be physical pain or the recalling of some memory which possessed, at sometime, an emotional significance.

The apparatus consists of a couple of Leclanche cells which send out a two volt current thru two liquid elec-

trodes of normal saline into which a zinc terminal dips. The subject has to put the first and second fingers into the electrodes which are connected with an Einthoven galvanometer. The patient thus forms the fourth arm of a Wheatstone circuit. Then in a sort of a magic lantern box is an arclight which is focused upon the recording needle of the galvanometer which hangs in front of a drum of sensitized paper. Every vibration in the electrical resistance of the body in the two-volt current moves this needle, and the movements are duly recorded on the sensitized paper which is afterwards developed and fixed.

When a person who is subjected to test by the machine is asked whether he or she loves a certain person the absence of any reaction means that the person is indifferent. If he entertains love or hatred for anything or anybody the machine will record the fact by swinging the hand on the dial marked off in sections with such captions as *love*, *hatred*, etc., and the emotion that the individual is subjected to is recorded by the needle pointing to the appropriate division.

What seems to be a modification of Professor Golla's instrument is a device of Dr. Augustus Waller, Director of the Physiological Laboratory, London University. This instrument purports to indicate accurately what vocation an individual is most suited for. The underlying idea is that of detecting the emotional response to suggestion of words representing the various callings such as lawyer, doctor, electrician, musician, etc.

In order to carry out the analysis three separate rooms are employed. In the first room there is nothing besides a plain table, a chair and a blank wall in front of the chair. On the table, are two small cups of mercury covered by a layer of salt solution. The plainness of the room is said to avoid anything which might suggest detraction during the analysis.

In the second room is a galvanometer

of the recording type. In the third room is a compensating apparatus which establishes an equilibrium between the subject's resistance and a small current supplied by a set of batteries. The subject places the index and middle fingers of both hands into each of the two cups of mercury on the table in the first room. The salt solution insures perfect contact between the subject's fingers and the circuit which is broken between the cups. A few moments are spent by an expert on the compensating device, to establish a perfect equilibrium. The

real analysis is going on in the other rooms, on the recording galvanometer.

Without the subject's knowing it he is influencing the resistance of his body by his thoughts. And as these effects are positive or negative toward a given vocation, they are faithfully recorded on the moving tape of the galvanometer. Activities which he *pretends* to like will not influence the readings. His real capacity, however, for a given vocation is registered unerringly by the oscillograph. It is most interesting to see those subconscious revelations of relative adaptation for various forms of life work. For every emotion, even subconscious, is registered by its own special curve from the stylus or light beam from the galvanometer.

In brief the operation of the Waller machine may be described as follows: The Einthoven galvanometer registers the electric current produced physiologically by the subject himself. The greater his emotions, the stronger will his heart pump. This in turn gives rise to a greater current which in turn is recorded by the sensitive galvanometer. The break of light from the galvanometer plays upon a scale which is hidden from the subject. He thus has no means of watching the scale which might distract his attention. His whole attention is centered upon the names of the professions which he reads upon the wall. The largest deflection on the scale, carefully noted by the observer, is written down by him and this deflection, as a rule, will show the vocation the subject is best fitted for.

The methods of measuring the emotions by mechanical means and the practical application of this for various purposes is now only being appreciated. It has been suggested that the time will come when this will be done with greater quantitative precision. That is, we shall be able to measure how much a man likes a certain person or object; to what extent he fears or hates another person or thing. Such a practical application will certainly be of great interest and value.

Ol' Trouble

By MARY B. WARD

*Ol' Trouble, black Trouble,
Now he don't bother me;
He done quit knockin' on my do',
He ain't nowhere to see.*

*Ol' Trouble, black Trouble,
He done gone up in smoke;
He jes can't stand my great, big
laugh,
An' he sho' don't like a joke.*

*Ol' Trouble, black Trouble,
He sho' done lef' this place;
He don't like me because he knows
I'll whistle in his face.*

subject fixes his attention on the blank wall in front of him. Suddenly a word representing a vocation is flashed on the screen before him. Several follow in succession. A list of over a hundred of the most representative callings are thus introduced to the subject's mind. He is given sufficient time to concentrate his attention upon the word, and to think what the word suggests. To watch a subject viewing this list would give some hint of what is going on in his mind. He might make some slight facial grimaces, and certain words will demand more of his attention than others. However, the

Let the Seller Beware

(Continued from page 27)

facturers are studying the psychology of buying as well as selling. Wise business men know now what any banker could have told them all along—successful selling implies successful collections, and successful collections imply cheerful and prompt payment of bills. If you and I are not cheerful when we pay a bill, it is obvious that we were not treated rightly. No one objects to fairness. The answer is that we pay

cheerfully when we are satisfied with the purchase and with the "tone" of the transaction.

Able business men recognize the importance of cheerfulness in paying an obligation. Do not think the wise business man is indifferent as to whether we pay our bills cheerfully, so long as he gets the money. If there is nobility in his wish for us to pay cheerfully, there is a practical reason for his being

noble. He wants our continued business. He cannot get it if we resent paying him.

What makes us dissatisfied with one dealer and causes us to buy our supplies from another? Did the seller turn about face after our signature was on the dotted line, changing from a superpolite almost groveling person, into something very like the man in the melodrama who held the mortgage on

the old homestead? Did his collectors rap loudly, demand money in rasping voices and with a foot thrust thru the door opening? Did he hire them for these very qualities? Did his credit department "take a chance" on us, without going into our credit commitments?—knowing the super-salesman had pooh-poohed our protest that we had other bills to pay before incurring new installment obligations, taking that chance on the theory that the strong-arm collectors would hound us into paying, whether we paid cheerfully or not. Have there been times when you wished you had never heard of the concern which sold you and when you felt you would rather lose your investment than keep the article around as a constant reminder of a most unpleasant transaction?

We must replace virtually every article we buy because of wear, destruction, changing styles and tastes. Repeat sales are of the utmost importance to merchants; when we buy once from Jones and the next time from Smith, our act constitutes a problem for Jones. He wants to know why.

This is the crux of the matter: we will trade by preference where the psychology of *buying* is considered more important than the psychology of *selling*. The same foresight and ingenuity which have built up a marvelous system of extending credit to you and me is now being directed toward making us not only prompt with our payments but cheerful about them; by seeing that we have the proper state of mind both at the time of the actual transaction and in all following contacts with the store.

The soundness of the installment system of selling cannot be questioned. The principle cannot well be assailed and its weakness appears only when it is abused. American honesty has made the installment system possible. Big furniture and department stores will sell any one who has not actually been sued for debt—if he has any income at all; yet losses on installment contracts were less than one-half of one per cent in 1930, and that when the strained economic situation was well under way. Bank deposits in savings accounts were greater than in prosperous years. This means, of course, that we have money.

We are not so much afraid of spending as we are particular how conditions are when we are making the purchase. has not stopped because of stock markets and drouths. Our automobile needs replacing for safety as well as satisfaction. We need new things but we are not so easily stampeded into buying them as we used to be. That is what the seller is beginning at last to understand. His prosperity does not depend upon first sales but on the good

Station Y-O-U

By VIRGINIA WAYMAN

*Does your life broadcast a story
That is fine and brave and true,
Or send out on the ether
Some sobbing, wailing "blue"?
Is your life a noble sermon,
Being broadcast far and wide,
Or just a pack of theories
That you've never really tried?
Does it bring to men a message
That will teach them to be strong?
Are you seeking, as you broadcast,
To help the world along?
Then, check up on your program;
Make it strong, and clear, and true.
Be careful what you broadcast
From station Y-O-U.*

will which makes repeat business. Poverty does not create a saturated market nearly so surely as does a revolt against the kind of "after selling" which leaves a bad taste in the mouth of buyer and seller, and can, in time, destroy the prestige of the seller and the credit of the buyer.

