

PSYCHOLOGY

Health :: Happiness :: Success

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23

The Magazine of Inspiration



I Killed My Husband

An Intimate Psychological Study

ANONYMOUS

The World of Tomorrow

Interview With Nikola Tesla

GRACE M. KEEFFE

Voodoo Nights—

In Haiti With Capt. John Craige

ELDORA FIELD

From Scratch!

At Fifty I Recoup My Fortunes

ARTHUR HAMPTON

A Wedding Ring Did It!

Should Women Give Men Money?

HAROLD KATHMAN

Power of Suggestion

A Lesson in Mental Medicine

C. FRANKLIN LEAVITT, M.D.

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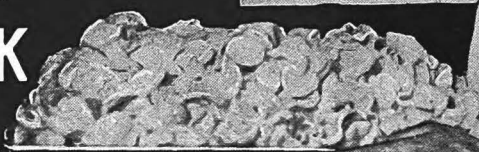
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"Voulez Vous Faire Une Promenade Avec Moi,



Monsieur?"—invites the audacious "Mademoiselle" of the Champs Elysées—or, "Wollen Sie mit mir spazieren gehen?" from the flirtatious Mädchen of "Unter den Linden."

Paris, Berlin, Rome, Madrid—now these great fascinating centers of life and love, society, progress, business—are as much our neighbors as St. Louis, Cleveland, San Francisco, Philadelphia! The NEW DEAL has so ordered it! Participation, comradeship, co-operation, mutual protection—are the effects of the edicts of our great president. So, whether we like it or not—we've now got to know at least one neighbor's language, just as our English cousins who are geographically close to the European centers, need to know Spanish, French, German or Italian.

Chances of Advancement and Making Money Doubled

But one must not for an instant consider this necessity of knowing at least one other language an unpleasant

necessity! It is true that one's chances of advancement, of getting a job, of making money are actually doubled by knowing another language—but so also are one's social pleasure, happiness and appreciation of what other countries and people have to give us.

These things were of course true 51 years ago when the great Edison and Count Cortina worked together to develop the now world-renowned Cortinaphone Method of learning languages, and countless thousands the world over have benefited. But what was true of an isolated America half a century ago, is doubly true NOW of an America which leads the world and has become a neighbor to every nation on earth. French, the diplomatic language of the world, with your English, will take you anywhere on the globe. And you learn to speak French at once—the very day you get your Cortinaphone course.

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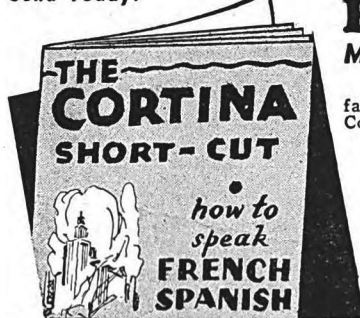
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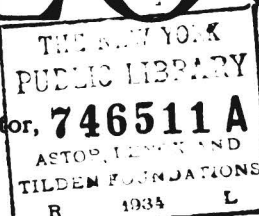
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Happiness

Walter Whiteley Hubbard, Editor,

Eldora Field, Managing Editor



Success

OCTOBER, 1933

Associate Editor,
O. G. Van Campen

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Contributors' Column

THIS ISSUE

Dr. Nikola Tesla, against whom, for years, tremendous interests waged bitter fights for patent rights, and over whose electrical discoveries almost unprecedented commercial animosities and professional jealousies were aroused, frankly reveals the unusual mental experiences that precede and accompany his discoveries.

Dr. C. Franklin Leavitt's, "Power of Suggestion" was written in answer to many demands for a scientific article on this subject.

In the "Century of Progress" the author indicates the courage and faith necessary to men and women, who—in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles—launched that remarkable project, the Chicago World's Fair.

"Can In-Laws Agree?" This is the interesting aftermath of an "In Law" story that PSYCHOLOGY recently published. Readers had something to say about this provocative question. We are publishing their letters.

IN NOVEMBER

"To Be Charming at 40—Begin at 15" is interesting and unusual. "I Was Lonely" is the story of a woman who overcome the faults that set her apart from her happiness.

"Be a Leader—You Can!" says Thomas Carter Dodd, and tells some of the secrets that turn the man who feels inferior into a person with power and influence.

"What the Practice of Law Has Taught Me About Human Nature" is an interview with Olive Stott Gabriel, President of the National Women Lawyers' Association. By Ada Patterson. Informative, fascinating.

"What Is Intuition?" asks Dr. E. A. Boreth, and interestingly reveals certain scientific findings and deductions of a professional man. . . . Prize letters in the "What Are Your Secrets of Marital Happiness?" contest.

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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FEAR!

Is YOUR Worst Enemy

Fear Is the Most Destructive Force in Life

By FEAR I mean FEARS which are attached to self more than fears you may have of outside things. Some of the most easily recognized fears are—Worry, Self consciousness, Over-anxiety, Overseriousness, Apprehension, Inability to decide, Fear of expressing initiative, Fear of criticism, Supersensitiveness and the ability to forget yourself when in certain situations. All this spells—LACK OF CONFIDENCE.

If you are suffering from any of these fears, happiness and true success are impossible. UNHAPPINESS, NERVOUSNESS, and many serious physical disorders originate in FEAR.

Drifting Is Sure to Bring Mental and Physical Agony

Acute FEARS have simple beginnings. Fear, in time, will lead you into a state of MENTAL CONFLICT which ends in NEURASTHENIA and a COMPLETE BREAKDOWN. If you could just come in contact with many who write to me or call in person, and trace from the beginning the suffering and limited lives they are living today, you would see that each case started in a very simple way and the acute condition was merely the result of lack of attention. This would awaken you to a realization of what drifting is SURE to mean in your case, and you would not let a DAY PASS without taking some definite step to correct your present condition.

How Fear Attacks the Nerves

FEAR gradually lowers your vitality and tone, causes functional inaction; decreases the circulation; and your body becomes toxic and perhaps, overloaded with acids. FEAR creates a very real poison in your system through a chemical change which takes place. This state is a constant irritation to the Sympathetic Nervous System and overstimulates the nerves until a hypersensitiveness is present.

With sensitive nerves you will experience many alarming feelings and sensations, which frighten you tremendously through your lack of understanding. In these acute forms you may experience a sense of great weakness, dizziness, headache, digestive disturbances, a higher or lower blood pressure than normal, dimmed vision, roaring and fullness in the ears, uncertainty in your movements, and hypertension. And all of this can easily be JUST THE RESULT OF SIMPLE FEARS.

There Is a Sure Way Out of Your Trouble

Your first step will be to acquire a better understanding of your own powers and know JUST how to use them. Then with mental and physical train-

C. FRANKLIN LEAVITT

M. D.
Practiced Medicine and Surgery for ten years. For the past twenty-four years has specialized in DRUGLESS METHODS — Psychology, Physical culture, Dietetics, etc. Author of: The Laws of Self Development, Are You You? and Self Mastery Through Understanding. Contributor to several of the Leading Magazines, Nationally known Psychological Consultant.



ing and a different viewpoint, you will gradually find strength being restored, and later, a normal state will actually be established. It is a matter of building up tone, resistance, vitality, confidence and positiveness. This has been accomplished in thousands of cases where the symptoms presented in the beginning were most acute. You can throw off these fears: CAN become a confident—FREE—positive person. Can you think of anything more desirable? I am not indulging in theories or fairy tales, but am presenting to you FACTS which have been tested and proved true through long years of experience.

Here Is Something That Will Be Worth Its Weight in Gold TO YOU

I have written a book, "SELF MASTERY THROUGH UNDERSTANDING," which represents my deductions and conclusions covering 24 years of active practice in directing people suffering from FEARS. 200,000 copies have already been sold. It will tell YOU of YOUR powers and HOW TO USE THEM FOR SUCCESS. It will teach YOU of the wonders within yourself. It will tell you all about these many FEARS and the nerve states which follow. It will show you just what is wrong in YOUR case. It has been pronounced priceless by thousands. It will be a real loss to YOU if you fail to procure a copy. Mailed to any address upon receipt of 25 CENTS in stamps or coin.

To still further help you determine JUST what is back of your troubles, I offer you a FREE Preliminary Analysis with the purchase of this book. There will be no publicity—no obligation in any way. Your mail will come direct to MY desk and be opened by ME. I will mail a Complete Question Blank with the book.

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Destructive habits can be broken at will through the technique herein unfolded.

Sex can be understood, controlled and wisely used.

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You do not have to "have faith!" Just send for these seven little volumes. *You are the judge and jury.* If you are not convinced that this is the most amazing message that has come your way, you may return the set at our expense.

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"Your course saved my life. I was discharged from army hospitals as incurable with tuberculosis, stomach trouble, shell shock, and total despondency. I am now 100% well and happy."

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"Every one in the world should have this knowledge. It would revolutionize all of life, bringing about universal happiness, health and prosperity. It reveals one's hidden powers and changes all life for the better."

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Is perfect, radiant happiness yours? There is a super way of life wherein you may be always happy, having the power to live above those factors and conditions that depress, discourage and defeat those who do not know the way.

Does your personality attract others to you, so that you are popular with all, a leader in every endeavor? This course reveals the way to overcome every sense of inferiority and limitation. It shows you how to rise to supreme heights of personal and social power. It reveals your hidden forces and powers. **IT AWAKENS THE SLEEPING GIANT WITHIN.** It tells you how to climb to the realization of your loftiest aspirations. It reveals the complete laws of self mastery and the mastery of any hostile factor in life.

No Idle Theories

The COMPLETE KEY to life's supreme prizes is herein offered to you. No idle theories, but sound, practical, invincible laws of life whereby thousands have climbed to superb heights of joy and exuberant being. Here are unfolded in simple, forceful language the principles whereby you may rise to complete self mastery, throw off fear, self-consciousness, inferiority, worry, disease, failure. Health, happiness, and splendid prosperity are *yours*, if you will avail yourself of this great opportunity.

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Don't Suffer Any Longer

No longer is it necessary for you to suffer day after day, week after week, month after month and year after year, to finally reach old age being pushed about in a wheel chair, hopelessly paralyzed by high blood pressure which has caused a stroke of paralysis . . . or with every part of your body crippled by arthritis. Here is your chance to really "eat your way to health."

You Can If You Want To

By living in accord with nature. Any intelligent doctor will tell you that all disease springs from wrong diet and food reactions in the body. For, when food is wrongly combined it ferments, forms a gas and poisons every morsel of everything you have eaten. When this passes from your stomach and into that long, twenty-eight foot subway called your intestines, it is absorbed by your blood, which takes this poisonous food to every part of your body. Consequently you commence to suffer from disease. You will lose your worries and that fretful look when you once start "eating your way to health." Your aches and pains will vanish, and once again you will rejoice in PERFECT HEALTH!!

245,000 INDIVIDUALS HAVE ALREADY "EATEN THEIR WAY TO HEALTH"—WHY NOT YOU?

It is a well-known fact that Dr. J. Douglas Thompson, the Pacific Coast's famous diet specialist and international authority on the subject of nutrition, has proven this fact to more than a multitude of sick and dubious people. His diet and health articles are featured by a great many magazines and newspapers, and are, in fact, a special feature of this magazine. His practice has become so extensive that he has had to build his own building in Sunny California, where many thousands seek his offices from all parts of the world.

He knows that what he has done for this great army he can do for you too, and so, in order to help YOU and many, many millions of others who cannot visit him personally, he has at last written the greatest weapon of all times in the war against disease. The result of more than twenty-three years of scientific research work and experience in eliminating humanity's ailments comes to you in the form of this great masterpiece . . . a startling diet and health book that will open your eyes to the real truths of disease. Its name is none other than

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Here you will be told how to overcome every disease that any one of the members of your family might become afflicted with, from the very first childhood disease to old age. Each chapter first of all tells you what the disease is, gives you its varieties, tells you its cause, and follows this by giving you the various warnings of Nature, immediately following which you are told just exactly what to do at home to overcome this condition. Last, but not least, it

tells you what you must eat for each meal in the day, week, month and year.

Among its many delightful chapters are, "The Necessity of EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH," "Contributing Causes of Disease," "Cleansing the Body," "How To Conduct A Cleansing of the Body," "Thinking Your Way to Health," "EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH Exercises" for every conceivable part of your body, "EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH Daily Routine," "How We Digest Our Food," "Why You Should Not Use Condiments," "Natural Flavoring for Each and Every Food," "Combining Your Foods Correctly"; PART TWO consists of, "How to Overcome: Acne or Pimples, Adhesions, Anemia of all types, Antrum infections, Appendicitis, Arteriosclerosis or hardening of the Arteries, Arthritis, Bronchitis, Catarrhal diseases, Cystitis, Constipation, Chicken Pox, Coughs and Colds, Deafness, Diabetes Mellitus, Diabetes Insipidus, Dyspepsia, Gastropostosis and Viceropostosis (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.

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YOUR OPPORTUNITY

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

Psy. 10-33

Dear Dr. Thompson:

I am tired of being sick. I want to enjoy some of the vim and vigor that this book will bring to me. Send me your latest accomplishment, EATING YOUR WAY TO HEALTH for which I enclose the sum of \$3.00. I understand you pay the shipping charges and that I can return this book within five days and receive my money back if I am not satisfied.

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Send for our latest scientific research bulletin on the "VALUE OF CANTALOUPE"



The LAST LAUGHS



True At That

"Who's that woman?"
 "She's a mud-slinger."
 "How come?"
 "She works in a beauty shop."

* * *

A Noise Like Mutton

The Girl—"So you've seen Daddy, darling? Did he behave like a lamb?"
 Suitor (grimly)—"Absolutely! Every time I spoke he said 'Bah!'"—
Humorist.

* * *

Vice Versa

1st Burglar—Did you get anything?
 2nd Ditto—No, the man that lives in there is a lawyer.
 1st Burglar—Did you lose anything?
 —*Pathfinder.*

* * *

William the Contractor

A party of Americans were being shown over an historic ruin. "This," said the guide, pointing to a massive archway, "goes back to William the Conqueror."
 "Why," inquired one of the tourists, "doesn't it fit?"—*Exchange.*

* * *

The Husband's Plea

Thompson came home one night and found his wife in a seething temper. "Henry," she said, "why have you been telling your friends that you married me because I was such a good cook?"
 Thompson sighed wearily. "Well—er—you see—"
 "You know I can't cook a carrot," she interrupted.
 "I know, my dear," Thompson replied soothingly, "but I had to have some excuse."—*Fishing Gazette.*

* * *

Gentlemen Prefer Soap

Roberta: "Only ladies use powder, Robert, gentlemen wash themselves."—
Parents' Magazine.

* * *

Lucid Intervals

An American film actress was applying for a passport.
 "Unmarried?" asked the clerk.
 "Occasionally," answered the actress.
 —*Montreal Star.*

* * *

Eyes Only for Eyes

The sweet young thing had broken her glasses. She took the remains back to the optometrist. "Will I have to be examined all over again?"
 "No," he replied, "just your eyes."—
Spark Plugs.

Elusive Locks

Bald-headed Man, in barber's chair—
 You ought to cut my hair cheaper; there is very little to cut.
 Barber—Oh, no. In your case we don't charge for cutting the hair—we charge for having to search for it.

* * *

Last But Not Second

Theatrical Manager—When was your play produced for the last time?
 Author—The first time.

* * *

Professional Advice

Customer—Are these shoes worth re-pairing?
 Shoemaker—Oh, yes, I can put new soles and heels on them, and also new uppers. The laces seem to be all right.

* * *

The Amenities

"Biffer claims to be a model husband. He says he is always polite to his wife."
 "Yes, he never strikes her with his hat on."

* * *

Shell Shock

1st Rooster—What's the matter with Mrs. White Leghorn?
 2nd Rooster—Shell shock! She set on some eggs, and ducks came out of 'em.

* * *

Safety First

Officer—What do you mean by going 50 miles an hour?
 Speeder—My brakes are not working right and I was hurrying home so as to avoid an accident.

* * *

Addressing the Ball

Mr. Duffer—Before we start out I want to warn you to be careful how you address the ball.
 Mrs. Duffer—But I want to hit it, not send it by mail.—*Pathfinder.*

* * *

Thrift

Wifey—You certainly have improved in your dancing, Merlin. Do you remember how often you used to tear my dresses?
 Merlin—Yes, but your dad was buying them then.

Mother Was Right

Young Thing, to Librarian—I've brought this book back. Mother told me it wasn't fit for a young girl like me to read.
 Librarian—I think your mother must be mistaken.

Young Thing—Oh, no, she isn't. I've read it all through.—*Pathfinder.*

* * *

The Installment Plan Plus

She—We really should get a new car this year.
 He—What! When I'm still paying installments on the car I sold in part payment for the car I traded for the car I've got now?—*Exchange.*

* * *

Quick Work!

First Steeplejack: "Ullo, wot's that down there—an ambulance?"
 Second Steeplejack: "Ah, pretty smart about 'ere, ain't they? It wasn't more'n three minutes ago that I dropped my 'ammer!"—*Royal.*

* * *

Dramatic Climax

The strong man, gleaming knife in hand, gazed at the smooth, white body in the water. "I cannot do it!" he groaned. "It is not man's work." Tears streamed from his eyes. The woman, with a look of utter scorn, seized the knife—and finished peeling the onions!—"Movies"

* * *

Tackled Too High

Convict (reading newspaper): "Dere's justice for yer! A football player breaks two men's jaws and another man's leg and he is de lion of de hour, while I gets ten years for only stunnin' an old guy wid a blackjack."—*Exchange.*

* * *

His Hope

"Jimmy, Aunt Louise will never kiss you with that dirty face."
 "That's what I figured."

* * *

Just As She Thought

He: "It has been proven that the most beautiful women usually marry the most brainless men."
 She: "Thanks for the compliment, dear."

NEW HEALTH FOOD FOR SOUND, RESTFUL SLEEP

Former Battle Creek Sanitarium Physician States Amazing Flaxolyn Discovery Relieves Constipation Condition Nature's Way. Brings Refreshing Sleep by Perfecting Digestion.

Thousands of people who formerly suffered nights of sleeplessness and days of agonizing stomach distress due to constipation—now feel fit, eat with keen appetites, and sleep serenely since taking Nature's own formula, Dr. Luntz's FLAXOLYN Compound.

According to Dr. A. W. Herr, formerly physician at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, "Flaxolyn relieves in a natural way that dreaded condition called constipation. In many cases where auto-intoxication prevented sleep, the use of Flaxolyn has been the means of so cleansing the colon that natural sleep is now the usual thing and life has taken on a different — a brighter — outlook for these people." That is the unique feature of Flaxolyn—it is a remarkable



Natural Tonic Laxative

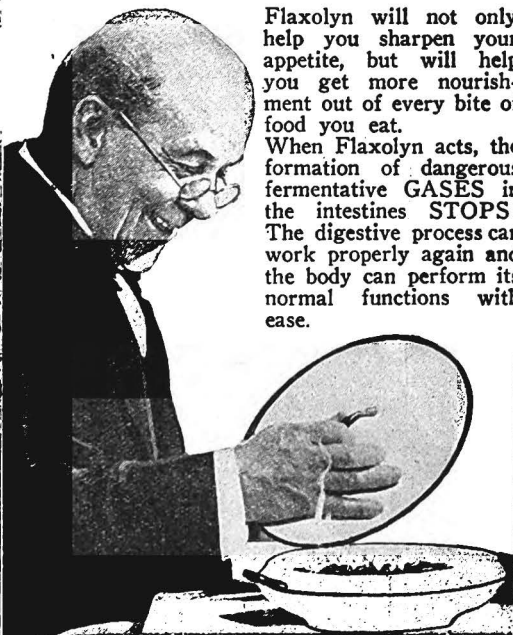
Hundreds of other doctors and health sanitariums all over the world have used Flaxolyn in the treatment of such symptoms as dizzy spells, headaches, heartburn, bad breath, indigestion, sleepless nights, kidney, bladder or liver disturbances due to constipation, and have already written in praise of Flaxolyn.

Dr. Middlekauff, a Los Angeles minister, writes as follows: "Some years ago when I was in personal need of Gastro-Intestinal help, I used your Flaxolyn with most excellent results. I am enclosing \$10 for a quantity of Flaxolyn to help my patients, as I am now a Naturopathic physician. I am a retired Baptist minister. I broke down in health completely 15 years ago, but on Nature-cure lines (and with the help of Flaxolyn) I have gotten back my health. I am sure of helping many people with Flaxolyn because it pays proper attention to STOMACH NEEDS—which ordinary laxatives do not."

Eat Brother Eat!

Flaxolyn will not only help you sharpen your appetite, but will help you get more nourishment out of every bite of food you eat.

When Flaxolyn acts, the formation of dangerous fermentative GASES in the intestines STOPS! The digestive process can work properly again and the body can perform its normal functions with ease.



Gas Quickly Relieved

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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75 Varick Street, New York 14th Floor

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."

Name
Address
City State



A Lavish Goddess—Autumn

by ALICE E. DYSON

A LAVISH Goddess—Autumn spills
Her golden flame on throbbing hills
Eternal silence from the deep
Bears in her arms the gift of sleep.

Fleetly then, as bird on wing
Upsoars a thought in broken prayer,
The heart's remembering
Too sweet to bear,

As transient beauty born of pain—
Ephemeral sun diffused through rain
The haunting plaint of darkling stream
That woos the moon's soft, argent beam

A shimmering depth of placid sea
Luring the starlets' mystery
Blends with infinity
Of orbs, that in nocturnal caverns yearn—

While Autumn's sacrificial fires still burn
Incense to Divinity.

Are You Adrift?

A Chat With the Editor

by **WALTER WHITELEY HUBBARD**

IF THERE is anything more pathetic—any more abject sight—than that of an individual who has lost his grip on himself I have yet to hear of it.

The average bedridden cripple retains a surprisingly large portion of natural optimism and faith tempered with a sensible recognition of the facts as they are which helps him adjust himself to his condition. But he has not lost his grip on himself.

Have you ever pictured the utter helplessness of a once stalwart ship wallowing in the trough of an angry sea? The scuppers are awash, the halyards broken, the mainsail ripped, the royals in ribbons, the rudder shattered, and the timbers are leaking below the water line.

If ever a vessel must stand the test it is during the height of the storm's fury—not the months and years of sailing before brisk summer breezes under cloudless skies.

It is then that the craft of the ship's designer, the wisdom of the builder and the art of the sailmaker are tried out in Nature's own crucible—the tempest and the typhoon. If the bark weathers the gale, keeps afloat and makes port, it is an eternal tribute to the painstaking care which has been given to its construction when it was but a skeleton shell in a marine dockyard.

But it is a greater tribute to the captain and crew whose indomitable courage kept them clinging to the rigging, making necessary repairs, and holding on when, to the casual observer, all was lost.

It is an undying tribute to the man who refuses to be licked.

Are you adrift?

Do you feel beaten down? Have the last four years taken all of the fight out of you? Is adversity taking its toll of your mental and spiritual vitality? Do you feel as if you had been cut loose from your moorings?

There are mighty few of us who have not had friends, fame, families or fortune swept over the dam during the past few years. But what happens to us from now on is up to us alone. No one can live our life for us.

The steel chords of the new twin-engined

passenger transports which cross the continent in twenty hours have a tensile strength, for each square inch of their surface, of 140,000 pounds. But it is worth considering the terrific, white heat and the mammoth trip-hammer pounding which that steel received before it could be passed upon for use; a process which would have broken down or burned up any baser metal.

Are you adrift?

Then hang on. Keep fighting. Stay on the deck no matter how high the waves nor how tempestuous the storm. If you are "punch drunk," get up on your feet, brace yourself and take another good swing at your opponent; you will be surprised how wicked a wallop you may still pack.

No man is licked until he admits he is; we are never lost until we have abandoned all hope.

Piece together your shattered nerves; give worries a wide berth; gather your energies for another big push, for it may be the only one you need.

"Energy," as Goethe wrote, "will do anything that can be done in this world; and no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a man without it."

The wail of the hopeless man is, "It never rains but it pours." Well, suppose it does pour! Suppose that death in the family, illness, financial worries and other troubles do strike all at once; is that any reason for lying down and crying?

Get up—stay on your feet. Get the cobwebs out of your brain and keep fighting, no matter how badly adrift you may feel yourself. If it is any consolation to you, the darkest hour really *does* come before the dawn.

Your ship can be righted; it can breast the waves; and it can be steered into a port of peace and happiness with the new day if you but will it.

Were you adrift? You will not even remember it in the hustle and bustle of tomorrow's activities. Give yourself a chance; you are the only pilot who can handle your own ship.

The World of Tomorrow

An Interview With Nikola Tesla

by GRACE M. KEEFFE

Dr. Tesla, world-famous inventor, electrical wizard, and scientific forecaster unfolds the curtain of the very near future. "We are now watching the inauguration of a tremendous revolution," he says.

TO SPEND an hour with Dr. Tesla, as I did the other evening, is like soaring high above the clouds in an aeroplane, or viewing the earth from a distant mountain top.

