

PSYCHOLOGY

Philosophy

Physiology

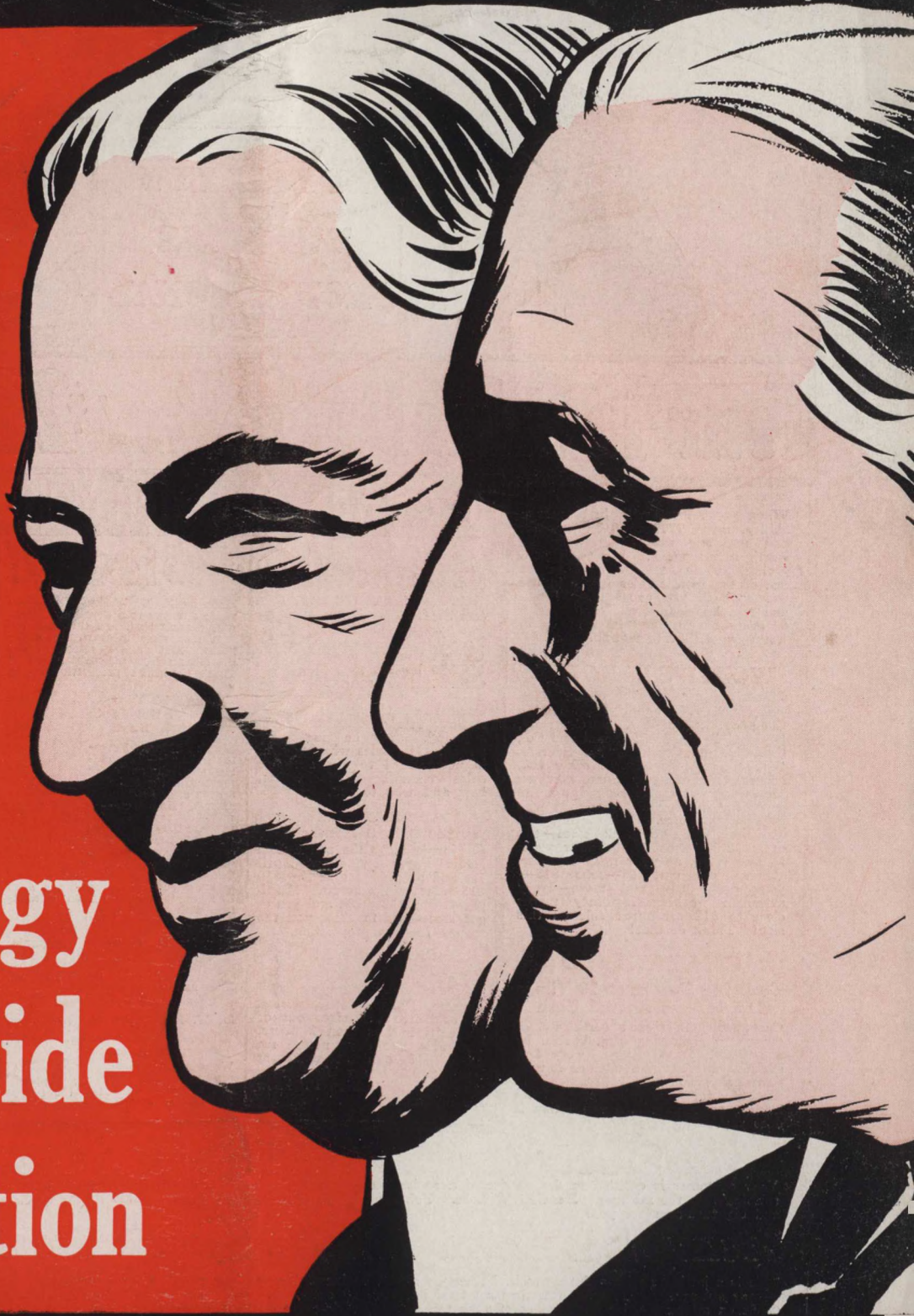
Psychiatry

25¢

NOVEMBER

Herbert C. Hoover
or
Franklin D. Roosevelt?

Psychology
Will Decide
the Election



MARRIAGE SHOULD MAKE PEOPLE HAPPY

By Dr. Arthur Frank Payne

REVELATIONS OF A REPORTER

NEW BIG MONEY FIELD

FOR
WIDE AWAKE
MEN!

SELLING NEW
SPECIALTY
to
BUSINESS
and
PROFESSIONAL
MEN

Four \$15 Sales Daily Pay \$280 Weekly

When green men, with just average ability, make \$200 to \$400 a week, and up, our proposition *must* be worth investigating. We train you, giving you successful methods of one of the fastest sales forces in the country. If you are looking for a man-size business, free from worries of other overcrowded lines of work, write for full information.

WORLD'S LARGEST

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

GUARANTEED

To Bring Customer 10 Times
Its Cost in Actual Cash

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

Here's What Our Men Make

\$400 Weekly!

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



EDDIE FOYER
\$4920 in 3 Months

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

G. F. PEGRAM
Nets \$315
First Five Days

Pegram, Dallas, Texas, writes, "I sold five \$15 sizes out of six calls in less than 2 hours. The first five days netted me \$315. If I don't make at least \$12,000 my first year with your proposition I'll know it's my fault."

\$165 First Day!

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

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

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



\$1500 a Month
clear for M. L. Tardy, California.

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

\$60 Per Day
for W. E. Vaughn, North Carolina.
Write for Other Salesmen's Reports

We can send them as fast as you can read 'em. We've got plenty! See for yourself. Mail the coupon for further details.

REFERENCES:

YOU GET PORTFOLIO
of LETTERS from
WORLD'S LEADING FIRMS

Clinches the sale!

A handsome, impressive portfolio that contains letters from the World's most famous concerns. Every type of business and profession represented. You have immediate, positive proof of success. They can't say—"doesn't fit my business." Nails 'em right then and there. Sells them on sight.

BE SURE TO READ THIS

Remember, this is no ordinary proposition. You deal with a company that doesn't split pennies, headed by a man who spent twenty years on the road. A company with a record you can be proud of as our representative. Get the facts—see with your own eyes what you can make in this business. Mail the coupon for full information.

Surety Company's BOND Protects Customer

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

Seeing Is Believing...Mail Coupon for Proof

This is a business with a future to it. Enormous repeat business. Tremendous profits from sub-agents—your sub-agents have more margin than total profit on 99 out of 100 other specialties. You get profit on all mail order business from your territory. Every customer is a prospect for two or three times the initial amount on your second call. Every customer recommends others to you. If you get ready to quit, you have an established route that can be sold like any other business. An opportunity to make \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year is worth while. Just a limited number of openings. Hurry, boys—they won't be left long now.

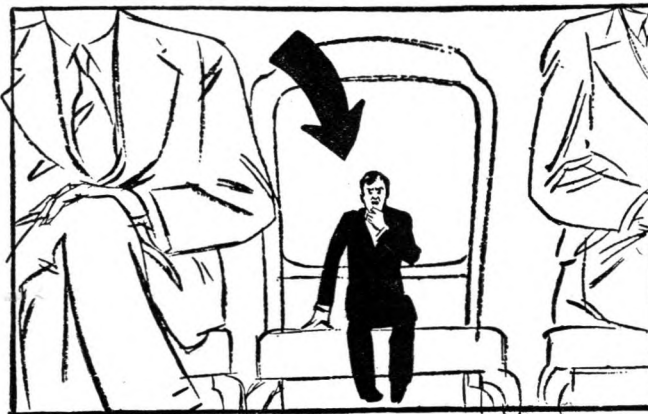
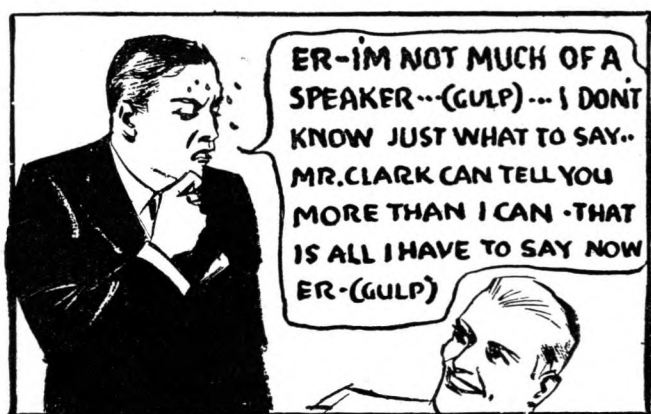
F. E. ARMSTRONG, Pres., Dept. 4023-J, Mobile, Ala.

SEND ME FULL INFORMATION, MR. ARMSTRONG
F. E. Armstrong, Pres., Dept. 4023-J, Mobile, Ala.
Without obligation to me, send me full information on your proposition.
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City _____
State _____

AGONIZING MOMENTS!



YOU'RE SITTING BACK AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD -AND- SUDDENLY THE CHAIRMAN CALLS ON YOU AS THE SPEAKER



YOU GROPE FOR WORDS AND LIVE A LIFETIME OF MISERY CROWDED INTO FIVE MINUTES!

When Will This Happen to You?

If you were suddenly asked to address a group of men, how would you act? Would you be master of the situation? Your manner—would it be confident, well-poised, dominating? Could you cause a hushed silence and sway your audience at will? Face the situation now before it faces you! Send for this amazing free book, *How to Work Wonders with Words*!

CLIMBING ahead in business—winning popularity in social life—depends largely on the impression you make on people. Take two men of equal ability. One man is the silent type that sits back, speaks only when he's spoken to, acts nervous and self-conscious when he's called on to speak at length. The other man is a well-poised interesting talker. When he speaks, people stop talking to hear what he has to say. One man has ideas—the other has ideas plus the ability to put them over.

Analyze yourself right now. Do you know how to tell a funny story in a way that sends an uproar of laughter around the room? What do you know about the Laws of Conversation, of gesture, of emotion? When you're trying to explain a lengthy business proposition, does your talk hang together in a logical step-by-step way?

Modern educational authorities laugh off the old-fashioned ideas about "natural" speaking ability. You've probably heard the old "saws" your-

self—the fellow with the "gift of gab," "the natural orator," and all the rest of that poppycock. The fact is that any man of normal intelligence can quickly become a powerful speaker through a new simplified method of home study training.

The Laws of Conversation

Knowing how to speak properly is simply another way of saying that you know the natural Laws of Conversation. And there is no mystery or

magic about these fundamental factors of a successful speech. They are definitely charted in your mind. They direct your talk in a clear uninterrupted channel that keeps interest keyed up and wins conviction.

In a free book, entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*, the North American Institute has outlined the Laws of Conversation.

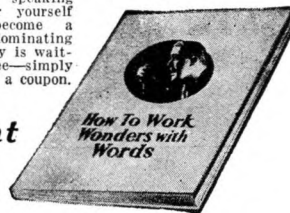
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What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to address board meetings
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write better letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be the master of any situation

It explains how to acquire quickly the ability to address banquets, business conferences, lodges, etc.—how to become an interesting conversationalist; how to develop poise, personality, and magnetic force; and how to banish timidity, self-consciousness and lack of confidence.

Have you an open mind? Then send for this free book, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. Over 65,000 men in all walks of life—including many bankers, lawyers, politicians and other prominent men—have found in this book a key that has opened a veritable floodgate of natural speaking ability. See for yourself how you can become a popular and dominating speaker! Your copy is waiting for you—free—simply for the mailing of a coupon.



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The Standard Publication of Practical, Inspirational and Applied Psychology

PSYCHOLOGY

Philosophy

Physiology

Psychiatry

VOL. XIX, No. 3

Edited by Walter Whiteley Hubbard
Arthur Frank Payne, Associate Editor

NOVEMBER, 1932

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In December

The Law of the Lion-Hearted

You'll be reminded of Kipling when you read this. By Captain Leo L. Partlow, author of numerous articles appearing in many national magazines. He is Captain of Field Artillery of the United States Regular Army and the virile strength of a man's world threads his writing.

Psychic Wireless

This is not an "up in the air" article but an illuminating, scientific, authentic piece of writing. It is a bit startling at times but living in a wonderful age, we know that wonderful facts are constantly being unearthed. By Frederic Q. Kennedy.

What! No Home Life?

This has a bit of humor but it's intensely practical, too. This is illustrated with actual photographs of what was indeed, a "great adventure." Just to read this will make you feel less afraid of the pressure of this "machine age."

But You're Blind!

Here's a really wonderful insight into another view point of life. We'll wager that you've not read anything like this before. You'll not forget it, either! By Frank Strickland.

Again we'll have an article by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, that "pastor of the rich and champion of the poor." Dr. Arthur Frank Payne, Dr. Louis E. Bisch and others of your favorite writers also will contribute in articles touching business, economic, and psychological activities.

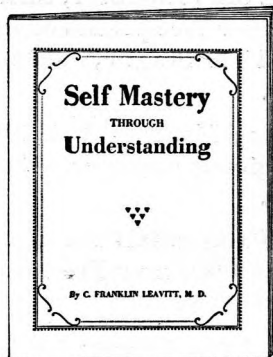
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You, Too, Can Master

*Fear...Worry...Depression..
Limitations and Nervousness*

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Will Give You
Your First Start
Toward a New Life



A PURCHASER WRITES—"After reading this *Power-Awakening Book* I have found myself . . . What a Joy . . . It Amazes Me!"

What a Physician Has to Say

"I was much impressed by the tone and expression of your letter to me, and I have filled out the questions you desire me to answer. Have carefully read the book, *Self Mastery Through Understanding*. I fully enjoyed it, and I am sure I derived help and great benefit from reading your ideas of the subconscious mind, etc.

"For years I have realized 'Fear' was the greatest handicap in my life. I know it has much to do with the mental and the physical conditions in life. What I have learned from you, I am sure will be a great help to me in my declining years of life. Truly, Doctor, I already feel the benefits of your advice. I regret I couldn't have read your book in my early life, but it now is worth 25 TIMES 25 CENTS TO ME. I want my wife and girls to read it.

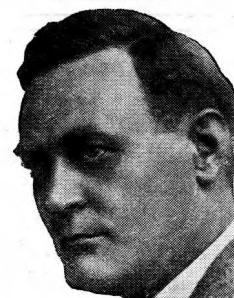
"Thanks for your cordial and business-like letters. If you are ever in Pittsburgh I would like you to take lunch with me. *You May Use My Letter In Any Way It May Benefit You.*" Fletcher K. White, M.D.

Has Felt Better Ever Since

"I have never read anything in print that so impressed me as your book, *Self Mastery Through Understanding*. I have felt better ever since." Gerrit Doorn.

Thousands Testify to the Stimulation and
Helpfulness Obtained Through the Reading
of This Book and pronounce it priceless.

THE AUTHOR



C. Franklin Leavitt, M. D.

For twenty-five years Psychological Consultant, teacher, author of several books, and contributor to magazines on the subjects of **RIGHT THINKING** and **LIVING**, Physical Culture, Dietetics, etc.

It Is "Doubt" That Brings the Mental Clouds

WOULDN'T it be worth just a lot to you to KNOW JUST what caused those strange feelings, your limitations, the mental conflicts, your nervousness and the feelings of weakness and depression that you suffer from?

Of course it would. In fact, it would be the beginning of the end of all your troubles—the FIRST STEP toward mental freedom, peace, poise and power. You are constantly experiencing mental conflicts due to the fact that you are not quite SURE about the origin of your trouble and what it may lead to. In drawing on your imagination you picture all sorts of possibilities that depress you still more and bring anguish and torture. You picture "undiscovered conditions" that your physician has not been able to locate. "DOUBTS" bring emotion, mental conflicts and hypersensitive nerves, which puts your mind in "reverse" and you become so introspective that you find yourself "trapped" and actually unable to forget yourself.

Most peculiar and seemingly alarming sensations and thoughts are experienced by you. Thoughts of the possibility of insanity, of invalidism, of your ability to continue at work or what those dependent on you will do later on when you are flat on your back or in a "wheel chair." The mind can conjure up all sorts of thoughts through your drawing on your imagination in a destructive way. The thought of suicide being the only solution is not uncommon, for when hope and faith are dead what is left? People frequently become prisoners in their own homes through these unreasonable fears.

Neurasthenia, Nervous and Mental Breakdowns, Self Consciousness, Worry, Apprehension, Over-seriousness, Oversensitiveness, Overanxiety, Jealousy, and most forms of Nervousness, are directly due to FEAR in the form of LACK OF CONFIDENCE. Check these unreasonable fears and build up FAITH and everything is changed.

But how is this to be done, you ask? First, through gaining a better understanding of yourself, your nature, that wonderful piece of machinery of yours—YOUR MIND AND BODY; through understanding your OWN POWERS and how to use and direct them, and the understanding of the underlying principles of NATURAL LAWS. Developments must come through USE, and in no other way, but unless you understand SELF, how are you going to USE your powers constructively and creatively? The VERY SAME POWER is being expressed whether it is used constructively or destructively. It is just a question of control, direction and USE. The condition you are in today has had certain definite states precede it and the weaknesses are normal reactions for the type of life you have lived.

YOU possess the VERY SAME essential powers at birth that we later find expressed in those you envy for their great strength, courage and success. The difference lies in the difference in training, understanding, development, etc., Nature does not say to one child, "You are doomed to live an unhappy life of weakness, poverty and struggles," and to another, "YOU are born to be happy, successful, and a ruler of men." We are all just a little bundle of clay when born, and it is our early training, our associates, our environment that moulds the man or woman that we witness later in life. You may have received a bad start through early training, but this does not mean you are "FATE-DRIVEN" I assure you. Yes, YOU HAVE formed habits, strong habits, habits which tend toward weakness. But all of this CAN BE CHANGED if you just UNDERSTAND YOURSELF and YOUR POWERS. You CAN be the man or woman you wish to be, you CAN live your life constructively and be happy and successful. All this is a GOD-GIVEN inheritance, and it is YOU that is to blame, and not God, Nature, or your past unprofitable experiences.

In This Book You Will Find Just the Information You Have Sought

There is nothing in this book to frighten you, for it is written along constructive and creative lines.

Self Mastery Through Understanding is pronounced the BIGGEST little book on the market today. From cover to cover it is filled with inspiration, understanding; and is most reawakening and instructive—ALL ABOUT YOU. YOUR powers, YOUR nature, YOUR troubles are discussed in a creative way. It will tell you more about your difficulties than you could yourself. It can prove THE FIRST STEP toward that life you have dreamed about and wished could be yours.

A Partial Contents of this Book

Introduction by the late Elbert Hubbard; Much Thought Waste; Success; Man's Worst Enemy; Faith; Your Nerves; Your Weakened Mental Muscles; Self Consciousness; How Self Consciousness Affects Your Social Life; How It Affects Your Business Life; How It Affects Your Domestic Life; How It Affects Your Physical Life; About Self Healing; How Can One Develop?; The Resources of Subconsciousness; Neurasthenia; Nervous and Mental Breakdowns, etc.

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Every Purchaser of This Book is entitled to receive a Free Preliminary Psychological Analysis. Send 25c for the book and this free analysis service. Your information is held strictly confidential. This will materially aid you in finding yourself.

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To Men Who Want to Be WELL OFF *by* 1937

THIS is a personal message to the man who wants to win a secure place for himself in the next five years.

It is a message to the man who feels that he should be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but simply lacks the confidence necessary to command one of the bigger places in business.

Business conditions have radically changed in the last few years. The old rules no longer work. There is a whole new set of rules to be mastered. New influences are at work everywhere. There is a new sales strategy; there are new production methods, a new export situation, new methods of determining security prices, a wave toward bigger consolidations—in short, a new Era of Business.

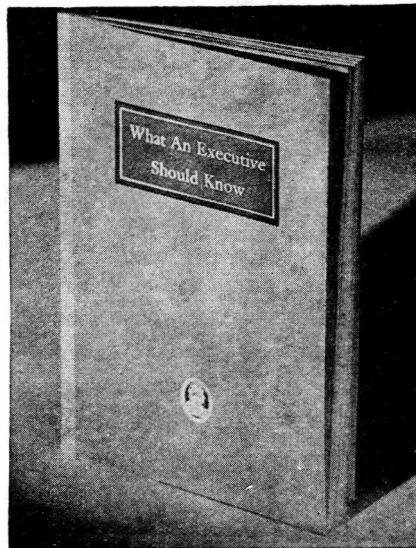
Systems may crack in times like these, but individuals can go ahead just the same.

Many men are finding the answer to their problems in the Alexander Hamilton Institute's new Service for business men. Representing the condensed experience of the best business brains in the country, this new Service is the most comprehensive, tangible help available to ex-

ecutives in meeting the difficult business conditions of today.

Among the business leaders who have contributed to this new Service are such prominent executives as: Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., Bruce Barton, Dr. Julius Klein, Hon. Will H. Hays, and many others equally famous.

Can any ambitious man fail to get something of value from contact with minds like these? Here are a few examples, selected from many hundreds, showing how this organized knowledge is translated into added earning power:



This booklet is for men who want to enter the highest-paid branch of business

CASE 1. Works Engineer, salary \$6,000; now Vice-president and General Manager, salary \$18,000.

CASE 2. Local Manager at \$5,200; now Regional Manager, salary \$15,000.

CASE 3. Production Manager, salary \$6,000; now President, salary \$21,600.

We invite you to send for the facts in an interesting booklet called "What an Executive Should Know." It is a book that should be read by every man who expects to win a prominent place for himself in the next few years. It is well worth a half hour of your time.

The book will be sent you by mail, without charge, if you will simply mail the coupon.

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 663 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada, address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto.)

Send me "What an Executive Should Know," which I may keep without charge.

Name

Business Position.....Age.....

Business Address.....

.....

The old rules of business no longer work. Send for the booklet which tells how you can learn the new rules

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 half an hour to a much longer period of time. Following this religious procedure, the water is then poured off, and the vegetables and 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, which is absolutely devoid of all of the sixteen chemical elements that your body necessitates in order to maintain its state of health and actually make of you a successful individual. Boiling foods takes from them these sixteen essential elements that the body of man requires to rebuild each of the tissues and to replace the lost energy of each day's work. Is it any wonder then, 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 per cent of the time? That his teeth have softened and are decaying because of the want of 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?

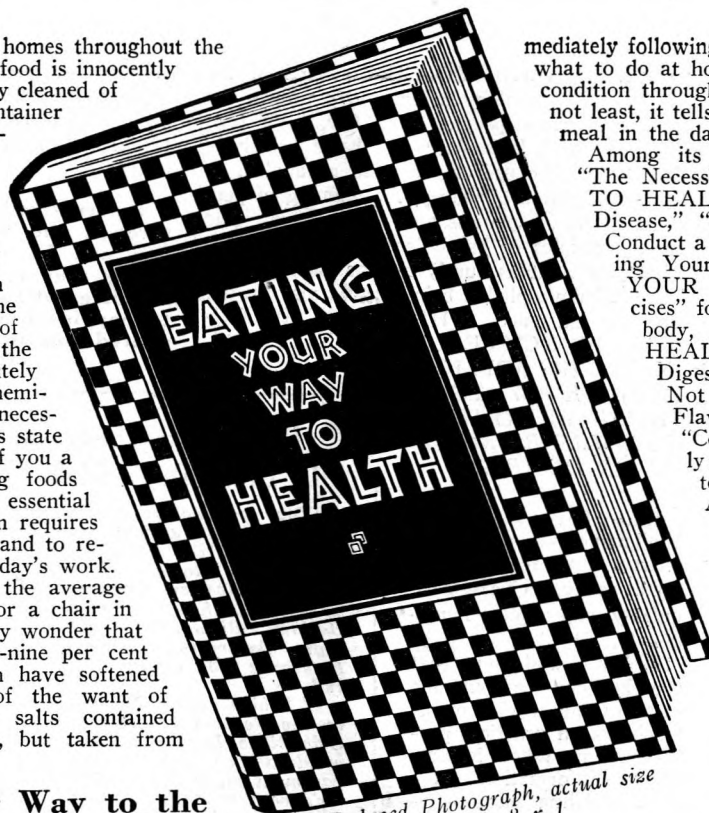
It is just as easy, and more so, when one knows how, for all that is necessary is the knowledge of combining your foods properly, and that is the reason why California's famous diet specialist, Dr. J. Douglas Thompson has written a special book on this particular subject, the title of which is

Eating Your Way to Health

The work of a lifetime has been crowded into this gripping volume of two hundred pages. Not only has the Doctor written on the subject of health, but his most masterful accomplishment is more fully explained in the dozens and dozens of chapters treating every conceivable disease known to mankind from the cradle to the grave.

Tells You Exactly What to Do

To overcome every disease that any one of the members of your family might become afflicted with from the first childhood disease to old age. Each chapter, first of all, tells you what the disease is, gives you its varieties, tells you its cause, and follows this by giving you the various warnings of nature; im-



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5 1/2 x 8 x 1

mediately following which you are told just exactly what to do at home to completely overcome this condition through sensible home care. Last, but not least, it tells you what you must eat for each meal in the day, week, month and year.

Among its many delightful chapters are, "The Necessity of EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH", "Contributing Causes of Disease", "Cleansing the Body", "How to Conduct a Cleansing of the Body", "Thinking Your Way to Health", "EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH Exercises" for every conceivable part of your body, "EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH Daily Routine", "How We Digest Our Foods", "Why You Should Not Use Condiments", "Natural Flavoring for Each and Every Food", "Combining Your Foods Correctly;" Part Two consists of, "How to Overcome: Acne or Pimples, Adhesions, Anemia, of all types, Antrum Infections, Appendicitis, Arteriosclerosis or hardening of the arteries, Arthritis, Bronchitis, Catarrhal diseases, Cystitis, Constipation, Chicken Pox, Coughs and Colds, Deafness, Diabetes Mellitus, Diabetes Insipidus, Dyspepsia, Gastroparesis (sagging condition of the stomach and internal organs), Gastric Ulcers, Cancer of the Stomach, Intestinal Indigestion and Obstruction, Intestinal Parasites, Intestinal Ulcers, Cancer of the Intestines, Mucous Colitis, Cancer of the Colon, Inflammation of the Rectum, Hemorrhoids or Piles, Rectal Fistula, Cancer of the Rectum, Diphtheria, Dropsy (swelling of the ankles), and last but not least, a chapter on female disorders of all types, commencing with the explanation of monthly irregularities, then telling you of all types of tumors; such as cysts, fibroids, etc., a chapter that every woman will want to read and follow to the betterment of that health of hers.

Start "Eating 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 the 7th edition of EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH will tell you exactly how to do this in an enlightening manner.

200 Pages of Real Information Beautifully Bound

Get this book, read it, and then follow its enlightening instructions to the betterment of that health of yours.

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Dr. J. Douglas Thompson, Diet Specialist
Thompson Building, Oakland, Calif.

Dear Dr. Thompson:
I am tired of being sick. I want to start "EATING MY WAY TO HEALTH." Send me your latest accomplishment, EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH, for which I enclose \$3.00. If I am not perfectly satisfied in every way, I will return this book within five days and receive my money back without question.

Name

Address

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

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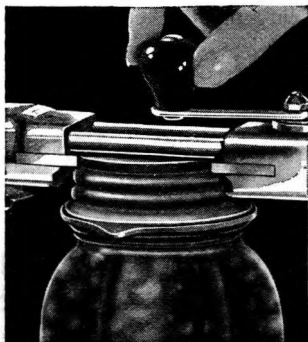
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THE NEW WAY

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With the entire country sorely in need of a practical device for opening and tightening jars and bottles—with the one and only machine that instantly removes anchor vacuum tops without bending them up or defacing them and seals jars again—figure out for yourself what a wealth of steady profits this timely invention opens up for every ambitious man and woman! You'll want it for your home. And once you actually thrill to its magic, you'll understand why Speedo people everywhere are already pocketing enviable profits in full and spare time! Do this at once! Fill out and rush the coupon below for the startling details of this remarkable device. It brings you also the most unique liberal MULTI-PROFIT PLAN in Direct Selling, including NO-RISK TEST OFFER on this and three other inventions needed and wanted in over 20 million homes! Territory going fast, so write today—NOW!

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He Said a Potful

"Why did you throw the pot of geraniums at the plaintiff?"

"Because of an advertisement, your honor."

"What advertisement?"

"Say it with flowers'."

* * *

Being Literal

Mobbs: "Mrs. Smith is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilizes or filters everything in the house!"

Hobbs: "How does she get along with her husband?"

Mobbs: "Oh, even their relations are strained!"—*Fishing Gazette*.

* * *

Not Air Minded

A colored man took a flight in an airplane. As he climbed out of the ship on its return to the field, he turned to the pilot and said:

"Suh, Ah has to thank you fo' both dem rides."

"What are you talking about?" said the aviator. "You only had one."

"No, suh," returned the passenger. "Ah had two—mah fust an' mah last."

* * *

Now You Know

The great difference between learning to drive a car and to play golf is that in one case you hit everything, and in the other you hit nothing.

* * *

Not a Stranger



Mary: "But you've known the man only two weeks. You're not thinking of marrying him?"

Jennie: "Well it isn't as if he was a stranger. A girl I know was engaged to him for a long time."

Not Impossible

YOU CAN'T SLEEP
IN MY CLASS

IF YOU WOULD
TALK A BIT LOWER
I COULD



* * *

Lucky

First Tramp: "Y'know, Hennerly, Spike Mullins is de luckiest guy on dis road."

Second College Boy: "How's dat, Jawn?"

First Tramp: "He's a somnambulist and walks in his sleep. Dat leaves him all day ter rest in."—*Texas Longhorn*.

