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▼ ▼ ▼

How many people think of *Imagination* as a possession that can be made *an asset of great value?* How many realize that *imagination* is, or can be made, one of the most *practical* of the mental faculties? How many—even if they believed this possible—could proceed to develop the kind of practical, constructive imagination that puts certain men and women way out ahead of their fellows? An astounding number of people think of imagination as belonging principally to poets and day-dreamers! And some of those same people wonder why they never get anywhere!

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PSYCHOLOGY

Health Happiness Success

VOL. XIX, No. 9 JUNE, 1933

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The desirability of having PSYCHOLOGY appear on the newsstands by the 15th of the month preceding date of issue compels us to advance the date of issue one month. This issue bearing June dating will automatically extend all subscriptions one month.

IN JULY

Mrs. Curtis B. Dall, daughter of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, in a vivid interview with Grace M. Keeffe, expresses many ideas on friendship and the interesting personalities she has met which will be of especial interest to Psychology readers.

George M. Cohan knows how to banish worry—off the stage, any way. In an interview with Ada Patteron he tells us how it is done.

The "In-Law" problem is a very present one in many homes. Practically everybody has an "In-Law" of some kind and will be interested in Helen Dougherty's (Miss Dougherty was the $2,500 prize winner in a recent fiction contest) clever, pungent, "In-Law" story, "Silver and Gold."

"Get Out and Get a Job!" contains some practical ideas on how to annex an employer.

A thoughtful article, "The Medicine of Life" by Joseph D. Amorose. More of our new vocational department, "Your Job and You"; another installment of the clever business survey, "I Feel This Way About It!" by A. Daniel Bell; more "Psychological Portraits" by Beth Walker and many other interesting and timely articles and stories.

I. W. Ullman, President; Frank Z. Temerson, Vice-President and Business Manager; Phil Painter, Vice President; Charles H. Desgrey, Advertising Manager; Irene Kenney, Circulation Manager.

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President Roosevelt says:

---"The Only Thing We Have To Fear— IS FEAR ITSELF."

I like that saying, and I admire and have confidence in the man who made it, for it plainly shows that he has a psychological insight into things which is very badly needed just at this time and which will spell constructive and creative ACTION—and victory. I did not vote for President Roosevelt, but I herewith publicly assert—that I made a mistake in not so doing, and that I wish I had. I am now back of him 100%.

One reason why I like this saying of his is that it harmonizes with teachings that I have been carrying to the public for the past Twenty-Five years. I have been preaching a doctrine of confidence, as opposed to FEAR. I have time and time again made the statement that FEAR IS MAN'S WORST ENEMY. And I have had the pleasure of seeing my professional and lay brethren gradually come around to my point of view. H. G. Wells says, "This is a psychological age." People are rapidly learning that MIND plays a most important part even in physical disorder, and is the ONLY sane and scientific form of treatment in mental disorders. Psychology today, as practiced by the qualified, is a very real science. Through its different forms of training people are throwing off the yoke of fear and other limitations and through its application are finding functional physical disorders clearing up and torturous nerves becoming calm and strong. Man is learning that he has the inherent power to MASTER all such difficulties.

Neurasthenia, Nervous Breakdowns, Self Consciousness and Unreasonable Limitations Are The Result of Fear

Underlying all the above trying states is WRONG THINKING and the emotional upsets which accompany it. Seemingly serious mental and physical symptoms have their roots in some form of FEAR, and these alarming manifestations are only REACTIONS. I mean by FEAR: Worry, Apprehension, Over-anxiety, Over-seriousness, Introspection; in fact, any form of thought which represents LACK OF CONFIDENCE and negativeness. One may be most couragious physically, and develop very real mental cowardice. Have YOU reached a state where you find it difficult to forget yourself? Are YOU limited in ways that reason says are truly unnatural? Are you today limited mentally, physically or socially? If you are, you may be sure that it is not a normal state and CAN BE OVERCOME. A change calls for understanding, a different viewpoint, training and development.

Some of the physical reactions you may experience from FEAR are: A lowered vitality and tone; functional inaction; a sense of unaccountable weakness; emotional spells which create nerve tension; a sense of passing out or unreality and uncertainty in locomotion, even to the extent of experiencing slight dizziness; headaches, neuralgia or neuritis; loss of appetite; constipation; and other symptoms too numerous to mention.

There is usually decided mental depression and unreasonable fears of certain things which attach themselves to YOU. One can easily in time become a prisoner in his own home through these unreasonable fears limiting his life. One may feel quite comfortable at home, but full of fear on going elsewhere or being in the presence of outsiders. These fears frequently create a hopelessness (through not understanding them) to the point of one actually believing that he may go insane, or through the future looking black, may even contemplate suicide. These troubles are very peculiar and unreasonable ones and not understood by relatives and frequently not even by physicians. Even YOU are inclined to believe that your case is a very strange one and that few suffer as you do. But let me tell you that something like one out of every ten persons in the United States today is suffering from some acute FEAR." Yes, your troubles ARE primarily due to "imagination," but they have now drifted to a disturbance which is VERY REAL and from which you suffer extremely at times. It is nothing you can "laugh off," but something which requires quite as scientific care as any other form of disorder. I fully realize how much you suffer and I offer you the sympathetic understanding that you are justly entitled to.

Self Mastery Through Understanding

This is the title of a 100 page book that is just full of startling TRUTHS regarding these puzzling conditions and their reactions. It tells about YOU and YOUR powers—and how through lack of understanding you have either drifted into your present state, or through lack of proper use have never created the normal development that is rightfully yours. Some of the statements are quite amazing to those unfamiliar with mind and its reactions. The book contains plain, unvarnished truths and will set your mind at rest regarding many of the false statements that are made regarding Psychology. There is nothing written that will frighten you. The book can be of the greatest help to you if you will carefully study it. It will teach you about this very wonderful piece of machinery of yours and open up to you a picture of the power and action of your subconscious mind. How can one expect to direct this delicate, wonderful piece of machinery if he does not understand its mechanism? This book has been a life-saver to thousands and it is pronounced by countless people as priceless. Get this book at once and DIAGNOSE YOUR OWN CASE. In writing there will be no publicity, your confidences will be sacredly guarded, and it will not obligate you in any way. Send for the book TODAY. The cost, including the Analysis I promise, is but

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Of Course Very Real Physical Changes Are Present

One cannot very well suffer long from the very real poisons which FEAR creates through a chemical change, without developing very real physical conditions that are pronounced REAL DISORDERS. Gland life is effected, organic functions slowed up, nerves made supersensitive and hard to bear. But these conditions are not due to bad teeth, tonsils, some unseen infection, etc., but where these other symptoms I have named are present, they are due primarily to FEAR. This physical state is merely a reaction and not the true cause. One cannot judge such cases by symptoms alone. This "SELF POISONING" through fear can in time completely wreck you mentally and physically if you just drift and fail to take proper action. Again quoting our good President Roosevelt—Let's have "A NEW DEAL." You can be changed very materially if you will proceed properly and listen to reason.

C. Franklin Leavitt, M. D

I Offer You a Helping Hand

I have spent Thirty-Five years helping humanity. The first ten in the practice of medicine and surgery. The past Twenty-Five in my present specialty. This long experience has given me an understanding that I wish to impart to you. I am a pioneer in my present work and it is no longer in the experimental stage. Physicians, Lawyers, Judges, Dentists, Teachers and thousands of the laity in general, are truly most complimentary in their praise of what I have done for them. If you will read this book of mine, SELF MASTERY THROUGH UNDERSTANDING, I feel sure it will be a great big step in the right direction and that you too will agree with the thousands of others who have pronounced it priceless. I offer you a very "human-consideration" if you are in trouble.

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Now many of the symptoms which have been looked on for centuries as signs of old age in men and which have made old age a time of wretchedness and miserable weakness for millions, have been traced back to failure of a single gland. Doctors now say that night rising and socalled "Bladder Trouble" which afflict millions of men past 40 are often simply signs that this gland is degenerating.

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MILLIONS of men over forty suffer from this gland weakness, according to a high medical authority. Yet they seldom realize the true cause of their sufferings. This gland weakness, called hypertrophy of the prostate gland, is often responsible for many other signs, besides these bladder symptoms. The victim is often tired—lacking in vitality—easily worried, blue and depressed. Frequently he suffers from terrible headaches—backaches—pains in the feet and legs, as well as pains which he thinks are caused by rheumatism or sciatica.

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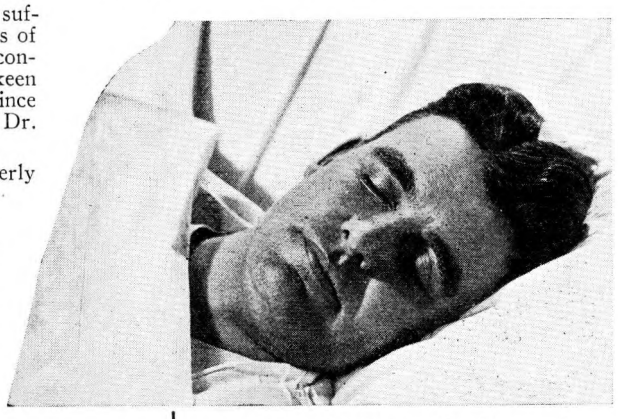

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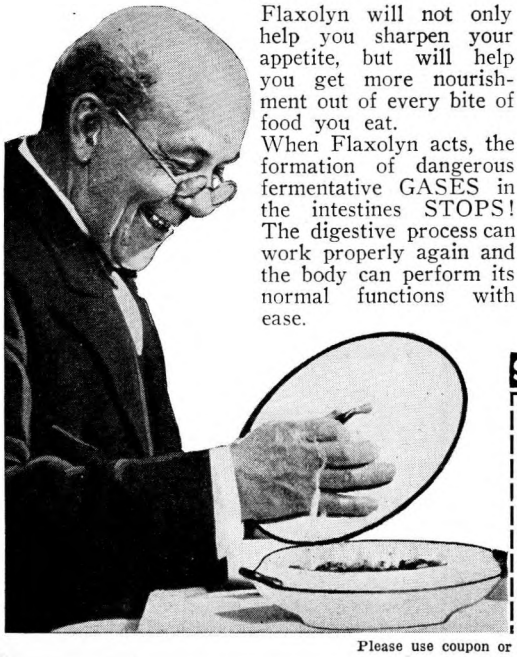

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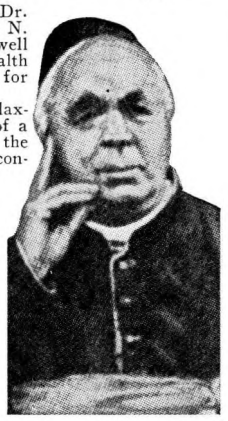
Nothing could be greater testimony to the effectiveness of Herbal Flaxolyn than this statement of Dr. J. A. Royer (N. D., M. E.) of Montreal, Canada. Dr. Royer says: "I was recently called into the home of a lady patient and found that she suffered from an acute attack of gastritis. Instantly I gave her a Flaxolyn herb powder. This treatment I repeated in 15 minutes and again in 30 minutes. In one hour the patient was recovering rapidly and surprisingly. The following day when I called, she had spent a good night's rest and was positively normal."

Follows Teachings of Great Rev. Sebastian Kneipp



The following from Dr. Benedict Lust (M. D., N. D.), of New York, well known editor and health food authority, speaks for itself:

"I have been using Flaxolyn in my treatment of a number of patients at the Butler Sanitarium. I consider it a most modern and natural adjunct and find it a great help in assisting the process of elimination of irritants from the system. It helps bring the body back to its normal stage. It is certainly a natural remedy and complies with the teachings and tenets of such teachers as the great Father Kneipp and other authorities for natural healing. I advise every drugless believer to give Dr. Luntz's Flaxolyn a fair trial."

Renewed Energy, New Grip on Life

A box of Flaxolyn, containing many treatments, costs but $1, and may be the means of starting you on the joyous road to health.

FLAXOLYN

Open Formula

"Not a Secret—Nothing to Hide," Says Dr. H. H. Luntz (M. D., D. O.) Stomach Specialist

1. Baked Flaxseed—A demulcent and local soothing agent.
2. African Ginger Root—A carminative to expel gas, tends to prevent griping.
3. Cherry Bark—A splendid appetizer and stomachic.
4. Gentian Root—An efficient, palatable herb.
5. Spanish Licorice Root—A mild laxative.
6. Cardamon Seeds—Carminative and Stomachic.
7. Chinese Rhubarb—Acts as a laxative on the intestines.
8. Juniper Berries—Mildly diuretic.
9. Dandelion Root—A gentle, laxative-root.
10. Culver's Root—An effective laxative.
11. Belgian Valerian Root—A natural soothing agent.
12. California Bark—In temporary constipation empties the bowels and helps attain more satisfactory activity of the intestines.

Take Flaxolyn if You Want that Natural Glow of Health

Run down, constipated folks who find things are not going right should try taking the natural contents of a small Flaxolyn envelope every night for a short time and see how quickly their condition improves.

Don't wait. If you suffer from stomach distress constantly, if toxic poisons are causing poor blood, weakened condition, loss of sleep and vitality, act at once. Start taking Flaxolyn. It does not gripe because it is natural. You will feel the tonic change at once. You will enjoy renewed vigor, a new grip on life. Full treatment sent post-paid on receipt of $1.

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SEND COUPON NOW — BECOME YOUR NORMAL SELF

Flaxolyn, 75 Varick Street, New York City.

Please send me.....packages of Flaxolyn containing 30 treatments. I am enclosing $..... ($1 per carton) to cover all cost including postage. Also include free "Dr. Luntz's 14 Rules of Health."

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$1 for World Peaceways Does $10 Worth of Work for a Cause Upon Which the World's Future Depends

In Supporting this Effort for Peace You Also Help to End the Depression

PEACE must be fought for. Only steady unremitting effort can achieve it. We must wage Peace. If we don't crush war, war will crush us. Out of the last war came the League, a machinery to maintain Peace. It functions creakingly. It has some successes—some failures. What can you expect—after but 14 years? War has been the scourge of the race for perhaps 300,000 years, but war is doomed. It is too senseless. In modern warfare both sides lose. One cause of this Depression is the last war. It made for extreme nationalism—tariff barriers—paralysis of trade. A new rhythm must be established. It will be—but only through your help.

World Peaceways is fighting for Peace; fighting for reason and sanity in a world bewildered by its problems. We believe in moral disarmament—believe that the people must be aroused to the need for organized effort. Then they can exert pressure upon their governments. Then they can block the efforts of the international armament ring.

World Peaceways believes in using the tremendous force of advertising to create Peace sentiment: using it in every country. It is behind Bruce Barton's project of a government fund for advertising Peace, — it recognizes the need for *waging Peace.* If you have not read his article, "Let's Advertise This Hell!" you have missed one of the best things written on the subject.

We are focused on this one job:—we are purposeful—practical. Through making it clear to business that *Peace Pays*, we secured gratis from the Outdoor Advertising Association $40,000 worth of billboard space, from the Western Union free cables for our International Peace Salute to the governments of the World on the first anniversary of the Disarmament Conference. We persuaded magazines totalling a vast circulation to devote pages of space to distributing books on Peace; and induced them to reproduce our Peace Posters. At our suggestion newspaper feature writers commanding a public of millions have devoted several articles to peace. We have distributed thousands of copies of Bruce Barton's article. We arrange radio programs with distinguished speakers.

We are behind a host of projects for peace education. Your dollar for Peace works overtime with us. The world's future depends upon *you.* Shoulder the responsibility. Fight for Peace. Peace *can* be achieved—but only through your efforts and the efforts of the rest of us.

Send Us Your Dollar—

more if you can afford it—in stamps, check, money order, or registered mail. A copy of Bruce Barton's article will be promptly sent to you.

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Here is my dollar. I am showing your appeal to friends with the hope that they too will respond.

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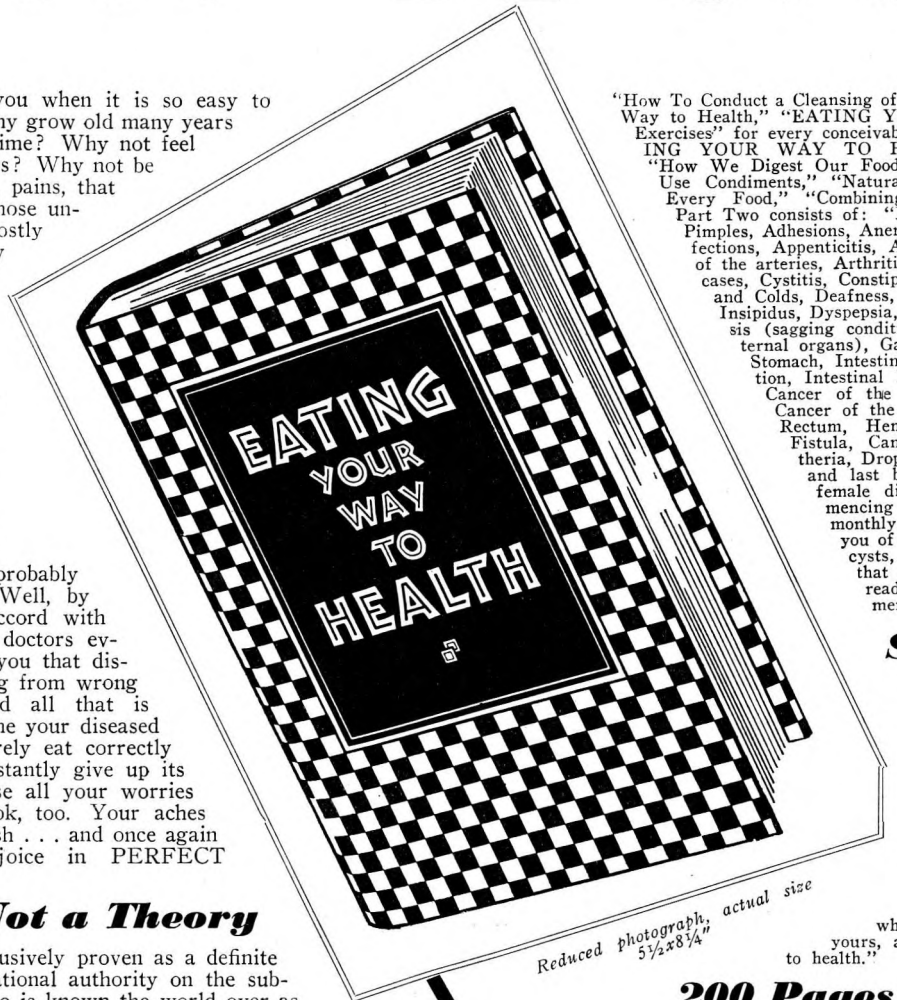
WHY BE SICK?

WHY should you when it is so easy to get well? Why grow old many years before your time? Why not feel like a million dollars? Why not be free of those aches, pains, that tired feeling, and those unnecessary and costly operations? Why not put off old age and outwit your diseases and bring back that sparkle in your eyes and those roses in your cheeks?



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You Can If You Want To

How, you are probably asking yourself? Well, by simply living in accord with nature. Intelligent doctors everywhere will tell you that disease can only spring from wrong food reactions, and all that is necessary to ovecome your diseased condition is to merely eat correctly and disease will instantly give up its fight. You will lose all your worries and that fretful look, too. Your aches and pains will vanish . . . and once again you too will rejoice in PERFECT HEALTH!

This Is Not a Theory

It has been conclusively proven as a definite fact by that international authority on the subject of nutrition who is known the world over as Dr. J. Douglas Thompson, the Pacific Coast's famous diet specialist who has cured more than one hundred and fifty thousand people of their ills at his busy building which he has had to build in order to care for his tremendous practice. And now, in order to help YOU and the many millions of others who cannot visit him personally, the Doctor has written the greatest weapon of all times in the war against disease . . . the results of twenty-three years of consistent, scientific research work in eliminating humanity's ailments have all been condensed into the fascinating two hundred pages of the world's most popular diet and health book, known to more than two hundred and thirty-four thousand people as

Eating Your Way to Health

Which is now in its seventh edition and is completely rewritten from cover to cover, with more than forty-two new chapters on as many new diseases.

The Work of a Lifetime

Has been crowded into this gripping volume of two hundred pages. Not only has the Doctor written elaborately on the subject of health and how to increase as well as retain it, but his most masterful accomplishment is more fully explained in the many dozens of chapters treating every conceivable disease known to mankind from the cradle to the grave.

Tells You Exactly What To Do

And how to overcome every disease that anyone of the members of your family might unfortunately become afflicted with, from such a simple childhood disease as chicken pox to that serious scourge known as cancer. Each chapter will first of all tell you what the disease is, then give you its varieties, tell you its cause, give you the various warnings of nature; and then you are told just exactly what to do at home to completely overcome this condition through sensible home care and the correct diet and food combinations 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 the 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, Appenticitis, Arteriosclerosis or hardening of the arteries, Arthritis, Bronchitis, Catarrhal discases, Cystitis, Constipation, Chicken Pox, Coughs and Colds, Deafness, Diabetes Mellitus, Diabetes Insipidus, Dyspepsia, Gastroptosis and Viceroptosis (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. You may eat in any hotel or restaurant that you wish when this knowledge is once yours, and actually "eat your way to health."

200 Pages of Real Information Beautifully Bound

This splendid accomplishment is the type of book that you will treasure and prize because of what it will do for each member of your family. Get this book, read it, and then follow its enlightening two hundred pages of instructions for the betterment of your health. To introduce it to you, the Doctor has especially priced it at a ridiculously low price.

Five Days' Free Trial

See for yourself why EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH has become so popular among sick people. You will like this book and will use it every day of your life. Simply mail in the coupon below. Inspect it for five days, and if you are not perfectly satisfied in every way, return it and the price of EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH will be refunded to you in full without questions. You are to be the judge.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Dr. J. Douglas Thompson — Psy. 5-33
Diet Specialist
Thompson Building, Oakland, Calif.

Dear Dr. Thompson:

I am tired of being sick and I want to enjoy some of the vim and vigor that this book will bring to me. I want to start "EATING MY WAY TO HEALTH" through your latest accomplishment, and so I am enclosing the sum of $3.00. I understand that you pay the shipping charges and that I can return this book within five days and receive my money back if I am not perfectly satisfied.

Name .....

Address .....

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

When writing ask for BULLETIN NO. 45 on the VALUE OF DATES. You will enjoy its reading.

The LAST LAUGHS

Political Friendship

They were on board the excursion steamer, and Mr. Bigpott, the prominent politician, strode the deck.

"You're Mr. Bigpott, a i n ' t you, sir?"

"That is my name," said the wearied politician, frigidly; "but I am not aware that I have had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"What!" said the unabashed admirer, "you don't remember me? Why, don't you recollect that big meeting you had in Loamiton a year ago, and what a grand reception you got?"

"Yes, I remember that. But——"

"Well," was the triumphant rejoinder, "I was the chap in the brown hat!"

* * *

Educational Preference

"What is your daughter working for at college—an M. A.?"

"No, an M-R-S."—Buffalo Courier-Express.

* * *

No Confession

Brown—Do many bill collectors come to your door?

Blue—Yeah, more than I care to admit.

* * *

Getting Results

"Do you guarantee results in your nerve treatment?"

"I do. Why, a man came to me for nerve treatment, and when I had finished with him he tried to borrow $50."—Jokesmith.

* * *

The Los Angeles Spirit

When the president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce was asked recently how the depression had hit Los Angeles, he replied: "Depression? We have no depression in Los Angeles; but I will admit that we are having the worst boom in many years."—Christian Advocate.

And the Country Too

Polly—What do they mean when they say that a politician is on a stumping tour?

Ticks—I guess they mean that he is trying to stump his opponents.

* * *

Ask Me Another

Lady Driver: Will you please tell me if this the third turn to the right after the left turn at the second crossroads?—American Motorist.

* * *

Sanitation Department

Dumb Dora—I don't see how football players ever get clean!

Ditto—Silly, what do you suppose the scrub teams are for?—Annapolis Log.

* * *

Fast Worker

Artist—Why, my dear fellow, I paint a picture in two hours and think nothing of it.

Critic—Yes, I also think nothing of it.

* * *

When the P. O. Works Fast

Miggins, to postman—This package from Chicago came through in record time. How do you account for it?

Postman—It looked suspicious, and the boys thought it might have a time bomb in it.

* * *

A Pacifist

"Buddy, if you had to enlist again for overseas duty, what branch of the service would you go in?"

"The peace delegation."

"Silence in the court! Half a dozen men have been convicted without the court's being able to hear a word of testimony."—Nebraska Awgwan.

Orders is Orders

"Ticket, sir!" said the gate man to a pompous gentleman who, having been a season-ticket holder for some time, believed his face w a s s o well known that there was no need for him to show his ticket.

"My face is my ticket," replied the man, a little annoyed.

"Indeed!" said the gate man. "Well, my orders are to punch all tickets passing on to this platform."—Broadway and Hollywood "Movies."

* * *

Gossiping Acquaintance

Cora—Do you know her to speak to?

Hannah—No, only to talk about.

* * *

Parking Trouble

Officer—You can't park here.

Fair Autoist—I know it. I just want to get out and look around for a good place to park.

* * *

A New Silencer

Mr. Flynn—This neighborhood seems pretty noisy, Mrs. O'Brien.

Mrs. O'Brien—Yis, the only time there's any peace here is whin the trucks go by an' drown the noise.

* * *

Useless Struggle

Smiff—I hear your divorced wife has made up her mind to marry a struggling young lawyer.

Ex-Husband—Well, if she has made up her mind to it he might as well stop struggling.

* * *

Geographical Error

Mrs. Peck, reading from paper—It says here that in some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until after he has married her.

Mr. Peck, timidly—Why mention Africa?

$1.00 BARGAINS

ALL 5 POSTPAID FOR $4.50

These "Illustrated Editions" books are well-known and well-loved classics, each one complete, each containing every word the authors set down. These works deserve a place beside your deluxe books costing five and ten times as much, for they will not suffer by comparison. Each book is exquisitely illustrated in free and daring mood by a well known artist. Printed from new plates, clear legible type, richly bound, large library size, each book is a good $5.00 value as book prices usually run. *Our Bargain Price, each $1. All 5 books for $4.50 postpaid.*

SALOME by *Oscar Wilde.* Illus. by Aubrey Beardsley—the old Bible story vivified by Wilde's fantastic genius—all the sensuousness of paganism beating against the ascetic heart of early Christianity—a vast and moving drama of almost animal passion, as Salome of the seven veils, a woman scorned, demands from Herod, the head of the prophet John that she might kiss in death the lips which in life had heaped calumny upon her with accusations of the practice of unutterable things. Few more fascinating women in history—or more evil, than the ruthless, ravishing Salome. (A $5 Book Value.) Our Bargain Price, postpaid $1.00.

THAIS by *Anatole France.* Illus. by Arthur Zaidenberg. To Thais the supreme courtesan came a hermit monk out of the desert, intent upon the salvation of her soul. Thais the charmer with all the allure of exquisite flesh—the monk emotionally starved! What happens? Only Anatole France can tell you properly. Only these specially designed pictures can carry the tale to you in its appropriate setting. (A $5 Book Value.) Our Bargain Price, postpaid $1.00.

THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES by *Honore de Balzac.* Illus. by F. J. Buttera—a tale which would have immortalized Balzac had he written nothing else—a tale of love, bizarre and haunting, utterly fascinating, of a beautiful exotic creature born on the borderline, a slave to a woman, in love with a man—of strong evasions, mad abandon, eventual fulfillment—the faithful translation of a story only Balzac could write. (A $5.00 Book Value.) Our Bargain Price $1.00 postpaid.

AGAINST THE GRAIN by *J. K. Huysmans.* Introduction by Havelock Ellis. Illus. by Arthur Zaidenberg. Here is a strange story of decay—of strange new passions and nervous exhaustions never before set down on paper. This is a startling book that will entrance the jaded reader of mediocre literature—an organized pandemonium of sensations, sounds and ideas. (A $5 Book Value.) Our Bargain Price, $1.00 postpaid.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY by *Laurence Sterne.* Illus. by Mahlon Blaine. A rich literary gift out of the past in which a clergyman chooses to write of love and its pleasures despite the strictness of his calling. The favorite book of scores of the world's scholars, loved for its matchless style which presents all the weaknesses of human nature and the joys of forgivable pleasure with a strength and slyness peculiar to the writer. (A $5 Book Value.) Our Bargain Price, postpaid $1.00.

