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LAWRENCE BROWN, PH. D.

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With Mrs. Roosevelt, Will Rogers and Others

"THE FLYING REPORTER"

Be a Leader—You Can

But You Must Break the Trail

THOMAS CARTER DODD

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Re-educate Your Nerves

DR. CLAUDE W. CHAMBERLAIN

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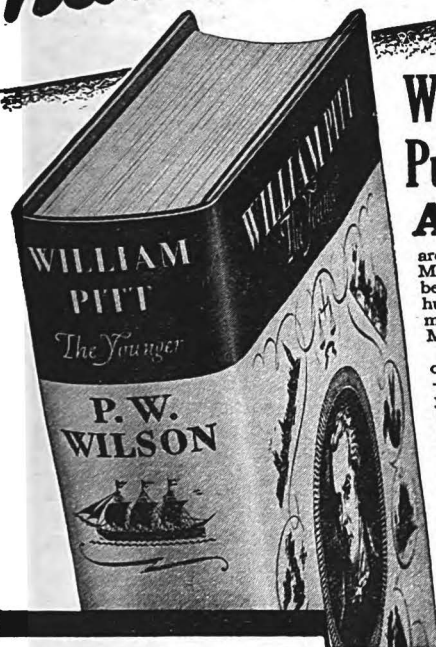
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PSYCHOLOGY

Health

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VOL. XX, No. 3

Walter Whiteley Hubbard, Editor,

DECEMBER, 1933

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Associate Editor,
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THIS ISSUE

"The Psychology of Crime" might well be the title of the first article—the interview with Captain Willemse. The Captain, by the way, was a boyhood chum of Hendrik Van Loon, famous historian and philosopher, in their native land, Holland.

In this issue is the first of a series of articles by Dr. Claude W. Chamberlain, who, widely known through his broadcasts and his association with the State Department of Public Health at Springfield, Ill., combines psychology with his work. His articles reveal this.

"Up In the Air"—now that everybody who has not flown is contemplating this modern means of transportation—is illuminating, with its account of the air travel reaction of Mrs. Roosevelt, Will Rogers and other notables.

"Sex Power Transmuted" by Lawrence Brown, Ph.D. is the "follow up" of the previous very popular, "Sex Psychology, the Dawn of a New Day." . . . Another splendid article by Elberta Wilson . . . "Psychology in Review" again throws light on psychological high spots, here and there . . . "In the Psychologist's Office" includes discussion of actual cases. . . .

NEXT MONTH

An article to start the New Year—and to review throughout the year—is one which includes the philosophy of such well known persons as Vice President Garner, Booth Tarkington, Governor Clifford Pinchot, Adolph Ochs, Walter Damrosch, Fanny Hurst, Clarence Darrow, Irvin S. Cobb, Arthur Brisbane and others.

"Mental Hazards Successfully Met" is a splendidly inspirational article by Dr. Richard Lynch, President of the New York Unity Society, and author of the widely known, "Mind Makes Men Giants." The recent mayoralty election in New York City attracted nation wide attention. Something of the philosophy of a leading—we'll keep the secret, of which one—candidate will appear in an interesting article by a well known writer. "What Am I To Do?" by "An Average Young Man" throws light on the questions confronting the younger generation. . . . Prize winning letter, written in answer to, "Can a Wife Understand?" and other replies. . . .

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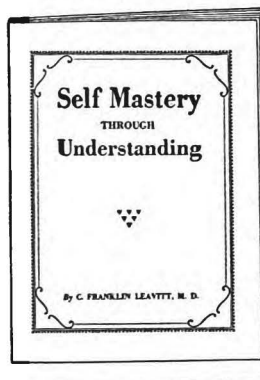
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THE AUTHOR



C. Franklin Leavitt, M. D.

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

It Is "Doubt" That Brings the Mental Clouds

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Avoid the Deadly Dangers of Wrong Food Combinations

You may be cutting your life short by ten or twenty or thirty years by careless eating. The time to start eating correctly is NOW! Next week may be too late!

THERE are thousands of people in this country—yes, hundreds of thousands—who are shortening their lives by their incorrect habits of eating.

Take the case of a woman of forty-five who is fifty pounds over weight and whose husband, five years her senior, is thin, almost to the point of emaciation. Both eat the same foods in the same combinations.

The woman suffers from short breath; she has palpitation of the heart occasionally; her color is high and she is often subject to dizzy spells; in the summer she has hay fever, and at periodic intervals she suffers from colds, catarrh and sore throat; headaches every now and then cause her much suffering; when the weather changes she feels twinges of pain in her joints; but in spite of these ills she considers herself in fairly good health.

The man suffers from intestinal indigestion; he is extremely nervous and irritable; his doctor tells him his blood pressure is too high and that his arteries are hardening; an examination for insurance has disclosed traces of albumin in his urine that indicate Bright's Disease; but because he can eat three square meals a day he believes that he is enjoying average good health. **YET THESE GOOD PEOPLE ARE ACTUALLY DIGGING THEIR GRAVES WITH THEIR KNIVES AND FORKS!**

The Dangers of Bad Combinations

They don't realize it, because no one has told them that eating good foods in *wrong combinations* causes disease. They imagine they must eat quantities of rich, nourishing food in order to preserve their health. Whenever they notice a lack of appetite they become worried and force themselves to eat.

The truth is that the woman is dangerously overweight because she eats too much. She assimilates easily and the surplus turns into fat. The man is thin, and growing thinner, because he eats too much; and the more he eats, in his effort to gain weight, the thinner he gets. He has lost the power of assimilation by constantly overloading his stomach. *The ills from which these people suffer are directly due to improper eating.*

As time goes on, as they advance in years, they will probably develop serious chronic disease, as a direct result of their habits of diet, and unless they change their habits of eating before it is too late, they will die ten or twenty or thirty years before their time. *Pills, powders, serums, vaccines, drugs and operation cannot save them. They are doomed by the foods they eat, by the incorrect combinations with which they tickle their palates.*

Don't Be a Diet Crank

You need not starve yourself nor adopt a freak diet in order to be well! But there are certain foods that *should not be eaten at the same meal*, and there are other foods that *should not be eaten the same day*, and there are certain other food elements that should be taken into the system daily, if you are to avoid disease and enjoy good health. Authoritative knowledge in regard to *what, how and when* to eat is essential for those who would be well.

Where can this vital knowledge be obtained?

Rasmus Alsaker, M. D., altho licensed to practise medicine and surgery in three States, ever since his first two years of practise after graduation from medical college has refused to prescribe drugs for his patients, because he became convinced that *drugs do not cure*. People from all over the world consult him in regard to diseases of

relieved of pain and be made more comfortable.