At seventy-seven, Dr. Tesla looks out upon the world he has done so much to revolutionize and forecasts even greater changes within the very near future. Like the infrared ray, his deep-set, blue eyes pierce the fog of ignorance that engulfs us.

Tall, thin, ascetic, he towers high above the masses. But his interests remain closely interwoven with their welfare. Never does his gaze leave the drama of their daily living. His entire thought is centered upon making that drama more beautiful and satisfying to all humanity.

"The desire that guides me in all I do," Dr. Tesla told me, "is the desire to harness the forces of nature to the service of mankind."

As he sat there, unfolding the curtain on the future and recalling the conflict of his early years, I was struck by the happy, youthful gleam in his eye, the serenity of his long, delicately chiseled face, the fine, slender lines of his hands. Those hands are the hands of an artist; that face the face of a philosopher, a poet, a dreamer. But Dr. Tesla is more than that. He is a practical scientist who converts his dreams into realities—realities that have startled the world and will do so many times again.

"We are now watching the inauguration of a tremendous revolution," he told me. "It

hinges upon the commercialization of the wireless transmission of power, the principles of which I have discovered. As soon as this is done, distance will be practically eliminated. And just think what that means—the end of the misunderstanding that is at the base of all of our present troubles. Up to now, individuals and nations never have been able really to come together. Wireless will make that possible. It will largely obliterate international boundaries and harmonize conflicting national interests. It will create understanding and sympathy, where now misunderstanding and antagonism reign.

"When wireless energy is commercialized, transport and transmission will be revolutionized. Motion pictures will be carried illimitable distances by wireless. Flying machines will be propelled by the same energy. We shall be able to fly from New York to Europe, with perfect safety, in a few short hours. We shall be able to go anywhere in the world—to the highest mountain, to the arctic, the desert, the jungle—and set up a little equipment that will give us heat to cook with, and light to read by. And we shall be able to carry this equipment in a satchel smaller than the ordinary suitcase.

"When wireless is perfectly applied, the whole earth will be converted into a huge brain. We shall be able to communicate with one another instantly. We shall see and hear one another as though we were face to face, even though thousands of miles separate us. And the instruments through which these wonders will be achieved will be amazingly simple. They may be small enough to be carried about in the pocket."

Dr. Tesla was born in the Lika mountain district of Jugoslavia. His father was a cler-

Dr. Tesla, who has discovered the fundamental principles of wireless or radio, the high frequency phenomena and the cosmic ray, who has given us the Tesla Coil and Oscillation Transformer, the High Potential Vacuum Tube, the Telautomatic Art and other important inventions, is also the discoverer of the basic principle of modern electrical science—the rotating magnetic field—embodied in his induction motor and alternating system of power transmission, which upon its commercial introduction by Westinghouse, in 1888, completely revolutionized the industries of the world.



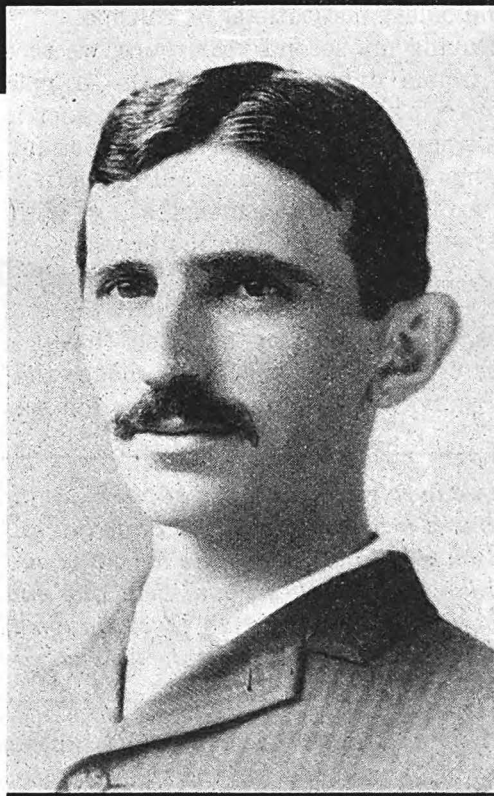
Dr. Tesla as he appears today—at work in his laboratory

gyman, his mother an inventor like her father. Before he was six, little Nikola displayed the family genius in a scheme he evolved for catching bull-frogs. But that didn't deter his parents from directing him toward the ministry.

"When I was nine," Dr. Tesla told me, "I used to build little turbines in a mountain stream on my father's land and drive with belts all sorts of machinery. I told my uncle, 'Some day I am going to America and I will run a big wheel at Niagara Falls.' I had read about the Falls and they fascinated me. But my uncle refused to take me seriously. 'You'll never see Niagara Falls,' he told me. But I did come to America, and thirty years later, I realized my idea."

Probably few other boyhood dreams have had such brilliant fulfillment. Dr. Tesla, at many points in his career, has proved the soundness of the old adage that "nothing is impossible."

"From the age of ten," Dr. Tesla continued his story, "I had been inventing all sorts of



Dr. Tesla in 1884—shortly after he discovered his rotating magnetic field

things, from elementary devices to means for getting power from the planets, and my mind

"Were we to seize and eliminate from our industrial world the results of Dr. Tesla's work," says Dr. B. A. Behrend, outstanding engineer and author, "the wheels of industry would cease to turn, our electric cars and trains would stop, our towns would be dark, our mills would be dead and idle."

worked so fast that it was impossible to fix my thoughts on paper."

At the gymnasium the young inventor became intensely interested in physics and electricity. But his parents still planned for him to become a minister. And he might have done so had it not been for a serious illness. After graduating from the Higher Realschule at Carlstadt in Croatia, he was stricken with cholera. Death seemed imminent. When his grief-stricken father tried to encourage him, he said:

"Perhaps I might get well, if you would let me become an engineer instead of a clergyman."

His father promised solemnly to send him to the best technical institution in the world if he would only recover.

"That promise," Dr. Tesla told me, "literally put new life into me. I did recover. And father kept his word. I was soon enrolled in the Polytechnic School in Gratz, Styria, one of the oldest institutions in Europe.

"During my second year there, we received a Gramme dynamo from Paris—a machine with a horseshoe form of field magnet and a wire-wound armature with a commutator, that has long since become antiquated. While the professor was demonstrating with the electro-dynamic principle the brushes sparked badly, and I suggested that it might be possible to operate a motor without those appliances. The professor declared that I could never create such a machine because the idea was equivalent to a perpetual motion scheme.

"When wireless is perfectly applied, the whole earth will be converted into a huge brain. We shall be able to communicate with one another instantly. We shall see and hear one another as though we were face to face, though thousands of miles separate us. . . ."

"Hearing this from such a high authority, I cast my idea aside for the time being. But it wouldn't leave my mind and before long I began thinking intently on the problem, trying to visualize the kind of machine I wanted to build and constructing all its parts in my imagination. These images were as clear and distinct as those I conjured up to drive away tormenting visions in my childhood, about which I am going to tell you presently. But it was not until four years later, in Budapest, that I arrived at a workable plan. One afternoon, I was walking through the City Park with a friend, and reciting poetry. The setting sun reminded me of these lines from

Goethe's Faust:

The glow retreats, done is the day of toil;

It yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring;

Ah, that no wing can lift me from the soil,
Upon its tracks to follow, follow soaring!

"As I spoke those beautiful words, the vision of my induction motor suddenly appeared before my eyes, complete, perfect,

"The day is not far distant when the human race will no longer be forced to labor for a livelihood. Then, we shall be judged as rich or poor according to our spiritual capacity and our will to do, rather than by our material possessions. High ideals alone will free us from the fetters of materialism."

workable. Like a flash it had come and I stopped quick to draw the vision in the sand. There I made the same diagrams I was to show six years later before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. The vision was so real that I cried with joy: 'Look! Watch me reverse my motor!' And I did it, demonstrating with my stick.

"This discovery is known as the 'rotating magnetic field.' It is the principle on which my induction motor operates. In this invention I produced a sort of magnetic cyclone which grips the rotatable part and whirls it—exactly what my professor had said could never be done. After inventing this motor, I gave myself up more intensely than ever to the enjoyment of picturing in my mind new kinds of machines. And, in less than two months, I had created mentally nearly all the types of motors and modifications of the system which is now identified with my name.

"In 1888, shortly after my arrival in America, where I worked nearly a year with Thomas A. Edison, Westinghouse began the manufacture of my induction motor. And before long my system was universally adopted against tremendous opposition and scepticism. This system gave the first great impetus to the harnessing of water power, and was used with real success at Niagara Falls. It is now employed in the generation and transmission of power in practically every part of the world."

With his invention of the wireless light, Dr. Tesla achieved fame overnight. And since that time his name has grown continuously. Before he was forty, Lord Kelvin said of him, that he had contributed more than any other man to the study (Continued on page 54)

From Scratch!

At Fifty, I Recoup My Fortunes

by ARTHUR HAMPTON

I WAS cleaned—washed-up.

At fifty, broken in body and mind, I quietly paid my personal bills (most of them) and bought a ticket for the West Coast, determined to put the continent between the old and the new fields of my endeavors.

Characteristically, I had overestimated my resources. Within a month I came to the end of my rope—it seemed the END!

The second month I daily subsisted on a five-cent bowl or two of soup in a basement beanery.

This slow starvation isn't so bad, really; your mouth waters deliciously at the slightest thought, odor or sight of food. You get weaker, spend more time exhaustedly stretched out. Your senses and mental processes are providentially dulled. You cease trying to solve the confounded riddle—it doesn't matter. Your consciousness is bounded by the moment.

Physical disabilities started in my wet feet and spread over my impoverished system; by this time I was literally on my uppers. Abscesses announced I was on the toboggan, but I couldn't see there was much to be done about it.

Job had nothing on me, except that I was spared the patronizing friends. In college I had, with other youthful philosophers, dethroned the God of my fathers as a relic of paganism. And though, in recent bedeviled years, I had made intermittent and somewhat feverish attempts to contact a modern deity, I could not locate Him—or It, in or out of my being. My toboggan gathered speed.

I had always been a rather aloof, superior person, condemning the man who was down as simply reaping what he had jolly-well sown. Now that I was one of the fraternity I found his nihilistic philosophy less preposterous.

Almost daily, to bolster my morale, I would drift to the Ambassador for a

glimpse of people still spending money—the kind of people who *had* been my guests. I liked to speculate—as I observed their furry wraps and minds—how they got by. What did *they* know of the Scheme of Things?

In front of this hostelry I had a momentous experience that cheered my shriveled soul. A big rangy roughneck sidled up to me, "Mister, can you spare a dime?"

This would seem to indicate that I still looked like pickings. The idea of this husky, well-fed brute touching me for a hand-out intrigued my warped sense of humor. I stopped and stage-whispered, truthfully enough: "I'm on my way to spend my last nickel for soup. Join me?"

The man stared incredulously into my sunken smiling eyes. "Lord, no!" he blurted, jerking his hand from a pocket. "Here's a dime!"

I shook my head. "Eat it yourself," I grinned, backing away. "I haven't far to go." He still held out the dime, fascinated with what he saw in my face. "My God! Buddy! Better take it. I can get by."

I limped away chuckling, and continued to break out in little maundering soliloquies: "Fancy a *beggar* offering me a dime! Not far to go, eh? Huh!"

That one generous impulse—his or mine?—and my consequent mirthful reaction turned the tide. From that hour, odd as it may seem, I experienced a curious sense of elation. My face must have betrayed me with an inane smirk, for women would look twice at me and lift their eyes in stony self-consciousness. The idea that they suspected me of untoward advances heightened my awakening sense of the ludicrous. It was to laugh!

This overdeveloped sense of the ridiculous seemed literally to lift me out of the depths and *tune me in* on higher strata; or perhaps that grotesque gesture to share my last nickel with a more favored derelict served



I worked alone, indefatigably. . . .

as a metaphysical key to my Good.

I don't know. Anyhow, next morning, out of a clear sky, I received the following communication:

Camp Sans Souci.

"Dear Mr. Hampton:

You will perhaps recall meeting me at the Ambassador. I am spending a few days with friends at my shore camp and am wondering if you would care to come out. We need a man to cut wood, catch fish and generally protect us as all the men have fled to business. The enclosed boat ticket will take you to within walking distance of our camp.

*Cordially yours,
Sarah A. Bambridge."*

I read it, and wept. Of all things in the world, I needed most desperately just this combination. But the idea of inviting a down-and-out, unvouched-for stranger to protect a bevy of helpless women in the wilds was utterly absurd!

As the setting sun burned his golden pathway across the bay to my wavering feet, I crunched along the beach and staggered into camp dragging my worldly effects in a battered suitcase. My hostess, a little old present-day-saint, was making up a cot in a tent apart from her unpretentious, flower-banked bungalow. A basket of fruit reposed on a stand beside a bowl of nodding nasturtiums.

"Awfully kind of you to help us out, Mr. Hampton," she beamed. "Will these rough quarters do? The shack is full of chattering women. Thought you'd prefer quiet and privacy. Plenty of covers? Here's a hot-water bottle for your feet; the nights are pretty chilly. I want you to be comfortable." "Comfortable! Why—why—" I plopped down on the cot and smothered my sobs in a cretonne pillow!

You will find a description of such days as those that followed in any book of fairy

tales. They wouldn't let me do a *thing*. In almost no time I gained fifteen pounds and lost as many years, and—what was of greater moment—rebuilt my shattered nerves.

Back in town, it seemed the little lady was the land-poor owner of a couple of rambling old residences that had miscalculated their environment.

She spoke to me one day—kindly, hesitatingly, anxious not to offend. "Would you, for your board, and a share in future returns, consider remodeling these houses into apartments—at your convenience, of course? I haven't enough—taxes, you know—to pay wages."

"But," I stammered, "you don't know who I am—" She cut me short with her whimsical little laugh: "Oh, yes I do, Mr. Hampton. I know plenty!" She must have caught the startled fear in my eyes as she hastened to add: "What you *are*—not what you *were*. It's what we are that counts, isn't it?"

"Sure! You bet! Thanks!" I mumbled, slipping into the West Coast vernacular in a futile attempt to keep my voice steady.

I knew the building game though I had not lifted a mechanical finger in thirty years. I registered a vow to see my patron saint out of the woods or die in the act.

For the next three months I doubt if at any hour I was free from muscular aches and pains. I would labor until my knees wobbled and my head spun, then stretch out on my suffering back for an hour's sleep, and go at it again, literally "hammer and tongs."

I forgot my troubles, and all about recouping. Steadily, miraculously, the old wooden frame and my old human frame took on new life. I worked alone, often twelve hours a day, indefatigably, riotously,—exultant in my new-found creative strength. I transformed a white elephant into an income property, a (Continued on page 66)

Make This Your Day

By Arthur E. Winchester

*Today, today, make this your day—
Not yesterday, nor yet tomorrow:
This is your day to work or play;
Why from the future borrow?*

*Today, today, this is your day—
Yesterday is far away;
Yesteryear can never pay
The debt we owe to life today.*

*This is your day and life is here
Let's drink the cup of life today;
Not yesterday, or yesteryear—
Meet life today, meet life and pay.*

*Warm your heart of hearts today
With action, life and truth;
Send forth your spirit on its way
Transmuting futures, renewing youth.*

Voodoo Nights—

In Haiti With Capt. John H. Craige

by **ELDORA FIELD**

ARE we all brothers under the skin?

Does superstition course through the blood of the human race, modified and differently expressed only because of customs of a country, effect of climate and other external influences?

Usually we don't like to think so but that was a strong conviction with me one day recently as I talked with Captain John Craige of the United States Marine Corps.

He had just come over from Washington to see about matters relating to a recent book of his* for, among other things, the captain is an author.

He became so after experiences which have included such activities as gold mining in Alaska, holding down the heavy weight championship of France, sailing the high seas as a sure enough sailor, occupying the city desk (he is by profession a journalist) of a staid Philadelphia paper and doing so many exciting things in the way of travel and adventure that, as some one has said, his life story "sounds like the exploits of a modern D'Artagnan."

I knew that few persons had seen Haiti more intimately than he; that he was officially lent to the Haitian Government and for years served as a white officer of the black troops of that republic—far into the interior, where, as the Captain once remarked, "the darkest resident of Chicago's black belt would be suspected of being a white man."

He contacted men who believed in black magic; who stuck pins in replicas of their enemies and thereafter expected those enemies to die; strange people who chanted Voodoo rites, who worshipped fire, who, upon occasion rolled off strips of live human skin—like adhesive tape—afterwards eating the quivering flesh of the be-skinned human with great gusto.

I HAD heard this, and as the Captain talked, the outer office of the New York publishing concern, where we sat, faded.

We were where drums beat almost constantly—sometimes very dimly and far away, other times, disturbingly near—but drum beats were practically never out of the air for

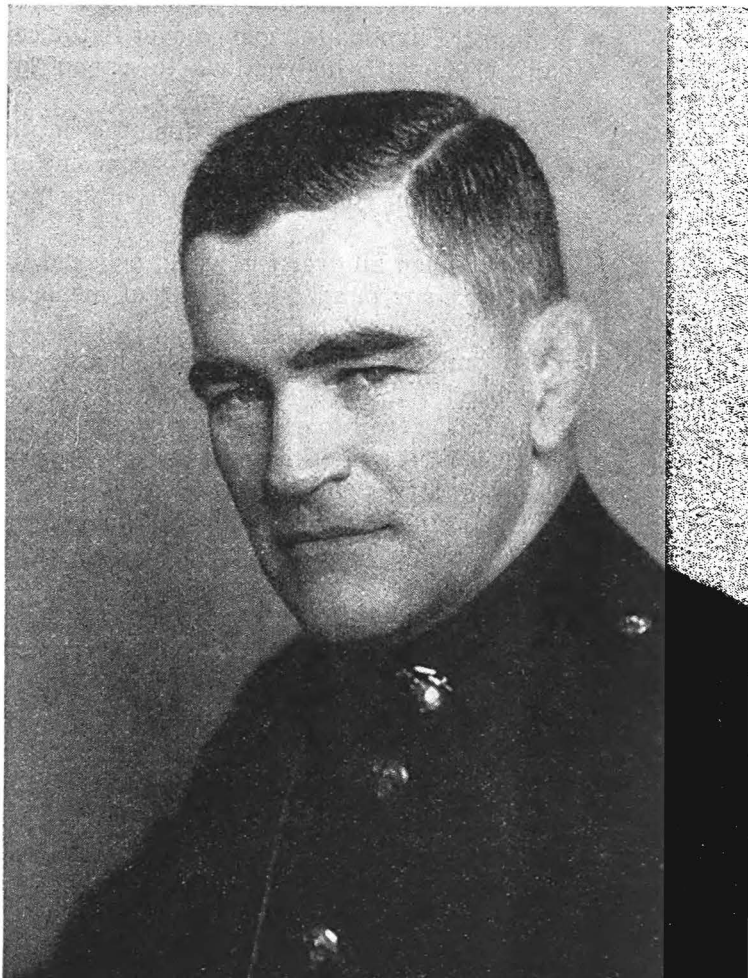
they accompany rites, ceremonies, activities, that are as much part of the black man of these regions as is his breathing.

We felt the sun—that terrible sun that day after day beats unwaveringly like draughts from a furnace—the heat, "heavy, perpetual, motionless, that drains vitality from the pores and establishes itself, a heavy weight inside the skull," as the Captain said.

Here, most of civilization's theories, inhibitions, ideals, become mockery, but sometimes the white man who comes to the black man's country, resists for a long time.

Captain Craige, for instance, was mightily amused with his first contact with a *wanga*, a curse of Voodoo magic. It was made of

Captain John H. Craige, U. S. Marine Corps



braided horsehair and a bit of leather and became mysteriously attached to the brass saber-hook of his saddle during a morning's inspection. The wildly excited eyes of his orderly drew the captain's attention to it.

Smilingly attentive, the captain learned that it was not designed to bring him death but only trouble and inconvenience through the agency of a horse. "I was afterwards told that I should have turned the *wanga* over to

Once, men all over the world believed that they they were surrounded by a host of menacing, invisible beings—

a specialist who would have extracted the venom," commented the Captain, "but I kept the totem as a souvenir which it seems was all wrong.

"My orderly brought up the horses. As was my habit, I slipped my fingers under the saddle-girth. It seemed O. K. but as my leg went over the cantle, I felt the saddle slip."

The horse ran away and the captain's life was endangered.

"Of course I didn't associate the *wanga* with any of this," Captain Craige smiled, "but after that the stable help was demoralized until I handed the *wanga* over to the company clerk with instructions to attend to it after the manner of the country."

Many many times after this, the captain contacted the dreaded *wangas*—concomitants of Voodooism, constant evidence of its practice.

"Once, men all over the world believed that they were surrounded by a host of menacing, invisible beings," he said. "In the Haitian hills djinni still answers when the magic lamp is rubbed . . . evil spirits bring death and stand in the trail to seize the unwary."

"Doesn't it sometimes seem as if superstition—almost as illogical and unbelievable as that of the Haitian hills—still holds sway, upon occasion, in our civilized countries?" I asked.

"It does, indeed," the captain mused. "Deeply ingrained in the human mind is superstition. It runs concurrent with human life. Science has destroyed many supernatural joy-bringers and terror bearers. Perhaps in time—" His voice trailed off. He was thinking of the autumn evening in the black man's country when, because of the season, greatest Voodoo activity was at hand. The clamor of almost ever-present drums had been redoubled.

Strolling down to a thicket, he was caught

in a trap and extricated himself only with the greatest difficulty. Afterwards, he was assured that the trap was not meant for him but had been set to catch evil spirits. Shortly after this, the captain witnessed a striking exhibition by fire worshippers in which the thumping on a skull with a thigh bone, seizures in which the worshippers' bodies became ice cold and rigid and in which one plunged hands into glowing coals, were high points.

"THESE seizures took place often at sacrifices," he commented. "There was definite information placing some of the phenomena of the Voodoo in the scheme of human religious development."

Constantly he heard strange and mysterious stories. There were sorcerers who were said to bring rain in dry season; others who re-animated newly dead corpses by placing a certain paste in their ears. There was the sergeant who killed his mother-in-law, because, as he assured Captain Craige, the woman was a *loup-garou*—an Afro-Haitian version of the were-wolf. "She sucked my child's blood," he stoutly affirmed. "I warned her and beat her with a *cocomacaque* stick but she persisted. When the child was bloodless and died, I shot her. I was quite right although, of course, I have broken the white man's law."

In the Haitian hills, djinni still answers when the magic lamp is rubbed . . . spirits still trail the unwary . . .

"Some of the gods like blood," an officer informed Captain Craige, "that's why at some of the sacrifices the blood of animals is drunk. Occasionally something frightful happens. Since many of the Voodoo gods like human flesh and blood, men, women and children are often sacrificed, their blood drunk, their flesh eaten."

"Goat without horns," is the Voodoo term designating the victim of cannibal rites. Captain Craige, when first hearing of such practices, was inclined to doubt but Mike Morris was a pitiful and concrete example.

Morris, shanghai'd into a draft for Haiti, was a mild fellow who worked around the Hinche flying fields. One day, he went up in a plane as an observer. The motor gave out and the pilot departed for help, telling Morris to wait. After some hours, Morris became impatient and made his way through high grass to a trail. When certain of the natives approached him, Morris was hearty in his assurances of friendship.

Has civilization really thrown off the slimy folds of superstition? Or, through a thin veneer, are we influenced, menaced and affected in unexpected ways—unconsciously?

That night the *cacos* held a solemn council of war. "This man is valuable. His organs have power," their leaders declared. "If we eat his heart, we shall have the white man's courage in battle." When morning came, Morris, exulting in the simple good nature of his Haitian friends unconsciously destroyed their last fear of him.

"Is it true you have no spells to hurt us?" they asked. "Certainly not," assured Morris, thereby pronouncing his own doom.

They tied him to a stake, surrounding him in a wolfish circle, and there, by the Canot River, they skinned him alive, and as the flames of the cooking fire leaped high, the screaming cannibals fell upon what, as Captain Craige said, "was once the kindest of men—a lover of his fellows."

An illustration of what might be called a psychological reaction—at any rate, the power of a conviction—was noted one day by Captain Craige after he had heard shots in the underbrush. Four prisoners had been sent from the penitentiary to cut grass for the public stables. One was a trusty, Desiré, sent to watch the others. Desiré was suffering from low spirits brought on by the knowledge that, as he had never killed anybody, he was considered a "nobody."

Suddenly he determined to repair the oversight. Curtly he ordered the prisoners to march single file into a banana thicket. Sensing what was coming, they begged for mercy, but Desiré neatly clipped off one of the men with his gun and the others, not daring to look back, marched in time with his, "hep, two, three, four."

Again he fired. The second man fell dead, cleanly shot through the small of the back. "A third time, Desiré fired," related the captain. "This time he missed his man completely, but the victim never knew it. In fact, he refused to believe it. He knew he was third in line. He heard the first and second shots. He knew the men fell dead. The third shot was for him, so when the rifle roared, he went down.