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Solitude

. . . shadows of memory . . . sunlight of hope

By Seraph Llewellyn

I will build round me walls of deep silence high as the sky,
Intangible as a dream, incorporeal as the soul.
Here in the sunlight of hope and the shadows of memory,
In the quietude of high thoughts, I will tarry awhile.
My desires will grow pure and cool as water lilies
In the still, limpid pool of my tranquility.
And peace, perfume-laden breeze of Heaven will soothe me
Until in complete forgetfulness, the world for me
In its glaring distractions and tumult will cease to be.

Meditations

A Chat With the Editor

by WALTER WHITELEY HUBBARD

THE merry month of May, of which poets sing and which bears the flowers brought by April showers, it is significant to note, runs the entire gamut of human emotions, equations and achievements.

From the early, care-free days of childhood, so eloquently dramatized in the annual dance 'round the beribboned Maypole, —to the transition of our soul from a mortal to an immortal life, so beautifully typified in the rites attendant upon the observance of Memorial Day, at the close of the month of May, we find so much in the nature of outstanding results of our spiritual, mental and emotional reactions as to make the month worthy of profound thought and meditation.

Whatever our conclusions may be, they must, of necessity, be of an optimistic nature if we seek a practical application of the psychological reactions expressed by those who have gone before us.

Nearly a century ago Thomas Macaulay, the great English essayist and philosopher, said:

"We see in almost every part of the annals of mankind how the industry of individuals, struggling against wars, taxes, famines, conflagations, mischievious prohibitions and more mischievous protections, creates faster than governments can squander, and repairs whatever invaders can destroy."

Macaulay's words are as pregnant with truth today as they were a hundred years ago and as they will be a hundred years from now.

France, for example, bled white at the close of the Hundred Years War, and smarting under the yoke of English invasion, found a redeemer at the end of that time in Jeanne d'Arc,—peasant, soldier, stateswoman, martyr and saint. Significantly we celebrate, with the French nation, her birthday on the 30th,—at the close of the last month of spring.

The chronological order of birthdays or events has no consequence psychologically, but the coincidence of circumstance makes retrospection of the past and resolution for the future a study which is, more or less, orderly and classified.

Even the more radical labor element, our "left wing," shall we say, finds a day to celebrate in the 1st of May, and we rejoice with them that it is no longer a day of rioting, red flag waving and rebellion.

Aviation, which represents mankind's higher achievements applied to creative invention, finds a place on the calendar. Fourteen years ago, on the 27th of this month, Lieut. Walter Hinton finished, at Lisbon, Portugal, the first transatlantic flight, conducted under the auspices of the United States Navy.

Six years ago, on the 21st of this month Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh, an officer in the United States Army, completed the first solo flight, New York to Paris.

Travel and communication are not lacking in recognition, for, on May 22, 1819, a hundred years and five days before Lieut. Hinton's flight, the Savannah, first steamship to cross the Atlantic Ocean, pulled into an American harbor safely.

On May 24, 1844, eighty-nine years ago, the telegraph, an American invention, was first put to practical use. Space does not permit a detailed summary of the lives and contributions of numerous great writers, painters, inventors and scientists who have added to the general store of knowledge that the movement of the human race might be one of progression rather than retrogression.

But it is altogether fitting and proper that the 14th, practically in the center of the month, should find us paying tribute to Mother.

Without the loving care, counsel, encouragement and inspiration of mothers, countless thousands could not have added their bit, be it large or small, to the advancement of human welfare. Silver tongued orators, and poets with an almost godlike gift for the use of words have signally failed, in ages past, to give fitting expression to the debt we as individuals, as a race, and as a world family, owe to our mothers. . . . I shall not attempt *(Continued on page 66)*

Mass Psychology

The Curve of Emotions in the Crowd

by DR. WOLF ADLER

WHY do we behave in one way when alone and in quite a different way when we are in a crowd? Why does the crowd sway us at all? What is that strange pull exerted on us by the emotion of a mob of other people? If we are at all sensitive, we feel the suction, so to speak, that draws us into a whirl of emotion in common with our fellows in a crowd. We seem to be quite helpless in face of the mass-emotion. Is there a mass-psychology? And what is its meaning and value?

BABE Ruth comes up to bat. Just listen to the roar of the crowd. That roar starts in the bleachers and comes like a wave of sound across the diamond. We smile at the usual greeting of the Bambino. We settle back to watch the Big Fella. In a moment we, too, are yelling, while all around us our sober neighbors have jumped from their seats and have thrown their quiet dignity to the winds.

For a brief instant the roar dies down. A hush descends as the pitcher walks back. We feel a sort of agony as the ball cuts through the air, and then bedlam breaks loose as the Babe hits the expected home run. Hats fly into the air, our own good hat along with the rest. The pandemonium continues for several minutes, and then the exhausted crowd subsides. Cigarettes are lighted, the voices of the hot-dog salesmen are heard again, and a general air of relaxation takes possession of the stands. What precisely has happened from the psychologist's viewpoint?

TAKE another instance. It is a cold winter's day and the Polo Grounds are black with sightseers at the big game. Notre Dame and the Army are having their annual argument. In spite of a cold you are in the stands. Your doctor has warned you to avoid excitement. Your wife has added the definite command that you are not to take part in any shouting. You are well wrapped up. You have come just to see the game. You are not going to be excited at all. You are going to be just a sane member of the crowd. Whatever others do, you are going to behave.

WELL, what happens? You are swept oft your feet by the excitement. When the crowd rises to its feet and the roar rises to a sustained crescendo, you also are on your feet and your voice is helping to swell the chorus. Forgotten the doctor's advice, forgotten your wife's instructions, forgotten your promises. You just want to see this touchdown made. You want the thrill of watching that ball-carrier as he swings and dodges through the holes in the line. And then when the ball has been safely carried over and when the goal has been kicked, you settle back in a sweet and glorious exhaustion to wait for another such thrill. You are bathed in perspiration, your voice is almost gone, you are wreathed in smiles, and all the people near you have suddenly become your friends. You have been fused into the crowd. You are no longer an independent unit. You are just one of the mob.

It has long been known to psychologists that emotions may be communicated from one person to another. It is a truism that we yawn when someone in our presence yawns and we lift our faces to the sky and stare just because we see others doing it.

Whether it is a great city crowd milling forward in the throes of excitement at a subway accident or whether it is Moslems in religious frenzy surging as one body toward their shrine, the scientific analysis of such phenomena finds the explanation in these partial causes:

First, there is natural suggestibility; second, there are imitating and gregarious instincts; third, there is a native element of curiosity that causes us to cooperate with others in expectation of the occurrence of some phenomenon or other.

Both in the individual and in the crowd, the emotion traces the same curve. The emotion begins with an impression, rises to an apex or point of highest tension, and then ceases; the cessation is either gradual or sudden, either a subsidence or an explosion. At such ball games as we have described, the cessation is a gentle and easy process of relaxation. But if you are unlucky enough to get into a heated argument with your neighbor, the tension may

be released by a sudden burst of anger. We call this an explosion.

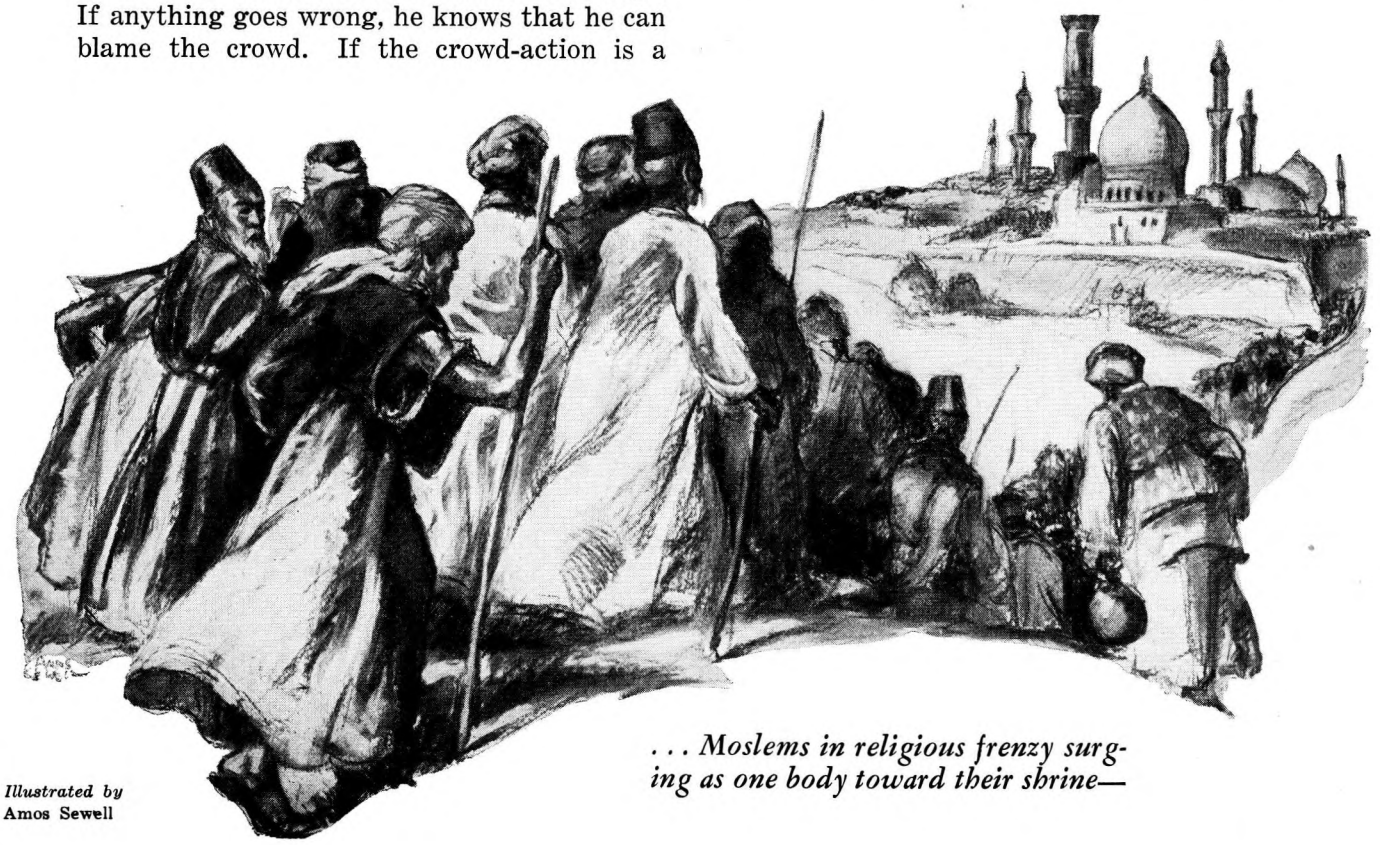
Panics furnish other examples of mass psychology. The scientist sees a panic as nothing else than an exploded emotion. Just as the angry man is incapable of reasoning at the moment of the emotional release and just as the frightened child is incapable of action at the instant of the explosion, so also the panicky individual or the panicky crowd is unable to act logically. Indeed the panicky crowd is one of the most dangerous elements in social life, for under the influence of a given event or idea it may do almost anything.

Crowds may be led to commit acts either rational or irrational, either constructive or destructive. When under the drive of political or religious fanaticism, a crowd may become guilty of acts of such cruelty or atrocity as would appal any and every individual of that crowd if he could take time to think of what he is doing. But the individual in a crowd is no longer a thinking unit. He has become so merged into the crowd-mentality that he has lost, for the moment, his mastery and control of his own personal emotions.

The most brilliant and sober person acts quite differently in a crowd than when alone. On the other hand, a person who does not feel capable of doing certain things when alone, will dare and do those same things as a member of a crowd. Such a person unconsciously finds in the protection of the crowd an excuse to cover up his inferiorities and shortcomings. If anything goes wrong, he knows that he can blame the crowd. If the crowd-action is a success, then his ego is satisfied by the feeling that he has contributed his mite to the achievement.

This willingness to merge oneself into the mentality of the crowd is a manifestation of a mental mechanism whereby early repressions and inhibitions are enabled to find unchecked expression, with the general effect of inducing a healthy relief of nerve tension. Unfortunately the result is not always healthy. It sometimes happens that the sudden abnormal conditions unexpectedly uncover forgotten tragedies that have been buried for years in a person's mind. When this occurs, there is a dangerous nervous climax.

It may be stated as a general rule that the mass-intelligence of the crowd stands at a lower level than that on the average-intelligence of its members. This is largely due to the fact that, in a crowd, impulsiveness and credulity have free and unchecked rein. This phenomenon is quite well known to politicians, preachers, demagogues, showmen, and all others whose business brings them on a platform where they can sway the emotions of a mass of people. It is said of Napoleon that he made a definite study of the technique of moving a crowd. Every public speaker sooner or later acquires the knack of influencing his hearers. If the speaker is unwelcome to the crowd, the only way he can be silenced is by mass-protest, by shouting in unison, by unified emotion on the part *(Continued on page 63)*



. . . Moslems in religious frenzy surging as one body toward their shrine—

Illustrated by Amos Sewell

What Did You Dream Last Night?

A Golden Key to Self-Understanding

by LESTER HUTTER

THE literature of every land clearly shows man's incessant desire to attach some import, some meaning to his dreams.

From the dawn of recorded history until the start of this century, dreams were regarded, at varying times, as voices of inner gods, strollings of the astral self, visitations of the soul, forecasts of the future, and the result of inner bodily disturbances.

Then, in the year 1900, Professor Sigmund Freud metamorphosed the world's superstitious, silly notions about dream interpretation into a truly scientific study.

Like all pioneers, he found trail blazing a most hazardous task. But to-day there are few great thinkers who do not regard dream analysis as the royal road to self understanding. Men like Julian Huxley, H. G. Wells, and Havelock Ellis pay tribute to Freud. The world rates him the wisest of the age; a genius; a star of the highest magnitude. And Germany has awarded him the Goethe Prize.

You know that a coin lying on the table has two sides, although you may be able to see only the head side. In like manner, every dream has two faces. The dream you know upon awakening is the head or face, technically known as the manifest content. The true dream, which has to be un-ravelled by analysis, is the "tale," or latent content. The problem of dream analysis is to work back to the real dream, the latent material.

But why the need of a true dream and a false dream? The dream as you remember it upon waking is false, an utter sham, a means of concealing the true story. "Why conceal?" you may ask. And thereby hangs the tale.

There are two "parts" to the mind, as you know, the conscious and unconscious. The former is the rule book of society, so to speak, and contains all the "thou shalt not's" as well as the rules of good behavior. It is the sum total of our education, from childhood onward. The unconscious contains the kernel of desire. It represents the file system of the physical self, a sort of index, and contains the most "savage" notions—notions representing nature in the raw.

You can see that essentially the two minds are at variance. One wants, and the other says "No." One is the savage meeting nature's requirements; the other is the civilized man compromising with civilization's demands. It is from the conflict of these two minds that dreams arise.

One might expect this "inner argument" to wake the individual, but thru the dream mechanism it is sufficiently distorted so that sleep is preserved. The dream as we remember it—that is, the manifest content—serves one purpose, i. e., to act as the guardian of sleep. It resorts to all forms of trickery, which we shall presently discuss, to meet this aim.

The dream's latent content, the true dream, serves an entirely different end. It satisfies an inner mental desire, which, in turn, works up a proper emotion to establish an inner chemical and physical metabolism, or harmony. That is, it causes certain glands to secrete, various chemical changes to be made, much as if one were taking restorative medicines while sleeping. That is why one feels so rested when one awakens.

It is hoped that you have formed a vivid mental picture of these two conflicting minds. Now, viewing these minds as rooms adjoining, imagine a guard standing at the doorway. Let's call him the "censor." Just as we had censors during the war to let certain information be published and to keep other news out, so this fellow acts as a sentinel, a guard. It is this censor which causes the double face to the dream thru such trickery as symbolization, distortion, condensation, false emotions, and displacement. Of course, this all sounds highly technical, but it's easily explained.

One needs to know just how this censor works. Therefore we will go thru the various methods, as just mentioned, and show typical dreams by way of illustration.

. . . . . .

A symbol is a sign meaning something else . . . so states the dictionary. The three gilt balls hanging above the door of a store mean a pawn shop. The shamrock automatically is associated with Ireland. The bull-dog is the sign of tenacity . . . or Yale

I went to a masquerade where a girl was dressed in ragged clothes—the subconscious later associated this with poverty

Illustration by John Lynch

college. These are just a few of the countless symbols. Another peculiar thing about symbols is that they work up an emotion the more quickly. When the poet (who is well aware of this phenomenon) says, "He roared like a lion," how much more vivid, emotional and effective, than were he to say, "He roared loudly"! Who would think of getting worked up into a pitch at the words, "United States of America"? Yet thousands enlist, go thru torture, and spill their blood because of the waving of a piece of cloth dyed with red, white and blue. Why? Because it not only stands for the United States of America, but as a symbol works us into an emotional pitch. You can therefore see that the symbol is an invaluable mechanism in dreams for it works up an emotion for bodily welfare. But, the symbols of dreams are most private, so that you, yourself, when awake are not normally aware of their meaning.

The symbols mentioned are well-known and well nigh universal. The symbols of dreams are very private and secret. Who knows them? Well, experience in dream analysis will acquaint you with a few almost standard ones, but the best way to learn them is to study the dreamer. The method of doing this is extremely simple. You just inquire as to what the things bring to mind. For example, I dream of a woman in rags doing various things, etc. I ask myself what a woman in rags brings to my mind. Oh yes, a few years ago I was at a masquerade where a girl was dressed in rags, representing poverty. Obviously then, the girl in the dream means poverty. And I didn't dream poverty, for that would be distasteful, and therefore awaken me. Obligingly the censor showed me this pretty girl, a pleasant sight, to put me off the track, and keep me sleeping peacefully. *(Continued on page 63)*

The Coat of Gold

Part II.

Can a dead love be revived? Can a woman win back a husband who has fallen in love with another woman?

***by* PEARL OSMAN**

The Story So Far: Marcia Faye, after several years of married life—happy years because she loved Edward Faye—discovered that for some time he had been carrying on an affair with an old sweetheart, Harriet Sommers.

The discovery—made through the gift of Edward to Harriet of a gold colored evening wrap—was an almost unbearable shock to Marcia but she refused to let Edward know how terribly she had been hurt and listened to his confused but defiant declarations of his and Harriet's plans for a future in some far away place, "maybe in China."

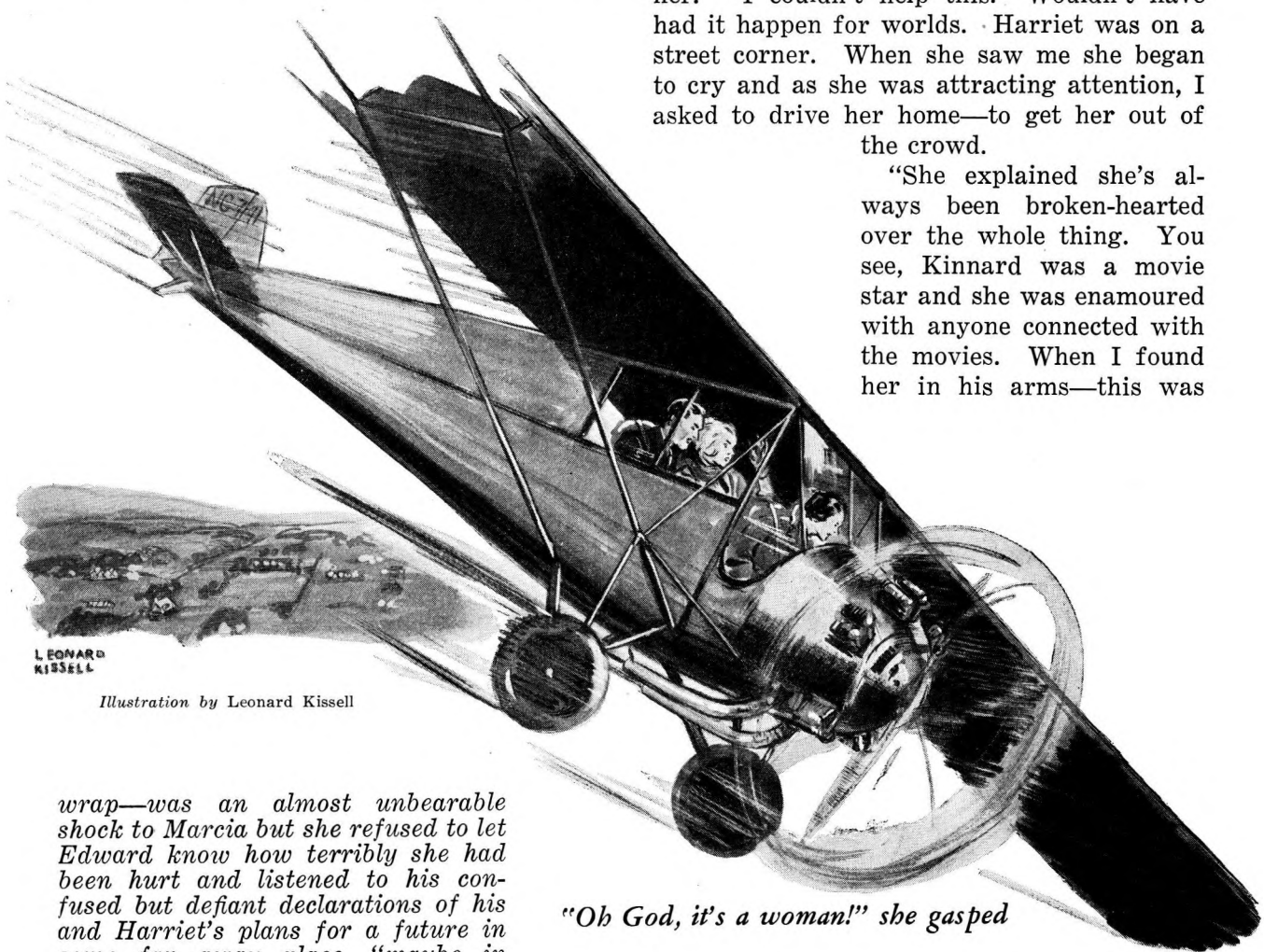


Illustration by Leonard Kissell

"Oh God, it's a woman!" she gasped

Marcia hoped that the affair was but a passing infatuation on Edward's part and tried to reach his heart and reason by a little resume of his and her courtship, touching upon the fact that she had given up a promising career —everything—to become his wife. But Edward was apparently unmoved and struck agony into her heart by coldly remarking:

"An attractive woman like you can always marry again!"

"YOU think I'd trust another man!" she cried out from the depth of her agony. Oh, did he care so little?

He winced. "I don't deserve the implication," he protested.

Embarrassed, he shuffled his feet. "I've been true to you—technically," he informed her. "I couldn't help this. Wouldn't have had it happen for worlds. Harriet was on a street corner. When she saw me she began to cry and as she was attracting attention, I asked to drive her home—to get her out of the crowd.

"She explained she's always been broken-hearted over the whole thing. You see, Kinnard was a movie star and she was enamoured with anyone connected with the movies. When I found her in his arms—this was before I met you, you know—I walked out on her."

"Now, you expect to walk out on me," Marcia suggested.

She could understand the fury which had driven Edward to leave Harriet. She too could leave him now in rage, loving him as she did, knowing that she would always love

only him. Perhaps he, like herself, could love only once, and loved Harriet. But she didn't believe it. Her instincts had told her that he was hers—that no other woman existed in his mind or heart. Whence had come this sudden madness?

Had All Her Instincts Been False?

SPRINGING out of bed, she wound a soft robe about her and began pacing the floor in quick furious steps. Had all her instincts been false? Were they not to be relied upon? Would they fail her in flying too? In flying she had always been enabled to do the right thing with an uncanny quickness because her instincts were quicker than her reasoning power. She flew as naturally as one walks and as some few persons drive automobiles.

"Marcia," Edward ventured, "I'm not asking you to divorce me, but it would be better for us all. You might come to care for someone again. It is made easy in Reno. I know this is a blow—but it had to come sometime—I suppose."

Marcia answered him over her shoulder. "I'm glad to know now, rather than find out years later that you'd been carrying on an intrigue skulking, deceiving." If it had been anyone else in the world! Nothing could be more humiliating. Then she faced him with smoldering eyes: "It will be easier to go back into business now than at middle age. I'm glad I know now."

"You're a thoroughbred, Marcia," he admired, rising and taking a step toward her. "Most women would have flooded the house with tears. I'll make a handsome settlement upon you."

"You are very kind," she said with marvelous control.

"Oh, my dear," he groaned, "you don't realize how this cuts me up. You've been the best friend and pal a man ever had and I'd ask nothing better than going on with you—if—" He looked at her helplessly.

"If this grand passion hadn't come back to you," she finished glibly.

"Exactly," he admitted ruefully. "Perhaps you and I could go away and try again. I owe you that much. I'll tear this thing out of my heart—by the roots—if—"

"No, Edward, keep your crumbs. I'll not be the other woman to any man, even my husband."

"She Boasted to Mutual Friends"

HE MET her determined eyes humbly and pleaded with her. "Please, Marcia! No one regrets this more than I. If there were anything I could do—but a man can't control his heart."

"She boasted to mutual friends that she'd come back someday and get her husband and all his money," Marcia reminded him of the threat about which he had once laughed. Suddenly she turned to the window and looked down upon the street with unseeing eyes, clutching the heavy draperies with desperate hands. Could she so easily give him up to Harriet?

"Harriet didn't plan this," Edward contended earnestly. "We just happened to meet. She couldn't help crying when she saw me." He repeated it, then was silent. Marcia wasn't listening!

The old trick of tears. How well she knew Edward's weakness. But any woman could, if she wished, play the sob-sister game!

But Edward—to be taken in by that old trick with which he was so familiar and which had broken up so many homes! Fancy his being so weak! Then her father's words came to her:

"My child, always remember that some women have a strange power over men. No man who cares for his soul deliberately wills to be alone with one of that kind. They have the same power that strong drink has to make a man weak-willed, to dull his brain and bring out the worst in him."

If He Really Cared!

HARRIET'S influence had always been devastating to men; especially to simple, honorable, unsuspecting men. Not for a moment could Marcia imagine that Harriet really cared more for Edward than for any other good looking man who happened to be about her. Was he to be again the victim of his folly? But if he really cared—then there was nothing to do but give him freedom.

Without turning, Marcia spoke huskily: "Go—go now!"

"Marcia—" he pleaded, striding toward her with out stretched hands. "You'll forgive me and realize I wouldn't have had it happen for worlds, won't you?"

Instinct told her that if she cared to use Harriet's tactics she could even now win him back to her. Or she could appeal to his chivalry and sportsmanship and keep him. But there always would be a dissatisfaction and uncertainty.

She turned and pointed to the door: "Go—please—out of my room."

He went sheepishly, slinking away, torn with doubts, yet resenting Marcia's attitude. He didn't know what he wanted. Not tears. But she might have *(Continued on page 60)*

The Psychology of Conscience

Is Conscience the Voice of God?
Is It a True Guide of Action?

by **WALTER W. HUBBARD**

ALL moral problems necessarily carry with them an inescapable sense of oughtness or obligation, and failure to obey the command of the inward monitor (the mind sitting in judgment) results in a sense of guilt, or self-condemnation, from which there is no release till the moral standard changes or the wrong is righted. Till such time remorse sits, like Poe's raven, whose shadow shall be lifted nevermore.

When a man changes his mind (repentance or penitence, we call it) the better self may be appeased, but the scar of memory may never be obliterated, for not even God can make that not to have been which has been.

THE Christian doctrine is that God may forgive any and all sin of which a man may repent, and the same principle practically applies as between man and man where one has wronged another. But, as Eliot says, "Conscience is harder on us than our enemies, knows more, accuses with more nicety."