Wise merchants know that goods which have been sold properly stay sold. They have come to understand that salesmanship, as it has been accepted in the past, is not the one sure key to successful operation of a business. The trend is away from a recital of the costs of producing a given article as we have learned that we can do without many conveniences. We had almost forgotten that. But we are tired of doing without. Our shelter needs repairing, our equipment has been antedated by the busy progress of invention which justification for its selling price—to-

ward a thoro study of the buyer's problems.

Successful merchants formerly trained salesmen to sell us; now they are developing a new type of salesmanship, where a sale instead of being a battle of wits, with the seller trying to sell all the traffic will bear, instead will be a sort of consultation. We have a certain income, living conditions, needs. The salesman who can analyze these needs in terms of my interest and yours will be the salesman who is actually giving his firm the best representation.

Meanwhile, we are preparing to go to market again. We need any number of things. We are going to be careful buyers this time. We will pay for the necessities and the luxuries which we buy, promptly and cheerfully, because we propose to deal with sellers who are cheerful all the way thru from selling floor to collection department. We do not want to buy goods that are sold to us with a smile and collected for with a scowl, neither does the wise merchant want this. It is bad for our peace of mind, and he knows, therefore, that it is hard on his cash register.

It is a smart man who knows how to pay a compliment—how to win the sympathy of his auditors. Saccharine flattery may repel; omission of praise may seem cold; proper strategy in compliment is an art. Compliment a man's town, associates, organization; compliment as an expert evaluation; compliment indirectly to others; compliment by recall of quotation or achievement; compliment tactfully—and win interest easily. Know his title, remember honors paid him in the past, gild the tinsel carefully. Pick the dramatic, the outstanding, the remarkable, the profit-promising, the pleasant points, about your thesis.

It is evident that it is worth while from a personal and from a social viewpoint to know how to interest the people to whom you would be interesting.

It is easy enough to acquire the knack if you will really take the trouble. The trick is to know the range of interests of the other fellow, to build a bridge from his interest to yours, and to make it worth while for him to cross it.

What Tagore Thinks About Gandhi

(Continued from page 21)

If you strangle me I shall try to knock you down, and I shall cry for help. But if you strangle Gandhi, I am sure he will neither cry nor move an inch. He will laugh at you; and if he has to die he will die with a smile on his face, and will not harbor the least hatred for you in his heart.

"His simplicity of life is child-like, his adherence to truth unflinching; his love for mankind is positive and aggressive. He has what is known as the *Christ spirit*. The longer I know him the better I like him. It is needless for me to say that this great man of India is destined to play a prominent part

in moulding the future of the world."

This was before Mahatma Gandhi was known at all in America and Europe. So I said to the greatest of our living poets and internationally the most widely known man of India:

"Such a great man deserves to be better known in the world. Why don't

you make him known? You are a world figure."

"How can I make him known? I am nothing compared to this illumined soul. And no truly great man has to be made great. Such men are great in their own glory, and when the world is ready they become famous by the fact of their own inherent greatness. When the time comes Mahatma Gandhi will be known, for the world needs him and his message of love, liberty and brotherhood.

"The soul of the East has found a worthy symbol in him; for he is most eloquently proving that man is essentially a spiritual being; that he flourishes best in the realm of the moral and the spiritual; and most positively perishes, both body and soul, in the atmosphere of hatred and gunpowder smoke."

"You are one of the greatest thinkers of the world today," I said. "So it is a singular privilege to hear your impressions of Mahatma Gandhi's personality. But what do you think of his non-cooperation movement in India?"

"Well, that is a different thing altogether," said Tagore as he laughed whimsically. "You perhaps remember I once showed you a letter of mine before mailing it to a friend in India. In that letter I explained my stand on Mahatma Gandhi's non-cooperation movement. And I may add that if Gandhi tells me that I have to give up C. F. Andrews because he happens to have been born in England, I will not give up Charlie; neither will I give up my advocacy of Western science for the regeneration of our country. In spite of Mahatma Gandhi, we must take the best the West has to offer us; and give our own best to the West. Then the world of humanity will be better off, by being both materially and spiritually enriched. Isolation is dangerous. Mahatma Gandhi's policy of boycott of all Western things is suicidal for India."

And it so happened that not long after this conversation Gandhi saved his own life by an operation for appendicitis performed by a Western surgeon according to the principles of Western surgery.

And again, during the poet's last visit to America while discussing the personality and the message of Prophet Baha-u-llah of Persia, Tagore remarked:

"Mahatma Gandhi is a superman."

"How does he compare with the great Prophets of the past?" I inquired.

"Mahatma Gandhi is putting into practice on a gigantic scale the spiritual theories as preached by Prophets like Buddha, Jesus and Baha-u-llah. It is not necessary to agree with all that Mahatma Gandhi says and does to appreciate the tremendous spiritual force he has let loose thruout the

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world. He is the greatest man in the world today. He has most precious inner treasures."

"The man who thinks of making India free from the octopus hold of British imperialism by non-violent means may have lots of inner treasures in his heart; but the treasures are certainly conspicuous by their absence in his head, I daresay."

Tagore laughed as if he relished my remark very much; and said laconically with a twinkle in his majestic eyes:

"You should remember that Mahatma Gandhi is experimenting with truth as he sees it. It is perhaps too early to predict what may happen to his experiments."

On the occasion of Mahatma Gandhi's last birthday celebration at Tagore's International University at Balpur, the illustrious poet said:

"The foreign merchant-raj has hitherto carried on the trade of imperialism, building its citadel on the foundation of our lack of courage. Armaments and armies would not have gotten enough room to take their stand upon, if our weakness had not given them shelter. We have supplied from within ourselves the greatest of the elements of defeat. Mahatma Gandhi

Who's Who - 1932

By GRENVILLE KLEISER

The humblest man—Mahatma Gandhi
The noblest man—Dr. John H. Kellogg
The bravest man—Col. Charles A. Lindbergh
The smartest man—Henry Ford
The kindest man—John D. Rockefeller, Jr.
The meekest man—Calvin Coolidge
The mildest man—Ambassador Andrew Mellon
The boldest man—Benito Mussolini
The justest man—Senator William E. Borah
The sanest man—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick
The gravest man—Hon. Charles Evans Hughes
The truest man—Rabbi Stephen S. Wise
The gentlest man—Sir Wilfred Grenfell
The broadest man—Nicholas Murray Butler
The brainiest man—Hon. Elihu Root
The soundest man—Owen D. Young
The gloomiest man—Dean Inge
The dearest man—Hon. Oliver Wendell Holmes
The cleverest man—Arthur Brisbane
The drollest man—Will Rogers
The cheeriest man—William Lyon Phelps
The frankest man—Col. Charles G. Dawes
The brightest man—O. O. McIntyre
The vainest man—George Bernard Shaw

has delivered us from this self-made defeat of ours. He has made the floods of consciousness of the new heroism flow in India. Now the rulers

have become ready to enter into compromise with us, because the deeper foundation of their other-rule has shaken the foundation that was in our lack of heroism. We now easily demand our place in world society

"Again and again he has admitted that he was mistaken; with changing times he has had to change his opinions. But the firm adherence to truth as he sees it which has given his whole life an unshakable foundation; this unconquerable resolve, this was born with him, natural, like the armor of Karma. The manifestation of this power is an everlasting treasure in human history. In the world of changing needs, the stream of continuous change flows on. But the glory of a great life which has today been revealed to our gaze transcending all these needs—may we learn to respect that greatness. . . .