* * *

One on Hubbie

Wife (after accident): "Where am I? Am I in heaven?"

Husband: "No dear, I'm still with you!"—*Green Griffin*.

* * *

A Question of Authorship

First Student: "Great Scott! I've forgotten who wrote 'Ivanhoe.'"

Second Ditto: "I'll tell you if you tell me who the dickens wrote 'The Tale of Two Cities.'"—*Cornell Widow*.

* * *

No Time to Lose

"How come you look so worried?"

"I'm trying to make up my mind about going to a wedding tomorrow."

"Who's getting married?"

"I am."—*Spark Plugs*.

Misinterpreted

Barber: "And how do you find the razor?"

Customer: "Didn't know I was being shaved."

Barber: "Very glad, I'm sure, sir."

Customer: "Thought I was being sandpapered."—*Quips*.

* * *

A Pessimist

"The right has triumphed," wired a young and enthusiastic lawyer to his client, who had been unable to be present in court during the hearing of the case.

"Lodge an appeal," was the client's reply.—*Magazine Programme*.

* * *

Both Sides

"You don't seem to realize on which side your bread is buttered."

"What does it matter? I eat both sides!"

* * *

Easy

Uncle Ben was visiting little Betty who had been ill.

"Well, my dear," he said, "and how did you find yourself this morning?"

Betty opened her big, innocent blue eyes:

"Oh, Uncle, I just opened my eyes—and there I was!"

* * *

Safety

Policeman: "Lady, don't you know that is a safety zone?"

Woman Driver: "Of course—that's why I drove in here."

* * *

Foresight



Mother: "I hope you didn't take a second piece of cake at the party?"

Bobby: "No. I took two pieces first time."

—Important Booklet FREE, See Coupon

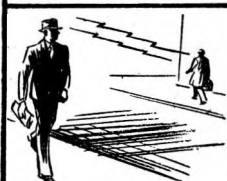
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SHORT WAVE LENGTH



OCCULT VIBRATIONS



MAGNETIC VIBRATIONS



MAGNETIC RAYS



VIBRATING TO A POINT



SCATTERED VIBRATIONS

Did you ever experience a strange and indescribable impulse to follow some definite course of action? Did you ever feel a mysterious and compelling urge to perform some certain task? Did you ever have a "hunch" something was wrong?

Then you have felt the dynamic effect of Telepathy's power! These presentiments and "hunches" are often the results of thought transference from the minds of others—definite evidence of the ever-active principle of Mental Telepathy. These messages touched a vibratory response within you—dominated your thoughts—influenced your actions.

Every move you make—every word you speak—every deed you perform is first patterned in thought. Think how powerful you would be if you could design the thought pictures in the minds of others! Imagine the countless ways you might use this mysterious force to gain the things you want most—to make more money, secure a better position, attain domestic harmony, win new friends—by wielding this secret power on those around you without their knowing it!

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Just as light and sound broadcast vibrations into the ether, so the human mind is capable of broadcasting vibrations, known as thought waves. According to Psychologists, the human mind is equipped to receive as well as send thought vibrations. Thus all minds are connected with thought. Telepathy rests on the secure foundation of the science of vibrations.

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Let's Be THANKFUL

A Chat with the Editor

IN THE roar and tumult of the last lap of the year, as 1932 draws near its close, it is altogether fitting and proper that we pause for retrospection and a period of thanks giving.

It is in the terminology of the baseball diamond, the "seventh inning stretch." No victory is, up to now, assured; no defeat is conceded.

Mayhap the action of divine providence, through the medium of stalwart, God-fearing pioneers in 1621, placed Thanksgiving Day in the position it occupies in the year.

Logical it is, too, that the congressional action which would make the day one of nation-wide observance, should have been directed by President Abraham Lincoln in 1863. It was the year which witnessed the high-tide of victories for the Confederate States of America and marked the peak of their northern invasion. A year in which the utter hopelessness of an early conclusion to what was the bloodiest war in the history of this nation seemed to hang, like a black shroud above America.

Born of the hardships and struggles of the early Puritan fathers and mothers, and sanctified as a national holiday by the blood of a million young men of the North and the South, Thanksgiving comes to us this year, more than ever, as a reminder that we truly have much for which we may be thankful to Almighty God.

If the holiday serves to remind us of nothing more than that we are better off than were our forebears when Thanksgiving was first instituted or than were our grandparents when the day was set aside for nation-wide observance, then

it has accomplished its purpose for 1932.

If it did no more than remind us that we shall still have five weeks of grace in which to do the things we should do and undo the wrongs we should not have done, it will prove a plenteous blessing. We may yet be able to balance the ledger of our lives to the spiritual credit of our souls.

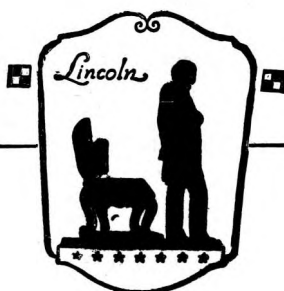
If Thanksgiving Day does no more than remind us that, in a period of our country's worst commercial depression our people are not actually starving, it will serve as an inspiration to continue our unselfish charities. After three years we find ourselves still able to carry the burden, and we shall bear it with a happy and a strong heart.

It needs no higher calculus to show that every man, woman and child in the United States is today, as an individual being, contributing one-tenth of the support of an unemployed man or woman. And we are not even feeling it.

We have cause for thankfulness because of the God-given courage to carry on which has been our lot. We have reason to be thankful because the worst of the commercial crisis has gone like a thief in the night and we are walking into the light of a new day.

With our minds keenly alert, our hearts aflame with the inspiration of our responsibilities, and our souls attuned to that which is divine, we shall go forward happily, courageously and triumphantly to loftier heights of nobler deeds and greater achievements.

Almighty God, we thank Thee that we have gone this far, under Thy guidance, to the Promised Land.

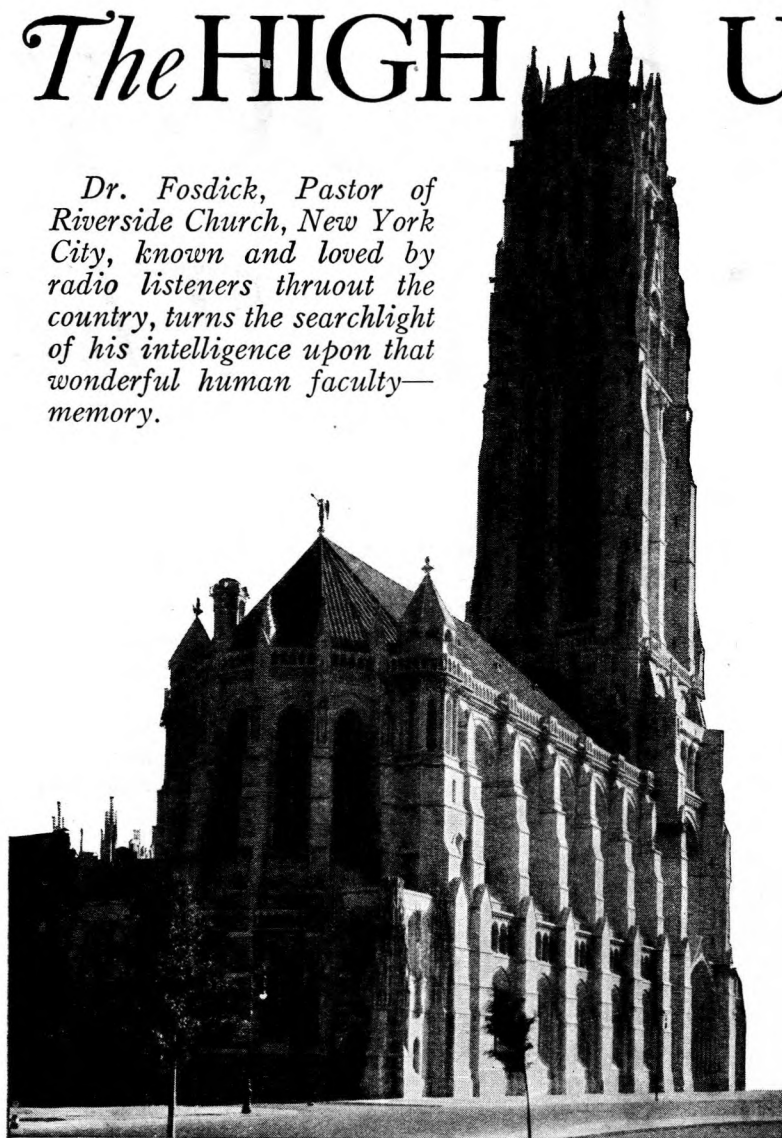


The HIGH USE of MEMORY

Dr. Fosdick, Pastor of Riverside Church, New York City, known and loved by radio listeners thruout the country, turns the searchlight of his intelligence upon that wonderful human faculty—memory.

By

HARRY EMERSON
FOSDICK



Riverside Church, New York City

How mysterious a power it is, this capacity to keep our experiences, not shedding as a tree sheds its leaves and then, forgetful of the old, gets new ones, but carrying them along in a continuous and growing life.

Memory is the unifying strand on which the beads of all our years are strung, and without it, we would not be personalities at all.

How beautiful memory can be! Life may steal from us treasures that we dearly love; may face us with hazard and adversity, but we still shall be rich as long as we live, for we have beautiful memories.

Yet how terrific memory can be! The pictures of hell which have frightened the ignorant have been outward scenes of fire and brimstone, but the *real* hell, dreaded by thoughtful men, was summed up by Jesus in two words which Abraham is represented as speaking to the rich man in tor-

ment, "Son, remember."

Aye, that is enough. To try to forget something that were well forgotten, only to discover that the more inevitably you remember it—that is enough.

And how powerful memory is! From simple truths, such as that the burnt child dreads the fire, to the determination of whole national policies, as in France with its memories of one invasion after another, how tremendously influential is memory! Our lives are like boats which cut the waves ahead with their prows but whose rudders are behind. So memory steers us.

Mysterious, beautiful, terrific, powerful—memory is all this and more.

Let us step into our truth thru the open door of our own experience, (Continued on page 52)

WE all have three tenses—past, present, and future—
Our memories, our immediate experiences, our hopes.

Obvious as the fact is, however, few of us, make the most of it.

It is our common habit to specialize in one tense or another and deal lamely with the rest.

Some men are weak in their future outlooks. They have their memories and the hour that now is, but they have no expectations; their past and present are overclouded with hopelessness.

Alas, that it should be so!

Some are weak in their present tense. They habitually look backward to something that has been, or forward to something that is going to be, and thus, they miss the tingling experience which the intimate hour should bring them.

They need to learn the old Latin injunction, "Carpe Diem,"—seize the day. Alas for them!

And there are those who are weak in dealing with the past!

They, surely, have not learned the high uses of memory.



Dr. Fosdick

PSYCHOLOGY DECIDE *The*

IN these good old United States, we've been having presidential elections every four years for quite a while.

But we've never before had an election whose results will rest upon, and will represent, just what this one of 1932 is sure to do.

A Democrat or a Republican will not react in the ballot box this year along the usual Democratic or Republican lines, as we have known them in the past.

He won't, because to an unprecedented extent, he has been emotionally, psychologically swayed. He has read of, witnessed, experienced things and conditions, that five years ago—or less—he would have pronounced "impossible."

Not but what we've had "hot issues" in the past. And we've had fanfare aplenty—and scandals, regularly unearthed by one political party against another political party and we've had "whispering campaigns."

Candidates' personalities have systematically been played up and enlarged upon and their backgrounds—especially if these held periods of grappling with hard material work, wood chopping or driving teams or surveying rough country—these backgrounds have been made the most of.

If the candidate had had a tough childhood and was "put upon" by either the elements or relatives, this indeed proved fortunate for his party. It put "human interest" into what might have been only commonplace facts or very dry issues.

Always, in presidential election years, good hard work has been put into the matter of *arousing* the people.

In this year of Our Lord, 1932, nobody has to be artificially aroused and, indeed, hard work has been put into preventing people from doing the wild, odd things we associate with near-hysteria and incipient revolution.

All of which is to say that conditions this presidential election year are so extremely different—so many surging factors lurk in the background and offing, that mere politics, as such, will trail respectfully behind

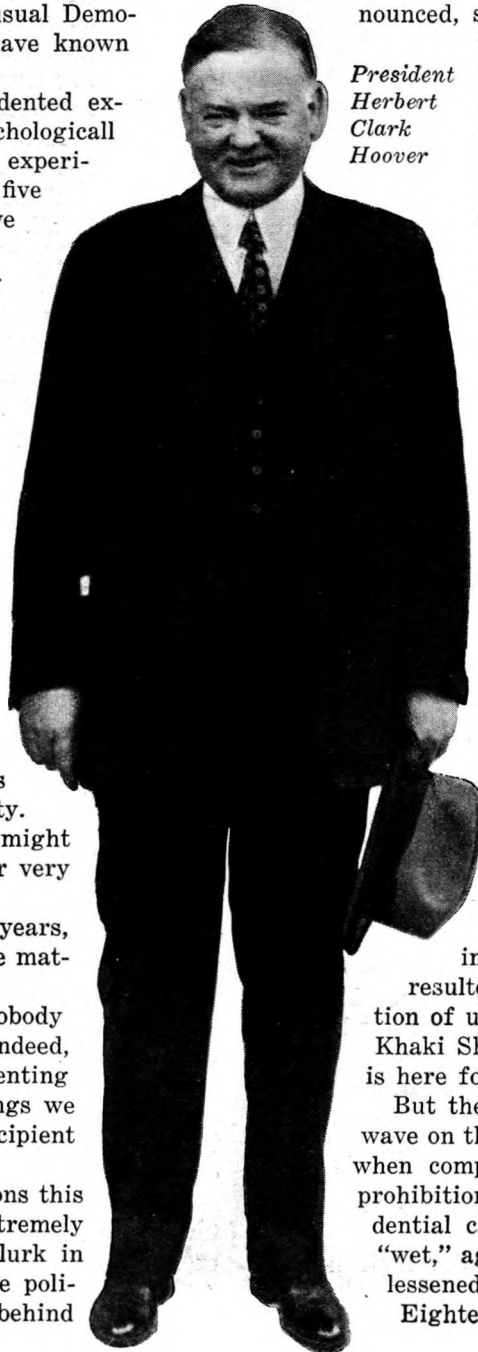
that which will make a president this coming November 8th. For—

Psychology will decide the election.

The effect—psychological—of unusual events and happenings hangs heavily in the air.

The great market crash "heaviest in the history of Wall Street" as the newspapers of October, 1929, announced, started a flood of financial disasters that in 1930 involved the loss of \$748,331,000 in 866 bank failures and in 1931 reached a high tide of 65,000 bankruptcies representing \$911,000,000.

President
Herbert
Clark
Hoover



This is almost too much for the man in the street to grasp, but the effect has reached down and touched the Main Streets of the nation from one end of the map to the other.

It had its part in stopping so many wheels of industry, stagnating so many waters of healthy business activity that the cry of "We are hungry" took, in the one instance, the concrete form of an army that camped in sight of the White house and directed its demands toward the installed administration.

This bonus army has been both defended and criticized and some have put blame on the lower house which, indirectly, it is said, by votes and speeches, encouraged the bonus seekers to gather in the capital.

No matter about the wisdom or unwisdom of evicting the B. E. F. from Washington by Federal troops—the reach of emotion growing from it has been tremendous. It

resulted in the formation of an organization of unemployed, nationally known as the Khaki Shirts. Whether we like it or not, it is here for a while at least.

But the matter of soldiers' bonus is but a wave on the agitated waters of current affairs when compared with some other questions—prohibition, for instance. Now that both presidential candidates have declared themselves "wet," agitation in some directions is a little lessened, but on all that touches upon the Eighteenth Amendment, directly or indi-

WILL ELECTION

Mental Reactions Already Solving the Problem of White House Occupancy

By Eldora Field

rectly, national emotion surges portentously and ominously.

In what other presidential race has a question with so many ramifications, and involving so many vital phases of financial, legal and moral life, been tossed about for solution as has this one?

Various economic disorders are pushing hard for change and rehabilitation. Agriculture, long prostrated, is seeking, as the farmers' strikes in the West indicate, to bring itself into action.

In this "machine age," the farmer is no longer engaged in lonely meditation in some isolated field or plantation. Right in the midst of things mentally, he is not only aware of matters that bear directly upon him but knows about, and feels strongly, on such things as the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill and

Below: Theodore Roosevelt, Sr.



Franklin Delano Roosevelt (above). At left: Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., a distant cousin of the governor's.

its effects on foreign trade. Far away in the cities, may be most of those 11,000,000 unemployed American citizens, he knows about, but, in spite of his own troubles, this tears at his heart strings. The farmer's psychological reaction to all that he has heard and read and experienced will carry tremendous weight sometime during the day of November 8th.

And there are so many "side issues." The Walker threat in New York City. Because this is a machine age and the movies are part of it, the business man in Seattle, Washington, or the ranchman in Texas or Wyoming knows all about "Jimmy's" investigation; how he looks, and what was said and done in Albany both by, and in connection with him. Psychological reaction will percolate until election day on both the Walker and the Al Smith issues and the effects of their possible opposition.

Another "side issue" is the Roosevelt name of the Dem- (Continued on page 58)

Will the Roosevelt name count? Left to right, standing: Elliott, Mrs. James Roosevelt, the Governor's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Curtis Dahl, the Governor's daughter, and James. Seated: Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Governor of the Empire State.





I Lost-

Illustrated by
Henry C. Kiefer

THE other day I felt a sickening sensation when I lost my job as book-keeper in a big department store where I had put in long hours and done good work for four years.

Here I am, a young man, free, white, twenty-six, and out of a job!

I have forty-three dollars to my name, to live on—I don't know how long. I've been sending part of my salary to my mother in Texas every week, and I'll have to discontinue that.

I haven't saved any money. I've spent my salary as fast as I've made it, on clothes, dates, and parties, having a good time.

Oh, how hard it is this morning to get up and go downtown looking for a job! I can hardly drag myself out of bed—

Here I am, walking to town along the same route, just as if I were going to my desk at Halliburton's. Gee, I'd like to go there this morning, to be in that familiar office where I know the accounts, the files, the ins-and-outs of the business, instead of hunting a job.

Well, I'll start on my list. I've got to find a job. . . .

I've tried all the offices in the city hall. No luck there. I suppose it takes "pull" to get a job with the city.

Now whom shall I see next?

Already it is 11:30.

I'll have to economize, but I'm going to Williams Cafeteria for lunch. It's crowded today. All these folks look successful. I suppose they have jobs.

Oh, I yearn for a job, security, money! Money gives a fellow such a feeling of assurance, puts him in a position to live and laugh and have a little fun.

What's got into me? I can still smile. "If you smile, the world will smile on you in return." The man who invented that phrase certainly knew life.

*Instead of sitting
in this fine hotel
lobby, I'd rather
be in that dusty,
familiar old office—*



-and Found a Job!

(Anonymous)

*Actual day-by-day experiences of
a young man who found out many things—*

Smile, now, and keep smiling. I will

Another day, and it's raining. I'm going in this hotel lobby awhile, until the rain dries up. I think I'll go up on the mezzanine and take off my raincoat. It is quiet, restful up here. Wonder who all these people are. Job hunters? Travelers? That man in spats sitting by the window works his mouth just like a rabbit.

The rain has stopped. Where shall I go now? I feel a sinking sensation—I *will* put on a front! I'm going to swagger as if I own the street. Here goes!

Three weeks have passed. Each day seems an eternity, and yet the time goes, and I haven't found a job.

I think I'll sit around this hotel awhile and write a letter or two. Job hunting is making a lobby loafer out of me. I go in first one hotel and then another. Are those bell boys talking about me, or is it my imagination?

There are so many things I could do if I just had a chance. I'd like to be a college professor. Teaching is a dignified occupation. Or architecture. I'd like to design houses. I'd go to school and study drawing and all that, if—

What am I dreaming about? I keep forgetting that I'm out of a job and that it takes money to study

architecture or teaching, or anything, for that matter.

I filed a good application with that employment bureau the other day. Never was inside one of the places before. I hope they find something for me. I believe I'll go by there and see what's doing.

Oh, what's the use of hunting jobs? My feet are tired. I'm going to a picture show this afternoon . . .

I hate to get up and interview people this morning. But who am I that I should be ashamed to ask for a job? Others have done it.

Here's another man to interview. I'll try my best smile. He says no, but sometimes I don't feel disheartened when I ask for a job and get turned down. It all depends on the way they treat you. That Mr. Glenn seemed to be a pleasant fellow.

Today is Mother's Day. I'm going to church. This carnation in my button-hole set me back a quarter. That's where my money goes. I can't realize I don't have an income. Oh, well, head up, chest out, swagger! "I'm free, white, and twenty-six."

(Continued on page 63)



BLOWING UP

Decentralization---a New American Keynote

MOST of our important changes arrive almost without our being aware of them, particularly in the economic field.

We are usually so preoccupied with something else that we miss the significance of what is transpiring. Particularly is this so in a time like the present, when the depression and unemployment are in the foreground.

There is now occurring a change of quite tremendous import in our economic, even in our psychological life—the shift which business—as well as American life in general—is making *toward decentralization*.

It means relaxing the central control idea, building up the importance of the individual, distributing authority and responsibility, function and living into a greater number of autonomous units, spreading out what has been heaped up, diffusing what has been unhealthily centralized, and thus tending to make our American scene more normal and human—instead of permitting a “machine age” to climb dizzily to more and more Brobdingnagian proportions.

It means diffusion of industry and population away from the badly congested centers. It means more spacious and gracious living. It means a freer individuality and a decline of standardization. It means a hope of a more humane life and a wider distribution of wealth and opportunity.

As Otto H. Kahn recently said, “I believe in decentralization in everything—in government, in business, in art. That, to my mind, is the best solution or prescription for living conditions which we face in our age.”

Since our economic activities are so crucial a factor in modern civilization, the new tendency is most strikingly making itself felt. Quietly, without much discussion, a number of our largest corporations, as for instance the General Motors Corporation and the DuPont Company, have, in recent years “decentralized” their organizations.

The men who run the many individual plants and separate enterprises of these large corporations are now not like order-taking robots, but are virtually like owners, in the degree of their responsibility and authority. They are selected very carefully and then

By

J. George Frederick

given a free hand to produce results.

There is no attempt to operate these units in detail from the central headquarters, as was the nearly

universal practice of business previously. There is no all-knowing big boss from whom the executives must secure guidance for every step. Broad general policies are set and the individual executives function for their particular company largely as if the big general corporation did not exist.

These individual executives are hardly distinguishable from owners. The president of a subsidiary of General Motors or DuPont does almost precisely what he would do if he were the sole owner of the business. The new idea of decentralization makes it very desirable, indeed, that he should feel precisely as if he were the owner, because the *reason* for applying decentralization is just that.

Bankers and big business men learned, to their cost, that the human being must be thought of first and the plan afterward. The wonderful centralizing plans which looked so good on paper at the time when the old-time merger was conceived;—one big chief in New York and a wide-spreading web of subordinates from coast to coast, controlled like so many machines from central headquarters by an efficiency system of reports—is usually found to be inhuman and inefficient. Theoretically the plan *should* work, but humanistically speaking, it doesn't. Large projects, it is now known, are not wisely carried out on this basis.

An example will make it clear. Some foreign capitalists came to this country half a dozen years ago and bought up nine or ten companies and combined them in a merger. The owners of these half dozen companies had striven for years with might and main to build their businesses, doubtless burning much midnight oil. The merger officials put hired subordinates in their places under a general executive in New York, who alone held full authority and responsibility.

The foreign capitalists, expecting American large-scale miracles to happen, were perfectly aghast at the swiftness with which the business of these companies declined. It was uncanny, disturbing, ruinous to them. Instead of the magic of the merger, which like others

BIG BUSINESS

they had credited with miracles, there was a blight. They scolded their hirelings, "pepped" them up with conventions and conferences, changed them, pleaded with them, but the business continued to sink from the old levels. Then they hired special counsel, who told them that their ailment was "Old Man *Centralization*." "You do not seem to know," he said, "what the great leaders have been discovering in recent years—that centralization is a promoter's dream, a false hope, a snare and a delusion."

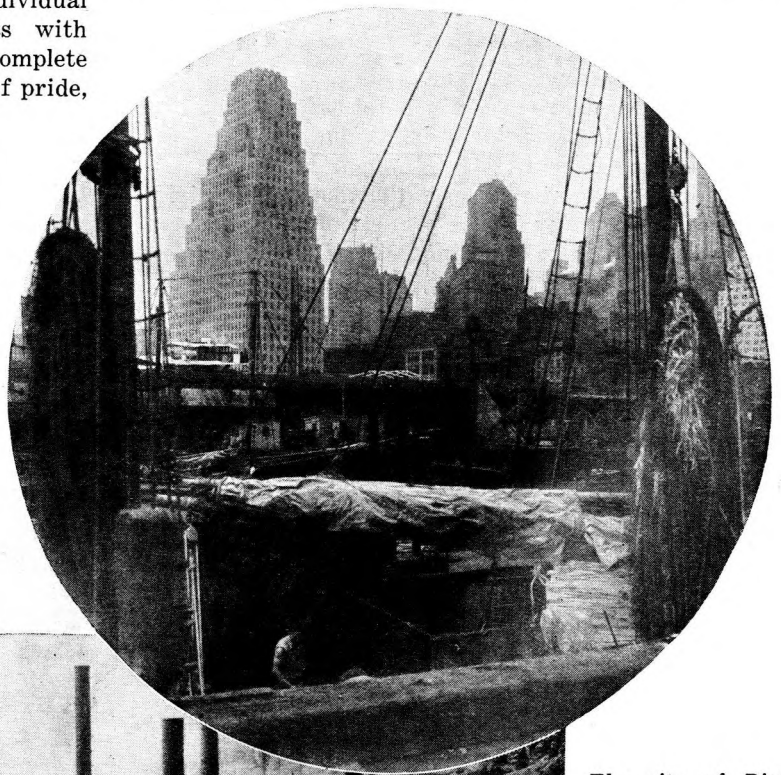
"Men are not machines. The original owners had a personal pride and a vital stake in the business; they were able, all-around men, with many incentives, and they pushed the business successfully. Your hirelings were, well—just hirelings. You must decentralize."

The change was made. Men were selected of ownership capacity and given full scope. The individual companies were again made independent units with independent management; real management, complete and extensive, the person of men of parts, men of pride, men of wide capacity; the kind of men who do not work for money alone, but also for pride in workmanship, reputation, standing. The result was a pronounced reversal of fortunes within a short time.

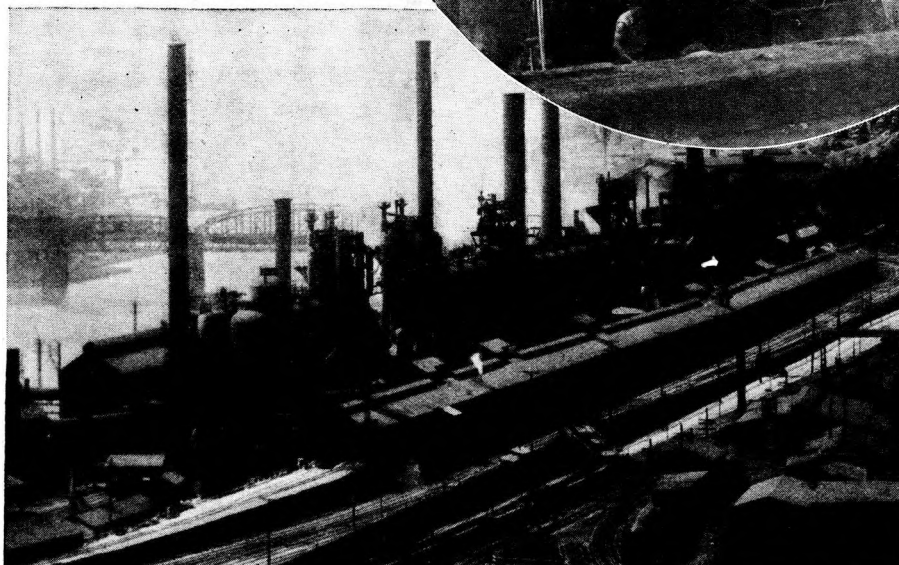
When the DuPont Company, within the past few years, took over the United States Rubber Company, which was one of the most typically centralized large corporations, (founded, indeed, in the nineties by Charles R. Flint, the father of industrial centralization), owning even large rubber plantations abroad, its first move was to decentralize the corporation, to break it up into parts—even abandoning some parts that could not stand on their own feet. At once the business took on new life, and headed upward.

The most striking illustration of the new tendency is to be seen in the chain store field. Here centralization has exposed its weakness more palpably than in any other, for the simple reason that chain stores are so widely scattered. Local store managers in particular towns, under the centralization policy, were mere robots operating on minutely detailed orders, with practically no initiative. The local store was rather like an automatic vending machine chained to a post, or a mechanism operated by a push button thousands of miles away. The local manager took no part in local affairs like other merchants, and had scant human relationships with the public, as did the merchants.

Such a situation was bound to develop a stiff reaction, and in the past year or two this reaction has come upon the chains with (Continued on page 60)



Pittsburgh's smokestacks, in the heart of the foundry district, symbolize industrial activity



The city of Big Business—New York, where every nation of the world is represented

“Third Degree” vs. Human Hearts—Justice

By Louis E. Bisch, M.D., Ph.D

HAVE you ever found yourself in the position of being accused of something of which you were absolutely innocent?