Whateley says, "Some follow the dictates of their conscience only in the sense in which a coachman may be said to follow the horses he is driving." A Spanish proverb concerning conscience says "God can see a black bug under a black stone on a black night."

If it is true that "Conscience makes cowards of us all," it is equally true that it makes lions of us too, bold, courageous, daring. Conscience cannot make us afraid of our shadow any more truly than, when conscience approves the integrity and uprightness of our case, it can make us ready to face our enemies without fear, even exultantly, like Luther at the Diet of Worms.

"LABOR to keep alive that spark of conscience," says Washington, as if our indifference or neglect might extinguish it; but it might be observed that in normal beings no effort is needed to keep the mind functioning. Rather should we seek to acquire knowledge and exercise wisdom in all things so that by our added knowledge and normal functioning our experience shall be richer and of more value to ourselves and others.

The pain and pleasure resulting from the exercise of conscience are pain and pleasure quite apart and distinct from anything else. Sorrow for sin and the exalted sense of innocence under serious accusations are as distinct from other sensations as sound from color.

Sidgwick does not know how to impart the notion of moral obligation to any one entirely devoid of it. To those unfortunates confined in psychopathic wards the responsibilities and privileges of normal life and conscience-functioning have no appeal nor application. Duty knocks at the door, but there is "nobody home." This is one of the dark tragedies of personality for which no adequate explanation has as yet been offered.

THE whole history of man, of every nation, tribe, creed, caste, class and condition, through all the ages is a striking commentary on the alertness of the personality to pass judgment upon its own volitional activity in the realm of morals. Conscience is the ghost at every feast. In the ice-bound Arctic region and in the burning torrid jungles, amid the dense ignorance and superstition of the Orient and the crowded Christian countries of the Occident, men everywhere seek to appease the just wrath of an offended God in expiatory atonement for wrongs self-committed and self-condemned.

History records no darker tragedies than the chapters of sin-burdened souls seeking mercy for their guilt at the hands of a God that they fear. They have needlessly and ignorantly sacrificed the best and dearest of their own hearts' treasures in futile attempts to pay the price of their remorseful souls. They have performed every conceivable act of penance.

THEY have burned their children in the furnace-fed arms of a hideous Moloch. They have thrown their own bodies under the mighty wheels of the Car of Juggernaut to be crushed into a lifeless mass of quivering flesh. They have inaugurated holy crusades in which tens of thousands of young people, boys and girls, have perished miserably by ex-

posure, starvation and the cruelties of barbaric slavery. They have offered in bloody sacrifice untold thousands of human beings to conciliate the wrath of Heaven. They have walked through fire, they have lacerated their own bodies with knives and sharp stones till their life blood poured in streams from their open wounds.

They have sequestered themselves for life in the cloisters of monastery and nunnery to seek in solitary confinement absolution from sin. They have wept oceans of tears at the mourners' bench, they have hysterically sobbed out their grief in paroxysms of pain.

. . . burned their children in the furnace-fed arms of a hideous Moloch.

I HAVE seen them in the Russian colony at Los Angeles in their Holy Jumper dances—dancing till you would expect them to collapse in a heap. I have seen them in camp meetings, both white and colored, prostrate themselves in agony of soul at the altar, blindly agonizing for the mercy of a good God. I have seen the Holy Rollers in Pentecostal meetings swoon away into unconsciousness one after another till they lay at the altar like dead people for the rest of the meeting, one of the leaders straightening out the limbs of three or four of them so that they would not be trodden upon in the furore of the excitement.

The fanatical Moslems made pilgrimages to Mecca, the great Mohammedan shrine. Urged by the cry "See Mecca and see no more," when they reached that sacred shrine they opened their eyes widely in close proximity to white hot bricks, and they lost their eyesight then and there, blinded for life.

These are no fanciful pictures, they are only too sadly true. The religious instinct is all-powerful—most deeply imbedded of all in man's nature—and we must reckon with it.

. . . threw their own bodies under the mighty wheels of the Car of Juggernaut.

When conscience grips the wrong-doer, it uses a strangle-hold. The only escape is surrender. Witness the story of the English judge whose experience is told by Professor Park:

"ONE day, sitting in the midst of his fellow-judges, and fully conscious of his wealth, office and honors, the aged judge passed upon the case of a young servant who had slain his master, hidden the body and, with a bag of gold, fled to the city. After the sentence had been passed upon the youth, the distinguished jurist arose, put off his robes, laid aside his wig that represented the dignity of the law, and passed into the prisoner's box. Standing beside the boy the old man made a confession that in his youth he had slain his master, despoiled his treasure box, used the gold for travel and study, and at length climbed to office, seeking ever to make expiation for his crime.

"He had acquired success, but his conscience gave him no peace; his guilt had made a solitude of his soul, but that was not peace. Every day the Silent Monitor within scourged him, and every night renewed the ball and chain."

No pilgrim ever hungered for food as he hungered for justice. It was the same with Judas Iscariot, who killed himself; it was so of King David and Peter and St. Augustine, who repented in deep sorrow and mourning. Conscience troubled Saul, who afterwards became the foremost exponent of the Christian religion in the Apostolic Church, under the name of Paul. He had been particeps criminis in the putting to death a good man, Stephen; and when he reached the height of his glory as a spiritual *(Continued on page 52)*

This Thing—"Influence!"

How Do Those Who Exert Power Acquire It? Of What Does It Consist?

by JULIA W. WOLFE

EVERY one of us knows people whose gift for attracting others and influencing others is greater than their power of intellect or force of will seems to account for.

So, too, no one can read history without observing that there have been people, not of the most shining talents or commanding personality, who have, nevertheless, counted for more among their contemporaries, and have been followed and listened to more, than have others of greater capacity.

Something else besides striking intellect, something more strenuous than will, would seem to go to the making of this thing we call influence. What is it? Study history and see if it tells.

When a person appears so conspicuously fit to lead and rule that he succeeds in all, or nearly all, he undertakes—a man like Pericles, or Constantine, or Richelieu, or Cromwell, or Frederick II of Prussia, or Washington or Lincoln—not to speak of such extraordinary beings as Napoleon, Julius Caesar, or even the Italian leader, Mussolini—the mere fact that he has been successful and that he actually exerts immense power dazzles the eye and subjugates the wills of other men, whether or not they come into direct contact with him.

They are ready not only to obey him, but to believe that what such a man does is right, and that what he says is true, just because *he* says it and does it.

Such is the prestige of success; and to achieve this success a man must, of course, be possessed of a dominating will, as well as a vigorous mind. So, also, a great thinker, whose ideas penetrate and stir men's hearts, giving them new conceptions of truth or new plans for bettering the world, such a one, when he is widely read and felt to be a force working on society, becomes a shining figure and a guiding light to many who know little or nothing of him as a person. He has given the impression of greatness.

. . . even the Italian leader, Mussolini

Now greatness is so rare, and the average man is so glad to get some kind of leading, that he is ready to accept what his leader of thought tells him merely on the ipse dixit of the leader. Luther and Calvin, different as their characters were, both exercised this kind of power. So, in his way, did Rousseau; so did Mazzini; so did Tolstoy. The thoughts or exhortations issuing forth from such men throw a kind of spell on those who are specially fitted to receive their thoughts; and the influence exerted may sometimes be wholly irrespective of the personal qualities of the individual from whom the thoughts flow.

A writer of logical power, or imaginative power, or emotional power, may move thousands of men who do not know him or what the writer is himself in his own life and character. Persons so unlike one another as Saint Thomas Aquinas, Pascal, Carlyle and Phillips Brooks moved by their written or printed words many people who were ignorant of the personal qualities, the characters and careers of each of them. Their virtues or their failings made no difference. It was the voice, not the man, that told; and the thoughts that spoke to the reader were their own best credentials.

When the thinker or prophet is also a leader whose own life illustrates and justifies his words, the effect he produces is not only more wide-spread, but is likely to be intensified.

This is especially the case with the great religious teachers and thinkers. They must be, if they are to succeed, men who live up to their ideas. They must be seen to be penetrated by their convictions and to have such faith in them as to face danger and even death, for their sake.

The prophet who flinches in the moment of supreme trial is lost. If Luther had submitted to the Pope and the Emperor at the Diet of Worms, his arguments would have remained just what they were before, but his personal influence would have vanished. The death of Socrates consecrated him to posterity, and the unparalleled stimulus he gave to *(Continued on page 53)*

Psychological Portraits

"People Are Not Always What They Seem," Says Beth Walker After an Interview *with* MAE WEST

STRANGELY enough, it all started—my desire to interview Mae West—because I had heard someone remark of a man I know, "He looks sneaky. I don't like his expression."

I happened to know that the man's character and inner life were above reproach but that he *did* suffer from a nervous trouble which caused him to squint and grimace. His expression belied the man himself. I also know a woman—a social worker—who is the soul of sincerity but whose slight astigmatism makes her appear almost furtive-eyed.

"How far does this judging from appearances go?" I asked myself, "and to what extent do appearances and the roles we play in life give a false impression of our real characters?" Turning this over in my mind, it finally came about one day recently that I sat in quiet tete-a-tete with Mae West, that supremely able portrayer of easy-moraled ladies whom I had so often seen glitter on stage and screen.

At Close Range Surprises

MISS WEST, whose histrionic characterizations are of women but lightly hampered with morals, at close range surprises—almost astounds. Her eyes—grey honest ones—looked frankly into mine as we talked.

She is not afraid to face life squarely, even boldly, but she is quietly poised and—believe it or not—in real life is modest to an extreme, almost to the point of shyness. Yet she did not hesitate in answer to my first question, which dealt with the motivating force of life itself—sex.

"The love between man and woman should be joyous, natural and enduring—and it can be. If husbands would really try to remain the eternal lover and if wives would make earnest effort to be the sweetheart of their courting days," Miss West remarked, "there would be far fewer divorces.

"If married people would consider marriage with the same earnestness that they regard business," she continued, "if they would protect their assets, as it were, we should hear much less of the married man who seeks other women and of the wife who neglects her place in the partnership of marriage.

"Like any other business, love, as life itself, must be built on strong foundations. To be permanent it must start from a basis that will insure its going steadily forward.

Success Must Be Built

"SUCCESS is like that, too. It must be built up—by long effort, sincere hard work.

"You don't get your name in electric lights because you have made an overnight hit," she said. "There are exceptions, of course, but these exceptions rarely endure for more than a short period. Success almost always only follows honest, hard effort—and this generally takes time."

A far-away look crept into the grey eyes—so softly kind without the mascara of the stage—and I knew without asking that she was thinking of the tiny girl—herself—who began her journey on the road to success in a stock company at the age of six.

It had been a long road—a little tired look, a firmness that occasionally crosses her lips make one realize how hard many of the steps must have been before electric lights flashed and glittered her name.

But after the heights have been won? Well, there is no letting down even then. I gathered that, too.

Many of us are girded to fight hard to attain success. We do, often enough, put up a really heroic battle, only to slump after a while, to feel that we deserve to "let down," and then forget entirely that it requires courage to keep the ladder of success upright and firm.

But Mae West does not forget.

"Merely *getting* somewhere is never enough," she said. "It requires conscientious and constant effort to remain there. And I believe that anything worth having is worth the continued struggle to keep."

Tenacity of purpose is certainly one of this earnest artist's salient qualities, and tenacity of belief is another. *(Continued on page 58)*

Are Children Necessary

to Complete Married Happiness?

by OUR READERS

ARE children necessary to a successful marriage? I am quite sure that the folks who did not agree with Dr. Bisch do not have any children. I have two little fellows and although I am a two-bit clerk I get just as much out of life as any man.

No man knows what real thrills, real happiness, and real love is until he feels the arms of his little ones around his neck and hears their baby voices. I have always loved my mate but I am sure that since the coming of our little ones there is a far stronger love between us than ever before. Marriage *may* be successful with some couples without children but if there were children present I have no doubt that the union would be even more successful. The presence of a little child would add happiness. Anyway, I think that there must be babies in the home before it is really complete.

Kay Strain,
Brewton, Alabama.

I CAN'T resist the temptation to answer Doctor Bisch.

Dr. Bisch in making his statement that children cement love—should have taken into consideration divorce statistics.

There are more divorces and separations where children are involved than where the union was childless. Of course, this may be due partially to the fact that more couples have children—but it is evident that children do not prevent the rising tide of divorces.

If you added to the divorces the number of loveless homes where children *do* prevent broken homes but *don't save love*—you'll have a figure so high that it wouldn't leave any doubt that childless couples have an advantage. At least they haven't so many things to fight about—for every child furnishes daily causes for marital differences and battles.

While to the contrary, childlessness creates a certain mutual sympathy between husband and wife which kindles a parental affection in one toward the other.

Dr. Bisch should talk to the children of some of the divorced couples, and get the practical side as well as the mid-Victorian and sentimental. But even Napoleon still loved Josephine though he had to divorce her for State reasons, because she was childless—not because he didn't love her.

Respectfully,
Ed Bodin,
465 W. 23rd St.,
New York City.

IN ANSWER to the question "Are Children Necessary to Successful Marriage?" my answer would be decidedly "No," because my actual experiences have taught me.

My wife and I were married almost four years before we had children. During that time we were almost ideally happy.

Our first baby arrived—a boy—and while I was very proud and fond of him I could not help seeing that the baby was so important to my wife that she almost lost sight of me. In spite of having business that took heavily of my time, I was always on call for the baby's needs.

I was constantly running errands and at my office the telephone frequently called attention to things I must bring home. What was hard not to resent was the fact that these errands—anything for the baby—were always far more important than anything connected with my business.

The importance of the baby constantly grew. However, my wife lost sight of the fact that he was *my* baby, too. She assumed an air of proprietorship and I became a mere man servant living only to furnish things for the child.

When another baby arrived four years later then indeed did my trou-

This was the question asked by Dr. Louis E. Bisch in a recent issue of Psychology. Many readers from widely separated parts of the country have sent in their *views on the subject. Here are some of the letters received.*

bles grow. By this time I had become a mere worm, the children filled her horizon, she made no secret that my presence was actually distasteful to her and that I was valuable only as a producer of the children's needs. We are now a miserable couple. I am in a quandary about what to do. When I remember how happy we were before the babies came I indeed feel that children do *not* add to the happiness of a married couple.

L. L. M.,
Portland, Ore.

I ABSOLUTELY agree with the conclusions of Dr. Louis E. Bisch in a recent issue of PSYCHOLOGY in which he affirms that children are necessary to successful marriage.

Although my husband was very kind and loving—an ideal husband in fact for several months after we married—he gradually came to assume an air of indifference. He is a highly educated man and I have had only a high school education and so I soon began to feel that he was dissatisfied with me.

This conviction grew so strong that I developed a decided inferiority complex and got so I would not go out in company where we were both present. Sometimes I thought of suicide I was so miserable.

When I knew that I was to become a mother I was more miserable than ever. I thought this would make me seem only an added weight and bore to my husband and I told him the news with great reluctance. I was simply astonished when he seemed delighted. Almost immediately I noticed a difference in his manner. He became very thoughtful and considerate of me.

After our little girl was born—and two years later, a little boy arrived—we were happier than we had been even in the early days of our courtship. My husband is wild about the children, cannot stay away from them for any length of time and is the soul of consideration to me. In our case, at least, children have greatly added to our happiness.

Mrs. T. M. Burton,
Gary, Indiana.

HAVING read and enjoyed Doctor Louis E. Bisch's article entitled "Are Children Necessary to Successful Marriage," in an issue of the PSYCHOLOGY MAGAZINE, I wish to state I only partly agree with him.

Certainly, a couple should consider the question of children. It is a vital question and should be given serious thought.

Children are a center of love and a center of love is essential.

However, there is a center of love more valuable to mankind than children. It is a special talent God gives to man and woman to use for the betterment of mankind. This talent or center of love should not be sacrificed for children. It is a more noble center of love; if they sacrificed it because of children, the children would never be as inspiring, nor would the children be as satisfactory a center of love.

The couple who are not given this talent will be successful in marriage if the center of love is children.

One or the other is essential to a successful marriage but not necessarily children.

Lavinia G. Le Cates,
837 Edmonds Ave.,
Drexel Hill, Penn.

MY HUSBAND and I have lived together twenty-six years and have always been happy, nor have we regretted that no children came. Before marriage, I taught school and for the past seventeen years have run an all-star concert series, bringing the world's greatest attractions to a little town.

I have dealt with many children, having invited more than 10,000 to be guests at various concerts. My husband and I have lived well-filled lives and I believe my service to children, generally, has been more helpful and inspiring than had I curtailed my activities for children of my own.

Sometimes I think parents entertain a selfish regard for their offspring and many enjoy reflected pride if the child turns out well.

I have never heard my many other childless-couple friends express regret. I also do not believe every woman is a true mother. Children, in themselves, do not create the mother instinct, but it is the mother instinct that calls for children and this should be satisfied.

My experience has proved that children do not always cement the love ties, but are often only a means of holding unhappy couples together. Love is spiritual, based on respect and companionship. I know many couples with families, who "flew the coop" at middle age. This shows their love had been physical and not a finely cemented union of camaraderie.

After many years of observation and a wide acquaintance, I am not convinced that children are necessary, in all families, for success and happiness.

(Mrs.) Floy C. Barcus,
Chanute, Kas.

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Why I Wanted to Die

A Desire for Freedom Deceived—

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author who must, for obvious reasons, remain anonymous, was recently under treatment of a well known psychiatrist. The article explains the change of attitude which helped her regain her mental balance.*

WHEN I came to the realization last night that I wanted to die above all other things, a great surge of peace and quietude came over me. I felt that at last I had "come home." I stretched out on my bed, face down, and breathed deeply of this new happiness and contentment. It seemed to me that I had always been waiting to make this decision.

As I lay there a curious memory came to mind. One day last summer when I was in the garden I gave way to the impulse to stretch out on the ground beneath the pine tree and just rest. I had been writing steadily for days and my brain felt tired and confused.

All at once I became aware of the solid earth beneath me. It felt so good; a reality above all realities, concrete and everlasting. The fatigue vanished at once and it occurred to me that nothing could be more wonderful than to be lost in that good brown earth for all time; to become a part of the eternal verities once more, free of my body, free of all things.

FREEDOM I HAD SOUGHT

WHEN this incident returned to me I knew that this was the freedom I had been searching for all of my life, but until now I had never been willing to submit to the realization. I was afraid to.

Great sweeping pictures passed in review across my mind without my will: The myriad stars in the night sky, each one of different color and shape, each one revolving through its accustomed cycle and shining brightly through eons of space. The millions of blades of grass in a fragrant meadow, each one differing from all others, and yet blending so harmoniously as to seem a part of the whole.

Millions of pine needles glinting in the sunlight on a summer afternoon, each one unlike any other and yet so similar that when seen from afar they appear to be a shroud of glistening green about each tree. Millions of tiny pools of light on a sunny lake, each one of different contour, but so blending with all the rest as to make a pathway of light across the water. Millions of waves breaking against the shores around the world, each one of different size and force, but all a part of the same great body of water. Many, many winds that sweep over the world—the fragrant, melting winds of a summer evening; the hot, steady breezes of July; the raging, storming winds that herald a thunder shower; the pungent, crisp winds of October; the icy blasts of January; the little gusts of cool air in April; the gentle, rhythmic winds of May and June, each one differing so from all others, and yet all springing alike from the same great source.

ONE OF MILLIONS

AS these thoughts slipped through my mind the earth seemed to diminish in size, for it occurred to me that it was only one of the millions of planets in the universe, and at that, one of the smaller ones.

I thought of the clusters of buildings which make up the cities, towns and villages all over the world, each house of different size and differently situated, but all a part of the earth picture; the great skyscrapers of New York, the sod huts of the Western prairie, the log cabins of the Canadian woods, the great stone palaces of Europe, the clay houses of Tibet, the bamboo shanties of China, the snow and ice igloos of the far north, all the shelter of human-beings, and all harmonious when regarded as a whole.

And then a picture came to mind of the great swarming mass of humanity scattered all over the globe, each man an entity to himself with a special personality, ego and mind of his own; each one with food, love or money troubles; each one with desires, dreams, illusions, loyalties and despairs of his own; each one striving to get an inch of superiority and solemnly assured that it is of great moment; each one of the greatest importance to himself, in fact, the most important thing in the world—the center of his own universe.

And all the while the great tides of time and space move onward, oblivious of the small human struggle.

It seems to me that it is awareness of all these things that human beings have been trying to escape ever since they came into existence—awareness of the eternal verities. *(Continued on page 54)*

Your Kingdom of Thought

Does Our Thinking Affect Conditions?

by ALLAN R. MacPHERSON

"YOU mean to say, professor, that it is entirely the quality of a person's thinking that determines whether he reaches the top of the ladder or spends his life at the half-way rung looking down?"

"I mean exactly that," replied the professor of psychology, "and I make no exceptions for bad health, so-called inherited physical or mental deficiences, environmental limitations, or so-called unlucky breaks, accidents, and misfortunes. All of those obstacles can be overcome or surmounted. The galleries of history are walled with famous, sturdy characters, who, because of their grim determination to live and fight, developed the quality of their thinking to the point where they rose above their limitations."

"Do you mean, professor, that their thinking became spiritual?"

"Approaching the spiritual, yes. There should be no mystery about the term *spiritual.* Think of it as meaning high mental qualities of thought. Certainly, such characteristics as patience, persistence, intelligence, alertness, joy, optimism, and courage have their existence and expression entirely separate from, and above, any material sources. Such qualities survive all material decompositions including disease and death. Therefore they are really spiritual and freely available for adoption by every living human.

"Have you ever heard of courage having a fever, taking cold, or dying? No, it is immune to all the disintegrating forces of evil. A person may seem to become discouraged, angry, or sad. But what has become of their opposites, courage, goodwill, and joy? Are they not everpresent, waiting to be adopted and expressed thru your thinking? Can't you see that these qualities of thought are omnipresent, just as the principle of mathematics is present and operative everywhere? Two and two still make four whether you are up in the stratosphere or down in the deepest gold mine.

CHANCE TO RISE?

"WHAT then should the persons engaged in menial, routine tasks do about their thinking, Professor? What chance is there for them to rise above their monotonous existence?"

"Just this—determine to make your job incidental to your thinking. Use your daily tasks as the place and opportunity for cultivating your ability to think rightly about the work you have to do and about your attitude towards your associates. Mentally live above the seeming monotony of your routine and express the qualities of thought we have already mentioned, and a host of other superior attributes. Use some of your leisure time for active meditation, alone with your thoughts or the thoughts of others as expressed in writings.

"Does the beautiful lily in the swamp get a nervous breakdown wishing it were a rose in a lovely garden? Does it not rather give forth joyously of its purity and beauty to the surrounding muck and stench of its environment? So man, the highest work of nature, should naturally and perpetually express the spiritual qualities of thought, regardless of his material situation.

"And just to the extent that he succeeds in maintaining his mental position above the mediocrity of his physical environment will he be free from its debasing influences. Should it then be thought so unnatural an event if he should discover that his material surroundings and conditions are becoming more harmonious and congenial? Or even that he should find himself removed to a higher position more conducive to his progressive development of thought? Indeed not."

"Do you honestly believe, professor, that a man can actually think himself out of any wrong mental or physical situation? For instance, could a man literally think himself out of a prison cell?"

"Never having been in such a place I couldn't prove the complete possibilities of such a situation," laughed the professor. "Nevertheless, you must admit that the exercise of these higher qualities of thought which we have been discussing has many a time resulted in a prisoner being released sooner than usual under the general verdict, good behaviour. To that extent the better thinking of the prisoner has brought about his release before the expiration of his sentence. How-

ever, the power of right thinking to accomplish such a purpose does not operate overnight. In many cases it requires years of patient, painstaking mental practice to break down the mental barriers erected by a lifetime of crime, sinful indulgences, mental stagnation, and erroneous educational influences.

A Thinking Creature

"MAN is a thinking, knowing creature. And it is this capacity to think and to know which gives him dominion, provided he uses it rightly and progressively. Certainly it must be admitted that that which possesses the ability to think must also possess the inherent essential of absolute freedom of thought. Man is actually free to think, to know, and to do, or else he is not a thinking creature.

"In the reality of everyday living much the opposite situation seems to prevail. Man's mind is assailed with suggestions of evil foreboding, fears, disease, and death. He cries out in distress and dismay—why, if I am a thinker must I be plagued with these perpetual suggestions of evil that claim the floor of my mind for their dismal utterances and prophecies?"

It is like asking, why does two and two not equal five instead of four? All good is positive, or something. And all evil is negative, or nothing. Can a room full of darkness put out the light of even one candle? But where has the darkness gone to? Even so, is not the seeming presence of evil ignorance simply and purely the absence of (true knowledge) good?"

"What then, professor, is the practical application of that idea to the person struggling against mental assaults of evil suggestions and impulses? For instance, almost every individual has his pet fears of certain conditions.

At first, they are but faint suggestions—harmless, and easily thrown aside, but dwelt upon, they grow into wild beasts of fantasy and become real obstacles in the individual's path. Eventually, they may even result in his death. What is he to do?

He should strive to understand the *modus operandi* of his own thinking. It is calm understanding which frees from fear, while ignorance and hysteria perpetuate its illusions. As we mentioned before, the ability to think carries with it the perpetual state of being free to think any kind of thoughts. Now we go a step further. This gift to man of free thinking also carries with it the condition of responsibility for his thinking.

Gift of Free Thinking

"'AS a man thinketh in his heart, so is he'. We may truthfully say here that no man ever lived yet who has succeeded in breaking this greatest of all mental laws. Having the gift of free thinking has placed upon every human being a vast individual responsibility. Most of humanity's sufferings and troubles result from his refusal or his ignorance to understand and rightly assume that vital responsibility. You will note, however, that he does not escape the law on that account. His ignorance of the causes and effects of thought processes often subjects him to greater sufferings.

"Now to get back to the problem of the fearful man or woman. I have in mind the case of a man who was beset with the fear of failure. He had entertained it and fed it so long in his mental house that it had become an obsession and had taken possession of the house. It ruled his every thought and action until he couldn't help but fail. That man was ignorant of the processes of thinking. That is, he did no realize that his ability to think carries with it the compensation or *payment* for the kind of thinking he indulged in, and that he was absolutely free at all times to *change the course of his thinking.*

"Today that man is a success in every way. I got him to realize that his obsession was entirely self-created, self-perpetuated, and self-worshipped. Fear cannot think. It has no power abiding in it. Man does the thinking and possesses mental power. When negative suggestions are in our mental house they seem to usurp some of our mental power and freedom, and may eventually occupy the whole house if we do not throw them out while they are still on the doorstep.

"Would you say then, professor, that man really has a mental kingdom all his own over which he rules. Positive thoughts are his own subjects, and negative thoughts are his enemies which he must cast out?"

"Yes. When man lets in the enemies of fearful, foreboding thoughts, sets them up on a pedestal and bows down before them,—giving them power—then he reverses his heaven bestowed gift of free thinking. He steps off his throne and turns it over to the invaders. What happens then? This law of mind steps in and exacts the penalty of suffering from the deposed king for having neglected to protect and hold his

(Continued on page 53)

What Is *Your* Dangerous Age?

The Three Great Transition Periods of Life

by DR. ARTHUR FRANK PAYNE

THERE is small reason to consider the three great transition periods that are found in the life of every individual unless you can understand and make something of the information.

You start with your family—your nearest and dearest, then spread your observation in ever increasing circles—as a stone makes ever widening waves when you throw it in the water. You are then considering your neighbors, your clubs, societies. Finally, you reach the great figures in history.

You can then make use of practical psychology. You can analyse and understand the important transition periods of human lives.

The first transition period takes place at the age of six—the new psychology has made this plain. Children at this age are becoming acutely aware of themselves and others. Before this, they have almost no realizaion of the "thine and mine"—little idea or sense of values.

Sense of Values Nil

SEEING you put wood and coal in the fire, for instance, they are unable at an early age to realize why they shouldn't put books or toys or even their own clothes in the fire—the sense of values is almost nil. We should remember this and try to get the child's attitude of mind and we can then understand why he sometimes does things that are logical to him but "naughty" to us.