"He has not allowed obstacles and dangers to stand in his way; his own mistakes have not dwarfed him; being in the midst of the excitement of the hour, his mind, rising above it, yet retains its calm power of judgment. The man in whom resides this strength of character—it is he we salute on his birthday."

Guna-Guna

(Continued from page 29)

Javanese is a sufficiently complicated one when we consider the successive imposition of Hinduistic and Islamic tenets upon the Indonesian sub-structure, interwoven with a mass of superstitious lore. The Javanese, for instance, cannot make the simplest alteration in the tenor of his daily existence without having recourse to a *Slamatan* or a celebration to propitiate—what? He is not quite clear on that point himself.

I can best illustrate this by giving you the following facts: As soon as I would move into a new house my servants would approach me for a loan of ten guilders (four dollars) for a *Slamatan*, and on a given evening I would hear the voice of a native priest intoning endless Moslem prayers in Arabic. Before him neatly set on the ground, I would behold the sacrificial yellow rice, which in itself could be called a distinct survival of ancient Hinduistic rites. This same *Slamatan* would also be the inevitable accompaniment to the ceremonies attached to marriage, birth and circumcision. There is also a *Slamatan*, to inaugurate new business premises, at which a buffalo head, for example, is buried before the entrance.

I remember particularly one occasion when I dispensed with this form-

ality and how I then invited endless trouble with my help. They worked sulkily thereafter and any adverse circumstance that later arose they attributed to my omission to insure good fortune by a *Slamatan*.

An eclipse of the moon, whether total or partial, is always an occasion for innumerable *Slamats*, for the Javanese, seldom a scientist, views the occurrence as an attempt by Naga, the Dragon, which all good Javanese believe encircles the earth, to swallow the Pale Queen of Night. This same Naga plays no small part in the life of the Javanese, for the success of many, or rather every project hinges upon Naga's position in the sky at the time. The Naga, so they claim, is the official guardian of the world and draws it after him wherever he goes by attaching his tail to a protuberance. Once in the twenty-four hours and once in the quarter he abruptly changes his position. And so certain Dukons or magicians possess an ear so delicate that they believe they can actually hear the Naga while in the act of shifting.

I shall never forget one night when I sat up with a Dukon or witch-doctor who had invited me to witness this event. I strained my ears, I did all I could to concentrate, but all that my

tired ears were able to make out were the angry words of a jealous Javanese who was having a fight with his wife. Very much disillusioned, I gave up the attempt of listening to the shifting of the Dragon.

No Javanese will move his home from one village to another unless the journey is made in the propitious direction with relation to the position of the Naga, that is, from the tail end to the head.

These superstitions are not confined to the Javanese and other Asiatics in that island for the Eurasian or half caste, proverbially reproducing the least worthy traits of his parentage on both sides, white or colored, is bound by superstitions at every turn, too.

I recall a half caste in Sumatra who told me in all seriousness that he was missing his sleep by reason of the nocturnal activities of a spirit who persistently shook the curtains which screened the doorway of his bedroom. I inquired after the nocturnal visitor and was told that the attentions of the spirit had been warded off by the simple expedient of burying a pig's head before the door of the house.

Drugs take an important part in the satisfactory workings of this Guna-Guna magic, and I obtained an interesting insight into the handling of

these concoctions, when very early one morning I visited the native Pasar or market-place. This native Pasar, which in itself might be called an institution, as with all peoples who have not yet developed the retail sales system of merchandising, plays an important and indispensable part in Javanese life.

A real Pasar takes place once every five days and is as great a temptation to the Javanese or Malayan housewife, as the stores in London, Paris or New York are to the women of those centers.

It was at one of these Pasars that I visited the booths of a native *Pienter* or wise women who sold medicines. These affable ladies will, besides selling medicinal decoctions, also interpret dreams, select grains for seeding, advise how to recover stolen goods, in short fulfill all the obligations of clairvoyants. Beside furnishing incantation and exorcism they will also assist in the application of salves and poultices and administer pills and charms.

Since I am discussing native remedies, it is interesting to note that the Javanese widely distrusts the white man's methods of healing the sick but firmly believe in the supernatural, curative powers of certain animals and plants.

A widespread belief has it that hanging the genital organ of a tiger or crocodile over the bed will bring about rejuvenation.

Now in speaking of Guna-Guna, that highly intriguing name for the mysticisms that have baffled many learned scientists, I will have to talk again of the half-caste or Eurasian.

It is a generally established fact that Eurasians do not, as a rule, make good citizens, tho undoubtedly there are a great many exceptions. Their breasts are filled with resentment toward both white and native, and it is a biological fact that mixed marriages do not produce children of great worth; tho extremely handsome, their temperaments are volatile and vengeful. Their women are beautiful, fascinating and dangerous. The class is growing and may tend to become a problem in the East Indies and elsewhere, where these mixed marriages persist.

In speaking of native poisons, and in that connection of Guna-Guna or Javanese Magic, we touch upon a very sinister side of native and Eurasian superstition, whose horror is thinly veiled. This might sound like novelistic spellbinding, but believe me, the threat of Guna-Guna is active and alive today. Poisons are sold openly in the village markets and I have seen them sell without fear large varieties of poisons such as arsenic, pounded glass, shredded bamboo, tiger's whiskers and many other interesting diabolic ingredients.

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These affable ladies are said to be able to calculate to a nicety the effect of various lethal means of inducing an apparently innocent death. So to me the entire practice of Guna-Guna is, as I have seen it, the power of suggestion combined with a profound knowledge of drug and herb properties.

Guna-Guna has many uses, chief among which is that of a love philter. Eurasian women resort to these love philters to capture or regain lovers. These love philters, as I thoroly proved to my own satisfaction, were concocted from highly debilitating drugs which made the victim seedy and depressed, weakening his moral fiber and powers of resistance and laying him open to quasi-hypnotic suggestion. And nine out of every ten cases of mesalliances are contracted under those circumstances.

I know of one case in which a perfectly healthy young man suddenly succumbed to a strange and wasting sickness that even his doctor could not diagnose. Daily he sank into a deeper slough of despondency. Life was no longer worth living and then, just as he was beginning to be possessed by cowardly thoughts, the Eurasian girl with her pretended kindly interest in his welfare walked in — contrasting sharply with the apathy of an indifferent world. The patient-weakling as one might also call him, became like clay in her subtle fingers. In due time he recovered and discovered in her his life mate. I was told they had decided to marry. And let us hope, in order to provide a good ending to the story, that they lived happily forever after.