"A FEW minutes later, aid was at hand. In the hospital, we examined the man from head to foot. There was not the slightest

trace of a wound or injury. A post mortem failed to bring to light any wound. Yet the man died and the only explanation seemed to be that he had so thoroughly convinced himself that he was going to die, that die he did. Such is the power of faith. I had heard of such things before, but had doubted them."

Captain Craige had been chief of police for nearly a year when he was informed that there was considerable excitement in the locality because a woman had given birth to a snake. "I had read, studied, learned a great deal of the Haitians—steeped myself in the strange mysterious atmosphere—so I was not particularly surprised at this reputed snake birth," he said.

Nevertheless, he investigated. It seemed that a woman had been expectant far beyond the time usually allotted. In fact, for several years she had had the appearance of imminent motherhood. Convinced at last that she was bewitched, she had resorted to various ceremonies calculated to bring the infant into the world. These ceremonies, presided over by a witch doctor who assured her foes had aroused the enmity of the spirits against her, produced nothing more satisfactory than a butterfly which came from nowhere and promptly flew out of the window. Finally the mystic pains of approaching birth descended in real earnest. The much harassed lady writhed in agony and then became conscious of a great black snake which made the circuit of the room, accompanied by her shrieks.

The woman had requested the presence of the chief of police, which is scarcely surprising. Her hair had turned perfectly white, so great had been the shock of her experiences. Another ceremony, and a handful of infant's bones were part of her lot before she was pronounced free. After that, she rapidly regained her pristine slenderness and although an American doctor was prosaic enough to de-

clare that merely a fibrous tumor had disappeared, the story of the woman who gave birth to a snake persists, and will persist, for years to come among the natives.

Along about this time, Captain Craige was becoming (Continued on page 50)



The "Good Luck" wanga

As Young As Your Dreams

by BETH WALKER

LAST night I had an argument with a friend who said she was "bored with living."

I was incredulous.

"With living?" I repeated. "Or do you mean with *life*? Or don't you mean, perhaps, not so much with life or with living, as with life *as you live it*?"

"Oh, call it anything you like," she said, "it amounts to the same thing in the end."

But it doesn't.

"After all," I urged, "you're only thirty-eight! Half your life is still ahead of you."

"That's just it!" she cried. "I'm middle-aged and I know it. Nothing seems to have half the tang and zest that it had even five years ago—and I don't look forward to tomorrow any more. In another ten years I'll be *old*. Think of it!"

I thought of it and laughed.

"What's so funny?" she asked, evidently somewhat annoyed.

"The whole idea," I replied. "You're bored with living, as you put it, because at thirty-eight you've practically stopped. What has happened to your hopes, your plans, your ambitions, your dreams? Have they all come true?"

"Of course not. I've just waked up to the realization they never will."

That statement—the old, old drug with which so many of us lull ourselves into the unhealthy sleep of inactivity—woke me to battle.

.....

Dreams do come true. Dreams have made the world. Out of the unmeasurable vat of the infinite they fall like drops of an old, forgotten glory—fragments of incomprehensible idea that dreamed the finite world, and us, to being. From them have come the wonders of creation; through them we ride upon the waters and beneath them; because of them we have conquered air, tamed fire, leaped barriers of time and space.

Of course they are not all real. Many of them must fade and die, for not all are ten-

able. But from the abstract comes the concrete and every fact must first have been a fancy. Who knows that life itself was not first born of an idea?

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,

And our little life is rounded by a sleep."

The secret of losing one's self in a dream is perhaps to *find* one's self.

I cited examples for my friend: her Uncle John, eighty-two, with the youngest eyes of anyone I know, is still drawing plans for the perfect house he hopes to own; Mrs. G. L., alert, vivacious, vital at seventy-eight, her enthusiasms as ardent at those of a young girl. Katherine M., fifty-four, still slowly acquiring

the funds with which she plans to start her desert ranch.

Last year Mrs. K. J. experienced all the joy of a painter over a finished picture when she found her grounds and pool an actuality. Yet her face breaks into smiles and she sees a vision when she talks of the sunken garden that is to be. And she is seventy.

We thirst and hunger for fulfilment—but the pulse of the world is kept alive not by satisfaction but by *desire*. "All the world loves a lover" because of the lover's

dreams. And what would the fall and winter mean were there no vision of spring?

"Be sensible," my friend said. "Everyone knows Uncle John is a crank; all Mrs. G. L.'s geese are swans; Katherine will be too old to enjoy her ranch when she does get it; and Mrs. K. J. will die before her sunken garden is half finished. She's ill."

"But they're all *young*!" I cried. "Don't you see? We're all as young as our dreams. Does it matter of what we dream? Power, glory, houses, books, music, postage stamps, diet kitchens, good advertising, a new invention, serum, endurance flights, dogs, tobacco blending, flowers, good seed potatoes, porcelain inlays—it is not what we want that counts, but only that it is worth the wanting, and how *much* we want it. If we want something we have de- (Continued on page 62)

"Dreams do come true.

"Dreams have made the world. Out of the unmeasurable vat of the infinite, they fall like drops of an old forgotten glory, fragments of the incomprehensible idea that dreamed the finite world—and us, into being."

"From them, have come the wonders of creation. Through them, we ride upon the waters and beneath them. Because of them, we have conquered air, tamed fire, leaped barriers of time and space."

I Killed My Husband

An Intimate Psychological Study

ANONYMOUS

YES, I did that—killed my husband.

Oh, I wasn't crude about it—I didn't flourish a pistol and put a nice neat hole in him. I didn't poison him or creep up when he wasn't aware—

I'll take that back. I *did* do that—when he wasn't aware.

But in justice to myself, I wasn't aware, either, until a long time after—one day—

It started—all that brought so much heart-ache, that brought my husband down, down—well, perhaps it started the very day we met.

He was an enthusiastic young fellow—I think it was that enthusiasm of his that first attracted me. He was talking to my stepfather, Henry Boniface, and a strength and eagerness—eagerness to learn, to find out more about life, to get the other fellow's point of view—this was very marked in John.

My stepfather was much interested in him—that indeed, was all that I had against John in those early days—the fact that Henry (I had never called him father) liked the young man. For Henry and I got along very badly. I thought he tyrannized over my mother, and although she constantly declared herself very happy, I could not believe it.

Henry, I knew, thought me very spoiled and self-willed and I could see that he regretted John's almost immediate "falling" for me.

"That young man has a very fine future, he's unusual—if the wrong influence doesn't come into his life and spoil him," he had said, and the fact that he looked at me as he said it, whether consciously or unconsciously, infuriated me. From that moment, I was out to "get" John.

It was easy. From the moment of our introduction, John seemed to gravitate straight to me. The fact that several other girls found him interesting added to the "kick" I got out of becoming engaged to the most eligible young man that had come to town for a long time.

We were married exactly six months after

the night we met, but even in that short time he had made striking headway in the bank where Henry was director. He was exceedingly well liked, was captain of the bank's bowling team, an officer in a man's club of the town, and was well on the way toward being a "leading citizen" of the place.

While he was far from my ideal—he didn't have enough of the "cave man" characteristics to please me—I liked him as well as any man I knew.

He was the happiest creature I had ever seen when he took me as his bride to the really charming bungalow he had bought a few weeks previously. Oh, there was a mortgage on it, but with his very good salary, and its upward trend, there was nothing to worry about.

I was enjoying myself immensely those days. With the tiny allowance my stepfather had been giving me, the freedom of having John's salary

to do with as my judgment dictated was highly gratifying. It was through the handling of the money that I learned how completely I could dominate and intimidate John.

It really surprised me. In our courtship days I, of course, hadn't tried it. Now, whenever John called attention to certain bills that should be paid, or mildly suggested that I was spending too much in certain directions, I looked and acted like an offended queen, and John hastily and apologetically receded.

I was very pretty in those days, considered myself exceedingly talented, (hadn't a visiting theatrical manager who once supervised a "benefit" in our town declared I was a "flower growing among weeds"?) and it seemed entirely befitting that John should recognize what a jewel he had drawn in life's lottery and conduct himself accordingly.

I bitterly resented my stepfather's raised eye brows upon the occasions when he knew of my and John's little differences. "Be careful, John, don't let Helen get your neck in the yoke," he would say. John thought him merely playful but I knew (Continued on page 57)



He seemed confused, excited—

Idea of Worship

by WILLIAM CHARLES O'DONNELL, Ph.D.

WORSHIP, as a fact in human history, is indisputable. Its varied forms have reached all conceivable extremes.

From the very beginning of self-conscious life upon the earth, worship in some form has been common practice among all races of men. The significance of this fact should not be forgotten in the confusion of world creeds and in the angle of religious ideas. Universal instincts imply cosmic origins.

In giving consideration to the Idea of Worship, we are taking a step forward in the same line of progress as the steps already taken in our search for values.

Upon man's ability to fit himself into this framework of Creation through conscious effort and with personal satisfaction will depend the quality of his religious thought, the tone of his religious experience and the clarity and value of his religious expression. To be capable of registering awe and reverence in the presence of majestic mysteries is proof of a distinguishing endowment not possessed by any other order of creation.

That part of the human equipment which senses mystery, appropriates power, adores beauty, marvels at splendor, experiences virtue and lays hold of visions withheld from physical eyes,—this part of the human make-up, let us say, is the soul of man. As there is no denying that man is thus endowed, there is no denying that he has and is a soul. Being thus constituted we can relate ourselves to the most distant star, the minutest electron, the fairest blossom, the noblest ideals. For life is more than meat and the body more than raiment, and worship is one of the things men live by.

IT is only when we attach false meaning to the word "soul" that we are minded to deny its existence. It exists. It belongs. It functions. It is a paramount fact. To explain and to properly evaluate the soul is as much the

prerogative of science as it is of religion. Modern psychology, like modern astronomy, biology and chemistry, is blazing new paths to the gates of truth.

Theology has produced strange distortions in repeated attempts to picture the soul and to determine its nature. The picturesque language of the poet of Genesis has been given literal interpretation, and the origin of the soul has been traced to a divine breath breathed into the nostrils of a previously perfected human body. In that state of original purity we must regard the soul as expressive of the beauty of perfection. Then something happened called a "Fall" and we were taught to consider the soul as something lost and loathesome, something needing cleansing and salvation. Very decent and high-minded people conceived it as a means of grace to sing, "Vile and full of sin I am."

Elaborate remedial systems have been devised, going from extremes of painful penance to wild orgies of indulgence. Forms of worship have flourished with the grand objective of rescuing the souls of worshippers from pestilences and perils so vividly depicted as to strike terror to anguished hearts. The superstitions of the past have imposed slaveries from which cosmic religion must forever deliver the minds of men.

* * * * *

Religion we have held to be based on the consciousness of our relationship with the unseen but all-pervading forces that sway the universe. Worship is the attempt to give expression to the sentiments and emotions evoked by this consciousness of kinship. A civilization may be fairly judged by the forms of worship identified with it. In no other way perhaps, is the level of intelligence so surely demonstrated. A consistent expression of the religious sentiment is vital to the well-being of the human race. Whatever interferes with,



"The religion of the future will be based on a cosmic religious sense." Einstein

retards or misdirects that expression, whether we call it ignorance, superstition, prejudice, arrogance, intolerance or malevolence, and is the evil from which the soul is to be saved and against which society is to be protected.

Sin, therefore, is an actuality. It comprises every deterrent that checks spiritual progress, every influence that prevents the individual from mounting to the beckoning heights of spiritual discernment and power. Sin is the defeat of that glorious destiny to which man is entitled by his dual endowment and cosmic relationship. "Original Sin" is a futile theological distinction. A God angry at his creatures because of their sins is a monstrosity. A vicarious atonement, a shedding of the blood of a sinless man for the remission of the sins of men is an antiquated oriental metaphor.

Man is not what he ought to be. His advancement toward the goodness and the greatness for which he has capacity is conditioned

rity of such souls as these. Prevailing over the powers and principalities of time it has been argued that souls thus endowed have also the power to resist the destruction of death, and that they are manifestly destined to continued existence in a freer and nobler state through the aeons of eternity. No discussion of the prerogatives of the soul can ignore the doctrine of immortality.

Strange things have been taught relating to the prospect of immortal life. The future that lies beyond mortal ken has been foreshadowed as holding frightful possibilities of unspeakable tortures for the unredeemed and full promise of filmy wings, golden harps, immaculate robes and ecstatic joys for glorified saints. These and similar literal and realistic conceptions are but the attempt on the part of imperfect intelligences to anticipate the beyond concerning which we have no adequate knowledge.

Because of this lack of knowledge it is not

"Ultimate religion will be a vital force in the hearts of men and a unifying factor in the life of the world. It will mark the defeat of irreligion in its denial of eternal realities and the banishment of superstition masquerading as religion through the ages. . . ."

on the liberation of his mind, his ability to think his way to understanding and the consequent quickening of his impulses toward virtue. Thus shall man's soul be saved in the beauty of true worship, a worship that will engage not only the lips but the whole life in labors of love. The race is still young and correspondingly new to its problems. As we advance in experience we may expect to grow in mental, moral and spiritual stature toward that consummation of wisdom which will express itself in purer forms of worship. In that day of maturity worship will assume its proper place in the world of men.

THAT the soul is not completely lost in sin, that it has a copious capacity for righteousness stronger than the tendencies that bind it in servitude to false ideals and harmful habits, is proved in each generation by the flowering of choice spirits who fill their days with the fragrance of virtue. Laotze of China, Gautama of India, Jesus of Judea and many others of different climes and creeds have left us examples of righteousness worthy of emulation. The corrupting agencies of the world of flesh have not prevailed against the integ-

surprising that denial is frequently made of any form of immortality except in the accommodated sense of continued influence among living men on the part of those who have joined the "choir invisible." It is the view of these objectors that the soul may be accounted for by chemical reactions in the cells of the human brain. Its functioning, therefore, must cease completely at death. To those who have been reared in the fear of hell and hope of heaven this denial of immortality is tantamount to the rejection of religion.

* * * * *

If the word "immortality" is to be recognized in the nomenclature of Cosmic Religion it must be given clear meaning and definite value. The fact must be established that the cause of religion is not indissolubly bound up with a belief in personal immortality. Even though we disapprove of every form and phase of the doctrine of the hereafter, we shall still have abundant need of religion here and now.

The true reward of the religious life is to be found in the reactions, satisfactions and raptures, the consolations and inspirations that illuminate and re- (Continued on page 59)

Personalities—

"Jimmie" Mattern, Mystery, Carolyn Wells

by "G. M. K."

Illustrated by
Odin Mac Crickart



"Jimmie" Mattern

"NEVER GIVE UP"
"NEVER give up!"

This is the essence of the philosophy "Jimmie" Mattern, the buoyant, young flyer, expounded before me the other day in his comfortable suite in an uptown New York hotel.

"Jimmie" was in a pretty hopeless plight when he crashed in the wilds of Siberia a few months ago.

Back in the city, after braving the perils of the Arctic for three almost endless weeks, the long, lean Texan, with the curly hair and the boyish smile, talked and laughed about his recent Robinson Crusoe venture and spoke of his bold determination to complete that solo flight around the world.

"I hate to leave anything undone I set out to do," he declared.

His plane landed three miles from the river on which the village of Anadyr is located, but he might just as well have landed in No-Man's Land. The place was an isolated waste, not a soul in sight. Not for one moment,

however, did "Jimmie" think of giving up.

For eight days he wandered in the direction of the river. When his chocolate and biscuits gave out, he shot wild birds and roasted them over a log fire.

Upon reaching the river, he built himself a hut of brush wood and dug a hole in the ice to protect himself from the cold. On the second day two launches passed. He fired his rifle eight times. But they pushed on without noticing him.

"Some feeling *that* was," he recalled, "to be standing there, hungry and wet, at thirty degrees temperature, and see a boat with a nice, warm cabin pass you by!"

But even *then* "Jimmie" refused to give up.

"I froze until I was brittle," he told me. "I starved until I couldn't tell my stomach from my backbone. I even tried to burn myself—that is, my clothes caught fire and burned me."

For six days "Jimmie" had been camping on the river bank when passing Eskimos heard his shouts and took him to their camp eleven miles from Anadyr.

"It was a pretty primitive place," he said, "but it seemed like a palace to me, then. They put me to bed on bear skins, fed me dried fish, and nursed my swollen ankle and burns."

Today "Jimmie" is safe at home, glad to be alive and eager to try again. His strenuous adventures have never changed his philosophy:

"Never give up!"

"PEOPLE LOVE SUSPENSE"

"TWO years to live!"

Suppose you heard your doctor speak those fateful words. What would you do about it?

Most of us, I imagine, would become so sick at the thought that we'd rush right into the arms of the "Grim Reaper" before the two years began.

But not so with Carolyn Wells, the noted humorist and mystery story writer. Some three years ago, she was afflicted with a serious case of heart trouble, and the doctors gave her only two years to live. But she didn't worry. She simply determined to get well. And as a result, she's not only alive to-

day, but fit for another thirty years, at least.

"I never allow myself to be bothered by trifles," she told me the other afternoon. "I don't own an umbrella, a pair of gloves, or accessories of any kind. They're all trifles. So is the question of dying or not dying. My common sense tells me that I must die some day. Why spoil my life worrying about it?"

Miss Wells is far too busy to worry. Even when she was deathly ill, she didn't give up her writing. Now, that she has recovered, she has four books in various stages of preparation.

I spent an hour with her in her lovely duplex apartment overlooking Central Park. Rare pieces of old Colonial furniture are scattered profusely about the rooms. The walls are lined with shelves of early New England writers, collections of Edgar Allan Poe, Edward Lear, Walt Whitman, and Lewis Carroll.

On one small table stand two toy reminders of the bloody revolutionary days in France—a guillotine and a scaffold. They have wax dolls for culprits and black boxes to receive the heads and bodies. Gelett Burgess, the nonsense rhymers of "Purple Cow" fame, is responsible for them, as he is for the verse:

"I never saw a purple cow,
I hope I never see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one."

Miss Wells turns out mystery thrillers by the dozens. She has put more characters on the spot than the bloodiest of gang killers. But, believe it or not, in all the fifteen years she has lived in New York, she has taken less than fifteen steps on the sidewalks of the city.

"I hate to go about," she told me. "Even when I was young, I preferred to stay at home."

And as for plots, well—

"I wouldn't run out of plots if I were stranded on a desert island."

Miss Wells is amazingly versatile. Her humor is delightful. When she was three years old, she was composing nonsense rhymes. And she still is at it. Her mother used to tell her that she came by her talent naturally.

"Your grandmother was a literary woman," she would say. "She always kept a dictionary at her elbow."

People get the same thrill out of mystery stories that they derive from solving puzzles, Miss Wells told me. They love the suspense, the excitement. But they do not identify themselves with the characters as readers of love stories do.

Miss Wells is herself a great puzzle fan. Recently, she completed a book of puzzles that will provide you with plenty of mental exercise.

EYEBROWS WILL TELL!

AT AN exclusive salon on Fifth Avenue, New York City, one hundred mannequins recently took part in a fashion show.

As a feature of the evening, Mme. Berthe, world famous beauty expert, who by the way, bears a striking resemblance to Galli Curci, was asked to select the perfect pair of eyebrows.

Among the one hundred mannequins she could not find that perfect pair. Most of them had been plucked until they were positively disfiguring.

"I believe that clowns originated this ridiculous fad," commented Mme. Berthe. "Clowns shave their brows and draw all sorts of lines to take their place. Women today—many of them—do practically the same thing and achieve the same effect."

"Beauty, as well as the character of the face, depends to a large extent on the shape-ness of the eyebrows. If the latter are very broad, they tend to make one look coarse. If



they are too thin, they give her an insipid expression. Just as the right frame adds to the beauty of a painting, so does the perfect eyebrow enhance the beauty of the eyes.

"The entire appearance, even the size of the eyes," Mme. Berthe pointed out, "can be altered by the eyebrows. The arched brow lends character and expression to the face and makes the eyes look full and beautiful. The pencil-line narrows the eyes and gives the appearance of sleepiness."

"But there are no styles in eyebrows any more than there are styles in noses. Beautiful brows are always in style, and the natural brow is always beautiful. To alter its shape is to work against nature. It should be modified only when straggly hairs detract from the natural outline.

"Nothing," she concluded, "lends force and character to the face so much as well-shaped eyebrows. And no face, however beautiful, attracts and holds the attention as does the face with force and character."

Why You Are Misunderstood

-Socially

by O. G. VAN CAMPEN

THERE are a great many persons who fail to realize the full significance of pleasant company.

I refer, particularly, to those who live by that costly process we call "trial and error." They constitute a type who literally blunder through their social experiences. They are aimless, lazy-minded persons. They are scatter-headed, do very little thinking and act on impulse.

Their social life "just happens." They just drift, or they leap headlong from one situation to another. Seldom, if ever, do they plan their social affairs. Many of this type live in social ruts. They are content to "hang out" with the same old crowd year after year and their social life is stagnant.

If by chance, this type of individual attempts to fill the role of host or hostess, the result is quite pathetic. The dinner is just thrown together. The guests, because they have been poorly selected, are not congenial. There is no program of entertainment. The host or hostess sits back and waits for the group funny man, or the self-appointed clown to mount the throne.

These vague, bewildered people, seldom, if ever, fit into any social group. Because they never really try to think, because they make no effort to understand the rules of the game, they never really "belong." Even though most of them are just as hungry for companionship, entertainment and even friendship, as you or I, they seldom find it because they belong to that unfortunate group that is continually misunderstood.

Then we must consider those who try to dominate socially. I refer, specifically, to the

type of men and women who are not content unless they hold the center of the stage. They tell endless tales. They go into great and irritating detail in relating a personal experience. As a colored gentleman once expressed it, "They represent themselves most highly." They seem utterly oblivious to the annoyance they cause others. They seem, at times completely lacking in tact and consideration. And, when someone who can stand the pressure no longer, calls them to account, they cry aloud in strenuous protest that they are entirely misunderstood.

Sincerity, simplicity, graciousness and consideration for others are the real jewels in the crown of social success. If men and women are to be happy in their social relationships, they should seek not to conceal, but to reveal their individuality.

Conventions which interfere with naturalness should not be taken too seriously. We should come to recognize that it is that subtle difference in personality, temperament and thought that holds the real charm, and that any technique in social relationships which we may develop, should have for its purpose the expression of that difference. We should not attempt to surrender to the social conventions. We should seek merely to conform to them.

The old adage, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," should be substituted for the axiom, "Never become one of the natives. Always be a friendly stranger passing through."

The social life, the companionship of others is as necessary to man as is any other phase of his existence. It affords, as can no other medium, an oppor- (Continued on page 66)

The Ideal Host--or Hostess

by GRENVILLE KLEISER

They greet you with a gracious word
They never do a thing absurd.
They like to hear what you may say
They do not overplan the day
They serve the food that you like best
They give you ample time for rest.

They do not gossip or complain
They haven't any selfish strain
They do not argue or insist
They aim your best self to enlist
They glean how long you wish to stay—
They let you go without delay.

Power of Suggestion

A Lesson in Mental Medicine

by C. FRANKLIN LEAVITT, M. D.

SUGGESTION is brought to us in many forms.

The daily papers, our social and business associates, magazines, and the many things we contact in our daily routine, all leave their marks on us.

You perhaps have been feeling rather worse than usual and you visit your physician. He finds you somewhat nervous and tells you, "that heart isn't as good as I wish it were."

On some who are highly suggestible this is all that is required to start a form of very serious introspection which ends in acute neurasthenia. The heart trouble is probably only functional in character, a nervous heart perhaps, but in your mind you build up complications that you are sure may end disastrously.

A patient of mine witnessed a man have an epileptic fit. This impressed itself on her mind to such an extent that soon she was discovering symptoms of this trouble within herself. It took months to remove this impression.

"You're a sick man," is a form of greeting that has carried illness to countless numbers.

"You are getting old, my friend, and you must expect to feel bad,"—this to one already struggling against the depressing thoughts of age has unnerved many a man. A firm conviction that age carries with it essential infirmities cannot fail to create disorder in one who allows his mind to dwell on his advanced years. "People grow old by thinking themselves old," says a writer.

How many of us say with Job—"The thing which I greatly feared has come upon me!" The body is built up of beliefs, and our convictions are stamped upon every fibre of our beings.

I have sometimes refused to associate with people who have shown signs of wishing to be friendly with me, because I have recognized in them pessimistic natures or something that I felt would in time make an im-

pression on me, were I to see them frequently.

Whatever contributes to unhappiness predisposes to physical illness. It is under the power of depressing emotions that fatal disease is engendered. General Grant could not have developed his case of cancer while a successful commander of the army or while President of the United States. It was only when his ambitions had been blighted, and when, through the lack of business sagacity and skill, he had suffered financial ruin, that malignancy was able to fasten its talons in his body.