And have you, under such a circumstance, reacted to the accusation in a way that not only made you *feel* guilty but actually also made you appear to your accusers that you *were* guilty?

That sort of thing occurs not infrequently in childhood. Not knowing exactly what a child is thinking and more often not knowing what he has done—only *suspecting*—we elders fall into the habit of stating emphatically that such and such a misdeed has been committed and sticking to it even when we ourselves realize that we may be mistaken.

In other words, people in general assume that if you keep on insisting you finally break down the resistance of an alleged culprit. All of which is true.

What they do *not* realize, is that many an individual admits guilt under such persistent “third degree” methods when he is quite innocent of any wrongdoing,

whatever. And furthermore—and what is even worse—not only will an innocent victim admit such guilt but he will, in addition, actually *believe* that he is guilty when he is not!

The suicide of the maid in the Morrow household, supposedly prior to another questioning by the police in reference to the Lindbergh kidnapping tragedy, naturally comes to mind in this connection.

I haven't the slightest idea, nor have I any suspicions of whether this particular person had any special knowledge she did not wish to divulge to the authorities or whether the act of self-destruction was one prompted by terror from another cause. The reason for mentioning the case is merely to point out that innocent persons *can* get into panicky states like this. For the power of the mind is often unbelievable—overwhelming!

Deep down all of us, of course, are still mighty primitive. We have inherited from our ancestors, despite the progress of the ages, animalistic urges and

*The resistance of innocent, accused persons
may be broken down by strong accusation*

A Paramount Picture





Civic Repertory Theatre Photo

Under "third degree" methods, the innocent victim actually may believe he or she is guilty

compulsive desires which our training, cultural and moral standards have repressed and held in check to a considerable degree. These, nevertheless, are still there, sometimes seeking expression in ways that surprise us.

For instance, we often wonder why a prize fight has thrilled us so much. We wonder, too, why an account of a murder or an electrocution has held our interest so strongly? Why do we search the newspapers for the newest crime or disaster? And why, too, do we talk so much about cutting down armaments and abandoning war for ever and then—do nothing about it? Yes, we continue to remain very primitive at heart!

But the point to emphasize is that no individual, male or female, adult or child, is *entirely free* from some amount of primitive impulses.

And so it follows that when we are accused of having given way to primitive instincts—whether it concerns petty stealing or prevarication as a child, or so serious an offense as slander or even the plotting of a kidnapping or murder—and we are questioned and cross-questioned and made mentally weary, so that we no longer can think or remember clearly, why it's logical enough that we not only *should* confess to something we haven't done but that we should actually *believe* that we have done it!

For most of us, unconsciously at least, are *capable* of committing many offenses against society which our conscious minds would not so much as contemplate for a second. And since each of us harbors an unconscious

feeling and tendency to be primitive, and thus more or less anti-social, it doesn't take long before we are not so sure but what we are guilty after all.

Interesting and conclusive proofs of this contention came to my attention on several occasions when I was Director of the Psychopathic Laboratory of the New York Police Department. Few (Continued on page 57)



The "guilt sense" is often over developed—this usually goes back to childhood

White Studio



A Paramount Picture

Bringing the young man and the young woman together is the great aim of the universe

Marriage SHOULD Make People Happy

By

Dr. Arthur Frank Payne

MARRIAGE *should* make people happy.

Generally, however, it merely exchanges one kind of unhappiness for another.

After five years, often thru no fault of their own, most married persons—or a goodly per cent, at least, feel decidedly hostile to each other.

These are broad statements, but keep your minds open. Don't close them to new ideas. The world and civilization are advancing and developing and we must develop with them.

In considering this question, we must rule out any emotion, any sentimentality, seeking only for the truth.

We must realize that marriage is psychological in its relation to the persons themselves and economic in its relation to society in general. At no time should marriage be considered a medical affair, nor even a religious one, only in so far as religion is a part of psychology.

Neither must we say that marriage is purely a legal affair and now, we realize how inconsistent we have been, in the past, about this matter of marriage.

Of course the great aim of the universe is to bring the sexes together.

"I don't know a man or woman, past the age of thirty-five, who is not married, who is not united with the other sex, and who is at the same time, happy," someone remarked the other day and I think the statement is not an exaggerated one.

On the other hand, our present system of marriage is undoubtedly biologically unsound. And so, if we declare that members of either sex, if normal, are not happy apart, we must also admit, that *marriage* does not always—or even a fair per cent of the time—make them happy.

To begin with, our expectations are for 100 per cent happiness for 100 per cent of the time. That cannot be. There can only be a question of percentages of unhappiness and of happiness, and of the degree of intensity of both—quantity and quality, in reasonable balance.

Perhaps you will not disagree with me when I say that happiness is purely a state of mind. Your happiness does not really depend upon material things, no matter how much it may appear so.

"Ah," someone says, "I should be perfectly happy if I had a little farm."

"If I had \$100,000, I would never want anything else in my life. I would be perfectly happy," says another person.

Neither is right. If each one could have his wish, he would simply exchange one form of unhappiness for another form. The ordinary person can expect about 90 per cent happiness for about five years of his life; at other times, his happiness—if he is a normal person—should vary from forty to seventy per cent.

Many persons are interested to know what part the performance of their "duty" has in relation to marriage. Unfortunately, the old idea that if you discharge the duties at hand, you will be happy, is not to be depended upon.

Of course, the man or woman who is conscientiously playing an honorable part in the world, is creating elements that will help him or her to achieve happiness, but happiness is not measured by the goodness of the individual, however often we have been told this.

Getting right down to fundamentals, the only dependable recipe for success is to get right with your-

self—feel right inside.

This is purely a psychological matter and means that you have to respect yourself. You have to feel free, too, and be willing to grant freedom to others. You will then be in a position to find happiness within.

A few questions you may have to ask yourself before you can realize this desirable state of mind:

Check yourself on such questions as: "Am I trying to get something for nothing?" Nobody can do this and really be happy.

Of course, everybody has to find some ego satisfaction in his work or his accomplishments. If you feel that you are getting somewhere, are accomplishing something, then you have the foundation for a percentage of real happiness.

But, of course, this satisfaction is only part of a well-rounded life. You have a right to find happiness in *love*. There are many degrees of and kinds of love, as I do not necessarily refer to mate love. However, to love and be loved is a demand of the human heart that will not be stifled.

And now, about marriage: the fundamental reason for marriage used to be associated with property. The woman had to have a dowry. Children were an economic asset in the family.

Marriage used to rest on the question of religion, too, and the decision of the parents was of utmost importance. Now, much of this has changed. Most young ladies don't take the matter up with father and mother to any serious degree, and many, not at all.

This would seem to mean that romantic love was having a much freer sweep and there *should* be more happiness in the state.

Incidentally, recent compilations indicate that the percentage of happiness for men, in marriage, decidedly outweighs that of women. This is interesting and immediately we ask: Why is this true?

Well, to begin with, woman is like a great organ upon which man plays, and owing to faulty education, most men are very poor players.

Marriage to woman is the answer to her instinctive desire for protection, self preservation. She is infinitely precious in the scheme of nature—far more than man. Intuitively she is led to strive for protection—and this, by acquiring a strong man who will love her.

Now man's chief instinct has to do with his ego. He must possess ego, if he is to be the adequate protector, if he is to achieve, accomplish. Marriage that upholds this for him, is a success; conversely, a union that lessens or destroys his ego, is most unfortunate for him. Even so, *most* unhappy marriages are traceable to the husband rather than to the wife—to the husband's lack of understanding of obvious facts.

I don't think it will be out of place for me to cite those interested to two books that will throw much light on this. They are "A Thousand Marriages," by Dickinson and Bean, National Committee on Maternal Help,* and "A Research in Marriage," by Dr. Hamilton.† A third book that would give you needed ideas is

"Thus Spake Zarathustra," by Frederick Nietzsche.

In the last named, Zarathustra, speaking of the advisability of seeking truth on this subject of the union of the sexes, and making the point that even a little truth is powerful, potent, says of truth, "It is naughty like a little child, and if I hold not its mouth, it screameth too loudly."

Too often, we are afraid of facts—of truth. To keep it out of sight, we parry, camouflage, lie. We are cowards and hypocrites, where this and allied subjects are concerned and this is especially true of the people of our own country.

We are particularly combined in a conspiracy to keep the truth—facts from our children. Wiser married folk there would be—more understanding husbands, more reasonable wives, if, as children, they had been set right on certain subjects, had been given facts that would make their marriage state the normal beneficial partnership it should be.

One of the important points to consider in this question is that men and women are different—far, far more so than we usually concede. The happiness of man, then, is a different thing from the happiness of a woman. That might seem an "up in the air" statement but it holds vast areas of reasons why so many marriages are not successful ones.

A supreme happiness of man is reached when he can surmount—when he can say and *feel* it, "I will accomplish, I will achieve, I will be somebody!" and is ready to die, if need be, to bring this conviction into actuality. This man's face (Continued on page 45)



Married people—most of them—are more or less hostile after the first five years

By Harrison Lewis

Successful Salesmanship

—Necessary Qualities

Second in the series of business articles by the sales authority who persistently assures, "You can sell in 'Hard Times'"—and means it!



Mr. Lewis

LONG experience as a director of sales has convinced me that it is not so important what a salesman *does* to succeed, but what he himself as an individual *is*, that determines the extent of his success.

I know men, each of whom possesses an excellent personal appearance, who is unusually intelligent, an excellent conversationalist and who applies himself most diligently to his business—yet each of these men is a failure as a salesman.

The reason is obvious. Each man is lacking in one or more of the requisite qualities that go to make a successful salesman. In order to be fully successful a salesman must possess or acquire all of the qualities herein mentioned. I have observed that out of every large sales force there invariably arise a few salesmen who stand head and shoulders above the remainder, and who lead their organization in aggregate of sales—the others trailing along far behind. What is it that these men possess that enables them to rise above their fellow employees?

If I were asked what has prevented most men from becoming successful salesmen, I would say without hesitancy, "the lack of self-confidence."

No salesman can be a success until he has acquired self-confidence. This means that he must overcome any fear about his ability to succeed. The only way this can be accomplished is thru auto-suggestion—or what is commonly termed, self-suggestion. If you will acquire a knowledge of the principles and practice of auto-suggestion you can overcome the handicap to your advancement. There is no difficulty—no matter how insurmountable it may appear—but what can be overcome and mastered if you will but maintain the right mental attitude, and are willing to put forth the nec-

essary effort; effort that is sincere and intelligent.

I have personally known many salesmen who were suffering severely from lack of self-confidence and who have overcome this deplorable condition by constantly suggesting to themselves that they were masters of the situation; that they possessed the necessary intelligence and power to overcome the destructive condition into which they had allowed themselves to fall.

There are two kinds of this unfortunate failing—lack of self-confidence. One of these is just plain, every-day fear. The other, which is of a more serious nature, comes from what we term an "inferiority complex."

In handling a case in which a salesman's trouble was caused by just plain fear, I appealed to his reason and outlined to him the absurdity of his not having confidence in himself. After some days of such procedure, I have seen such individuals free themselves and again possess an abundance of self-confidence. The man who has an inferiority complex, however, must bring to bear all the determination he possesses to free himself from this insidious complex that is so deeply rooted into his entire being and which makes it seem almost hopeless to try to break the hold it has upon him.

Notwithstanding this, I am thankful to say that I have demonstrated over and over that this condition can be cured, and that a man who is suffering from an inferiority complex can supplant it by an attitude of self-confidence. To those men who are weighted down with an inferiority complex, I wish to say most emphatically that *there is a way out*. By following certain methods of action and thought they can surmount the difficulty and overcome their lack of self-confidence—and this, by just knowing they have the courage and intelligence to put forth the (Continued on page 54)

By Eugene
Field Tinker

Harnessing Young America!

(Can It Be
Done?)

Illustrated by
Elizabeth Lightner

I WRITE merely as a father. Or, more accurately, as a *mere* father. And I realize that the wisest of experts violently disagree on points which I shall discuss with banal finality.

For—while a father does not exactly bear children, he certainly bears *with* them. And they with him. So, as he goes along, he's bound to pick up some pretty definite ideas about children and their growing pains. Of course, a father's ideas are not necessarily original—but if he can prove them practical—

One of the country's greatest needs since the development of a bacteriologically sterile five cent cigar, is the general adoption of the good, old-fashioned, American policy of letting our children share in the responsibility of home management. That's a long sentence—but it means a lot.

The average home makes certain demands upon the child or children that unthinking nature assigns to those particular parents. But we American parents are so inconsistent. We accept *theory* and discard *practice*. Parental demands, impulsively made upon children, frequently do more harm than good.

Some children are over-worked. Others are over-scolded, over-admonished, over-sheltered, over-this-or-that—spasmodically pulled into line today—if the mood changes, permitted to drift willy-nilly tomorrow. Many are simply permitted to grow up—this applies to every station, rank, social level. Those few from each group that are endowed with such an abundance of common sense that they make good *in spite of parental mis-direction*—well, I can't tell you how they do it. But we all know they do.

Now what happens to the others—those who are less

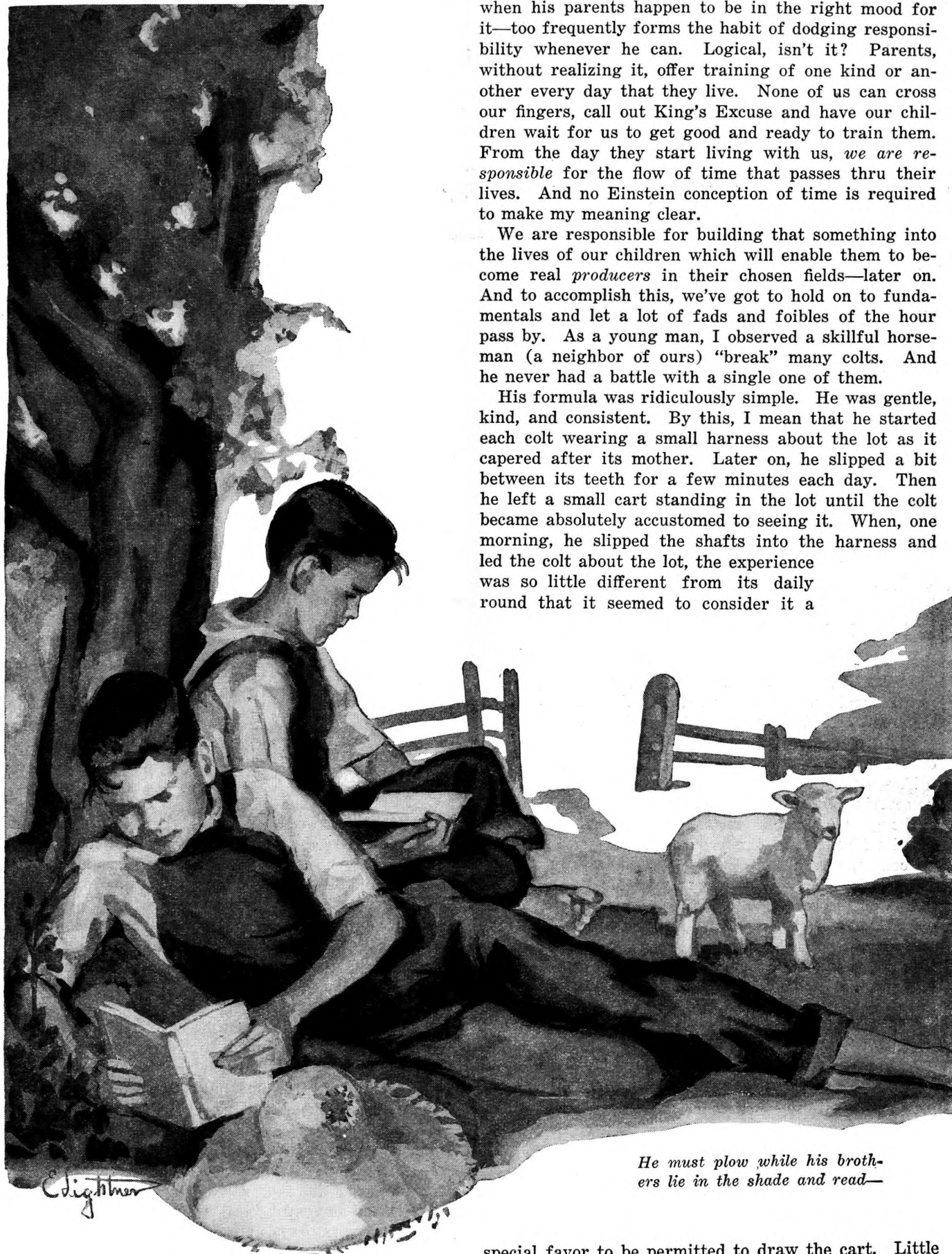


Careless, parental demands,
impulsively enforced—

fortunately endowed? What is their destiny or lot?

The *overworked* children of a generation or so ago have recently been demonstrating the results of such parental mis-direction. We are only now discovering how many of these unfortunate youngsters were nursing secret resolutions thru adolescence. I know one man who, as a child, was required to act as nursemaid so constantly, that he resolved never to have any children of his own when he grew up. This resolution he kept until he was past forty years of age. The other day, a gray-haired man told me of vowing as a youngster never to eat an apple from his father's orchard—because every contact with the orchard filled him with resentment. He must plow there while his brothers lay in the shade and read—a case of favoritism, probably.

The most common resolution that over-worked children make is that when they grow up and have children of their own, *they will not require them to work at all!* And in recent years we've been watching this plan bear fruit. Boys and girls passing thru the 'teen age into the early twenties without having done really useful work—without having been shown the reason why they should! Some of them are in prison now—others are living by their wits—the majority of this large group occupy positions of mediocrity—secretly pitying themselves because they have to work—getting



He must plow while his brothers lie in the shade and read—

by with commonplace efforts and making the world little, if any, better for their having lived.

The child who is assigned work just once in a while—

when his parents happen to be in the right mood for it—too frequently forms the habit of dodging responsibility whenever he can. Logical, isn't it? Parents, without realizing it, offer training of one kind or another every day that they live. None of us can cross our fingers, call out King's Excuse and have our children wait for us to get good and ready to train them. From the day they start living with us, *we are responsible* for the flow of time that passes thru their lives. And no Einstein conception of time is required to make my meaning clear.

We are responsible for building that something into the lives of our children which will enable them to become real *producers* in their chosen fields—later on. And to accomplish this, we've got to hold on to fundamentals and let a lot of fads and foibles of the hour pass by. As a young man, I observed a skillful horseman (a neighbor of ours) "break" many colts. And he never had a battle with a single one of them.

His formula was ridiculously simple. He was gentle, kind, and consistent. By this, I mean that he started each colt wearing a small harness about the lot as it capered after its mother. Later on, he slipped a bit between its teeth for a few minutes each day. Then he left a small cart standing in the lot until the colt became absolutely accustomed to seeing it. When, one morning, he slipped the shafts into the harness and led the colt about the lot, the experience was so little different from its daily round that it seemed to consider it a

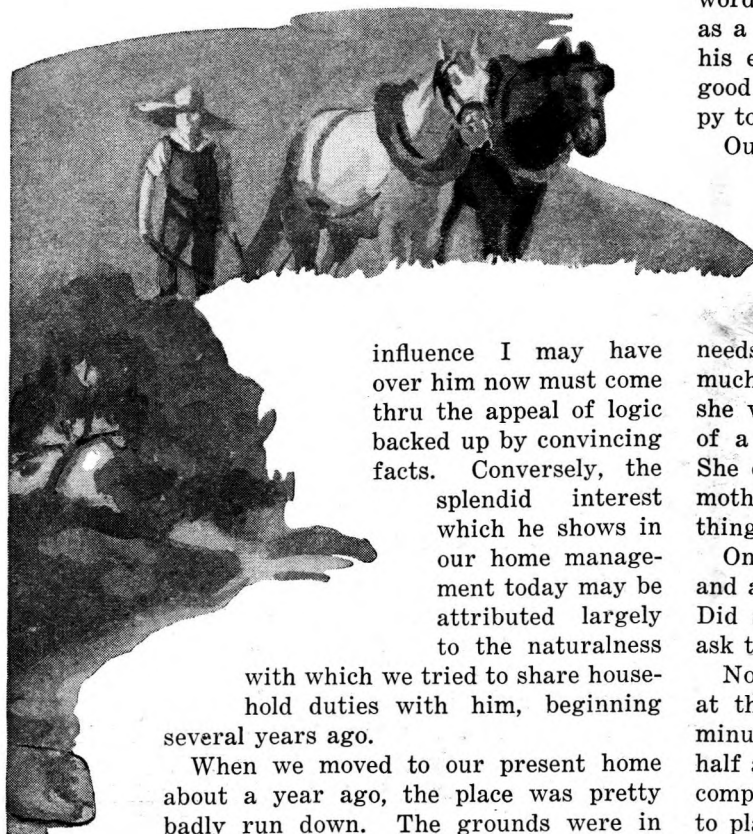
special favor to be permitted to draw the cart. Little wonder that this man could command an extra fifty dollars for every colt he trained. *They were worth it!*

Colt methods work out with children, quite as well. Instead of letting them drift thru the years until they suddenly decide to enter business, get married or what—

not, and then wish them well and shove them off for the heavy shock which their first contact with the practical world will bring—we parents should have been putting them thru their colt harness days. By degrees, they should have been initiated into the details of home and business management so that leaving home or entering business does not constitute a great leap. It becomes just another step.

To be specific. A child four years old can be responsible for a few simple duties about the house. The routine need not be monotonous or boresome. If presented as an opportunity to help daddy or mother, any normal child will respond cheerfully. The occasional failure to follow thru must be expected. If the parent goes about the early training *with intelligence* fewer scoldings and penalties are necessary.

The adult who "flies off the handle" as soon as a child fails to measure up, is laying real trouble ahead both for himself and for the child. Our oldest boy is now sixteen—more than six feet tall, and, while I can still hold him level in a boxing bout or put his shoulders to the mat in a wrestling match, I know that my days of physical superiority are numbered. Flying into a rage would influence him very little now—even tho it might have intimidated him as a little child. Any



influence I may have over him now must come thru the appeal of logic backed up by convincing facts. Conversely, the splendid interest which he shows in our home management today may be attributed largely to the naturalness

with which we tried to share household duties with him, beginning several years ago.

When we moved to our present home about a year ago, the place was pretty badly run down. The grounds were in need of attention, the house had to be put in order. Every member of the family helped move. At the beginning of the next week, I went back to my business *without* assigning any specific work to the oldest son. The first evening, I observed that the front lawn had been mowed and I thanked Bob for doing it. The second evening I noticed that the trees had been groomed and before I had opportunity to greet the family, my next door neighbor came out to comment in great astonishment that a mere boy should show such initiative about a

place without supervision. Since that time, several other friends and neighbors have offered similar comments.

All of which explains why this article is being written. Our three children are just ordinary off-spring. We admit it. They have plenty of faults. But we refuse to believe that it is unnatural for a healthy, normal child to be dependable and interested in making home attractive and pleasant. That super-abundance of energy, vitality and enthusiasm will seek and find an outlet somewhere. The character of the expression depends largely upon the influence of parent over child.

Both my wife and I take the position that children should not have to be watched constantly in order to make them responsible for work assigned to them. Right now, as this is being written, our youngest, nine years old, is mowing the front lawn. He began last evening. While he worked there, I was caring for some flowers on the other side of the house. He knew that I was working as hard as he was. It helped him to come away from his play and turn whole-heartedly to his work. This morning, without a word from me, he went to the garage after breakfast, got out the lawn mower and started to finish the lawn.

I called him over to me. "Norman, I noticed that you went directly to your work this morning without a word from anyone. That's fine. You'll 'make good' as a man, if you follow that rule." The expression in his eyes as he turned away to his work was a sight good to see. It was no longer drudgery. He was happy to be doing his share.

Our second child, Dorothy is now eleven. Her only deep grudge against life is that she was not born a boy. What to do? Well, we've tried to let her enjoy the games and companionship of boys so far as is practical. And this attitude on our part has done much toward securing her interest and sympathy in our needs. When she is grown up, she will have satisfied much of her desire to be a boy and at the same time she will (I trust) have become a real woman instead of a coarsened, cheap type of aggressive femininity. She can now, for instance, bake as fine a cake as her mother can. Furthermore, she enjoys doing these things.

One Saturday morning, the neighborhood boys came and asked Dorothy to play football with them as usual. Did she turn to her mother, and in a whining voice, ask to leave her work and go play?

Not on your life. She simply grinned good naturedly at them and said, "Sure, I'll be with you in just a minute. You wait until I finish icing my cake." So half a dozen boys sat around and waited until she could complete her task, get into some overalls and come out to play full-back on the neighborhood team.

Have I made it appear that our children are just naturally industrious? I'm sorry, if I have. Bob, as a little fellow was spasmodic and undependable in his work. He irritated me beyond words, sometimes. But I stayed with him.

Occasionally, I told him how I worked many times *for him* when I would rather be doing things for myself. Eventually, the colt-harness began to prove its value. He saw that I was just as human as he was. That I wanted things just like he did—which for the time being were out of the (Continued on page 51)

DID KLAAS KILL?

By William J. Makin

A gripping mystery story of a strange happening in the velvet dark of an African night

"... **A**ND you would assert, doctor, that a man can be hypnotised into committing murder?"

The deep silence of the African night that lay like velvet beyond the meshed windows emphasized the strained tone of the speaker.

Doctor Lannett smiled, and shook his head, slowly. His grey hair was like a casque of steel beneath the stark light of the sibilant kerosene lamp. He leaned forward across the dinner table.

"No . . . no . . . no, Singleton. I would not go so far as that. I have used hypnotism often, but no one realizes its limitations better than I do."

"But you say that you can suggest a definite action to a hypnotised subject—and that action will be carried out."

Singleton, the magistrate of an African outpost, obviously was deeply interested. Mechanically, he helped himself to a cigar as it was proffered by the white-clad Swahili servant.

"When a person is hypnotised," continued Doctor Lannett in his slow, deliberate voice, "then any suggestions you may make are all-powerful and commanding. Two minds are locked together. His mind will obey yours and no one else's. But, however much control you may have over your subject, he will not obey if your suggestion offends his moral sense. You cannot make an honest man commit theft, nor can you make a normal person into a murderer."

"But—" protested Singleton.

The doctor waved a deprecating hand, ever so slightly.

"... I know such theories are advanced in fiction and on the stage," he observed, "but scientific experiments prove that such imaginative fantasies cannot be.



"I've told you everything, baas," he declared "I swear before God."

I am willing to admit that if the subject to be hypnotised possessed criminal instincts, then it might be possible to suggest murder and have it carried out."

"It could be suggested to such primitive minds, for example, as—"

The magistrate indicated, with a jerk of the head, the native servant standing solidly within the shadows of the room. The doctor eyed the black face with its bulging Bantu lips, its gleaming eyes, and brute forehead.

"Yes," he nodded.

A soft, feminine voice broke the short silence that followed.

"... I think I know, doctor, why my husband is so interested in your theories of hypnotism."

The two men gazed quickly at her—Singleton with the emotional eyes of a man still very much in love

Illustrated by Sidney Grossman



with his wife; Doctor Lannett with the dark, penetrating glance of a man who discovers the secrets that some people would hide from him.

The woman, whose fair beauty was beginning to bear the marks of the ravaging African sun and the strain of long, hot nights, smiled gently at the two men.

"... My dear Nan," expostulated the magistrate.

"A murder was committed a week ago in this outpost," she continued, her blue eyes becoming serious. "A white sergeant in the police was stabbed, and a native arrested for the murder. Jack, my husband, has had the native on trial, and . . . and now he's just worried to death about the case. Isn't that so, dear?"

She turned towards her husband, her slim hand touching his arm. Singleton, a little sheepish, looked across the table at the doctor.

"Nan is right," he said. "I am worried about this murder case. You see,—well, if the native is guilty I

have to sentence him to be hanged. A beastly business."

The doctor carefully lighted a cigar before he spoke.

"... And isn't the native guilty?" he asked.

A worried look came into the magistrate's eyes.

"That's just what I can't be certain about. Oh, yes, there's evidence enough. Circumstantial evidence. Enough in all conscience to hang any man. But somehow I can't persuade myself that Klaas—the native on trial—really committed the murder."

"And I know Klaas, too!" interposed his wife.

The doctor eyed them both, gravely.

"Suppose you tell me the details," he suggested. "That is, unless you consider it a breach of—?"

Singleton tapped his cigar ash on to a plate. With a gesture he dismissed the (Continued on page 46).

A Reporter Saw—

By Eldora Field

"IF the person who has lost faith in human nature were to be a reporter on a newspaper for six months, he would have that faith restored—and added to."

"What a queer thing to say. I thought you newspaper people contacted the grossest sights—saw human nature at its worst," a friend protested.

I had to admit that that, too, was true.

I've gazed thru bars at queer, misshapen faces contorted with hate, revenge and strange unutterable emotions.

Because a reporter represented something of the authoritative world that was trying to wring facts from them, they resented, and often from their eyes, if not their lips, deep curses went out to me.

I've looked at hands grasping bars and the hands told stories.

One pair in particular, I still can see.

They were clasped without tenseness most of the time, but occasionally, a terrible five minutes that lay in their owner's consciousness, would peal from his brain and the hands would close in awful lock, their knuckles showing white and strained against the sweaty, red terror of the big fingers.

He confessed, even before he went to trial. Those hands had sent pleading human life into eternal silence.