This period at the age of six is very important because these children for the first time learn to project themselves out of themselves and into the world. Before this they have been living in a subjective world. Now they begin to live in the objective world, the world of things and other people.

One of the remarkable things is that at this time the mother becomes a person. Before this time she has not been a person to them. She has been something important and satisfying and belonging exclusively to the child. Now they begin to realize that the mother belongs to somebody else. She is also a wife. She is also a mother to other individuals—his brothers and sisters. He begins to notice when the father and mother quarrel or when they make love to each other.

If the child is a boy it is likely to be disturbed to find father making love to mother. This sort of thing may bring about a sense of insecurity and inferiority. Insecurity because the child feels that things have changed. The mother that he depended upon no longer belongs exclusively to him. Then he gets a feeling of inferiority because here in this great big world is much that simply overwhelms him. He goes to school and begins to realize his own weaknesses, to realize that he has a big job ahead of him in the problem of living.

I have recently made a study of three hundred cases of stammering and stuttering and the most astonishing thing is that every one of the cases started when the child was six years of age. This undoubtedly is caused by the feeling of insecurity and inferiority. They find that stammering and stuttering brings attention to them and releases them from certain responsibilities. They continue to stammer and stutter.

Learn to Repress

THE boy or girl at the age of six begins to control himself, to doubt, to question. They now don't accept everything just because mother says it. They begin to be curious. They learn to wait and to watch. They begin to learn to repress themselves and to accept and effect suppression by others. They learn what education is and of course education means nothing but suppression and repression and inhibition of the instincts, that is that you can't do the things that you really want to do because it isn't polite, and annoys others.

They learn to know the difference between right and wrong. At his time the individual begins to make faces in the mirror—to be conscious that their face is their face. Now that sounds rather funny, but it is the truth. It is where they begin to put one finger in the corner of their mouth, and pull down their eyes and push up their noses and do other odd things—odd to the parents, natural to the child.

The child also becomes conscious of other parts of his own body. He is conscious of the quality of food *(Continued on page 48)*

Personalities

Here and There

What They Told GRACE M. KEEFFE

The Radio and the Child

DOES your child get nightmares after listening in on lurid bed-time stories? Does he scream in fright as the "bogeyman" comes riding in over the air?

Many children do, and their reaction to radio programs has been causing their parents a good deal of worry of late. What is to be done about it?

I put this question to Mrs. Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg, the enterprising and very able director of the Child Study Association of America, and she had a ready answer.

"It is impossible to set aside any particular radio program as unqualifiedly bad," Mrs. Gruenberg said. "The mystery story that frightens one child into hysterics merely thrills another. The silly story that tries the patience of the adult may satisfy a real need in the child.

"Radio is like the movies. Neither can be condemned as if they had uniform and permanent virtues or vices. Both exist and operate without moral prejudice. They are instruments which human beings may use more or less effectively, more or less wisely, more or less destructively. The tool is neither good nor bad.

"IT IS up to the parents," Mrs. Gruenberg continued, "to train their children in proper discrimination. The child that listens to everything that comes over the air, like the child who is a voracious and omnivorous reader, naturally takes the bad along with the good. He must have help in finding a spiritual fare that is better balanced but equally attractive.

"New devices," Mrs. Gruenberg pointed out, "always bring new problems, since they do not automatically fit into the established modes of living. We have to assimilate them in terms of our own enduring values and the excellencies which we conceive to be the very justification of our existence."

The Child Study Association recently completed a preliminary survey of child interest in the radio. And it is now sponsoring a series of radio talks by eminent authorities on child psychology and parent education, among them Mrs. Gruenberg.

Red Heads' Psychic Year

Are you a red-head? Then thank your lucky star.

"It is the psychic year," says Georges A. Sakele, famous Egyptian psychologist and poet. "And the red-head is the psychic woman. Whenever she appears on the scene, history is altered in its course. Her advent this year presages a mighty change for this country and the entire world. She may bring back prosperity. She may precipitate another war. But whatever she does, it is bound to be exciting. Her year—1933—will go down in history as a year brimful of action."

I dropped in on Monsieur Sakele in his luxurious quarters the other afternoon and over a cup of rich Egyptian coffee listened to him discourse on everything from beauty to religion and psychology to love.

"There are only seven types of women," M. Sakele told me. "The psychic woman is the rarest of them all. She appears about once in seventy-five years. But when she comes, she exerts a tremendous influence on politics and world affairs. Ninety per cent of the great women of history belong to the psychic type. Cleopatra, Salome, Du Barry, Marie Antoinette—all of them were psychic, most of them red-headed. Today there is Mme. Lupescu, King Carol's sweetheart.

"THE red-headed woman has no end of lovers," M. Sakele went on. "All men are slaves to her magnetism. But she seldom marries and never knows true happiness. She fails to realize complete satisfaction because she is always in search of perfection. And perfection—even the perfect lover—is impossible to find."

The red-headed woman, M. Sakele contends, is the supreme idealist. And in the continual frustration of her ideals lies the key to her moodiness—for she is, above all, a person of moods. Independent, dynamic, vivacious, a pensive sadness steals over her from time to time, enveloping her in its passing shadow.

M. Sakele's conclusions, it is said, are the result of long years of scientific and historical research. Coming to this country as

a young boy, he studied medicine, chemistry and psychology at Columbia University. Since his graduation he has returned to Egypt annually in quest of beauty secrets such as Cleopatra was said to possess.

Author of Best Sellers

From Katherine Brush's stories about red-headed and other women, one is apt to conclude that she doesn't approve of red-heads, brunettes, or blondes. Almost without exception, she has painted a gallery of ignorant, narrow-minded gossips and petty, selfish intriguers whom nobody could relish in the flesh. But although her pen carries a venomous touch, Miss Brush herself is the most kindly and gracious of persons.

"In fact, I'm really rather penitent about some of those stories," this penetrating young author told me a few weeks ago. "I wrote them to get them out of my system. And I guess I was a bit severe. I certainly did not mean to convey the impression that all women are catty."

Miss Brush began writing to escape the boredom of life in a small Ohio town to which she had gone as a young bride of nineteen. Had she been a native of the place, she might have become just another Mrs. Babbitt with nothing to do and less to think about. But she happened to come from Boston. Worse yet, she spoke with an unmistakable Boston accent. And that was just too much for the ladies of "Renwood."

TRY as she would, she could not win their confidence. Her accent barred the way. Finally, she took to writing to drown her loneliness, and at once she became "that inscrutable individual who prefers her book to our bridge." For seven years she remained the stranger in their midst.

Then came a prize of several thousand dollars from "College Humor." With it and a beautiful wardrobe, Miss Brush set out for Paris in quest of freedom, fame and fortune. At that time she was only twenty-six. Today, at thirty-one, she has them all, with popularity and love and happiness besides.

It is from her memories of those unhappy years in Ohio that Miss Brush resurrected the characters portrayed in "The Red-Headed Woman" and "Other Women." Now that she has them out of her system, she feels better about it. She can drop the curtain on "Renwood"—for a while, at least.

Miss Brush and her present husband, H. Charles Winans, a prominent young broker, maintain separate apartments overlooking the East River in New York City. A little spacious detachment, they contend, is an essential stimulus in marriage. Their own marriage proves the point—begun in 1929 as a three-year arrangement, they have since decided to continue it indefinitely.

Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante

Miss Brush is a great admirer of the younger generation, of which her ten-year-old son is a junior member.

"I think they're grand," she said. "They have more sense than their parents and grandparents put together. They know what life's all about. They strike a beautiful medium between the delicate youth of twenty years ago and the dizzy kids of the jazz age."

Jimmy of Schnozzle Fame

"Just tell dem fiscology folks for me, der ain't no more depreshun."

That's the message Jimmy Durante of schnozzle fame sent to our readers when I saw him backstage at the Majestic Theatre in New York the other evening.

Jimmy *should* feel that way. Rushed back from Hollywood a few weeks ago to strike the city pink the night after the banks saw red, he's been going strong with the Manhattanites ever since.

But how can Jimmy have eyes for anything but the jolly side of life when every idiotic gesture of *(Continued on page 65)*

The Up-Trail

For Those Who Dare—

by EMIL GOCKER

THIS is the Trail of the Fearless Ones
Who Dare the Rocks Alone,
But the Other Trail, the Easy Trail,
Runs Down to the Barren Zone—

—WHERE mocking discouragement rides the wind and wails a dismal dirge: "What's the use?" Very little—for the man who has given up hope and refuses to try. Every action of life is a feeble gesture unless it is crammed with the fire of faith and active determination.

Strong men are made or unmade by ordinary trifles. To rise above the small annoyances that prick you each day demands a superior brand of courage. Keeping calm, unruffled and confident in the face of minor difficulties, puts one in a keen, fighting humor and stirs up an eager zest to tackle life's big problems at the first opportunity.

Challenge—Without Fear

THAT is the way to challenge the worst, boldly and brazenly, with the unshakable faith that you *cannot* lose. Be indomitable! Pour the golden reserves of your soul into the destiny for which you were born. There is no yesterday for such as you, only a glorious today. Looking back, like Lot's wife, on the Gomorrhas that tried you before, you find a new reservoir of strength to call upon that makes the climb upward an everlasting joy.

"One of the best incentives to make you reach your ideal," suggests the scholar St. Augustine, "is frequently to look into yourself, and be *dissatisfied* with your condition. For if you are satisfied with a place, you will stay there; if you are satisfied with your condition, you will be content to remain in it; and because you are satisfied, you will lose all desire to be better."

Little Men Have Mourned

At various periods in history, little men with flabby brains have mourned the imagined passing of Old Man Progress. In all useful fields of work the peak of achievement had apparently been reached. Nothing left but wormwood and ashes. "Where do we go from here?" they cried. The automobile, the electric light, the airplane, the telephone, the refrigerator. What next?

History repeats itself with variations like the return to the jig-saw puzzle. Is there, actually, nothing more to do? No more worlds to conquer? Opportunities as scarce as the alarmists would have us believe? Chances to make good as flimsy as a spider's thread?

"What is; and what but seems to be?" asks Lindsay Hoben. The commonplace hides the extraordinary. The darkest hour comes just before dawn. The calm precedes the storm. Barren ideas often give rise to flashes of inspiration. What seems hopeless at first sight is simply the *appearance* of hopelessness!

Man's Work Goes On

NOT long ago a dying genius left this note behind: "My work is done!" He was desperately sick of life, so he *thought* he was through.

But no man's work is ever done; it goes on and on, changing from bad to fair, from fair to good, from good to excellent. Nor does it stop there. It picks out the flaws in past deeds and routs them out. Over the wreck of ruined hopes man rises "bloody but unbowed" and gathering together the fragments of his battered courage, he makes another start.

Done? Finished?

Joseph Conrad, who lived to be acknowledged the greatest living master of English prose, was never through writing and when death overtook him, he was working on his twenty-fifth novel "Suspense."

Titian was at his best, his paintings bearing the stamp of perfection, when the plague killed him at ninety. Goethe wrote the second part of "Faust" at the age of eighty. Michelangelo, almost ninety and with approaching blindness, rallied his greatest powers at the order of Pope Julius II and for four years strove to achieve a superhuman task. The magnificent frescoes that now adorn the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the *(Continued on page 64)*

Why You Are Misunderstood

As a Parent

by O. G. VAN CAMPEN

THE rarest thing in this world is an open mind. However, there are very few parents who have an open mind on the grave question of how to bring up children.

There would be no misunderstanding between parents and children if the parents would only continue to grow with the children. It is an actual fact that the parents live in one generation and the children in another.

Each speaks a different language, each looks at life from a different viewpoint and it is not the job of the children to understand the parents.

The father and mother have the adult minds, and it is they who should make the necessary adjustments in order that there be complete understanding between parents and children.

We adults are too expert in "buck-passing." We are too ready to defend our pet ideas and as a result we stand pat on our little island of self-sufficiency and out of a fog of prejudice we cry to the Most High to rescue the coming generation from some impending doom.

Our task as parents is to throw away our conceit and vanity, and our bigotry and our smug self-satisfaction. We must tear the scales from our eyes and look with understanding eyes and open minds upon this different world in which our children live and have their being.

"High and Mighty"

WE are misunderstood primarily because we are the high and mighty parents—we know it all. How often mother says with that superior note in her voice, "Now, dear, mother knows best." Or, father says in the tones of a commanding officer, "Never mind the whys and wherefores, do it the way I tell you to do." As a matter of fact, mother or father, what do you actually know, particularly from a scientific standpoint, about bringing up children? Since you have become a mother or father what have you learned about the care and development of your children?

For the most part, you are bringing up your children much as your parents brought you up. You are applying hand-me-down methods, such as the spanking, the scolding and the doctrine of Thou Shalt Not.

As a result of your fixed ideas and your lack of understanding the relationship existing between you and your children is very often actually pathetic and because you are so satisfied that you are right, almost hopeless. When your children meekly submit to your rigid rule you are beguiled into believing that there is understanding and confidence between you. Costly though the price may be, you apparently wait for experience to teach you the folly of your methods.

Consistent with our ignorance as to how to bring up our children, we usually attempt to compel the respect, confidence and deference which we have not earned. We deny the child the right to have a will of its own and insist upon instant and implicit obedience. We rob the child of its power to choose and compel it to submit to the dictates of the parents. In fact, we are so proud of our parental authority that we exhibit it on occasions when guests are present.

MOTHER

HUNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather,
Hundreds of dew drops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

Groundwork for Inferiority

MOTHER will say in a very dignified and quite final sort of way, "Now that will do, George, go to your room." Or, father will puff out his cheeks and say in the best Board of Directors manner, "Now, drop the subject,

(Continued on page 56)

The Most Extensive and in the Field of Psych

THE NATURAL, INEVITABLE OUT-G

BECAUSE of numberless inquiries for information and guidance, the publishers of PSYCHOLOGY some time back set themselves the task of working out a comprehensive plan for supervising and directing a group study program in Applied Psychology.

A vast survey was made to determine treatment of the many elements which enter into the problem and only recently has it been possible to complete the course. With the beginning of the year, we were in a position to subject it to the necessary tests to determine its soundness, and have organized ***APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY CHAPTERS*** as a national body through which it is proposed to establish chapters of the organization in every community.

From the cradle to the grave, we live every hour of the time on three planes—PHYSICAL, MENTAL and PSYCHICAL, and the study of Psychology enables us to co-relate the three and live a balanced, peaceful, contented, happy SUCCESSFUL life.

WHAT COMPRISES A CHAPTER?

ANY group of ten or more can receive a charter for a chapter from the National Organization. Each chapter will have a teacher and staff as outlined in the by-laws of said chapter. The work to be covered at each meeting of all chapters will be prepared and forwarded from the office of the National Organization since we are convinced that there is no other practical way to bring home to the individual the vital import that such study carries. It is obviously impossible for the millions who need the results which this course contemplates to attend college; hence we determined upon bringing this work into your home-town through the *chapter study method.* ***APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY CHAPTERS*** is dedicated to the greatest mission in the educational world—the giving to man an understanding of himself and of his brother.

The work of the chapters will be formulated and supervised by accredited authorities thoroughly competent to pass on to all teachers of local chapters a complete understanding, as well as the theory and interpretation, of the work.

It is important that each teacher in each chapter make certain that the *continuity* of the work as laid out by the central body is followed without digression, as the lessons are so arranged as to take the members of each chapter step by step onward and upward to bigger, broader, better living in the home, in the social relations, as well as in the business or professional life.

One of the most important points we desire to stress to every prospective chapter is that in view of the great cost of the research work, and of the compilation of data and lessons in their logical sequence, the plan would have been impossible of achievement in anything less than a nation-wide movement. It therefore gives us a great measure of happiness and encouragement to be able to offer this service to all chapters at the low fee of fifty cents per month per member, only 12½c a week—a fifty-two week course for a total of six dollars—a course covering every branch of this basic science which affects every phase of your daily life.

This fee of fifty cents per month per member is based upon a theoretical membership of a minimum of 100,000. Pending the enrollment of the minimum membership, the publishers of PSYCHOLOGY have agreed to carry the expense of the national body until it becomes self-supporting.

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)WTH OF A NATION-WIDE DEMAND

AL MORASS

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very few of the im- ed to know, no mat- fession, vocation or

inds with the water is never too late to take the road called rrive at the house *Now* is the accepted never come! Op- g at your door this on't expect *psychol-* r in, for *psychology* ay. *You* must open welcome the oppor- ou come to realize nly a small part of your own power, while 60 or 70% of your great *reserve* power lies within, sleeping, unused.

KNOW thyself and *know* that you *know!* Suddenly feel your feet lifted up and placed on higher ground! Doubt and fear and hesitancy and frustration fade away like the dew in the June sun,—your cloud turns over and at last you see and *possess* its glorious silver lining.

OPEN FORUM DEPARTMENT

IN any kind of a meeting, anytime, anywhere,—if the chairman suddenly looks at you and says,—"We are gratified to have Mr. Smith with us tonight and right at this time we'd like a few words from him on the vital question we are discussing,"—does your heart beat like a trip hammer? *Does your face get red?* Do your feet feel glued to the floor, —do you finally get up and hem and haw and then sit down with the feeling you are disgraced for life?

The *Open Forum Department* of every chapter study program is an important feature. Discussion in the weekly chapter meetings, following the lesson, not only affords opportunity to ask questions and have them answered, thereby helping every member to a clearer, deeper understanding of that lesson; it also is a valuable aid in instilling the confidence that is so essential for speaking extemporaneously. The voice has little or nothing to do with the physical body. A short fat man weighing two hundred pounds may have the best voice in one chapter and a tall, slender woman weighing ninety-six pounds may have the best voice in another chapter. Being mentally brilliant does not add to, detract from, or make a change in the voice.

THE POWER OF ORATORY

THE voice is the *shining forth* of your subconscious mind. Change and improve the way your subconscious mind works and you and your friends will marvel at the change in your voice. *What is oratory? What causes it,—what makes it an unequalled power down through the ages?* Make your voice dynamic, magnetic, inspirational, sway people, *move* them—lift them up and they stop and turn and *follow* where you lead!!!

Voice, however, is but *one* of your God-given gifts. You can learn how to discover and use ALL YOUR LATENT POWERS through a thorough understanding of your sub-conscious mind.

The local chapter plan for the study of psychology merits the cooperation of teachers, pastors, and all broad-visioned people in every community. Because of the *educational* nature of the chapters it should not be difficult, in the event a chapter cannot afford its own quarters, to obtain permission to hold meetings in a nearby school-house, church, library or other public building.

The chapter work aims to traverse the entire range of mental law, and to teach how this law may be applied to the personal problems of members, as well as to the achievement of social adjustment in their communities through a developed understanding of the motivating force in human behavior.

To start a chapter in your vicinity, address a letter today to Applied Psychology Chapters, Room 2011, 1450 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Without any obligation on your part, you will receive by return mail complete instructions, including Constitution and By-Laws, for the forming and conducting of your chapter.

33 — 100,000 Members

Law and Order

Tony's Americanization Begins with 3.2!

by JOHNATHAN K. HOWELL

TONY FIORELLO couldn't understand the fuss about the return of beer.

Why people had been drinking it for the past thirteen years anyway, hadn't they? Tony knew, as did everyone else, that the tax revenue from the sale of the amber fluid wouldn't wipe out the national debt—how could it?

He had viewed with less than passing interest the news reels of the foamy liquid churning in huge beer vats, the multitudinous activities at the bottling works, and close-ups of huge glass steins being bowled across mahogany topped bars.

The beer racket wasn't a new one to Tony —nor was the entire bootlegging industry for that matter.

But with the depression and threatened repeal, the bottom had dropped out of the hard liquor racket. There was Tony Junior to be cared for now, and hadn't Angela told him that there would be another little mouth to feed soon?

Thus it came about that a misty April morning—long before dawn, the 7th, to be exact, found Tony—sleek haired, gun-toting racketeer and hijacker seated on the driver's seat, reins in hand, of one of the great delivery wagons of an uptown brewery.

Tony still couldn't understand why everyone talked so much about the return of real beer or why the newspapers gave such front page space to a beverage so impotent in alcoholic content as to be classed officially as non-intoxicating. The newspaper and motion picture men proved an annoyance with their early morning flashlights and floodlights, and it was all Tony could do to keep his handsome span of three huge Percherons in a presentable line.

"It's just like starting all over again," said one of the reporters, and it was that remark which started Tony thinking. A new industry, a new deal, a new and better feeling all around, wasn't it!

Why, the new set of harness, for three sturdy Percherons, glistening with its chromium plated ornaments, must have cost a small fortune!

His interest quickened as the starting hour drew near and the cameramen withdrew to a safer distance. He sat erect in his seat, tossed away the unfinished cigarette which had dangled from the corner of his mouth, and his eyes brightened as he looked toward the loading platform where the Old Man stood, whistle to lips.

A shrill, musical blast and they were off.

Four great teams of horses swept out of the cobble stone paved yard, one by one, beating a machine gun-like tattoo with their iron hoofs.

"No more choppers or sawed off shotguns," thought Tony. This was legal. Each huge, oaken barrel bore the big blue stamp of the U. S. Internal Revenue Department.

No more hijacking on lonely roads; no more speeding like a maniac along Long Island highways at midnight, heedless of other cars or pedestrians. No more shakedowns, or planting century notes with motorcycle cops.

Nearly half way down town a great red and gold truck, spic and span in its newness, drew close and slowly passed him. For a brief second Tony reached to where his shoulder holster was usually slung, but there was no gun there. Sheepishly he withdrew his hand in time to return the friendly salute a competitor's driver had waved to him.

Nice truck, that! Nice fellow, Bill! No more muscling in on another man's territory and being burned down for it. He breathed deeper as he thought of the relief Angela would feel, and then smiled at the thought of driving a towering truckload of beer right down Broadway and in broad daylight.

At every stop he was accorded a boisterously cheery greeting. People, it seemed, really wanted to be law-abiding; so with each visit he sat up a little straighter, entirely heedless of his companion in the driver's seat who had, once or twice, endeavored to get him into conversation.

The clattering of iron hoofs as he crossed car tracks brought back schoolboy memories —of Paul Revere, of Phil Sheridan. A tingling sense of pride swept over him and crept to the roots *(Continued on page 65)*

I Feel This Way About It!

Everybody Is a Salesman—Of Something

by A. DANIEL BELL

QUEER as it may seem, I recently had three hundred dollars that the banks failed to get.

Being patriotic, the sort of a fellow that responds speedily to the needs of his fellow creatures, one who cares not a hoot for self preservation, I decided to spend it—every single solitary cent on myself as my contribution toward putting the nation back on its financial feet.

In my mind's eye I conjured up a vision of a handsome dent in the unemployment situation as a result of my prodigality. I knew what anybody's dollar would do when it started rolling along the industrial highway. So you can imagine what I thought that three hundred dollars of mine would accomplish, once they got going good. The factories certainly would be kept busy replacing the things I should buy. Telephone and telegraph and cable companies would reap a harvest transmitting the orders.

BUT best of all—men, women and children would return to their old jobs—women and children first—bless their hearts, under the good old unwritten law of the sea.

However, my spasm of hedonic uplift was to be brief. I started out thinking, as a golfer thinks before he has sliced the first one into the rough, that I was going to have a fine time. But I ended as golfers will, when they expect to break ninety and finish with a card over a century—virtually swearing. For while the day was still young, and consequently promising much, one of New York's largest stores booted me through the door.

Perhaps this seems like an exaggeration, but for that matter, so does the Einstein theory. Big and little stores in New York and stores in big and little towns all over the country are busy doing the unbelievable thing of kicking their customers out—and then the mental bankrupts of business wonder why they are losing trade.

FOR reasons that they cannot understand, Bill Dimple, with his little store around the corner, appears to be doing well. More than that —a depression to Bill is just a hole in the road that makes his car bump.

The answer is simple and direct—Bill understands the public mind. If the moaning merchants have little interest outside the exchange of money and goods, you couldn't say that about Bill. He knows a patron often comes in after losing an argument with his wife. He is aware that it is nonsense to try to sell a conservative man a pink shirt. Bill not only knows about shirts, but he also knows the psychology of sales in general. A shoe that will fit Mary Jane would send Jean Doe limping around with corns—Bill is fully aware of this.

And Bill wouldn't be guilty of such bad sales psychology as to tell a decidedly plump little woman that she shouldn't wear white because white would make her look fat? He would not. He knows that if he did, he would be about as popular as a dog at a home for friendless cats. And people are like that everywhere. The only real difference between shopping on Fifth avenue and shopping on Main street is the price.

Maybe it is the extra anxiety to make sales these days which may be responsible for these astounding mistakes. But most people blame an attack of hives on the weather when they should be admitting the irritating itch was caused by gormandizing on strawberries. I am skeptical when the burden of the industrial slump is placed so far away but where I believe it quite largely belongs—on the shoulders of the men in business.

FOR example, the store that I have in mind is an old and justly famous institution, dealing in merchandise which has won a fastidious clientele. It is a store where one could formerly go and spend the day just wandering around—if one cared for that kind of entertainment. And hordes of women, and some men, did that. They visited the art gallery, listened to excellent music, dined in the cafeteria or splendid restaurant, or merely strolled about examining the beautiful rugs and magnificent pieces of old furniture. But no matter what they de- *(Continued on page 55)*

Fragments of Life

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings—"

THOUGHTS

WE are alone, my thoughts and I,
Alone in the swing together,
The boughs may bend and the wind may sigh,
What matters the kind of weather?

We are not afraid, my thoughts and I,
To bravely face each other,
As we swing and sing 'neath the blue, spring sky,
And smile at one another.

When sorrows come and friends depart
And there seems naught to cheer me,
No more I grieve with saddened heart—
My thoughts are ever near me.

Margaret S. Clayton.

THIS BANK HASN'T FAILED!

FROM the nature of things, of mice and men, we can't all lay up treasures of gold in the savings bank.

However, we *can* lay up treasures to our credit in the Bank of Life. This bank has never closed its doors, has never failed and the deposits we make therein draw interest into eternity. All these deposits—our experiences, both small and great are neatly recorded. Nothing will be lost.

The joys we've shared, the sorrows we've helped to lighten and the hand we've extended to help our fellow man, they're but the items on the credit side of life. The evil we've wrought, the misdeeds we've done, the misfortune or failures we've had, why, they're just the checks we've drawn and spent. So let's all buck up and try a little harder, be quite a bit firmer in our ambition to pile up a little treasure in the Great Bank of Life.

Humphrey C. Wandsworth.

"BY THE HOUR"

I am like "Martha-by-the-day" who works by the day, gets paid by the day, and lives by the day! Only I have boiled down my philosophy until I can "go her one better" and make my philosophy that of living and working and being happy *by the hour!*

In this *hour* I am in a cool room, fanned by glorious breezes from the bay. It was hot as blue blazes last week, but *this* is *this hour*, not last week! I have luscious fruit in a gleaming crystal bowl—the fruit to feed my body, the beauty of the shining bowl to feed my beauty-loving soul! Tho I don't *know* that I shall have fruit *six months from now,* I should worry about that in this hour! Nothing can mar the joy of *this hour!*

Live by the *hour* and knock the props out of depression! Live by the hour and eliminate all gloomy "ifs" and thus do your part in bringing back happy days. They certainly can't come when the very atmosphere is filled with "ifs" of gloom!

Each day life gives us generously and as poppies squander their fragile gold on every wind that blows, the twenty-four hours furnish a real Jack-in-the-box variety of experiences. We should live in them instead of miserably wasting our day's supply of energy in vainly chasing in imagination a future which we paint with gloomy "ifs!"

Stop! Think! Why run after trouble with airplane speed? You have *only this hour* to live—and when it it lived, *another* hour will come to take its place. You can live only one minute at a time, but *you* try to live hours, months, years ahead! Don't you honestly see what you are missing of the beauty of the present moment?

Try beginning each morning determined to live by the hour only!

Faith Lewis.

THE JIG-SAW OF LIFE

DID you ever throw down a jig-saw that you simply could not solve and swear somebody must have lost a piece?