The successful man carries with him tremendous impulses toward health, and, other things being equal—that is to say, bad habits and wrong thinking being ruled out—he remains well. It is when the tide of enthusiasm and pride runs low and the sweet of life begins to turn insipid, that health declines.

We have a good example of this in President Wilson. What a strong, determined character he was while his life forces were active and his confidence strong. Then came the blow of political disappointment. From that moment, he was on the down grade.

Suggestion at times will sweep over an entire nation. See the effects produced in the minds of people through the stock market crash—it made way for the depression. There was just as much money in this country following, as before, the panic—it had merely changed hands and paper profits had disappeared. It was not the financial loss to the individual that caused business depression, but the fact that it was a blow to peoples' confidence. The business depression from the beginning was psychological. Had people not pictured the possibility of all sorts of trouble in consequence, had they not become frightened, the upheaval would never have occurred.

When the public becomes frightened in such a situation they begin to hold fast to their money, not knowing (Continued on page 52)

If you feel yourself a weakling, it is likely that you are simply under the power of depressing suggestions . . . Get away from that fate-driven, pessimistic attitude . . . Form habits of thought that will open the doors wide to a full and free expression of your God-given powers.

A Wedding Ring Did It!

Should Women Give Men Money?

by HAROLD KATHMAN

I BOUGHT a wedding ring for my wife in a ten-cent-store. She is still wearing it, and we have been married for almost a year! Though we may buy a more expensive one at some future date, she says she will always keep this two-nickel circlet.

I don't blame her. She brought that ring and a brand-new husband through the most depressed year of the late depression, richer than they started. It all began with a yawl, a sail-boat.

Spring 1932, I was broke, completely disgusted. Trying to make a living for myself in New York—I had made up my mind to welch, to go somewhere else. Anywhere, as long as I didn't have to look at landlords, or cashiers in cafeterias.

THEN along came Lu. She and I were good friends, but she was broke, too. Helping to support a mother and a sister didn't leave much out of a microscopic pay-check. She wanted me to stay and fight it out.

"Didn't you say, not long ago," she asked, "that if you had a sail-boat you could make some money by taking friends for cruises on the Sound?"

"Yes. What of it?" I answered.

"Oh, nothing," she countered.

I then made the observation, that if both of us pooled our capital we wouldn't be able to buy a second-hand anchor. She made no reply.

Two days later, she placed \$300 in my hand! She had taken out a loan, putting up her life insurance as collateral, risking her entire salary to give me a chance!

According to the standards of woman's page writers in the daily newspapers, giving a man money is a sure way of losing him. I'm certain that Lu didn't consider that danger at all. Nothing mattered as long as she was able to help me.

I didn't bother to consider the psychological aspects of the case. I felt ashamed for a short while, but that feeling was supplanted by a strong desire to prove her trust. A man simply *couldn't* disappoint a woman like that!

Probably you know, \$300 is a widow's mite when you go shopping for a sail-boat with a cabin.

We tramped through every boat yard in the vicinity of New York, and saw more hulks than a beachcomber. Lu kept on smiling, encouraging, always eager for the next place. Suddenly we found a bargain. The kind of thing that makes one believe in fairy godmothers.

It cost every nickel of the three hundred to own that boat and get it in the water. But there she was!

A forty-foot yawl, cabin, auxiliary motor, sails, equipment and all. Of course she leaked. And there were many things about her that would have torn the soul of a real sailor to shreds. But to us it was a dream-ship. That was on June 12th. I distinctly remember pumping steadily from June 12, until August 22nd, when we sold her for \$500!

During that time I lived in her, working on other boats in the harbor for paint, rope, putty, food. The manual labor in the sun and fresh air rebuilt my body and sharpened my mind. I sold two advertising ideas developed during the nights after my work was done.

"According to the standards of woman's page writers in the daily newspapers, giving a man money is a sure way of losing him," remarks the author She laid \$300 in his hand risking her job . . .



Lu came out on Sundays and slaved like a Trojan, as we took affectionate couples for short cruises. What a wonder she was! Helping on deck with the sails and the steering, diving down into the hot galley to prepare lunch for the paying guests.

My admiration increased my love for her. You *had* to love that girl! And when the summer was over and the two-hundred-dollar profit confronted us, what did she do? Certainly, you guessed it. I was to take it all.

WE almost fought over the money before I asked her to marry me and settle the squabble for good. Her mother and sister were arranged for. We both had debts to pay, and things to buy. That accounts for the ten-cent wedding ring.

With the same blind faith in Providence as we had had in hunting for a boat, we started looking for a place to live. Our combined incomes allowed us only twenty-five dollars a month for rent. We wanted to live in Manhattan. We wanted light, air, and a view of a river!

No one in his right mind would start on such a quest. That would excuse us, because we were quite insane about each other. That might also explain why we found what we wanted. Four box-rooms on the top floor of a tenement with three windows facing East River at Hell Gate Channel. Southern exposure in the kitchen (slightly obstructed by wash lines and another tenement).

The bathtub is in the kitchen, and is just about long enough for a half-grown child. I wash my knees by remote control. Even the bathtub has possibilities, for we have a group of friends ready to pay admission as soon as we can persuade a six-foot-four member of our circle to take a public bath in it.

For two months, Lu and I lived in a glittering land of happiness. Then she lost her job. At the same time, the little

trickles of money I had tapped, dried up. We were up against it, and no mistake. Threats from the landlord, the gas and electric companies followed soon after. Our gas was shut off. We ate beans and bread, bread and beans.

But there wasn't a single complaint from Lu. She acted as though we were eating six-course dinners, and chased all over town as if she liked the exercise. She found a job, at half the salary she had been getting. I struck some pay-dirt in my frantic eagerness to write pants ads, poetry, anything . . . for small change.

We slowly got under way again, limping along one step ahead of eviction. We managed to get a bit of lettuce now and then to help balance our bread and bean diet.

Spring 1933 and the New Deal. We felt better about things. Perhaps it was the administration. Perhaps it was the fact that not so much coal dust filtered in through the rattling windows from the loading hoppers down below. In any case, I began finding reluctant checks now and then in the return mail. Lu has promise of a raise soon. We are finding it easier to smile.

We are getting real pleasure out of our walks along the docks at night in fog, moonlight, and rain. Our luxuries mean more now . . . a bench in the park, a free concert, visits to museums and art galleries . . . these are things to remember and talk over. Two ice-cream cones, (five cents each) start us grinning and chattering at each other like two children at a picnic.

Next month we celebrate our first anniversary. We feel that we are gathering speed. We're winging along, happier, richer, loving each other more than last year. That year, you know, the worst of the depression. I remember it as the year that was vanquished by a wife and a ten-cent wedding ring.

"Psychology Has Helped Me"

by OUR READERS

WITHIN ARE LATENT FORCES

PSYCHOLOGY has taught me that within ourselves are latent forces that lie dormant until we know how to put them to work.

I began reading psychology literature about two years ago, and as I got the idea of the mind's possibilities, and the results that follow our understanding of how and what to think, I said, "Surely this seems logical."

I began to try to put some of what I had read into practice, repeating strong, positive affirmations instead of the everlasting negative, destructive statements. I kept my mind on what I wanted—health, happiness, success.

Psychology has given me a new kind of religion, a greater love for humanity.

I always feel cheerful and optimistic. Although the odds sometimes muster their forces against me, I stop and reason in the new light that psychology has given me. I previously looked to luck or fate. Now I know better how to play the game of life, stay in my own field and dig deep in the ore that lies at hand.

Ernest W. Tapp,
Box 573, Williams, Arizona.

"THE POT OF GOLD . . ."

APPLIED psychology has taught me to be well and happy after years of ill health, made worse by grieving over the death of my husband.

I had got to the point where I felt I could scarcely "carry on." Just at that time psychology came into my life and I grasped for it, earnestly trying to find a way to health and happiness.

From the first day there was improvement and I soon felt that I had found the "pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

L. B. C.,
23 Freeman Lane, Trenton, N. J.

I, ALONE, AM RESPONSIBLE

WHAT has psychology done for me? Everything.

An understanding of its principles has given

me freedom from inharmony, disease, and fear.

It has taught me that I, alone, am responsible for everything that comes to me. It has taught me that I am a magnet and my predominant thoughts, being creative, draw to me conditions in accord with their character.

Before I became interested in the principles of psychology, I was poor in every sense of the word. I had been condemned by "eminent specialists" and was only waiting for my turn to join the "great majority."

Although I was surrounded by material comforts, I was too discouraged and miserable to appreciate them. Then, through the advice of a friend, all was changed and I began to dimly perceive the great possibilities within myself: the power that—as I began to understand it better—supplied my every need.

As my attitude toward life changed and I began using my understanding as it came to me, my weakness and pain disappeared and I became well and strong, and best of all, I have been able to help others find the source of good within themselves.

To me, the greatest need of the world today is an understanding of the laws of psychology. When these are understood causes will be sought and dealt with, instead of effects. "Knowledge is power," but only when it becomes dynamic instead of static. Psychology is teaching us how to use our creative power—the power that is the heritage of all mankind, and this understanding makes man a master of circumstances instead of a slave to them.

Elberta Wilson,
Parco, Wy.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

BLESS the day some five or six years ago when a certain lecturer came to town to give a course on psychology.

The first evening was free to the public and I found two friends to go with me. There, as I listened, I saw a great light. I could not understand it all, and perhaps got only a little, but it was the beginning.

Psychology gives (Continued on page 56)

We are glad to publish letters from those who wish to help others by telling what applied psychology means to them.

The Medicine of Life

by JOSEPH D. AMOROSE

I went to a newspaper office building the other day to interview a prominent business man.

To reach his office from the street it was necessary that I pass through the publication's advertising department, where were assembled a group of unemployed persons waiting for the next edition to come off the press.

In going through this group I encountered something of a surprise. A ragged and emaciated member of the motley crowd stepped forward and proffered his hand.

"I'm glad to see you," he said, addressing me by name. "I don't suppose you remember me, do you?"

Yes, I remembered then. But it was with some difficulty, for this thin, stoop-shoul-

dered derelict as we know him is base and indolent. This man was neither. All who knew him described him in the most glowing of terms, "A veritable prince of a fellow," they said. But misfortune stalked his path. He met with one of those perplexing problems that confront so many of us in our little checkered game of life—and he chose the wrong move. That put him out of the king row. And that his loss had been a heavy one was clearly attested to by the soiled, tattered garments that replaced the once clean, smart tailored outfit, and by the lean, hungry look that supplanted the once well-fed expression.

After an exchange of greeting we moved into a corner of the room and talked. And it was with a peculiar sensation I did so.

*"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."
Shakespeare.*

dered derelict was a distinct contrast to the huge, broad-proportioned man I once knew. That was years ago, when he was a near neighbor of mine. He then maintained a beautiful home, drove an expensive high-powered car, and to all appearances was situated in the most comfortable of circumstances.

But hard times came his way. Business went from bad to worse and he soon found himself badly in need of money. Then, as ill-luck would have it at the time, an opportunity to forge a check for a very attractive amount arose. Not being possessed of sufficient strength of character or power of foresight, he succumbed.

Justice stepped in then and it worked fast. He was caught, tried and convicted, all without having had an opportunity to spend a single penny of his undeserved and ill-got gains. A long term in the federal penitentiary was meted out to him and the last I saw of him was when he departed for that great penal institution the government maintains in one of its southern states.

Here was a man hardly to be classed as a criminal. He was not inherently bad. The

He spoke quite candidly of his experiences during confinement. There was nothing to hold back.

"Tell me, Arthur," I asked, "what did you miss the most during your period of incarceration? That is, what loss did you feel most keenly?"

He wrinkled his brow and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh," he said slowly, "I suppose I should say 'friends.' There was nothing that I would have appreciated more down there than a visit from a few of those intimates I once knew. It's a peculiar thing. When I was home they never particularly appealed to me. I looked upon them as something of bores and encroachers upon my time. I had little if any patience with them. But it was different down there. *I began to realize the value of friends then.* If only a few of them would have dropped in and passed the time of day with me occasionally, I wouldn't have minded the rest. But—none ever came. I suppose we never appreciate the value of a possession until we have lost it."

I stood there motionless and absorbed.

Soon the crashing of the elevator gates reminded me I had work to do. "I'm sorry," I said, putting out my hand and trying to stifle a bit of emotion, "but I have an appointment in a few minutes and must be going." I wished him the best of luck and darted for the lift just about to start up.

The rest of that afternoon I couldn't refrain from thinking of that meeting. There was something about the experience that etched itself indelibly upon the consciousness.

It wasn't the moral of the situation, though that did stand out most glaringly. It was that same thing that Orison Swett Marden had in mind when he said, "I believe that the cultivation of the power of appreciation would alone increase human happiness one thousand per cent." The tragedy of inappreciation. I say tragedy for tragedy it is that so many should fail to appreciate the true worth of the often disguised treasure of friendship until their attention is called to it by the smart of its loss.

Have you ever given the matter much thought? Has the full value of friendship, companionship fully dawned upon you? Most likely your answer will be a negative one. At least, so I should say if a recently published account of a symposium conducted among the nation's celebrities not long ago, may be taken as a criterion.

"If you could have but one gift in life, what would you prefer among all the favors a generous Providence might bestow?"

That, in effect, was the question a group of notables chosen from all walks of life were asked in this odd sounding gauge of public sentiment. If you would choose one gift that you believed would make you happier the rest of your lives, what would you take? How would you answer that question? I am sure that in every field of life there is a host of men and women eager to tell us, but let us see what the selected group of personages chose.

The first one consulted, a very famous and prominent figure in the motion picture industry, picked as his object the faculty of wisdom. A genial and warm-hearted humorist, equally famous, chose something he declared has never yet been bestowed on any human being—perfect contentment. A sense of humor was the choice of a world-renowned violinist.

A wealthy philanthropist desired a potion to eradicate war. A generous philosophy to face life bravely, was selected by a Congresswoman. A Broadway beauty expert thought freedom from worry was ideal. A light opera star's wish, if she could rub Aladdin's lamp, was for beauty of spirit. A noted author, more materially minded, wanted enough money to enable him to live without working and of similar temperament was a world-famous orchestra leader who wished for what he termed to be "the ultimate in music-making"—a Stradivarius.

That, briefly covers the field and lists the answers most generally given. Check over them. See how they compare with yours. Then look the list over again. See if you don't find something in that survey that strikes you as being singular.

Do you notice that not one person chose for his gift or implied that he desired that which Joseph Addison so aptly described as being the "medicine of life," a faithful friend? Not one deemed that sufficiently worth-while to wish for. Odd, isn't it?

But it should serve, in a measure, to illustrate how little in general is the amount of thought attached to-day to what should be one of the most desirable things in life. To those who have given the expression it makes one inclined to direct the question, "Of what avail the beauty of a Venus, the wealth of a Croesus, the wisdom of a Solomon or the philosophy of an Aristotle if there be none with whom such precious joys may be shared?"

In Hugh Black's (Continued on page 65)

Friendship

By MAURICE C. WAUGH

Friendship—formed through the
days and years;

Fashioned of joyousness, love,
and of tears;

Spun in the woof and the warp of
a heart

Till of another each one is a part.

Friendship—a bond to treasure
and hold;

Something to chisel or carefully
mold

Into a loveliness that shall reveal

Nothing for time in the passing to
steal.

Friendship—the essence of living
distilled;

Stored in the breast till with per-
fume 'tis filled:

Time may bring many an ache
and a smart,—

Still friendship's fragrance wells
up in the heart.

"The Century of Progress"

Applied Psychology and Chicago's World Fair

by MYRA FINLEY

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"—Chicago's second World's Fair has turned out to be more than a celebration of the city's one hundredth anniversary.

As the days go by it seems more and more like a gift of hope to a reviving world. Its beacon light of progress reaches out into the dark corners of the earth—a harbinger of FAITH and COURAGE to all who still grope in confusion.

Since the opening day of this unusual World's Fair, May 27th, the teeming thousands who have passed through the turnstiles daily have totaled several millions.

The financial success of this thirty-seven million dollar enterprise has been assured. And to the average visitor to "A Century of Progress" it will forever be a nine days wonder how a small group of men and women could plan and execute an undertaking of such proportions. How it challenges *us*!

Some months ago, as I watched the enormous job going forward toward completion, I still felt doubtful—wondered if it could be done. I spent many hours on the grounds during the last few weeks before the opening day, and was told ten thousand persons were employed during that period. I saw great truck loads of blue grass from Kentucky soil being unrolled upon the wet earth, and after a few days lovely green lawns appeared every where.

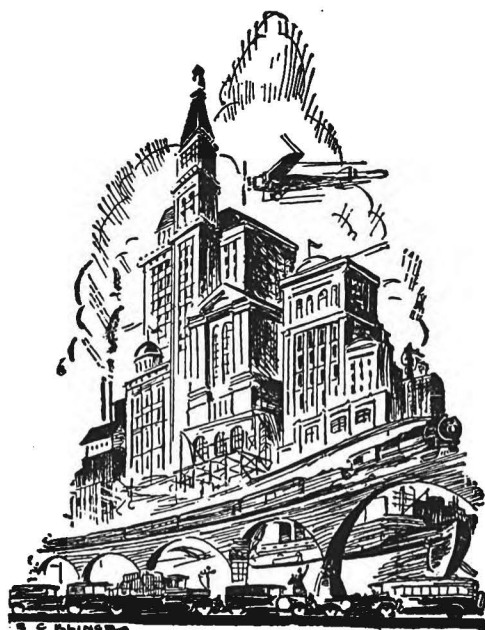
I watched master painters splashing, right and left, the most vivid colors I had ever seen—greens, yellows, blacks, blues, reds and purples, and marveled at the enchanting effects as they applied the paints on the windowless "moderne" flat-surfaced buildings. The master mind behind all the color slipped out into the "great beyond" a few days ago, but I am sure he will find only light and color in

his new place of abode, as his life was spent in bringing light and color into the lives of millions, who would have known only drabness without his great gift.

The more I roamed about the grounds, the more I wondered about the men and women—yes, women play a big part in this exposition—behind the scenes. There was a sense of thanksgiving in my heart, that in an era of such world-wide confusion, when the lack of leadership has been so widely deplored on every hand, there were those whose faith in the future was great enough to inspire untiring labor by day and by night—and without one cent of remuneration, to do honor to their home city, and to the memory of the brave men and women whose rude cabins marked the settlement of Chicago one hundred years ago.

With the gloom-draped phantom of fear embracing the earth, as it has, this farsighted group of citizens were the targets for much adverse criticism, because, of an ambition to stage such a show—especially when their teachers had not received any pay for a year. How different becomes the picture when one knows the truth, as not one cent of tax moneys went into this achievement. So the critics who come to scoff usually remain to admire—and find renewed faith and increased courage.

The idea for this second World's Fair was conceived when the money bags of the world contained more than at any time in history, so the financing was not the biggest part of the undertaking by any manner of means. But before the first load of material was brought to the grounds for the construction of the first building, the beautiful E-Shaped Administration Building (THE BUILDING OF DREAMS)
(Continued on page 50)



"Psychic Wireless"

An Aftermath from Readers

SHALL WE MENTALLY COMMUNICATE?

SHALL we, some day, be able to communicate vast distances without telegraphing or writing?

Shall we speak to our friends without uttering a word? Shall we be able to take long mental journeys without leaving our chair in the home, or our desk of business?

Once, we might have been imprisoned or burned at the stake as blasphemers for merely broaching such questions, but to-day we may ask them soberly and deliberately, without the danger of being suspected of even the hang-over of a Jules Verne or a Wellsian novel.

In the past, telepathy has been knocked about the psychologic laboratories like some child of questionable parentage. The nature

dence with the one purpose of learning the truth, to which we must look for enlightenment.

Kenneth M. Swezey.

"A WORKING PART IN MY LIFE"

BACK in 1918 a young soldier sat in a hut in an English training camp. In his hand he held an opened letter. The contents of that letter were cheering; yet an unaccountable feeling of depression clouded his mind.

A few months before he had left a sorely wounded friend in a Canadian hospital. The letter told of a remarkable improvement shown in his friend's condition.

Quietly the reader noted the time on the envelope and placed the letter away in his tunic pocket.

Some months ago, we published the article, "Psychic Wireless"—a discourse on telepathy. The magazine in no way sponsored the statements, but was merely a vehicle. We received wide response, and present some articles and letters sent in by readers

of the phenomena, being naturally so subtle and elusive, confounded the hard-boiled experimental psychologists who insisted upon testing everything with mathematics and machinery, and spurred on to almost frenzied activity other psychologists of either a more credulous or esoteric sort. The resulting public attitude was a sort of mixed belief and scepticism, made doubly confused by the introduction of remarkable trickery by pseudo-telepathists who claimed to be genuine.

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Of course it must be remembered that the public is composed of three general classes of people: those who believe *everything* that savors of the mystical, those who believe *nothing*, and those who neither believe nor disbelieve *a priori*, but watch and consider with an open mind. With the first two classes—which, unfortunately, make up the great majority—we need not waste time. Their unfounded assertions of praise and condemnation we have observed too often. It is the last named class which holds no prejudices, wastes no time in establishing rigid standards, forgets precedent, and weighs all evi-

Three months later he drew it forth to consult the notation he had made. A second letter from home had told him of his friend's death.

But the remarkable feature of his information was that death had occurred at the exact moment—allowing for the time difference—he had noted on the envelope.

That is one of the many reasons why mental telepathy or thought transference has played a working part in my life. For I was that young soldier in England.

From a lifelong study of this phenomenon as it has appeared within my personal experience, and from those of friends, although friends are usually reticent about admitting such strange facts, I have drawn several deductions.

First: Mental telepathy is only possible between two minds attuned by some close personal relationship.

Second: The receiving mind must be truly receptive in order to register the thoughts of the other. Like radio, the receiver must be tuned, or in resonance with the broadcasting set. For while the sender may send out compelling thoughts, such waves or thoughts

may be blocked by the preoccupation of the receiver.

Third: Thoughts usually come through as "impressions." One has a "feeling" rather than a well-defined thought.

Fourth: Mental telepathy is akin in manifestation to "hunches." One "feels" things, lacking information upon which to base that feeling or premonition of information, later confirmed in the usual channels of communication.

Fifth: And like "hunches" any boastful announcement of reliability in one's premonition is usually followed by unexpected results.

My first conscious contact with telepathy came as a lad of thirteen. My chum and I had discovered among some books of his mother a reference to thought transference. Following the instructions to concentrate on one thought with the other person in mind, my chum broadcast a message to me at a stated hour—just before bedtime.

The results so startled our young minds we decided to leave this "supernatural force" strictly alone.

Three weeks before my father met a sudden and unexpected death from violence at the hands of an intoxicated friend I experienced an unaccountable feeling of fear which seemed to center about his healthy and active figure.

Telepathy? Not exactly, but a dipping down into some unknown stream of knowledge "in all, through all."

Is that maybe not the secret of telepathy?

How does the mob mind operate? From somewhere individuals are compelled to act as they would not in rational circumstances. Whence this influence? I know not, but I throw out these thoughts as suggestions.

Does some hidden stream of common intelligence bind us all in a psychic web of contact and is not telepathy the simultaneous contacting of this stream by two minds?

As a lad one of my nightly chores was to collect the mail. Walking toward the post office in that twilight hour I found myself more and more picturing the contents of that box so vividly that I knew what it contained before I reached it.

Yet, if I told my secret, boasted of my strange knowledge, I was usually chagrined to find I had erred. It seemed that I had been too confident.

As news editor of a morning paper for three years, I have relied upon that instinct to warn me of bigger things to come before my wire should close. As long as I kept this secret to myself it has never failed me. In my personal life it has been the same. There are so many incidents it would be but boring to relate them. Let me close with but one.

About ten years after the opening incident of this article I found my thoughts persistently straying back to the family of my dead soldier friend. I had lost contact with them for about seven years.

At midnight I rose, dressed and went to a telegraph office, and despatched a wire to the sister who had been my wartime correspondent.

Two days later I learned that the only surviving brother, also a returned soldier, had succumbed to the aftermath of war wounds that night I had been unable to sleep.

J. C. Bruce,

271 Charlotte St., Saint John, N. B.

RADIO SUGGESTS EXPLANATION

While telepathy does seem a rather uncanny thing, yet it *(Continued on page 53)*

Potentialities

By Arthur E. Winchester

FAR back of every human life
Potentialities have played,
And vast experiences were rife
And truth 'gainst error was arrayed.

Not in this little span of years
Could each have learned to be,
And cope with hate and master fears
And inward look to see

That he who fans the little spark
Of truth, that seems to be,
And to the inner voice gives hark,
Much clearer he shall see.

Far, far the road this pilgrim came—
This soul of tireless striving—
With mind and heart with urge aflame,
And hope expectant thriving.

Life Goes On—

by **EDGAR WHITE BURRILL**

*"And may we find, when ended is the page,
Death but a tavern on our pilgrimage"*

—Masefield

THIS would be a queer, unjust world if this were all there is to it. More and more the testimony accumulates that this world is not all, that there is a greater and better plane of existence after we wake up from the bad dream of this.