Reactions

By WILLIAM HOWEY

*Filled with hopes and ambitious to rise,
Out in the world they went;
Eager to win life's highest prize,
The strength of their life was spent.
Shadows came and their skies grew grey,
As they passed along life's testing way,
Disappointment and sorrow and loss,
Into each life there came the cross.
"The fates are against me, every one!
How can a man succeed?
There's scarcely a thing that I hoped for done;
There is only hate and greed!"
So one gave up in his dream of life,
And lent himself to its hate and strife,
Despised the dream that in youth he knew,
And a sneering and bitter cynic grew.
The other out in the crushing strife,
"I shall do what remains," said he,
"Thou troubles may shatter the plans of life,
They cannot shatter me.
My visions may fade and my plans go wrong,
Still in my heart will I keep a song,
For bigger than all these things am I,"
And keeps on smiling up into the sky.*

It is a common practice among these Javanese Eurasian women to pay a visit to a Dukon or witch-doctor and very soon thereafter, magic spells are woven over a lock of the beloved man's hair. With a brew prepared by the able hands of this Dukon there is pro-

duced, of course not love, but simple animal passion. And if this does not work. Well—Guna-Guna goes much further than that.

Ground glass, tiger's whiskers, shredded bamboo fibers and similar dainties are used to cause slow, agonizing death, puncturing the internal organs. Such is the skill of the use of these delightful weapons that they can be administered unnoticed and may be timed to take a certain stated period to produce the desired effect. Before I close, let me acquaint you with one more case of Guna-Guna that caused quite a disturbance in Javanese circles and which so far as I have been able to check is absolutely true.

This was the case of an English doctor, who had practiced medicine in Java for many years. He employed a Eurasian housekeeper who, as one can well understand, was also his unlawful wife and with whom he had been on the most intimate terms.

When he had decided to return to England, she, of course, wanted to go back with him. But he refused, not wishing to be ostracized by virtue of this mesalliance. Such a thing, according to the Englishmen's views, may be all right in the Tropics, but does not fit in with so-called civilized society. So he refused to take her but promised to come back. She was not to be fooled, however, and warned him that if he left without her, he would not live beyond the Suez Canal. He departed, nevertheless.

I learned later that he died as his ship was passing thru the Suez . . . Possibly a tiger hair or ground glass . . . Who knows? . . .

Alleluiah! and Her Smoke Rose Up

(Continued from page 37)

telleet may repudiate efforts to change the manners and morals of my fellows but I could not be my mother's daughter if I did not sentimentally cherish the idea that it is my duty to help others do what I have found right or expedient. Accordingly, tho I smoke, I never lose a chance to treat the younger generation to diatribes against the practice. That family-tree, however, has too many feminists perched on its branches to permit me to understand how an act can be virtuous for a man and sinful for a woman.

I wonder, moreover, who made smoking a moral issue. Silly it may be. Troublesome, unnecessary and untidy it certainly is. For the young and for persons with weak lungs and defective nasal cavities, it is likely to be somewhat injurious.

The same criticism could be advanced against swimming in the mill

ponds and rivers my community affords. Daily I splash in private pools. My back porch is forever cluttered with towels and bathing suits and other swimming regalia drying in the sun. I don't in the least mind being told that I am exceedingly foolish to swim so frequently. Friendly advice that there is no chance of your taking gives pleasure to the donor and does you no harm. At any moment, however, I am expecting some pious soul to make a moral issue of my swimming. Then I shall be indignant.

Modern civilization did not become impregnated with moral issues until the latter part of the nineteenth century. When our grandmothers dipped their snuff from daintily embossed boxes or smoked their corn cob pipes on cottage porches, no one called them strumpets because of the indulgence. Tho the day has come when the woman who smokes is not spoken of in utterly

disparaging terms, a few members of the older generation possess traditional hangovers of which they do not seem to be trying to rid themselves. A friend of mine epitomizes the ultimate of the modern tendency to brand as immoral everything of which she fails to approve. To the argument that individual dictates must govern individual action she invariably replies, "But it is immoral not to think straight. Correct guidance comes thro correct thinking." Correct thinking, of course, is her own thinking. Brown-ing, thru the medium of Rabbi Ben Ezra, sums up the fallibility of human judgment when he says-

"Who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten who in ears and eyes
Match me; we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe?"

The reformer who is battling against Demon Nicotine accepts no such broad philosophy. What he believes to be wicked, he has sworn to cause the rest of the world to shun.

"But you'll have to admit," a grandmother said to me this morning, "that smoking takes away a woman's refinement."

Of course I admit nothing of the kind. In the first place, what is refinement? Is it something that is concerned merely with externals or has it to do with matters of the heart and the spirit too deep to be defined? True refinement would make it impossible for a woman to make such a remark to another who was at the moment lighting a cigarette.

This double standard for smokers is of masculine origin. Men have always gotten their keenest enjoyment out of privileges that are not shared by women and that consequently contribute to their cherished sense of superiority. How important the dear fellows used to feel in those late Victorian days when the ladies retired to the parlor to leave them to cigars and masculine seclusion! To this hour there is arrogance in the way the husband of the non-smoking woman leans back in the most comfortable chair, puffing away happily while his wife sits beside him with a bit of sewing in her lap.

"Look at me," he seems to be saying, "I am one of the lords of creation, taking pleasure that is properly denied my wife."

Actually, of course, the man who opposes smoking for women says nothing of the sort. One, with a pipe in his mouth at the moment, told me not long ago that he preferred to kiss lips sweetly free from the odor of tobacco. Curiously enough, it seemed never to have occurred to him that the women he kissed might do well to take up smoking as a protection against the aroma he exhaled. Most of the opponents abandon logic and declare that women must preserve those customs which differentiate them from men—chief among these being chastity and abstinence from tobacco.

In the articulate resistance to the double standard smoking is probably a mere gesture but it is nevertheless an emphatic gesture. By it women have declared that they are human beings entitled to all the rights and immunities that have been taken for granted by the opposite sex though they would perhaps not care to have their logic pressed to its ultimate conclusion. Many of the early smokers were conscious of making the gesture when they took their first cigarettes. Now, however, girls begin to smoke for precisely the same reasons that actuate boys. They are saying to the world that they have cast off the ways

of childhood, that they are now sophisticated adults, and that they are no longer tied to mother's apron strings. Then they acquire the taste and smoke because they feel the need of cigarettes.

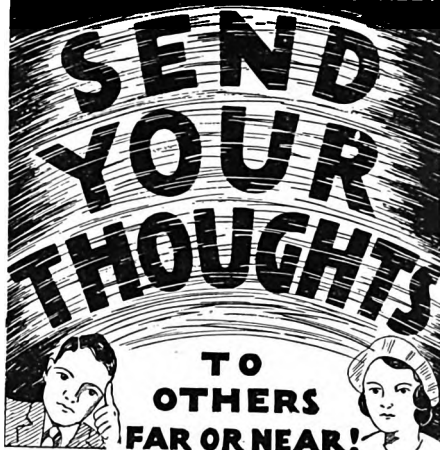
Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, Frances Wright, and the other dauntless souls who first dared inveigh against the double standard undoubtedly had in mind the elevation of man and not the pulling down of woman. Living in the realm of ideas, they could not have understood that human nature is as present with women as it is with men. Nor could they have guessed the joys of the petty vices which they had never experienced and which they condemned in man.

Three types of women were the pioneer smokers: those who smoked in sheer bravado, definitely reacting against conservative backgrounds, and those who smoked as a protest against special privileges for men—the Susan B. Anthony smokers, in other words. Later the fear of not conforming socially, which lies so close to the surface of human consciousness, and the desire to appear sophisticated and grown up entered into the motivation. Many women testify, and truthfully I think, that they smoke because husbands consider the habit contributory to sociability.