Oh yes, reporters *do* see sordid, grim, terrible things in the maelstrom of human living but they also see strange precious things—courage and love and unselfishness—and we know that the heroic stories all down the run-way of literature, *could* be true, *have* been true, sometime, somewhere.

We so often have contacted unselfed mother love that we scarcely are surprised at any manifestation of it, yet I was taken aback when covering the story of a girl's near-suicide. Only by the barest margin was her nineteen year old life saved and at first I thought it was an ordinary story.

"She has a baby. Husband gone, probably without funds. Discouraged," said the city editor. He was wrong—his last statement, anyway.

She had the baby—a pretty thing with pink cheeks and shiny hair and the girl was trying to die to give it a home.

"Mrs. Mack had fallen in love with my baby," the girl told me. "The Macks have a lovely home and no children. I thought of

doing this when I heard Mrs. Mack says, 'If that baby didn't have a mother—if she were an orphan, I'd adopt her.'"

"My baby will have everything if I get out of the way, I kept telling myself and—well, what was there to do?" Willing to put the adored flesh of her flesh into another woman's arms—for the baby's sake!

Another kind of love but equally unselfish, I contacted when sent on a murder story assignment. As feature writer, I followed in the wake of the police reporter. When I arrived at the house where the crime had been committed—a woman killed by a house guest, who had also killed himself—the victims had been taken away. The house was closed.

By the merest chance, a small boy standing out in front gave me a clew which enabled me to find the husband of the dead woman. He had just received news of the tragedy. Altho, I later found that he had always been a man of rare reserve, in this moment, every barrier was down.

For nine years he had known that his wife's love belonged to, and was freely given, to the man who had finally killed her. Tho adoring her himself, this husband kept his knowledge of the irregular love affair to himself. The world could touch her with no breath of scandal because the world said: "Everything *must* be all right. The husband wouldn't 'stand' for things, if they were as they *look* to be."

Altho some might say this man was weak, I knew as I sat and talked with him that I was contacting the rarest kind of love that exists—the love of a man for a woman which asks and receives nothing for itself; which expends itself simply in *giving*.

When Charles Weston, almost three decades before his story made good newspaper "copy," told his wife that he loved a younger woman and wanted to marry her, the wife, without a condemning word, stepped out of the picture. Charles easily got a divorce and married the other woman, who unhappily, within a year, developed into an invalid. Charles, for some reason, began about this time to be singularly unlucky in his business affairs.

Gradually, Charles deteriorated into such a failure that he was practically a bum. At the end of their rope, for the wife being ill, could of course be of no assistance, Charles, one day, received in the mail, an envelope that con-



"Reporters do see sordid, grim, terrible things in the maelstrom of human living—"

"Those who contact human nature at white heat, know legions of things—fine things, about this same human nature."

"The heroic stories, all down the run-way of literature, could be true, have been true, sometime, somewhere."

Illustrated by
Amos Sewell



tained money. Altho it bore no marks of identification, and as the envelopes continued to come in regularly, the man decided that a well-to-do brother, estranged from early manhood, had had a change of heart.

The brother emphatically refused to see Charles, but did not deny sending the money, so Charles, who somehow never regained his business opportunities and astuteness, was nevertheless consoled, because the wolf never really caught up with him. Always, thru the mail at critical times, came that substantial, silent help.

Twenty-eight years after Charles and his first wife parted, the man again stood at the altar giving his promise to cherish that woman, for a few weeks before, and a good two years after the invalided second wife had passed away, he found that the mysterious envelopes thru all those years, had been a mute testimonial of his first wife's love for him—a love that shared its good even with the woman who had supplanted.

"What an unusual story! It would make a fine plot for a novel," I enthusiastically told the city editor when I came in with the story, and the news photographer had dashed into the dark room to develop the picture we had taken of Charles and his faithful wife.

"Naw," snarled my pessimistic chief. "Wouldn't do at all. Sounds fishy." He actually did "kill" all of the



The other prisoners would have done her serious harm—her life was in danger

story except the fact that a couple who had once been married, had remarried after a quarter of a century. Truly, truth is often far too (Continued on page 51)

WHAT PSYCHOLOGY HAS DONE FOR ME

Letters From

DOROTHY D. PERSIA MILDRED DUFFEY
and J. HARRY ROGERS



*Dorothy Doerr
Persia*



Mildred Duffey

APPPLIED psychology has taught me how to be happy. Happiness is a thing so illusive that one can scarcely account for its presence or absence.

Love, wealth, friends, religious conviction, none of these things produce happiness, as many have found.

What is it that makes one person happy, while another, equally fortunate, or more so (as the world judges), remains unhappy?

A positive mental attitude held within my own mind is, I have found, the only means whereby I can be genuinely happy. Applied psychology has given to me a new concept. As a result my entire life is changed. I am now able to appreciate and to utilize advantages previously possessed but unrecognized while harboring negative thoughts.

Ambition brightly beckons me on and gives to life a zest never before present.

Where a constructive mental outlook reigns, nothing is impossible.

Psychology has given me tolerance. We are so apt to become rigid in our puny conception of right or wrong. But once grasp the meaning of psychology and instantly one divines that eternal relationship that draws each man near to his brother. A feeling of love, pity, a measure of allowance is born. All must live, have similar experiences. Psychology has given me the power to withhold judgment.

Always love had been wrapped about me but a merciless elevation of self had somehow repelled its warm rays. Love finds its way to a happy heart. Likewise love radiates from a happy heart.

There is a wealth in everything one beholds if the mind is ready to receive that wealth. A prosperous mind knows no poverty.

Curiously and concretely there is no poverty for the happy individual.

(Continued on page 44)

ARE we really happy when we have acquired what we have ardently longed for?

I believe happiness lies wrapped in right desire, and not in the fulfillment of the desire.

Not long ago, I lost something which I prized very, very highly.

For a time, remembering my loss, I believed that I hardly could bear to "carry on."

Then I began to reason. "It is very silly for me to believe that the happiness of my life depends upon any one thing, or circumstance," I told myself over and over.

Finally, I began to believe it and with this came peace and ultimately, happiness—and that, without the actual possession of what I had once thought necessary to my peace of mind.

I had another experience that brought this conviction to me—that not in actual possession lies satisfaction, happiness.

A few years ago, I was full of the conviction that I could only be happy if I could sing over the radio. What I realize now, is that anticipation of singing gave me happiness then.

For a long time I hesitated about an audition and in the meantime, was happy. Later when I received a contract for regular broadcasting work, I was not as happy as I was when I merely looked forward to it—was going thru the process of intense desire.

All this made me see something—that what we obtain and wish for others, gives us more happiness than what we obtain for ourselves. This was once theory—now it is conviction to me. I am a teacher and my students' success is really more to me than my own.

All this boils down to the adage, "Forget thyself." In doing so, one finds happiness. Reasoning incident to a study of psychology taught me this.

MILDRED DUFFEY,
Marion, Ohio.

The editors will be glad to receive letters from persons who wish to help others by telling in what way applied psychology has benefited them.

These will be paid for at regular article rates. If you wish, only your initials may be signed to letters published. Photographs are always desirable but not necessary.



By
Dortch Campbell

LIFE is a mysterious voyage under sealed orders upon an unknown, and, sometimes, dangerous sea. Do you think, then, even with fair sailing one may make port without chart and compass?

But we gamble with life. We plot, worry, fret, scheme, bribe, coerce, cheat, steal, love and hate, and, sometimes, murder.

Then the years pass—the meridian of life is reached. Looking back—there steals in the evening of our dreams the thought that somewhere upon the high seas we seriously blundered.

These things fret us more and more as years, like sear and yellow leaves, come drifting down. But if blunders have whetted the mind, if errors of judgment have awakened us, if life as it is, has been softened by a greater understanding, we need not pine nor wish for that which "might have been."

In all cosmic life there is no such think as a past misdeed. It is all wiped out, each new hour. There is nothing before God, nature and man save the future—beautiful with promise.

Then square the shoulders, accept what fate has offered. Take up the broken threads. Mend the garment of the years, torn and soiled with your tears.

That is all that God and life expect of any man!

Every loss I have felt, every grief I have known, every ache of heart, body or mind that has come to me in the changing years, is as sweet and beautiful to me now, at life's high noon, as the joys of yesterday. For these things have taught me the one thing needful—that while life is meant for joy, it is not meant to play with. It is meant to *understand*.

It is the future to which I look—not the past. God holds it not against the man that he forgets, if he also forgives. He shall not hold past misdeeds against us—they have vanished with the years. It is only the future, after all, we need consider and once we part from the adversities of the past, we find sweet uses for them. They mellow the declining years.

For they teach us that our griefs are meant that we may learn—learn that there is law and order; that we must not gamble with our lives. The hard things that have happened will serve only to soften that which *may* be. The drama of life's yesterday is ended for all. The things that seemed harsh and bitter will turn into the wines of life. This thing men call life is sweet for those who *make* it so.

Gambling with life is an attempt to cheat the cosmos. It can not be done. It is wrong because it fosters a belief in that which does (Continued on page 43)

By
Ethel Van Gilder

Illustrated by
the Author



The fee is faithful exercise—

AS Shakespeare would remind us, "All the world's a stage"—we are the puppets. If we play not our own part well, we are played upon by stronger minds.

"Oh, for relief, relief!" comes from every corner of the stage and the echo never dies. Yet as Health in her robe of radiant magnetism moves hither and yon, the echoes become ever more faint.

Costly the robe which Health doth wear—measured in units of solar and vitamin energy! While such may be worn by any who whole-heartedly is willing to play the part in harmony with the *sun, air and pure water*, few there be who are willing to pay the fee in time and faithful exercise.

"Do you suppose that Health would speak to me and tell me how to gain the glow which appears to radiate all around her?" a faint voice asked.

"I am sure she will, Lady Sick, if you sincerely wish to know, for 'Desire is the prophecy of its own fulfillment' and when the pupil is ready, the teacher appears."

"Ready am I," said Lady Sick, "for a new vision, and an answer to my many queries. Bid Health enter as a true invited guest."

"Excelsior, friend! All health to you!" was the visitor's buoyant greeting, "What, Fair Lady, may I do for you?"

"Your very presence gives me hope and new encouragement," answered Lady Sick. "You bring with you the breath of life."

"I know that if we live in harmony with a law we come under the protection of that law, that the universe travels in a circle, that bread on the water always comes back—sometime, somewhere, but what, pray tell, was the first little sin that I committed which started me on the road to the invalid's chair?"

"Your question, dear Lady Sick, might be answered in a single word—but before I let it fall upon your sensitive ears, I beg your kind attention to a few rules



Don't "fall down"
on the job

Ten to
twelve
glasses
of water—



Choose
a balanced
diet



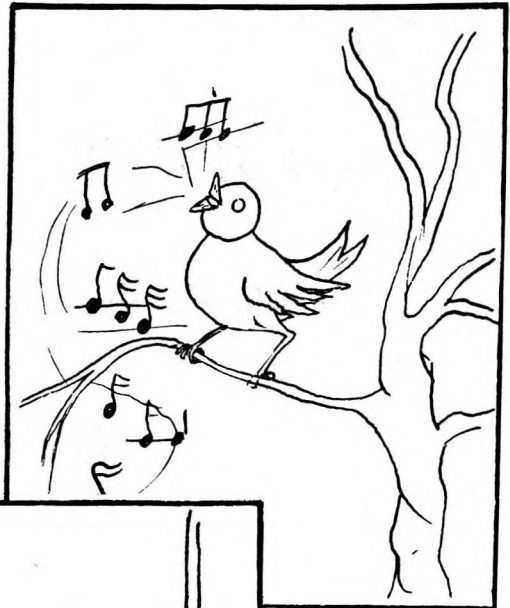
Too weak
to stand
the strain

Excelsior!

required of all good players if you would join the leadership class.

"There is little use to force new ideas or methods upon the masses. To follow the majority will never lead you to success, health or happiness. The fact that eighty-five per cent of the people are said to be diseased in some way or another, convinces us that something is wrong. Then why continue to be just another 'Pilgrim in the mire'?"

"The air you breathe is an important factor in maintaining health just as few people realize how much water they should use internally or externally. Still fewer know enough about good physical or mental exercise. There are some 2,400 diseases that can be eliminated only when we realize the value of knowing how to take care of our physical bodies. 'Health is the first wealth'—Emerson. Don't 'fall down on the

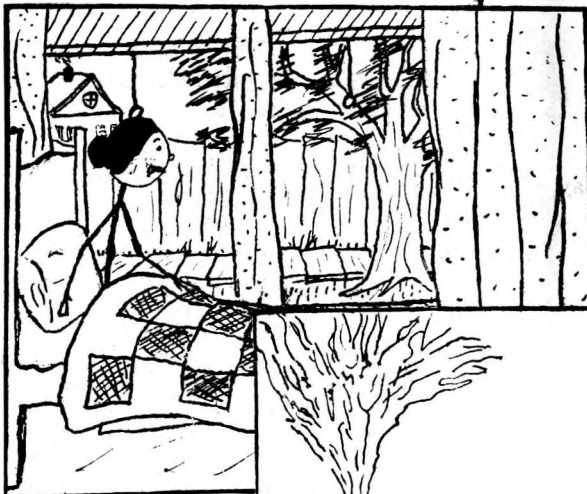


Happy as a
"Blue Bird"—



He showed me
the reason for
my aches and
pains—

"Early to
bed and
early to
rise—"



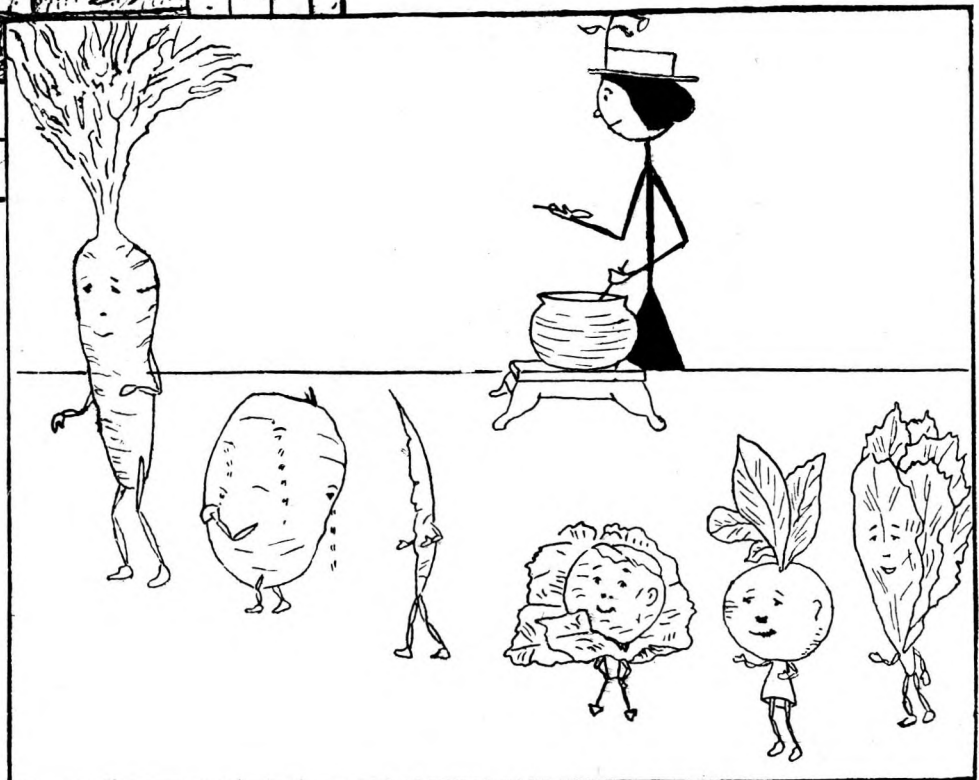
Sun-ripened fruits
and vegetables—

job of spending a few minutes each day in studying how to take care of your physical, mental and spiritual bodies. This will pay big dividends."

"What a penalty Ignorance lays at our door."

"Well said, Lady Sick, but remember ill humor or failure to exercise one's 'bump of humor' is almost as disastrous. You should tell at least one good joke each day to your friends."

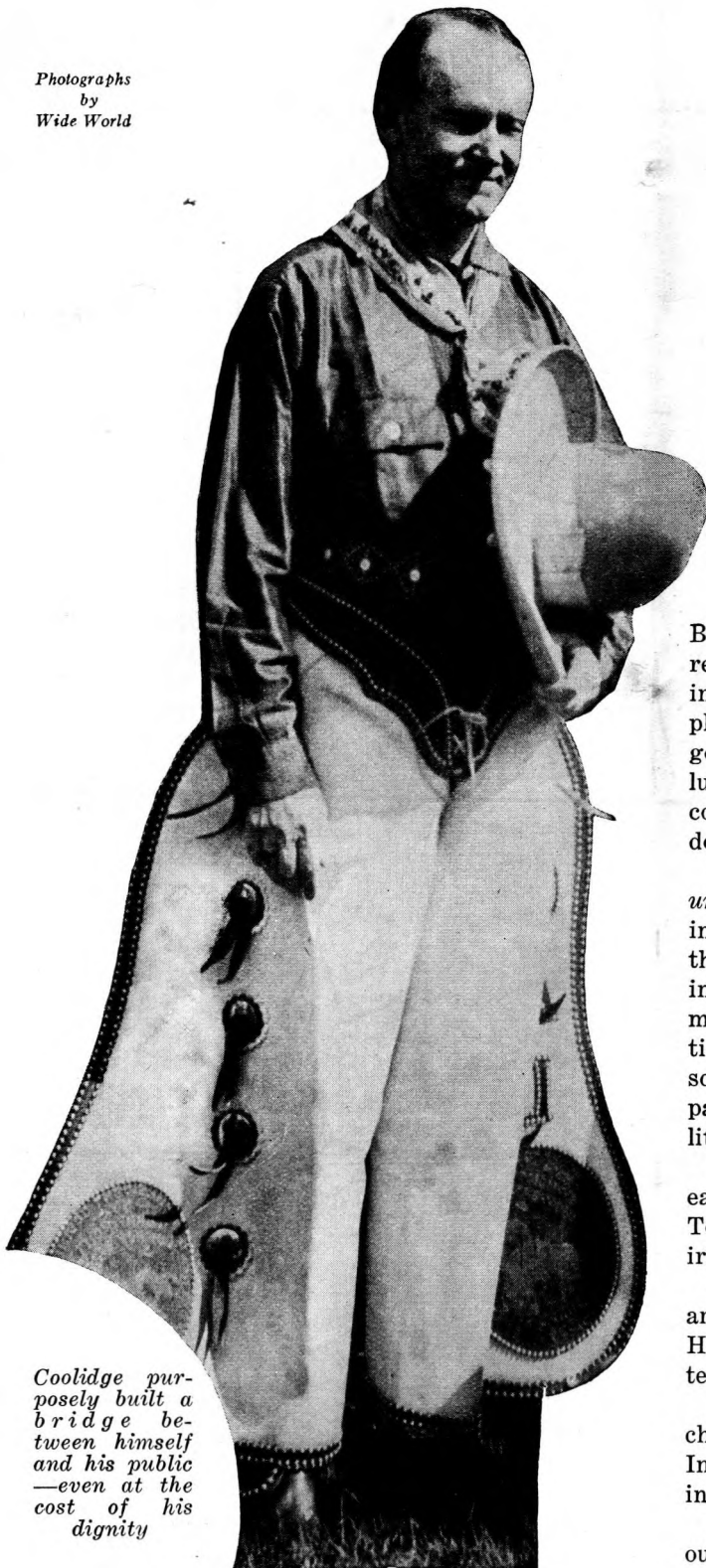
(Continued on page 50)



Seven CLUES to

By Edgar Paul Hermann

Photographs
by
Wide World



Coolidge purposely built a bridge between himself and his public—even at the cost of his dignity

To Be Dull Is Not Profitable nor Pleasant

THE CARDINAL social sin is to be dull and uninteresting.

While it is illegal to shoot a bore, it is perfectly proper to dial him out of the radio program, to stop trading at his store, to read somebody else's newspaper, to stay away from his parties. So it is not only anti-social, but also unprofitable, to be dull.

Dullness will ruin a hotel, a summer resort or a theater, and no less will it eventually ruin a farm, kill a mill or undermine a mine; people insist that even their jobs be interesting.

The sales curves of the tiresome auctioneer—Babson to the contrary notwithstanding—have more reactions than actions. The doctor who puts ennui into his prescriptions outdoes the apple in keeping the physician away. The drab and colorless market-place goes its monotonous way to oblivion. Even the lack-luster, wearisome divine these days finds it difficult to collect his meagre salary, tho the ladies' aid society does its utmost.

It is stupid to be dull and uninteresting. And it is unnecessary. People are eager to find other people interesting, to find the interesting facets of facts and things, to feel that they are pioneers in discovering intriguing aspects of ideas, places, conditions. As a matter of fact any one of you can prove to any skeptic that there are no uninteresting facts, things, persons, but only lethargic people who will not take the pains to master a trick or two of technique or to do a little mental detective work.

Let us be specific. Three or four maiden ladies eagerly discussing their neighbors or their operations. To them, most interesting—to you or to me, a most irksome conversation.

A technical discussion of compound pulleys at the annual convention of the American Association of Heavy Hardware Haulers. Not so to them, but to us, tedious in the extreme.

A scholarly review of a pedagogical theory of a psychological possibility suggested by a verse from Keats. Intensely interesting to the elect—outrageously tiring and totally unimportant to the rest of us.

The cute little things Buddy Boy said, the scandalous plays of Henry Ward Beecher, the most profitable

Winning Interest

thingamajigs to use in planting—according to point of view most entertaining or most boring.

None of us is likely to take much interest in things outside the realm of our knowledge and experience, except the superficial interest of healthy curiosity. I once heard a famous electrical engineer lecture whose name was a by-word, his discoveries marvelous, his personality and story beguiling, yet after the first three minutes this man — Steinmetz — bored me; he might as well have been speaking a foreign language. What he had to say was undoubtedly interesting to those who were prepared to understand. But no one had built a bridge which I might cross to catch the color and the romance and the practicability of his words.

This is an important step in creating interest—build a bridge across

the river of indifference, from the point where people's interests are, to the point where we would have them be.

But that is only half the enterprise.

Somehow, by persuasion, by cajolery or by force, we must make people think the bridge worth crossing. There are a number of inducements, but none is more successful than the beacon of their own human, selfish interests and desires.

The salesman who is met with a "not interested" rebuff feels that he has met a hard and cold prospect, as indeed he has, unless he is clever enough to throw down a pontoon bridge between the ground where he is and that where his customer stands; perhaps he suggests a way to make or save
(Continued on page 45)



A stunt will arouse interest. Captain Frank Hawks, "the speed king," posing in gala Indian head-gear.

Name the Dullest Thing You Know

Where did it come from?

Did it ever have any association with interesting persons, quaint customs?

Has it money interest? Could anything be manufactured from it?

Has it any scientific interest?

Are there speculations you can make about it?

Is it symbolic of something greater?

Are there any elements of controversy?

Has it appeal from the standpoint of color, rhythm or tone?

Has it possibilities of combination or disintegration?

What might its effects be?

Explore your dullest idea to the limit and you will find WHY it is fascinating to some—and before long even you will be intrigued.

How to Interest Mr. X

First: Desire to do so.

Second: Build a bridge—from his experience to yours.

Third: Induce him to make the crossing.

Fourth: Keep within the range of his thoughts and words.

Fifth: Be original.

Sixth: Avoid overstatement. Leave him wishing for a little more.

Seventh: Learn the tricks of interesting those to whom you would be interesting.

What Can We Do for You?

Conducted by C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

Dr. Leavitt has won thousands of friends in the United States and Canada thru the help he has extended them in times of illness and anxiety.

He has the advantage over non-medical psychologists, in that he is a thoroly trained doctor of medicine, with many years of successful experiences.

He has, too, the rare faculty of understanding human nature. He knows the secret, hidden motives that drive people, and in these, he discerns the roots of their diseases and terrors, their disappointments, their failures.



By locating the trouble, and showing people how to remove the disturbing "complexes," Dr. Leavitt is able to guide them into paths that lead to radiant mental and physical health.

In this department, the doctor will continue dealing with the perplexing personal problems that come to him thru direct correspondence.

If you have problems, he can help you, and if you wish to consult him in a very personal way thru correspondence, be assured that your confidence will be sacredly guarded. The Editors.

QUESTION:—M. M. writes:

I am very sensitive, which gives me much unhappiness. I am apt to think that I am slighted, that people at different times appear quite different—which leads me at one time to believe they like me, and at another that they dislike me; I brood over what others may think of me far too much, I know; and then suddenly I will become tired of people and just want to crawl into my shell. And, too, I am jealous of the emotions and good times that others enjoy that I have not been permitted to have in my life. I really know all of this is wrong, but how in the world am I to throw it off?

ANSWER:

The condition you are in really represents selfishness. You are dwelling on yourself, wondering how people are going to react to you and how you are going to react to them. You are constantly conscious of yourself and this, long with self-pity and regrets, fills your mind and fails to leave room for some of the happier and better thoughts. Try to develop the thought that you wish to be of service; that you wish at the end of each day that you have during that day justified your existence. Try to forget yourself and what you have missed in the past, and strive to turn your thoughts outward and become far more interested in others than you are in yourself. If you will create the power to *forget yourself* you will find life quite different. This you can do.

QUESTION:—G. M. writes:

I cannot walk two blocks from my home, or get in a crowd, or drive in the country, or go to another city,

without suffering terribly from palpitation of the heart and the fear that I may die. I feel as tho I were choking to death. I enjoy all these things, and really a nature lover, and were it not for this trouble of mine could just love drives out into the country—but in my present state I can't see a thing. I am missing all that is pleasant in life and I feel there is but one way out unless you can show me a new way.

ANSWER:

Had you given me your full name and address as I have suggested many times to those who write to me, I might be able to help you a lot more thru a personal letter than thru answering your question in the "column." Please let me repeat—names will never be given publicity in writing to me, and you have nothing to fear in any form. You will always be protected.

You are suffering from neurasthenia. There is nothing seriously wrong in your case. You are imaginative and create all the fear that you suffer from. You do not experience these acute fears or reactions at home, because you feel safe there, and if you have as much confidence while out, you would feel quite the same as you do at home. You are now in a very sensitive state and your emotions and nerves react quickly to every little fear thought that comes to your mind.

Thus, your heart action is quickened and there is, perhaps, some tightening in the throat and thru the region of the diaphragm, due to nerve tension. But you will never die in such an attack and if you could just create calmness and forget your fears, you would find all the uncomfortable sensations disappearing. You give fear all the power it possesses in your case—you

create the mental picture that so frightens you and brings on the depressing reactions—and it must be *you*, with or without outside help, that brings about the change. I know it is far easier for one to say—"forget it," than it is for another to do it, but with practice and a different understanding of things, you will be able to forget it and later be happy and normal. Your future life is going to be what *you* make it. Your fears are all unreasonable I assure you.

QUESTION:—S. I. writes:

Do you believe it is better for a nervous person to live in a lower altitude? I moved from St. Louis to Denver and since I have been here I have not felt as well. Another thing that disturbs me is the fact that I do not seem to talk the language of the people I meet here. This has made me rather self conscious and retiring. What would be your advice in this matter?

ANSWER:

If you believe you would be happier and can go back to St. Louis without much loss, why not do so? Higher altitudes do make some who are sensitive rather more conscious of themselves. The altitude you are in may effect you to a degree, but I presume most of your feelings are due to your being more conscious of yourself there and missing the friends and environment you are accustomed to.

QUESTION:—E. A. M. writes:

I have become so embarrassed of late thru the fact that my memory is so terribly poor, that I no longer go

out socially. My relatives tell me that I am quite all right mentally, but, were it not for the fact that I am not yet in middle life, I would believe I was suffering from paresis. I know I am naturally of a sensitive, rather self-conscious nature, but what has this to do with my poor memory?

ANSWER:

Self conscious people are quite likely to develop somewhat of a poor memory. Here is the chief reason. First, a lack of confidence in self and your own powers to function properly; and secondly, the fact that when you read or are listening to a conversation there is a split interest—you are thinking about yourself at same time that you are trying to do the other thing—which means lack of concentration. Without full concentration what you read or hear does not make the same deep impression and is easily forgotten. When you reach a point where you *trust* your memory and are able to concentrate, you will then, with practice, soon find your memory restored.

QUESTION: B. J. writes:

Some years ago I married a wonderful little woman, well bred and well educated—a school teacher with high moral standards, while mine were questionable. She is also very religious, caring more for teaching Sunday School than keeping her house in order. She is slow and easy going, tho set in her way, and she resents criticism. I am of a nervous temperament, quick to anger, high strung and rather given to criticism. Disorder and lack of system rile me terribly. Her family is well thought of, morally very good and they are quite proud. My family is questionable and this is flung at me constantly.

Some few months ago I had a nervous breakdown and felt that it was necessary for me to remove myself from this atmosphere if I was to get well. I am now feeling much better. My wife wishes me to return but I don't feel that I can go back to the same conditions, and too, I believe that the quarreling and fighting that we indulged in were very bad for our three small children. They would burst out in tears at such times and get panicky which I am sure may leave some mark. I just feel that I can't go back to the muck-raking surroundings and conditions that I lived under. I love her and she still loves me. I want her to come to me so that we may start in a new environment, but she refuses because she will not be close to her folks, who have been one of the bones of contention. What is your opinion?