Immortality extends both ways, back beyond our birth and forward beyond our death. The continuity of existence is unbroken either by birth or death. We proceed, we go on, to our divine destiny of perfection.

The scientists themselves are admitting evidence which is more and more spiritual instead of material.

Sir James Jeans tells us in "The Mysterious Universe" that we must "turn the direction of our thinking from an outer world of shadows to an inner world of realities. . . . The universe can best be pictured as consisting of pure thought, the thought of a mathematical thinker. . . . We are led to some idea of a universal mind, whose thoughts are galaxies and stars. Professor Shapley of Harvard says we must stamp across the flaming heavens the word MIND as cause.

There are moments when we, with Wordsworth, are aware of our immortality. Intimations come to us in our best moments, and we feel that we are greater than we know. Some days we are quite sure of the continuity of our existence; we are sure that the invisible is the real, the visible unreal. We climb up the dark, steep stairs of the body, and standing on the citadel of wonder, clothed in our shining spiritual raiment, shout forth the miracle—I am! I AM!

So many people used to be afraid to die. The fear of hell today is largely mitigated, for as Shaw sagely pointed out, if death is the door of hell, most of us are on the inside on the way out, not outside on the way in. And whatever heaven we find, we shall have taken with us. Heaven is serene consciousness, not a locality. It is within, not outside.

Said Sir Oliver Lodge in "Phantom Walls," we wake up on the other side just the same as when we left here. What we have gained spiritually, we keep. What we have failed to learn, we must do over. Most of what we

have called real here will be found to be illusory.

He also observed that the nature of matter becomes daily more mysterious. He called it a "ripple on the boundless deep." In the same way, our physical perception of existence is but a shadowy phantom of reality. The real world is full of beauty and orderly arrangement. The microscope and telescope show this.

Crystal, atom, star and electron manifest supreme law and loveliness. But the glory and grandeur of the universe, when we are more fully able to appreciate it, will eclipse the imagination of poets and exceed all that we can desire. In moments of insight we know ourselves greater and more enduring than our present bodies; we attain a larger sense of vision. And we

*"Await the last and largest sense to make
The phantom walls of this illusion fade,
And show us that the world is wholly fair."*

The evidences of survival to such a scientist are numerous. We are seen to be among the agents for the accomplishment and fruition of a will of a Higher Power. That Power, however, does not coerce us. We have the power of choice. The divine effort is to secure willing co-operation. And this dominating Power is never aloof. It is mighty, but authoritatively represented as the loving heart of a Father.

We are still dwellers in an unseen reality of which we catch only occasional glimpses. When the phantom walls begin to fade, reality shines through. Already we have begun to penetrate into the unseen. Beyond the shadow of a doubt there is persistent continuity of individual personal existence. The world is more than a mechanism. Its laws are spiritual, its Lord is Love.

Thought comes to us from the universal Mind. A brain can no more secrete thought than a piano can secrete music, or a violin play itself. Thought comes from beyond. This confusion of origins arises from our error in regarding the body as ourself. The body is no more ourselves than the car in which we ride or the house in which we dwell, or the clothes which we wear. A little closer to us, and motivated more (Continued on page 53)

Don't Be a Turncoat!

by GROVER C. HALL

WE idealize the glories of the past because the exercise costs us nothing. It imposes no responsibilities upon us.

Moreover, we take refuge in memories and impressions of the dead past as a retreat from the realities of the living present, and as an

We idealize the glories of the past because it imposes no responsibilities upon us

escape from the unborn future.

We are timid in the face of realities. We fear to come to grips with them, until the issues they present are forced upon us.

Physical courage is more or less instinctive with man, but moral courage is an acquired virtue. The average man is capable of dying bravely; but the average man is psychologically ill-prepared to be brave in the face of hostile ideas, and the materials and emotions that make for such ideas.

The animal in man is heroic. Only in the exceptional man is the mind heroic. Yet the mind is the only weapon which stands between man and annihilation, particularly, now, when the products of the mind, rather than the forces of nature, constitute man's chief problems.

The average man's intellectual capacity, while by no means all that it should be or all that it may become, nevertheless would be quite adequate to his immediate needs, if only

Our intelligence has created a new and novel world, but most of us seem to be afraid of it

we could purge his psyche and make him free to think.

It is what we fear that makes us weak. Our problems are psychological, rather than intellectual. What a pity all teachers are not great psychotherapists!

Our intelligence has created a new and novel world, but most of us seem to be afraid of it. Our intelligence gives promise of creating an even more novel and probably much more beautiful world, but most of us seem to be afraid of that, too.

The impulse to take flight is still strong in us. There are countless illustrations of this in our current literature, in our current conversation, in our current modes of action.

The impulse to run away from the fruits of civilization, from the responsibilities inherent in the life of the civilized being, the impulse to escape the adventure of living in what, to an enlightened being, should be the most adventurous age yet known—though dull and drab by comparison with what the age ahead may be—persists in many responsible individuals.

But the will to escape is not strong enough to make many of them pull stakes and flee, for the reason that they are afraid they will fare worse in a State of Nature than in a State of Civilization.

A few do pack their kits and retreat. They

All that an individual is or hopes to be, he owes to his kind. He is effective only when attached to the social organization.

think they are braver than the rest of us. Perhaps they are, but it seems to me they are at once unimaginative and weak. They are repudiating everything that the genius of man has created, in order to escape what I believe are the responsibilities and obligations inherent in a mind and character that have been refined, not by nature in the raw, but by the benign curing process of civilization.

An extreme example of this impulse to escape the grand adventure and hide, is seen in the now well publicized case of Dr. Fredrich Ritter. Dr. Ritter, a physician, and his wife, are cultivated Germans who had been well placed in life. Since childhood, the doctor had dreamed of the pleasure which it would afford him to run away from a comfortable, well-ordered society, and seek what he calls peace and comfort, in some remote, isolated spot in the domain of nature.

At forty-three, Dr. Ritter and his wife found that they could afford to gratify their urgent desire to be utterly removed from other human beings. They settled in the Galapagos Islands in the warm waters of the Pacific, there to live (Continued on page 61)

LAST WILL—

and Testament of a Psychologist

by DR. ARTHUR FRANK PAYNE

The editors take pleasure in presenting to its readers this unique "Last Will and Testament."

GENERAL STATEMENTS

MATERIAL wealth is of little importance to persons preparing for death.

Material wealth almost always causes resentment, anger, jealousy, rage after the reading of a will.

To a psychologist the most valuable things in life are ideas, philosophies, techniques and knowledges.

Therefore, I, Arthur Frank Payne, being of fairly sound mind and reasonably pleasant disposition and partly developed character do hereby dispose of my valuable possessions.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

ITEM I. I leave to the young people of our land the inalienable right to truth and happiness, especially to the truths that are definitely necessary for happiness between the sexes that we, their parents, are now in conspiracy to withhold from them.

ITEM II. To all, both young and old, I leave the right of direct contact with their God and freedom from any and all absolutist autocracy in their personal relation with their God.

ITEM III. To all ministers, pastors and priests, I leave the great privilege of freeing their people from the terrible fear of God, hell and death, and giving to them the truth that God is a God of love and not of hatred. Also the great truth that death is a part of life, and part of our continuing existence into a greater realm of life and living.

ITEM IV. To all people who have material wealth in excess of their needs, I leave and bestow upon them the dignity and responsibility of the office of steward of that excess wealth. Such excess wealth to be used toward the end of greater freedom for happiness and especially more opportunity for self-expression for all people according to their needs.

ITEM V. To our leaders, politicians and to our lamentably few statesmen, I leave the great privilege of serving humanity by removing from the minds of all people all in-

securities concerning our present life, old age, loss of job and other things they know of.

ITEM VI. To all lovers I give most gladly the rights of love and the right to take and give freely in marriage whenever they so desire.

ITEM VII. To those most unhappy, miserable creatures who are hatefully bound in the shackles of a marriage from which love has departed, I give the right to free themselves without stigma, shame or disgrace.

ITEM VIII. To those who are compelled to work to live, I give to them and demand for them the right to work at all times under decent conditions with a living wage. This I consider one of my most important bequests.

ITEM IX. To those who cannot because of mismanagement find such work, I give without stigma or shame the right to adequate food, shelter, and clothing. This is not to be considered as charity, but as an inalienable right because they are alive in the midst of plenty, and are shut off from these necessities of life.

ITEM X. To all normal women I give the inalienable right to bear or not to bear children, as being a matter of such intimate personal concern, that it is exclusively their own right to decide.

ITEM XI. To the State for its own protection, and for the protection of future generations, I hereby give the right to determine which of its citizens are physically and mentally fit to breed the next generation.

ITEM XII. To our fine splendid young men, I give the right to protest and object to being conscripted, and forced to go to war, to kill other equally splendid young men, unless all wealth and property of every kind along with older men and all war profiteers, regardless of wealth or position be likewise conscripted.

ITEM XIII. To all prospective brides I give the right to receive positive assurance that their prospective husbands are free from contamination of any kind.

ITEM XIV. To all adolescents I give the right to be tested by scientific psychological tests to determine (Continued on page 63)

Charting Success!

Ten Ways to Attain It

by **H. JOSEPH GREENE**

TO say that all men are born into this world with an equal chance for success and happiness would of course be foolish. Quite obviously there are a multitude of factors, over which we have no control, that contribute to our ultimate success or failure in adjusting ourselves comfortably to life. Strictly speaking, no man is truly the master of his own fate, truly the director of his own destiny. Rather, it appears that we are all the innocent victims of an infinite number of forces whose manifestations cast us hither and yon on the sea of life.

A few of us ride on the crests of the waves and these few say that it is a glorious world. We feel certain that it is not a meaningless, purposeless existence. Others of us, less fortunate, find life a confusing jumble of irrelevancies, a paradoxical world of contradictory truths.

A large number of us exist somewhere between these two extremes. Most of us are forced to make some sort of a compromise with life. Then, too often, we resign ourselves to a sort of half failure and tread patiently through life.

Admitting that our lives are determined largely by those inherent physical and mental potentialities with which we are endowed at birth and by these have been shaped by environment, I still am appalled by the great number of men who function far below their right level. There are men capable of great deeds, who could live full, happy and productive lives, but who, failing to recognize their capabilities, allow the precious years to slip by while they patiently collect elaborate data to prove to themselves that they have never had a chance in life.

They blind themselves to those weaknesses in their own souls over which they have some control and point with sorrowful self-pity to the ill luck which is responsible for their futile lives.

Unfortunate conditions need not completely ruin your chances for success and happiness. Obviously,

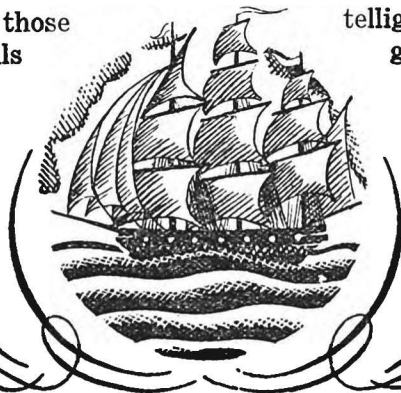
a man with a subnormal physique could hardly aspire to the world's heavyweight championship with much chance of having his dream realized; nor could a man with deficient intelligence expect to be a college professor.

If our highest ambition lies in a desire to pluck the moon from the sky and keep it at home in a glass case, and we refuse to allow ourselves to see the impossibility of this, we are, quite certainly, predestined to failure. Yet there are persons who apparently do just this sort of thing. They fail to adjust their aspirations.

The successful man chooses his goal deliberately. He sees always the possible fulfillment of his desires and works diligently toward his goal unshaken by any reverses. He is not one who thru a happy chain of incidents has arrived at the top in short easy steps, but rather, it is quite likely that his difficulties have been similar to those which face you and me. His course has been rough and irregular, yet he has hurled himself against life with such tremendous force that he has broken down all barriers.

Power! Strength! These are the things from which success is built. Yet to consider them as qualities in themselves is an illusion. They will manifest themselves only as an absence of weakness. Look then at yourself squarely if you wish to succeed. Compare yourself with those of your fellowmen who are superior and determine if you can what weaknesses they have eradicated that you still possess. Consider their powers not as superior abilities endowed by a kind fate, but rather, see them for what they are: The fruits of patient labor, the results of intelligent directing which they have given to their lives.

We listen to a great pianist, we marvel at the unearthly beauty which he apparently so easily produces. We wonder whence came this transcendent ability which the gods have apparently so lavishly bestowed upon this man. Yet, on



closer analysis, we know that his genius was, at least not entirely, a gift of the gods. We know that he has spent hours and months of patient work in overcoming purely mechanical difficulties, gaining strength and agility in his fingers. Yet we are prone to look only at the finished product which we consider as a thing in itself and curse our luck because we believe we have been cheated by life.

The failure will seldom admit that he himself is largely responsible for his predicament. To do so would be unbearable for he apparently derives real pleasure from the feeling that he is being slighted by life. It appears that to these persons failure is the easiest solution to life; for if they can make their lives seem sorrowful enough, if they can don a mournful and dejected expression on their faces they are relieved, by their family and friends, of many painful duties and responsibilities. Frustration and disillusionment shall be their only reward.

It may appear that in this article I have at various times flatly contradicted myself, which I fear is all too true, yet this apparent con-

tradiction is the paradox which seems to actually exist in people. They are both responsible and not responsible for their deeds. In the narrowest sense we are really not to blame for our failure, our poor management, our faulty mental habits. Yet, if we can once be jarred loose, if we can once obtain an objective view of ourselves, if we can once see that most of our difficulties are caused by a distinct misdirecting of our mental machinery, then, the responsibility lies with us. The choice is ours, whether we mould our lives into happiness and productivity or allow ourselves to drift languidly along.

To those who are capable of making their mark in the world, to those of ability who apparently can never resolve their dreams into action, to those who could succeed and won't—to these is this article addressed. They are the worst failures of all.

*“For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.”

•The Life Without Passion.—By William Shakespeare.

I have listed ten rules for the attainment of success. I do not claim that they cover, by any means, the whole problem, but I do believe them to be, at least, highly important.

1. *Be self-reliant, disentangle yourself from the lives of others and stand as much as possible on your own feet.*
2. *Don't be too self-indulgent. Don't pamper yourself with everything that you want. Deprive yourself if it is to your ultimate advantage and conduct yourself as a mature individual.*
3. *Don't be overly cautious. Learn to do things intensely. If you make a mistake make it a bad one.*
4. *Never admit to yourself that life is not worth while even if you can see no hope. This is a bad habit and one which will allow you to give up at the first show of resistance.*
5. *Learn not to fear criticism. If it is just avail yourself of the opportunity to learn. If it is unjust ignore it as a natural obstruction in the pathway of those who attempt to succeed.*
6. *Recognize quickly superior qualities in those whom you meet but recognize also those qualities in which you surpass and accept recognition of them modestly.*
7. *Don't make an exhibition of your good qualities but allow them to be drawn out naturally.*
8. *Don't go to too much trouble to gain the esteem of your fellow men. We admire most those persons who direct their lives wisely for themselves.*
9. *Never indulge in self-pity or seek pity from others.*
10. *Cultivate the habit of truthfulness to yourself. This is an art at which few men ever become proficient.*

It May Not Be Psychology—

But I've Beaten Those Middle-Age Years

by **KATHERINE ATHERTON GRIMES**

I NEVER thought about my various attempts at self-discipline as psychology. In fact, I never thought about discipline at all until I was past forty. Then I suddenly realized that I was "going stale." With all I had on my hands, that wasn't going to do.

The staleness was, as I partially realized, due mostly to the fact that fifteen years before I had narrowed down from a variety of interests to a single one. For a good while, that one had been enough to challenge all my energies. Then all at once it wasn't.

It was not that I disliked my work, which was then, and is still, that of an associate editor on a large farm paper. On the contrary, I loved it— But the sight of that desk constantly before me began to get on my nerves. I wanted to plant both feet firmly against its stout mahogany ribs and scream. Finally I did it. It wasn't what used to be called politely a "nervous breakdown," or even a milder and more decent case of nerves. It was only that the single set of interests, which my work necessarily made paramount, needed a supplement.

THE remedy was simple enough, and I knew it. I took a vacation. With my sixteen-year-old son and a year's savings, I started west. For half a year we lived in tourist camps, cow-puncher "hotels," board shacks, with now and then a few days at a city hotel to brush up our civilization. It was open freedom once more, and it was glorious. We went away from home until half our money was gone, then came back on the other half. That scarred desk actually brought tears of joy when I beheld it again.

It was several years before another attack of the "willies" took hold of me. This time a vacation was out of the question; but all the same there had to be some sort of change. I took grave stock of the situation, realizing its meaning and importance more fully than I had before.

Back in the past there were things I had started and never finished, or had wanted to do, but had never done. Don't they call those things "inhibitions" now? Anyway, I thought it might be a good plan to revive some of these

interests for a change. But what should it be? There were so many things my youth had dreamed of doing!

A chance encounter answered the question. At an ad club meeting one day, the guest musician, a pretty, fluffy-haired girl, played a composition that it had once been my highest ambition to master. I walked down the street with her after the meeting, and found that she was a piano teacher. When we reached her studio I went in. I told her what I wanted to do, and also that the date of my last lesson was about the time she was born. We both laughed at the absurdity of the thing, but she gave me a lesson before I left the studio. For five or six years thereafter, more or less regularly, I went back for more. I knew I was just plainly taking medicine, but it was no end of fun, and I really got a great deal of satisfaction out of the fact that I was at last able to play that obstinate opus.

THEN a new angle developed at my office, and I dropped the lessons. I have never gone back to them. Anyway, their work was done, and I was fresh and rested again. More years of intensive work passed. We rode the top wave of the post-war period, like the rest of the world, with spirits keyed to high C. If I was getting older I did not know it—

Until the crash came, and my small interests went down with the rest. I woke up to a cut salary, other losses, the startling necessity for a long session at a hospital, and other minor bewilderments. I knew then I was all of fifty-five, maybe more. But I couldn't quit yet, and didn't want to anyway. Somehow I must again find a remedy for the situation.

It came along this time without my volition, all of itself, chuckling at the trick it was about to play on me. It found me at the very hospital which had looked to me for a while like the end of the road. It was a baby girl, three months old, blue-eyed, with a suspicion of golden fuzz already curling on top of her otherwise bald head. Moreover she was all alone in the world, and my right to her was as good as anybody's. She held up two tiny pink palms. I kissed them (*Continued on page 65*)

Coming Up!

I've a New Fortune—

by CAROLINE M. NEUHAUS

THE depression deprived me of most of a lucrative business and all of my peace of mind. It gave me a leisure I'd often longed for and which I now found to be, under the circumstances, maddening. Worry precipitated a nervous collapse, which brought me to my senses, and started me on the way to sane thinking.

It was then that I remembered the one person who had tried to warn me during the busy, prosperous years. He was a millionaire bachelor. He told me that, as a child, he never enjoyed playing and that his one source of pleasure was the accumulation of money. He said that if he lost a dime it was like sticking a knife into his young heart.

Observing others, spending everything, he felt sorry for them, being convinced that they would all die in the poorhouse. At the age of thirty-two, he suffered a nervous breakdown from which he emerged, rich in pocket, physically insecure, and, he was to learn later, emotionally bankrupt. A bad heart prevented an active business life.

He had money and time for play, but no capacity for the enjoyment of the blessings they afforded. And, with time on his hands, he observed that the people he had expected to die in the poorhouse, had inconsiderately gained a certain amount of pleasure from their irresponsible lives and that those who had died, had at least managed the dignity of their own homes or abodes. He decided that they should have felt sorry for him. I think the memory of his confession helped me most.

WOULD NOT DISSIPATE LEISURE

I DECIDED that though I might be financially poor, I would not dissipate the rich gift of leisure Fate had dropped in my lap. I would get everything possible out of the opportunities granted me and forget what I had lost. I wouldn't even worry about what I was going to lose.

Many years before, I had studied the fundamentals of psychology and this knowledge furnished me with a working basis. From my mind I discarded the things I couldn't change, and decided on what to do about the others.

My health was my first consideration. This entailed a deeper study of psychology, but I was so successful, I quit taking medicine altogether, though for twenty years, I'd been one of those persons who managed to take a dose of something or other every day, whether I needed it or not.

Then came the fulfillment of a great many old desires. All of my spare time, I used for study. I have finished a five year University Extension course in History and Appreciation of Art. I've had one year of the same courses in music, five in literature, a continuous study and development in psychology, considerably strengthened by an exhaustive study of other religions and creeds.

My art work led to a study of the lives of artists, which I found to be so closely interwoven with the fortunes of the rulers who were their patrons, that I followed this thread to the histories of their countries until the past stretched out into a familiar and well-ordered chain.

RESULT WAS GRATIFYING

THE two other things to engage my interest were economics and political history. And the result has been more than gratifying. It's been like having been blind and suddenly being able to see beauty everywhere; like looking at pages written in a foreign tongue and having them suddenly change into fascinating stories and interesting articles in my own language. No, that doesn't express it. It's been like a bad dream in which one is destitute in drab surroundings and wakes to find one's self living in a beautiful world and possessed of everything that's worth having.

My business? I still have it, and though sometimes I don't know how things will turn out, I don't try to plan ahead, and marvelously, things seem to smooth out as I come to them. Sometimes, I have to work fast, but I'm mentally and physically able to give my best, together with a cheerful attitude toward my family and my patrons.

I'm contented because I know I'm doing all that is humanly possible—in every way, and, as to my newly acquired fortune, I know that neither time nor conditions can take it from me.

Your Job and You—

Vocational Problems Discussed*

by CORDELIA MAKARIUS

THE difference between success and failure is the ability of the individual to make the most of his talents, education and environment and the bulldog tenacity which makes him stick to it.

Success does not come from sitting back and *wishing* for it. Success means hours of tedious labor by one's self—a preparation for the big opportunity *when* it presents itself.

Opportunity comes not *once* but *many times*. You must develop the ability to recognize it when it comes and be prepared for the burdens as well as for the fruits of opportunity. Cease being a WISHER. Become a DOER.

To illustrate what I mean I am going to

asset in the business world. What I am trying to find out is if it would be worthwhile to spend the time and money on this subject.

Here is what I have to say to this young man.

I can hardly blame you for feeling that the present situation is one in which you are being taken advantage of—due in large measure, to conditions in general. With your experience and ability you *should* be getting more money.

In the meantime, regard your present position as one in which you are gaining valuable experience for a future job. I should think that you could train very well for the position

Opportunity comes not once, but many times. You must develop the ability to recognize it when it comes

quote several letters. The first is from a young man who will be a success because he recognizes the need for *preparing for success*. He writes:

Dear Miss Makarius:

I have read your article in PSYCHOLOGY magazine and would greatly appreciate any advice you can give me.

I am a young man of thirty and have been with the concern I am now working for about nine years. I am employed as a secretary to two executives who do a great deal of sales work. Consequently, when they are out of town the responsibility of the office is on my shoulders and I believe that I have shown ability to take care of anything that came up while they were away. I was getting a salary of \$40 a week, but during the depression it has been cut to \$25 a week. I take dictation, compose my own letters, and sometimes call on a customer. I am of the opinion, however, that by this time I should have been promoted to a higher position paying more money. I now feel that I ought to secure a position elsewhere.

I have given considerable thought to studying law, not to be a lawyer but to have it as an

of office manager for some large firm. These positions pay from \$50 a week up.

I personally know an office manager who is a lawyer and licensed to practice. He finds the job of office managing more lucrative than having a practice of his own. His knowledge of law comes in handily and his name is used by the firm for which he works to facilitate bad collections.

I certainly would recommend that you take a law course if you have the time and money. The legal training is excellent, not only because the knowledge of law is good within itself, but also because the training it gives you in logic is fine.

Now is the time to lay your foundation for a better position. Business is picking up and you should get in on the ground floor.

In contrast to the problem which we have just discussed comes a letter from a school-teacher. She writes:

Dear Miss Makarius:

Perhaps you can help me, too.

I have taught school for seven or eight

*If you wish a personal reply to a vocational problem, write Miss Makarius, care of Psychology Magazine.

years—and still the only good points to the job (for that's what it is) are the pay cheques and the time off. I am extremely interested in astronomy, out-door life and languages. I have never had the opportunity to go away to study at college so I suppose astronomical work is out of the question.

School work, I find such a drain that I really haven't much pep left for work with interesting things. I'd love to make my life work something that I am interested in. Being a misfit is misery.

My sympathies are truly with this girl—

It is up to each of us to use what talents we have. If we do, no circumstance is too great for us to conquer

still I want soundly to shake her. She has some marvelous opportunities but she is not making use of them.

What are you doing with your long summer vacations, Miss P.? What wouldn't some of us give to have approximately thirteen weeks in the summer time to read and study? Why don't you attend the college summer sessions and study astronomy so that you can eventually teach it—or take up nature study courses so that you can do that work which you say is a joy to you? Are you studying anything at home that will prepare you for the work you want to do?