My own experience may serve to illustrate a combination of all the motives. I was reared in Charleston, where in the late nineties and the early twentieth century conservation dominated the sweet placidity of existence. The ancient chivalry, which enabled men to move with utmost freedom and protected women from all privileges except those to be found in an ornamental niche, had met none of the stumbling blocks later set in its path. Women spent all their time conforming to the masculine definition of *lady*. Everything was static—wealth that had been intact for generations, social lists made by Huguenot ancestors, a decorous form of religion, and customs deeply entrenched in tradition. Somehow at a tender age I reacted against it all. I became a campaigner for suffrage; I turned socialistic; I cast off orthodox theology; and I deliberately defied the minor social conventions. For a time, however, I was as violent an exponent of my new doctrine as my parents were of their old, and even now in the mature thirties I have to fight against reforming inclinations.

The taking of my first cigarette was attended by no moral struggle and followed by no compunctions of conscience—this despite the precepts at the maternal knee. My mother, I am sure, hates tobacco more than she does the very real devil in whom she seems to believe. By laudable persistence

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she took from my father the three cigars which he continently allowed himself each day. She opposed the calling to her church of a minister who smoked. By means of the extraordinary development of her olfactory nerve, she has kept the taint of tobacco from her house.

Yet in my 'teens when cigarettes were offered me at a house-party, I accepted two. I remember thoroly enjoying both of them, tho I found it necessary to run backwards from the choking smoke. It was some-years later before temptation again came my way. Then I was one of the guests at a formal dinner party given by an admiral in the navy. After the coffee, cigarettes were passed. Not for the world would I have had that assemblage consider me an alien to their manner of living. Watching the other women, I managed to smoke in such a way as not to reveal my limited experience. After that I smoked from time to time at social gatherings. I know that I was deliberately showing the men of my acquaintance that my rights were identical with theirs. I am sure that I was constantly telling myself that I would not be cheated out of the harmless enjoyment in which men took such apparent pleasure. In those early days I was reacting against conservatism; I was declaring for equality between the sexes; I was exhibiting violently; and yet paradoxically I was now and then merely conforming to social custom.

Then five years ago I acquired the habit—and now I am sorry. In the first place, smoking is a greater nuisance to a woman than it is to a man. We have no pockets for cases and matches. Our day bags are frequently too small to accommodate them and our evening bags always are. So, bereft of our equipment, we either suffer in silence or beg and borrow annoyingly from friends and strangers. The world permits a man to smoke wherever he happens to be; women still find themselves in situations where smoking is bad form. Then our throats ache and we fidget miserably. Whenever I visit my parents, I curse the day that I started smoking, for my two brothers and I have never been brave enough to light cigarettes in the parental presence, tho this article is evidence that we practice no real deception. The kind of clothes women wear, moreover, and cigarettes are not compatible. The fabrics are more inflammable than those out of which men's suits are made and ashes soil them outrageously.

Other things besides inconvenience contribute to my contrition. I should be glad to eliminate the cigarette item from my budget. It not only mounts to dollars but it interferes with the economy lectures I deliver now and

then to my little girl. How many times have I heard a small logician declare that a child should be allowed as much money for ice cream cones and candy as a mother spends on cigarettes! The price of cigarettes, of course, does not represent the total cost. Not only have I perforated my dresses with sparks but I have burned holes in sheets, rugs, and slip-covers, and no piece of furniture in my house has been a brand snatched in time from the burning. Though I have never acquired the smoker's cough, I am frequently aware of an irritated sinus, and I have had several headaches that seem to have been caused by too much smoking.

"Then why not stop?" will be the inevitable retort of the non-smoker. I have weighed that possibility in the balance and found it wanting. The inconvenience incident thereto is simply too great. Thoughts can no longer be released from my subconscious mind and conveyed through my finger tips to the keys of my typewriter without the aid of cigarettes. After days during which I have not taken a single puff, my throat still aches for the soothing smoke. No meal is complete unless it is topped by a cigarette. Conversation flows more freely in a smoke clouded room. Cigarettes heighten pleasure and lessen sorrow. A friend of mine who made the fight told me that after two years of total abstinence, the craving was as poignant as it was the day she made the resolution. So, what's the use? Life is too short and joys are too difficult of attainment for the struggle to be worth while.

Now, with a cigarette between my fingers, I am a mild propagandist against smoking for both boys and girls. I have no son whom I can serve by way of being a horrible example but I believe that there is a very good chance that my daughter will not smoke. She knows that mother's advice is not at all theoretical and therefore she seems to be playing with the idea of taking it.

So the swinging of the pendulum continues. Perhaps fewer mothers in the next generation will be smokers. They will, according to the evidence of history, rear daughters who will take up the ways of their grandmothers—and cycles will go on retarding the processes of evolution.

I am hoping, moreover, that my sincere confession may be pleasing to the chaplain who requested it and that he will see that, instead of contributing to delinquency, women smokers are helping to lead youth into the paths of rectitude.

A bride showed me the other day a cigarette box which had come to her from the groom on the day of her wedding. Upon it were engraved the words "Alleluiah, And her smoke



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rose up forever and ever,' Revelation 19:3." A generation ago no young man would have honored his bride with such a gift. I wondered as I handled the beautiful trinket if it were not entirely likely that the quotation would not be applicable to our daughters. Perhaps after a few years, for a time at least, less smoke will rise from the lips of women.

Are You Educated?

(Continued from page 35)

spise a life spent solely for material things and disdain empty popularity gained at the expense of honor, truth and usefulness.

Educated People Think Things Thru

It is thinking things thru that makes the educated man. Many are not able to think thru their problems, their failures and their plans. They are swayed by sentiment, hindered by propaganda and discouraged by uncertainty. Thinking things thru is hard work. It means sifting thru falsehood to truth, weighing authorities for facts and choosing general welfare instead of selfish gain.

The thinkers are the creators, the prophets and the leaders of better things, better ways and better times. The educated man finds a way or makes one. By thinking things thru you may become the captain of your soul and the master of your fate. The educated man knows that in one thing he is like the God of the universe; he can think for himself—to splendid achievement.