You were sure the Smith baby, whose parents lent you the puzzle, must have tossed one curlycue down the radiator. However, if you kept on working, miraculously, one day, it did fit; there was no missing piece.

So it is with life in general. Our present existence is usually one scrambled jig-saw with a piece marked "Depression" that refuses to fit. We twist it, we turn it, we throw it down in despair; yet something drives us on to try again.

Each one of us, *(Continued on page 46)*

A New Man

for the New Woman
The Salvation of Sex Compatibility

by HEINRICH F. WOLF, M. D.

PART II

THE new man must understand the new woman.

His willingness to meet her half way, his ability to grasp her intellectual needs, to share her mental life—these, as I see it, are vital and absolutely necessary characteristics.

Only unions based on such understanding, on community of interests, can weather the storm of modern living. Whether these interests are material or intellectual is not important. But there *must* be linking ties of interest.

The frequent divorces among stage and screen actors offer no contradiction to this statement. Here, while a community of interest may at first glance seem to exist, the spirit of competition, giving rise to jealously, envy, misunderstanding, seems to overshadow it. Few actors or singers really enjoy the success of their colleagues.

But let the new man beware of seeing in the new woman only another intellect. He will be as much of a failure in her eyes as if he erred on the other side. The new woman is still female and feminine: a proper evaluation of her appearance, an appreciation of her physical charms, an understanding interest in her dress will still be indispensable attributes in the new man.

It is a characteristic trait of woman that she will value a small gift from her lover which indicates thought and personal interest in her wishes far more than a costly array of presents, a mail order affair, so to speak.

This is the case because the emotionally stable woman who is neither mercenary nor foolish appraises her mate not from the standpoint of material values but from that of the intensity of his affection and attention. Lawrence Langner in his one-act play "One Way Out" vividly pictures this phase of woman's emotional life in the scene where Pierrette leaves her Philistine provider for poor Harlequin, who invests all the money he received for a poem in silk bloomers and a rose for her.

II

IN RECENT times a great deal of stress has been laid on the importance of sex compatibility. I for one cannot entirely concur in this opinion. Maladjustment in the sexual life has of course wrecked many a union, but I question whether in each of these cases a mental incompatibility did not exist also. Two people who are truly adapted to one another will undoubtedly find a way to smooth out difficulties of this kind or be happy together in spite of them. As a physician, I have seen marriages last in spite of complete frigidity of the wife and I have seen women stick to their impotent husbands through thick and thin. On the other hand, many marriages are wrecked in spite of complete sexual adjustment because the opposing characters of the two people involved preclude spiritual harmony. After all, we are individuals first and, in spite of Freud, man and woman only secondarily.

The reader, therefore, who expects from me some form of "prescription" for his sex activities in his development to a "new man" will be disappointed. The sex game is a pretty old one; in the Upanishad and other Indian works, in Ovid and in many other books this problem has been sufficiently elaborated, and new inventions are unlikely to be made. On the contrary I wish to accentuate that the part that sex plays in modern unions, while important, is not the only determining factor.

If people fully appreciated the importance of true human contact and relationship, they would readily agree on the proper evaluation of sexual faithfulness. Many writers, Bertrand Russell among them, have pointed out that sidestepping on the part of the husband or wife does not need to disturb the harmony of the union if both, wife as well as husband, realize that a passing

passion cannot and will not undermine their life, if only they will forget the prejudices of past ages and learn to minimize the importance of such episodes. A sense of good taste will tell each man or woman how to safeguard the sensibilities of his partner and if an unnecessary clash is avoided, which does more harm than the event itself, both partners will easily and without lasting harm find one another again.

III

ONE of the stumbling blocks in the happy relations of the sexes at present consists of the economic factors. In former times when women went into wedlock from the shelter of their homes it was understood not only that the husband provided the money for their living expenses but that he decided how much and in what way it was to be spent. A woman who never had much money of her own could easily adjust herself to such an arrangement.

At present, however, only very few girls marry who did not earn money at some time or another before marriage and who were not used to spending it in the way they wanted to, without being responsible to anybody. This offers a serious problem to the man of today. We have not yet learned that a marriage is a partnership entered into with equal rights and equal duties. It is not easy to decide who has the greater responsibility for the welfare of the family, the one who earns the money or the one who spends it. Is the wife upon whose shoulder lies the duty of making ends meet less important than the husband who provides the means? In a time when division of labor is the keystone of every business must it not be clear that the division of labor in the house is of equal importance?

Many a woman who made a good deal of money before her marriage, sometimes more than the husband was making at that moment, has pined under the necessity of asking her husband for money to take care of some personal need. I remember a case where a neurotic disturbance was the direct outcome of this change. A woman of about fifty came to me for consultation who before her marriage had earned a large income. She now had eight children and a kind though indifferent husband. She had become very irritable, showed symptoms of feeling persecuted by her family and exhibited excessive anxiety over the welfare of her children. All this was the direct result of her unconscious resentment against the circumstance that her marriage and her children were the cause of her financial dependency.

Granted that there are many women who cannot manage financial matters—which, by the way, holds true of many men also—the situation must be unbearable for those who can. The modern man must look at his wife in the same way as the director of a factory looks at his purchasing department. It is the money of the concern, not his own, which has to be spent wisely and economically.

It happens not infrequently that man and wife are working in different fields and that the wife makes more money than her husband. I have seen such marriages break up because the husband could not accept this fact, which undermined his self respect.

The case of a very happy couple comes to my mind, one of the happiest I ever met. The wife, knowing her husband's extreme shyness and modesty, insisted that he be considered the head of the family; he sat at the head of the table, was always served first, was consulted on all questions. His self-respect thus strengthened, he did not mind letting his wife take hold of all financial matters, which he knew she could manage better than he, and asking her for the few dollars he needed for himself.

IV

THE ordinary man does not know of any problems except those connected with his daily needs. He accepts the conditions of the world around him as they are and does not judge them according to the past nor does he want to influence the future. He thinks that what is will always be, because —as he believes—it has always been thus.

Problems develop, says Ernst Mach, when our thoughts come into conflicts with facts. The extensity, variety, difficulty of problems vary and grow with progress in thinking. The young person who is not aware of the vastness of the unknown has few problems and he easily solves those because he has not yet acquired the ability of many-sided analysis. Youth is inclined to be partial, to see only one side of a question. Many people never outgrow this immature way of thinking. This may be due largely to the fact that we are accustomed to correlate one cause and one effect. We are apt to forget that it never can be a question of one cause. In every instance there are a great many causes, and it has been rightfully suggested to abolish the use of the word "cause" and substitute "condition." It seems to me that this linking of one cause and one effect may be the reason *(Continued on page 61)*

Your Job and You

Are You a Square Peg In a Round Hole?

by CORDELIA MAKARIUS

Editors Note: The editors are pleased to introduce to its readers this department in which vocational problems will be discussed:

IN MY line of work I come in contact with many persons who have a great desire to further their ambition in life.

One of the biggest cries I have heard is, "Where can I find my rightful place?"

This cry does not come alone from individuals who are uneducated, or not equipped by education or an experienced background, but ofttimes we find people with the splendid experience and the best of education anxiously trying to find their rightful places.

It is the purpose of this column to deal with individual problems in various phases of life.

I am in daily contact with women and men who have serious problems in the business and professional world.

Perhaps you have a problem of preparing yourself for a certain type of work. If so, write to me frankly, telling me what work you have done, what you want to do, your age, and other pertinent points that will help me to help you.

Women did not have an easy time in establishing themselves in business, even though economic changes made it necessary for many of them to earn their own living. The following story is a true and amusing one.

Picture if you can, a Southern girl, reared in all the seclusion and shelter of true Southern aristocracy.

She was petite and pretty, but under her doll-like head ran a few independent ideas. She had ambition to be more than a charming Southern hostess.

One night, at a big party and dance given in her honor, she slipped away and left home. Her family looked for her for some little time, and finally found her working as a clerk in a law office, and studying law on the side.

But she stuck to her idea, and continued her work and her studies, and finally became a full fledged lawyer.

When she came to New York to practice law a few years ago, a woman lawyer was looked upon with the same amount of awe and wonder, and even ridicule as might be a five-legged calf.

When she went to plead a case, the men would smile at her indulgently, and much to her disgust and anger they would treat her like a toy and not take her seriously.

ONE day an old friend was talking to her, and the little woman lawyer was pouring her troubles on the older woman's shoulders. "What you want to do," said the friend, "is to make them realize your seriousness. You are in a man's game, so play at being a man. Discard those feminine frills, and put on some tailored clothes."

And that was the beginning of a metamorphosis for Lucille Pugh, the well known lawyer. She stalked into the court room with her high collars, her extremely mannish clothes, and made them take notice of her. She won her point at the expense of her femininity during her court room hours.

Today she is a recognized lawyer, earning many thousands of dollars a year, with her own suite of offices in one of the prominent buildings in New York City.

It took a pioneer spirit to get the proper recognition. Now, thank heavens, it is not necessary for women to don extremely mannish clothes in order to make the world in general and men in particular, realize that she has something in her head besides a desire for life's frivolities.

Here is a typical letter:

"Dear Miss Makarius: Your column has set me to thinking. Perhaps there is, after all, a niche in this business world of ours where I can fit. I am a 'Jack of all trades and master of none.' I have been out in the world for eight years, and have floundered around from one job to another, seldom finding the suitable one.

"I took a business course when I finished High. At first I was a mere 'steno,' but the same office made me a 'secretary' to their representative in connection with an Immigration station. The work was social service and it interested me, so when I saw a chance of doing this work, I applied at a large charity organization and was *(Continued on page 50)*

Asparagus—

Its Dietary Values

by DR. J. DOUGLAS THOMPSON

NOW that springtime is here our thoughts naturally turn to asparagus—a most delicious edible which contains seven of the sixteen chemical elements found within the body.

These are calcium, chlorine, hydrogen, iron, silicon, sodium, and sulphur. These seven elements are indispensable, for when any one of them is lacking to any extent, disease slowly creeps up like a burglar in the stillness of the night.

CALCIUM, THE BUILDER OF BONES

THE first element found in asparagus is calcium, which your bones and your teeth must have in order to maintain themselves.

Calcium, when united with sodium, forms that mysterious element known as lime, out of which the bony structure is built. In man and the higher vertebrate animals, it is the lime salts that go to make up more than fifty per cent of the mineral elements in the body. . .Not only are they necessary for the formation of the many hundreds of bones, but for every part of the organism.

Lime, when united with iron, is an essential constituent for the production of those billions of tiny soldiers that march through your arteries and veins. It is these red blood cells that carry the nutritive elements that you have eaten directly to each and every part of your body where they are then given off to the parts that need them, thus maintaining the functions of life itself. Moreover, lime and iron aid materially in bringing about proper respiration, when they are chemically combined.

Calcium stands for strength and great durability, and if you are to retain the health and strength of the body at all times, the foods that you eat must contain the necessary amount of organic lime salts. Without a sufficient amount of lime, firm and healthy bones cannot possibly be built. Even in the adult body the bony tissues are continually subjected to change just like the other tissues of the body. Blood vessels enter the bones and supply them with the necessary material for their growth and changes.

Among the many foods containing calcium are, besides asparagus, bran, buttermilk, cauliflower, cheese, citrus fruits such as the orange, grapefruit and lemon, cranberries, cucumbers, currents, gooseberries, grapes, fish of all types, lima beans, lentils, lettuce, milk, onions, peaches, peas, prunes, radishes, cabbage, raw egg yolks, rhubarb, sauerkraut, whole grain wheat products, spinach, sorrel and nuts of all types.

CHLORINE, A CLEANSER OF THE BODY

THE second element found in asparagus is none other than our good friend chlorine, which is not only a wonderful disinfectant of the body, but is a very important element that neutralizes the poisons in the blood stream and aids in ejecting them from the body by way of those two little sewers, the kidneys, and their reservoir, known as the bladder.

Chlorine occurs throughout the entire vegetable kingdom principally in the form of potassium chloride and sodium chloride. It assists in the formation of all of the digestive juices from the saliva, manufactured by those three active little glands located in your neck, to the gastric juices found in your stomach and intestines. Even the mineral matter of the blood's serum is largely composed of sodium chloride.

Chlorides are most important for renal secretion. Their presence is necessary in that process known as the elimination of nitrogeneous waste poisons, which are, of course, the end products of digestion. Sodium chloride is a normal constituent of the body, and is always present in the blood itself as well as in a great many of its tissues. Therefore, it forms the second reason why asparagus should be a part of your regular weekly diet, especially during the springtime.

Among the many foods containing chlorine are besides asparagus, meat, fish, poultry and game, lentils, lettuce, radishes, raw egg yolk, red cabbage, roquefort cheese, meat juices, spinach and white cabbage.

WATER ALSO A PART OF ASPARAGUS

ASPARAGUS also contains hydrogen, which, as you know, is a constituent of nature's delightful beverage known as water, the chemical composition of *(Continued on page 59)*

The Law of Success

What Kind of Yard Stick Do You Use?

by EDGAR WHITE BURRILL

BEFORE you can achieve success, you must define your terms. What do you mean by success? What kind do you want? Do you want the old type, represented by the elder Mr. Rockefeller, who built Standard Oil into the most powerful corporation of its time and became the world's richest man and most influential individual in business today? Do you want the spectacular success of an Ivar Kreuger or a Samuel Insull, whose financial prestige was so great that they could control the destinies of millions of people for a while?

There was an ancient Greek king called Midas whose touch turned everything to gold. But he did not call himself a successful man, even though he had the most potent Gold Standard the world has ever seen. The Israelites also had a Golden Calf, but it wasn't much of a success, either. Then a man in the year 33 A. D. defined a new kind of Golden Rule, which is still steadily displacing the Rule of Gold.

Nothing Could Defeat

HE had many followers. They were all successful, though he himself achieved the greatest success. Even his own crucifixion was a success. It overcame the Roman Empire, and it could not defeat him. St. Francis of Assisi was a success, though he tramped the roads of Umbria barefoot, with no earthly possessions. Socrates, forced to take poison, was successful, also; the world has never forgotten him.

Confucius, Zoroaster, Mohammed, Buddha, Rembrandt, Ibsen, Shakespeare, John Galsworthy—they were all A 1 successes. Yet Shakespeare was only moderately popular in his own time; Rembrandt died penniless; Galsworthy, a great novelist and playwright, always shunned publicity, desiring only a quiet room alone in which to think and write; Ibsen was called an enemy of the people, and worse.

How are you going to measure your success? In terms of gold and control over other men? Or in terms of your own largeness of service and helpfulness to other men? Do you belong to the past age when the creed was to grab, get, hold, and hoard, or do you belong to the new era of sharing, giving, serving, cooperating? Do you still cling to the Gold Standard, which collects all debts with interest, or to the Golden Rule which even forgives enemies?

By What Do You Measure?

WHAT kind of a yardstick and clock do you use? From the testimony of your five senses, this is a very solid, material world. But a great apostle of the Golden Rule said, the things seen are temporal, the things unseen are eternal.

Mr. Einstein has confirmed this. He proved that the whole visible universe—sun, earth, stars and planets, extending for millions upon millions of miles, infinitely farther than the mind can conceive—is only one-800-million-billionth of the great invisible universe. The material worlds and suns are but a cloud of momentary steam from the cosmic tea-kettle of fluidic energy which sent them forth. It alone is permanent. It is packed full of tremendous forces which never diminish, never are impotent.

We are always right in the midst of this infinity, just as we are always right in the midst of eternity *here* and *now*. We are immortal, invisible consciousnesses all the time, just happening for a while to be in possession of bodies which function on a material plane.

While we measure spaces with our little yardsticks of matter, the whole universe is wheeling through space at incredible speed in a great curve. While we compute time by clocks and calendars, we are encompassed by a timeless eternity. We are in it and of it here and now. Our consciousness can jump forward or backward in time, but to our consciousness it is always the present, always *now*.

We can turn back the clock by flying in rocket-planes faster than the earth can turn on its axis, but though the clock says yesterday or tomorrow, as it does at the International Date Line, for our inner awareness it is always *today*.

There Is No Time

IN your consciousness, a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past. There is no time to the real *you* even now. You feed your

body, put it to bed, and catch trains with it according to time-tables and watches. But the inner *you* is serene and oblivious of all these toys—just as it is of space and its three dimensions. Your imagination can take you anywhere with it, without stirring from your chair or your bed. Where do you go when you are asleep at night? Dimensions and limitations do not hold you then! For *you* always are superior to space-time concepts. You are immortal, eternal, and infinite. Time-units, miles or minutes, earth-bound limitations, do not hold you.

He set forth only one law—to love one another. He said, "Thou shalt not kill" and he meant it of the wholesale trade as well as of the retail. He said, "You are your brother's keeper"; "Render unto no man evil for evil"; "Forgive your debtors"; "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you"; "Give, and it shall be given you, pressed down, and running over." He saw that the love of money, of possessions, the greed for power represented by money, is the root of all evil. He knew also that the lack of money was also a great evil, because it breeds fear and crime. Inordinate love of money, or greed to possess it, is responsible among men for war, theft, competition, and other forms of selfishness.

The Thing Most Feared

WHAT a provincial attitude such a sense of limitation is! The consciousness that depends upon money for its supply is soon cut off, like Job. It isolates itself, is always fearful in spite of life insurance and fire insurance and accident insurance and high tariffs. And the thing it has most feared, comes upon it. The higher the tariff wall, the more trade is kept out. Switzerland used to sell us eleven million dollars' worth of watches annually, buying forty millions of goods in return. Now it does neither, because of the duty on watches, and we lose thirty millions in that one item alone. In our basic industry of steel, we cannot manufacture at all until we have imported forty different commodities which go to make it from fifty-seven different countries. And yet some people still think we are nationally self-sufficient! No man, no nation can live unto itself and achieve any real success.

The love of money is the root of all evil. The law of love is the solution for all problems. If America were great enough to forgive her debtors and love her neighbors—not more than, but as much as, herself—a flood of prosperity would start tomorrow which would heal all the world's wounds and usher in a heaven on earth. It is the sense of lack, the fear of limitation, rooted in a materialistic consciousness, that curses all nations. Such an attitude is not only provincial, but anachronistic today. It is mutually self-destructive, like war. If the $25,000 it took to kill each soldier had been invested for an annuity for him, the millenium would be here now. If the twenty-five times more it cost to make a cannon instead of a locomotive had been spent on implements for peaceful construction, the world would have been provided with luxuries for everybody.

We might as well begin right now to think in terms of the human race as a whole, for we shall have to do it very soon if we are to continue to live on this planet together. We might just as well realize that the brotherhood of man is a scientific fact, and that we all came from the same racial cradle in the beginning, somewhere in Asia probably. We all have the same ancestors, whether they were Adam and Eve or a couple with unknown names.

Abundance of Everything

THERE is plenty of everything even on this little planet alone. Plenty of air, light, water, land, food, crops, minerals, grass, flowers, trees, fabrics, factories, machines, books—everything. Take a ride across any state, no matter how thickly populated, and see the miles upon miles of waste land, uninhabited, but reclaimable at any moment. Deserts can be made fertile, rivers harnessed, swamps and seas can be drained, mountains removed, and valleys leveled. These things have already been done, and greater things can be done.

Look up at the stars. Behold infinity, packed with fluidic energy that never gives out, never can be used up. From this reservoir, all things come, suns and planets and everything upon them. There is no end, and no beginning. The circle and the sphere are their symbols, at no point of which can you say, "This is where it begins," or "This is where it ends."

The chain of cause and effect is an unbroken continuity. We are in the midst of this flowing stream of abundance, or supply, no matter whether we are blind to it or not. We are deaf to the vibrations of the thousand bands that are now playing in this atmosphere, but we know that a good radio could select and manifest them all. Tune in, then, to the Central Broadcasting Station, and get your supply now. It is infinite, inexhaustible, unceasing, ever-active, everlasting. Get your share. There is universal abundance but you must claim your right, and press your claim.

Yet you cannot walk up to any bank-window and ask for money unless you have the right credentials. You have to deposit something before you can draw *(Continued on page 57)*

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:—O. R. O. writes:

I am never at ease in the presence of the opposite sex. When talking to men, especially in the office where I work, I generally blush, for no good reason at all.

When I was about eleven years of age a male cousin, seven years my senior, fell in love with me. He kept telling me of his love until I was about nineteen. Since then we have had nothing to do with each other. However, I can tell he still cares. Although I enjoy being with him, I do not consider myself in love with him.

What do you think about it?

ANSWER:

Your blushing and timidity when with the opposite sex is of course due only to self-consciousness on your part. Self-conscious people make a practice of seeking lines of least resistance, and thus have only a small portion of the practice and experience in meeting the opposite sex that one does who is not self-conscious. It is practice that makes one perfect and exercise that strengthens one's powers, whether it is the power to meet people with ease, conversational ability, or the adding to the strength of a physical muscle.

Your battle is to develop the power to *forget yourself*—and this will come through your adding materially to your confidence. Develop a real interest in others, ignore self as much as you can, get out among people as much as possible, and you will find it easier and easier to mingle with the opposite sex.

You are probably not really in love with this cousin of yours. One who is self-conscious is naturally repressed, and repression often creates an exaggerated state in one's thoughts toward another. Your natural instincts call for expression with the opposite sex, while your self-consciousness makes it seem impossible. This would cause you to dwell on this cousin of yours even though you did not love him.

QUESTION:—R. O. I. writes:

I am a woman of fifty-three and have been both moral and religious all my life, yet I had such a peculiar experience some few months ago that I believe that either the Devil has me in his power or that I have suddenly lost my mind. Let me briefly relate what occurred:

I was sitting peacefully at home when, without anything special to bring it to mind, the thought of my possibly being untrue to my husband flashed across my mind. I have never consciously had such a thought, would cut my hand off before I would think of such a thing, and the thought was a real shock to me and frightened me badly.

This was several months ago and I have not been able to rid myself of the thought or its reactions. Do you believe my mind has become unbalanced, doctor?

ANSWER:

You are *not* unbalanced mentally, I assure you. When such a thought comes to the mind of one whose morals are quite the opposite of what the thought represents, and that person happens to be emotional and impressionable, it is like a blow between the eyes and causes such an one to dwell on the thought more than she would on some thought that more harmoniously fitted into her life.

There is nothing to be frightened over, I assure you. Strange thoughts at times come to the minds of most people, just as at times we have foolish and unreasonable dreams, but they do not mean anything and they quickly disappear unless we begin to dwell on them. The more we think about them the deeper rooted they become, until we can very easily wonder if we are in complete control of our mental faculties.

My friend, just forget all about it, for it doesn't mean one thing and cannot trouble you except as you let it in through dwelling on it. You are perfectly normal.

QUESTION:—W. W. writes:

I am twenty-one years old. I have a keen mind, average education, healthy body, no bad habits; do not smoke, drink or indulge in sex practices. I feel I am well equipped to succeed but have a fear I will not find my place in life because of fate or inability to push myself ahead. Can I succeed through hard work and superior ability without this ability to push myself ahead, or am I doomed to failure?

ANSWER:

Let me start off by telling you that you are not doomed to failure if you will develop the powers you right now possess. You may not possess the talent of being a good mixer, but if you will gradually develop confidence, show what initiative you can, assume responsibility without shirking, and then show real faithfulness and perseverance, your good qualities will be recognized in time.

Hard work of the slave or worm in the dust variety does not usually get one far. But with a developed confidence and the fear of failure destroyed, you can travel far. It is usually one of two things which causes one to fail: a wrong valuation that one places on himself—an inferiority complex; or lack of interest and laziness.

Show as much ambition as possible, strive to have more and more faith in yourself, and don't be afraid to show initiative and assume responsibility. Your powers will just naturally develop if you use them.

QUESTION:—B. L. I. writes:

Why is it that I have never been able to materialize in myself the things that I have constantly dreamed of as representing a real man? I have studied psychology, have used suggestion on myself regularly, but still I am widely separated from the man that my dreams and suggestions represent.

I am of a sensitive, emotional, rather timid nature; and all my life I have wished to be a strong, he-man variety who cares for nothing and is not disturbed by the unusual events which so constantly come up in life. When I see a fearless, unemotional, dare-devil type of man, how I do envy him.

I really have tried very hard to make myself over into such a character, but have failed dismally. What's the answer, doctor?

ANSWER:

I fear you have been trying to do the impossible. Instead of striving to develop your individual nature so that it will be as expressive as possible, you have been striving to play the part of one who has a nature quite foreign to yours. We are not all created alike, you know.

You have a finer, more delicate, more responsive nature than the physical he-man variety that you write of. And your nature would carry you to far greater heights than this other type you have been striving to imitate.

Study *your* nature, see how you can improve it and make the best of it. You will never be a fighting, dare-devil type of person as that type is quite foreign to your nature. Forget this other individual you have been dreaming of, exercise your individual powers in ways which harmoniously fit in with them, awaken ambitions along lines that you and your nature can fit into, and then give yourself some suggestions and you will find they will work.

QUESTION:—C. L. L. writes:

After a married life of thirty-seven years my husband died just one year ago today. I have not had a happy day since and nothing interests me. I go about as though in a daze and I cannot show even a casual interest in the things about me. I have become exceedingly nervous and my mind is constantly dwelling on depressing things.

I realize that you cannot possibly understand what this suffering is, but thought possibly you might give me some suggestion that would at least make the suffering a little easier to bear.

ANSWER:

Do you believe in God? God has given man the power to forget in time the deepest sorrow.

Do you realize that this sorrow you are expressing is a selfish one? You are not worrying over your husband's fate, but over *your* loss.

You perhaps have relatives who are living that you are depressing through this unnatural attitude you are taking toward your loss. Don't you feel just a little responsible for their state of mind?

If you are of a religious nature your mind might even conceive the possibility that your husband is conscious of this suffering you are passing through and would, if he could, tell you that all is well and that it is a part of nature's plan that we meet such things with courage and through the experience soften our natures and add to our strength so that we may still better serve those whom we come in contact with. You are not fitting into nature's plan at all and through not doing so are not alone weakening yourself, but also taking away from the happiness of those who love you. It is most selfish of you and I am sure you will awake to this fact and begin to live a life of usefulness and show greater courage.

You say "you cannot possibly understand" etc. This is not true. Just two weeks ago tomorrow I buried my father, who was very dear to me and who had lived a wonderful life. But I must carry on and it would be his wish that I look upon his death as a victory, a triumphant progression, rather than view it sorrowfully. And that is the way I am striving to meet it.

Just remember that thousands are passing through experiences quite similar to your own. You are not alone in this loss of yours. Just feel that if others can go on and be brave you can too, and that it is your intention to let this experience make you stronger instead of weaker.

(Continued on page 65)

Fragments of Life

(Continued from page 38)

whether he wishes or not, must change his life in some respects to conform to present economic conditions. Are we going to let the neighbors solve this problem while we give it up hopelessly? If they can fit living expenses to lowered salary, change tastes to join with present income, dovetail pleasant living with humbler circumstances, can't we do it too?

Of course we can. Let's make a game of it, and when the whole has been joined together, we'll be delighted with the harmony of rich color and the smoothness of the fitted pieces.

Life is a jig-saw, but it can be worked out.

VIVIAN KELLY.

"BUSY LIKING PEOPLE"

"THAT Roberts girl makes me tired!"

I turned to see who was speaking. An auburn haired woman whom I knew to be very popular was talking with a thin blonde girl.

We were at a reception. Their backs were toward me but because I knew Jane Roberts (who really *is* a very great trial to her friends) I would have turned away and not listened but their voices followed me.

"One has to handle her with kid gloves or she'll get her feelings hurt —thinks she's neglected or something—"

"Yes, most unfortunate."

"Worse than that! (the auburn haired woman was talking now). If she'd only quit thinking about her feelings. Why, I'm *so busy liking people* I haven't time to think whether they like me or not!"

Something seemed to snap inside of me. "So busy liking people—" the words rang through me queerly. I almost dropped my tea-cup. I was suddenly seeing myself as I actually was. I had been forever posing as a martyr, bowing down to an idol I had made of myself. Unhappy because others didn't offer my idol the same worship.