If you love the outdoors and nature why don't you apply for a job as a counselor in a summer camp for girls during the school vacation period? This would give you a chance to get out of doors and to do a little studying of the subjects you like. Often there are advertisements giving opportunity for this type of work.

Did you ever think of talking things over with your principal and finding out if he will let you begin a small class in one of your favorite subjects?

Your business course might come in handily if you could go to a large city and take courses in your favorite subjects. You could work during the day and take your courses at night.

And I beg of you—use the time at your disposal to bring your goal that much nearer to you. Don't wish—ACT.

It's those of us who are suddenly thrown on our own resources that find ourselves most at sea. I admire the courage of Mrs. M. E. who writes to me as follows:

Dear Miss Makarius:

It is most necessary that I go to work. I never have had any training in anything special. I used to have a flair for nursing—but to enter a hospital one must have a high school education. What can I do?

If you have a flair for nursing, Mrs. M. E., but do not have the necessary education to take the regular course, you could become a practical nurse. Consult your own physician as well as others and tell them that you are on call for work of that type. Many cases can be given over to women who are not trained nurses and sometimes people prefer practical nurses because the cost is less than for a graduate nurse.

In addition, put a small advertisement in your local newspaper saying that you will do practical nursing. If you have a telephone have the company list your name as a practical nurse. I'm sure that you could soon be kept busy with this.

In addition get some good books on nursing and first-aid from the library and study them as well as books on sick room dietetics. You should be able to get anywhere from \$15 a week and your board and room up to about \$25 for this work.

It is up to each of us to use what talents we have. If we do, no circumstance is too great to conquer.

Now is the time to lay your foundation for a better position. Business is picking up—get in on the ground floor

William A. Engle Says:

1. Ambition is the spur which goads man to his GOAL.
2. The law of life is, either GO ahead or DROP back.
3. The love of SELF drives away the affection of others.
4. When a man LOSES his temper, he finds a FOOL.
5. The wise man learns his best lessons from his own folly.
6. He who helps others to help themselves is man's greatest AID.
7. Courage CONQUERS the very thing that CONQUERED the coward.

Can "In-Laws" Agree?

by VARIOUS READERS

Because the "In-Law" story, "Silver and Gold" recently published in this magazine was of particular interest to many readers, we asked for expressions on the psychology of the "In-Law" problem. Below are some of the answers received. We shall publish more in a later issue.

"THEY REALLY Did LIKE ME!"

I HAD so wanted them to like me and accept me into their family circle. Being an orphan I had dreamed of the day when I should claim through marriage a real mother and father. Of course they were kind, but coldly kind, and I knew they felt they must accept me as long as Eddie had "dragged me in."

I did my very best with this new game of marriage, but it was all so new to me, cooking and cleaning and sewing, and I had never worked before. Then the twins came. The grandparents simply idolized them and of course I was glad of this but they didn't like me any better. When the kiddies were old enough they said slighting things about me which caused the youngsters to be saucy and hard to manage. I grieved over this and Eddie tried to comfort me. Once he said:

"It's just their way, Honey, they really do like you and if anything happened, or if you died, they couldn't say enough nice things about you."

I felt that I would almost have been willing to die if this was true.

Sometimes they even criticized me to Eddie, pointing out my faults and bragging on some other girl. I just hugged my grief closer and tried harder to be the kind of a wife they wanted Eddie to have, yes, even tried harder to please them than to please Eddie. I just trusted Eddie and his love for me to make all things come out right.

But things didn't work out that way at all. Eddie fell in love with another girl who was much further from their ideal than even I. He went away with his new love and left the twins and myself to do the best we could alone.

And the in-laws! Well they are the dearest, loveliest mother and father in all the world. They love me now and we are one big

happy family. But I often wonder why things couldn't have been like this in the beginning.

O. M. P.

"I'VE LOST MY SON," SAYS MOTHER

ONE eminent psychologist declares that there is a little of the feeling of sex that enters into the love of a mother for her son, of a daughter for her father. He cites instances that to him at least prove the fact that very early a boy baby is jealous of his father, that his mother loves him a little differently from the way she loves her daughters.

Whether this be true or not—I hate to believe it—the fact remains that the bond between mother and son, and that between father and daughter is very close.

If a daughter is absolutely honest she will admit that no matter how much she loves her mother, at times she resents her; at times she feels an antagonism which reveals itself in dreams where she is quarreling bitterly with her mother. And at times a mother must feel this same emotion especially after daughter is old enough to take an active interest in the home and its conduct.

All this being known how can we doubt that there is a decided psychological reason why mothers-in-law can never be genuine friends with the women their sons marry?

I am sure there is such a reason. My conversations with other women lead me to feel that it is true.

A mother of a son always says, when he marries: "I've LOST my son; we were such pals; I'm alone now." Her tone is as dismal as if he were dead.

If she has been the dominating type of mother, the sort who handled her son's money, bought his clothes, read his letters (surreptitiously if no other way), and advised him on all questions, she is out of a job when he marries.

Do not think for a minute that there are not that sort of mothers! There are, today. I know several personally. Some of them have wrecked their son's marriage; others have made life so unhappy for him that it has meant practically wreckage.

To such a mother (*Continued on page 63*)

In the Psychologist's Office

by LAWRENCE GOULD

The question, "Just what does the psychologist do?" is so often asked, that each month, we shall have a consulting psychologist tell you of actual cases.

IF ALL questions, the one the psychologist oftenest hears is, "Whatever made me do that?"

For example, there was a young man, a client of mine, who had remained single somewhat longer than most men do, even nowadays.

He had no dependents and no bad habits; he was sufficiently good looking for all ordinary purposes; his manners, so far as I could see, were pleasing, and, last but by no means least, he was decidedly successful in his business. Also, by his own confession, he was very lonely—above all for feminine society.

"And yet," said he, "do you know that every time I get a chance to talk to a girl—especially a pretty one—I am so rude to her that she never wants to see me again? I can think beforehand of all sorts of compliments, all sorts of interesting things to talk of; but the moment I begin to speak I find myself being disagreeable and sarcastic. It seems in particular as if I could not think of mean enough things to say about girls and women. The result is that I have the reputation of being a woman hater, and the girls in the office avoid me as if I had smallpox. Why do I act that way?"

AGAIN, there was a young woman (and there have been many like her) who was heartbroken because she had quarreled with her sweetheart.

"Goodness knows," she said, "I don't blame Joe for being angry with me. It would serve me right if I never saw him again. I picked on him last night for something that I knew all the time he hadn't done; and the more he insisted that he hadn't done it, the more certain I appeared to be that he had. Then when he at last got angry and started to go home, I wanted like everything to call him back; but somehow I simply could not get the words out. What in the world was the matter with me?"

IN BOTH of these cases, as in any case, the answer might be quite a long one. The fact is that the motives behind human thought and action are neither simple nor easy to discover. Most of us admit that there are times when our own words and actions seem to defy explanation. We say things we don't mean; we are angry when by every law of common sense we ought to be indifferent; we are frightened when we know that there is nothing to be frightened about; we are hurt or annoyed although conscience tells us that we should be pleased and grateful.

There is, of course, nothing new in the fact that men do things which they honestly assert they neither planned nor wanted to do; and there have been all sorts of attempts to explain it. In primitive times, people used to say that they had been bewitched or "conjured," while the explanation current in the Middle Ages was that they were "possessed" by an evil spirit. Nowadays the average man is likely to say simply that he "lost his head"; and in so saying—if you understand the words correctly—he is quite right. But what does "his head" mean?

WE assume—and, so far as I know, we assume rightly—that our minds control our bodies. Everything our bodies do, and everything our lips say, is the result of some mental process. It is in our minds, then, that we must look for the answer to our question. But the important fact, and the fact that is most likely to escape us, is that our minds are made up of much more than the thoughts, emotions, and sensations we are consciously aware of.

All the time, indeed, a wide variety of work is going on in our minds of which ordinary consciousness knows nothing. When we read, for instance, all that we have ever learned of the formation of the letters, of spelling and grammar and pronunciation, is really in action, helping us to understand the author's meaning—and yet we know nothing of it. When we form our "first impression" of a person we meet, many past experiences and (Continued on page 60)

Don't Change Your Mind!

Your Child Will Notice It

by EDNA BRAND MANN

"POP, read me the funny paper," says five-year-old Junior.

"No, be quiet," Pop snaps, glaring at Junior, his finger keeping his place on the stock market quotations.

"Aw Pop, go ahead, just read me Pop-Eye and the Katzenjammer Kids—ah, pop," Junior whines.

"No," roars Pop, "Can't I even have a little peace on Sunday? Chase yourself now, before I lick you."

Junior blubbers. He opens his jaws and yells, yells so that the neighbors might think he is getting killed.

"All right, give me the paper—anything to shut you up," says Pop.

So Junior stops crying and starts grinning. This little scene, and the many others like it, have taught him a very real lesson. He has learned that Pop really doesn't mean what he says, but can be brought around if his son only makes himself enough of a pest. This he has learned to do with no little skill.

Almost always Pop says "No" at first. But tease enough, whine enough—best of all, embarrass Pop before company, and he will come to any terms.

Junior began learning this lesson in the cradle very soon after he was born. His parents had been told by the hospital doctor not to pick Junior up when he cried, but simply to go to him, be sure that nothing was wrong, and then to leave him alone to cry until he stopped. It would not take Junior long, the doctor said, to find that crying as a rule did not pay. Like all other infants who are trained properly, he would learn to cry only when something was really wrong.

Well, this sounded sensible enough and the first night at home, the parents bravely stuck to the plan. Baby cried, but they did not lift him. At least the mother did only once, and he stopped crying immediately—which proved to her that the little imp only wanted to be lifted.

The next night was different. Said the father, "I'll rock him and quiet him just this one night." And after that there was a

struggle between the parents every night. Mother was for following the doctor's advice and teaching the baby not to cry. Sometimes she won. But father was for doing the easiest thing at the moment. And baby was for father. It didn't take him long to put two and two together. The way to be picked up and carried was to cry, to cry loud and furiously, and this he did.

The older Junior got, the better he learned his lesson, the lesson that his father's weakness taught him. It pays to be bad. You get rewarded for being a pest. Sometimes you get a spanking, of course. But usually, you get what you want. It's worth gambling on. And anyhow, you can always be sure of excitement.

Now, why is it that a man like Junior's father who makes such a success of his business life, is such a failure in his job as parent? It is because in business he has set himself certain standards and specifications. He has decided upon certain plans and ways to carry them out. He sticks to his plans. He looks ahead for years and figures how each day's work shall fit into the general scheme.

But at home what does this same man do? At home he wants only to rest, not to think. He makes no plans except the short-sighted one to do whatever seems easiest at the moment. Perhaps he assumes that children don't remember what you do from one time to the next, that you don't have to be firm or regular in dealing with them, that it really doesn't matter.

There was never a greater mistake. Children remember, and their earliest impressions are strongest. They are as keen as the keenest business man to see what pays and how they can get their own way. If nagging and teasing will turn the deal, nagging and teasing will be their tactics.

But if the parent knows his own mind, the child will quickly sense that teasing is a waste of time. When he knows he must obey in the end, he is far more likely to obey in the beginning—and this is far pleasanter and healthier for both parent and child.

Peaches—

Their Dietary Value

by **DR. J. DOUGLAS THOMPSON**

BUILD MUSCLES WITH POTASSIUM

THE first element found in peaches, which makes it such a supremely beneficial fruit, is potassium. Potassium is found in your body in the form of sulphate of potassium, which is the mineral basis of all muscular tissues and gives them their characteristic pliancy and ability to perform each activity during the course of daily work.

Potassium is also found in all of the red blood corpuscles of your body, and is sufficiently found in your white blood cells, which are in reality the policemen of your blood stream. Potassium is even found in the brain; without it organic life would be utterly impossible, for it performs a fascinating and magnetic purpose in uniting the blood cells of your body with the food you have eaten.

Potassium salts are really indispensable, because they play so important a part in the digestion of all fatty and starchy foods. They materially help to digest the most difficult types of food that could enter your body, such as meat, fish, poultry and game, for potassium breaks down all the proteins of these foods and converts them into what is scientifically known as peptones. It is in this state that meat, fish, poultry and game are able to enter your blood stream from your intestinal tract and thus become of value to you in nourishing that body of yours. Hence, potassium forms the first reason why peaches should be a part of your regular daily diet.

AMONG the many foods containing potassium are almonds, bran, blackberries, carrots, cocoanuts, cabbage, chestnuts, cress, dates, dill, dandelion greens, olives, endives, figs, gooseberries, herbs, huckleberries, lentils, lettuce, meat of all types, prunes, parsley, peppermint leaves, romaine, spinach, sage, Swiss chard, nuts of all types, whole grain wheats of all types, such as oats, barley, rice, whole wheat, etc., and wintergreen.

CLEANSING FLUID OF THE BODY

THE second element contained within the peach is hydrogen. This element is essential in not only the process of digestion, but also that of absorption. It is a solvent of those two mysterious chemicals known as chyme and chyle, each of which is necessary for dissolving the waste poisons which must be removed from your body by way of the pores of your skin.

The amount of water necessitated for the body depends primarily upon the climate in which you live and the occupation in which you are engaged. If the climate is an extremely warm one, and the occupation that of ranching, it would not be unusual for your body to require from three quarts to even as much as a gallon of water every day. While, if you live in a cool climate, and follow an indoor occupation that does not require any strenuous form of exercise, then your need for water would rarely if ever exceed that of one quart per day.

Therefore, the greater the functional activity of the body and its organs, the greater is your need for water, which is best satisfied by the hydrogen or water contained in fresh fruits and vegetables rather than that which you get from the tap. Hence, water forms the second reason why peaches should be a part of your regular daily diet.

CALCIUM, BUILDER OF STURDY BONES

THE third element found within peaches is calcium. Within the human body there are three pounds and twelve ounces of calcium, which is so extremely valuable in the building of bony tissues. The body that lacks calcium is subject to tooth decay, fallen arches, softening of the bones and lime starvation. Calcium is necessary for the formation of the hundreds of bones in the body, and also for every part of your organism as well, for lime and iron are necessary for the production of the cells of your red blood corpuscles, which in turn are essential for correct breathing or

(Continued on page 56)



Nudism *May* Be Godliness

by GARNET HAMRICK

The article "Nudism Is Nakedness" in August Psychology attracted much attention and brought forth wide response. Psychology is glad to give space to the other side of the question.

IT is well for the would-be analytical mind to divest itself of too-biased thinking before it begins its analysis. No matter what the subject, it may be discussed from varied angles. There is more than one side to everything and every thought.

In no wise do I wish to resort to debate on the question of nudism, but rather, as a student of psychology, to dig up some of the reasoning back of it and bring to light some of its aspects which serve as values to human beings.

Advocates of nudism are aware that the idea itself is not original with twentieth century thinkers. They do not claim to be introducing a new thing. They are holding fast to an old practice which may prove itself good in meeting the needs of personalities.

Why should men and women discard their clothing and live together in groups in the open country? What do they mean by the term *getting back to nature*? Do advocates of nudism uphold their theories by means of unsteady props? It is not well to fling one's head at so flimsy a conclusion.

When man divests himself of his garb one of two things invariably happens: Either he reacts to the sight of his body with the feeling that he is naked and ought to be clothed, or he is naturally unconcerned. If a man *feels* naked, he *is* naked. The thought in itself strips him bare and he is self-conscious before the mirror of his own mind. Therein lies the difference between nudism and nakedness.

The nude man is no more, no less, than *body* created by God and *soul* that accepts the worthiness of body. The moment man becomes uneasy without the shelter of his outer garments he is no longer nude, but he is naked. It is his thinking that makes him so, makes him shrink, embarrasses him. *Attitude* separates the terms *nude* and *naked*.

HAS TO BE HIMSELF

LET us go on with what happens to a man when he leaves off his clothes: He is himself. He has to be. His pompous airs and polished dignities are gone. Unconsciously he lays them aside with his street suit. If he tries his little tricks at strutting and ram-panting he succeeds merely in making himself ridiculous . . . There is nothing, not even Socialism, that puts men on an equal footing like nudism . . .

Clothes have a tendency to throw highlights on people. Strip some of them bare and you will discover whimpering weaklings. Man's dress

suit is his protection, his means of elegance that helps him to impress the world. Take it away from him and he has no approach other than himself. There is nothing left but personality of the *within-ness*, nothing except what he thinks of himself and what he makes other people think of him. It is an excellent starting point for learning values.

The nudist does not himself revert to the stage of animalism in getting back to nature. If he does, he is not a nudist. He is a depraved human who drops back to the other side of the animal phase. Getting back to nature implies the freeing of self from the trappings of present day civilization. It does not mean abandonment to low tendencies or coarse desires. It implies utter simplicity in living. It means getting closer to the clean earth and its elements. In reality it is an effort at getting back to vitality and God. And in this "getting back" man may find himself a new creature.

RELEASES PERSONALITIES

NUDISM has the power of releasing personalities from the bonds of inhibition. It *has* done so. It *is* doing so. But one does not assert that it is the need of every personality. Men and women who go into nudist camps and come away feeling that no benefit has been derived are justified in remaining outside the groups. But no man or woman is justified in questioning or condemning the motives of such groups that feel their activities to be of value to them as members of society.

Nudism has nothing to do with ill-taste, vulgarity, or the commonplace . . . Minds make of anything the commonplace . . . Nudism is not a *cult*. A cult has to do with the rites and ceremonies of religion. Nudism is not a religion. It is a mode of living. It does not create sex motives. Rather, it eliminates them by divesting the human body of its provocative cloak of mystery.

The soul that is shocked by the body is a defeated soul . . . Beauty of body has to do with more than graceful line or pleasing proportion. The man and woman who can stand upright, with clear eyes and a song welling up within, is beautiful whether he or she is slim, fat, short, or tall. The human body takes on beauty from within itself . . . that inner self of us all . . . Therefore, let us tread lightly and softly on the nudist camping grounds, drawing but one conclusion: There is no place there for the man or woman who is *naked*.



Voodoo Nights

(Continued from page 19)

very tired indeed—tired of the terrible, monotonous climate, tired of using the white man's logic to combat the child minds around him. He had been a long time in Haiti. He was familiar with what toll the heavy, perpetual heat, long continued, often takes from the white man. A heaviness was on his spirits when, one day, what seemed a bundle of rags was brought to headquarters. "She's a *loup-garou*," witnesses shrieked, and the bundle was revealed as a woman reputed to be a were-wolf.

"SHE was small, with enormous dark eyes that fairly shot fire," the Captain recalled. "Many there were to accuse her, one woman carrying wisps of a white baptismal robe which belonged to her dead infant, whose blood the *loup-garou* had taken, as she declared." But the women, in touch with the voodoo cult, which still possessed undeniable influence, managed to make her accusers deadly afraid. They faded away, even the woman with the robe.

The prisoner, confined in a cell, was said to be doing something mysterious. The captain investigated. He found she had a rag doll, designed to be his psychic image. "Somehow she had gotten clippings of my hair, parings from my nails and other matters

needed to make a very deadly *wanga*," he said. He learned that every day she stuck sharp instruments into the *wanga*, undoubtedly accompanied with the curses she would bring on him. Once, the captain would have laughed at this, of course, but now, half ill, tired, not himself, he was conscious of extreme annoyance. But the woman was released and he forgot about her.

He grew worse physically. Summer advanced. The captain slept badly, often waking from uneasy sleep, drenched with perspiration. He knew he was not himself. "The lotus cup of the tropics contains an insidious poison. Thought became difficult," he said, recalling it. One morning, he awoke with sharp, stabbing pains "and although one moment I laughed at it, and was annoyed with myself, the next I dwelt on that woman and her rag doll . . . I began to have a tolerant feeling toward the people in history who burned witches."

In two weeks, he had lost twenty pounds. "Flesh melted from my bones, my mind raced like a weary motorcycle rider . . . I could not straighten out my thoughts . . . the woman . . . the rag doll . . . In my lucid moments, I admitted a psychosis, aggravated by too big a dose of tropic life." But the captain, surrounded by those who feared for him, was suffering tortures, felt that he was growing worse and

scarcely knew which way to turn when one day he had a visitor.

This was a little black man, who had official connection with the Port au Prince Police, and he was a back stairs link with the Voodoo fraternity. "I can help you," he assured the captain solemnly. He asked for five days' leave to visit a native village. "When he left, I was in a condition bordering on insanity. Rather suddenly, I felt a change. By the time he came jogging back, I had the will to live and was master of my nerves. Of his departure and my recovery, nothing more was said. Afterwards he presented me with a "good luck" *wanga*, and—well, I keep it," laughed the captain.

"But of course you think it veriest nonsense!" I remarked.

"Considered in the light of a cool American city, it does indeed seem so," the captain conceded. "But sometimes when the moon shines through the window—"

Just here the noises from Times Square broke into his reverie, I rose to go and Haiti and its distant, strange beliefs, its atmosphere faded, but all down the elevator and out into the street the thought drummed, drummed, "We are brothers under the skin. Superstition courses through the blood of the human race . . . how deep . . . how deep?"

*Black Bagdad, Minton Balch Co.

The Century of Progress

(Continued from page 33)

COME TRUE) of a Century of Progress, the world was caught in the grip of the century's most devastating calamity.

The giving way of the financial structure at first seemed of greatest moment, but with the crash resounding round the world, there was presented a far more grave condition than that of material loss; the loss of FAITH and COURAGE, and the wave of fear which swept the earth, and the loss of confidence which threatened to envelop the whole of our humankind, were difficult to cope with.

Yet, in the face of all the confusion of tongues, the promoters of *A Century of Progress* never took their shoulders from the wheel. True to the spirit of their foreparents, who braved the wilds in their first trek westward, and to the other courageous souls who rebuilt their city after the fire of 1871, they knew no such word as fail.

Why? Because they had chosen two

little words as their slogan; knowing full well that if one is to stand erect against every wind that blows, or move forward, there must be a guiding star, "I WILL" became that star, and by its power they were swept forward until three days before the original date set for the opening, they knew the joy of looking out of the windows of THE BUILDING OF DREAMS COME TRUE at a scene so colorful as to remind one of a gay fiesta—their job well done.

How enraptured these men and women must have been on the evening of the opening day!—when the captive beam of light from the orange star Arcturus aided by the century's progress in modern science turned the MAGIC CITY of their dreams into a symphony of color.

A Magic City they had seen rise upon four hundred and twenty-eight acres of land where only water had been so brief a time before. And as the big beacon atop the tower of the

Hall of Science swept the grounds, and they turned to look across the blue waters of the lagoon at a picture, the beauty of which had never been seen on land or sea, they likely felt assured that for the price of effort and faith, an outstanding achievement was at the point of realization.

Let's hope that when our good "Old Ship of State" glides into smooth harbor—and IT WILL—that the folk of this good earth will be open-minded enough to dateline the end of an era of confusion, as May 27th, and will be happy to join in the according of high honors to the loyal men and women who so well demonstrated the truth of their slogan—"I WILL," as well as our old copybook maxims, "In union there is strength" and "Where there is a will there is a way." Too much praise cannot be given an achievement which has markedly helped to lift a weight from the hearts of a people, who had been so enmeshed in the tangled threads of FEAR.

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:—L. O. writes:

Why is it that no matter what is said I am always on the defensive and it causes an argument? I do not mean to be this way and realize that it causes people to dislike me, but it just seems to come out without my giving it any conscious direction. I have lost many friends in this way and have suffered a great deal from remorse following heated arguments I have had. Can you suggest some way that I might correct this?

ANSWER:

This mental state you describe is due entirely to habits you have formed. It is not quite a conscious act, but a subconscious one, and you know subconscious acts frequently repeated are nothing more or less than habit.

You are perhaps naturally of an analytical nature, and have formed the habit of viewing things from a destructive standpoint. You constantly look for the flaws and weaknesses in people and statements made, in place of the stronger and better things. This is very unfair to yourself and others.

It takes away from you an avenue of development and improvement which an open mind and constructive argument could bring. If you were to go to a florist's and select the prettiest rose you could find, you would be sure to find some flaws in it. But how much better it would be to hold this rose off and say—"What a beautiful rose!"

There is no such thing as perfection, and to live in this world and be happy we must just ignore the many weaknesses and flaws it is so full of. A prisoner before the bar of justice, though in appearance guilty, must be viewed by the jury as innocent until

proven to be guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. If this prisoner had to prove his innocence, our prisons would be full of men and women who were innocent victims of circumstances. Try to take the opposite view from what you have. Be fair, be impartial and be tolerant. This habit you express shows that you are not as big as you should be and puts you in a bad light. Try to look at the constructive and creative side of a question and then put it up to weakness to prove you are wrong.