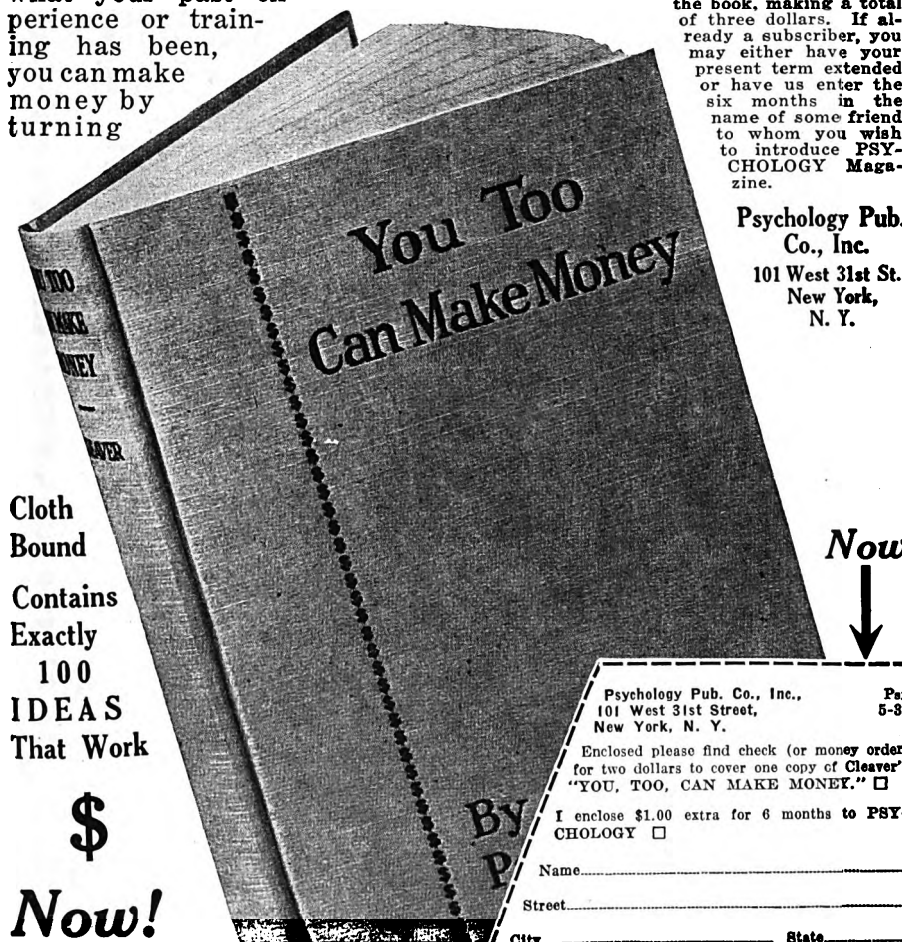
Educated People Cooperate With Others

The essential principle of our modern civilization is team-work. The life we are living is founded on the principle of all people working together for the common welfare. Our educational system is keyed up to promote the community spirit, the group spirit, the national spirit.

Readiness to cooperate with others is a mark of superior education. Working with others tends to create greater power, joining with others establishes better ideals and endeavors.

The more educated you are the more you ought to be ready to submerge your personal desires beneath the welfare of the community; to submit to the vote of the majority, and to work with others. Cooperation, team-work, working together are master keys which, the educated know will open new paths to happiness, achievement, and power.

Educated people learn that difficult achievements are part of life, and they



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prepare for the doing of them. They tackle these things by analyzing them, attempt various solutions, and they persevere till the thing is done.

Learning to surmount prejudices, outgrow bygone opinions and adopt new methods, is part of the working tools of the educated. They surmount the selfishness of the selfish, the ill-manners of the ill-bred, and obtrusiveness of the opinionated. They overcome the temptation to choose the lesser good, the path of least resistance and the selfish purpose. The more truly educated you are the more you will trust in the triumph of the spiritual forces; the greater will be your reliance on the moral powers of your soul, and the more energetic will be your effort to do your best wherever you are. You will tackle difficult problems with faith and courage, knowing that the dauntless spirit ever conquers.

Educated People Support the Better Things

The support of the better things, finer movements, and worth-while endeavors is a characteristic of the educated. They are trying to make the world a better world than when they came to it. They cooperate with the forces that are trying to bring on better conditions for the people. They join with the movements that are endeavoring to make for progress educationally, industrially, morally, and every way for the increase of the common welfare.

While the mass of humanity may argue and quibble, the educated man sees the better way. While the ignorant seek the satisfaction of their physical passions the educated man sympathizes for the well being of the moral and social side of life. While the wealthy selfish and powerful may sway the unenlightened, the educated stand by and fight for the truths that make mankind free and happy.

It is in the educated with the heroic mould, those devoted to the noble things and the sacrificing for the things that endure that the elevation of mankind shall come and be preserved thruout the earth.

Educated People Accept the Truth Wherever Found

Michael Faraday said, "The philosopher should be a man willing to listen to every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself. He should not be biased by appearances; have no favorite hypothesis; be of no school; and in doctrine have no master. He should not be a respecter of persons, but of things. Truth should be his primary object."

Acceptance of the truth wherever found, by whomsoever enunciated, is a primary principle of the educated.

If you are truly educated you will have no regard for the color, creed, or race, time, clime, or circumstance, language, dialect, or sign, of any man; you will accept truth, for truth is above all these barriers.

Respect for the truth will relate the educated to the best in every nation, race, and culture; will broaden their vision, culture, and personality; and increase their capacity for assimilation of beauty, goodness, and truth.

The partially educated, the ignorant and unenlightened and the mediocre are narrow in their sympathy, prejudiced in their thinking and dimmed in their vision of the whole of life and reality.

Educated people are universal and not provincial in their sympathies; open-minded to acceptance of facts; socialized and not individualized in their relation to others; respecting personality on the basis of its intrinsic value. They believe in standing for the truth, in preserving the truth and in fighting, if necessary, for the truth.

Educated People Have Power of Will To Do

Stored knowledge, sharpened talents and worthy goals are of no avail unless one has the power of will to put them into action. Many lack ability to make up their minds; others do not act promptly on their decisions, and still others do not follow up their worthy goals to the end; these are the partially educated, the mediocre and the day-dreamers. The educated think things thru, keep their object in view, and will constantly feed into them determination to achieve their objective.

President Nicholas Murray Butler says that a trait of "the educated man is his possession of efficiency or the power to achieve. This may be exercised in any one of a thousand ways, but when it clearly shows itself, that is evidence that the period of discipline, of study and of companionship with parents and teachers has not been in vain."

The will to achieve is the touchstone of the truly educated. It is intelligent *willing* to do that has given the world its thinkers, scientists, discoverers, statesmen, inventors and other leaders in every field of human endeavor. They have been hard workers, steady plodders, courageous thinkers, suffering experimenters and patient believers because of the hidden power of their wills to dare and do to the uttermost.

They saw their visions, they dreamed their dreams and they visualized their victories then they marshalled all their talents, their knowledge, and their experience and willed them into cooperative action to achieve their goal. If you have the power of will to achieve you are on your way to become the

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captain of your soul, the master of your fate and the conqueror of a glorious destiny. It was the will to do that carried Admiral Peary to the North Pole; that enabled Captain Lindbergh to cross the Atlantic and that Piloted Commander Byrd over the North and South Poles. The truly educated have efficiency or the power to do. It is the mastering power of their lives.

What an Oxford Man is Doing

(Continued from page 25)

that is a little out of the ordinary. Not being accustomed to it, they are attracted far more than the city resident would be attracted to the same thing; and they respond with their patronage. In the larger city there is keen competition in advertising, display and merchandising in general. Because of this competition, the merchant is never certain of the response he will get from any merchandising event. But there is no doubt in the small town. Give the public something out of the ordinary and they will respond every time.

No opportunity in the small town? I have been in business three years. I started with practically nothing, except a fairly liberal line of credit. Last year I made a good net profit and profits thus far this year are ten per cent over last. I doubt if any other undertaking, available at the time of my graduation, would have paid me better. Also, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am rendering a service to people who need it. And that satisfaction is hard to compute in dollars.

The "Yes Approach"

(Continued from page 31)

that if I were in your shoes and had considered this matter solely from the standpoint you have just presented, I would feel exactly as you do. However, there are some things I would like to point out which you have apparently overlooked."

Then you have a chance to present the thing from your angle—its effect on precedent in the organization, on your customers, on his fellow workers, etc. Having shown the complainant that you understand his point of view, your chances are better to put him in a frame of mind to understand yours.

4. **IN REPRIMANDING:** If you, the boss, call an erring boy into your office and proceed to "bawl him out"

roundly in a burst of anger, your reprimand loses much of its effectiveness. As soon as the employe sees you are angry his guard goes up; he is on the defensive; his whole thought lies in justifying his own conduct. The psychology of the situation is clearly inimicable to that atmosphere of understanding which makes a reproof most constructive and helpful.