Definite instructions in regard to eating comprise over 90 per cent of Dr. Alsaker's treatment of all diseases. Every patient who consults the doctor personally is told to follow his general instructions contained in his work "Eating for Health and Efficiency" which covers *how, what, and when to eat* and tells not only what foods to select, giving many pages of sample menus, but which also teaches the reader how to prepare and cook all kinds of foods so that the health-giving elements they contain may not be lost.

And Read This—

Through an especially fortunate arrangement, the publishers of PSYCHOLOGY are able to present you with this incalculably valuable two-volume course, "Eating Your Way to Health and Efficiency" by R. Alsaker, M. D., and include a full two-year subscription to this great inspiring magazine at the ridiculously low combination price of \$4.95.

Remember this: You cannot measure the value of good health in dollars and cents. It is easy to spend many times five dollars in drugs and get no permanent results—but only regrets. A single visit to a specialist of established reputation would cost you twice the price. You can't afford to delay taking decided action when your health—your very life, possibly—is at stake. A single year added to your life should be worth ten times—yes, a hundred times five dollars. So act NOW and send for your set of "Eating Your Way to Health and Efficiency," together with two years' subscription to PSYCHOLOGY.

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"Dr. Alsaker's 'Eating for Health and Efficiency' contains much common sense and is free from fads. Anyone who will follow the principles it contains, can feel that they are eating properly." C.W.H.D.O., Dover, N. H.

"Desire to inform you that the writer has purchased several of the health books written by Dr. Alsaker on the efficacy of foods properly prescribed, and have advised my patients accordingly, with splendid success after everything else had failed. It gives me great pleasure to tell you that there is not a day passes that we do not use the 'Alsaker Way' publications for reference and advice before prescribing."—E. M. Herring, M.D., D.O., New York City.

"I think your books are wonderful. Since early childhood I have had a weak digestion and fermentation. For the last twenty years I had chronic catarrh in my head, but since following your suggestions in 'Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds' I have positively cured myself of this trouble."—B. R., Syracuse, N. Y.

"I follow 'Eating for Health and Efficiency,' and have had wonderful results from its use—lost over forty pounds."—S.R.H., Johnson City, N. Y.

"Am delighted with 'Eating for Health and Efficiency.' Improvement came soon after I changed to 'The Alsaker Way.' Have gained four and a half pounds in a single month."—H.C.H., Chicago, Ill.

"We have 'Eating for Health and Efficiency,' and 'Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds.' I had intestinal indigestion and my wife the worst case of constipation and now both are cured. Best of all is we didn't have a cold since we got the books. Disease disappears like magic."—H.F.Jr., Stanton, Ill.

all kinds that local physicians have been unable to cure.

The Alsaker Way Explained

Dr. Alsaker says that he cannot cure anyone of any disease—that no doctor can. What he does do is to teach his patients how to live so that the causes of their diseases are removed and then Nature restores them to health. In some cases structural and organic changes have taken place that make complete recovery impossible, but even in so-called incurable cases the Alsaker methods often produce astounding results. Those who cannot recover completely, can in nearly every instance be

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Yogi Alpha, internationally known Psychologist and Philosopher and acclaimed New World Teacher, is bringing Health, Happiness and Financial Success to Thousands by his Startling Revelations that:

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—hard work will never bring you success. It is far easier to progress and realize your wishes when you don't use a great deal of conscious effort.

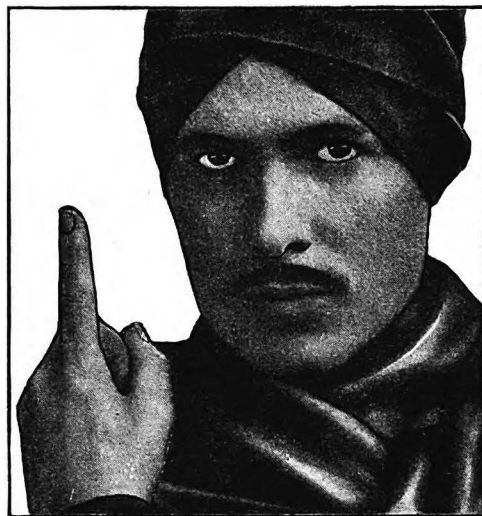
—there is an Inner Power within every one so dynamic and forceful that it can carry you on to complete happiness, health and financial success almost over night.

—a correct understanding of this Inner Power can bring you a more perfect and beautiful body, and give you an attractive and magnetic personality.

—all of the great teachers and prophets of the past have consciously or unconsciously used a strange power within themselves to aid them in their wonderful works and so-called miracles.

—a correct understanding of this mighty power can enable you to duplicate the feats of any great teacher that has ever lived.

—the world itself, and all of the laws of the universe depend upon Mind for their existence, and a proper understanding of the laws of Mind will enable any individual to create the things he needs or wishes, whatever they may be.



YOGI ALPHA

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The story of a new and revolutionary teaching which reveals a strange inner power so dynamic and forceful that it can carry man to complete happiness, health and financial success almost overnight is told in a remarkable 5000-word Lecture "Key to Your Inner Power—the Seven Steps to Success"—recently compiled by Yogi Alpha, internationally known psychologist and philosopher.

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Yogi Alpha further proves that this power is not limited to a fortunate few, but is latent in every human being, regardless of training, education or environment.

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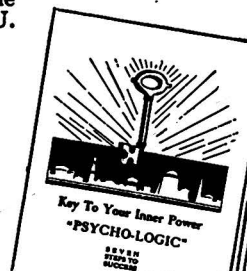
If you have wondered why many dream of success and happiness, without fulfillment, why they struggle and toil through the deadly monotony of daily grind for the few who seem to get ALL the good things of life, you will receive the answer in "Key to Your Inner Power". And, if YOU have had visions of wonderful achievement,

glimpses of riches you could *almost* reach, he will show you that these visions are **PROOF** that they are possible. for you to attain; that these riches are part of your **INNER POWER** that can be quickly tapped if you are given the **KEY**.

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enced, of security and a sense of power". F. A. C., Los Angeles.

"Am in much better health and mind and throwing off the burden I have been carrying."

Maj. M. B., Los Angeles.

"I saw a marvelous change in the fourth day, and I received a job that morning". C. B., San Francisco.

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The LAST LAUGHS



Soulful

Social Worker: "Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?"

Old Salt: "Well, no, sir. I likes 'em fried in the ordinary way."—*Pearson's*.

* * *

Gave Him the Works

Foreman (on excavation job): "Do you think you are fit for really hard labor?"

Applicant: "Well, some of the best judges in the country have thought so."—*Wall Street Journal*.