ANSWER:

I presume you are both at fault and I feel sure that you will both have to give more toward each other's happiness if you are to be happy. You have both said unkind things, each trying to defend his or her side of the argument or family. You have both been

selfish and thoughtless. Don't you realize that you two are responsible for the welfare and training of those three children? You are putting your little troubles above the best interests of your children. Do you two think that is fair? You must curb your temper and refuse to hurt your mate with unkind, cutting words, and she must do likewise, and in addition should strive to give her home and her children the attention they deserve.

Only thru your both coming part way and resolving to have peace and be happy and forget yourself more, can you two expect to go on and live a normal life. I really think you are right regarding the matter of your both beginning life again in a new atmosphere and I feel that she should be willing to come to you. Even the law upholds this in married life. I do hope you two will adjust your differences and not think about yourselves as individuals quite so much. You are not responsible for your family or their morals, but you have a very real responsibility in connection with your wife and children. It would be well for both of you to agree never to refer to the other's family life. I wish you success.

QUESTION:—J. G. writes:

I am a young man trying to make something out of himself but find it just about impossible to carry on with the art course I am taking thru correspondence. Yet, it is the only way I can possibly study art at this time, for I cannot afford personal, private instruction. One day I find myself feeling quite good and ambitious, the next day down in the dumps. The life I am living now is surely nothing to brag about and I do wish that it was different. I do not go out socially, for I can't seem to awaken enough interest. I think that the cause of all my trouble is "nerves." What do you think, doctor?

ANSWER:

I think you are naturally ambitious, but I don't believe you have made your art or any other goal sufficiently alluring to be willing to fight for it. You probably do a lot of day dreaming and are weak when it comes to action. You perhaps have a "wishbone" where your backbone should be. Things are never accomplished except thru earnest, honest, purposeful, persevering effort. Not until you are willing to pay the price in effort will you find things really and truly coming your way. You have drifted into a "rut" and will have to get out of it thru the use of will power.

Your desire may be strong, but you have not developed faith in your ability to realize your desire to a point where it matches in strength your de-

sire. To put this thing over it will require *desire, faith and will power*. At first you will find these mental muscles somewhat weak, but if you will *force* action and will exercise these muscles each day, you will find them growing and developing and the day will come when you will actually "arrive" at your pictured goal. Show more courage and determination and don't let some stray thought sidetrack you. You are paying too much attention to feelings, and not permitting your reason to be the power back of your efforts.

QUESTION:—W. W. writes:

I was turned over to an orphanage at the age of twelve months by parents, or a parent, whom I have never seen since nor know nothing about. The thought of what my parents are like, of whether I am a legitimate child, etc., etc., constantly is in my mind. If I could only know something about this I am sure that I could be of more service to the world. This has carried me into a depressed, ambitionless life, and at the age of twenty-five I find myself practically a worthless sort of fellow, in spite of the fact that I have a fairly good education and believe that I possess all my natural powers. I don't know why I am writing this to you for I don't suppose you can help me.

ANSWER:

I can readily understand how you would be curious over your parentage, but I cannot understand how you have permitted yourself to thus far ruin your life because you have been unable to solve this one problem. The fact that you have all your normal powers, that you possess a fair education and the things that go to make up a successful life, should spur you on to accomplishment and when you have reached a fair degree of success you will have far more to be proud of yourself for, than the average man. You will indeed be self-made and dependent on no one.

We are all cut from the same patterns and out of the same material. No matter who your parents may have been, the fact that you are normal gives you the same rights and privileges in life that anyone possesses. Don't waste your time dwelling on this one unsolvable thing, but put this time into achievement. Get interested in really making something of yourself and just assume a "don't care" attitude about the other. Get rid of the doubts, build up real confidence and be determined to win. You are permitting one "curious," foolish thought to wreck your whole life. Use your powers constructively and strive to forget the past. Live only in the eternal now.

You, Too, Can Make Money!



**Says
Pauline
Cleaver**

DON'T DREAM. ACT!

LETTERS, letters, letters! Every morning in my package of mail I find many kinds of letters, from all kinds of persons.

Almost immediately I can tell, even before reading the letters which ones are from dynamic, alive, earnest ones. I feel I know the ones who will take my replies in the proper spirit. I can sense the ones who will follow thru and obtain success.

So many there are, who *know* there is something they can do well. For the time being, their personal vision may be a little impaired. They ask for a little "helping hand" and when ideas are offered them, they grasp them and go ahead. They don't dream. They act. I love to help people like that.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS! AND MAKES MONEY

AFEW days ago I received a package containing two of the loveliest little guest towels I've seen. They were linen, hand made. I am told that they come in all the colors of the rainbow and they are as easy to wash and iron as handkerchiefs.

The idea of making these—boxing them in half dozen and dozen lots (they sell for twenty cents a piece) was that of Mrs. Lilian Boudier, of Patterson, Louisiana. This industrious little manufacturer and shipper is sixty-five years old, doesn't consider herself too old to make herself a substantial means of support and enjoys it!

I admire her spirit. *She* doesn't worry and whine! Why won't everyone see that there is *something* each of us can do?

A GRANDFATHER MANUFACTURES

DRIVING down a country road recently, I was attracted by rows and rows, and groups of what seemed to be a miniature circus.

Of course I investigated and found

Long known to radio listeners, newspaper, magazine and book readers, clubs, correspondents and warm personal friends all over the United States, Mrs. Cleaver, constantly declares, "You, Too, Can Make Money." Fundamentally sound, her ideas and advice are thoroly practical and usable.

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

that an elderly gentleman was manufacturing these gorgeously gay little animals from beaver board. Just as children cut out paper dolls, he was fashioning these creatures.

Some of them were life-size and irresistible! I found that the old gentleman was really clever because his handiwork was painted and I am sure few persons could see the cunning pieces without "Oh-ing" and "Ah-ing" —I *know* the children do.

He explained that the extremely large pieces were sold usually to shop keepers for decorating—one shop keeper having given him a substantial order just that day. The small animals, cats, dogs, birds on sticks, rabbits, of course, were usually presents for children. I left the old gentleman whittling happily and I thought to myself, "Maybe some one else who says 'I have nothing to do' will take up the beaver board animal manufacturing."

A CARPENTER DID THIS

NOT long ago, a man, who said he was a carpenter (out of work) came to my door. "Lady," he said "I'd like *any* kind of work. I've had no regular job for months. Have you anything I could do?"

At first I said "No," then I took a minute to think while I got him a refreshing drink of lemonade. I then went to my studio, brought out a number of books containing pictures of

what was titled "A Perfect Playground."

"Here *may* be an idea," I said. Together we studied the illustrations and directions and I told him of a friend of mine who had small children, a big yard and a desire to find something to keep the children amused.

This friend employed a carpenter to work under her directions, by the day. First, he built and painted a low, decorative fence around the enclosure. Then inside, he made a regular child's Coney Island. There were sand piles with buckets and molds and with a canvas cover at one point. There was a red "joggling" board; a yellow and blue see-saw; a black and red platform, where out-of-doors shows were staged. There was even a tiny ticket office for the "theater."

A wading pool and many other attractions were included.

I knew that this little "Coney Island" had been highly successful so I phoned my friend and sent my unemployed carpenter to her, to see this. Kodak pictures, made of this, later converted into color cards, showing this ideal toy-land furnished something to show parents whom he wished to interest in the idea.

This carpenter is now busy as can be working on these "Coney Islands" and he plans to do this work permanently. He won't be idle any more!

YOU HAVE TALENT, TOO

NOW don't say, "Well, I'm not a carpenter and I can't run a tea room or sew or bake or do any of the things others make money with."

Don't fool yourself. You have a talent—everybody has. It's not always easy to find out what it is, but if you are not easily discouraged, you *will*. And don't fix your mind on some far away cloudy possibility. Almost always, the opportunity that brings forth money is something close at hand; something that others have overlooked, tho it was right under their eyes. The Blue Bird of Happiness and Success may be flying right around your front door. Be determined to see him! (Continued on page 43)



MY PRAYER

THE supreme prayer of my heart is not to be learned, rich, famous, powerful, but simply to be radiant. I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness and courage. I wish to live without hate, jealousy, envy, or fear.

—ELBERT HUBBARD.

Specialty Sales

Advice and suggestion about this "wide open" field in which many nowadays are finding the answer to, "Where Can I Find a Job?"

They Don't Worry!

By

Paul Ernst

IN ALL lines of business, during the last few weeks, people have been tiptoeing about asking: "Is it over? Things seem easier. Has the upturn started at last?"

Nobody dares prophesy any more. No one has quite enough conviction for that. Why come out definitely and declare that things are on the mend—when next month we might have an economic relapse?

However, the general feeling is distinctly optimistic; and most people are rejoicing accordingly. Most people—not all.

Surprising as it may sound, there are many in the land who care less than "two hoots," from a personal and selfish standpoint, at least, whether the slump lifts or not. Some of them, indeed, rather hope it won't. Not too drastically or too swiftly, anyhow.

Among this surprising minority are to be found a lot of direct sales agents, men and women who sell standard, high-grade goods direct from maker to consumers.

* * *

I happened to meet one the other day, among a little group that was discussing, as most little groups are, the apparent lightening of the depression clouds. All were smiling, save one. This one, while not precisely frowning, was obviously not as uplifted by timid hope as the others. I knew him slightly so I drew him to one side.

"I didn't notice you leaping in the air and cracking your heels together at the general opinion that things are improving," I accused. "Are you so pessimistic—so sure the depression is going to go on indefinitely?"

"Not at all," he said. "I'm as ready as any one to feel that perhaps a change for the better is near. But it won't necessarily be a change for the better for me. The slump, as it happens, hasn't treated me at all badly."

"Well, well," I said. "What are you—a bank receiver?"

"No. I'm a direct salesman," was the reply. "I sell men's clothing—suits, and shirts—for a direct tailoring company in the East."

"My company has sailed along nicely during the depression. Due to the way we operate—we have no middlemen to pay commissions to, and no store build-

ings or expensive showrooms to run up the overhead—we can make and sell standard grade clothing cheaper than any others of which I know. Prices are a third to a half lower than store prices."

He smiled. "You can see where that has put me during the past two years. With everybody searching for rock-bottom prices, and insisting on getting the most for their dollars, I've been in the lucky position of being able to meet popular demand squarely."

"And I've made money. I might not make so much when times pick up and folks start getting careless with their money again."

This was a new slant to me on the direct sales business and its place in a depression. But it is certainly logical.

* * *

The direct selling companies of America have always been able to sell a given commodity for less money than that commodity could be purchased anywhere else. The reason is, as my friend pointed out, that they have only two major costs to meet—actual manufacturing cost, and the generous commissions they give their agents. They have no stores, no wholesale expenses, no showrooms, nothing to drain the treasury.

The result is that, even in normal times, agents handling direct manufactured articles have a price difference to offer their customers that is the most powerful of all buying arguments. In lean times, it becomes a buying argument that is unbeatable.

You've got to the point, let us say, where you simply have to have a suit of clothes, regardless of the state of your bank account. You go to a store and find that, while prices have been slashed in half, they are still high enough to make you hesitate about buying. That same evening there is a ring at your doorbell. You answer—to find an agent selling suits direct. He offers you standard quality suits, tailored to your individual measure, at a price far lower than the store price. Do you buy from him? The answer is obvious!

The majority of the things made to be sold direct are necessities—articles that must be purchased somewhere, and the purchase of which will be governed entirely by price.

Clothing (suits, shoes, shirts, ties, lingerie, hosiery, house and street frocks), (Continued on page 46)



DEAR FRIENDS:

For years and years I have been a reader of *Psychology Magazine* and allow me to tell you, that for the thinking person, there is no magazine that is so helpful as yours.

For many years I had been in poor health. Very dear, indeed, has been my experience physically and financially in the quest for health. My strong will, which has been schooled thru reading *Psychology Magazine*, has been the main factor in effecting a recovery.

Ethel Van Gilder,
635 W. Monroe St.,
Springfield, Ill.

W. S. RENCKER, Yazoo City, Miss., says:

Psychology Magazine is one of the biggest helps in my life. I take this method of testifying that *Psychology* has picked me up, and I now have new life, due to the teaching of this magazine.

TO THE EDITOR:

It would scarcely be fair to you and your magazine if I did not write to say how much good the magazine has done me. The first number that ever came to our home was in July, 1930. We all liked it and among other things it has been the means of my having been able to plan so as to buy a splendid location for a home.

Reading the magazine has given me energy and understanding to settle a disagreeable situation and by tactful handling—thanks to your teaching—I came off victor. "The Story of Forgiveness" included in your May editorial has been especially helpful to me. The whole editorial is the very thing we need in these extra strenuous days.

We look forward to every issue of *Psychology* and feel we cannot get along without it!

Mrs. Ernest Smith,
Lapland, Catadupa,
Jamaica, British West Indies

The Editor answers:

Thank you for your gracious letter. It is a very great encouragement to know that *Psychology* has proven so helpful to so many of our readers.

W. A. MANSUR, Winside, Nebraska, says:

Another article by your editor, appearing in the June number has such a message in it that it should have much attention. The first thought that came to me upon reading it was, "I wish I had a reprint of this. I would like to give copies to many friends of mine."

One must have lived to write the message contained in the editorial. It throbs with life and carries conviction. It is a timely human message from a human heart unbowed by circumstances and with faith, courage and power to go on living in, and for, those things most worth-while. More power to the editorial messages in the "Chat With the Editor" column.

I AM extremely grateful for the privilege I have in subscribing to *Psychology Magazine*. It is my monthly tonic! I enjoy, especially, the helpful talks by the editor. I have a suggestion to make. If you would shorten the wrapper (of those sent by mail to subscribers) by about two inches, thus showing the word "Psychology," it would call non-subscribers' attention to it.

Edgar Blinston,
29 East 2nd St.,
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

The Editor replies:

Thank you for your kind letter. Regarding your suggestion of shortening the wrapper: we once did that and found the name proved so intriguing in apartment and rooming houses, that we were flooded with complaints from subscribers of non-receipt of issues we had mailed out. But we appreciate your interest very much.

PSYCHOLOGY is a splendid magazine and should prove to be very helpful to humanity. The first copy I saw was in August of last year. In that was a reference to "The Temple of Peace" and I wondered if that might mean the Temple of Peace at Point Loma, California. The description fitted perfectly, even the reference to the Greek theater. It is the most peaceful place I have ever been in and

there, man comes very close to the Divine.

Man's great battle is with himself. I have often thought if people could see a chart setting forth how bad temper, for instance, affects, especially shortly after a meal, turning their food to poison, they would make an effort to meet the trials of life calmly.

F. A. Brunke,
2155 Albatross St.,
San Diego, California

I BOUGHT my first copy of *Psychology Magazine* last December and was delighted. I am seventy-four years old. The editor's article in May especially appealed to me as it set me thinking how true it is that money does not make happiness.

I have a little income and it gives me great pleasure to divide it with others. I get a great deal of comfort from many of the articles in your magazine. I wish that the May and June numbers could be read by every one in the land. It would do them good.

F. O. Marcotte,
P. O. Box 87,
Encanto, Calif.

The Editor answers:

We are indeed happy that the reading of *Psychology* has been an inspiration and help to you. Thank you so much for your letter.

A WRITER in a recent number of your magazine is, I am sure, *dead wrong*. He falls into the old tradition that a lot of people—perhaps the majority—are morons, low in intelligence.

There positively is no class of superior intelligence and none of distinctly low intelligence. Weak intelligence is simply the result of poor training and wrong treatment. Our mentally defective are recruited from the so-called best families, as well as from the worst and dementia is no more inherited than is malaria. Many, however, are susceptible to both these diseases when conditions are contributive.

Children born in the slums are equally endowed by inheritance with

the children born within the rich families and the college families. Our leaders, men and women, our scholars and our genuises, are all made and not born such. *These* are simply creatures of a thousand favorable circumstances.

The common people are endowed with *potential* traits of genius but only the few have the benefit of early training, right diet, etc., to enable them to later come into the use of their inheritance with sufficient skill for worthy accomplishment.

The evolution of society is not from the top but from the bottom; not from those who in positions of ease, lazily burn out, but from those, who forced by struggle to achieve, make further progress for humanity.

William A. McKeever,
State Capitol Station,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

HEARTY congratulations, *Psychology*! As you know, of course, your personal editorials are helping thousands. *Psychology* Magazine is a marvelous educational force thruout the whole country. Your good returns to you. That is a law of the universe. Your joy in well doing, "No man taketh from you."

(Mrs.) Ellen Aylmer See,
1556 So. Boulevard,
Bronx, N. Y.

I HAVE read *Psychology* for the past three or four years. To me, it is the most interesting publication on the market.

I have always been interested in the psychology of living and the philosophies of life; there is nothing more

fascinating and your magazine has given me aid in seeking and finding the right application to my spiritual and material life.

Your inspiring editorials would make a minister "turn green with envy" so to speak. . . . The various articles are most interesting.

Some of these times I am going to write you about the younger generation. I believe that it is in more need of proper leadership and aid than any other class of society.

Emmett G. Sheppard,
Marianna, Florida.

The Editor replies:

I am happy to know that *Psychology* has meant so much to you. I shall be interested to read the letter which you plan to send me on the youth of today.

You Too, Can Make Money

(Continued from page 40)

AN IDEA PRODUCES

WHEN jobless days hit him, a certain young man living in a small town out of New York refused to be idle. He had very little money but he purchased some heavy art board and a small supply of bright paints.

Then he went around town taking note of the stores, what they had to sell, and just how well they were acquainting the passersby with their goods. He had a note book along, jotted down names and addresses and then took a chance.

Without actually procuring orders

for them, he made some extremely attractive signs. He has some artistic talent and applied it by making, on one sign, for instance, colorful fruit; on another a picture of a dilapidated straw hat and then, on the other half of the sign, the same hat, cleaned and smart looking.

He carefully worked in the name that belonged to the person or firm he had in mind when making the signs, and then, boldly went to the heads of these different businesses and presented the beautiful sign saying, "This is a sample sign made, as you see, pur-

posely for you. Of course one sign is not enough for you. I want orders for more. But this one is a gift. Let me set it in your window."

It was simply astonishing, the reaction to this. By actual count, he procured seven orders (and substantial ones, too) out of the first ten signs placed. Even those who did not order but accepted his gift helped him for he had his name and telephone number conspicuously on one corner and got orders for signs thru this subtle advertising. There's always room for the original approach!

Thou Shalt Not Gamble With Life

(Continued from page 33)

not exist—luck. It is the pretending to the graces one lacks.

The habit acquired of right eating—apparently trivial and inconsequential to some minds—will in itself make a better, greater mind no less than body, for the mind, according to a certain viewpoint, is the fruitage of the body. To eat and drink by rule is not nonsense, neither is it a burden, in spite of general belief. It is law and order, hence peace and security. And if it be true that one is improved by giving thought to the minor things of life, why shall it not be possible to achieve, to triumph over obstacles, by care in the greater?

Life is a game that must be played by its rules, but not haphazardly, hence nothing is too trivial to justify disdain, nor anything too great to warrant rejection. Life is a celestial game, a divine drama, perhaps, whose

rules give zest and the soul that triumphs scorns neither great nor small. He fears not weakness, nor handicaps, nor lack, nor loss, nor past misdeeds, but dares pluck from its rich rewards.

Looking down the years some of us now see these things clearly. We tell ourselves that we would have accomplished much had we not gambled. But the years have gone and left us desolate. We are forced, then, to make a start in this instant of time, in this point of space, but there is much that favors us. Somewhere upon the high seas, we *did* make serious blunders but now the fog is lifting—we begin to see. Certainly we now have a clearer and wider perspective of what life means and why men suffer. In the age in which we find ourselves we can see not only the past and its mistakes, but we may, in some measure,

peer into the future—for we may judge by the past. It is the past that gives us direction—that points the way we go. In the winter of our lives, even before that, we may see somewhat with eternal eyes—the eyes that never grow dim. The fogs are constantly lifting on all the past. We see somewhat of the whole and not the part. It is then that we perceive that we are chosen by an unknown Power for some unknown end.

Since the dawn of history, even in old age, life has almost invariably been a ceaseless gamble. The race has never known perfect peace. No individual, we say, is wholly happy—only comparatively so. History proves that Fate is ever at hand to move upon us with somber and stately tread, sometimes with shrouded head and ill-concealed sardonic smile. But the trouble with us is that we look upon

our lives as something with which we dare not cope. We look to cosmic forces to steer the ship that sails its dangerous seas.

That is the basic cause of failure. We should realize that we are the helmsmen, we the captains, and direct our own fates and destinies. If Schopenhauer was right in his estimate of the misery and woe of humanity, swarming upon the earth like flies, contaminating everything we touch, is it not true *only* because each individual stumbles thru the cycle ordained for him in a hit-or-miss fashion?

In the race we are handicapped, we must admit; but has the individual not left all to chance? Do we not do this even in the minor things of life?

This need not be, should not be, would not be, if men left nothing to chance. Order is heaven's first and mightiest law. Even the stars above us which come constantly to guide us, or afflict us, or affect us (some say) are in perfect balance, order and harmony. We may well marvel at the processes of the suns and the luminous planets that twinkle upon us; but we should do this, not in the spirit of alarm, but in amazement at the divine safeguards constantly thrown around us. Eternal harmony must surely prevail. It is so self-evident that even in ancient days, when nothing was known of the Copernician theory and of astronomy, wise men spoke of the harmony of the stars, the music of celestial spheres.

The stars themselves with patience teach us harmony. They are in place, perhaps, that we may know and understand law and order.

We should know, then, when we face in fear the things about us that harmony always produces harmony, even tho it be necessary to beat us with

stripes to make us see clearly. This being true, it is easy to see that the great and only law of the stars is absolute peace and good-will—all things working together for good; and if their present tendency be either evil or good we may rest assured and comfort ourselves in the fact that the ultimate influence of these, as well as all conditions about us, is for the purpose of bringing into the lives of men and women a full measure of happiness, and any fault there is lies not in our *stars* but in *ourselves* if we are underlings.

The stars teach us, if anything, that we must not give way to the forces of disorder, that we should, we must, direct our lives according to scientific and psychological laws. For no matter from what angle we may view ourselves, we find that we are not creatures of chance at all.

Told so often that we are gods in embryo, the statement has lost emphasis. We say we believe it, but it is only in rare instances that men and women are awakened and realize their dreams.

This is because we have not yet profited by our earth experiences. Our study and research are not sufficiently complete.

Human knowledge and understanding must proceed in cycles, in seven ages, perhaps, and we of this generation are in the first. We are just beginning to know. The birth of psychology, as a matter of fact, is within the memory of most of us. The foundations are being laid. We should not lose heart, nor grow faint, because we are not yet able to see the complete structure. We should rather rejoice that we have been able to bring so vital a need into the lives of the multitude. We have indeed built better than we knew.

We are far better than our fathers. We all may remember the generation in which men said the soul is a wraith, a subtle, mysterious, eerie-like vapor, that one might be wrapped in after death. In that age men were old and worthless at fifty years. The crimes they committed in the name of religion and progress were as black as night. We shudder in contemplation at their superstitions.

Now that we have found our souls, there is a gradual improvement; individuals here and there are leaping in advance of the race. There is not so much suffering, certainly not so much gross superstition, and right is no longer on the scaffold and wrong upon the throne.

"Things do not touch the soul," said Marcus Aurelius, whose book "Meditations," according to Dean Farrar, is not inferior to the New Testament itself in lofty aim. Man need not be either tyrant or slave to circumstance Marcus Aurelius said. "Wickedness does no harm at all to the universe. Everything harmonizes with me which is harmonious with thee, O, Universe," outlining a creed for modern philosophy and psychology.

Man must stand erect. He can ill-afford to lean on others. He must be steadfast. He should neither ask for nor expect aid save that which wells up from his own heart and soul.

We are making and shaping history—we alone. Environment, in the final analysis, does not touch us. The world does not come to the man who *wants* but to the man who *wills*. For our thoughts and spiritual verities are more real than marble; our moral principles are more persistent than the streams and currents of life, and the greatest of these—love—is greater and more real and more noble and lasting than humanity itself!

What Psychology Has Done for Me

(Continued from page 32)

Psychology has given me cordiality and therefore friends. I have a new power to understand others. We are so apt to become unjust in our arrogant conclusions of the right, but realizing the meaning of psychology—at once, one knows that loving relationship that makes each man seem to be a brother. A semblance of love—unselfed love begins to evolve. Only love can make us understand. Then one radiates a spirit of kindness that attracts others.

I have learned how to use my deepest convictions. They have been catalogued and molded to a work-a-day

basis. Always I had trust in that power called God. Now I realize that power is mine if I but act in harmony and cooperate with divine law.

The whole of life is amusing, vastly entertaining. Each hour is packed (if I but see) with incidents; where before a storm raged, now I have peace. Mastery of self brings on peace.

Best of all, psychology has given to me an ideal, a goal, an intense desire. Each, within himself, longs to excel, to prove his work to his fellow man. Ambition beckons me on and flavors life with a zest never before present.

Thru the study of applied psychol-

ogy a drab monotony has evolved into a tingling reality. All success, all happiness I have found is in direct proportion to the degree of faith, the degree of constructive thinking I am able to constantly maintain.

If, perchance the pursuit of happiness should seem a selfish aim, remember always that *happiness begets happiness*.

DOROTHY DOERR PERSIA,
San Antonio, Texas.

My experience with psychology commenced about fifty years ago (altho it was not then known by that name).

Thru all the intervening years, it has been the greatest source of my knowledge.

It has been the lamp to the feet of my reason.

It has enabled me to walk in paths that have proven both profitable and pleasant.

By its standards I have been able to take the kinks and warps out of my mind.

It has enabled me to wipe the smoke and mist of the battle of life from the windows of my soul.

It has taught me patience and a sympathetic understanding of the desires and difficulties that beset the lives of others.

It has taught me that by helping

others, I am on the best road toward helping myself.

Born in a malarious locality of enfeebled parents (themselves sufferers from climatic conditions) the battles of my life were almost unsurmountable. I was digging roots at six or seven years of age under the direction of an old German scientist. I learned something of botany, something of chemistry. A little later, under the teaching of an old doctor, I learned to compound the various things I gathered and made them into drugs.

But at twenty-two, I was a pronounced tubercular and the realization descended upon me that drugs alone could never save my life.

A school of mental therapeutics was being taught in Chicago. The books and teachings was the commencement of a new life for me.

Under the teachings, I became an advanced thinker. My new ideals, sad to say, appeared to others so revolutionary that they made me almost a church and social outcast.

Psychology, however, brought me back to a degree of health never hoped for in my younger years.

Now I know that the ultimate conclusions of the mind can bring such vast changes in our physical well being that the mind of man can either make or break his body.

J. HARRY ROGERS,
Selma, California.

Marriage Should Make People Happy

(Continued from page 23)

is turned out *toward* the world. The consciousness of strength shines from it.

The face of the woman is turned toward her man. Don't you see upon what different basis their happiness, as nature has planned it, rests? Of course, some women wreck possible happiness by turning the share of interest that belongs to the husband, into adoration of their children. Some women forget to be a wife as soon as they become a mother. Such women give entirely too much attention to the children and not enough to the husband.

It is conceded that something like ninety-five percent of men suffer from some form of inferiority feeling. So women, remembering that man's big drive for happiness and success lies in retaining his ego, you can often assist

in keeping him from falling into stratum of inferiority. Men, remembering that woman's big drive is for security, protection, safety, and that nature has made her far more delicate than man, you can, by understanding and heeding this, go a long way toward making her happy in marriage.

Another thing that Zarathustra said that is of concrete interest to women: "In the true man there is hidden, a little boy." So wives, if they will, can find and make allowances for this little boy in the strong man. A realization of his dwelling in the sometimes arrogant, bluff man that you know as husband, will help you many times—and will help him.

It is odd that a little girl does not dwell in woman. That's why I say that the psychology of woman is very different from that of man.

But one thing is true of both. The love of man and of woman must be energizing, and not enervating, if they are to have the most out of life—are to be partners in satisfactory marriage relation. Watch. Don't let anything creep into the relation that will enervate, weaken your mate, for that will not react to your happiness. A man must be strong and the woman must give to the man—re-creation.

Marriage *should* make people happy. I hope that at no distant date we shall have, instead of mystery, misunderstanding, ignorance, surrounding the subject, a science of the hygiene of marriage. This is not fanciful. We have physical hygiene, personal hygiene, mental hygiene. Why not a hygiene of marriage?

*Published by Williams and Wilkins.
†Boni, New York City.

Seven Clues to Winning Interest

(Continued from page 37)

some money, to impress the boss, to please the baby, to improve his golf—or shows promise of pointing out such a way.

People may be entirely uninterested, but bit by bit, after they are persuaded to cross the bridge, they may gradually develop symptoms of affection or antagonism. This is an important step. Familiarity, whether pleasant or irritating, is a foundation stone for the castle of charm.

There is a trick, no doubt to obtaining and holding interest. But tricks

are only the penumbra. If they are repeated too often, they are flat and tedious. The boy who yells *wolf* once too often, has no listeners. The yellow journal with perpetually screaming headlines grows dull indeed. The hoax does not hold interest long. Variety is a real key to interest.

Perhaps this would be a happier and healthier nation if the schools of the land gave a few of the hours now devoted to the study of the geography of Siam, the cube root of millions, or the Sir Roger De Coverley papers to

the science and art of being interesting. Possibly it couldn't be taught. And yet—

Suppose Professor Pestalozzi Jones sat on the edge of his desk as his class strolled in for the first lesson, and said:

"Now, young men and women, this course, obviously, cannot help you to be interesting unless I can make it interesting. I promise I can and will. Most of the time I shall tell stories, and I know some good ones.