"So that's the secret," I thought joyously—the secret of being liked is to be so busy loving other people that it doesn't matter whether they love me or not. Doesn't matter whether they criticize. My job is to do the liking. I was suddenly very happy.

NELLA MAE ESTY.

"THAT POLLYANNA STUFF"

"DON'T hand me that Pollyanna stuff."

The speaker straightened his shoulders angrily. His frown deepened.

"Oh I only wanted to say something encouraging," his young relative responded rather dolefully. "After all, I don't suppose you *want* to feel miserable."

"Well there's no use being an ostrich —shutting our eyes to facts," the older man declared gruffly. "When things are bad I'm not going to say they're good!" And with the air of having made a courageous pronouncement, he settled himself stolidly.

"I wonder what being 'Pollyanish' really includes," the other mused. "To keep up one's courage by recalling precedent—that, for instance, even a very long road *has* to have a turn;

that the pendulum of the worst economic conditions has always had to swing the other way—is this 'Pollyanna stuff?'"

"Um—well—" the man with the frown murmured.

"Ah, there you have it," the other spoke up. "You know there are a lot of folks who think they are being artificial, childish, ridiculous if they don't 'keep close to earth', eternally recite how serious everything is and refuse to even *try* to find something to be encouraged about."

"After all," and he rose to open the window "there's the sunset out there—a swell one, too. But—because we happen to be in the district of the 'dumps' with its refuse and unpleasantness—there's a far different scene below us. There's no good reason why you shouldn't look up and enjoy the sunset—although you can contemplate the 'dumps' instead—at great length—if you prefer."

"A certain type of mind—pardon me—seems to think drabness is somehow more 'real' than beauty. Such a person believes the gruff, short spoken, curt business man is more competent and efficient than one who exercises human kindness or courtesy, could *possibly* be. That's getting away from what we started to talk about—"

"The 'Pollyanna stuff'" the older man said, a smile breaking slowly. "Say no more. I get it."

E. Field.

"Gee, I'm Lucky!"

JIMMY is the little boy who shovels our sidewalks in winter and mows our lawn in summer. He has only the pocket money that he makes himself; a modest little home where he is warm and fed (and loved), just necessities, but is he rich? Oh boy, and how. There isn't anything that happens to him that he doesn't think is good luck. He can twist any sort of a break into a lucky break for him, just in his reaction toward life. He thinks his greatest luck is in having the mother he has. And the feeling is mutual, for the day is not long enough for her to tell him how lucky she is to have him, for her "Sunny Jim."

One day when he was at the park swimming he found an old rodeo ticket. This ticket was for a rodeo in an adjoining town, where he could not possibly have attended, and was for the preceding day. Did Jimmy say "Just my luck," as most any one would have been justified in saying? He did not. He hurried home and burst in at the door crying "Mother, did you ever see anyone so lucky as I am? A Rodeo ticket and the Rodeo was only yesterday. Oh, boy, am I not lucky?"

Mother hugged him tight to her as she said, "Indeed you are lucky, the very luckiest boy I ever saw. And I am the luckiest mother."

Isn't everything in life either good luck or bad, all within ourselves? Isn't Jimmy rich? He has a fine mind, two hands, hard brown little hands, ambitious hands, two feet that he makes such happy use of in playing baseball, football, skating, and running after "jobs," all with equal vim and enthusiasm.

Elizabeth A. Shriver.

Standing the "Gaff"

ACCORDING to an admirer, Eugene O'Neill, the great American playwright, succeeded because he could stand the "gaff."

The more plays the big producers rejected, the more manuscripts O'Neill produced.

When you feel yourself overpowered as it were by melancholy, the best way is to go out and do something kind to somebody or other.—Simpson Summons.

O'Neill wrote plays. You and I keep books, tabulate statistics, pound typewriters, teach school, direct business, turn the wheels of machinery in factories, sell household appliances, fashion garments—endless the occupations that sap our time and energy. Our work may be widely different from O'Neill's, but the crucible of fire through which we must pass is the same. We must be able to stand the "gaff."

Whatever we are doing, wherever we turn, life and some problems are waiting for us. On all sides are the scenes of war—the war with everyday affairs. Conflict with environment, battle with heredity, grappling with circumstance, combat with those forces of life which seem always ready to try our mettle.

Life flings out her challenge: "Come forth and battle with me. Perhaps I shall batter you and scar you—bow your head in tears. I shall wrench your soul with thwarted hopes, shattered ideals, humiliations. Into your heart I shall waft sweet incense but the gall thereafter may be most bitter. I may cause you to cry out in anguish, tasting the dregs of the bitter vintage.

"But if you rise, shaking off the weight of my burden, face me with a scornful eye and set forth again, you will conquer. With mighty defiance you shall overcome me."

Life and the world shout to the individual: "Enter the fray, beat against the bludgeonings of a diabolical fate—and win! Then we will dance about your feet, and call you 'great.' We will give you sweet wine to drink, and laud you with praise and adulation. Nevertheless, you go into the arena, all wagers laid against you. We are your antagonists until you have *won*."

O'Neill knew how to take the punishment that life hands out. He faced its onslaught of pain and misfortune. He stood the "gaff."

Today, O'Neill has his good reward. He stands upon his peak of success.

The world is for him who will have it. For the man and woman who will *take* it at the price of undiscouraged struggle.

Irene Lois Cowan.

Murder Stories

"WHAT makes people interested in murder stories?"

"I have thought about that," the lawyer who was something of a psychologist, also, answered.

"You see above all things people are interested in themselves. This leads back to interest in what motivates them—in other words, life. Everything connected with life—love, marriage, sex commands attention.

"Life—its coming and going—is more or less wrapped in mystery. Perhaps it always will be but people are acutely desirous of knowing about it. Now murder narratives vaguely promise to unravel something—something about life, because it's the other end of it, as it were.

"The person who touches—even through the medium of words—the account of the going *out* of life, *unconsciously* is reaching for the explanation, the fleeting revelation of this important-above-all-things—life. This fact made itself plain to me several years ago when I read about the two young men who murdered for a 'thrill.' The possible 'thrill' to them lay in the entirely unconscious hope that contacting this mysterious thing called life while putting it out, they would feel the lightning touch of it—understand it. Do you see what I mean? Do you believe I am right?"

"I'm not sure that I do—this to both your questions," his young auditor answered, "but anyway it's the *first* explanation I've ever heard along those lines."

E. F.

Stepping Stones to Better Things

I HAD been feeling blue. Some one whom I trusted had disappointed me. For awhile I felt that nothing mattered, nothing was worth while. I had been disillusioned, I said.

Then I started thinking of the word I had used. Just what is an illusion? My dictionary told me an illusion is a deceptive appearance, a false show, an hallucination. So if I were disillu-

sioned I was seeing clearly for the first time in regard to that particular person.

Instead of feeling badly because I was disillusioned I should have been thankful that I was seeing truly; should have felt glad that the veil was torn away and that I was seeing face to face.

I thought of Joseph; how disillusioned he must have been when his brethren sold him into Egypt; he had fondly believed they would be glad and rejoice with him in his dreams of greatness. Instead they hated him, were jealous of him, and they did away with him.

But on the heels of his disillusion came clear sight. He saw his brothers as they were and best of all he saw HIMSELF as he was. With clear sight came a beautiful humility that made Joseph ready for rulership.

Daniel, in favor with the King, secure, as he thought in the hearts of his associates was bitterly disillusioned when those whom he trusted plotted against him, framed a law that brought distress to him. But out of his disillusionment came a new Daniel, one who could say, "Forasmuch as innocency was found in me, they have not hurt me."

So I came to see that no disillusion can come without something better taking its place.

Disillusioned? Bitter? Look for the better thing that took the place of your illusion, so shall you grow and be strong.

Disillusion and disappointment may be the stepping stones on which we mount to better things.

GEORGIA MOORE EBERLING.

I KNOW SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT YOU

Wouldn't this old world be better
If the folks we meet would say:
"I know something good about you,"
And then treat us just that way?

Wouldn't it be fine and dandy
If each handclasp, warm and true,
Carried with it this assurement:
"I know something good about you"?

Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If the good that's in us all
Were the only thing about us
That folks bothered to recall?

Wouldn't it be nice to practice
That fine way of thinking, too?
You know something good about me;
I know something good about you.

—*Catalina Islander.*

What Is Your Dangerous Age?

(Continued from page 29)

and can make distinctions between one kind of food and another. He becomes conscious of the difference between a boy and a girl and then he begins to ask questions about it. They begin to get their first sex consciousness. That is not according to the old psychology at all which says the sex consciousness begins at the age of twelve or thirteen.

Now the second period of transition is from the age of twelve to eighteen. They are now biological adults. Remember, to nature, your child is an adult at the age of about fourteen. They have all of the feelings that you have and even more intense because they are repressed.

STILL DEPENDENT

NOW at the time that they are biological adults, society keeps them economic infants. They can't go out and live the life of adults. They are still sent to school, still dependent upon their parents for food, shelter and clothing. They are economic infants and they are legal infants. Whenever they come into court they are not considered as criminals but as charges of the court.

In this matter of adolescence, most parents wear colored glasses. They don't see things in the light of truth. Most of them are ignorant and many of them are positive cowards. This is not exaggeration. This period of adolescence is the time of romance and that is a wonderful thing that comes to these boys and girls of ours. Sympathize with them in their dreams. It is much more serious for the boy because of the blocking of his ambition because of his economic infancy. He wants to do great things, be a big man, be like his father or uncle—still he is only an economic, legal and social infant. He feels blocked, frustrated. Often he begins to rebel against authority. He says, "Why should I do this or that?" He does not understand.

Sometimes he becomes very religious—he gets a consciousness of sin. This frustration of his biological adulthood makes him take various methods of release, secret escape that he won't tell you about. And so he gets to a state of moral conflicts. You see, girls at this time don't have quite the same difficulty. The pressure isn't quite so great.

It is a bold thing to say, but if the boy of fourteen should do exactly and precisely just what his parents, the church, society and the law say that he should do regarding certain biological functions and if he should do exactly as the parents say regarding economic infancy—that is, submitting to their wishes and desires, for high marks, brilliancy, scholarship, honors at graduation, etc., that boy would be a totally abnormal individual.

If he should continue to follow the dictates of parents and society and suppress his biological functions until he had established himself in a position where he could afford to marry and establish a home which is on the same level as that of his parents or the girl's parents he would have to wait until he had arrived at about the age of twenty-eight or thirty. If, as we say, this growing developing organism which nature has developed through thousands and possibly millions of years of evolution should follow literally all of the dictates of parents and society the boy would be incapable of performing the functions of a husband or of a good citizen.

CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE

THIS situation in which there is a conspiracy of repression and silence and absence of truth on the part of parents, religion, law and society develops splendid boys or girls into hypocrites and brings them truly into conflict with their own ideals of being good and fine.

The third transition is from the age of forty to fifty.

In one way, this is a particularly dangerous age for men. It is rather a bad time for any individual unless he or she has gotten right with himself—unless the individual has established a good balance between repression and expression.

Women at this time are likely to feel that they have gotten decidedly the worst of life's deal. The men at that age are still strong. Usually their position in life is by that time assured. They are still desirable. The women, even if they are independent workers are often filled with the fear of economic insecurity and love insecurity.

This last comes from the fact that they feel themselves growing quite undesirable as mates. Watch yourselves, women. Don't allow yourselves to get into that attitude of mind. Begin a long time before you are forty or so, to plan for that time. Make up your mind that you are *not* going to be un-

attractive. Don't eat so much. Develop yourself mentally. Catch up with your children.

Do Not Fear

GET rid of that fear—that terrible fear—of a lonesome old age. Make yourself so attractive that you will never be undesirable to others. You can, if you will decide that you can.

At this dangerous age, men do unusual things too. Many a good husband wavers a little in his habits. A pillar of the church often, at this period, gets decidedly off the track. Few can understand why he acts this way but the psychologist understands why. Such a man is reasoning: "Well, I only have ten or fifteen more years and I have been doing what others wanted me to do for forty or fifty years and now I am going to do what *I* want to do."

Or else he will, without any understanding it at all, get caught in a torrent of emotion and swept away. Then he comes to the psychologist and says, "I must be going crazy." And of course his wife agrees with him only she often goes farther and says, "He *is* crazy." The fact of the matter is that he is not at all abnormal—he is just obeying a blind impulse. Some men at this time break down, retreat, and escape from responsibility. Such a one says "I am no good. I am nervous. I can't work. Somebody has to take care of me."

Now you should understand these things—the operation of certain forces at different periods of life. When you understand what these emotional surges and reactions really connote, you are able to stay above them, handle them, be their master, instead of their slave. That will bring happiness—or at least it will make for peace.

Are Children Necessary?

(Continued from page 25)

SUCCESSFUL Marriage Without Children.

Husband and wife can enjoy a life long companionship and not miss the joys of child rearing, if each develops a steadfast character, free from discontent and worry.

They can be a real force for the betterment of the community. Because they are more independent than parents, unknown doors of service may open to them, doors of comfort, doors of counsel.

There is always the opportunity for giving. Systematic giving for a real purpose is a joy and privilege. The master said, "The poor ye have always with you." There is much work to be done among the children of the back alley, of the crowded tenement and those who are alien in tongue and race. The influence for good on a child is carried through life. Neglect is the mother of crime.

If our childless friends don't feel capable of doing the settlement work, they will find great satisfaction in contributing to the enterprise. Something equal to parental pride will swell in their hearts as they visit the districts and note the improvement due to their efforts.

There is no need for a couple to drift into a state of drudgery and loneliness. The mind dominates the body. They can respond to each other's good influence and not become sad eyed and withered looking.

Contribute richly to the world's need during maturity. Take an undying interest in cultural activities, making your leisure a delight, and you will be the happiest seventy year old people in the world, children or no children!

Blanche McWhinney,
Coal Valley, Ill.

I THINK Dr. Louis E. Bisch was more than right when he said in his article that children help to cement love between husband and wife.

No matter how widely separated the interests of a couple may be there is always that mutual interest in their children—things to talk over about the children, things to plan doing for them, troubles and cares about them, too, sometimes, but nevertheless, a bond of interest.

My sister and her husband did not get along very well all the first year of their married life. In fact she was talking about a divorce but knowing that she was to become a mother she thought she would wait until after that was over.

But after the baby came they seemed to understand each other better. My brother-in-law was extremely proud of the boy who is the very image of his father. I think he and my sister quarreled a lot even then but gradually they got used to each other and now they seem a model couple. There is another child now. I am sure if that first baby had not arrived they would have been divorced long long ago.

Martha M. Rhodes,
St. Augustine, Fla.

I AGREE with Dr. Bisch most heartily. Children are a comfort and they do add happiness and fulfillment to marriage. I do not want to tread on any one's feelings but my opinion is honest when I say that I think it is highly selfish for people to go on year after year in marriage without children.

Yes, people may get along well without little ones and may even be fairly happy but is not that a selfish impulse that makes them balance the question as to what brings *them* the most out of life—having or not having young lives to guide and sustain?

Well, of course we don't know what we have missed about some things if we have not had them and I suppose the childless couple who love each other don't know that they are missing anything but I rather think that they will find out in time, for does it not seem plausible that as people no longer care for parties and running around to everything, that they will be glad to have their children to add interest to their lives?

It *does* take sacrifice and sometimes heartache to rear children but I for one think it is more than worth while.

Mrs. Lillian Harwood,
Columbus, Ohio.

WHETHER or not a childless marriage be considered a success depends largely upon one's definition of success.

If happiness constitutes success then childless marriages are frequently successful.

The fear, profound concern and eternal suspense concerning the wel-

William A. Engle *Says:*

Sound advice usually makes the least *noise.*

Only the busy man knows the true joy of *leisure.*

No *blow* so hard, but that it has its hidden *virtue.*

Imitation only flatters the *imitated.*

He is never a *favorite* who plays *favorites.*

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

He cheats *self* who attempts to deceive *others.*

The *wise* man learns his best lessons from his own *folly.*

fare of offspring constitutes a dear price to pay for gratifying the paternal instinct. Countless generations of fixed precepts have moulded our opinions so that it is difficult for us to think sanely about this particular institution—without prejudice.

Many do not think at all but proceed along the lines to which we have been trained and count themselves successful if they receive the approval of the masses. Many many marriages resulting in offspring are failures of course and many are gloriously successful. On the other hand, many childless marriages are very happy ones.

But here's something to consider: suppose a couple desire no children and really intend to have none. The children come anyway. The aim and ambition of that couple have been defeated. Would that be success?

Mrs. A. B. Dotson,
409 Cochran Ave., Brunswick, Ga.

GUARD within yourself that treasure kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness.

—George Sand.

WHILE there is room for some difference of opinion, in the main Dr. Bisch was right. Children are a bond between married couples—a bond that has held thousands and thousands of couples together when but for the children, the divorce courts would have taken them apart in no time.

Of *course* there are happy childless couples but that simply proves that they are so congenial that they are happy *in spite* of the missing elements of a complete family.

But it is foolish to say that any given couple should have children and that this will insure their being happier than they now are. Life being what it is, conditions including so many elements that are unexpected I should certainly make no broad general statements but should be inclined to feel that the pendulum (for happiness) swings slightly toward the couples *with* children.

Anyway, Dr. Bisch's article was very good.

A. R. Hawkins,
Portland, Ore.

Your Job and You

(Continued from page 41)

given the title of 'Investigator'. Here I stayed three years, leaving only when a change of budget cut their staff. From then on I had temporary positions in many offices. I finally settled in a publishing house, as 'secretary' and remained three years, doing my own correspondence. I left because of my health. I was not sick, but I needed a rest.

Now here I am. I can speak four languages. I can paint, and I have written a few small articles for newspapers. I have tried selling, and with success. I have failed in nothing, and yet, I have succeeded in nothing. Where is the fault?

If you can help me and advise me in regard to what I should try to make my life's work, I'll indeed be grateful. I am 27, white, and willing to work; my favorite type of work is anything that brings me in contact with people; anything that teaches me new things and broadens my views; anything that I feel I can do of my own accord and to some purpose. Is that a big order?

"B. G."

From the above letter you can see that here is a girl who has talent, and who has had a chance to use her own initiative and expert ability.

I MIGHT suggest several things to this girl. In connection with her Social Service work, and her ability to speak four languages, why not try to get a position as a court interpreter, especially in a family court, where harrassed foreigners bring their troubles to be straightened out. It is necessary to take a Civil Service Examination, and these are given at the City Hall at certain periods of the year. All this can be found out by inquiring at the City Hall.

She has already exhibited ability in writing. In her spare time, I would suggest that she once more take up writing; there is always a possibility of getting extra money. A study of the various popular magazines is necessary in order to find out just what type of writing they are interested in. These can be had from the Public Library, or a newsdealer might be glad to let you have an old copy he's ready to throw away. Remember however, that writing is a slow game, and not for the easily discouraged.

At 27 she has failed in nothing and still feels she has succeeded in nothing. I should say that this girl has succeeded in a great deal at her age, and that youth is always a formative period, the time for acquiring information. Right now she is at the age where she can begin to corral this information and think seriously of the career she will want to follow.

If I were to give advice to any girl, I would say, by all means if possible, supply yourself with a knowledge of shorthand and typewriting. It is the "open sesame" for an opportunity in nearly any line of work in which women enter.

Just remember, B. F., that during these troublesome times, a lot of people are slowed up in making progress towards their goal. Use this slow time for applying yourself to the things in which you are most interested, so that when business does pick up, you are ready to go on to that business success which I know you will have.

Have you ever become discouraged? Have you ever thought that your job wasn't worth a picayune? Have you felt that you were just one of the mob and that no matter how hard you tried as an individual, you just couldn't make a dent in the machine in which you were working?

I hardly believe there is one of us who hasn't gone through this at some time in his life. Listen to the plaint of S. B.

"Dear Miss Makarius: First of all I want to tell you about myself. I am a young woman, ambitious and capable. I have a little intelligence and I am not afraid to use it. Now for my problem. I work for a large company, one of those concerns, where one is not an individual, a contributor to the business—but just a typewriter or a billing machine. The work I do I do well, and since I am satisfactory in that capacity, I am kept doing the same work year after year. I have shown myself capable of better things, but under no circumstances will I be given an opportunity to do them unless the great chance, the big opportunity comes my way. Years roll on, and I can't afford to wait for something that may never happen. Your suggestions will be more than appreciated. S. B."

There are some companies where

AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF IMPORTANCE TO BUSINESS MEN

by the Alexander Hamilton Institute

Beginning immediately, the Alexander Hamilton Institute announces special shorter training designed to bring men immediate help in today's business problems, at little more than half the cost of the regular Institute Course.

WITH increasing frequency during the last two years we have been receiving letters from business men reading something like this:

"I realize that your Modern Business Course and Service is the way out of my difficulties. I guess that after all there is no substitute for sound training in business fundamentals. But right now I simply cannot afford either the money or the time.

"A drowning man doesn't call for swimming lessons—he wants a life preserver. I'm not quite in that situation, but my progress seems to have completely stopped. Can't you offer me a 'life preserver' in the form of quick help in my particular line of business and let me take the 'swimming lessons' later?"

Realizing from such letters that many executives, junior executives, department heads and younger men are not in a position today to invest the time and the money necessary to complete the Institute's famous standard training, the Board of Directors of the Institute has decided to make Institute training available in a shorter form to all these men immediately.

What are the facts about this new, shorter training? Here they are:

1. WHAT TYPE OF MAN IS IT FOR? It is for any ambitious business man who is dissatisfied with his present progress, who wants a greater feeling of security both as to holding his present job and as to his financial future. It is for men who want to earn financial independence for themselves *in spite* of business conditions.

2. WHAT SUBJECTS DOES IT COVER? It covers the subjects that are closest to your own daily work. You tell us which of the three main departments of business you are interested in—finance, marketing or production. *Your* Course is confined to that subject—in other words, to your immediate needs. And in addition, you receive the Institute's famous Business Conditions Service—one of the most widely quoted services in the world—to keep you up to date on current happenings which affect your business life.

3. IS IT AUTHORITATIVE, PRACTICAL? The Institute's standards never have been and never will be relaxed. That its training is both sound and practical is proved by the character of the men who make up the Institute's Advisory Council. They are: Frederick H. Hurdman, B.C.S., C.P.A., *Senior Member*, Hurdman and Cranstoun, Certified Public Accountants; Dexter S. Kimball, A.B., M.E., LL.D., *Dean*, College of Engineering, Cornell University; John T. Madden, B.C.S., M.A., C.P.A., *Dean* of N.Y.U. School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance; Percy H. Johnston, LL.D., *President*, Chemical Bank and Trust Company of New York; John Hays Hammond, D.S.C., LL.D., *Consulting Engineer*.

4. CAN I TAKE THE FULL COURSE LATER IF I WANT TO? You can. Now you only receive, and only pay for, practical help on your *immediate* problems. Later you can fill in your knowledge of other departments of business at your convenience.

5. WHAT DOES IT COST? Both in time and in money, your Finance, Marketing or Production Management Course involves only a little more than half the cost of the famous Modern Business Course and Service. It can be paid for while you profit by it, in convenient installments.

Why you should act now

A CHALLENGE

It is a sober fact that what you do in the next ten months is more than likely to determine your success in the next ten years. American business is once more back to pioneering days. All our institutions must be rebuilt from the bottom on a basis of real stability. Everything is new; the old rules will no longer work. "Shirt-sleeve experience" isn't enough today—you must know the fundamental principles on which all business is built. If you know these, and can take part in this great rebuilding process, your future is secure. If you can't, you are sitting on a volcano.

The Institute offers to cooperate with you to the full extent of its ability. To find out all the facts about the present opportunity, you need only mail the coupon below. There is no obligation.

The way to keep on going is to keep on going. If you are sick of standing still and want to win a substantial place for yourself in the days just ahead, mail the coupon today.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
704 Astor Place, New York, N. Y.

Send me, without obligation, the facts about the new Institute training. I am especially interested in (check one):

☐ Finance ☐ Production ☐ Marketing

*Name*_____

*Business Position*_____

*Business Address*_____

recognition is difficult to obtain, and one doesn't want to be just a "typewriter or billing machine."

HERE is a girl who knows that she does her work well, but she can't get ahead. There are only two things to do. If the girl has faith enough in her own ability, then it would be better if she quit her job in a company where she can't get ahead, and take a position in some other company, even if it means less salary temporarily.

In very large companies, it is often hard to get promoted, because things are done in a certain set, machine-like way, and in non-executive positions too many people can be found to fill them, year after year, for the same price. In fact, you can't blame a company for not wanting to pay a greater price for work that they can get done for a lesser amount. Years of service in a company mean very little nowadays as far as automatic increases in salary are concerned. It is *capability* in your job that counts.

Unless a person fits himself to carry on more responsibilities in a job, then there is not much excuse for asking more money at the end of a year or so in a certain position. When an individual demonstrates that he is capable of bigger and better work, and can take on more work, then he is more valuable and can talk of an increase.

Now I have given both alternatives to S. B. Either go to the boss and ask for more responsibilities, demonstrating that you can hold them, and therefore making yourself more valuable, and bringing the boss's attention to you as an individual, or else look for a job with a firm which has a reputation for recognizing ability in their employees.

She says—"Years roll on and I can't afford to wait for something that may never happen." No one can wait for things to happen. That is not the way to get things in this world. We have to go out and make things for ourselves. Have the will to do and you will attain your goal. Transfer WISHING to DOING.

If you wish a personal reply to your vocational problem, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and ten cents in coins or stamps to cover necessary clerical expense to Miss Makarius, Psychology Magazine, 1450 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The Psychology of Conscience

(Continued from page 21)

leader in the Christian Church he still acknowledged himself "the chief of sinners."

Is it not evident that conscience is the most profound problem of the human personality? Listen to Macbeth:

"Whence is that knocking?
How is it with me when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here?
Ha, they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?—No.
This my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

NOTE a few lines from the newspaper of this day's date, reading as follows:

"Police said that Carnora entered the Bergen County Jail and announced: 'I am the torch murderer you are looking for. I want to die.'" This is typical of many such instances. Men have traveled over a continent to reach the scene of a murder and walk like this man into the sheriff's office and give themselves up to the strong arm of the law, impelled by an irresistible impulse to surrender and confess and take the medicine commensurate with the terrible tragedy of which they were guilty.

Is there any problem extant more gripping upon human interest as part of immutable Divine Law that cannot be effaced from the memory of man? Into what a fearful state a man may enter with the stains of human blood on his hands. Listen to King Richard III, Act V, Scene III:

Have mercy, Jesu—Soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how thou dost afflict me.
The light burns blue—it is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? There is none else by.
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No, Yea, I am.
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge. What—myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
That I have done unto myself?
Oh, no, alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree.
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree,
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die no soul shall pity me,
Nay, wherefore should they,—since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
Tomorrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

THE birds pour forth their souls in notes
Of rapture from a thousand throats—
Here checked by too impetuous haste,
While there the music runs to waste,
With bounty more and more enlarged,
Till the whole air is overcharged.
—Wordsworth.

CONSCIENCE is therefore not the voice of God, as enumerated by copious examples hereinbefore, showing conclusively that the voice of this monitor in many cases was in error and misleading.

Conscience is the whole intellect of man sitting in judgment upon a moral question. If the mind is not intelligently informed, its dictates are therefore in error. Is conscience a true guide? By no means; since the mind may be in grievous error its conclusions may be incorrect. Is conscience intuitively discerned? No, not at all, since intuitions are not subjects of education, and intuitions must be authori-

(Continued on page 62)

Your Kingdom of Thought

(Continued from page 28)

throne. The beauty of it all, however, is the fact that at any time man is free to stop his sufferings. He is always free to cast out the usurpers of his kingdom and resume his heritage of free, right thinking."

It often requires a prolonged, courageous battle to overcome established habits of negative, fearful thinking which has resulted in suffering and lack. The person who is engaged in such a noble war should strive to keep his thoughts upon the goal, however, and not upon the enemies. By constantly thinking of his troubles, he simply makes them more real and powerful in his own sight, and so the battle seems to become more hopeless. He gets desperate over his situation. Since the normal human being can only think one thought at a time, he will eventually stem this inflow of discouraging suggestions and supplant with a flow of strong, accomplishing thought.