* * *

Placed

Bobby and his mother were taking a railroad trip and in the sleeper they had an upper berth. In the night Bobby awakened and sat up. "Do you know where we are, Bobby?" his mother asked.

"Sure I do," replied Bobby. "We're in the top drawer."

* * *

Mistaken

The Cop: "Hey! Pull over to the curb!"

She: "But this isn't where I live."—*Exchange*.

* * *

Fish Tale

He was describing a fish he had caught. He stretched his arms to full length and said: "It was that long, boys. I never saw such a fish."

"No, I don't believe you ever did," commented one.

* * *

Compulsive

Doctor—"You must keep to a strict diet and smoke one cigar only after meals."

Doctor (some time later)—"How is the diet working?"

Patient—"Very well, indeed—if it were not for that wretched cigar after meals. I have never smoked before in my life."—*The Humorist*.

* * *

Easy Weeding

A passer-by watched an old man in his garden weeding.

"Which weeds do you consider the easiest to kill?" he asked.

"Widow's weeds," answered the old man. "You have only to say 'Wilt thou?' and they wilt."—*Bystander* (London).

Wary

Safety First—"I see you're letting your little son drive the car."

"Yes; he's still too young to be trusted as a pedestrian."—*Mouthpiece*.

* * *

A Striking Thought

Bob: "If one smashed a clock, could one be accused of killing time?"

Bill: "Not if one could prove that the clock struck one first."—*Fishing Gazette*.

* * *

Right Answer

Kind Old Lady (who has just given Tommy some sweets): "And now, my little man, what do you say?"

Tommy: "Got any more?"—*Magazine Programme*.

* * *

Try the Arctic

Wife: "I'd like to join one of those nudist groups in Florida."

Husband: "Well, what's stopping you?"

Wife: "The mosquitoes. They are not vegetarians."—*Movies*.

* * *

Warned

The verger ushered the old lady to her seat, but suspicious of her ear trumpet decided to stay.

The service started, but no sooner had the old lady picked up the ear trumpet than she felt a hand on her shoulder, and heard the verger saying loudly:

"One hoot on that horn, mum, and out you go!"—*Exchange*.

* * *

Ask Dad . . .

Photographer (to young man): "It will make a much better picture if you put your hand on your father's shoulder."

The Father: "It would be much more natural if he had his hand in my pocket."—*Spark Plugs*.

* * *

Unfit

Farmer—You say you have been around everywhere and you can't find a thing to do?

Hiker—Yas, suh; dat's right. I'm jes' too heavy fer light work an' jes' too light fer heavy work.

* * *

Embarrassing

First Yegg: "I need glasses."

Second Yegg: "What makes you think so?"

First Yegg: "I was twirling the knob of a safe last night and a dance orchestra began to play."—*Twin*.

Exception

"What man doesn't like to have a cheerful, smiling companion near him when things go wrong?" asks a writer. A golfer.—*The Humorist*.

* * *

Broke

Judge—Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed on you?

Culprit—Nothing, Your Honor; my lawyer has taken my last cent.

* * *

Latin Scholars—Please Note

Judge: "And you say you were attacked by a crowd of hoodlums?"

Latin Professor: "Hoodla, your honor."—*Exchange*.

* * *

Problem

Minister—So God sent you two little brothers, Dorothy?

Dorothy—Yes, and He only knows where the money's coming from. I heard Daddy say so.

* * *

Lazy Bones

"Jones always strikes me as an indolent sort of chap."

"Indolent? Why, that fellow is so lazy he always runs his automobile over a bump to knock the ashes off his cigar."—*Boston Transcript*.

* * *

Wedding Entertainment

The absent-minded jewelry salesman was getting married. He was presenting his bride-to-be with the ring and hesitated.

"With this ring," said the minister.

"With this ring," nodded the salesman, "we give a written guarantee, reminding the customer that money is cheerfully refunded."—*Bulletin*.

* * *

No Wonder He Chortled

The druggist danced with joy till the very bottles on the shelves rattled.

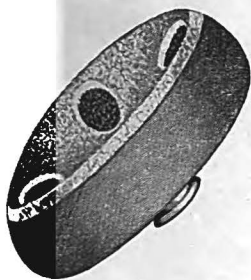
"What's up?" asked the boy who makes the sandwiches. "Are you going to have a fit?"

"No," said the druggist, "but you remember when our water pipes were frozen up in December—"

"Yes, but what?"

"Well, the plumber who fixed them has just come in to have a prescription filled."

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NOW rupture victims can abandon the needless pain and discomfort of torturous trusses. Science has at last developed a tiny, comfortable appliance of tremendous interest for every rupture sufferer. This device is called "Suction-Cell Retainer." It has been developed and perfected as a result of having made more than a million rupture appliances. With it comes an astounding natural help for putting real strength into the abdomen, so as to aid Nature in preventing recurrence of rupture.

Results with Suction-Cell Retainer are often so remarkable, so quick, so simple, that you, too, may marvel. It has no leg straps. It expands and contracts as easily as

your own flesh. When you walk, run, bend, or exercise it tends to squeeze itself, not the part of your body it rests against. It is so entirely lacking in bulk and weight that even some ruptured men's wives have not known they were ruptured.

PERSONAL GUARANTEE

Suction-Cell Retainer must give the results that you expect or you simply return it. If your rupture is not actually and positively reduced in size during the free trial we allow, send it back and demand the return of your deposit as agreed. If 30 days' trial are not enough, write us and we will extend the time to 60, 90 days or even four months if you desire.

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Christmas Woods

MILDRED S. FERGUSON

I WALKED in the woods at Christmas,
There was peace and silence there.
I was far from the world's rejoicing,
And far from the world's despair.

A tall wind blew in the tree-tops
High up near the leaden sky,
Where winter clouds
Like soft gray shrouds,
Hid the sorrowing world
As they hurried by.

I asked for a light in my darkness,
Those clouds, hiding Heaven's bright shine,
I prayed that behind them was solace
For everyone's heartache . . . and mine.

And then when I felt so forsaken,
A shaft of the purest gold
Broke through the gray,
Illumined the way,
Like the shepherds' bright star,
In the story of old.

I joined in the silent rejoicing,
Found peace for my own despair.
God walked in the woods at Christmas,
I know . . . for I found Him there.



Christmas Again

A Chat With the Editor

by WALTER WHITELEY HUBBARD

AT A TIME when the world is seething with international strife and misunderstanding; when nations of the earth are poisoned with the virus of suspicion, jealousy and hate; and when each country has been reaping, for the past four years at least, a harvest of conflict, poverty, and corruption; the Christmas season falls like a soft, virgin-white blanket of snow and blots out the discord, destitution and distress of this terrestrial sphere.

Let Christmas be an international armistice day!