"There will be no work scheduled,

but I predict you will *do* more for it than for any other class you have ever attended—and like it! We are going to have some beautiful quarrels together, solve some mysteries and discover fascinating pictures and music. When it is over you are going to be much more successful in making people see things your way; for example, you can convince your fathers that you really ought to have more generous allowances! When it is over you will have much more fun at dances and drudgery because you will have learned to make people want to help you, and perhaps they will not even know that they are helping you because they will be doing what they think they, themselves want to do!

"I shall not give you any assignments, but I am going to suggest that you go to movies, to football games, to banquets and sometimes to slums, courtrooms, slaughter houses, and that you find out what the policeman thinks is interesting or the ledger clerk or the laundry driver or the janitor or the factory foreman or the hitch-hiker.

"Now before the class is dismissed, I want each of you to bring me a list of the five most uninteresting subjects you can think of, and I will prove to you that each is tremendously exciting. I challenge you to find me one which is really dull. There goes the bell. Class is dismissed."

When Bruce Barton or Abraham Lincoln or the Apostle Paul wanted to talk about an abstract subject he used narration or description as the bridge. Paul made a speech in which he said, approximately: "Members of the Rotary Club of Athens: I had an interesting experience the other day. I was walking toward the Acropolis with a couple of friends when one of the city guides called our attention to a praiseworthy feature of your fine old city, which I predict will one day be known as the Boston of the Ancient World, so wonderful is your culture. This guide, an up-and-coming fellow, pointed out a beautiful marble temple and on it an altar dedicated to the unknown God. The God whom your religious and cultured citizens so commendably worship, I have the pleasure this noon of describing to you in detail."

He told a story, he paid a compliment, he built a bridge, he made his point.

Then there is the mystery method. The teaser advertisement campaign, the police search for the criminal, the serial story, the mind of a woman and the way the cat is going to jump. Perplexing—but interesting.

There is rhythm. How people do warm up to a whistling tune, a lively march, a dreamy waltz, a gentle jingle, a limerick!

There is the powerful adjective. How *big* money, *big* figures, *big* butter-and-egg men, *big* names, high-hats, command our interest. Scandal, of course. Pictures. A laugh, a sob.

To keep this discussion on the track, let us check back over this discussion. To interest people, we must first *desire* to do so; we must build a bridge between their experiences and our objective; we must offer them an inducement to make the crossing; we must keep within range of their familiar thoughts and words; we must be skillful in expression; we must present our story with originality, good nature, a smile, a bit of a compliment; action

methods such as demonstrations, a bit of by-play, illustrations are as important in creating and holding interest as words. It is easy to satiate even with the sweetest honey, the cleverest technique, the most exciting news. Leave the hearer or reader wishing for just a little bit more!

Just because a man is a wizard on a saxophone it does not follow that he will be an expert with a graflex camera. There are men who should stick to after-dinner speaking and not try to write. There are others whose self-expression should always be in pantomime. Choose your best vehicle—that is common sense.

Specialty Sales

(Continued from page 41)

food staples, cosmetics, kitchen utensils, electrical devices that pay their way (pants-pressers offer a good illustration)—these and a host of other things may be sold to better advantage direct to the consumers, in times like these, than in any other way, and that, because of the everlasting price question that torments all of us nowadays when we find ourselves faced with the grudging necessity of spending money!

The world is looking on the right side of the menu now when it has something to buy. How much is it? That is the universal question; and because they can answer that demand

with a rock-bottom price, the direct sales companies are thriving.

In a land of joblessness, these companies alone are looking for more help. They alone offer work to the people who are tired of being idle and non-productive.

If you are one of the idle ones, you might do worse than look up one of these employing companies. Have a try at selling, armed with the powerful price-weapon direct manufacturers can give you. Perhaps in a short time you, too, will be one of the fortunate minority that doesn't give "two hoots" when the slump ends.

Did Klaas Kill?

(Continued from page 29)

solitary native servant in the room. As soon as the shuffle of naked feet had died away, he spoke again.

"... The murder was a brutal, primitive affair. Typically African. A white sergeant of police—Grogan, his name—was found stabbed to death in the hut he called his office. I hear it was not entirely unexpected. Grogan was known to be something of a brute where natives were concerned. And early that day he had thrashed one of them, Klaas, for some trivial offence.

"Klaas was heard to threaten to kill Grogan. After the thrashing he went away into the bush. Some hours later Grogan was discovered dead in the office. He had been stabbed by a knife, and three natives swore that the knife belonged to Klaas—he himself admitted it. That admission alone was sufficient to justify his immediate arrest."

"Had you any difficulty in finding Klaas, once the murder was known?" interposed Doctor Lannett.

"None at all, really," said Singleton. "That, for one thing, is what makes me hesitate. Klaas didn't even give us a run. True, when the body of Grogan was discovered, he was missing. Another sergeant and two troopers set out on horseback into the bush to find him. But to the astonishment of us all Klaas walked into the outpost late that night as tho nothing had happened.

"And he insisted that nothing had happened. He claimed to have wandered about in the bush the whole day. The thrashing had humiliated him, and the loneliness of the bush had called, as it would to any native. He had not been near the outpost since the morning, and only when we arrested him did he hear of the murder of Grogan.

That was his story—and to that story he sticks."

"But if he claims an alibi if he were in the bush when the murder was committed, isn't there evidence of other natives to support his story?" asked Doctor Lannett.

Singleton shook his head.

"Not a shred. No natives saw him during that period. Yet, the damning fact of the knife remains. Klaas said that he must have lost it."

Singleton pushed back his chair. He rose and walked to a little table that stood against the wall of the dining room. Unlocking a drawer, he drew forth a long, shining knife with a handle of curiously carved wood. Returning to the table, he placed it before the doctor. The steel gleamed in the glare of the kerosene lamp. The woman shuddered slightly.

"That's the knife that killed Grogan," said Singleton, quietly. Doctor Lannett took it in his long, thin fingers.

"A deadly weapon," he murmured. "Is no doubt that it belongs to Klaas?"

"Not the slightest."

"... And can you hang Klaas on that evidence?"

Singleton puffed at his cigar for a few moments.

"That is the terrible question I have asked myself during the past three days. The evidence against Klaas is circumstantial; but it is deadly enough. Moreover, a white man has been murdered, and it is essential that white prestige be upheld. Punishment must be meted out to the murderer, but I have still to convince myself that Klaas was the murderer. Did Klaas kill? I ask myself that question again and again."

Once more the woman interposed.

"I, for one, am convinced that Klaas did not kill," she said.

"But, my dear Nan," protested her husband, "the knife . . . !"

She shook her head. "The knife killed Grogan; the knife belonged to Klaas," she said, "but I know Klaas, and because of that knowledge I feel instinctively that he is innocent."

"... The story interests me very much," Doctor Lannett murmured. "A murder, and the fascination of a certain amount of mystery in it. But we began by talking of hypnotism and, frankly, I fail to see the connection."

Singleton leaned forward and gazed directly at him.

"Doctor! You suggested that a man with a primitive mind might be hypnotised into committing a murder."

"I did. But surely you don't suggest that this fellow Klaas was hypnotised by someone into murdering Grogan?"

"No, of course not. Yet, couldn't the primitive mind be hypnotised into reenacting a crime that had once been committed? Couldn't a murderer be hypnotised into committing the murder

a second time, his mind sent back to that fateful hour and every action lived again?"

The hissing of the kerosene lamp emphasized the quietude of that room with its three stark figures surrounded by the dark pregnancy of the African night.

The doctor looked into the eyes of the man and the woman.

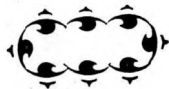
"You want me to hypnotize Klaas . . . to send his mind back to that hour when Grogan was murdered?"

Singleton nodded.

"And supposing nothing happens?"

"Then it will be strong proof that Klaas did not kill," said the magistrate, eagerly. "Surely if the man did murder Grogan it would be sufficiently stamped on his mind to make him—"

He stopped.



EVERY man must live with the man he makes of himself, and the better job he does in moulding his character and improving his mind, the better company he will have.

—PRINTOPICS.

"To make him enact the murder again if the suggestion is strong enough, eh?" said the doctor. "You may be right, Singleton, but don't you think that the whole experiment is terribly risky?"

"Of course, you're perfectly right, doctor" Singleton sighed. "I must apologize for being such a fool as to suggest the experiment. I suppose living in Africa gives one some queer ideas. You are just a visitor here. There still clings to you the civilization of the cities. And to-morrow you will leave this outpost on your way to the coast and a ship that takes you back to Europe. But we remain, and the mysterious Africa surrounds us. It gives us queer thoughts to brood over. I shall be left to brood over the problem of Klaas and the murder of Grogan. Do you know, (a half-laugh twisted his mouth) I've been so worried about this case that I've even been tempted to give the local witchdoctor a chance to smell out the criminal. That again would be thoroughly unorthodox."

He laughed, mirthlessly. Again his wife's hand stretched out to comfort him. He was about to rise from the table when the doctor stopped him with a gesture.

"One moment, Singleton. I want you to understand that the suggestion

I should hypnotize this fellow Klaas is tempting . . . terribly tempting. Did Klaas kill? I think I could make him answer the question himself. If he committed a murder, then I think I could make him enact that murder again before your eyes. I am, as you say, a visitor who to-morrow will continue his journey. I shall never visit this outpost again. But if I do what you suggest I want your assurance that it will be regarded only in the nature of an experiment. Let us say that whatever Klaas does or says under hypnotic influence will only indicate some new source of evidence to you?"

"Then you will do it?" asked Singleton, eagerly.

The doctor nodded.

"Now . . . here?"

"Yes."

The woman looked gratefully at the doctor. Singleton had risen from the table. He clapped his hands loudly. The shuffle of naked feet was heard in the distance. Then the Swahili servant appeared in the doorway.

"Bwana!"

Singleton rapped out several remarks in Swahili. The native's face was expressionless but he understood.

"Yes, bwana."

He disappeared thru the curtains.

"Klaas will be brought here," said the magistrate to the doctor. "You will be able to speak English to him. He understands it perfectly."

Doctor Lannett also rose from the table and looked slowly round the room.

"I think, for the purposes of the experiment," he said, "we ought to place the furniture of the room in a position to suggest the office where Grogan was murdered. The table, for example, as the desk, a chair, and so on. You know the details?"

"Of course," said Singleton. "I'll get a couple of 'boys' to fix that at once."

He hurried thru the curtained doorway leaving the doctor gazing doubtfully at the woman.

"Do . . . do you wish to stay for the experiment?" Doctor Lannett asked her.

A flicker of a smile crossed her face.

"If you don't really mind."

"... It may be . . . unpleasant."

"One gets used to unpleasant sights in Africa," she murmured.

.....

Murderers are usually as disappointing as literary celebrities at a first glance. So thought Doctor Lannett as he eyed with professional interest the native Klaas as he was bundled into the room by a white sergeant.

Klaas was black, half-naked, and had the bulging mouth of the Bantu. But he was not a savage. That was evident in the dark, liquid eyes set well

apart in a head that would have attracted Epstein. Nor was there anything of the defiance of the caged savage about him as he stood with manacled hands before the little group of white people. Rather had he the drooping, submissive manner of a child charged with a crime beyond his comprehension.

At a word from Singleton, the white sergeant clicked the handcuffs from the wrists of the native leaving Klaas a pathetic object beneath the glare of the kerosene lamp.

"I'll send for you, Haslam, when I want you," said Singleton. "I'm going to question Klaas."

The white sergeant saluted, turned on his heel, and left the room. There was a strange quietness for some moments. The magistrate took a quick glance round the room to assure himself that the stage was properly set. Against the meshed windows was a table, serving as a desk. An empty chair was placed there, the chair which in the eyes of the little white group contained the ghostly figure of Grogan, the murdered man. Hidden beneath a napkin on the dining table which had been pushed aside was the knife which had been found plunged into the body of Grogan.

Singleton turned towards the drooping figure of the native who stood in the center of the room.

"Klaas," he began, "I want you to tell us what really happened on the day that Sergeant Grogan was murdered."

The native licked his lips in a nervous manner.

"I've told you everything, baas," he muttered. "I swear before God I told the truth."

Singleton half turned to the doctor.

"He was educated by the missionaries," he murmured. "That's where he learned English."

Doctor Lannett nodded. He was seated in an easy chair and was eyeing the native intently.

"Yes, I swear before God, baas, I got nothin' more to tell," went on Klaas. "The mission folk say I go to hell if I kill but I sure as I standin' here—I not killed Baas Grogan."

The red tongue curled about his brown lips.

"Klaas! Won't you tell me the truth?" It was the magistrate's wife who spoke. "Didn't Baas Grogan thrash you?"

The native turned his dark, liquid eyes upon her.

"Yes, missus, Baas Grogan thrash me all right. And I hate him for it. But I didn't kill him. No, missus, I didn't kill him. I was in the bush all day."

He was shaking his head. His eyes roamed restlessly. Suddenly, he jerked his head and found himself looking squarely into the eyes of Doctor Lannett.

"I swear before God I didn't kill him," he repeated, dully.

Doctor Lannett never took his eyes from Klaas' face. The magistrate was about to speak again, but the doctor stopped him with a gesture. In a slow, even voice he began questioning the native himself.

"You remember, quite well, that morning when Grogan thrashed you?"

Klaas was riveted by that glance. He tried to turn his eyes away, and failed.

"Yes, baas."

"And you remember going into the office afterwards?"

"Yes, baas."

"The sun was blazing. It was terribly hot."

"Yes, baas. Terribly hot."

"You had been thrashed on the back. It hurt. *It is hurting!*"

Klaas winced, as tho with pain. The dark liquid eyes were filled with terror. He gazed helplessly at the doctor, his voice dropping to a whisper.

"Yes, baas. It is hurting."

Instinctively, a black hand reached

towards his back. Beads of perspiration glazed his brow.

"And it is still terribly hot . . . terribly hot!"

Mechanically, came the whisper.

"Terribly hot."

Doctor Lannett leaned forward, ever so slightly, in his chair. A more imperious tone came into his voice.

"But now you are in the office. Look! Quiet and cool. No one is there, except—"

"Quiet. . . . Cool. . . ." babbled Klaas, turning his head slowly.

"Except Sergeant Grogan!" continued the doctor in that stern, even voice. "Look! There he sits, at his desk."

Instinctively, Singleton and his wife turned in the direction pointed by the doctor. In the deep shadow of the room it almost seemed that the bulky form of Grogan was filling the chair. Klaas also was staring at that chair. He had drawn himself to his full height. His eyes were blazing with hatred. Under the white glare of the kerosene lamp they could see the powerful black chest heaving with emotion.

"Baas Grogan! Alone!" hissed Klaas.

Still keeping his gaze upon the native, the doctor reached out for the napkin. The white cloth was tossed aside, his fingers drew the shining steel towards him, and the next moment he was out of the chair and holding it before the maddened eyes of Klaas.

"And your knife, the knife that is always with you. It is here!"

In the silence of that room the words fell with the intensity of water dripping in a cavern. Singleton felt his wife shudder. Her hand went out to his and gripped it tightly. All their eyes were now fixed on Klaas whose whole body seemed to leap greedily towards the knife. One powerful black hand closed upon it.

"What are you going to do?" intoned the relentless voice of the doctor.

They heard a deep intake of breath. With a sudden, cat-like gesture, Klaas dropped to the floor. Singleton and his wife were about to come forward, but the doctor stopped them with outstretched hand.

"Wait!" he whispered.

Fascinated, they watched the half-naked body begin slowly, ever so slowly, to crawl across the room. That empty chair in the shadows was the object of this sinister stalk. The black body moved with all the smooth

William A. Engle says:



As a rule, the *wolf* looks for the *door* where a web is on the brain.

~

The things that *speak* for themselves are *loud* in their claims.

~

The people who *want* too much will never get enough.

~

A *speedy* life means an early *crash*.

~

Prosperity makes friends; *adversity* weeds them out.

~

Lighten the *burdens* of others, if you want to *reduce* your own.

~

Some people are either digging up the *past* or browsing in the *future*, with no time for the joys of the *present*.

silence of a snake. Slowly it crawled until it was within a yard of the chair. One hand still clutched the knife, tightly.

The watchers saw the black body quivering like a beast about to spring. In the dim shadows they saw Klaas rise to his full height and, with incredible swiftness, plunge the gleaming blade down . . . down into the wood of an empty chair. At the same time a snarl of joy came from the lips of the native, and the eyes danced with a savage delight. At this moment Klaas was the savage, and as he staggered back from the chair, the knife falling from his hand, the two white men and the woman saw only a beast of the bush.

"You see . . . you see!" whispered the doctor, triumphantly. He moved quickly towards Klaas who staggered about the room, drunkenly.

"So Klaas *did* kill!" said Singleton, aloud, as he reached out for the knife which the native had dropped.

His wife, who had stood at his side while the murder of Grogan was being enacted before their eyes, said nothing. She opened her lips to speak, faltered, and then turned to watch the doctor who was holding the native by the arm. Klaas suddenly crumpled to the floor.

"He'll be all right in a moment," murmured Doctor Lannett. He drew a silk handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his own perspiring brow. "I think we may say that the experiment was successful. I think you can convince yourself now that Klaas was the murderer."

"There can be doubt about it," said Singleton, decisively. "I'll call Sergeant Haslam at once and have Klaas taken back. After all, we must believe the evidence of our own eyes, and I am sure that—"

Before he could finish the sentence the white sergeant had entered the room, abruptly. He stood, stiffly facing the three white people who were grouped round the bowed figure of Klaas.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he began, addressing the magistrate, "but—"

They all looked up at him. There was something in the man's voice that suggested tense excitement.

"Yes, what is it?" asked Singleton.

The words came tumbling from the lips of the white sergeant.

"I didn't want to burst in on you, sir, but I thought it my duty. A patrol has just brought in a native whom they found lurking about a kraal in the district. They found a wallet and a gold wristlet watch belonging to Sergeant Grogan in his possession. He's confessed to the murder, sir."

Singleton stared at him in astonishment.

LOVING EVERYBODY

By William Howey

When I go walking down the street,
I like to smile to all I meet,
'Cause I jus' love everybody.

I smile at children, smile at age,
I smile at simple, smile at sage,
'Cause I jus' love everybody.

I read a story in each face;
Its joy and sorrow I can trace,
'Cause I jus' love everybody.

When I am tempted to be sad,
I walk down street and lo! I'm glad,
'Cause I jus' love everybody.

Toronto.

"Confessed to the murder," he repeated, mechanically. "What murder?"

"The murder of Sergeant Grogan, sir. There's not the slightest doubt about it," went on the sergeant. "It seems he went into the office that morning and started whining about the fact that he was starving. Sergeant Grogan told him to clear out, and was about to kick him out when the native found a knife lying on the desk. That was the knife which had dropped from Klaas when he had been flogged, and which Grogan had taken into his office. Before Sergeant Grogan could turn, the native stabbed him and cleared away. He's confessed everything, sir. I've got him safely locked up over the way. Would you like to see him, sir?"

Silence followed this remarkable statement. It was broken by a groan from the figure on the floor. Klaas was on his knees, slowly coming back to consciousness.

"But I don't understand," protested Singleton, the drama of that scene still stinging his mind. "Do you mean to tell me that Klaas is innocent?"

"Looks like it, sir," said the sergeant. "I always thought so. And the native we've got now is a thoro bad character. He knows he's in for it, and he's confessed, thinking it the easiest way out."

Klaas, reeling like a drunken man, staggered to his feet. The magistrate, his wife and the doctor eyed him covertly. All the beast had gone out of those black features. He was again the drooping, submissive child of Africa.

"I don't understand . . . what happened, *baas*," muttered Klaas.

Singleton turned to the sergeant.

"Better take him away," he ordered, curtly. "I'll come over and see the native, presently."

"Very good, sir," replied the sergeant.

He put out a hand and led Klaas out of the room.

The glare of the kerosene lamp emphasized the pallor of the three white faces left in the silence of that room. For some time nobody spoke. It was the doctor who broke the silence, a suspicion of irritation in his voice.

"It all seems very strange," he said. "Klaas enacted the murder before our eyes and now we are told that someone else did it. It baffles me."

"I admit it seemed thoroly convincing to me," said Singleton, "particularly when he stabbed at that empty chair in such a fiendish manner. I couldn't have desired better proof."

"You don't think there's any doubt about this other confession?" asked Doctor Lannett.

Singleton shook his head.

"I shouldn't think so. The native of Africa doesn't confess to murder in the bravado manner of a half-witted person in London or New York who has been reading the newspapers and become obsessed with the idea. No, if the native has confessed to the murder, depend upon it he's guilty."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he muttered, "in all my many cases of hypnotism I cannot remember one so unsatisfactory in its conclusion. Why, if Klaas did not kill should he deliberately enact a murder before our eyes?"

The magistrate's wife, who had been silent for so long, broke in with her quiet voice.

"I think that is quite easy to explain," she said.

Both men turned towards her. There was a faint smile on her pale face.

"Can you explain it, my dear Nan?" asked Singleton.

She nodded, walked to the table, and carelessly fingered the knife that still lay gleaming there.

"Don't you understand," she said, evenly, "that this murder obsessed all our minds from the moment that the idea of the experiment was suggested? We were all evolving theories about the crime. Death, the knife, the motive—all these thoughts were crowding your minds when Klaas was brought into the room. Moreover, the murder, the knife, and the motive were dominating the mind of Klaas at the same moment. Isn't that so, doctor?"

Doctor Lannett nodded. His shrewd eyes were fixed upon her.

"It was with his mind filled with the story of the murder that the doctor began to hypnotise Klaas. The murder was also filling the mind of Klaas as he succumbed to the doctor's power. The doctor was already picturing the crime and mentally reconstructing it.

I'm sure you were, doctor. So was Klaas. And so were you, my dear," she added, turning with a smile to her husband.

"Imagine, therefore, the effect of all this subtle suggestion on the primitive mind of Klaas. It flooded his whole being so that, unconsciously, he enacted the crime as you saw it in your own minds. You thought Sergeant Grogan had been murdered in that fashion. In fact you were convinced of it. And you so convinced Klaas that he had to act your thoughts. He also thought, in all probability, that Grogan was murdered in that manner."

"But Klaas was controlled by the mind of the doctor," protested Singleton.

"And the doctor's mind was controlled or obsessed by the murder," pointed out his wife. "Isn't that so, doctor?"

Doctor Lannett gravely considered the problem.

"There's something in what you say," he admitted, hesitantly, "at the same time—"

"At the same time, you must admit that Klaas did not kill except in the suspicions of your own minds?" she went on, relentlessly.

The doctor bowed his head. Singleton was regarding her with the bewildered look of a man who discovers that for years he has been married to a perfect stranger.

"And now run along, dear, and have a talk with that native who has confessed," she concluded, stroking his arm, gently. "You've got the real murderer of Sergeant Grogan there. And you might let Klaas go back to his kraal as soon as possible. The doctor and I will talk about England until you return."

Doctor Lannett sighed with relief.

Excelsior

(Continued from page 35)

"Oh, but you seem to forget that 'Lady Sick' is my name."

"With whom rests the blame? You must be made of iron."

"'Tis the lottery of life. Not all is made of iron, but just one-sixteenth of my anatomy."

"Oh, you know your foods don't you, Lady Sick?"

"Surely, I am a graduate in home economics. It takes sixteen of the ninety-two elements of the earth in their proper proportion to build a sound and healthy body."

"You are well-informed, Lady Sick, and there is always life where there is hope. You can give Nature assistance both physically and mentally. She plays no favorites and the violator of her laws must pay the penalties of neglect."

"Your own countenance, Health, looks as tho you had discovered the Fountain of Youth!"

"The truth is, Fair Lady Sick, I feel that I have. What one is, is written on the face. We cannot wholly disguise our Inner Self—it is bound to shine thru."

"Please, Health, tell me what Doctor Tweedie did for you."

"He taught me how to live joyously and normally. The only thing for which he said he deserved any credit, was the development of a technique of treatment that permitted Nature to throw off diseased conditions and effect her own cures. His theory is that people should be taught how to prevent disease."

"In any case with the illustrations

of my X-Ray picture, he showed me the reasons for my aches and pains and the shortest route to recovery."

"Oh, Health, how wonderful! Do tell me some of the things he would prescribe for me!"

Well, for breakfast, an orange for vitamins. A big juicy orange, all nicely sliced, gives bulk. One can chew away and take time to think the day over, and get that little churn inside all ready for crispy bacon and toasted, whole wheat bread. Why, breakfast is the fuel that starts our human engine for the day.

Some people don't replenish until noon and wonder why they lag from place to place, too weak to stand the strain of life. I have learned for health, to take a good old fashioned breakfast and make the other two meals light. The body during the day exercises enough to burn up the fuel and at night you can rest. This is the true secret for the fat reducing seekers."

"Where did you learn all this?"

"Dr. Tweedie told me that about eighty per cent of diseases are caused by a collection of waste in the system. A simple, but important point to observe, the one great secret to prolong your life, is to eat slowly and but little."

"The average body is composed of fifty-two billion cells and the combination is constantly changing, so beware that your likes and dislikes, instead of your knowledge, do not rule your food supply."

"Under the present method of living, people eat a good many denatured

and unnatural foods that lack the necessary oxygenating qualities that are essential for their immediate assimilation. As a result foods stay too long in the intestinal tract, leaving a mass of waste and poisonous substitutes, which is absorbed into the blood stream and carried to all parts of the body. Remember, *life does not come from death* and an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

"Nature and natural foods do the curing, so take 'em straight. Sunday being the day of rest, why not give the stomach a rest? Much of the food that is eaten nowadays does not contain enough roughage or bulk needed to stimulate the muscular movement known as peristalsis, therefore, the intestinal muscles become relaxed and sluggish, altho these foods meet many of the dietary needs of the body."

"One should know how to choose balanced diets that contain the sixteen body salts required to keep us well. An abundance of these salts and vitamins, too, are found in fresh, highly-colored sun-ripened fruits and vegetables which also supply needed bulk."

"Drink plenty of water. Remember, no one has been able to color water and improve upon it. We have four means of elimination—the bowels, kidneys, skin and breath. They all depend upon moisture. One should drink ten to twelve glasses of water daily. Drink or sip slowly and avoid ice water, if possible. Buttermilk is a good water substitute."

"Regular hours of rest and sleep are nature's greatest rejuvenator, thus the proverb, 'Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.'"

"Mind, diet and exercise go hand in hand. Exercise builds up the muscular system and relaxes the nerves upon which the whole anatomy is based. One's body cannot be strong and healthful without a good circulation. This can only be obtained by following the instructions for relaxing and contracting all muscles of the body."

"Air is absolutely essential for the million pores that are within the body. One-third of the blood remains in the lungs. It, therefore, must be oxygenated. When oxygen comes in contact with the blood, a strong combustion takes place. The waste is burned up and the blood becomes purified. Poor circulation—sluggish blood—keeps the body full of poison. Bathe yourself in plenty of sunshine as well as water. To secure health one must assist nature in a natural way. Remember a quitter never gets anywhere."

"Lady Sick, self-sympathy is the hardest thing of all on you. You know, after all, everyone makes a place for himself in this world only as

big as the circle he is able to fill. A tip to the beauty seekers! True beauty comes from within.

"Lady Sick, I have answered your questions. You seemed to me like an old friend who asked for advice and I gave you the best possible. I congratulate you on the art of being a good listener."

"Thank you, Health. Let's not let our friendship be like ships that pass in the night. I'm as happy as a 'Blue Bird.'"

"This 'Blue Bird' must now homeward fly, Lady Well. Here's to you and to me—you and I shall never part."

"Goodbye, Lady Well, good luck and excelsior!"

A Reporter Saw

(Continued from page 31)

strange for fiction purposes.

One of our successful playwrights—Susan Glaspell, I think it was—once wrote a play which had for its theme the deep love of a woman for a little canary bird and the fact that she did murder because its tiny, frail life had been taken.

I thought of this when I was getting a story at a woman's prison. "We haven't had as serious trouble for years—not even with the 'lifers' (murderers) to compare with the near-riot we had a week or so ago," the superintendent told me.

The trouble to which she referred grew from the fact that a privilege the prisoners crave and work for, is to have a canary bird under their care. These bits of yellow life mean very much to them but in a moment of dark brooding, one of the women had mistreated one of the birds.

"An instant bedlam was raised," the superintendent observed. "If we hadn't removed the woman who allowed herself this bit of cruelty, the other prisoners would have done her serious harm—in fact she would have paid for

it with her life."

So does chivalry for the weak, pity for even so small a thing as a canary, sound forth in dark places of the earth. Under other conditions, we might even call such surges of emotion by grand and heroic names.

One of the finest manifestations of forgiveness, I saw when a famous Mid-western murder case had come to trial.

The accused was a powerful politician, actively associated with the Ku Klux Klan, and widely known as the man who declared, "I am the Law in Indiana."

The sufferers were the rather elderly parents of the deceased, a sweet and lovely daughter, named Madge.

I knew the facts that had preceded. These parents had spent the years of their married life saving up for the lovely Colonial home in the suburbs that they purchased because, "Madge is a young lady now and must have things pretty."

Madge was inordinately proud of the beautiful new home, and many were the parties that the nice young people (it was a college town) her

fellow students, attended at Madge's. Then came one of those sordid stories we scarcely believe can happen outside of movies or novels.

The girl mentioned—only once—of meeting a man, old enough to be her father, and who was a prominent politician. A few evenings later the telephone rang. Madge answered it and excitedly exclaiming that she would "be back in a minute" ran from the house.