Instead of starting out with a thunder-clap, begin the conversation by speaking of some favorable point in the employe's conduct. Tell him that you have always regarded him as a good salesman, or a good bookkeeper, or a good machine operator. Having

in this way established a fellow-feeling with the employe, made him see that you appreciate his good points, you may then proceed to outline with telling effect just how greatly disappointed you are over his recent misconduct. The employe, feeling that your attitude is essentially friendly, and that he has done something to destroy that confidence, will get the most powerful reproof of all—the reproof that comes from within. He will reprimand himself; thus you have accomplished your purpose to the fullest extent.

The "Yes-approach" has many other applications. Try to discover them for yourself in your dealings with people.

The Ultimate Religion

(Continued from page 13)

often had fore-glimpses of some of them but they had not entered into the thought life of the world. They were not available material in the days of Gautama, they had not penetrated the land of the Christ, they did not influence the age of Mohammed. Hebrew prophets did not anticipate them. Apostles, laying the foundations of Christianity, knew not this source of inspiration.

It is for the modern mind to make full use of this glorious heritage of ideas based on the most recent discoveries and deductions of science—Great Ideas that stake the boundaries of truth. We enumerate Ten Great Ideas summarizing the intellectual achievements of the ages, scientific in conception, inspirational in appeal.

Not thru commandment, creed or catechism is the human uplift to be accomplished; not thru the persuasions of preaching but thru the power of Great Ideas, ideas so great that we can hardly

be said to possess them—they possess us. Caught in the mighty sweep of their loftier implications, we are lifted above the mists of superstition into the purer atmosphere of intimate fellowship with cosmic realities. Here life finds meaning and religion its true perspective. If such ideas could be woven into the fabric of human minds there would be no occasion to worry about the welfare of human souls.

TEN GREAT IDEAS

A Classification of Knowledge Fundamental to the "Cosmic Religious Sense"

1. The Idea of Space Illimitable.
2. The Idea of Time Everlasting.
3. The Idea of Energy Inexhaustible.
4. The Idea of Unity in Structure.
5. The Idea of Indestructibility.
6. The Idea of Beauty.
7. The Idea of Evolution.
8. The Idea of Supreme Personality.
9. The Idea of Worship.
10. The Idea of Character.

Don't Kill Him!

(Continued from page 15)

unendurable to the human race, for we are so constituted that we must have variety.

In conventional marriage customs, society ignores this law and takes it for granted that any one can be happy in the constant and exclusive companionship of one mate. The men and women who can find lasting happiness under these conditions are exceptional and abnormal; yet marriage laws and customs are made to fit these exceptional beings, leaving out of consideration the needs of the rank and file of humanity.

Any married man or woman who feels the urge for extra-marital adven-

ture is but following the bent of his or her nature, and should have the full sanction of his or her partner and of Madam Grundy.

The husband pursuing an extra-marital adventure will not, if let alone, divorce his wife and marry the other woman. He only takes this course when driven to it by his wife's attitude. He is not seeking a change of wives; he is only seeking an outlet for his urge for variety.

Why should any woman want exclusive possession of her husband? What good can she possibly derive from such possession? If she feels that her happiness demands it, she can

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best attain it by embodying in her personality the "infinite variety" which was Cleopatra's chief asset.

The best way to handle a triangular situation is to recognize it as natural and normal, and let it alone.

Alice McFarland.

NO WOMAN should center her life in a man. This does not mean that she should not love him unstintedly. She may love him devotedly, self-sacrificingly, passionately, as her nature dictates, and yet remain centered in herself.

If she is centering her life in another, she is thrown out of balance and if that other fails her, her life crashes. Whether or not this crash is expressed by murder or suicide depends upon the nature of the woman. If she is of a strong, passionate disposition, she will feel that she must bring down one or both of the others with her in her destruction. If she is of a milder, more submissive nature, she will merely sit among the ruins, crushed and bitter to the end of her life.

But suppose her life is centered, as it should be, in herself? In the first place, she is less likely to lose her husband. The feeling that his every mental and moral movement affects her balance, irks a man. But suppose he does fall in love with another woman, or that he is of such an unstable disposition that he cannot be true to any woman? She may suffer but her suffering will only deepen her life. She has other resources. The actions of another do not upset her balance.

What should she do? She may cast him from her life as utterly unworthy of a part in the structure she is building and become the stronger for her independence. Or she may forgive him, take him back and love him as before, and become the sweeter for her toleration. In any case, her life is not ruined. Her poise is sure.

Anne Calvert Spencer,
Eureka, Calif.

I LOVE my husband and *he loves me* tho for the moment another ensnares his fancy. There is more of gold in her hair while mine has ceased to gleam. Her eyes lift in invitation as once mine beckoned—before tiny feet demanded infinite steps. Now with the fall of night my lids had rather droop than lift. Her gowns are charming and recall one I cherished in the long ago, before so much of worldly wealth ran to soft little soles and sturdy oxfords, destined for the school yard.

In short my husband is seeing more of the sweetheart with whom he fell in love in another, than he is in his real sweetheart at home. So what can

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I do? There are several paths from which I may choose. I can play the martyr, divorcing him immediately, thereby wrecking four lives. I can nag, fight and cry, driving him ultimately to divorce me and thereby wrecking four lives. Or I can deliberately pattern my life along the lines attractive to him, gradually convincing him that I am the one he truly loves.

But can I do this? Am I subtle enough to smile tonight when he walks in guiltily, little boy fashion, after perhaps experiencing her arms about him? After all what has physical contact to do with love or sentiment? If I love him I desire that which is best for him. I know that to possess her would wreck his life while I hold his highest interest at heart. Arduous? Yes, my choice is difficult but infinitely more desirable than a lonely life away from the one I love and the one who loves me.

Dorothy Doerr Persia,
San Antonio, Texas.

WHEN my husband became infatuated with another woman, a sub-conscious self, formed by breeding, culture and education stayed a jealous instinct in me to kill her. Tears, hopelessness, exhaustion—then my higher self conquered. I confronted my husband, calmly, squarely, and said, "Let's talk it over." Yes, he loved me, he admitted weakly, but Miss



B could give him romance that I couldn't, any more.

Well, I knew he *did* love me and that I could *not* give him up. So I planned and executed a campaign to win him back. But he *did not know it*. To him I seemed (and I was a good actress) to acquiesce; told him I wanted him to be happy; that I did not want a husband who wanted someone else. My campaign? Beauty parlors, lovely new dresses, a telegram to a distant cousin, whom my husband did not know; a confidential talk when he came; enlisting some good men who were my friends; a plunge into a gay, romantic life. I kept clean and pure but I had a good time. My

cousin played the handsome Beau Brummel; other men were attentive—all in the game.

My husband became in turn, puzzled, interested, attracted, alarmed. He lost interest in Miss B; tried to remonstrate with me. I told him kindly that I wanted "romance."

So, he was beaten at his own game. He admired me for my pluck. When he would have come back to me I informed him nonchalantly that he had thrown down my love and that he must win it back.

That made a man of him, gave me back my lover. Won me my husband, cured.

Mrs. G. G. Seaford,
San Francisco, Calif.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF PSYCHOLOGY published monthly at Mount Morris, Ill. for April 1, 1932.