Let the bells of Christmas,—from the sleighbells tinkling in the frosty air of a winter's evening to the deep-throated resonance of great iron and silver bells clamoring their message in lofty cathedral spires on Christmas morning,—ring out the dawn of a new era of peace, of tolerance, of understanding and of humanitarianism.

Our political, social, family and business lives have been colored, in the past, far too gaudily, with religious and racial intolerance; too often have they been stained with ruthless greed and selfish plundering.

Too often have we allowed the smoke and soot of our great cities to cloud our vision and warp our insight into millions of human hearts beating behind the walls of office buildings and factories, tenements and palatial mansions.

We have permitted our unselfish ambitions for the betterment of our fellow man to be thwarted, and have lost ourselves in the mad scramble for immediate personal gains,—the conquests of today.

Gone are the kindlier feelings and brotherly tolerances which precluded our misunderstanding our fellow men and mistrusting our neighbor. The torch of suspicion and intolerance has kindled far too many fires in homes which heretofore have been veritable jewels in God's footstool.

The silent, spiritual quality which always attends the Christmas season could come, if we will but let it, as a balm to heal the wounds of the past,—the most of which

are self inflicted. And the soft light of the candles upon the tree in Christian homes, and upon the table in Jewish homes, could mean far more than the mere illumination caused by the melting and burning tallow.

Those candles could start, and they will if we want them to, a beam of truth and tolerance on its way 'round the world which need not stop until it has brightened the darkest corners and the most forbidden recesses of this old earth.

Not since the story of the first Christmas was written has anything more beautiful been penned than Charles Dickens' immortal "Christmas Carol." That literary epic of Scrooge's reformation teaches a truth which is as potent today as it was when Charles Dickens first wrote it and as it will be a thousand years from now.

It was that same great English writer who penned these words:

"Christmas has come 'round, and the unkind feelings that have struggled against better dispositions during the year have melted away before its genial influence, like half-formed ice beneath the morning sun."

Christmas can be a very beautiful season to you, and to me,—and to all of us, if we are willing that it should be so. We have the power within our own hearts and souls to declare that armistice with our fellow man, our neighbor. Why not do it?

Our share in the re-making of the Scrooges of this world may be no more than the contribution of the widow's mite, but with every one giving some effort sincerely, it is certain that the year of 1934 will be one of happier and more prosperous times.

Sign the armistice in your own heart; it is the only way peace and international understanding can be assured. If we will do this now, the holiday season at the close of 1934 will find us grateful for the courage we showed today, and the chorus of the angels over Judea nearly two thousand years ago will be ours.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."



25 Years Fighting Crime!

Famous Detective's Side-Lights on Life

interview by **GRACE M. KEEFFE**

THIRTEEN billion dollars a year—this is America's tribute to crime today!!

Thirteen billion dollars!! More than three times the sum it takes to run our government. Nearly one quarter of our present national income.

And every cent of that huge tribute comes out of our pockets—out of yours and mine!!

Students of social economics have been busy on those gigantic figures. They tell us that the city dwellers are the worst sufferers; that twenty-five per cent of your normal living expenses, if you happen to live within the municipal boundaries of any of our larger cities, is steadily rolling into the coffers of the underworld. If the statisticians are to be believed, the populations of our big cities are unconsciously paying heavy tribute to the overlords of crime.

“**C**RIME has become organized in these United States of ours,” remarked Captain Cornelius W. Willemse, internationally known detective, sometimes called the “American Sherlock Holmes.”

He agreed with social criminologists who are warning us that racketeers are not going to be abolished by the repeal of the Prohibition Law. Deprived of their lucrative incomes from the liquor trade, the “Big Shots” give every sign of being ready to turn to other sources of their illicit wealth; business rackets are likely to be scientifically organized, we are told: bigger and more brazen bank-robberies, swifter and more murderous payroll hold-ups, kidnappings that shall probably show the careful planning of trained experts in crime—all this is in the picture of the future painted for us by the students of gangster methods. It is surely anything but an encouraging outlook for the law-abiding citizen. Certainly, whatever may be prophesied about the future, the present challenge of gangdom to society is a matter that is full of foreboding.

“Well, now, that's some question to ask!”

This was what Captain Willemse who, by the way, has become an author and has two best sellers to his credit, said when I asked him to tell me the precise causes of the crime

that costs such a startling sum of money as thirteen billions per year.

The Captain reasonably might be expected to have much to say for our enlightenment on the problem. He has worked as a detective on New York City's lower East Side for nearly a quarter of a century. Hopheads, murderers, gangsters, grafters, he has seen them all at close range. His acquaintance with the underworld is wide, and practically every important criminal in the East is personally known to him.

“If you want me to list the causes as I see them, I would put them in a definite order,” he said. “I speak only out of my own experience, but that experience has been detailed. I would say that the present social disorder is due to prohibition, the sensationalism of the tabloids, the economic results of the depression, the glorification of the gangster by a certain type of movie producer and the absence of a due amount of parental control in the rearing of children.

“**F**OR a start, take the ‘Noble Experiment.’ More than one police official in this country has gone on record as listing prohibition as one of the major causes of the rise of the modern gangster. Just think of the gyp joints and the speakeasies which specialize in the operation known as the shake-down! Think of the growth of the alky gangs and of the open war that sometimes breaks out between them. Think of young boys of sixteen or seventeen going around with guns in their holsters. Practically all of it the direct result of prohibition!

“Do you realize that when the Eighteenth Amendment came into effect it made a brewery or a distillery out of almost every flat in certain sections of the lower East Side of New York City? I have no doubt that the same thing can be said about the corresponding quarters of all the larger cities in this country. Why, the kids had no chance! While Ma was busy over the brewing of the beer and while Pa was working out a chemical experiment on the hooch, little Johnny was doing sentinel duty on the fire-escape to take care of a possible visit from the cop on the beat. This sort

of thing was the kid's elementary school in a course of practical criminology.

"When Johnny had graduated from the primary school on the fire-escape, he had a very fair idea of the ease with which he could break the law. His high school course, as a sophomore in one or other of the local gangs bossed by a petty bootlegger, developed his defiant mentality. He soon learned the lesson that only 'saps' work. To be on the staff of some local Napoleon of crime, to be initiated into the brotherhood of the gun, to be on the road to easy money, to have fine clothes and to be able to have his finger-nails manicured, to become a denizen of some nifty night-club, and finally to have a drink some day with the 'Big Shot' himself—all these were easy steps in Johnny's wonderful rise in the world.