QUESTION:—W. O. E. writes:

I wish to ask you a question of perhaps an unusual nature, but one which may make quite a difference in my state of health. I am in quite a run-down condition, partly I presume due to worry, my appetite is poor and I am underweight. I have had two or three tell me that they thought perhaps a little beer daily for a while would help me. I am not opposed to drinking it, but simply wish to know whether you feel that it could in any way assist me.

ANSWER:

It is just possible that, say three glasses of beer a day, might help you some. I have known it to in a great many instances. Beer has such a small alcoholic content that it cannot harm you from that point of view, and it does contain a great deal of nourishment. Try it out and let your test answer your question.

QUESTION:—J. M. writes:

When I was a very young man I was terrified by the sound of a band. I have always had what are termed "nervous headaches," of late years not

so bad as formerly. I work at top speed and am inclined to be unfair with those who fail to do so. I am ready to forgive a fault, never hold resentment, quick to resent any injustice, but willing afterward to help that same person if he is in trouble. In other words, I lack self-control, but as soon as the period of temper is passed I regret what I have done. Can you suggest anything that might help me in my fight?

ANSWER:

Your entire trouble is that you are sensitive with a highly developed emotional side to your life, and you have not practiced control in the way you might. Instead of doing things and then regretting it I would strive to check these emotional outbreaks right in the beginning. If you learn to handle a wrong thought when it puts in an appearance, before it becomes a feeling, you will have a much easier task before you.

Your fear of a band was simply emotion flowing through unnatural channels. For instance, a band thrills me and sends an emotional wave up and down my spine that makes me feel like following that band for miles. I, too, am emotional, but you see the direction of emotional flow is determined by one's viewpoint. If you will just learn to love a band, or any other unreasonable thing that you fear, in place of holding the thought toward it that you do, you will find your emotion being expressed in a very different manner. Through training I have taught people actually to love things that they once feared or even hated. Release emotional life, and better control your consideration and I feel sure that you will make adjustments that will mean a bigger and happier life.

"OUR CORNER"

One of the definitions the dictionary gives for "AMATEUR" is, "One who practices an art for the love of it." Those who wish to express themselves, either in prose or poetry, are invited to contribute to this column. Unused material cannot be returned.

"Psychology"

Feeling blue and terribly dejected
Met "Psychology"; suddenly detected
An immediate change
In just every range,
As in a frenzy I perused each page
My fears flew out, as a bird from a cage.

I learned about personality,
I read about grave reality,
And I met a friend
Good and true to the end;
Without ceremology
His name's "Psychology."

Edith Williams,
350 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.

* * *

The Answer's Up To You

"God helps those who help themselves"—

This is a proverb true—
If you pray for help—remember,
The answer's up to you.

"God helps those who help themselves"—

The thing for you to do,
Ask God to help you *hustle*,
The answer's up to you.

"God helps those who help themselves"

Your job's to vow anew
You'll do your best, God helping—
The answer's up to you.

"God helps those who help themselves"

Each day keep this in view—
You'll get somewhere in knowing
The answer's up to you.

Kate Downing Ghent,
274 N. Arlington Ave., East Orange,
N. J.

* * *

It's Chore Time

In those care-free days of childhood
We glimpsed those beautiful sun-sets,

On our trips with loads of wood.
Blue sky, illumined by a golden disk,

Pierced by purple trees,
And draped in orange strips;
We must not gaze at the picture,
For it's chore time.

We dream on a sweet summer evening
While the swallows flit about,
And the meadow-larks start to sing;
The air is scented with perfume,

The fields are covered with blossoms,
All nature seems in tune,
But we must wake from our musings,
For it's chore time.

You work all day at heavy toil,
At cleaning house or setting hens,
Or hoe and rake in the garden soil,
You mow the lawn or help make hay;
You are weary and tired at sunset,
You would like to stop, call it a day,
You cannot stop now,
For it's chore time.

The radio plays and sings a song,
Gives us the weather, markets too,
And jazzy tunes the whole night long.
Our modern prophets have their say,
The well known Cadman and Fosdick too
Are only on at the close of day,
But we cannot listen
For it's chore time.

I wonder, if when my day is done
Here on this earthly sphere,
And the roll is called one by one,
The task complete, the judgment day

My crown at last,
Or will I hear St. Peter say
You cannot come here,
For it's chore time.

Nora Bigham,
R. No. 1, Amsden, O.

* * *

Together

A cool breeze ran lightly across the lawn
As eventide crept up 'pon a most glorious day.
Beside me sat a wondrous person.

One who filled my heart with an overbrimming glee.
As I let soft glances fall upon her beauteous face
A face that radiated happy thought from a laughing soul,

I was happy.
Happy, because she was happy.
She smiled down at me
And I drank every bit she had to offer.
Then kissed her gently
For she bestowed warmth upon me.

Leroy Hieber,
150 Bay 34th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

I Made Money!

The event was a birthday celebration for the head of the family. It was a big party. My friends, his friends, our mutual friends, and all our mutual relatives were in attendance. The company was so large that we served buffet, with near-beer as one of the liquid refreshments.

Afterwards, there were boxes and boxes of empty bottles, and several days afterwards, looking at these, I had an idea.

"I might as well make a little change off those bottles," I told myself and watched for a rag man. When one appeared, I easily made a sale, the man handing me seventeen cents for the entire lot and hastening, I have no doubt, down the alley. Afterwards, the bottling company collected six dollars and forty cents from me for those empty bottles and I could not say a word. Since then, I stop my ears when I hear a raucous "Rags, bottles and old iron" down our alley.

Lois Greenwald, Peoria, Ill.

Power of Suggestion

(Continued from page 27)

what is ahead, and with buying power diminished, firms begin to lay off help. Times will be normal as soon as perfect confidence in yourself, in the future and in the stability of this country and government is firmly established.

Although suggestion usually enters through the conscious mind, we may not at the time be entirely awake to this, for we have formed certain habits which permit these things to enter without resistance. I believe it is safe to say that the average man and woman is more or less pessimistic. Do you realize what this means? It means first that you draw toward you things of a negative and weakening character, for pessimism is found on that plane of life; it means that you have formed a habit of permitting weakness instead of strength to enter and you become attuned to such things in life.

Do you realize what this wrong form of suggestion does to you? All depressing thoughts lower your vitality and tone, cause nerve supersensitiveness,

create functional inaction through tension and a poor circulation, and thus make you fertile soil for the growth of very real diseases. And it is all very unnecessary.

Begin to KNOW YOURSELF better and learn of the wonderful powers which reside within you—that are ready and willing to respond at your call. Don't fall back on the lame excuse—"I have inherited certain weaknesses and through it I am more or less 'fate-driven'; for that is not true. Even though you have inherited a sensitive nature, a tendency toward nervousness, or some other ailment, that is merely a tendency. It is not final.

Get away from that fate-driven, pessimistic attitude and form habits of thought that will open the doors wide to a full and free expression of your God-given powers.

If you feel yourself a weakling, it is likely you are simply under the power of depressing suggestions. These can be removed.

Life Goes On

(Continued from page 36)

directly from the consciousness, that is all. We should never make the mistake we constantly do of supposing our material bodies to be really ourselves. They are not. *Ourselves* come only from God, the creator of all life. It is not in the protoplasm, it is not in the heart or brain, any more than music is in the violin or in the printed sheet of music.

On this plane we occasionally have telepathic communication with each other. We are never isolated in the one great universe, never cut off either from each other or from our Creator. It is true you can damage the brain or any other part of the body so that it ceases to function, but you cannot destroy the mind. If you smash an instrument, it cannot play; but you cannot *destroy* music. A soldier may return from the front so mutilated that he has no more arms or legs, and yet his consciousness may be more than ever sensitive and alive.

Helen Keller with two senses sees more beauty and has more understanding of life than we with five. A hurt body usually means a keener soul. And by the same token when the body is usable no more, the consciousness is not lost. It is functioning better, on a more attenuated plane. Personality, character, memory *survive*.

The spiritual world is always the reality, this life the temporary and curious episode. Matter only looms so large to us because of our animal senses. All ultimate realities, all our highest conceptions—poetic, artistic, yes, and scientific—lie in the unseen, the immaterial, the ideal. Our evolution is an unfolding of latent possibilities; the whole mechanism of the universe is subordinate to that great end.

Psychic Wireless

(Continued from page 35)

is no different—when one stops to consider—from which the radio draws out of the unseen. The mind can be tuned in under certain conditions. Concentration, I dare say, plays an important part.

I will relate just a few of the instances that I have experienced.

I have a friend who is away from home about ten months out of every year. When he is in town I sense a sort of nearness to this person. He too, has had the same experience, and too, has remarked that there must be something to mental telepathy. We are of a similar artistic temperament, which may account for this psychical condition.

There are times when a name of a

THE ALL-ROUND BUSINESS MAN NOW FACES HIS BIG CHANCE



THIS MESSAGE is addressed to men who want to profit by the upswing in business.

Out of every hundred men who read this—men now earning from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year—a few, a *very few*, will get large salary increases in the next two years.

Not everybody will make money in the business revival. That is the particular point about business conditions today that is most important for you to remember. *Not everybody will make money.*

Who is going to make money?

Certainly not the man content to plod along in his present position and *wait* for a rosy future. Right now business (and that means *your* company) is beginning to reach out for men with new ideas. What does business expect? Just this: Men with experience, vision, and the business training that makes them *bigger* than their present jobs. Men whose business knowledge is up to date. Men who can accept bigger responsibilities, and *lead*—not follow some one else's worn-out ideas. In the shuffle of the next two years some men will step ahead fast—on merit.

How can a man get this broad

executive training and the confidence it brings? Must he wait for the slow, painful growth built on bitter experience?

No. For 25 years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been teaching the very things that have helped more than 400,000 men forge ahead financially.

To men who are sick of standing still financially, men determined to *do something* about it, we offer a copy of a little book. It is called "What a Business Man Must Know Today." It is for men who should be earning much more money, but somehow lack the self-confidence to step out and get it. It explains some of the changes that are taking place today. It tells how you can equip yourself to take your place in the new business structure with confidence and increased earning power.

This booklet is for men of serious purpose only. It will take half an hour to read, and it is free. Frankly, it is difficult for us to understand how any man who intends to make himself independent in the next five years can afford *not* to read it. Send for your copy today. It will come to you by mail, without obligation.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

To the ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 718 Astor Place, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)
Send me "What a Business Man Must Know Today," which I may keep without charge.

Name Age

Business Address

Business Position

person will continually flash through my mind, without there seeming to be any particular reason. When this occurs, I know that the person is trying to get in touch with me.

I often have thought strongly of telephoning someone, and when I yielded to the suggestion the person often has told me that my name had been mentioned shortly before the telephone rang.

At my office I often have had a matter in mind that was to be taken up with someone in the building. Repeatedly, such a person has come out to my desk, and has asked if I had called him or her. (Yes, mentally, I did.)

As to explaining this phenomenon of telepathy, all I can say that it is like the radio, if there is concentrated power sending it through the ether, it can be received despite even great distances.

Kathryn A. Mohr,
139 Foxall St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"HER MENTAL REACHING—"

I recall very distinctly about four years ago, at which time my younger daughter was attending a southern school for girls, that very suddenly one morning about eight-thirty while sitting quietly in my living-room, I felt so forcibly that my daughter was in distress that I went to the telephone and put in a long distance call inquiring about her. The wife of the college president answered. She told me that she had seen my daughter at breakfast

and felt quite sure she was all right. I still was not satisfied.

Next day I received a letter from the president's wife telling me that my daughter, she found, had been taken to the infirmary only a few moments before this lady had talked with me.

I also had a letter from my daughter in the same mail, saying she had left the breakfast table that morning with an acute attack of indigestion. After reaching her room, she was suffering such intense pain that she sat on the side of her bed crying and saying, "Mother, if you were only here with me!" I cannot doubt that her strong mental reaching for me registered itself on my mind, always open to my child's needs.

Mrs. R. E. Hawks,
824 Vine St., Poplar Bluff, Missouri.

"BARRIERS ARE FALLING"

Since 1925 I have been an enthusiastic reader of psychological material, and am convinced that India's ancient wisdom forms the ideal background for such research.

Steadily, year by year, like an incoming tide, truth is advancing on the shores of our civilization. Barriers are falling before this powerful onrush of thought.

Stripped of the froth of sensationalism, there is much of sound, practical value to be learned by actual personal experiences.

One morning I was awakened by the sensation of an urgent appeal being

made to my inner consciousness. The feeling deepened. I rose, dressed fully, and walked out on the front lawn. My attention seemed directed to the west and in that position I had a conviction that a dearly loved friend, living in that part of the country, was dangerously ill. Instantly I visualized this person *in health*, and with all the force of intense concentration, pronounced the Aaronic benediction:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee:
The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

I returned to the house and glanced at the clock. It was exactly 4:30 A. M. Snatches of poetry cherished by my friend repeated themselves in my brain. I turned on the radio and the musical selections being broadcast were dear to both of us. I opened books at random and the pages fell apart at portions we had enjoyed and discussed together.

A letter arrived a short time later, written briefly and in evident weakness. At the exact hour in which I had responded to the call (allowing for the difference in time) my friend was repeatedly calling my name in a delirium which the attending physician had pronounced fatal. I may add, my friend made a rapid and complete recovery.

Clara Bull,
Pleasant St.,
East Longmeadow, Mass.

The World of Tomorrow

(Continued from page 14)

of electricity. That statement holds good today. C. A. Dana, the famous editor of the New York Sun said of him, "Men like Nikola Tesla can be counted on the fingers of one hand, perhaps on the thumb of one hand!"

Besides being one of the greatest living scientists, Dr. Tesla is a psychological phenomenon. His case has attracted the attention of the world's leading psychologists. Many of them have declared his methods of work to be unique. To explain these methods, it is necessary to go back once more to his childhood days.

"In my early years," Dr. Tesla told me, "I was greatly oppressed by the appearance of images of objects I had seen. These images were so vivid that they often blotted out my vision of real objects, and, by their persistence interfered with thought. Sometimes they were accompanied by strong flashes of light. Frequently, because of them, I passed through veritable agonies of fear. For instance, after I had seen a funeral, I no sooner retired to my room than the coffin appeared beside me and, no matter how I tried,

I could not banish the image. For years I suffered so much from this that my life was almost despaired of.

"One day in my twelfth year, I was walking among the fields and feeling exceptionally well, when suddenly the object of a thought appeared before me. I thrust forth my hand to banish it. It receded. So thrilled was I by this victory of my will that I ran home, crying:

"'Mother, I now can think of a thing without seeing it.'

"My mother laughed and said:

"'You foolish boy, anybody can do that!'

"But I knew better. It had taken a great amount of will power for me to do it just that once.

"In trying to rid myself permanently of those tormenting visions, I began to take mental excursions beyond the small world of my actual knowledge. Day and night, in my imagination, I would journey through distant lands, meet and come to know strange people, grow very fond of them, and visit them again in later dreams, just as old friends. I can think of no greater

enjoyment than that I derived from such experiences.

"Finally, I gained control of myself and became observant. And it was not long before I found that there was an external cause prompting every thought and action. In years of constant effort, I got so that I could not think of anything without becoming conscious of the impression which prompted the thought. Through this habit of locating the external cause that gave rise to a certain thought or action, I arrived at the conclusion that I was just an automatic engine, endowed with power of movement and motivated by impulses from the environment.

"In fact, we all are automata obeying external influences, entirely under the control of agents that beat on our senses from all directions of the outside world. Being merely receivers, it is a very important question how good the receivers are—some are sensitive and respond accurately. Others are sluggish and their reception is imperfect. The individual who is a better machine has so much greater chance of

preserving himself and achieving success and happiness.

"Through my efforts to drive away those annoying images of my early years, I acquired a great facility for visualizing. And through this faculty I have evolved what is, I believe, a unique method of materializing inventive ideas and conceptions. This method may prove of great assistance to any imaginative man, whether he is an inventor, a business man, or an artist. It should help him to arrive at a clear conception of the central idea of his problem, instead of getting lost in the details.

"In brief, it is as follows: After experiencing a desire to invent a particular thing, I go on for days or months or even years with the idea in the back of my head. Whenever I feel like it, I play around with the problem without giving it any deliberate consideration. This is a period of incubation.

"Then follows the period of direct effort. I study the possible solutions of the problem and gradually center my mind on a narrowed field of investigation. When I am thus deliberately thinking of the problem in its specific aspects, I may begin to feel that I am arriving at the solution. And when I do feel that way, I know I really have solved the problem. That feeling is as convincing as the actual solution. In fact, I believe that the solution is then in my subconscious mind, although it may take a long time before it reaches the level of consciousness.

"As the form of the device becomes clearer, I change its construction, make improvements, and even operate it—all in my mind. If I am planning a machine of five hundred parts, I take the vital part, calculate all the dimensions from it, and give the workmen the accurate size of every detail. All of this is done without making a single sketch on paper, and when completed, the various parts fit together, just as certainly as though I had made accurate drawings. When the machine itself is finished, I slip my imaginary machine over it, as you would put a glove on your hand, and find that they coincide in the minutest detail.

"In ways, my method of work is an advantage. In others, it is a disadvantage. When you imagine things too easily, you are apt to neglect very important steps in practical life. You are likely to procrastinate, letting your work go until the last minute and then doing it in a hurry. The gift is fortunate only in so far as you use it to originate. But it also has helped me in other ways.

"Often times, when I was a poor, young student without the money to buy an evening meal, I would retire to my room and visualize a sumptuous



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.

THE POWER

WOULD you perform the magic of making the mind yield more ideas, real ideas—the riches of true BRAIN-POWER given virile, vital, living form? A single idea—the sudden flash of a thought—may be worth a million dollars, and one trained mind can be the sponsor of a momentous plan. In your brain are real ideas of power—waiting the miracle of birth.

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Please send me "PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY," by Frank Channing Haddock, for which I enclose my check (or money order) for two dollars.

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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 80 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.

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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—infamed 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, Tonsillitis, Headaches, Diarrhea, Pimples, 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 curing 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."

Dr. H. F. E. writes: I received your book and decided to try your Magnetic Healing system on a woman suffering with neuritis and an abscess in the head and ear. For over two weeks as M. D. had tried, and failed, to bring any relief. I was then lured to take the case and applied Magnetism. You can't imagine my surprise when all pain stopped within ten minutes and thirty minutes later she was sleeping soundly, the first time in ten days. My chest expanded about six inches when I saw that Magnetism did what the M. D. nor myself could do, even though I had three years in a nationally known drugless college at a cost of \$5,000.00.

What is the value of this character of knowledge?

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DR. E. L. SWICK

Ridpath Hotel—B

Spokane, Wash.

OF AN IDEA

PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY by Frank Channing Haddock unfolds this knowledge for you, showing you how to get better values out of your mind.

Contents

- I The Individual Mental Life is Reality in Action
- II Psychology is Possible only as Reality Systematized
- III The Art of Knowing Reality comes to Consciousness and Self-Consciousness
- IV The Beginning of the Mental Life is Reaction of the Self to the Not-Self
- V No Consciousness without Mental Action, and no Mental Action without Consciousness
- VI The Subconscious, or, The Pre-Mental Life Grounds Solely the Conscious Mental Life
- VII Continuity of Mental Life Determines Individuality
- VIII Repetition of Mental Action Grounds Individuality
- IX Imagination Constitutes the Variant of Mental Growth
- X All Feelings, Emotions and Passions Root as Ideas and Tend to Grow into Action
- XI The Self Governs its Life only Through Dynamic Idea

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dinner laid before me. After I had finished it in my imagination, I went to bed perfectly satisfied, just as if my stomach actually had been filled.

"This power of imagination likewise has kept me from growing old. Today, at seventy-seven, I enjoy the same pleasures, the same appetites, the same interests that held me when I was a boy."

Dr. Tesla believes that he now has more strength and energy than ever before. He sees the best part of his life ahead of him and expects his fu-

ture to be long and productive.

"At 86," he told me, "my grandfather won a race on horse-back from all the youths of the countryside. My grandmother still was able to thread a needle and sew at 93, when last I saw her. I hope to pass the 140 mark reached by one of my ancestors."

All of us might lengthen our lives considerably, Dr. Tesla believes, by correct care of our bodies and proper dieting. He himself eats only two meals a day, the first, which is made up largely of carbohydrates and fats, provides fuel

for the day's work; the second, in the evening, in which the proteins preponderate to rebuild the body tissues.

Dr. Tesla's mind is never at rest. Very rarely does he actually sleep.

"Ninety-nine per cent of my work," he told me, "is thought, and every minute of my life I think. Yet I do not know what headache or brain fog means."

"About once a year I have a long sleep of six or seven hours, and when I awake from that I am so full of energy that I have to work it off."

Peaches

(Continued from page 48)

respiration. Without proper respiration, the food that you eat cannot possibly be oxidized as nature intends. Therefore, calcium stands for strength and durability, and in order to retain health and strength in your body at all times the food that you eat must contain the necessary quantity of organic lime salts. Where there is lack of calcium, there is decomposition. The teeth, which are the first to be deprived of their calcium, commence to deteriorate from the inside, while the acid saliva of your mouth eats away the outer dental enamel.

Throughout the hundreds of bones in the body, this very same process is taking place in a similar sort of way to give rise eventually to softening of the bones. Therefore, calcium forms the third reason why peaches should be a part of your regular every-day diet.

FORTIFY YOUR BLOOD WITH MAGNESIUM

Magnesium, the fourth element found in peaches, is the principal constituent of those thousands of policemen of your blood stream known as the leucocytes, or white blood cells of your body. These protect you against infections of all types.

Magnesium is valuable from the standpoint of vitalizing your body, for it gives your brain, spinal cord and nervous system those peculiarly vitalizing effects so essential for the transmission of nervous impulses of the brain down the spinal cord, thus allowing the transmission of these nervous impulses and bringing thought into physical activity.

This fourth element is also a wonderful cell and tissue builder within the body. It is very important in the body because it unites with calcium and sodium, all three of which in turn form the lime salts which, when lacking in the body, gradually allow the teeth of your mouth and the bones of your body to undergo deterioration. Did you know that those teeth in your mouth are the hardest bones in your body? They contain a great deal more magnesium than do the bony structures of the body itself. You need these thirty-two miniature mills to bite and grind your food for you. So magnesium forms the fourth reason why peaches should be a part of your regular every-day diet. Use them in generous quantities, especially between meals and as a salad, they indeed have no equal.

CLEANSE YOUR BLOOD WITH SULPHUR

THE fifth and last element found in peaches is sulphur, the cleanser of your blood stream. It is the principal constituent of the coloring matter of your blood, scientifically known as hemoglobin.

Sulphur also acts as an oxidizing agent, for it is capable of uniting with the air you inhale and in turn transmitting this air by way of the blood to the various parts of your body.

Unless sulphur is taken by way of the food you eat, the process of breathing cannot possibly take place as nature means it to. Your breathing apparatus is materially slowed down and your blood retains the carbon dioxide or waste poisons.

Upon arising every morning, and every two hours during the day, as well as before retiring every night, get out into the open if possible, and if not, open the windows of your home or office. Stand and extend the arms gradually up and forward over the head as you inhale deeply through the nose and mouth, taking in a vast store of oxygen.

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Psychology Has Helped Me

(Continued from page 30)

me a feeling of confident expectancy of all the things I have a right to have. I have a right to happiness. I have a right to health. I have a right to sufficient supply for the bettering of myself, and in order that I may be of more service to others.

I am sure I have found the secret of happiness. It lies in making others happy and to do that, I must give myself in service of some kind. Perhaps it is only giving sympathy, or kindness, or a smile.

I have found the "kingdom of

Heaven" is really *within*. I never feel alone, or bored with life. I have a real zest for living. Psychology gives me a goal. It is the backbone of my faith in myself and my fellowman.

V. J.,

22 E. Foothill Bl'v'd, Arcadia, Cal.

I ONCE possessed that ailment of the mind commonly known as a *bad temper*. When brought out into the light of common sense, such a thing shows itself to be childish and unreasonable. I have thoroughly conquered my tem-

per by straight thinking, and therefore cannot agree with those people who claim they are quite unable to control their tempers.

Practice putting yourself in the other person's place when you start losing your temper, or getting peeved, or making unkind remarks.

To let your temper get the best of your reason is to lose your efficiency of thought and deliberately place yourself under a handicap.

George M. Dodson,

R. D. 1, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

NEW KIND OF FRIEND

REAL friends are very scarce and if anyone has one, he or she should be glad.

About seven years ago I discovered a new kind of friend, possessing great wealth and a cheerful giver. This friend is psychology.

My first contact with it was by chance buying some psychological literature. At the time, I was going through some hard experiences. I needed encouraging stimulus very badly and I got real help from psychology.

Psychology has led me to better understand the power of mind.

By using my knowledge gained from psychology I overcome an ailment that had bothered me over twenty years.

I, with the large number of people, was caught in the tortures of the depression and after some terrible fight, a year ago succeeded in creating myself a new job through psychology.