Just as light supplants the darkness without any turmoil or struggle, so, by continued practice and a patience with yourself you can change the quality of your thought habits and the result.

Resolutely insist upon your positive freedom of thought. Remember, there is just one person doing the thinking. That's you. The power is in your mental selfhood. With right habits of thought firmly established, peace, power, and plenty will be yours. You have put yourself under the protection of the law governing man as a thinking, knowing creature."

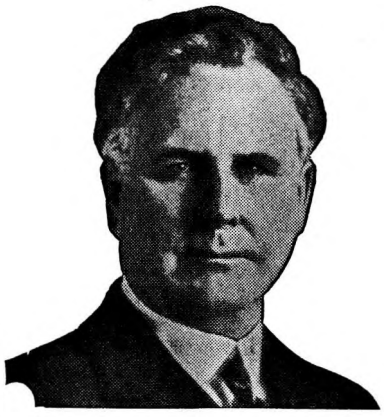
This Thing Influence

(Continued from page 22)

philosophy and to morality derived its force not merely from the profundity of his thinking, but also from the example of his whole career and from his splendid consistency to the very end. We know much less about Buddha, but it would appear that the example of his life was what gave force and enduring qualities to his teachings.

Let us, however, turn from the great luminaries of history to see what may be gathered from an observation of every day life and men we see around us. When we have noted what are the qualities and what the elements of strength that give a man a direct personal influence among his neighbors in city or country neighborhood, the nature of influence in general may become clearer.

There are at least four such elements, two or more of which will be



MAGNETIC HEALING

Are You Interested in Healing the Sick?

Would you like to know how to stop nearly all pain, cure Headache, Fever, Boils, Blood Poison, Abscesses, Appendicitis, Piles, Gall Bladder Troubles and all kinds of Female Troubles, etc.?

If so, why not investigate the MYSTERIOUS POWER, for convenience called MAGNETISM—that Ancient and MYSTERIOUS LAW that has been used in all ages for healing?

Twenty-five years of constant office practice as a physician has enabled me to affirm the wonderful power of Magnetism to heal disease when all other methods have failed.

You must realize that I cannot tell you much about this great law in so small a space; but in urging you to investigate Magnetism we are not asking you to study something that is unscientific nor unindorsed by science.

National Scientist Indorses Magnetism

Do you know the Literary Digest of July 23rd of this year published a report of an article read in June before the "American Society for the Advancement of Science" on the Subject of "Human Radiations," by Prof. Otto Rahn, a nationally known Bacteriologist of Cornell University?

In this article Prof. Rahn declared that there is a law emanating from the human body and that he had been able to kill germs with it in a short time.

He called these emanations "Human Radiations"—the world has known of them for all ages and called them Magnetism.

Personal Experiences

I have known of these radiations for 25 years and used them in healing diseases. Many have laughed and ridiculed, some declared it all mental, while others declared it the work of the devil. Not until Prof. Rahn gave to the world his experiences have I found so great a support for my contentions. He made his experiments and then had the courage of his convictions to go before the highest scientific assembly in the United States and make known his discovery of the laws of Magnetism and its wonderful power.

Cancer Removed

I am at this time treating a sore, of 12 years standing, on the face of a man 75 years old. He has tried all remedies ever offered, including X-ray for six months and 100 Ra-DIO Ray treatments. It was the size of a 25 cent piece and very deep, and was of late rapidly spreading, the eye being seriously affected. Two weeks treatment with Magnetism and it is well, not leaving even a scar.

Methodist pastor writes: I have just saved my boy who was suffering with a high fever and violent headaches for 8 hours as a result of an attack of intestinal flu. One treatment removed all.

One of his members called him to see his wife who had been declared almost hopeless at a consultation of 8 physicians in the morning. He gave her three treatments and she was entirely well.

Another student of Magnetism reports that he has never failed in any case of headaches or appendicitis.

Great Clinic—Birth Mark Removed

Another pastor writes that he had opened a clinic and had treated 30 major and three times as many minor diseases without a single failure. He also reports **removing a large birth mark from their baby's face.**

A Chiropractor writes: I have **doubled my volume of work and increased my results 100%** since learning the use of Magnetism.

It's the Common People's Remedy

MAGNETISM is the ONLY LAW that belongs to the common people for healing—it is universal—can be applied by anyone—is quick and effective—puts a doctor in every home—enables you to do something that no other system can do. Burns can be treated and cured at once, removing all pain and suffering. In blood poisoning, it works as quickly. I have never seen a case of blood poisoning where one treatment has not removed all suffering and put the patient out of danger. THIS CANNOT BE SAID OF ANY OTHER SYSTEM OF HEALING.

Valuable In Acute Cases

Its amazing power is seen in the treating of Typhoid, Pneumonia, bilious and all other fevers.

Possibly there is no place where Magnetism is more effective than in cases of infected or inflamed eyes—tonsils—abscessed teeth—headaches—abscessed gall bladders—inflamed ovaries—prostate gland—asthma—paralysis—liver troubles and other chronic ailments.

Home Treatment

We are not urging you to study something insignificant, but one of the greatest laws ever given to man for his personal use. Mothers can treat their children—parents can treat each other—friends can treat each other—acute illness can be overcome and chronic ailments prevented.

There is no other law known to man that will do as much to restore health and aid in maintaining it. Why not learn the scientific principles of this great law and become independent of sickness and poverty? IT CURES WHERE OTHERS FAIL.

Valuable Book Written

"Magnetism, Its History, Origin and Use" is a book I have written after using this law for 25 years in a steady office practice as a physician. This Book is a revelation to all seeking health, giving you astonishing facts that have never been published. It's an eye opener. This book has started many on a new road to health and happiness. It will teach you how to treat Blood poison, Burns, Bruises, Tonsilitis, Headaches, Diarrhea, Ptomaine poisoning, etc.

Mr. Geo. V. writes: "I thank you from the center of my heart for your book and personal correspondence."

Mr. C. E. A., Penn. writes: "Since receiving your book on Magnetism I have had great success in treating several cases of infections of the eyes—two of blood poisoning—one of pains around the heart—one of grip, relieving the chills and a severe headache in 45 minutes—and one case of infection in both hands."

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II Psychology is Possible only as Reality Systematized
III In the act of Knowing Reality comes to Consciousness and Self Consciousness
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VII Continuity of Mental Life Determines Individuality
VIII Repetition of Mental Acts Grounds Individuality
IX Imagination Constitutes the Variant of Mental Growths
X All Feelings, Emotions and Passions Root as Ideas and Tend to Flower into Action
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found to be always present in whoever leads, or is trusted by, or inspires, those among whom his lot is cast.

The first is intellectual independence and the thing we call initiative, by which we mean the power of thinking for oneself instead of borrowing thoughts of others, and of deciding on a course for oneself instead of having to ask for and follow the advice of others.

The second is tenacity of purpose the capacity to adhere to a view once adopted, or a decision once taken. Whoever, wanting this, lets himself be blown about by every wind of doctrine or every pressure of menace or persuasion may be a very acute person, but will never impress himself on others as a person to be followed.

The third element is a sound judgment, able to forecast the results of action. Few people can look beyond the next move on a checker board, and the man who sees several moves ahead, and whose forecast is usually verified by the event, soon grows to be the man whose advice is sought and taken. His neighbors seek it. Any assembly where he finds himself, from a town meeting up to a legislature, gladly listens to his counsels.

The last is sympathy—that is, the possession of a capacity for entering into the thoughts and feelings of others, and for evoking the expression of their thoughts and feelings, even their innermost secrets, by showing that he understands them. The power of sympathy is so far an affair of the emotions that it may exist in persons of no exceptional abilities. Yet it is a precious gift, which often palliates errors and wins affection in spite of faults and weaknesses. It is a key to unlock men's hearts, and the heart that has given confidences attaches itself to the person who has received them, and is prone to surrender itself to him if he is felt to be strong.

No one of these four qualities is rare. Each of them, taken singly, and especially the second and fourth, may be possessed by persons not markedly above the average in intellectual capacity. But they are rare in combination, and it is the combination of the power of inspiring personal attachment with the power of diffusing the impression of independent force that especially makes a man the center of a group, or a multitude, that is ready to think and feel and act with him.

We have all known such persons. Sometimes their sphere may be a narrow one, yet the qualities which make others gather to them are just as visible in the small as they would be in a larger area.

There are many kinds of attraction, some half or two-thirds physical, as we see in the case of those who possess that dangerous gift, hypnotic power. But influence is a different thing. Weakness may sometimes attract. But it is always from some impression which a person conveys of superior strength, be it of will, or of emotion, or of intellect, that influence springs.

Force, fervor, intensity—these are the qualities which have given their power to great leaders in all the movements by which the world has been swayed. Sometimes they have been present in men who left so little written memorial, or whose efforts were so foiled by adverse circumstance, that we can note only the fact that they must have been remarkable men because their contemporaries admired and loved and followed them. They possessed the secret of influence, although we may be unable to tell how they manifested it. Such men are among the riddles of history.

Why I Wanted to Die

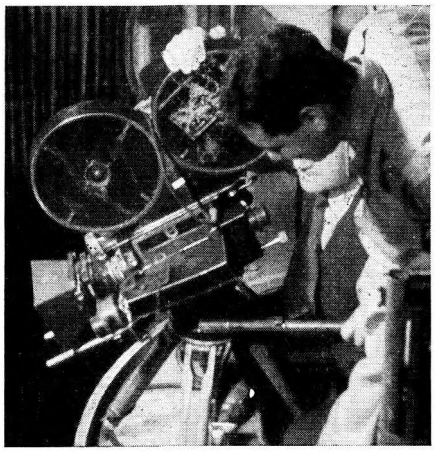
(Continued from page 26)

INDIVIDUAL EGOS AS BLOCKADES

THERE is something both heroic and utterly pathetic about the struggles of human beings to employ their individual egos as blockades against the towering forces of the universe; the God concepts they created for protection; their attempts to become civilized; their innumerable diversions and superstitions—as if by relying upon the nimble capering of their brains they could outwit themselves and escape the realities entirely!

I began to chuckle when I reflected upon the things that had troubled me, the grave question of whether I should study stenography or commercial writing, whether I was lacking in willpower because I failed to cut down on cigarettes and to control myself in other small matters; these laughable absurdities of everyday living. Not that one should ignore them or fail to give them their proper importance; one should rather evaluate them as details and attend to them—for much the same reason that one removes a cinder from one's eye.

In reality, I realized, I longed for death, *but not a physical death,* as I had once thought. I really wanted to be free of my petty ego and its smaller strivings, the picayune desires foisted upon me by my family and the community in which I lived, and the absurd goals that society demanded that I reach out to. I longed to break down and destroy my consciousness of these things and let the great tides sweep in; the awareness of the great broad



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earth, the immensity of the universe that encompasses it, and the vast cycles that govern all things; the eternal verities.

Throughout the years there had been moments and half-hours when they seeped in and gave my soul a breathing spell, and then some fear or vanity had shut them out and I had experienced that intolerable sense of frustration, the feeling of being cooped up in a narrow little cell again. The little cell of trivialities that make up everyday living.

. . . "To Learn to Live"

BUT even though I longed for this spiritual composure I also lived in terror of it. One is so fearful of surrendering one's miserable little ego to the infinities of time and space; afraid to face them squarely and let them take hold in one's consciousness and become a bedrock of thought and feeling. As if by pretending that they didn't exist one could blot them out! I had to surrender some day.

I realized that, as Montaigne said so aptly, "One must learn to die, to learn to live."

I had the feeling that I had "come home" at last, assured of my place in the scheme of things and contented with it. Does it matter whether I study stenography or journalism? Marry or pursue a career? Not as far as the earth picture is concerned. Suppose one blunders. What of it? There are blunders being made by the millions all over the earth every day—but they do not alter the course of the great tides one iota. A blunder is often costly in human suffering, true enough. That is one of the penalties of being alive. Everyone must pay his way.

I chuckle to my toes when I think of the importance I attached to that bugaboo, "Success." My! What awful hours I have been through fretting over that precious matter of "*my* success."

But my self-importance was thrust upon me to a great extent. From the time I was a child it was impressed upon me that I must weigh every thought and feeling so I should not appear ridiculous or stupid or infringe upon the codes of my family and the community in which we live; that it was my duty to strive for success and superiority, align my thoughts and feelings to those of the people around me; that it was my duty, briefly, to be the kind of person *that other people wanted me to be.* I had been impressed by the *awful magnitude* of the effect of my small acts upon the lives of others and my own life from the time I was old enough to comprehend the idea. That is what I believe is called the "inhibiting process."

Free from Inhibitions

IT WAS a mountain-like burden for me, but until I understood what I was trying to escape from, I was held.

"Knowledge is power," of course, and now that I understand, I am free, free, and my only concern is that I shall live a life so rich from now on that the "years that the locusts have eaten"—those years when I was foolishly bound by inhibitions—will cast not even the shadow of memory upon me. I am sure that I can.

I Feel This Way About It

(Continued from page 37)

cided to do, one thing at least was certain—no one at any time would ask them to buy. They wouldn't be even the slightest hint that they were ever expected to do so. Surely this is a good enough reason to believe the management had a well defined idea of service.

Yet this store started booting me out within five minutes after I passed through the entrance leading into their domestic clothing department. I had scarcely taken a dozen steps toward their British Shop, where I did intend to buy, before I was solicited by salesmen. To make matters worse, the solicitation was annoyingly insistent.

I INFORMED the salesman my needs were two featherweight flannel suits, one plain gray and the other blue, one coat after another was tried with apparently no possible chance of pleasing me with an acceptably fitted garment. Finally, as if that wasn't enough, the salesman, exasperated as I was, said irritably: "Well, of course, you can't expect flannel of this weight to fit with the same degree of smoothness as worsted."

"Why not?" I snapped, my voice crackling like a burning log in an open fireplace. "Is that an excuse for a collar so atrociously cut that it makes me look as if I had boils?"

"Well," he said, "try one of these browns. Perhaps they will fit *your* figure better."

His "*your figure*" nettled me. While I still wear an average size thirty-seven, my belt requirement has skipped along a little. I intend to take it off swimming, anyway—the extra inches—but nevertheless the slap, intentional or not, was sufficient to cause me to become waist conscious.

I put on my coat. "Never mind," I

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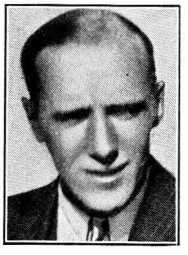

"When I reached this town I was a real child of the depression. I had no job, and no chance of getting one. I saw your ad, borrowed the money to pay for the course, and finally finished it. But before finishing I had become self-supporting as a correspondent for the state papers. I believe that if those who want to be writers will apply themselves to your course they will soon know whether their living is coming out of the writing market."

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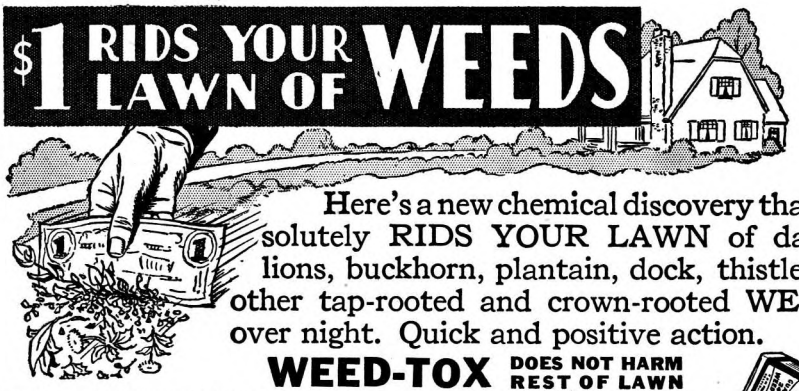

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said. After this there didn't seem to be anything else to do but buy elsewhere.

If I had obeyed the impulse and kept right on walking until I reached the street, my final experience might have been avoided. But when I passed the stationery department, I remembered placing my plate in my pocket so I could order calling cards. What happened when I handed it to the young lady in charge of the department happens every day. Everybody, at one time or other, has experienced it.

"Run off a hundred of these in the regular size," I said. "And use the beveled cards."

"Oh, you surely don't want beveled cards!" the young woman exclaimed, smiling at me in a way that demonstrated clearly that she was painfully surprised at my ignorance. And to prove that she was determined to show me the error of my social ways, she added: "*Nobody* of any consequence uses beveled cards any more."

"That is indeed good news!" I retorted. "When everybody is using beveled cards, I'll use mine plain, and when everybody is using them plain, I'll want them beveled. There may be a chance that you'll understand."

I don't think she did for she didn't answer and looking back I could see by her expression that she was thinking, "There's an old fool if there ever was one."

Well anyway, how do shop keepers, or anybody who wants to sell anything, justify their oversight that the customer's good will and high humor are valuable? This is something I wish somebody would explain to me.

Why You Are Misunderstood

(Continued from page 33)

we have had enough of it." Such parents are indifferent toward the possibility that they have wounded the child's pride. They are blind to the fact that in such treatment, they lay the groundwork for that feeling of inferiority which will later ruin the poise and confidence of the child.

We lose the confidence of our children because in our domineering way we refuse to admit our mistakes. Many fathers and mothers would indignantly scorn the idea of apologizing to their children when they are in the wrong.

Too often we force our beliefs upon the child, little realizing that sooner or later such beliefs will be investigated and exploded by the child's inquiring mind. As the poet Roland Sill once expressed it,

"The vaunted wisdom claimed by age,
In arrogance, we call the truth,
How oft it shatters pure ideals,
And halt the marching faith of youth."

All too frequently parents look to their children for a tonic to their own ego. Mother and father desire that the child shall get high marks in its school work, not because they consider the value of the education but in order that they may brag to their friends about the brilliance of their child. So-called model behavior is not so much a matter of its effect upon the child as it is cause for a feeling of superiority on the part of the parents. Fathers and mothers attempt to force the child to reach that impossible idealistic standard which they, the parents, have always longed to reach. They expect the child to have all the virtues and no vices. In short, their children are on exhibition, living advertisements of the superior ability and unusual high standards of the quite superior parents.

The Great Obligation

THE great obligation of the parents is to bring up the child in the way *he* should go. Only wilful ignorance can blind the father and mother to the seriousness of this great work. Will you resent it if I say to you that your importance to life and to the community is secondary once you have become a father or mother?

You were not always such a "good boy" or "model girl." Permit your children to learn how to live through the experience of making mistakes. Stop meting out punishment to your children and adopt the method of friendly counsel with the child. Admit at the outset in these conferences that you were once just as bad and just as thoughtless as they are. Laugh about it a little bit together.

Get down to the child's plan of thinking and feeling. Make doubly sure that you thoroughly understand just how the child looks at life, and then, and then only, will you realize how important to the child are its problems, its interpretation of things, its hopes and its fears. You will never ridicule or poke fun at these little ladies and gentlemen when you realize that to them their struggles and ambitions are as serious as yours are to you, and I am not attempting to be sarcastic or facetious when I say that you will probably learn a great deal from the alert eager mind of your child.

Allow for Faults

LEARN to see your child as he or she really is. Look unflinchingly upon the faults and allow for them. Weigh the weaknesses of the child against its strong points and by this process try to arrive at an accurate estimate of the possibilities your son or daughter may possess. Try with all your heart and mind to realize that your children must be what they really are, whether you will or not. Become reconciled to the fact that *you* cannot live the child's life for him. You may set an example; you may suggest and you may advise; you may place the child in the proper environment; you may provide opportunities for education—but beyond this you cannot go.

As the child reaches maturity you must become more and more only the loyal friend, the everlasting friend.

The Law of Success

(Continued from page 44)

out. The law is the same spiritually as it is materially. Give, and then you will get.

Loving One's Neighbor

"NO effort," says Robert Norwood, "calls forth greater abundance than loving one's neighbor. It is the unceasing effort to put off selfishness that brings abundance. Not the getting but the giving is paramount. Give light, give strength, give great ideas, great spiritual thoughts. Contact your divine source. It is available for you. But you have to make the effort of generosity and faith."

Effort humanly seems necessary to growth spiritually. How we would stagnate without that effort to attain a higher understanding and peace! Peace comes only in return for the effort. Supply of one's daily needs is just as fluidic as we are. It flows as naturally to us as water in its river bed. Our life must be spent in *swimming* in this stream and never being taken out of it. Fluidic is our supply, fluidic our constant flowing toward our source. It is a part of us, and no separation can take place, any more than a bulb can be separated from its electric current and still give light.

We are alive, therefore we contact our divine source of life. It is the law, Our effort Godward brings our supply, because the nearer we get to our source, the higher our attainment is.

Essentials Are At Hand

CONSIDER the lilies. They are superior to all the fabrics and color that man invents. The ants and bees do not compete, yet their communities are models for mankind. What are the

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things you most need? Food? If you are starving, your community will feed you. Clothes? No one need be without garments, no matter how poor at present. You can be supplied with all essentials right now, even without expense. Shelter? No one need be without it. There are places of refuge for every one.

But granting the necessity of food, clothing, and shelter, what are the things you most prize? Are any of them tangible? Let us see. Love, friendship, health, peace, sympathy, lovely memories, keen anticipations, hope, companionship, giving, sharing—do not these constitute your real wealth? And can anyone take them from you? Is not character a better thing than banknotes? Courage finer than gold? Patience greater than bonds? You cannot buy any of these things, yet they are priceless. They have no market value, but they cost most of all.

From the Same Source

ALL the things you need come from the same source. Electricity is everywhere, and from it matter materializes by a slowing down of the normal vibration of invisible electricity. Matter is electricity made visible. Electricity itself is mysterious. We invoke the law when we sow seed and then reap crops. But we grow four crops today where we used to grow one.

We go a hundred times faster in our vehicles than our great-great-grandfathers went in theirs. Who shall say that we shall not one day speed up these materializations of abundance, making short-cuts similar to those of the great mystics of the ages? "There is but one substance," says Einstein. "There is but one Father," said Jesus; of myself I can do nothing; He doeth the works. When you know the law of love, you find that giving does not impoverish, nor does withholding enrich.

The only law is to give, and it shall be given you. Love thy neighbor. See how little you need of things to be happy. Gain that inner radiance, and it attracts the things you need to you, like a magnet.

No Empty Space

ELECTRICITY, the agent of matter's manifestation, is everywhere. There is no such thing as empty space. It is all fluidic force. Use it. Call upon it. Contact it consciously as you do unconsciously every moment. Know that heaven or hell is being made by you *now*. You are already in one or the other. They are conditions of your consciousness, not localities. Draw on the Bank of the Infinite for any amount. It has never failed. It has branches everywhere. Its activity is universal; its doors are always open. Have you an account there? Then you are successful. As you deposit, so shall you withdraw, with fourfold interest.

As ye give, it shall be given you, pressed down, and running over. For with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured for you. That is the law of success, the law of love. There is no other in the wide, wide universe.

There is one creator, one universe, one mind, one law, one principle, one substance. You are part of it. You constantly share in it, you will always partake of it. There is no lack or limitation in the infinite. There is universal abundance, and there are no limitations, reservations, or exceptions. Accept your share now. It belongs to you.

Love that is hoarded moulds at last
  Until we know some day
The only thing we ever have
  Is what we give away.

And kindness that is never used
  But hidden all alone
Will slowly harden till it is
  As hard as any stone.

It is the things we always hold
  That we will lose some day;
The only things we ever keep
  Are what we give away.
(Song, by Louis Ginsberg)

Psychological Portraits

(Continued from page 23)

A Stand for a Principle

I KNEW that some years ago one of her plays had been censored as both good and bad plays often are, and that in this case the entire cast had been arrested. But why didn't she save her name by the easy opportunity presented—a suspended sentence?

"Because," she said thoughtfully, "we have to be willing to defend what we consider right even if it 'puts us in wrong.' I believe it does more good than harm to expose hidden things to the light of day."

How could she, then, plead guilty to a charge in which she saw no guilt? No, she preferred to serve those few widely discussed days at the Island rather than to lie to herself about a belief. The public knows she was there, at Welfare Island, but the public unfortunately does not know of the several girls she met there whom she has since helped to rehabilitation and a self-respecting life in the community. That is because she doesn't like to discuss the many fine things she does.

It is easy to see that there are no half-way measures for this seemingly bad girl of stage and screen and that what she believes she believes wholeheartedly. Yet she formulates her beliefs on no cursory glance or snap decision.

"Everything has two values," she remarked. "The surface value and the intrinsic—and the latter is the true one, of course. Yes, it's true that I prefer men with ugly faces, but not simply because they interest and fascinate me more than merely handsome men. Nine times out of ten a homely man has more real character than the awfully good-looking man.

Brains, Not Beauty Count

"GOOD looks are a big asset to anyone, but a homely man must win his way for himself. Even brains don't always show from the outside. It's what lies behind and within that counts in the long run."

"Still, one should try to make as good an appearance as possible, shouldn't he?" I asked.

"Certainly," Miss West agreed. "But let it reflect yourself. Now I don't approve of this new style of masculine clothes for women—for *all* women, I mean—any more than I'd approve of a sudden fashion dictate of women's clothing for men. Be yourself, above everything else; in trying for improvement do it along your own lines—not by modeling the clothing of your body or mind on the outlines created by someone else. Fashions and customs change too often, you know."

"Be yourself," I repeated. "Yes, but one of the saddest results of portraying a definite type on the stage is that a certain portion of the unthinking public invariably imagines that the actor or actress must be inevitably and actually that type—that he is just being himself. Some people think that of you, you know."

Mae West dismissed this fact lightly.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "The fact that a man appears only in criminal parts on the screen doesn't make him a criminal, does it? It's only what he really is that really matters."

Incidentally an artist picturing Miss West on a recent cover page of Broadway and Hollywood "Movies" (the first magazine which has so featured her) caught something of the quality of mind so rarely discerned by the public.

To a certain extent, however, the public is right so far as Miss West is concerned. But only to this extent:

her glamorous, seductive ladies are inherently kind-hearted, generous, quick to distinguish the true from the false and capable of doing a big and fine deed without the grand gesture that too often accompanies the act when performed by many of our "noble" citizens.

The Real Mae West

AND that is the case with Mae West. Everyone knows that a generous portion of her income goes to organized charities, as it does in the case of all stage celebrities. But everyone doesn't know about the countless individual persons she has helped, nor of the many old ladies and other actors out of work for whom she created a scene in her famous "Diamond Lil" in order that they should not starve. She simply won't talk about it, you see, or about the many other generous and kindly things she is constantly doing.

Miss West isn't really obliged to show us only the stage type for which she is famous, of course, for she is a fine enough actress to give other dramatic portrayals equally as good. But when one has been acclaimed pre-eminent in a certain rôle, it is hard to change. So her audiences will probably continue to applaud her faithfulness of performance and perhaps even to wish they might be included among those fortunate few on the stage so charmingly invited to "come up some night."

Perhaps the reason is because there is a true goodness of heart at the heart of all her ladies, or perhaps it is because even the glitter of the beautiful jewels she wears can not dim the honest lustre of the real Mae West beneath them.

But very probably it is because she makes us see what she so genuinely feels and believes when she says—not as an author in her own right or as the very clever psychologist that she is, but as Mae West—, "Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and there is something good in everything and everybody if we will only take the trouble to look for it."

Asparagus

(Continued from page 42)

which is H_2O. However, the water which one gets in vegetables is considerably different from that which one gets from the tap, for the water contained in vegetables is organic, while that from the tap is inorganic.

Did you know that more than sixty per cent of your total body weight is composed of water? Well, it is true, and water enters into every conceivable function of the body proper. It is a well-known fact that one could live for more than ninety days without food, but only a fraction of that without water. Therefore, be sure to get plenty of water, and be positively certain that this water for the most part comes to you in the form of fresh fruits and vegetables.

Have You Had Your Iron Today?

THERE is a great deal of iron in asparagus, and iron unites with the oxygen you breathe in, consequently enabling your blood to circulate throughout each part of your body many thousands of times each day.