"BUT, please don't forget the fire-escape. It was just there that the kid had gotten his first and most enduring lesson in the art of breaking the law. He saw his Dad breaking the law. Everybody who was anybody in the kid's world broke the law. What was the law for, anyway? Obviously, to the kid, the law was made to be broken and the cops were made to be regarded as one's natural enemies. Just think of that aspect of the Prohibition Amendment! It set up a definite antagonism to the law, a disregard of law, a mental challenge to the forces who were charged with putting the law into effect. It may be more than one generation before the people of this country will get over the harmful effects of Mr. Volstead's activity. But little Johnny and his pals will not be here to see it. Most of those kids will have died sudden deaths by then. Gang wars and electric chairs will have taken care of them.

"You see, a law is supposed to be made for the protection of the public. Yet try and tell that to any sophisticated kid on the lower East Side! He knows what the

law is for. He would tell you that the law is something that stops a guy from making easy dough.

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"ALL that is the reason why I list prohibition as one of the most serious of the causes that go to explain the present power of the gangster. The 'Noble Experiment' had one terrible effect: it destroyed, in the minds of tens of thousands of our poorer classes, all reverence for the law. And the same goes, I am sure, for the rich and the well-to-do. But most of my first-hand evidence was gathered in New York City's lower East Side.

"Now, I mentioned the tabloids as another cause. You sometimes hear the movies blamed for the glorification of the criminal. Well, as far as their effect on the popular mind can be considered, the influence of the tabloids is far greater than the movies. Remember, the tabloid gives a murderer a bigger break than any movie could ever give him. It presents him in all sorts of poses, it prints his letters, it tells of his love affairs, it depicts his home life, and, as far as possible, it offers to its readers a day-by-day account of his sayings and doings while he is in the Death House. Even then its activity is not halted when the law has exacted its toll. When the criminal

has been executed, the excited patrons of the tabloid are given his biography from the time of his infancy up to the night when he swaggered before the silent group which saw him pay the last penalty.

"What I want to bring out is this. The tabloid makes the criminal a hero. It gives him the lime-light day after day. It makes him a living figure. Little Caesar was, after all, only a mythical gangster. But Two-Gun Crowley was something else. He was, to thousands of readers of the tabloids, a modern Dick Turpin, a brave and gallant youth who battled the cops and who fought with courage to the

Captain Cornelius W. Willemse



end. And every kid in New York City knew the features of this great hero. Just as they know the features and the exploits of every desperado who has walked to the chair in Sing Sing. *But they don't know so well the features of the cops who fall in defense of the law!*

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"I often have thought that if the tabloids were forbidden to publish those absurd biographies of our fallen gangsters and if they were stopped from publishing the details of the activities of our leading racketeers, we would have a better chance of correcting the false perspective from which our law-abiding citizens look upon crime. People would no longer tend to regard the gangster as a hero. They would be more likely to see him as he really is, a cowardly and venomous reptile, a defiance of decency, a dangerous menace to every hope of social security.

"This brings me to my third cause. You remember, I mentioned the depression as an explanation of the gangster's power today. Now, please don't misunderstand me. I do not mean that poverty leads to crime or that want provokes a man to break the law. What I mean is that the depression has set up a contrast that furnishes our young men with a terrible temptation. Perhaps I can more easily bring out what I want to say, if I ask you to look upon these two pictures.

"First, take the breadline. A long line of men and boys, standing two by two. Gaunt and haggard and miserably clad. Shoulders hunched up. Feet moving nervously to and fro in the effort to keep warm. Hands deep in the pockets of tattered coats. And, at the end of long waiting, coffee and a roll.

"Now, look at another picture. You are watching a football game, and the crowd is rooting excitedly for the home team. The convicts are running riot over the cops. Colorado Jim, the prison's quarterback, is the hero of the afternoon. After the game, the hundreds of convict spectators will go over every play in the warmth of their State-endowed institution. Maybe, they'll be entertained at a movie in the evening. Or they'll listen to their favorites on the radio. And in the morning they will have the daily newspaper brought to the door of their cell. Throughout the day they will have a series of excellently cooked meals.

"Now do you get what I'm driving at? I am an old-fashioned cop, and I have my own notions about all this new stunt of coddling the convicts. So I won't say anything about that. But what I see is the frightful tempta-

tion offered by the contrast between the breadline and that prison life. It seems to me that the modern methods of prison administration make life too easy for the man who breaks the State's laws. If a young man embarks upon a life of crime, he either gets away with it and lives in opulence on the outside; or he gets caught and lives the life of Riley on the inside. In either case, he sidesteps the breadline.

"A fourth causal element is a certain type of movie, the gangster movie. Now, I know all about the educational value of the moving picture and I'll take your word for it that most of our movies have an artistic value. But I want to go on record as objecting to the activity of the producers who set out to make a hero of the gangster and the racketeer. Anyone who has the slightest knowledge of crime causes knows how harmful this type of picture may be to the morals of the young.

"You see what happens. For two hours or more a glow of romance and adventure is thrown round the nefarious activities of a common rascal. In real life, the gangster is a rat. In the special kind of movie I am talking about he is a superhuman sort of hero; he has fine clothes, wears flashy jewelry, engages in a modern sort of holy crusade against the forces of law and order, and generally fires the imagination of any red-blooded youngster who has a dime to spare.

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"What is the effect on the goggle-eyed kid in the gallery? Of course, he develops a mentality that looks upon the law as a sort of unfair persecution. It makes no matter that, by a regulation of the movie censor, the gangster must be portrayed as defeated in the end. The mischief has been done long before the end of the picture comes in sight. The excited youngster has had his thrill. He has had more, considerably more, for his ten cents. *He has had his scale of values shifted.* Just multiply that one kid by hundreds of thousands and you won't be long in finding out one reason why public opinion seems to lean towards toleration of what are really the worst and basest elements in our citizenry.

"You wonder why I talk so much about the young. Well, it is because of the sociological fact that so many of our modern criminals are little more than boys and girls. Do you know what our modern prison reminds me of? A high school. You see so many kids that you find it difficult to remember that you are looking at a number of public enemies. In one of our chief State prisons the nineteen-year-olds are in the majority, and the boys of eighteen



Upper. A "gun moll" being hustled into the "wagon" after a battle with the police in which her boyfriend was captured.

Left. Sample of the finger prints of a young criminal, from the Bureau of Identification, Federal Department of Justice.

Sex Power Transmuted

-In the New Age

by LAWRENCE BROWN, Ph.D.

THE flaming spirit of the New Age will be that of youth.

The tempo quickens. Its rhythm is beating in upon us; it is on the air and those who tune in are getting the message.

Those who catch this spirit *now* will qualify as leaders in the close-crowding, challenging tomorrows.

We witness these days the inception of changes in economic, political, professional and spiritual leadership. The leaders of tomorrow, many of them, occupy subordinate positions in the same fields in which they are destined to stand before the world.