State of Illinois } ss.
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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry Knight Miller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Publisher of the PSYCHOLOGY MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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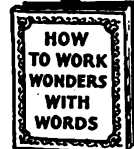
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What Can We Do For You?

(Continued from page 41)

QUESTION:—D. B. B. writes:—

My father has leakage of the heart, so pronounced by a reputable physician, and we are all wondering if this is likely to take him away from us at any moment. Is such a heart trouble very dangerous? Should he avoid all forms of exercise? How long is he likely to live?

ANSWER:—

Your father is likely to live for years unless he is in a very weakened condition physically and has little reserve. My advice would be for your father to do the usual things that a man his age would be likely to do—try to forget all about it as much as possible, and just avoid strenuous exercise. Tell him to not overeat, for heavy foods in large quantities are quite stimulating. You and the balance of your family are to be cheerful. Don't go around with long faces and constantly ask your father how he feels.

QUESTION:—H. F. D. writes:—

I was born on a farm. Some years ago I moved to the city and have been employed there ever since. But I have never been able to adjust myself to the noises and the busy life of a large city. I feel out of place, my nerves get on edge and by night I am "all in." I often long for the quiet of the farm and the absence of people, but I do not believe in these days I could make a real success of life if I followed out my idea of returning to the farm. When I left for the city I did so because my father, a farmer with a little land, had died, and there was nothing left after the mortgage had been taken care of and so it was a choice between the city or going to work at a very low wage for some farmer in the community in which I lived. Do you believe it is possible for one of my nature to ever become accustomed to city life?

ANSWER:—

Yes, I am sure that you can accustom yourself to city life. Why do you feel that you cannot do so when thousands in the cities with quite the same nature and temperament that you possess find this possible? It is a question of changing your viewpoint. You are sensitive, rather retiring, perhaps self-conscious, and it would be easier, to be sure, for such a person to live on a farm. But that would be seeking lines of least resistance and if you were back on a farm you probably would start longing to be in the city again. You have permitted feelings and sensations to rule you thru

following the dictation of feelings. You have pictured the city noises and bustle as something terrible and have never had confidence in your ability to adjust yourself to it. Life represents *action*. Why not feel that you are far more a part of life in the strong action represented in city life than you could ever be in the country? Why not feel that this active life represents *opportunity* and that thru fitting yourself into it in a harmonious way you will in time be truly successful?

Have a plan of life in connection with your present surroundings. View the noises as coming from the life and action that will in time be a part of your life and represent a part of this opportunity you picture. For a number of years our back yard ran down to the Illinois Central tracks where 1200 trains a day passed. At first it was quite annoying, but later I never heard the trains that passed. Had I constantly dwelt on the noise, I never would have adjusted myself to it. As it was, I tried to *ignore* it as much as possible and in time I was able to do so completely. A country boy who goes to a city has many adjustments to make. He has strongly fixed habits that must be changed and new habits must be formed. If he doubts his ability to make this change—if he dwells on the things that annoy, he will go on being annoyed. Try to get a different picture of these noises and think of them as a part of the harmony of business life instead of something to dread. You can make the adjustment if you try hard.

QUESTION:—T. V. M. writes:—

My husband has suffered from terrible headaches and pains in the back of his neck for months. His physician has pronounced his case one of "nerves" that have become weakened and sensitive thru strain. There is no organic disease or high blood pressure in his case. He has given up his golf and all forms of exercise and has been for the past two months in a sunny climate, just resting most of the time. He drives his car, for that seems to be relaxing to him, but he rests most of the time. Now that he contemplates going back to his work he finds himself possessed of considerable fear in doing so. His case is now far more mental than it was. If he could eliminate the fears he would be feeling quite well. Can you suggest anything?

ANSWER:—

Your husband's problem has from the first been a mental one. He perhaps did work hard, but along with the hard work he certainly indulged in some worry, doubts and perhaps other forms of fear that were constantly at work on his nerves. It was this mental state that produced the sensitive

nerves and the headaches and pain in the back of the neck—from tension. Of course under the forced rest his nerves have felt better, for they have had very little to irritate them. But they are merely rested and are not really strengthened. Now that he contemplates returning to his work the old feeling of lack of confidence has returned and he will find his nerves on his return quite as irritated as they previously were, unless he goes about curing himself in quite a different manner than just resting. His is a mental conflict and he must carry himself thru a mental and physical training which will develop and toughen him. His attitude toward himself, his work and the curative process will have to undergo a change if he is to again take his rightful position in the business and social world. Confidence must be restored. It is my opinion that this will require the help of another who is familiar with straightening out such mental kinks.

QUESTION:—M. A. Y. writes:

Can you tell me anything to do for ingrowing nail? I have one, and have had it for years, that makes it difficult for me to walk.

ANSWER:

In many cases ingrowing toenails are due to misfitting shoes. Such people should not wear a pointed shoe. For treatment I suggest your getting a broad-toed shoe, giving the toes plenty of room to spread. Wash the feet every day and while the nail is a little softer and more pliable, following the bathing, slip a very small piece of cotton under the nail at the point where it is ingrowing. Gradually use a larger piece of cotton until the nail is lifted at this point. Keep it lifted until the inflammation has stopped and the tissues restored to a normal state.

QUESTION:—W. E. writes:

I have been troubled for years, especially in warm weather, with some swelling in the ankles. This is most noticeable at night. I have passed thru a careful examination made by a very well known physician and he states that there is nothing organically wrong. If there is nothing organically wrong why should this condition continue to be present?

ANSWER:

With the elimination of organic disturbance, varicose veins and such physical disorders, one may be quite sure that such swelling as you write of is due to nerve tension and possibly acidity. It is in no way dangerous and the less you worry about it the better off you will be.



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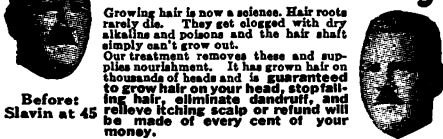
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You, Too, Can Make Money

(Continued from page 48)

COCKTAIL TRAYS

Remember a little while ago that I told you about the palette trays I saw at an artist's studio?

This same artist designed a cocktail tray recently that I think is clever.

He bought twelve small black tin trays at ten cents apiece. He painted them in varied colors and after the enamel had dried, he traced a smart little phrase on each one. One, orange colored, and intended for serving orange juice was inscribed "To Your Sunny Health."

Others bore the words, "Here's How!" "A Stimulant to the Stimulating," etc. Probably you can think of a dozen more suitable phrases. Anyway, the idea is worth while. These could be decorated with little painted designs that appeal to the eye and these trays could be easily sold. If you've been reading this department faithfully, you know how to create your markets.

SOCIAL TRAYS

While on the subject of trays: I noticed that this artist friend serving luncheon at a moment's notice, as most artists do, was using a refectory table.

"Why not make some trays that would easily hold a plate, cup, silver and goblet?" I said. "These could so fit together that when placed on the table, they would form a colorful line of decoration. These little individual trays could come in from the kitchen all ready for the guest—a pretty background for dainty refreshment. And think of the convenience!"

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EVERY month I make a point of visiting the novelty houses in New York City to see if I can find interesting new novelties to tell you about.

Last week I found a new type of newspaper rack and it was so simple that a boy—or a girl, for that matter—could easily construct it. To make it: In a floor base about four inches in diameter, heavy wires were fastened. These were twisted into two large M shape sides. These two M sides were painted in shades to match different rooms. Apple green, black and Chinese red are attractive colors for these.

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