While the quantity of iron in the body seems rather insignificant, for it rarely exceeds seventy-five grains, its task is indeed significant when you consider what it accomplishes. For iron, too, is a great builder of red blood cells, and the four principal functions that it especially performs are as follows:

1. Iron produces hemoglobin, an important part of the red blood cells.
2. Iron assists in the process of respiration in man and animals, enabling the process of breathing to continue regularly, whether the breather is conscious or unconscious.
3. Iron gives to your body the ability to unite the oxygen with the blood, thus hastening it to all of the various parts of your body by way of the capillaries. Here, the carbon of your food is stored up, and when oxygenation takes place, this carbon is changed into carbonic acid, which is combined with the alkaline elements of your blood and is eventually eliminated by way of your lungs.
4. Iron generates a very magnetic blood current, thus enabling itself to pass through the walls of the arteries and veins of your body, and nourishing each and every tissue.

Therefore, iron forms the fourth reason why asparagus should be a part of your regular weekly diet this springtime.

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ASPARAGUS also contains silicon, and it is that element which builds up the hair of your head, your eye brows, eye lashes, and the tiny hairs found by the millions within your nose, which warm the air you breathe in,

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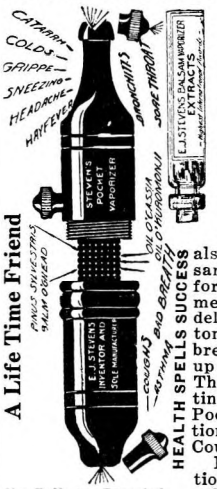

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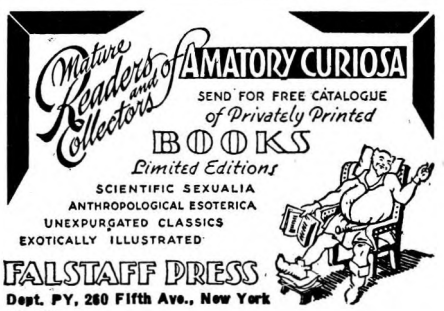

thus protecting the nostrils.

Silicon is also an extremely valuable element for any one who suffers from diseases of the scalp such as dandruff, itching of the scalp, falling hair, and baldness. It is also a splendid insulator of the blood stream, keeping the blood warm in the winter time. The mineral matter of all healthy muscular tissue must contain at least five per cent of silicon.

Sodium, A Wonderful Chemical Solvent

THE next element found in asparagus is sodium, and sodium, when united with calcium, forms that substance known as lime. And, just like calcium, sodium must be present in the body to keep the bones in perfect condition at all times and thus ward off softening of the bones.

Sodium serves to make the lime and magnesium salts in your food and consequently in your blood much more soluble and keeps them in a liquid state, thus enabling the perfect absorption of foods at all times. When lime and magnesia are not kept liquid by sodium, they are soon deposited in various parts of the body and frequently cause gall, kidney, and bladder stones.

Sodium prevents the blood from becoming coagulated, thus preventing that serious disease known as thrombosis, which, it is reported, was the cause of our former president Calvin Coolidge's death not so very long ago.

Grandmother's Springtime Remedy

WHO is there among us who doesn't remember our grandmother's remedy of sulphur and molasses as a regular springtime tonic? Do you recall how you used to hold your nose while she anxiously gave you a tablespoonful or two?

Well, it is no longer necessary to get your sulphur this way, for nature has liberally endowed asparagus with the potentialities of performing this very function for you in a much more pleasant manner. For sulphur is found in great abundance in asparagus, and it is a principal constituent of the blood, where it is a great help as an oxidizing agent.

Sulphur, moreover, is very essential for maintaining the natural resisting powers of the body itself, and is consequently able to eliminate from both your red and white blood corpuscles all of the waste poisons that would otherwise be retained within them and might give rise to septicemia, or blood poisoning.

Coat of Gold

(Continued from page 19)

shown that she cared more. She was so calm and yet so tense. It was as though only her pride were touched.

A Dead Weight In Her Heart

AS THE door closed behind him Marcia crouched beside the bed and wrung her hands in agony, weeping bitterly. It was hours before she recovered herself. There was only left a dead weight in the place where her heart had been; in her brain, a dull, dazed thing that would no longer function.

She was thankful for the tact which caused Edward to leave the next morning without seeing her.

After feverishly packing she despatched a trunk and suitcase to the railway station, for want of any concrete plans. She could not think or plan her next move. In a haze she went to the airport and took the air in her little Waco. It was too suffocating on the ground.

Around and around she flew, up and up and up, her thoughts keeping time with the purring motor. If she could only be sure Edward was not being swayed by a passing infatuation, a wicked charm, a deadly poison! But what did it matter whether his love for Harriet would endure? He thought it would and had asked for a divorce! He would have a divorce or he might consider sacrificing his business and social standing.

Luckily Marcia was a natural flyer, for she was only half conscious of what she was doing. Her hand on the stick responded to her instincts rather than her thoughts. Once she dropped into a tail-spin, and it was only instinct which enabled her to recover without a crackup. She could think only of the trouble which had come upon her.

Her cousin, John Clinton, manager of the Dixon airport, scolded her for frightening them by that fool stunting, then begged her pardon when he saw her white face.

"Was something wrong with the plane? You were really falling!" He was anxiously concerned.

"Nothing—it—" Then suddenly she found herself in John's little office, leaning against him, crying and telling him all about Harriet's coming back to take Edward from her.

Won By Her Pleading

AS SHE talked a plan came into her mind; a plan so fantastical that at first John opposed it heartily. He was finally won over by her desperate pleading.

"I don't like it," he admitted. "I'm afraid something will go wrong. You'll not stand the strain. But if you must—well, all I have is at your service, as always, Marcia."

"John, you darling—Sunday morning, then."

They arrived at the airport at nine Sunday morning, according to Marcia's terse instructions over the telephone. Both Edward and Harriet were filled with curiosity, colored by vague fears.

John informed them that they were to go up in the Curtis-Robin which was being warmed up for a start.

"Go up?" cried Harriet. "I won't. I hate flying."

"I'll have to go alone," Edward frowned.

"Two or none," John Clinton spoke crisply. "That's the order."

Edward drew Harriet away from Clinton, nearer the plane. "We have to do as she asked or she will not consider a divorce. That is what you said you wished."

"Why need she be so silly as say we must go up in this plane and not tell us where we are going? Where is she? You don't know a thing about the plane or pilot," Harriet worried him.

Edward took his worries to Clinton, who was very unsympathetic.

"You know, Edward, I wouldn't send the plane up with an unsafe pilot. You will have parachutes and be strapped in. The plane will return here in due course of time. That is all I can tell you."

"I don't like it," Harriet fumed, turning to look searchingly at the pilot. But his face was half-turned away and securely hidden behind buckled helmet and goggles.

"You can't tell what a woman like Marcia will do," Harriet said spitefully.

"She's a Good Sport"

INVOLUNTARILY Edward bridled in his wife's defence. "She's a good sport and would not do anything to harm us."

"Oh, yes, she is an angel! Everything she says or does is perfection," Harriet flared.

"Please, let's not fuss," Edward begged. "This will come out all right. It is the only way."

Harriet fussed about the parachutes, asking if it was usual, to carry them

especially in a cabin plane.

"Instructions," the attendant replied tersely.

The take-off was perfect and they glided swiftly up, circling around over the port and then leveling off over farm land on the outskirts of the city. The passengers looked down and saw the houses become mere cigar boxes and then mere specks. Then they were blotted out entirely by a mass of fleecy clouds. They were in a world all alone, in space, terrifyingly white and blue: space without end; bits of fleece and bits of blue sky.

"Why do we go so high?" Harriet demanded uneasily. "Tell him to go down lower, Edward. Oh, what a fool to come! I want to go back. I want to go right down." Her voice was getting high and hysterical.

Down Like a Roller Coaster

THE pilot glanced at them in the mirror and saw Edward trying to soothe the frightened woman, saw her bury her head on his shoulder as the plane suddenly dived down. Harriet screamed as it righted itself and went into another zoom. Sickeningly it had dived almost straight down like a roller coaster. Now it soared up steeply. Finally it speeded along on a level for a distance that enabled Harriet to regain her breath.

Then there was a sput, sput of the motor and a terrifying dive again, and the pilot, leaning forward, seemed trying to adjust something. Then the ship was righted and began climbing, when suddenly there was a wingover to the left, and as Harriet let out one shrill scream after another, they headed sharply for the ground again. The pilot once more made an expert recovery and pulled the nose of the plane into a level flying position again. It sped forward with smoothly running motor.

Harriet, white and with hands clenched in terror, suddenly looked toward the pilot, who had removed helmet and goggles.

"Oh God! It's a woman!" she gasped.

(Concluded next month)

A New Man

(Continued from page 40)

why we so often meet with a perfectly one-sided discussion of a problem.

This one-sidedness I have tried to avoid in my discussion of what I mean by the new man that is needed for the new woman. However, we also must not forget that not every woman of today is a new woman and most assuredly not every man will be disposed to become a new man.

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The Psychology of Conscience

(Continued from page 52)

tative, which the voice of conscience is not in that sense.

The mind, that is, the conscience is susceptible of education, and the more intelligent and trained, and cultured the mind the more likely are its intimations to be trustworthy. We are obliged to take serious issue with Kant in his statement that an "erring conscience is a chimera," since we have cited a few examples where the voice of conscience was anything but unerring, but partook of the quantity and quality of the mind in each instance.

An intelligent personality indicates an intelligent conscience. Psychology does not to-day state that conscience is intuitive, nor that it is unerring, for investigations of cases prove the opposite is true. Calderwood said "Conscience intuitively recognizes moral law, it is supreme in its authority. It cannot be educated."

THIS position is absolutely untenable, since the quality and character of the human mind as to intelligence and training, the normalcy of the will power and the rationality of its emotional reactions are always an index of the conscience, just as the character and learning and integrity of the judge upon the bench is a measure of his ability to render just and reasonable decisions.

Conscience not susceptible of education? When the Hindu mother tosses her loved child to the crocodile in the terribly mistaken notion that God wills it so, does this look like inerrant conscience? When Hindu women are persuaded by missionaries that the good God who loves both mother and child does not want her to do such a terrible thing, does this not look as if the conscience had been educated?

Untold multitudes of times the human mind has been educated to turn from the crimes and atrocities that found their genesis in a savage state of existence, ignorance and superstition of a sunken past where reigned the ethics of tooth and claw, and respond to the higher and nobler impulses of a new day, and new thoughts and new ideals of a Christian civilization.

Consider the Amadi Leper Home, in South Soudan, where the Doctor was asked "How does the disease get hold of them?" "I don't know" he answers. "Nine years ago soon after we got out here I had a group of boys around me and was pointing to a rainbow, trying to get the names of the various colors from them, and when one of these boys seized my hand he said 'O sir, do not do that, because if you do that you will get leprosy. That is how we get leprosy. You must not point to that great God who lives where the rainbow ends.' It was part of our work," said the Doctor, "to teach them that leprosy was not contracted in that way." And when they were educated to a better belief their consciences were to that degree changed, for the conscience is the measure of the character of the mind, as it represents its decisions, its choice and its determinations, as well as its intelligence.

CONSCIENCE although not the voice of God, although it is not an unerring guide, although it is not intuitively discerned, and is always susceptible to a further degree of education, should always faithfully govern our acts and thinking, since this is the entire stock in trade which the individual personality has. The stream cannot rise higher than its source, nor can the mind form judgments with an intelligence it does not possess.

To say that a man obeys his conscience is tantamount to asserting that he lives in his daily life in accordance with the best that he knows, and this is all a man can possibly do, and angels could do no more. There is this to be borne in mind, however, and that is that there is always the duty and responsibility and privilege of every rational being to advance in knowledge, discretion, and intellectual power by sincere effort, study, observation and physiologically healthy living, normal use and exercise of all his powers and faithful observance of the dictates always of the best that is within him, so that his mentality is ever progressive, unfolding in power and beauty and usefulness.

This results in the quickening development and strengthening of a conscience that is always expanding into greater efficiency and happier, wholesomer, more well rounded, beneficent and symmetrical life. This of course implies a quick and generous reaction of the personality to every noble impulse and every high ideal that comes to one as an angel whisper calling to a more beautiful life tomorrow than we have lived to-day.

AS CONSCIENCE is identical and co-extensive with the human mind, heart, soul and spirit, and resident in the human brain, this complete intellectual, emotional, voltional life of man has undergone like evolutionary change with the physical body, from the very lowest phases of organic life, throughout the vast cycles of ages past, up to its present stage of existence.

What further progress remains in store for man in his complex relationships, no one knows nor can hazard a guess. Sufficient it is that we know some organisms have climbed the steep ascent, some have stopped part-way up the heights and some have reverted back to the low levels of their primitive stage. Whether progress is further to be made, if opportunity shall be afforded, and whether we as individual personalities can make the grade, are mysteries that are hidden in the bosom of God.

And now I come to the last statement to be made, more important than any of those preceding in this article, as expressing in a graphic and startling manner by a figure of speech an illustration of the character and function of conscience that some of the readers shall never forget, whatever they shall remember of the foregoing arguments. It is this:

Conscience is a Court, complete and entire. In a very real sense analogously true to form, Conscience is Judge, Jury, Witness for the plaintiff, Witness for the Defendant, the Ascused in the dock, the Attorney for the Prosecution, the Attorney for the Defense, and Sheriff, the executioner of the mandates of the Court.

Thus my mind sits in the Court to preside over the trial of myself as judging a moral question, in which I am not only the accused in the box, but I as witnesses present testimony for and against myself. As prosecuting attorney and as Attorney for the Defense I myself may make the arguments from the evidence presented by myself the witnesses, and I myself as twelve jurymen listen to the witnesses, the arguments of the opposing counsel, and to the charge of the learned Judge, myself, and as jury render the verdict.

WITH all the testimony, argument, witnesses and verdict of the jury in, I myself as Judge pronounce the sentence against myself (or acquittal), and finally I as Sheriff, on the mandate of the learned Judge, put the sentence into execution and supervise the punishment of accused, myself, till the ends of justice have been met and satisfied. In other words Conscience, *my* conscience, acts in the capacity of all these various elements of the Court, and I myself, as Conscience, punish myself to the full extent of the law, from which there is no escape.

Some one has just said to me that in addition, this is the most just verdict possible in any human court of justice, and I might add that the sentence in this case is not reviewable by a higher court, and the decision can not be set aside by any technicalities, nor the execution postponed by any use of legal red tape. This is a unique situation, the like of which probably can not be found in all the experiences of life in any department of human activity.

Mass Psychology

(Continued from page 15)

of his audience. Any public speaker worth his salt is quite a match for individual interrupters.

When psychologists seek to analyze the cause of this mass-psychology, they lay most stress on our instinct of gregariousness. The other two causes, namely suggestibility and curiosity, are quite secondary when compared with our innate tendency to associate with our fellows. As Aristotle said long ago, man is a social animal. No individual can afford to be isolated from a social group for any great length of time. His very happiness depends upon his adherence to such a group. There is a need for social dependence written indelibly into the very structure of his being. He mingles with his fellows because of his physical identity with them. He talks their language. He worships their Deity. He fights their fight. He obeys their customs. His habits are like unto theirs. He is fearless when among them. In short, he is bound to them and to their lives by any invisible but none the less real chain. This chain we call the social instinct or the instinct of gregariousness.

Psychologists tell us that this gregariousness is a *consciousness of kind.* We readily become homesick when separated from friends and relatives. We learn to speak of *our* family, *our* hometown, *our* native country. In such usages as these we manifest our social instinct. Man, whether civilized or primitive, has much the same feeling and much the same conventions on this matter. Indeed, the more complicated our society has become and the more advanced our civilization, the stronger and the more emphatic is the social instinct in its manifestation.

Our emotions are with us for protection, whether they are individual-emotions or crowd-emotions. By education and by environment those emotions can be trained. Blind instinct can conceivably be replaced by intelligent reasoning. The emotions of fear, envy, anger, jealousy and rage are basic emotions of human nature. In the case of the individual they can be replaced by such reactions as courage, poise, steadiness, self-control and self-direction. If this can be achieved in the individual, why can it not be an ideal to strive for in the case of the crowd?

What Did You Dream?

(Continued from page 17)

Let us take a symbolic dream of the simplest sort. The dreamer is a little boy of eight. A dog and cat are fighting. The dog is black and the cat red. Suddenly the dog and cat merge into a single animal, which the child calls "dog-cat." He awakens smiling. Upon being asked where he had seen fighting most recently, he answered to the effect that his mother and father always fought like dogs and cats, and that day had a particularly terrible row. The only other fighting he had ever seen was of a dog and cat. His father is dark; his mother a blonde. Clearly the dog is the father, and the cat the mother. He is less disturbed by seeing two animals fight than his parents. He wants them to stop fighting and get together for he pictures them melting into a unity. This pleases him, and he awakens smiling. Very simple, is it not? But realize, please, that the dream does not indicate what his folks will do or may do; it only shows what the child thinks. Every dream shows the dreamer's attitude, and no one else's. At all times bear that in mind, it is all-important.

In so far as no dream shows clearly any one mechanism, but combinations of the various methods, we will advance to more complex dreams, where all the plays and moves will be shown. However, before so doing, we will enter into why dreams are complex. And as you surmised, it is because of sexual taboos.

Freud has been severely attacked by the laity because of his play upon sex. His reply to the world was not only witty, but exceedingly true. It explained that he could not attempt to explain just why it was so, but only knew that the fact revealed itself. After all, it was no fault of analysis if the spot-light showed up the inner self to be sexual, but rather the fault of the people, especially those that were so puritanically minded. Freud has been the most misquoted man in the world, for he never said that all dreams are sexual, nor that they must be sexual. He showed thru actual records that the vast majority were of a sexual nature. Rather than try to taboo and shelve so valuable a theory because it shows the sexual nature of people, it had better be that we lift the ban off sex information. Let us call a spade a spade, rather than hide ostrich-like with our heads in the sands of times gone by!

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the aim of life is the preservation and propagation of life. Without sex activity, without the life-urge, all dies, nothing lives. It is the most essential thing in the world, and why should we pretend that it plays only a minor role in our physical selves?

Sexual truths are the hardest to face in a natural manner. They are the acid test. No one need feel, save some depraved moron, that sex is the largest thing in life, but many great minds have declared it to be the nucleus of all behavior. End of Part I.

The Up-Trail

(Continued from page 32)

Vatican, prove how well he succeeded.

Were These Men Ever Finished?

EVEN Napoleon, in exile on the bleak rock of St. Helena, dreamed on to the day when he might return once more to France as a conqueror and regain the throne he had lost. He did not give up his dreams although, to others, they were well nigh hopeless. He rejected the offer of an American ship-captain who proposed to smuggle him from St. Helena and take him to the States. His hopes remained in France—the France that his imagination recaptured time and again and laid at his feet.

Hopes and visions never die and they keep interest in life eternally alive. Look at Leonor F. Loree, the bearded master of the Delaware and Hudson railroad. He tried unsuccessfully for years to buy a controlling interest in the great New York Central. Today, past seventy but with the spark of youth in his eyes, Loree is the new president of that organization.

These men never believed for the remotest part of a second that their work would *ever* be done.

This same goal, bright and shining, is always beckoning. It calls for an extra spurt of effort—and yet one more. When the distance is covered, the goal still looms up as deathless as before. More than ever its mute appeal leads us on to accomplishment.

Up Again, On Again!

LIFE'S prizes are here for each man to take. But he must never give up trying. To fall down on the way is no dishonor and as a rule happens to *every* man at one time or another; but to stay down when he falls, is rank cowardice. "Our greatest glory," says Oliver Goldsmith, "consists not in never falling but in rising every time we fall." So up again, on again!

Yesterday's bad dream left an after taste, a little bitter, but good medicine regardless. It drove home the value of swallowing life's pills without making long faces.

"What is it keeps most men discontented?" asks Goethe. "What but that their conceptions cannot be made to correspond with realities? What they reach and obtain never has the effect upon their hearts which their *desire* for it led them to anticipate."

This Moment Is Yours

MY friend, face yourself in your own mirror! This is no time to indulge in vain regrets for opportunities you threw away in the past. Perhaps they *are* gone forever—forget them! Concentrate on the present. Take the chances that come your way *now* and *use them!*

This moment is yours to spend. Find out what you were meant to do in life and *do it!* You were given talents, not to bury and preserve, but to put into action. Use them to create beauty, to radiate contentment, to ease the other fellow's burden.

Then, and then alone, will you know the thrill of daring the up-trail!

It Is Enough

By BETH WALKER

IT IS enough that there are eyes for seeing
The glint of sunlight on the leaves in spring,
The drifting cloud, the bud that bursts in being,
The new life everywhere, awakening.

It is enough that there are ears for hearing
The touch of water on the waiting shore,
The whispering breeze, the whir of wing appearing,
The step of summer at the opening door.

It is enough that there are words for saying
"The grain is ripe; the autumn woods are red;
The harvest moon is full with life's repaying—
So bountiful the whole is still unsaid."

It is enough that there is heart for knowing
The peace of winter and the warmth of snow,
The sense of safety in the ever-going
And yet returning life that lives below.

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Personalities

(Continued from page 31)

his draws side splitting laughter? Come to think of it, though, the man with the big nose *has* a grievance.

"It's sure too bad the government didn't go on with its plan to give out scrip," he observed. "Who knows? One of dem tings might a been a swell movie scenario," and the actor sighed heavily.

Durante has always liked being with people. When he was a little shaver Jimmy's dad ran a barber shop on New York's East side, and the future comedian was usually about. His special delight was lathering the faces of the customers, and to make the operation as pleasant as possible he told funny stories.

Sometimes he played ragtime. He knew Al Smith and whenever the popular Irishman threw a party, Jimmy was sure to be on hand as the official fun maker. He didn't exactly try to be funny but whenever he was most natural people roared with laughter. So his reputation grew and so did his nose.

Today, that nose is his fortune and when you're laughing at the only schnozzle of its kind in the world, you're not laughing at Jimmy. You're laughing *with* him.

He never uses a bit of make-up and the folks on the stage with him never know what he is going to do next for he actually never does the same thing two nights in succession. When someone asks him how he manages to keep up such a pace he is likely to be thoughtful for just a split second. "I guess it's just being consistently crazy," he answers.

What Lewis Carroll of Alice in Wonderland fame once said of someone else would apply excellently to Durante. "He is," said Carroll, "a sensible, senseless creature who says a great deal by saying nothing—with cosmic comicality." And doesn't that last word *sound* like Jimmy Durante's nose *looks?*

Law and Order

(Continued from page 36)

of his hair—a new feeling of patriotism.

The policemen who stopped him now were only traffic officers. A new respect for law and order took possession of him, and a sense of shame for the nefarious racket he had been in made him resolve that it wasn't such a bad world after all!

* * *

It was a tired and happy Tony Fiorello who fairly leaped up the stairs of his Bronx apartment to greet the fair Angela with a hug and a kiss that night—the sincerity of which she had not known since the first deliriously bright moments of their honeymoon.

"And what's more, Angel," he said, his face wreathed in a happy, triumphant smile, "no more rot-gut for me. If I drink anything, it's going to be the stuff I truck myself. What's good enough for the rest of the Americans is good enough for me!"

What Can We Do For You?

(Continued from page 46)

QUESTION:—E. F. A. writes:

I enjoy everything of a creative character and have been successful along several lines of endeavor—as a poet, author, designer, creator of puzzles and cartoons, etc., but I seem to lack perseverance and am too inclined to rest back on my laurels when I have made a temporary success of some one thing. I believe, in plain English, I lack "guts." Is there any way of creating added intestinal fortitude?

ANSWER:

A "jack of all trades" never reaches the heights that one does who selects some chosen work and follows it with intense interest until he puts it over in a big way.

You evidently have real genius and it is too bad that you are not advancing more rapidly in some chosen calling. If I were you I would go over the list of things that I believed I could make good at, select one that I believed gave promise financially as well as along lines of real interest, and then stick right to that to the exclusion of all other things until I had become a recognized success.

You are evidently a temperamental sort of individual, and such people are not always very energetic unless something comes along to stir them to the depths and get them started. A genius is somewhat of a dreamer. If he could just reach a state where he was willing to pay the price of true suc-

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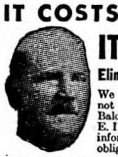

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cess through swinging into strong action, his success would be limited only by the number of years he was permitted to live, for his entire life could be a continuous upward movement and his services to man tremendous.

My friend, you are wasting your talents—you are permitting certain lazy habits to dominate in place of giving full and complete expression to those higher powers. The very fact that you have written to me indicates that you do recognize an urge to do better and that your better self is striving to lead you aright. You lack perseverance, as you admit, and have not sufficient power at this moment to direct your will-power in a big way toward the success you desire.

But if you will fight these weaker forces and realize that strength of character and achievement are realized only through meeting resistance and overcoming it, I am sure you will soon put an end to this unsatisfactory life you have been living. Development comes through *using* what power you now have, and doing so daily. This applies to perseverance, will-power, concentration, memory, in fact, to all your mental faculties. I shall expect to learn later that you are happy and on the way toward a much bigger life.

Meditations

(Continued from page 13)

the impossible.

Abraham Lincoln's statement that all he ever was or hoped to be he owed to his sainted mother was an admission of the optimism which appears to have been forever and inseparably linked to motherhood. Mother always believed in us, saw only the good in us, and knew, in her own heart, that when the crucial test of our lives came, we could not fail.

The sublime spirituality of her optimistic confidence in us is indeed, especially in times like these, thought for serious and sober consideration on May 14th.

Nature's bountiful outpouring of flowers, in every hue of the rainbow, this month, is ample evidence of the faith Divine Providence has in mankind's continued climb upwards. It is up to us,—you and me,—to exercise a belief in those same good qualities in others which our mothers found in us, and to apply the psychology of optimism to our entire viewpoint towards life.

Repeating some of Macaulay's words, which, doubtless, must have been born of his mother's inspiration:

"The industry of individuals . . . creates faster than governments can squander, and repairs whatever invaders can destroy."

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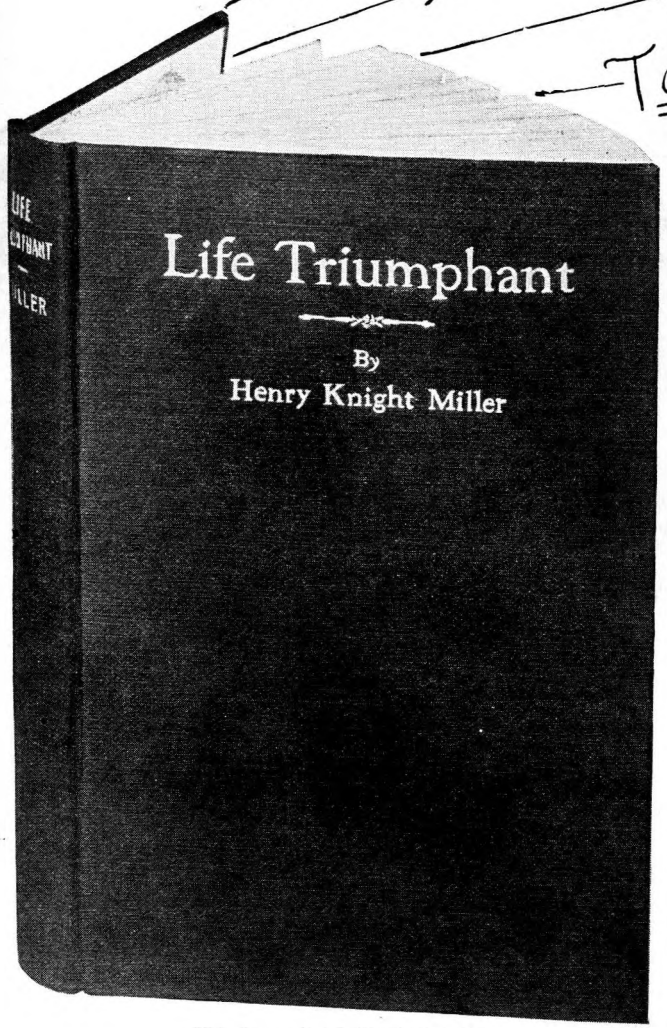

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