They are intelligent men and women, protected today by the veil of obscurity until they are prepared to step forth as leaders. Henceforth, we are to observe this process of changing leadership gather momentum, accelerating at ever-increasing speed until the cycle is completed.

SUCH people see the picture of the New Age. Consciously or unconsciously they are seeking better ways to gain personal power that they may fulfill their destinies and so give rich service to their fellowmen.

Today we are balanced between the pull of the thought- and habit-patterns of the declining epoch and the urge of the New Age concepts. To escape the resulting confusion requires the shifting of viewpoints and the adoption of new attitudes so that we may attune ourselves to the rhythm of the times.

These sensitized students of self-development recognize that the creative use of the powerful sex force offers an opportunity to raise themselves to meet the demands of the vibrant coming days by opening the way to develop dynamic personal power. For that reason they are focusing attention upon the best method designed to conserve this vital energy and to convert it to productive uses in rehabilitating themselves.

While it is true that the ideal for which to strive is the *desire* to use the sex force in the generative sense solely for creating new life, it must be emphasized that this is an ideal. Those who are receptive to the new spirit and

the rich rewards of the better way of life are now visualizing that ideal, in which is crystallized the conception of themselves as efficient, clean, wholesome human beings.

SOME have construed the meaning of transmutation as merely sexual abstinence. Certainly this method involves an abstemious sex life. However, instead of mere negation, this process of revitalization of the organism is a *positive* accomplishment; the individual wills that the process take place. As that is done, this life force flows into the blood stream; then it is carried to all the millions of body cells. This creative force charges the brain, nerve, blood and tissue cells. Thus transmutation takes place and the creative sex force is redeemed for regenerative purposes.

Let this point be further clarified by examining the similar process of sublimation with which most intelligent people are acquainted. When the sex force is sublimated, the objective of transmutation is accomplished *unconsciously*.

The person who sublimates successfully concentrates upon some absorbing work so that the sex force is conserved and converted for constructive purposes in doing creative work. This is the method used by famous teachers, physicians, artists and authors. The work of the masters in the arts exemplifies the heights to which sublimation may lift man. Remember, however, these people do not waste this force, but draw upon it for creative purposes as it takes its natural course of expression in regenerating the human mechanism on the planes of bodily, mental and spiritual consciousness.

As sublimation does not meet all the urgent needs of the average person who wants to develop personal power, the new sex psychologists aim at the same objective, inspired by a consuming passion to rejuvenate the bodies, energize the minds, and charge the souls of students of self-development by reclaiming the surging sex force.

Those who do this find themselves automatically becoming absorbed in fields of in-

terest rightfully their own by virtue of their talents and qualifications. The urge for self-expression thus finds its true and normal outlets.

To make the impression deeper, let us review the ways of converting the creative life force to develop personal power. Sublimation is achieved *unconsciously*; transmutation for purposes of regeneration is a *conscious* process, controlled by the individual. The new sex psychologists naturally choose the more effective way for the majority.

Many unmarried young people are honestly seeking the most satisfactory solution of their sex problems. To them transmutation offers the opportunity to polarize all the enthusiasm of youth and simultaneously to build balanced, radiant and vibrant personalities. Such will view the world from clean minds through clear eyes with deep understanding, standing forth as virile young men and charming, beautiful young women.

THE sex problem with the married is also pressing for a happier solution than many have yet found. As before stated, the *ideal* way to use the creative life force in the generative sense is to create new life. Naturally this idea will meet with some spirited challenges due to long-standing habits of thought and accepted beliefs. Nevertheless transmutation does provide a healthful way to reclaim this strong force, resulting in multiple benefits to both man and wife. Such a course of action will result in a more harmonious married life than many are experiencing today.

While it is true that there is a constructive form of sex communion resulting in regeneration, this involves more understanding on the part of both partners to the union than is common property of men and women today. This occurs when the marriage partners know the laws involved and are wisely guided in using their knowledge. This is acknowledged as possible, but it must be emphasized that such happy marriages are extremely rare.

It should be clear that such results are so difficult to attain outside the marriage relationship as to justify ruling out of consideration altogether. To many individuals, extra-marital relationships are absolutely negative and destructive, resulting not only in the dissipation of the creative life force, but causing other evil consequences too well known to merit mention.

The human organism is endowed with potential powers of great magnitude. It is the

temple in which resides the highest expression of life the Great Architect has placed upon this planet. Has man with all his cunning artistry and vaunted wisdom ever gathered material from the elements to create so splendid a *living* temple? We should view this temple with respect and reverence, for in it abide the mind, heart, soul, the powers of self-regeneration and of creating new life.

These powers are talents entrusted to us. We can dissipate these gifts in destructive living; we can bury them by letting them lie dormant, or we can use them constructively to make them show handsome increase. We have free will to choose.

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It is the experience of those who breathe the spirit and meaning of the New Age Way of Life that as they proceed on the pathway to achievement of personal power the *desire* to dissipate the creative life force diminishes rapidly and eventually ceases to exist.

Money has been such a powerful factor in the life and thought of the passing epoch that the question arises as to the financial benefits to be derived from studying and practicing the New Age way of self-development.

It is common knowledge that all the truly great have been men and women well endowed with the creative life force. They have abundant energy; they are well poised and have magnetic personalities. Consciously or unconsciously they have conserved their life forces, using them constructively. They succeeded, and with success came material benefits. If that was true in the past, it is going to be more true in the New Age. As an added increment, those who develop will have those mental and spiritual powers which will enable them to enjoy those things money can buy or that are most desired.

The basis of self-development in the New Age will be the use of the sex force to develop personal power. When successfully accomplished youthful energy flows freely through the human organism, exhilarating in its effects. Along this path of self-development are difficulties and obstacles, but by conquering difficulties and battering down obstacles we win through to self-control . . . supreme self-mastery.

Juan Ponce de Leon searched many years for the fabled Fountain of Youth. He did not find it, going at last "the way of all flesh." He could have found it . . . within himself!

How Charming Are You?

This Lovely Quality Can Be Cultivated

says MARGERY WILSON in Interview

"NO ONE is utterly without charm, and no one is as charming as he can be."

A woman, utterly charming herself—Miss Margery Wilson, always remembered as the "Brown Eyes" of D. W. Griffith's immortal production, "Intolerance"—was talking to me in New York City one day recently.

Her beautiful eyes sparkled as she talked and her mobile mouth curved smilingly.

"All of us," she continued, "through attention and cultivation, can develop our inherent gift of this magic power 'charm.' To do so, will open doors of joy and opportunity—doors that we scarcely dreamed would respond to our touch."