When she came back, the world came with her—reporters, flashing cameras, terrors.

She lived only a few days. The man (now serving a life term in the penitentiary) was then so powerful financially and politically that it seemed as if he might slip thru the web of evidence.

Just here, I interviewed the mother and father.

Their only child, their sweet daughter! I expected to witness hurling hate, bitterness, terrible recrimination. I found, instead, the overcoming of these. Peace was here; forgiveness. I could scarcely believe that human hearts were capable of this. Again, truth was stranger than fiction.

"Say, don't tell me that!" This was our police reporter talking. "People like you say those parents are, don't live."

But I knew. I had seen.

And I have seen a woman take a little boy by the hand, dry his tears and tell him not to worry; yet the lad—accidentally it is true, but how natural it would have been to blame him—thru a childish prank, had taken her little boy from her, forever.

Oh, reporters, if they care to tell about it, know legions of things—fine things, about human nature.

Harnessing Young America!

(Continued from page 27)

question. From that time on, he began to catch the spirit of coöperation in the home.

Dorothy has always wanted to work—just when she wanted to. To cure her of that trait, we had to work for her a few times just when we wanted to. After her tears were dried away, we held a quiet counsel. We talked about some of those things which father, mother and child can talk about only at the close of a disappointing day. And as sleep came on, we could at least slip out of the room in the knowledge that the leven of the spirit was working.

And Norman—bless his ingenious, aspiring soul! Only recently has he

begun to catch sight of the joy that comes from being depended upon to follow thru. He is capable of a thousand evasions of the law. He's tried most of them out on us. Probably there are a goodly number yet in his bag of tricks. But he's gaining ground. The colt-harness is beginning to fit.

Now I'm going to confess one of the cardinal points in our management plan. Neither my wife nor I has ever lied to the children. (Believe it or not!) They understand that they can depend upon us and that we have the same right to depend upon them. Something inside a child's heart responds to that thought. It begets con-

fidence and cooperation. It stimulates interest in management and control. It leads him to go ahead and measure up to his best.

The other essential that we have emphasized with them is that we work—and that we try constantly to improve the standard of our work. Say what you please, a child is influenced by just such simple appeals. It's colt-harness of the best sort.

A few months ago I was the luncheon guest of the editor of a leading magazine. Our conversation drifted to home influence. He argued that it was no longer possible to give a child the same training which he and I had received. "We had to work. Nowa-

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days, there is nothing for a child to do," he argued. "In former years, there was no money if we did not dig for it. Today, the boy or girl *knows* that we have the money and they are not slow to ask for it."

I disagreed heartily with my friend. For while earning standards may have changed, *the fundamentals of life have not, nor will they ever change.* No child should be permitted to think that a big estate is going to be left when dad and mother pass on. As little as five thousand dollars in a bequest will ruin the life of a poorly disciplined youth. On the other hand, the youngster who is told from his earliest years that opportunities are abundant; that he's got just as good stuff in him as his dad has; that he's

living in even a better period of the world's history than his father started in; that both dad and mother are looking to him to show the metal he's made of—say—throw out a challenge like that to a boy or girl, then follow thru in your own life, hold on to them when they really need help, see them thru the tight places—and I'll put my wager on the children every time.

The best heritage we parents may leave our children—the kind that no one can take away from them, is the certain knowledge presented by *example* and *precept*, that there is no substitute for WORK. And the best time to start teaching this extremely important lesson is while the youngsters are still in colt-harness.

The High Use of Memory

(Continued from page 13)

for we all must have discovered long before this that there are some things that will not stand remembering.

I think Judas Iscariot killed himself for that. He had done what he planned. He had in his hands the thirty pieces of silver which he wanted, but when his betrayal was finished, when it had passed from expectation thru performance into memory and he settled down to live with it, it would not stand remembering.

Every person who reads this, in some degree, has discovered this terrific test to which memory subjects our deeds, so that in a time when we all find it difficult to make moral decisions, when we need whatever ethical guidance we can achieve, it is worth our while to face the fact that some things will not stand remembering.

Here is a deed, for example, for which passion pleads—passionate cupidity, passionate vindictiveness, or passionate lust—and when passion in any form wants anything in what alluring colors the anticipated deed is dressed!

So we do it, plunge headlong into it, throw the reins far over the neck of our fiery steed and let him have his way, and lo! with an inevitableness all the more impressive because the process is so measured in its pace, that deed passes from expectation, thru committal, into memory. There it remains and we have to do something with it.

We may dress it in excuses, evade facing it thru defense-mechanisms, only to discover that such flights from reality have their psychological revenge.

We may suppress it into the subconscious, yet as our psychiatry now tells us it still remains gnawing at the

vitals of the soul. If, however, we are too honest to do the first and too healthy to do the second, we have to sit down at last with that deed and recognize that however much we wanted it in the first place, it will not stand remembering.

Or here, on the other side, is a deed of honor, which promises to cost us dear, from which we shrink. It is not dressed in the gay colors of desire; it is stark naked duty. Self-interest pleads against it and all the little considerations of worldly prudence urge their timidities and cautions; yet for all that, there it stands, the downright, honest thing for us to do or say.

So at last, dreading it, we doggedly do it and, lo! Once more the deed passes from anticipation, thru performance, into memory and becomes one of the choicest elements in our experience. It stands remembering.

My friends, there is a moral test in memory. There is a word behind us saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it."

For one thing, let us apply our truth to our religious attitudes. The more I know about theological controversy the less respect I have for it.

This does not mean that religious ideas are unimportant; they are tremendously important; but when theological interest becomes controversial so that I, seized with passionate proselytism, am determined to make you agree with me, or when you, laying lusty hands on your creed, smite me on the head with it, then theological interest, passing thru controversy, deteriorates into pugnacity and pride.

Working out our theological ideas has been for some of us one of the major tasks in our life. We have tried

to be honest and thoro about it and such ideas as we have we hold with conviction, but we know well, from watching the fate of theological opinions in the past, that they have to be held tentatively, as science holds its hypotheses, subject, like a railroad timetable, to change without notice. I am not sure that all my theological opinions will stand remembering.

I am sure, however, that charity and tolerance and magnanimity will. There are some things in Christianity that always stand remembering.

Yes, and there are some things in so-called Christianity that will not stand remembering. Go to Geneva, Switzerland, where John Calvin lived and did his work, and on the site where Servetus was burned at the stake for heresy with Calvin's collusion and support you will find an expiatory monument erected by Calvin's spiritual children.

They admire him, to be sure. He was a great, a tremendous character. But a deed of bigotry like burning Servetus will not stand remembering. No deeds of bigotry ever stand remembering. Defend them as we will, make such excuses as we can, say that they were contemporaneously necessary; yet when bitterness and intolerance, sectarian provincialism and dogmatism have passed into the recollection of the race, they will not stand the test of memory.

Alas! how many elements there are in our contemporary Christianity for which our children and our children's children will wish to erect expiatory monuments!

Upon the other side, a friend of mine has been seeking a consensus of opinion as to the four greatest Christians now living on earth. He has completed his list and here it is: Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador, Kagawa of Japan, Jane Addams of Chicago, Albert Schweitzer of Africa.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell has sacrificially shouldered the task of helping Labrador fishermen. Kagawa of Japan, has so incorporated his life into the life of the neediest of his land that Christianity there is symbolized in his amazing ministry. Jane Addams, whose theological opinions are, so far as I know, largely inarticulate, has counted her own life not dear unto herself in sharing the burdens of Chicago's slums. Albert Schweitzer, a musician and organist of distinction and repute, is a medical missionary in the heart of Africa, sharing with myriads of the under-privileged the best that is known in modern medicine.

Well, you might make up another list of the four greatest Christians on earth today but, mark it, my friends, it would be a list of the same sort. *That* kind of Christianity *stands* remembering. A thousand years from now, were those names known and

their biographies read, it still would stand remembering.

Again, let us apply our truth to our national attitude. This is not an encouraging time for the peacemakers.

I cannot see how any man who knows history can think of those weighty words of Justice Hughes as anything except good religion and good citizenship.

As it is now, if a woman seventy years old, let us say, one of the foremost intellectuals of the race, a great artist, a great scientist, or a great musician, should seek citizenship in this country, she could not be admitted unless she swore willingness physically to fight in the next war no matter what she thought of it morally.

And that from a nation which welcomes by thousands its "Legs" Diamonds and Al Capones! That from a nation which has renounced war as an instrument of national policy!

Sometimes I think the best argument against war is laughter. We say war is very terrible. It is, but mankind will not stop it because of that alone. We say that war is irreconcilably unchristian. I think it is, but mankind will not give it up because of that alone.

The adjective which condemns war is "silly." It is insanely silly. For centuries duelling was a serious enterprise of honorable men. It was terrible; it was unchristian; but it was finally disposed of for another reason. It was silly. What did it settle? For all its codes of honor, its rituals and rubrics, for all the loyalties that grew up around it and sanctified it, it always made a bad matter worse, it never settled anything on the merits of the case, and at last it was laughed out of court as too silly to survive.

As Clausewitz, one of the world's foremost authorities on military science, said, "War is nothing but a duel on an extensive scale."

One does not mean by this that nothing in war will stand remembering. Not that! Think of the capacities in human nature unselfishly to endure and sacrifice which war has revealed.

Compute if you can the nobility and devotion of spirit which there have risen to glorious heights and paid the last full measure of devotion. Much in war will stand remembering. What will *not* stand remembering in war is that society as now organized lays its hands on these magnificent and beautiful qualities of the human soul and uses them for slaughter and destruction.

All honor to the individuals who follow their consciences into battle and fall there! But all shame on the pagan nationalism of a world which has not better use for such qualities of per-



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sonality than to harness them to the murderous methods and insane futilities of war.

If, however, we could make the League of Nations and the World Court effective, if we could implement the Briand-Kellogg Peace Pact with some real disarmament, if we could establish international security on the basis of peace and not of war, *that* would stand remembering.

Memory is not within our conscious power. The more we try to forget anything the more inevitably we remember it. You recall the story of a quack who offered a cure for cancer if his instructions were followed and, who, having been paid in advance, gave his directions thus: "Sit quietly by yourself for fifteen minutes, being sure that the word hippopotamus does not occur to you." That is a safe offer; try it. The more resolutely we endeavor to keep something out of our memories the more inevitably it is already there.

As the years pass memory can be very beautiful—memory of one's youth, of one's marriage, of one's friends, of one's work, of one's play.

Year by year one can build a life all hung within with pictures, peopled with presences, lovely with companionships, which, memory once possessing, no outward adversity can ever take away.

That, too, is part of a man's spiritual treasure which moth and rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

Never in history were so many nations drilling so many men and spending so much money in preparation for the next war.

As an indication of the kind of attitude which still controls the world, consider the decision handed down recently by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Professor Macintosh of Yale, and Miss Bland, a nurse. Ordinarily the preacher would not suppose himself fitted or entitled to discuss a decision of the Supreme Court, but two reasons make it very

difficult for a Christian minister to keep silent in the face of this momentous opinion from the highest court in our land.

First, while five of the judges did say that Professor Macintosh and Miss Bland cannot become citizens of the republic unless they are prepared to swear their willingness to fight in any war our Government plunges into, no matter what they may think about its moral justification, note the four weighty names in the Court on the other side: Chief Justice Hughes, Justice Holmes, Justice Brandeis, Justice Stone.

No man who agrees with them, and is thankful for their weighty opinion in dissent from the majority, can possibly be accused either of disloyalty or illegality.

Since when has any government in Washington become God that it can conscript our consciences to do what we honestly think is wrong?

If some harebrained secretary of state should plunge us into an international conflict that seemed to us to violate all principles of decency and fair-dealing, can the Christian conscience be so feeble as abjectly to fall down before that decision, willing to die for it ourselves and to urge millions of our nation's youth to die for it?

Never! Our early Christian forebears who went to the torture rather than put Caesar in the place of God would cry out against it. Our early American forebears, who so feared such tyranny of government over conscience that they hesitated even to make a union of the colonies, would turn over in their graves in shame at a citizenship grown so craven.

Characters like Abraham Lincoln, who on the floor of Congress cried out against the Mexican War and in his debates with Douglass protested against the Supreme Court's decision in the Dred Scot case, would rise up against us were we so supine.

In this regard Chief Justice Hughes was our spokesman.

Successful Salesmanship

(Continued from page 24)

necessary effort, and that *it will work*.

When I state to those who are suffering from an inferiority complex that this condition is self-inflicted, they will probably be much surprised. Nevertheless it has been proven in many cases that this is true. It is simply a case of self-hypnotism brought about by self-suggestion.

In other words, the condition has been created by suggestions to them-

selves, and according to the law, the suggestions were acted upon and a condition created in accordance with the suggestion. Therefore, it stands to reason, that the only way to eradicate this condition is by the same method thru which it was brought into being, and that is, thru auto-suggestion, or self-suggestion (as it is commonly termed.)

If a person with the inferiority complex will begin *now* to rout this habit pattern of thought, the law of self-suggestion will serve him to that end. He will be astounded to see how quickly his consciousness will respond to the application of this law. He should suggest to himself continuously that he is no longer bound by anything that is *greater than his will to succeed*. He should constantly be on the alert and allow no negative thoughts to enter his mind. The best method is to *supplant* all negative thoughts with constructive thoughts of success and happiness. In a short time, he will have acquired the habit of thinking constructively and according to the principles with which we are dealing, this thought habit will materialize itself in his objective experience by producing self-confidence.

Besides self-confidence there are other well defined qualities that are necessary for an individual to possess in order to become successful, I shall try to outline just what those qualities are and how they may be acquired.

There is no such thing as a man being permanently successful as a salesman unless he is fundamentally honest. This is easy to understand when one realizes that the law is exact in its

operation. One cannot trick it into operating contrary to its inherent nature and the basic principle of business success is *honesty*.

One must be honest in one's dealings with his fellow men if he is to succeed. It is said that the world does not need brains and brilliancy half as much as it needs honesty and dependability. Therefore, it is necessary in order to achieve success, to establish oneself firmly upon a foundation of absolute honesty.

We observe also that really successful men are invariably truthful. They have found that truth is far more powerful than misrepresentation. They have also found that no one cares to deal with a person who has the reputation of being a liar. A man who resorts to misrepresentation in order to secure sales, spends a large portion of his time covering up his misrepresentation.

A man who *persists* in this practice will eventually find himself spun into his own web of lies from which he is unable to extricate himself. We find also that men who resort to misrepresentation in order to obtain sales, get but little happiness out of life for the simple reason that their anxiety over the possible discovery of such misrepresentation fills them with suppressed fear, and suppressed fear is one of the most destructive elements that can touch a man.

A man who misrepresents in order to make sales, necessarily is forced to utilize most of his faculties in order to escape entanglement in his own fabrications. He uses a great portion of his faculties, therefore, trying to guard against detection. Only a minor portion of his ability remains to be devoted to actual salesmanship. Remember the slogan: "Truth carries with it a conviction many times stronger than a lie." When a salesman speaks the truth, he can look his prospect squarely in the face, which in itself is a most convincing gesture.

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Another quality very necessary for a salesman to possess is that of dependability. No man can be a success unless he is dependable. He should never agree to do anything unless he intends to keep his word no matter how great the cost may be. Lack of dependability has been the cause of failure of thousands of salesmen. No one wishes to deal with an



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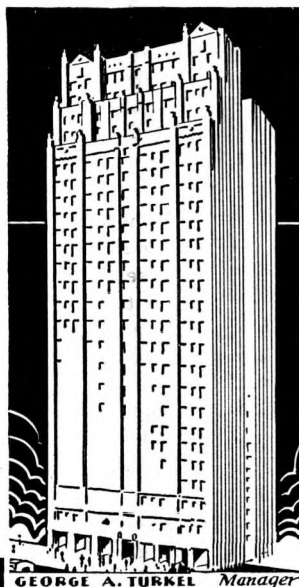
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individual upon whom he cannot depend. In other words, dependability promotes confidence, and without confidence, our commercial world could not function.

You positively must inspire confidence if you are to be successful. In order to inspire confidence, it is necessary that you have confidence in yourself, because no man is going to have confidence in you unless you first have established confidence in yourself. There is no greater compliment a customer can bestow upon you than to place his confidence in you. Guard this carefully, do not betray it. If you do, according to the principle with which we are dealing, your own wrong doing will turn and smite you. Value highly any confidence that is placed in you for it is one of the most worthy assets you can acquire.

Ambition is another quality a man must have in order to be fully successful. Ambition is the driving power of civilization, without which we would still be in the lowest stages of human experience. Ambition is not merely the desire to improve one's condition; it should be accompanied by a much greater desire to work and strive in order to bring about the accomplishment of those things we wish to have come into our lives.

Ambition has been the one element which has overcome the most stupendous obstacles in the way of man's desire to forge ahead. It is something the Infinite has placed within the inmost being of each and every individual and which constantly urges him to “carry on” even when seemingly there is nothing to hope for. It is that something in a man that encourages him to be up and doing when he feels inclined to be lazy. It is the divine spark in man that says: “You may be down but you're not out,” and which lifts him out of the worst conditions. It has been thru ambition that all great things have been accomplished, and it will depend upon your adherence to this sincere urge whether or not you will succeed.

Ambitious men are invariably industrious. An industrious salesman will call upon ten customers each day instead of five and you will find that he is constantly on the alert allowing no opportunity to escape. You will invariably find that this class of salesman also possess initiative. In other words, such a one is a blazer of trails, instead of a follower of the well beaten paths.

The most successful salesmen I know possess yet another quality that is most necessary in order to secure the greatest results, and that is patience. Many salesmen have failed simply because they were *over anxious*. You must realize that if it is right that

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the customer should purchase your goods, and if you feel sure he will be benefited by trading with you, it is well that you take your time and do not allow yourself to crowd your prospect. More sales have been lost because of crowding prospects than thru any other cause that has come to my knowledge.

You will find that really successful salesmen are always patient and in their efforts to sell are never over-persistent or over-bearing. Persistency carried too far becomes obnoxious to the customer and therefore means loss of sales. I have observed that good salesmen are always courteous and it is a well-known fact that courtesy plays a most important part in every line of our commercial endeavors today.

Without courtesy, this old business world would be dull and uninteresting. If space permitted, I could tell you of some very interesting examples of where courtesy played an important part in the consummation of sales, but suffice to say that a person never forgets a courtesy shown them, while on the other hand, neither do they forget a slight. Courtesy, cheerfully given, hits the mark, but if not given with an earnest desire to please, one is simply wasting time and effort. This is a psychological law.

Observe any successful salesman of your acquaintance and you will notice first of all that he is enthusiastic, but you will also observe that his enthusiasm is invariably coupled with earnestness, for enthusiasm without earnestness is shallow and does not ring true. You cannot succeed to any great extent in salesmanship without possessing enthusiasm, but let me urge you by all means to put sincerity into your enthusiasm.

"Third Degree" vs. Human Hearts— Justice

(Continued from page 21)

were the cases, to be sure, who admitted that they were guilty of the crimes charged. Even with habitual offenders who had photographs in the Rogue's Gallery and had served several prison terms the cry of innocence was usually and promptly heard. And some were innocent despite suspicious circumstantial evidence, while others again were guilty altho convincing evidence was lacking.

Accordingly I resolved to try a new scheme for the detection of guilt so as to make such investigations less fear-some to the subject and at the same time more accurate. And I wanted in



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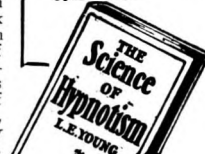
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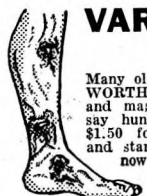
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Psychology Will Decide

(Continued from page 15)

acrat candidate. There is absolutely no telling how importantly that name enters into the stirring of the election pot. It's human nature to associate names and qualities and personalities.

That the Democratic nominee this year is of a different political faith from the dynamic T. R.; that his relationship is of a fifth cousin variety, a "maverick," according to Teddy Junior; that he doesn't show his teeth, or even seem to try to, only slightly affects what many think is of tremendous help to him psychologically—the bearing of that significant, virile, fraught-with-memories surname, Roosevelt. Especially at a time when unemployed were crying "Oh, if we only had Roosevelt as president again!"

Even those of opposing parties admired many of the qualities that went into the personality we call Theodore Roosevelt. Only unusual effort on his part will keep the man of the street, the average newspaper-reading citizen from letting some of his belief in Theodore Roosevelt's decisiveness, strength of character, integrity, intermingle with the name of Roosevelt. The warrior—in this case, Franklin Roosevelt, has, many believe, a tremendous advantage in bearing it. The psychological effect, they say, will carry much weight.

A factor to be reckoned with, is the desire that the average human being has for change—especially when things do not go well. Many people who don't know, or care particularly, what the political issues of this campaign may be, are ready to risk their votes on what may represent change. The ballot box will carry the sentiment of many such.

There are those who seem to be holding to this sentiment of an old ditty, popular in school-reader days:

"For want of a nail, a shoe was lost—
For want of a shoe, a horse was lost—"

The jingle continues until the grand finale, where a whole kingdom, following the loss of the rider, went into sad and hasty oblivion.

The last line naively concludes:

"And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail," plainly throwing the blame for the whole business on the one who failed to secure the matter in hand in the early days of the trouble.

There are those who place the blame for much of our present troubles squarely on the shoulders of the present administration, claiming that the strong, intelligent plying of securing measures before, and immediately after, the fall of 1929 would have averted much of the troubles and their effects, with which we now grapple.

But Mr. Hoover himself, as indicated in his acceptance speech, regards the accumulation of disorders and disasters as inevitable and the natural result of a modern country's connection with the rest of the world, which, always in quick communication, has itself been torn with strife and dissension.

He said: "We are part of a world, the disturbance of whose remotest population affects our financial system, our employments, our markets, and prices of products—a world-wide storm, grown to hurricane force . . . the greatest economic emergency in all history . . . unexpected . . . unforeseen."

He used the past tense, and almost immediately said:

"Our interest is now in the future. As a nation, we are undefeated and unafraid. Government by the people has not been defiled."

He summarized in twenty paragraphs what he cited as "National policies wider than the emergency, wider than the economic horizon . . . they are set forth in the Republican platform."

Mr. Hoover has gone farther on the agitating question of prohibition and the contemplated repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, than did his party in their platform. He was not as blunt as the Democrats when in their platform they said:

"We advocate the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment," but he did make a recommendation in Constitution Hall, at Washington, D. C., in August.

He said, "It is my conviction that each state shall be given the right to deal with the problem as it may determine"

In this statement, Mr. Hoover made no mean effort to reach into the highways and byways of public opinion with what he undoubtedly considers a necessary concession.

But, as with many things, he has waited too long. It is too late—anything he does now will come, we believe, too late. For—no matter what the degree of blame that rightly or unrightly belongs to him, the depression has pinned upon his administration the hateful word, "Failure."

"Failure" constitutes the thing above all others, that our people—the American people—will not embrace, condone, accept or excuse.

Whatever—justly or unjustly—becomes associated with it, is doomed.

This is an inevitable psychological effect that means, we firmly believe, and venture to predict, that the next occupant of the White House will not be the one of our present administration. . . . As we go to press, this appears to be the state of the public mind.

addition to eliminate if possible this frightful "third degree" business of which the police authorities are so often suspected.

The machine which we finally set up was a modification of an ordinary but highly-sensitive electric galvanometer, only that instead of batteries or a motor the two ends of the galvanometer were attached to two copper plates upon which the subject placed his hands. It was found that when questioned about the usual daily occurrences there was no movement of the galvanometer needle because no emotional reaction was set up inside the body of the subject himself. When, however, the prisoner was questioned about such emotional values as mother, child, wife, God, etc., a prompt emotional response, which could be measured, was recorded by the instrument.

Those guilty of the crimes charged showed similar positive galvanometer reactions. Those innocent of the crimes charged showed for the most part negative reactions; that is, one might say, they remained "cold" and indifferent to the charges of their accusers.

Except—and this is highly important—when a prisoner was innocent but was acquainted with the facts of the crime with which he was charged he had like and similar emotional reactions to a guilty state. In other words, he responded just as he would have, had he actually been guilty!

I recall particularly the case of a man who had been accused of stealing two spare automobile tires. He had been told where the car stood, the make of it, the time of day the theft occurred, etc.—all before he was brought to the laboratory for examination. And the galvanometer proved him guilty altho later in the day another prisoner was brought to headquarters who confessed to the theft himself, the tires being found in his hall bedroom, thus clinching his statement, so to speak, and proving him an innocent man.

Another case was that of a girl of twenty who had been arrested for shoplifting. She too knew what she was charged with, namely, the stealing of a pair of black silk hose from the counter of a department store.

Now it happened that the house detective apprehended this girl. She was standing, he stated, at the hose counter where a sale was going on. In her handbag were a pair of stockings of the same make as those on sale—and unwrapped.

The girl, however, stoutly maintained her innocence. But the "emotion galvanometer," as our machine came to be called—a sort of "lie detector," to be sure—this machine made the young lady out a liar.

Nevertheless, subsequent investigation corroborated her story—that she had bought the stockings in another shop about an hour before her arrest.

So we see how a human being will react even if he is innocent. For, since our primitive selves lie so near the surface, we may either believe after a while that we have committed a misdeed simply because we actually are capable of it, or we may become intensely emotional, as in the galvanometer cases, because our honor, integrity and general cultural standards have been attacked.

Another factor that should likewise be considered in a study of why we may confess to something that isn't so is the very natural desire to get rid of any torture that may be associated with the questioning. That such things happen when prisoners are subjected to continuous and cruel "third degree" methods there can be no doubt. After a while sensitivity becomes dulled and thinking blurred. The individual who is being grilled can think of little else besides wanting to end it all and thereby gaining relief from the inquisition.

When we accuse children who are innocent it may readily occur that they finally admit guilt because of their susceptibility to suggestion. Keep on telling a child that he is lying and after a while the child doesn't know whether he is or not.

And the same really is true of mature minds. For it is extremely difficult to resist the effects of suggestion.

Try this experiment some time. While sitting in a trolley or subway—any place, in fact, where a number of persons happen to be near and you in full view—in such a place, deliberately consult your watch and then count how many others follow your example. That's suggestion!

If, despite the best of health, you should be told by several persons that you look sick, you will sooner or later actually *feel* sick—at least, you'll begin to think you are not as well as you had thought you were.

Advertisers know this and make good use of the principle of suggestion in advertising their wares. Of course, we all know the lure of mining and oil stocks when these promise huge and quick dividends with so little expenditure of money!

For we all tend to do what we want to do even if this be unconscious. When we are led thro suggestion to make a purchase we may be acting consciously or unconsciously. And when we confess to something that isn't so it may be because the primitive inside of us, the unconscious, says to us "yes" altho the consciousness says "no"—another variant, nevertheless, of doing what deep down we really would like to do.

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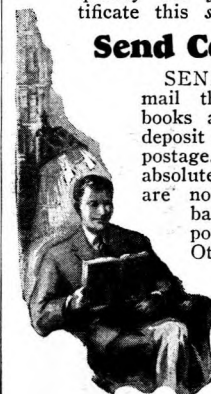
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Bearing these psychological principles in mind, it would be well for all parents never to *insist* upon the guilt of their children unless they know absolutely that such be the case. For this undermines the self-confidence of a child.

We never must halt the development of a child's ego. That he will need sorely in his later battle with reality, with life. We don't want an over-developed ego, to be sure, but we do want a strong, virile character that is not afraid to defend itself and even to fight for its rights.

There are also cases where people have felt guilty without so much as having been accused of anything. In them the *guilt sense*, as psychologists call it, is rather over-developed. This usually goes back to childhood for children are forever committing petty infractions of this or that rule of behavior which they realize and for which they feel guilty. Not being able to outgrow such feelings of guilt means, in effect, the presence of a neurotic state.

Strange as it may seem, a subject like mathematics, especially such subdivisions as algebra and geometry, will do more to sharpen the wits and strengthen the logical faculty than all the determination to resist false accusations that a person can possibly muster. For unless you reason correctly in mathematics, step by step in logical sequence, you come out in the end all wrong. And so, besides the actual intellectual exercise involved, the would-be mathematician learns to hold the decisions of his reasoning in high esteem. Then, when his own conscience is clear, he isn't upset no mat-

ter what anybody else says or does.

We should continually practice control of the emotions with clear, reasoned, intellectual thinking. For it is emotional states that often overwhelm us and lead us into faulty conclusions.

In conclusion, if ever you catch yourself either confessing or wanting to confess to something that actually isn't so, be sure to fight that tendency to a standstill. For a tendency can soon become a habit. And a habit of being intimidated by outside influences should find no place in an upstanding and dynamic personality!

What must go, of course, is that barbarously mediaeval custom, the "third degree," which undoubtedly exists and which, aside from its downright cruelty, merely attests to the fact that crime detection is not as astute as it ought to be. And what is worse still and what psychology can prove—hence this article—is that it is a relatively easy matter to make an individual confess to a crime of which he is absolutely innocent.

Rather than send an *innocent* victim to the gallows or prison or to "burn" in the electric chair, better let a dozen culprits escape! For, in the last analysis, it is but just and proper that we should be considered *innocent* until we are proved guilty rather than *guilty* until we are proved innocent!

Police authorities have a lot to learn yet about the workings of the human mind and particularly about the subtleties of human emotions. When that day arrives when trained psychologists and other attested scientists will conduct our criminal investigations, the "third degree" will automatically cease to exist.