C. M.,
Wilmette, Ill.

"KNOW THYSELF"

I HAD a pronounced inferiority-complex and all the menacing thoughts resulting from the lack of any faith in my own powers. Finally I resolved to learn the reasons for my dissatisfaction.

The quotation, "Know thyself" became uppermost in my mind.

I Killed My Husband

(Continued from page 21)

Henry Boniface pretty well and I felt sure he was trying seriously to warn my husband.

However, this did not worry me long for I soon forbade John to be with Henry. I went home rarely myself, for my mother, though very gentle, was most evidently trying to hand me some of Henry's matrimonial views and I wouldn't allow that. In some of John's men friends, I saw this same disposition, and one by one, I requested, or demanded, that John stay away from such "tiresome" friends.

He did not oppose me in this—indeed, he did not oppose me in anything and looking back on it I see that as completely as if he had become another individual, the John I had married disappeared. His eagerness and enthusiasm for life was completely erased. He either seemed confused or unduly excited or tired, listless, characterless. Any interest I had in him turned into carping criticism, a near-contempt.

It wasn't long until John's salary seemed far too small. I had long wanted a piano (I indignantly refused the offer that I should take the old upright from my home—that old rattle box

My greatest difficulty was to convince myself that my ideals and desires are natural and primarily good. This necessitated some strong arguments with myself.

I began to delve into my inner-most consciousness to see what I could find. I made an analytical outline of the events of my life, a questionnaire, asking myself why I held the attitude I did towards various circumstances.

I also made a list of those with whom I had been closely associated, in an effort to determine whether their influence had been beneficial or the reverse. I was surprised at the bare facts this game of truth revealed to me.

I was forced to discard ideas that were relics and adopt modern viewpoints; to replace many false impressions with truths that had been uncovered; to drop from my thoughts those persons who had interrupted my progress and give credit to others whom I had failed to appreciate.

As a result of this, I am learning to "know myself." My slogan is "To mine own self be true." My aim is to "Stir up the gift of God" within me. I am gaining in faith and understanding and I feel that I am about to step out of the wilderness of fear and doubt into a land of peace and contentment.

"Know thyself." It's a fascinating game. Play it! Mabel Grauer,
Marcus, Iowa.



Sells to Magazines

"After the good foundation the N. I. A. has given me, I should have enough backbone to get out now and make some use of my training. And I am, in a way. I have sold ten children's stories and two short articles to magazines."

Mrs. E. Gladys Stone,
R.R.6, Muscatine, Iowa

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Here, then, is the principal reason why so many promising writers fail to go ahead. Their talent is one-sided—incomplete. It needs rounding out.

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In fact, so stimulating is this association that student members often begin to sell their work before they finish the course. We do not mean to insinuate that they sky-rocket into the "big money," or become prominent overnight. Most beginnings are made with earnings of \$25, \$50, \$100, or more, for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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If you really want to know the truth about your writing ambitions, send for our interesting Writing Aptitude Test. This searching test of your native abilities is free—entirely without obligation. Fill in and send the coupon. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

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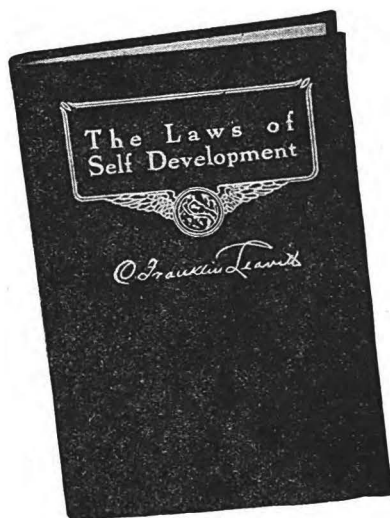
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Very sincerely yours,
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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After an introduction concerning the question of Self-Healing the author adopts the letter form of treatment for the presentation of the important subject of self-help. There are forty-two letters dealing mainly with positive facts rather than theories, and being kept well within the lines of demonstrable truth. The book contains a large number of artistic illustrations of physical exercises, and several fine anatomical charts; there are almost 400 pages.—Naturopath Magazine of New York.

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Dear Dr. Leavitt:—I have just finished reading your book, "THE LAWS OF SELF DEVELOPMENT." I have never known a time when words seemed so small and insufficient just to say that I thank you. Thank you seems so small.

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NOTE: There are 27 more letters, but lack of space prohibits listing them. You should not miss any of them.

10-33
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He constantly grew quieter, meeker. I was getting to hate him. If only once, he had shown some spirit, had turned on me, things might have gone differently, but he showed no resentment, acceded to every suggestion of mine. His work was going badly. I knew that from others and inwardly went wild with rage when Rose Elliott, whom I never liked, and whose husband was employed at the same bank as John, pretended to be sympathetic one day. It was before a room full of women, at a bridge tea that she told me John had again been demoted. "But of course you know," she remarked. "It's too bad. John is such a nice fellow."

I hadn't known, John hadn't told me and I fairly "raised the roof" that evening, vented my rage on him. His hand trembled as he handed me the pitifully thin pay envelope the next Saturday and I gave way to an impulse and struck him in the face.

As he turned from me, I had a queer feeling. I was no less angry, but somehow I couldn't say anything and contrary to my usual custom, I didn't pocket the money. In fact the envelope lay on the table all evening, untouched. John had left the room. I didn't hear him go out and supposed he was in his room.

All sorts of thoughts surged through me. I decided to leave John, "the failure." "Why should I waste my life on a man who will never amount to anything?" I asked myself bitterly. I hadn't been home for months but decided to go over and talk to my mother—"if Henry is not around," I added. Henry by this time was decidedly unpleasant to meet. I knew some of the things he wanted to say to me but I never gave him a chance.

But I did see Henry. Face to face I met him as I left my apartment. He was coming toward me and if I live to be a thousand, I shall not forget the

look on his face.

"John!" he said, "John."

"He's up stairs—in his room," I faltered, but Henry grasped me roughly by the arm and I asked no questions. Somehow in that moment I knew—knew what I should see, knew my part in it, knew what I had done to John—and conversely, what I had undone, what I had ruined, destroyed.

John didn't speak to me when I saw him, white faced and stricken on the hospital cot. He didn't speak to anyone. His eyes looked straight ahead, not staringly, just indifferently. He was of this world, but not part of it.

Henry did not spare me. "That's your work," he said and his tone was like ice. "Just the same as if he were not breathing. You've taken his life, everything from him. You've killed your husband!"

I know stories, to be popular, should have a happy ending and indeed, I have much to be thankful for. I am grateful that, as a stroke of lightning sometimes strips bark from a tree, some of the cruel selfishness has been stripped from my soul by adversity.

I did kill my husband. John is dead to me—always will be. As completely as if some great disaster had taken life from him, he is lost to me.

I understand that he is happy though. He lives in another part of the country, and though only a few years have elapsed since the nervous breakdown and the long come-back fight that followed, the ending of his life with me, he is said to be very successful.

If someone who reads this shall recognize what I have been trying to tell—that to submerge and trample down another's individuality is so deeply vile as to be comparable with perhaps only one other heinous offence in the calendar—I shall feel repaid for going back into the pages of my life—and my crime.

Ideas of Worship

(Continued from page 23)

deem the earthly pilgrimage rather than in golden hopes of mansions in the sky. To improve the earth is definitely a more practical and a more satisfying religious purpose than to idly dream of a heaven by and by. This by no means disparages the faith that o'erleaps the grave in its quest for verities and finds its full fruition in realms of bliss everlasting. Such a faith may assume too much but becomes harmful only when it is permitted to minimize our zeal for the splendid realities and transcending opportunities of the present life.

The mind must break completely from the coercion of traditional habits

of thought before it is in a condition to think freely on the profound questions relating to the destiny of the soul in time and eternity. We must look to science for evidence. Upon such data as science may be able to submit and the reasoned philosophical deductions to be drawn therefrom we may safely form opinions and construct our beliefs. Pending such evidence the part of wisdom undoubtedly is to hold conclusions in abeyance. Suspended judgment is always to be preferred to dogmatic arrogance. Of this we may be sure, that the soul delivered from the bondage of fear, superstition and selfishness will create its

Does Your ENGLISH Help or Hurt You?

Sherwin Cody's remarkable invention has enabled more than 70,000 people to correct their mistakes in English. Only 15 minutes a day required to improve your speech and writing.

MANY persons say "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell "calendar," "calender," or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom," and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum.



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own heaven and will find the "house of many mansions" ready for immediate occupancy.

To whatever conclusions we may come upon the subject of immortality we have the soul and its aptitudes as a present reality. Regardless of all delusions and denials, history presents convincing demonstration of man's inclination toward and capacity for worship. Worship will assume such form as may seem to be required by man's understanding of his relation to the universe he inhabits. The capacity for worship reveals him as other than automaton or animal. Man is a person fellowshipping with a cosmic personality. He is a singer of songs, a builder of hopes, a dreamer of dreams, a worshipper of wonders. More than flesh, blood and bone, man is a soul longing for communion with the soul of the universe. He builds his churches and erects his altars in obedience to a cosmic urge.

* * *

Idea of Worship is the ninth of the Ten Great Ideas of the Ultimate Religion which Dr. O'Donnell is presenting to Psychology readers.

In the Psychologist's Office

(Continued from page 46)

previous impressions are being unconsciously recalled, classified, and sorted, and judgment is being passed upon them in the backs of our minds, although all we usually are aware of is that we "like" or "dislike" our new acquaintance. In fact, it has come to be a common saying among students that the mind is like an iceberg, in that only one-tenth of it appears while the other nine-tenths lie beneath the surface.

There are many things which, if we stop to think about them, show us that our minds go on working even when we are not conscious. Most of us, for instance, when we are asleep can still adjust ourselves so as to keep the covers over us, or to avoid falling out of bed. Many persons when they are asleep—particularly if their sleep has been induced by hypnosis—answer questions quite intelligently, although when they wake up they know nothing about what they have said. Again, there is reason to believe that in an operation some part of the mind at least feels all the pain the patient would have suffered if he had not had an anaesthetic.

WHEN we "lose our heads," then, what is it that happens?

Our conscious minds might be lik-

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ened to a man driving an automobile. Normally they guide our actions on the basis of experience and reason. But now and then—and perhaps much oftener than we imagine—unseen forces coming out of the unconscious part of our minds take hold of the steering wheel and cause us to swerve into unexplained disaster.

BUT how can we become conscious of unconscious motives?

Until about thirty years ago there was no answer to this question. The unconscious part of our minds (the "unconscious mind"—to use its shorter title) was like the blank spaces in the old maps: an "unexplored area." A few people knew it was there, but they had no idea how to reach it.

By degrees, however, within the last generation methods have come to be understood and practised by means of which the unconscious mind has been brought into relatively clear light. Today it is possible to say, for instance, that the young man who said hard things about women did so because his childhood experience had led him to fear them; or that the young woman quarreled with her sweetheart because she believed she was unworthy of him and thought, quite unconsciously, that he ought to be made to hate her.

THESE answers, of course, sound far-fetched—because I have not time

to outline the process by which we attained them—but they were entirely convincing to the people involved. And of course they were true for these people only; for unconscious motives differ very widely. You may do a thing for one unconscious reason and I may do the same thing for another.

Yet on the whole there is much less variety in our unconscious motives than in those we are aware of—and this for the reason that most of these motives are part of our psychological inheritance, taking the place in the thought you and I may think and act minds of human beings of what we call instinct in the minds of lower forms of living creatures. Therefore, altogether differently while our "heads" control the situation, when we "lose our heads" the chances are that we will be actuated by the same unconscious fears and urges.

In a word, while it remains true that only a personal analysis can finally explain your actions—or mine—there is still much to be learned that we may all find useful from the study of unconscious minds in general. Such study, at all events, will help to free us from the idea that we are "peculiar" or "queer" (an idea from which I find that most people suffer); it will show us how to make allowance for some of our stranger tendencies and actions; and perhaps it will help us to be more intelligently sympathetic in our dealings with our fellow men and women.

Don't Be a Turncoat

(Continued from page 37)

alone and feed their souls with whatever provender such an environment would afford, and their bodies such fruit and vegetables as they could earn in the sweat of their faces.

To have the peace which they believed they could find, they were willing to endure the hardships and privations, which in due time came to them. They had no conveniences except the few that they took with them, no luxuries except books and writing paper. The doctor writes interestingly of their hardships in the tropics, but does not complain. He was satisfied—they were rid of all other human beings. They froze out, or insulted, all intruders whose curiosity led them to look in on the recluses.

To other human beings they seemed to say, "Go away from us! For God's sake, go away!"

They call that peace. They have found rest for their souls. They have relaxed the tension they felt under civilized conditions.

Writes the doctor:

"Leaving behind me a lucrative prac-

tice of medicine in Berlin, I and my comrade were in fact turning our backs upon civilization and the society of our fellow-men. Of our own free will and choice, we were going into exile to seek in the solitude of an almost desert island in the far Pacific, the independence, the peace of mind, the opportunity to cultivate our reflective powers to the fullest, which are denied to man by the complexities of modern life."

As a boy Dr. Ritter had "loved the beauty of the age-old trees, the majestic silence of those shaded paths where I could be by myself and think my own thoughts more freely than anywhere else."

He loved the trees. He did not love people, yet it is people that made him an enlightened human being instead of a savage.

It is people that made him grow, and gave him a sensitive nature that could respond to the appeal of lovely trees and great meadows.

It is people that gave him the power to postulate God as The Great Chief.

Did You Ever Take an Internal Bath?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, rule them out of your life.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrillized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrill, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus Ω . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack

of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal scasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls. These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies.

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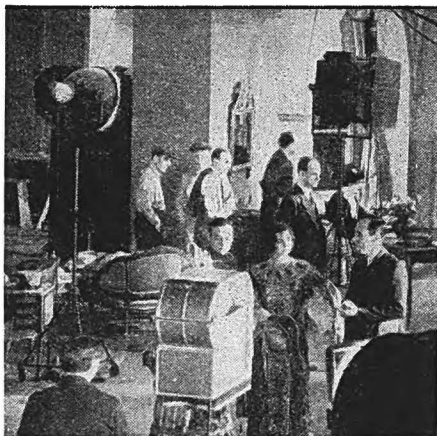
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and gave him the courage in due time, to question the fallability of The Commander. They made him love ideas, poetry, great pictures and noble music; they made him wear comfortable clothes. They taught him the art of conversation, in which he is proficient. They taught him whatever regard for the opinions of others that he may have. They taught him the foundations of social life. They gave wings to his imagination. They made him what he is—but they did not send him away. Taking flight was his own idea—he got the idea from some remote, tree-clinging ancestor that regarded every baffling novelty as a menace to his safety and peace of mind.

What we are here concerned with is the point of view of the people—the Ritters and their faint-hearted disciples—who not only regard civilization as a failure, but as something hostile to man's higher interests, and so deliberately forsake it—either actually or vicariously—for a condition of life that confronted all men before the race had made any history.

We must take the quitter seriously. We must recognize him for what he is, just a quitter. He is running away from his responsibility, and his oppor-

END OF PART I

As Young As Your Dreams

(Continued from page 20)

sire. And if we desire hard enough we will dream of attainment. Then we begin to work for that attainment. Some homely poet—I think it was Longfellow—said that 'the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.' Paraphrase this truth and you have, 'All who dream are forever young.' Don't you want anything?" I asked suddenly.

"Y-e-es," she admitted hesitantly. "I've always wanted to be a doctor and to specialize in children's joint diseases. I like putting things straight. But I didn't have time or money and the nearest I ever got to it was a C. P. A. And now I'm too old and—"

"Too old your great-aunt Eliza!" I interrupted rudely. "Your eyes have a wild gleam in them already. You've had a college education. What's the matter with studying for an M.D.? You've saved some money; there are evening courses and good universities all over the country. At your age most men are just beginning to get a grip on their careers—some of them are remembering that anyone may become president. Wake up and dream, woman!"

"I wonder if—heavens!—I don't know that the idea is so foolish after all. I could look into the possibilities, couldn't I? I believe I'll write some

tunity. The Ritter disciples are acting upon the strength of an opinion which in fact will not bear analysis. They are repudiating the fruits of human intelligence as inadequate to the needs of man, when, in fact, in intelligence alone, is found the salvation of man.

Man is organically, spiritually, inescapably, a part of the herd, and if he deserts the herd he is deserting his parents, his brothers, his benefactors, all of whom have a right to expect honest service of him in return. Desertion of them is a breach of faith, an act of weakness and cowardice—wholly unsporting.

Alfred Adler tells us that as far back as it is possible to see in history, man lived in groups. He has never been a successful lone wolf. His very nature demands the food that his fellows have to give. Without it he will starve spiritually and go to pieces.

Permanently isolated, he is a mere animal, making sport of his divine gifts, a mocker of precious things, a wastrel—in short, he is in a state of degradation, approaching degeneracy.

All that an individual is or hopes to be, he owes to his kind. He is effective only when attached either directly or indirectly to the social organization.

letters. I will! I'll do it tomorrow. No, I'll do it tonight!"

I left her in a glow of enthusiasm, her eyes shining, her age forgotten, her boredom a thing of the past. For she was already lost in her dream.

And as I swung down the street, warmly aware of her happiness and already visioning what one of the finest certified public accountants in the state might accomplish if she turned her genius to straightening bones instead of ledgers, I longed for a wall motto directed to all dreamers—the forever young.

So:

FOR DREAMERS ONLY

Dream on, for you have made the world, and you alone. Dreams are for all—free as the air—barred to no age or nation, class or creed.

And from the many who dream: of achievement, of a finer world, of unattainable beauty, of a deathless love, of the all-conquering spirit, there will some day come those who reach the stars and for whom the white light of knowledge opens the magic circle of understanding completion.

They will pass, and return again, and pass—and when you, who then are here, can remember your dream and theirs, it may be that the sun will yet stand still for a space and we shall all be gods.

Last Will

(Continued from page 38)

their levels of intelligence, their special intelligences and aptitudes which will help us to advise them concerning their vocation, their life work and their avocation for leisure time occupation.

ITEM XV. Finally, I give and bequeath the inalienable right to freedom, to happiness, and the opportunity for fullest self-expression to all people.

Freedom, happiness, and self-expression for all are to be the sole measures of all proposals, all legislation, all programs, all doctrines, all theology and political platforms.

By the grace of God, Amen.

Under my hand and seal in the year of our Lord 1933.

Arthur Frank Payne.

Can In-Laws Agree?

(Continued from page 45)

it is torment to see another woman doing for her son what she wants to do; helping him make decisions which she has always helped him make, and so she tries to dominate the new daughter as well as the son and the fur begins to fly! Not always right away. I know one wife that submitted for fifteen years to this sort of thing; but eventually any woman of spirit will rebel.

There are of course exceptions, a few daughters-in-law get along with their husband's mother. But invariably these women are the sort of mothers who have overcome their biological feeling that because they bore the boy he is their property; they are women who have never made their children their ONLY interest in life but have kept their lives full of interests and hobbies, or they are women of deep spirituality who take as their life rule "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

If it were possible for us to get into each other's minds as Helen Dougherty did in "Silver and Gold" perhaps we should be friends but, alas, we never do that in real life and the result is that we both struggle to be first with the man we love; we are afraid of each other and we can NEVER be the friends we would be had we met under other circumstances.

Mrs. W. F. Eberling.

WORK WITH NATURAL LAWS

IN many respects the animal kingdom displays far more intelligence than we. They not only nurture their young, but give full co-operative service in severing parental ties and encouraging the development of confi-

MAN CREATOR OF HIS OWN DESTINY

MAN MAKES of HIMSELF what he wills THROUGH the POWER of HIS MIND. He LIVES in conformity with NATURE'S LAWS, knowing that these laws are INEXORABLE as well as IMMUTABLE. Through the LAW OF ATTRACTION—for instance—he PLACES HIMSELF in the PROPER ENVIRONMENT and AMONG the PEOPLE best suited FOR his PHYSICAL, MORAL, SOCIAL, FINANCIAL and SPIRITUAL WELFARE. MAN is a potential God, with God-like POWERS within him, which are now dormant. He must FIND his true SELF through REALIZATION and UNFOLDMENT of these POWERS. You want to be a SUCCESS, but DO YOU KNOW the real

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Nature does not handicap anyone with various complexes and a highly cultivated selfishness. These are acquired in adolescence through our process of so-called civilization.

Therefore, unless we miraculously transform ourselves into a contrary individual, we stumble through life with an encyclopedia of ideas that are absolutely worthless in the general scheme of things. And, by the time we become a mother-in-law, we are so obsessed with the importance of possession that we are confident our adult son can be managed to fit comfortably and advantageously into the cradle of infancy.

And if, inadvertently, he marries, this unfortunate occurrence must be met with cool calculation and the firm determination that little foreign influ-

ence shall be exercised, or tolerated, in our sanctum. This is innate. There is no conscious desire to be antagonistic, but we must admit that age clings to old characteristics, habits, customs and little prejudices that are only relinquished subconsciously under the deft hand of a genius.

No mother should jeopardize her own happiness by trying to establish a perfect Utopia from such a triangle. Youth and age have little in common.

The daughter-in-law feels that the success of her marriage rests with her and her husband and that they should be accorded the privilege of privately negotiating their responsibilities, trials, sorrows, triumphs and successes without advice or approval.

Usually the young couple move to another city to live their own life. Much fear, self-sympathy, intolerance, disappointment, failure and tragedy is averted in this way.

Harmony is far more easily established and maintained than discordant conditions. Health, happiness and success are ours if we but work WITH instead of AGAINST universal laws.

Gay Strollo.

The Medicine of Life

(Continued from page 32)

book of "Friendship" we learn that when Aristotle wrote the Nichomachean Ethics he considered the subject of Friendship to be of such great importance that he devoted two full volumes to a discussion of it; he also made it the connecting link between that and his companion treatise on Politics. But in this modern period it seems that, like kings toppling from their thrones, the all inspiring theme has tumbled from the lofty pedestal of human fancy it once occupied and now graces only the obscure corners.

In my studies some time ago, I read a statement by George Martin that ran something like this: "The great human desires underlying man's su-

preme interest in himself can be summed up in these seven things: money, health, beauty, wisdom, success, comfort and appreciation. Anything you can do to show him the way to those things or tell him how others have or have not found the way to them will be read with interest."

The author stopped right there. He did not undertake to point out the way to those things himself—he probably considered it too great a task. But I do not think he would have gone far wrong if he had suggested with his statement that, the best route to take in reaching that Utopia we all so fervently wish for is through the highway of friendship.

It May Not Be Psychology

(Continued from page 41)

hungrily and was both lost and saved. When I went home I took my small adopted daughter with me.

That was two years ago. The remedy is still perfectly adequate for all my difficulties. There is no time now for such nonsensical things as "nerves." In this upset world I have to work and plan for somebody who

is young—youth itself, in fact. As I look ahead through those dear blue eyes, my ambition again soars; not for myself this time, but for the pink-and-gold scrap of humanity who must carry on after my days are over, and who it is my bounden duty to prepare for the job.

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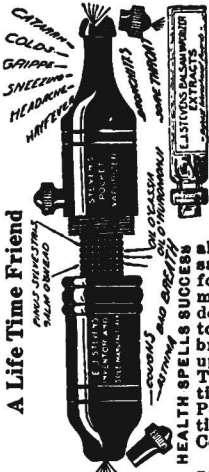
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and inspiration enough, I'd like to know what could be.

Take it all in all, life has given me a good deal more than I asked of it forty-odd years ago, when I began making my demands. It has a good deal more for me, and I mean to have it all, to the last precious drop. That may be psychology, or just the plain common sense my grandmother used to doubt I would ever attain to. One thing I know—the years can't do a thing to me, for I have learned to beat them at their own game. I don't care now if I have to live to be ninety. I can adopt twins next time if it seems necessary. At least that would be twice as much fun.

From Scratch!

(Continued from page 16)

sick old man into a youth, a lost world into a new and interesting one.

My efforts bore fruit in the nick of time as I had nearly bankrupted my saint for needed materials. The very day she confessed that her stock had passed a dividend I exuberantly matched it with my first rental.

When the first house was completed and filled I tackled the one next door. I had help now from tenants who were glad to work out their rent. With both houses filled, I interested the owner of a big, vacant, run-down apartment building in a trade for this spic-and-span, paying property. About this time the little lady unexpectedly came into some insurance money and insisted on my taking over the apartment building, giving her a second mortgage for her equity in trade.

Because materials could be had at gift prices, and skilled labor in lieu of rent, and because I set my rates accordingly, the apartment house has been rehabilitated and filled for a song. The song is a paean of praise—and I mean it:

"Thank God for the depression!—what it has done for me. It has evolved—modesty forbids!—it has evolved MORE than all those glamorous years of prosperity!"

Why You Are Misunderstood

(Continued from page 26)

tunity for the exchange of thought, for the enlarging of the mental horizon, and for a better understanding of one's fellow men. Social life carries with it that relaxation and inspiration that is so necessary if we are to meet successfully the complicated situations of business or profession.

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