Her voice took on a note of seriousness. "Have you ever noticed how invariably when two persons of equal ability, learning, health and appearance are being considered for some particular honor, that intangible quality *charm* will decide which of them will win?"

"CAN the secret of charm be taught to others?" I queried, and as she nodded a smiling but vehement assent, I asked this woman, widely known in cultural circles, to tell me something of herself. "Have you, for instance, always been interested in people?"

"Always," she answered. "I feel almost as if I were born with a special flair for my brothers and sisters of the human family. As soon as this interest strongly began to show itself in me, which it did almost as soon as I could talk, my father gave me every encouragement."

"He told me many things about the human mind—about how and why people behave in certain ways, about the slaveries in which people are content to live, as well as about the freedoms they can achieve if only they make the effort. He led me to the practice of sitting with him and discussing lessons that he drew from persons who passed along the street."

"I come from the South, and much that I later learned about charm was actually imbibed by me years ago in those conversa-

tions with my father. Of course, experience has been a wonderful teacher, as it is for all of us, as well as constant observation and experiment. But I had the basis laid for me in Kentucky by my Dad.

"As an example, let us take the matter of what people call *poise*. Poise is something that may be viewed from two angles. There is the poise of indifference, the poise of the person who is not at all affected by his surroundings; this kind of poise is to be found in thick-skinned people, those who are not sensitive about ANYTHING.

"BUT there is another poise—the poise that is one of the foundations of charm. This poise is based on self-confidence and on freedom of expression. One of my earliest lessons in poise came in observation of the average Negro woman, who has more self-confidence and more freedom of expression it seems to me than any other woman in the world.

"And how we all need that poise! How we all need the feeling of self-confidence, of self-respect, of personal dignity. We foolishly yield to some inferiority-feeling, or we stupidly allow the thought of some fancied handicap to dominate our thoughts about ourselves. One woman I knew years ago was quite miserable because she had feet that were slightly larger than the average. The misery bored its way like a worm into the fabric of her mental life. It made her shy in some circumstances and positively impudent in others. It threw her off balance. In other words, it ruined her natural poise.

"Note that word *balance*. For in discussing charm, everything comes down to that. Poise is balance, and balance manifests itself as charm. And this is just where I feel most assured of my conviction that charm always can be taught.

"Charm—if you want a definition of it—is the social manifestation of a definitely human potentiality. It is the externalization of our own self-respect, of our own radiant sense of dignity, of our own appreciation of what it means to be a social entity.

"Now, I don't mean to be 'highbrow' at

all. What I want to say is that charm is simply the manifestation of an attitude of mind. If our mental outlook is faulty, if we permit ourselves to be victims of any feeling of inferiority, if we set our thoughts against our fellow-men and fellow-women—whether by way of criticism or of protest or of hostility—we are robbing ourselves of our natural charm, and quite unnecessarily.

"So you see, charm is a personal and individual attitude of mind, something within ourselves; at the same time, it is the social expression, the manifestation, the demonstration of that attitude in our dealings with those around us. We are charming, first *within ourselves*. And just because of that, we are also charming towards others.

"Now certainly we can be taught to have poise and balance within—to know ourselves as being invested with a definite worth and dignity. Of course, this means the correction of wrong mental habits, the construction of right mental attitudes, the building-up of a right perspective. We must see our lives in their social setting, knowing that we have to live with other people and that we must, so to speak, share our personalities with theirs.

"Charm, therefore, is part of the technique of living.

"Many people seem to think that charm is a matter of a pretty face. Experience shows that notion to be absurd. I have known very many charming people, and some of the most delightful of them were positively homely. But they were all people who seemed to be perfectly sure of their mental footsteps, so to speak, people who glowed with an inner appreciation of their own dignity, people who were happy and joyous in their social intercourse. The most charming woman I ever have known was a Southern lady whose ears were unusually large; but she was serenely unconscious of them, and so were you—as soon as she engaged you in conversation.

Illustration by Charles M. King

"'Highbrow' education has nothing to do with charm. I have met boorish persons in learned circles, just as I have basked in the sunshine of some perfectly charming woman among the very poor and lowly. I have been bored stiff by people who were literally full of information. And I have sat in the warm, sweet silence of some quiet, well-poised person whose very presence radiated friendliness and help.

"Of course, the beginning of this cultivation of charm is always from *within* the personality. Something may have been left undeveloped. Or, maybe, some other quality has been *unduly* developed. Sometimes the process of adjustment is easy and at other times it is difficult enough. But there must be cooperation. The woman or man must *realize* he or she has an inherent quality of charm within. We all have that inherent quality. It only remains to bring it forth.

"What I call the externals of charm are really secondary in the process of re-education, although they may appear to be of first importance.

For example, the manner in which a person walks, the direction of ordinary conversation, the development of social graces. These things all come afterwards. The *primary* element is that inner mental sense of balance which is the essential quality of charm.

"So, if you want to develop your natural charm, you must endeavor to overcome everything that is, in any way, the source of an inferiority feeling. Remember that there is no such thing as a *hopelessly* ugly person; that a developed personality can so illumine a human face that it will glow with charm and friendliness. Remember, also, that other people respond more readily to a warm and friendly per- (Continued on page 62)



Margery Wilson

Know Thyself!

This, the First Essential to Success

by G. ARTHUR GAYER, Ph.D.

ON THE portals of the ancient world was written: "Know Thyself."

This is a fit motto for all men and women who wish to avoid failure and make the best of their lives.

It should be written in letters of fire upon the mind and heart of every man and woman in the world.

Self-knowledge is the most essential factor in any situation of life.

A merchant prince who had achieved great success and wealth, was asked how to explain the failure of so many men. His instant reply was: "They never had the nerve to take an inventory of themselves."

No greater truth was ever uttered. The elements of a man's success or failure in any direction are all within himself, and the choice between the two is a matter of his own choosing.

THE most important study is that which gives us a true insight into the qualities which go to make up our character, personality and ability; the most essential knowledge, therefore, is that which enables us to know ourselves as we really are.

It must be apparent to everybody that it is quite impossible to reach our highest state of ability and usefulness until we have learned to know the positive and negative sides of our nature, so that we may be enabled to cultivate the one and to eliminate the other.

Only in proportion as we develop the good and eradicate the bad, are we entitled to lay claim to the better and finer things in life.

The first essential for health, happiness and success, then, is to know ourselves as we really are.

This is not an easy thing to do, for we are quite naturally blind to that which is displeasing in ourselves. And even if aware of

our deficiencies and shortcomings, we are more than apt to turn our backs upon them.

But the unfortunate thing is that these disagreeable facts have a way of growing larger and bolder all the time, and bye and bye they master us completely.