Blowing Up Big Business

(Continued from page 19)

the kicking power of a thousand mules. A man named Henderson in Louisiana, with a radio station, has been the iron heel of this kick, and with a tremendous audience listening in, he assailed the chain stores unmercifully.

As a result laws to tax chain stores are arising. His action would have been quite unimportant if it had not been for a great rising tide of local revolt against the local chain-store automatons. These cogs in a machine were not broad-gauge, responsible citizens carrying out their part humanly as merchants in a community, with a community sense of responsibility for its complete welfare. They were as impersonal as steel gears. They were more and more violently resented as they captured a greater

and greater share of local business.

It was a very human protest, of men against robots, and the only real answer, apparently, is the one announced by the Kroger Stores, one of the very largest grocery chains in the country—that it will now decentralize its organization, under district managers, with a much greater local degree of authority and responsibility. Several other great chain systems are now also decentralized. The local managers will take a greater part in local civic affairs, and be more comparable to other local merchants. He will be much less of an unimportant automaton.

Other large corporations in other fields are also decentralizing. The public utilities, thru large centralized holding companies, had also suffered

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Something More

By MAURICE C. WAUGH

THERE is something more to this passing life
Than the food we eat, and a place to sleep;
More than gold amassed, or a huge estate
For intriguing heirs, when the mourners weep.

Every day is filled with the per-
fumed dew
Of a rose in bloom, or a blush-
ing cheek;
From morning crimson to sunset
glow,
What a feast for those who de-
sire to seek!

Friendly night then folds what the
day has wrought
In a mantle blazoned with twin-
kling lights,
While in blissful beauty we take
our rest
With that conscious peace which
no fear affrights.

local criticism for robot-like, indif-
ferent managers. Now the large com-
panies are reversing this policy and
decentralizing. The huge Stone and
Webster utility interests announced
such a new policy only recently. The
moving picture companies have also
suffered local criticisms for their some-
what arrogant centralization. The
Fox film interests have recently an-
nounced a reversal of this policy.
Large-scale enterprise is now almost
universally displacing local robots with
more all-around human beings.

All this has meant a flow of "big-
ness" from central headquarters to the
periphery of business. The cen-
trifugal forces which have been grow-
ing greater in business for nearly half
a century, are now shifting and are
becoming more and more peripheral.
It is a great and significant shift of
emphasis, and it means much to Amer-
ican economic health and individual
happiness. The young men who took
up their careers have been deeply
puzzled whether or not they should
plan to "become cogs in our great
business machines" or strike out for
themselves. In an era of economic
giants it seems a dangerous procedure
to be a tiny dwarf; it smacks of a
Jack-in-the-Bean-stalk existence; a
Gulliverian economics; and there was
danger of throttling down the verve
and capacity of American people thru
oppressive, emasculating centraliza-
tion.

It was, after all, a rather naive
view, both on the part of the minds
which conceived it and on the part of
the public which visualized it—that
"big business" could go right on in-
flating its skin to gargantuan size, like

a frog; that we could develop a small
group of supermen capable of sitting
at giant central levers and directing
in detail the operation of a vast na-
tion-wide series of organizations of
order-takers and automatons.

It was even more naive to believe
that one could enslave men and de-
limit them in this way, without incit-
ing revolt. The conception of big
business as such a giant of unlimited
and ever-growing stature operated as
a unit from a central brain, was surely
a "demon of the absolute" as Paul
Elmer More would say. It is the prod-
uct of a purely mathematical, not a
humanistic mind.

Some time ago an engineer of some
reputation speculated as to the future
of big business and put forth a vision
of America with "one great corpora-
tion" representing each branch of in-
dustry (in place of many competitors
in that industry). Nor did he stop
there. After dallying with the last
lap of his imaginative sprint, he grave-
ly decided against the still more Brob-
dingnagian idea of One Great Corpora-
tion for *all* business! Of course, the
Marxists continue today to dally with
this idea, and only recently expressed
gratification at the increasing size of
our business organizations, which will,
in their notion, as Marx predicted,
make it so convenient to "take over"
all business on the mythical day of
"revolution."

Big business has discovered that hu-
man nature carries within itself the
seeds of disintegration of Brobding-
nagian dreams of incredible bigness
and centralization; and big business
executives are today very different
from the intransigent executives of
business in the old days. They have
more sensitive "feelers" for change
and are more quick to make it—be-
cause they are better business men.

The decentralization tendency is
fully in line with the discovery that
extreme specialization is not a sound
thing. This is why at the Massachu-
setts Institute of Technology, at the
Amos Tuck School of Finance and
Business, and elsewhere, the educa-
tional idea is not to make an out-and-
out specialist, deaf, dumb and blind to
everything but his specialty. Rounded
personality, rounded training, is the
ideal. Henry Ford has acclaimed the
workman who has a moderate knowl-
edge of half a dozen functions, and
says the old jibe at the "jack-of-all-
trades" is out of date.

Human happiness, humanistic com-
munity life and business effectiveness
are tied together. There is no purely
slide-rule or bank-book standard of
judgment even in business. Human be-
ings and the conditions of human life
enter the equation. Under decentral-
ization, the old fears and limitations



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Judge Cures

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judge stating that he had been able by Magnetic
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Another of gall stones where no hope was given
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tism and all suffering was entirely removed.

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plete relief and there has not been a single symptom
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ing boils."

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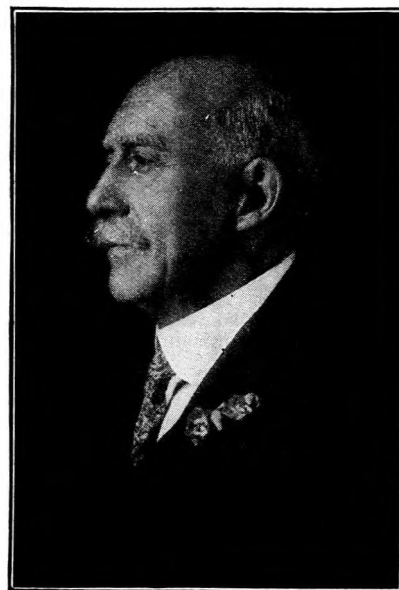
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tend to disappear. It does not now mean that if you work for a large-scale enterprise your individuality, independence and initiative will be sunk, chained, limited and repressed; in fact these qualities are now given a premium. Nor will reward be confined to salary, for under the new plan profit-sharing is very carefully used as an incentive. True, only a limited number of corporations are governed by these new principles and outlooks, but the depression has forced much broadening of outlook and shaken many old stick-in-the-mud managers from their seats of power. The "Swope Plan" is a compromise of decentralization of industrial control, in contrast with the "national planning boards" so frequently being advocated.

Decentralization in wealth ownership has been proceeding for a dozen or more years, and despite the seeming discouragement of the depression, the cause of wealth-diffusion has actually been greatly advanced. As the wealth of the nation (about 400 billions) has almost been cut in half by the depression, it seems pretty clear that the rich have paid far more heavily than have the poor; and this has the effect definitely of a diffusion of wealth. It is too bad that it has been a leveling down rather than a leveling up; but such it is.

Many other decentralizations are at work in American life. The most notable one is a new tendency toward decentralization of population. Only a third as many people were in the large cities in 1890 as there are now, but the peak of the movement seems to have arrived.

Electricity now being available anywhere, industry is free to locate, not where coal or water power lies, but where, humanly and technically speaking, the industry and its workers are better off. This is demonstrated not to be in the large cities any longer. A new era of decentralized industry looms ahead of us.

Even for living, the centralizing tendency of the city is giving way to decentralization. The automobile, good roads and desire for better housing and out-doors are powerfully at work drawing people out of the cities. The depression has added impetus to this tendency, for many industrial workers have discovered that they are better off, on the whole, in small towns and farms. Even the radio and modernized household equipment have done their bit toward decentralizing the city. They have made the complete home include less drudgery and more comfort.

More subtle decentralizations are also taking place. Authority, morals, religion and philosophy are decentralizing. Old "absolutes," rigidities and compulsions are cracking apart. Black and white are no longer the fixed alternates; we recognize gray zones and intermediate shades and differences. We are preparing even to classify the criminals and decentralize our jails. Likewise our schools and colleges and most other institutions and activities. It would seem that in the effort to make more enduring and creative relationships and progress, civilization itself is decentralizing from top to bottom.

I Lost and Found a Job

(Continued from page 17)

And now, having eaten, I'll drop in this hotel and sit around.

I have begun to believe that the hotel lobby is one of America's greatest institutions.

I'm tired of sitting here. I think I'll ride the street car to the end of the line and walk out in the country. I hope I haven't lost my appreciation of nature. . .

Morning. I'll make a list of the people I want to see while I'm eating breakfast here. Where, oh, where can I get a job?

Crane & Company
General Motors
Western Mill & Elevator Co
First National Bank
Sunshine Oil Company
Barton-Simpsons
City Hardware

. . . Another morning gone. Well, I've seen them.

And I'm hungry. A malted milk is about the best and cheapest lunch I can have. Here's a drug store. . .

I guess that clerk thinks I'm taking a long time to drink this malt, but what do I care? I'm learning to be a drug store cowboy.

Now what? Well, I'll go over to the employment bureau and see if Mr. Barnes has anything for me.

The people around an employment bureau make a sight worth seeing. There's a boy whose clothes are worn and patched and he looks hungry. And there's a woman in a fur coat, wanting a job. Hah! what a strange world. There's a man with a brisk, efficient air; I wonder what kind of work he does.

Now is my time. "Good morning, Mr. Barnes. Have you a job for me?"

"Why, I called the place where you room and they said you weren't in.

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The Truth about BIRTH CONTROL



"SO MANY CHILDREN—WHAT SHALL I DO?"

The greatest question that faces Humanity today is that of Birth Control. It means either haphazard overbreeding, with all its consequences, or a happy family kept within reasonable limits of income and ability to care for the number.

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I had a temporary job for you this morning, but they wanted a man by one o'clock and I've already sent a fellow."

And by my watch it is exactly 1:17. What luck! . . .

Morning. What would I do if I had a wife and children to support? I think I'm having a hard time, but if I were a married man out of a job, I'd have real troubles. . . .

It's too hot to run around. I'll sit down here and try to rest.

I'll drop in at the employment bureau.

"Hello, Mr. Barnes."

"Say, I wish I could find you something to do," says Barnes, laughing. "I'm tired of seeing you come up here every day."

Wednesday.

Thursday.

Friday.

Barnes of the employment bureau called me early this morning and gave me an assignment to a loan office where I have four days of temporary work. It isn't difficult. I'm beginning to catch on to the routine already.

I'm learning a few things in this office.

Everybody seems to have troubles these days. The man who is happiest is the man who can take his misfortunes the least seriously. . . .

My temporary job is finished. I earned twenty dollars and paid the employment bureau's fee out of it. I think it will pay me to stand in well with them. Then I had to have a hair cut and my shoes half-sole, so the twenty bucks is melting.

I wonder how many quarters I've given men who stop me on the street. Poor devils! They need it worse than I.

Days drag by.

My twenty dollars is about gone. To be exact, I have forty-two cents. I've pawned my watch long ago. My underwear, those fancy rayon ones I bought, is in shreds, my shirts are frayed and faded, my trousers are slick on the seat.

I suppose many a hobo would say I am well off. It all depends on what you are accustomed to.

Here I sit in my room, afraid. Afraid of life and its responsibilities, afraid even to seek a job— But it is always darkest just before the dawn. I will not give up hope!

I'm going to run an ad in the paper in the "Situations Wanted" column. A boy at the employment agency said today the newspaper would not charge you for running an ad for a job.

How shall I word it? It must be brief, and definite, and it must tell my strong points.

"Bookkeeper—thoroly experienced and reliable. Four years in depart-

ment store, two years with major oil company—"

Where shall I look for a job this morning? People are rushing about, as usual, going to their work. Which way shall I go?

Well, I think I'll go over to the library and read the newspapers. Ah! that man has finished with today's paper. I'll get it before someone else does. The usual thing. Politics, a fresh murder, a burglary, prominent doctor divorced. Editorials. Letters to the editor. What's this?

YOUR SPARE TIME

To the Editor:

If I were unemployed I would not while away hour after hour each day. Certainly every one can find duties to perform; after these duties were done I would spend most of the remaining hours in study.

If a stenographer I would practice my shorthand and typing and study spelling. If I were a mechanic or oil worker I would gather together and study all material available along that line. If I had been employed by a tire and rubber company and hoped to be so employed again I would make a detailed study of the tire and rubber industry.

Whatever my line, I would work and study at it each day so that when an opportunity presented itself for me to return to work I would not be less but more efficient than when I became unemployed.

A READER.

Here I sit, and on every side of me are tall shelves of books. Look! Books on every subject under the sun, neatly stacked on the shelves waiting for someone to use them. Over here in the corner is a whole section on Agriculture. Here's Architecture. Accounting. Astronomy. Athletics. Biology. Chemistry. Clothing. Education. Engineering. History. Music. Manufacturing. Physics. Religion. Why, I was thinking the other day that it took money to study for a career in architecture or teaching. How wrong I was! I could acquire a good basic knowledge of *any* subject here, without cost.

But let me get back to that shelf of accounting books. Here's a brand new handbook on accounting methods. . . . And over here, under Management, is a whole shelf on retail merchandising, department store merchandising. That's my line.

I'll sit down and study here awhile. Think of it! Here is a library of thousands and thousands of volumes. Here is information on every subject known to man. Here, somewhere on these shelves, are books from which every man in the world could learn something, whether he be a laborer or a college-bred professional man. This

wealth of material is free, and only a handful of people is using it.

Those men who were loafing in the park, why don't they come here and study? Instead of whiling away the time, why don't they come here and read something to improve their minds, to better fit themselves for the time when they may have an opportunity to go back to work?

This is a day of keen competition in every field. Some business houses prosper, others go bankrupt. Some department stores prosper, others do not. Some bakers succeed, other fail. Some restaurants do a flourishing business, others serve bad food and lose trade. It isn't necessarily the business with the most costly equipment or the finest location that makes the most money. Good common sense has a lot to do with business success, and treating customers squarely and courteously is vastly important.

Individuals are like business houses. Some men have jobs. Others do not. The men who are wide awake and on their toes, who know what's going on in their offices, are the ones who are valuable to the firm. They're the ones who are retained, while laggards and slipshod workers are let out.

And yet, thousands of good men are without jobs. Why? Is it their own fault? It has been said that at some time in life a majority of men record a failure. Because a man is jobless he need not always be so. He has as much chance in the competition as other men. What are all these men doing to prepare themselves for a job when one comes along? What am I doing?

Here I sit thinking all these thoughts and I should be studying. Over there is a cool, quiet corner, a comfortable chair. Now to dig in. . . .

Night. The moonlight is glorious. It brings strength and courage. I feel just at this moment that I could do anything I set out to do. I can, and I will! What bewitching light the moon sheds! It turns my thoughts to love. All this dazzling moonlight is going to waste. Rot! What right have I to think of love! No, I am wrong. Why shouldn't I think of love? Because of one adversity I forget all the goodness of life. Want of money has spoiled my appreciation of life's beauty. That's the trouble with us Americans. We think money is everything. We have made it mean so much that we cannot live without it. It's like a drug. . . .

Everybody has a job but me. I am as smart as they. I will get a job, too. I must be patient. . . .

Morning. One place I never have applied for a job is in this railroad office. I've put it off for a long time for no good reason. They occupy two

floors of this building. I'll bust in. I wonder who I should interview. The names are all on the doors. Mr. Raines. Mr. Myers. Mr. Dickinson. There's a girl coming out of that office.

"Do you wish to see someone?"

"Yes. I want to put in an application for a position."

"Come with me," she says cheerfully. "and I'll take you into Mr. Rayburn's office."

Mr. Rayburn looks pleasant, but seems in a hurry to get rid of me—says he'll take my application.

Four o'clock. I'll take two or three books from the public library and read in my room. . . .

Another day has come and gone, and here I am, back at my room. I am tired, but I suppose I should write a note to my mother. Where's some paper? Here's one of the first lists I made when I started out to find a job. What's this I've written?

"Mr. Grimm says come back September 1." Oh, yes, that's Mr. Grimm at Raleigh's department store. I'd forgotten all about him. I applied at Raleigh's and gave it up as hopeless. I'll go in the morning.

I am as well groomed as I can make myself look, under the circumstances. Mr. Grimm is out, so I'll wait. Here he is:

"Good morning, Mr. Grimm. I called on you in the summer about a position and you suggested I come back around September 1."

"Oh, yes, come in."

He seems impressed at what I tell him. I'll elaborate on my experience. He seems to be thinking over my record with Halliburton's.

He's hiring me, giving me a job as credit manager!

A permanent job! . . .

I clamped my hat on my head and rushed out grinning. Here I am about to bust the elevator button in my excitement. A job!

I shall never forget this moment. It's a new sensation entirely. A delightful sensation!

Gee! I'm glad I've been studying and making the most of the material at the public library, instead of loafing. The data I've dug out of those books will certainly be useful at Raleigh's.

And I make one solemn resolve. I will put aside a small part of my earnings regularly, and I will never again be caught without something to fall back on.

I've heard thrift preached all my life but it took a rainy day to make me see the value of it.

But there'll be no more rainy days in my life if I can help it. I'm going to continue to study with a grim determination to make myself so valuable that the firm can never do without me.



S-O-S

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291 Geary Street, San Francisco, California

I Have Discovered a Secret That Startles Me

But It Has Proved to Be an Aladdin's Lamp.
It Gives Me Anything I Want.

YOU must have had that strange feeling (almost everyone does) that you have done the thing you are doing at the moment, before. Suddenly, you say to yourself, "Why! I have lived here before, in some previous life. I walked on this beach a million years ago. This pretty house that I have just moved into . . . I am *moving back* into this house—this is where I used to live, ages ago!"

It comes to everyone, this peculiar impression of having been through exactly the same experiences before. With some it comes often, and is very distinct, the actual words that others and yourself are speaking being clearly remembered; or the exact appearance of a room, its dimensions, decorations, furniture, coloring, odor being precisely as it seemed to you on a previous occasion. With others, the experience is more vague and less frequent. Yet it happens to everyone, the mysterious thing about it being that you know, as an actual physical fact, that you never really did, in the flesh of your present incarnation, actually have that experience before.

The Key to Happiness

I am not a psychologist, amateur or professional. I am an average American business worker, with an average education as a background, and have given no more thought to metaphysics, mental sciences and religions than one runs across in the ordinary course of casual reading and human experience. Yet this strange phenomenon of "having been there before" has occurred to me so frequently of late that I set about solving it, with the determination with which one would attack a knotty business problem.

"Perhaps," said I to a friend who is a practitioner of a well-known mental science, "I have stumbled across a new idea in metaphysics."

My friend smiled. Said he, "You have revealed to yourself the last, ultimate



secret of every religion, every system of metaphysics and mental science on the face of the earth. You have the secret, the KEY to happiness, health, wealth and the things you desire. If everybody knew what you know, there would be no need for religions, or systems, or codes—no need for books, or lectures, or courses. All new thought sciences are based on a central idea so simple that it can be expressed in one sentence. The difficulty that confronts teachers is in making their religion, or system, or science difficult!

"Experience proves that there must be a lot of preliminary talk, or study, or reading. If this is not given, the student would feel he had not gotten his money's worth . . . or, having come upon your secret so easily, would have too little respect for it."

Nothing You Desire That You Cannot Have

This startled me, you may be sure. I spent some time wording my precious secret into plain language, and went to some trouble to look up leaders of a dozen other metaphysical systems and religions. Each one, in turn, on reading my paper, reacted in much the same manner—"Certainly," each said, in effect, "that is the secret of happiness on earth. Put that to work in your daily life (and it is easy and there is nothing on this earth that you desire that you cannot have!"

Well, this amazing secret has done wonders for me—and all the friends I have told about it. It is actually like an Aladdin's lamp! I merely have to desire a new car, or a trip to Europe, or relief from pain, or a solution of business, domestic or household problems—and behold, I have it! My secret is not a new religion, a new system of mental science—it is the spark, the enlivening spirit of every religion. Every follower of every system of thought will immediately realize the full benefit, the complete promise of his religion, if he uses this secret, amazing revelation that I discovered

quite by accident. My secret clarifies, beautifies, strengthens and endears the chosen religion or science to the student.

Worth \$1,000 in a Year's Time

I have no desire to make money out of my discovery—I don't need money. My secret gives me all I can use. I have no more right to make a profit on revealing my discovery to others than the Mayor has to charge for a city's air. Yet it does cost something to tell my story to the readers of PSYCHOLOGY MAGAZINE—and something more to have the secret printed and mailed to those who would like to examine it.

It is worth *everything* to you, as it has been to me and my friends. In actual money, it could be worth at least a thousand dollars to you, in a year's time or less. Yet, as I say, it is yours as much as the air is yours. But, distribution costs require me to ask a dollar for my newly discovered secret, which ought to just about pay for these costs. I call it the "Realization Secret." The secret is in the first sentence—then I use about 3,500 words to make it entirely clear to you, with many practical examples of the secret's application.

Five Days' Trial

I want you to send for the "Realization Secret" and read it through (it will take 10 minutes each time) every day for 5 days. If you don't think the "Realization Secret" is going to do for you what it did for me—just return it and I will return the dollar. Fill in the blanks below and send this coupon with remittance to my publishers **today!**

—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.

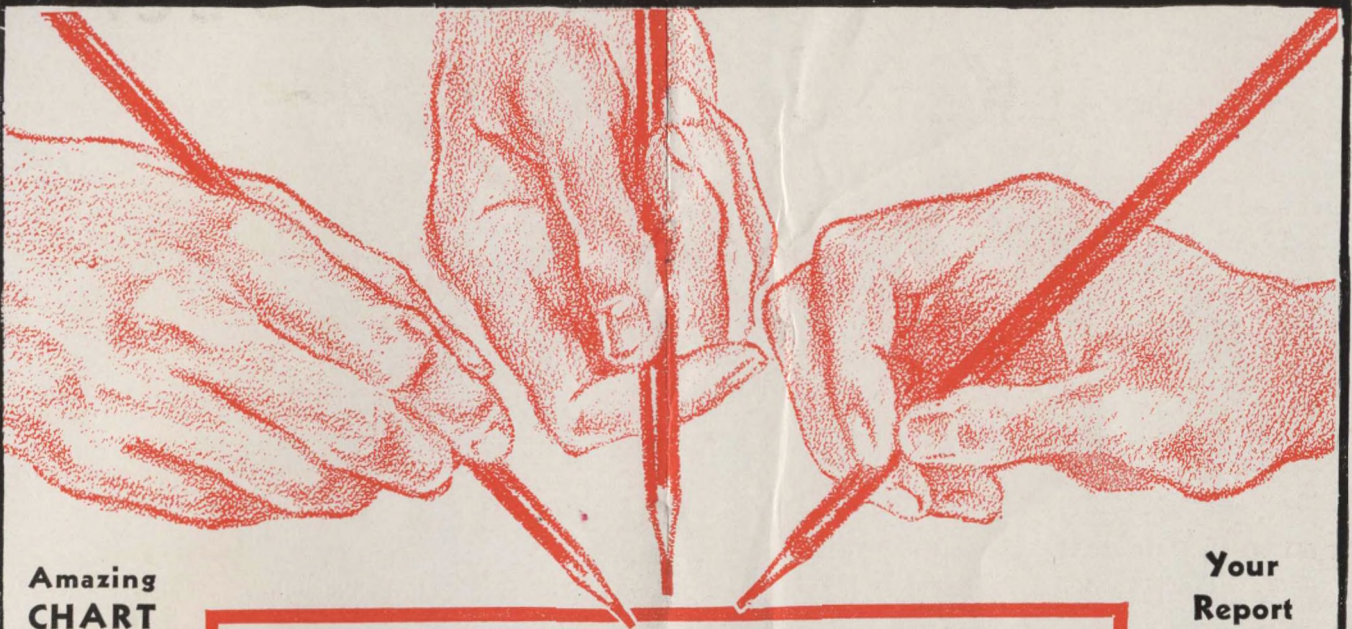
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say does not count. THE MOST INTERESTING HANDWRITING WINS. Write with a pencil, a pen, or a goose quill—it makes no difference. Just a few lines of handwriting is all that's necessary for someone to receive this prize of \$250.00 Cash. Now that you know how simple and easy it is, write those few words and mail them today.

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Just as soon as I get your letter I shall submit it to the American Institute of Grapho-Analysis (directed by Dr. M. N. Bunker, D. C. S., Ph.D., N. D., for a brief report on what your handwriting says about you. This will surprise you—fairly amaze you—in the way it reveals traits of character which you have. This report is FREE to everyone, over 16, answering my advertisement.

Is this prize yours?

Just Writing These Few Words Qualifies You For Opportunity To

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Or a Studebaker 8 Sedan and \$2,000.00 Cash Besides

This huge prize is *extra and separate* from the Cash Prize offered for the most interesting specimen of handwriting. Picture for yourself—\$3,500.00 to use just as you like—for education, home, furniture, clothes, family, to pay your mortgage—you CAN use it. Rush your handwriting to me now. Yours may be the winner. All replies become the property of Richard Day, Manager.

Hundreds Have Won

During the past year we have given financial help to hundreds of people all over the United States—we have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars. Beemer won \$5,700.00—We paid Lutz \$3,000.00—Harriet Robertson won \$1,100.90 — Mary Hanaford, over \$900.00—and hundreds of others have been made happy with big prizes and cash awards. This is YOUR CHANCE. Perhaps you may be the happy winner this time. Write me today!

BE PROMPT! I WILL SEND YOU A \$100.00 Cash Cer- tificate AT ONCE!

To make it worth your while to be prompt in sending your handwriting analysis—if you will see that your letter is postmarked not more than three days after you read this offer, I will send you a Cash Promptness Certificate entitling you to an extra \$100.00 in Cash should yours be the most interesting specimen of writing submitted.

RICHARD DAY, Mgr.

909 Cheapside St. Dept. BW-80-R, Cincinnati, Ohio

Read the Simple Rules \$250.00 Cash will be paid for the most interesting specimen of handwriting. Send me a specimen of your handwriting today for a brief character analysis and, in addition, a FREE Character Analysis Chart. Style, neatness or legibility mean nothing, for the American Institute of Grapho-Analysis may find the poorest specimen to be the most interesting. All replies must bear a postmark not later than January 20, 1933. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

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Let Me Prove What YOUR Mind Can Demonstrate

Famous Rosicrucian Mystic Explains Secret Method Used by Many Thousands

ARE you weary of reading the books that tell you about the wonderful things accomplished by the master minds of the past? Are you tired of hearing what **can** be done with the mystic laws of mind and matter, without being told how **YOU** can do these things, easily and surely?

If you are like thousands upon thousands of others, you will want to be **MASTER** of your own life, your own career. You will cease believing the fantastic tales of the adepts of the Far East and the Mystics of the Orient, and will demand that you be shown **how to do these great demonstrations of occult power.**

For ages man has accepted the doctrines of church and school on faith. Today man demands the **knowledge** of the methods for self demonstration. His life and his fate are in his own making. He no longer believes that God has damned some to hell and some to Heaven before birth. **He wants to rise, master, succeed and create for himself.** He has discovered that it is his Divine Heritage. Telling him that it is possible for man's mind to accomplish miracles without explaining how and revealing the secret laws, has brought discouragement, sorrow, failure, and doubt into the hearts of millions.

But the great truth of the matter will never be found in books. This fact is not frankly told to the seeker, and he is led to buy books, and buy, and buy. Lecturers, teachers, writers and self-appointed guides continue to talk about what **CAN BE DONE**, and leave a host of hopeful but blind searchers for the knowledge they seek.

Certainly there must be some truth in the claims made and the stories told. For hundreds of years, in all countries, there have been noted men and women who demonstrated a rare and dependable system of **creative mind power**, and whose rise to success and attainment was miraculous. It is because we

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There is but one International Rosicrucian Brotherhood throughout the world perpetuating the ancient and genuine principles and ideals of Rosicrucian revelations. This organization is known as AMORC in every land. Thousands of successful, happy students of these helpful teachings live in every part of North America and in all the large cities of the world. Perhaps those nearest to you who are the most successful in life are ready to help you if you take the first step and show a sincere interest in wanting to have their help. Always remember the Mystic Key Word—AMORC.



H. SPENCER LEWIS, Ph.D., F. R. C.
Emperor of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood

contact today those who seem to possess some unusual knowledge and a secret key to nature's bounties, that thousands still have hope and believe in the pot at the end of the rainbow.

The real knowledge, however, is not publicly distributed to the worthy and unworthy alike; nor is it offered on a commercial basis like some earthly commodity of man's manufacture. The knowledge is from a sacred source; it is a priceless gift to the pure in heart and the deserving. Its value has been preserved by its careful protection from the sordid and completely selfish minds. This rare and secret wisdom of the higher laws of mind and nature have remained in the charge of one very ancient Brotherhood, the Rosicrucians, who proved years ago their great love for mankind, their broad tolerance and their willingness to help all to attainment and success if worthy.

Today the fraternity of Rosicrucians, existing in all lands and known as the AMORC, offers the real and true knowledge of man's potent powers over matter and mystery. Those who are ready to study, practice and master, step by step, may have the complete knowledge under a very liberal arrangement that is not inconsistent with the high ideals of the Great School of the Great White Brotherhood. It will mean the complete change of fortune for any man or woman who follows the instructions and lives the happy, creative life of a Rosicrucian. Thousands in all parts of the world today, in the highest positions of power and demonstrated success, are secret students of the Rosicrucian methods.

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