A GREAT many people drug themselves with the idea that if they refuse to recognize a disagreeable fact, or fail to face it, the fact ceases to exist.

They console themselves with the assurance that whatever is wrong with them is known only to themselves and is nobody else's business.

But they fail to recognize the inevitable truth that this self-knowledge is the very thing that does all the damage. And so they go from bad to worse, and finally surrender to inglorious defeat.

It can safely be said that man, in most cases, is responsible for his deeds and acts. It is only an absolutely insane person who is so utterly void of all reason that he does not know the difference between right and wrong.

In the final analysis of human culture and cure, every man must be his own teacher, his own leader and master.

Alas! there are few of us who are not hampered by certain unhappy mental conditions and habits that we well could afford to lose, building up in their stead a better and broader structure of our inner and outer life.

The trouble with most of us is that we are so set in our views and habits, so thoroughly satisfied with our fancies and conceits, that we not only hold our hand and stand pat, but take it upon ourselves to pity or censure those who are not in full agreement with our preconceived opinions and convictions.

While it is true that it is not a wise thing to permit oneself (Continued on page 56)

The reasons why so many are outside of the charmed circle of coveted privileges are many, but the main one is that they know so little of their own real selves, of their actual powers and possibilities.

Up In the Air

With Mrs. Roosevelt, Will Rogers and Other Notables

by IRENE JUNO

The author, Miss Juno, known as "The Flying Reporter" has interviewed most of the celebrities of the country who make a practice of "taking to the air."

THROUGHOUT many centuries of sailing the seas, mankind has been unable to solve, to any appreciable extent, the mysteries of that strange malady—sea sickness.

It is my opinion that, when the experts seriously take up the study of the physical reaction of those who use air transportation, they will find they are working within the realm of pure psychology. Any discomfort appears to be almost entirely the result of fear of the unknown—the direct offspring of imaginary mysteries that exist only in the mind of its victim.



That this elusive malady can be controlled by a well balanced mind is best demonstrated by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. She makes no distinction in her own mind between trains, automobiles, ships and airplanes. Each, to her, is a vehicle, to be used as the most convenient method of getting from place to place. Having aerally adjusted herself from that viewpoint some eight years ago, our flying First Lady has never felt, in the air, the least bit of discomfort. This despite the fact that she uses the air lines constantly, in good and bad weather alike.

I talked with, and observed Mrs. Roosevelt recently en route from Washington to New York. By chance, weather conditions conspired to make that flight a remarkable demonstration of this mental control, or immunity, if you prefer.

The plane, an eighteen passenger transport loaded to capacity, flew in the teeth of a stiff quartering head wind. The result was, in the parlance of the profession, "plenty bumpy." Like the contagious yawn, air sickness spread rapidly among the passengers.

With her characteristic mental poise, Mrs. Roosevelt walked about the swaying ship, chatting with friends and sympathizing with less fortunate passengers. She made no at-

tempt to ignore the illness of others. On the contrary, she was visibly concerned and solicitous for their comfort. To a direct question about her own feeling on rough air trips she commented that, though she had made many rough trips and was no stranger to bad weather, she had never been ill or afraid.

Will Rogers, America's breezy, wholesome flying Ambassador at large, is another striking example of this aerial mental equilibrium. He has, perhaps, flown more miles than any other American not actively engaged in aviation as a business. He, too, is apparently immune to air discomfort. His own explanation is eloquently simple: "always so busy (mentally) there just ain't time to waste being sick."

Still another illustration of the power of mind over imagination, and perhaps the most admirable of all, was the remarkable poise of Helen Keller on her first air flight. Miss Keller, whose name is a beloved symbol of faith, courage and accomplishment throughout the world, made her first air trip when she came to Washington to be received by President Hoover.

Her reactions were a study; an emphatic demonstration of the same mental control that has enabled her to surmount the physical handicaps of deafness, blindness and lack of speech, and make the world pay tribute to her achievements.

As we left the ground Miss Keller signified to her secretary that she knew we had taken off. As we climbed higher and higher her unrestrained delight was plainly evident. She signaled that she could feel the motor vibration, and later told us that the sensation of flying gave her a glorious sense of mental and physical freedom. She displayed not the least tendency to become ill or upset—having long ago conquered all fear of an unknown more horrible by far than anything most of us can conceive.

ROYALTY, trained from infancy to exercise fearless leadership under varying condi-

tions, furnishes another convincing indication that air sickness is largely an outgrowth or manifestation of mental attitude.

Prince and Princess Svasti, parents of the Queen of Siam, on their visit to America a few years ago, made the air trip from New York to Washington.

The royal couple admired the scenery below, wrote postcards to friends, and chatted animatedly with the other passengers in their quaint English. When asked if she felt ill, the Princess expressed mild surprise and hastily disclaimed any intention of having her trip so interfered with.

Vicomtesse de la Jarrie of Paris and New York, wife of a distinguished French pioneer aviation enthusiast, added an amusing contribution to the psychological study of air sickness recently. During his lifetime Vicomte de la Jarrie, an early associate of the late Wilbur Wright and intimate friend of King Alfonso of Spain, would not permit his wife to fly and constantly pictured discomforts of flying to discourage her.

She dutifully remained on the ground but after his death some years later, she plucked up courage to make the New York to Washington trip by air as a tribute to her late husband's memory. According to her own story, she boarded the plane confidently expecting immediate materialization of some terrible sensation.

After a few trial peeps at the panorama below without catastrophic results, she became interested in the novel scenic effects and forgot to expect unpleasant results.

At the end of the trip, as she prepared to face the news cameras and reporters, Vicomtesse de la Jarrie remarked, "This flying is greatly misunderstood. Most of the discomforts are only anticipated ones and remain in one's mind, not realized."

.....

An impressive example of "before and after taking" air reactions, however, is the experience of Mrs. Anne Tillery Renshaw, internationally known teacher of individual psychology.

Her first flight was literally thrust upon her. She was critically ill in Rome, Italy, some years ago. Her doctor directed an immediate removal to Venice on account of the heat. Fearing the slow, hot trip through forty-eight tunnels by train, he decreed a trip over the mountains by plane. "I'll die if I have to go by plane," Mrs. Renshaw wailed.

"You'll die if you stay here," was the substance of the doctor's uncompromising rejoinder.

So Mrs. Renshaw made her will, committed her soul to its Maker, and boarded an Italian army transport plane for Venice. "I closed my eyes, gritted my teeth and waited for Heaven knows what," she explained. "Nothing happened. When I had grown tired of waiting for sudden death, I looked around and discovered that flying is a most attractive combination of the science of man and the beauty of nature."

Two years ago she combined a summer in Vienna with a delightful ten thousand mile air trip through Europe, without any ill effects at any stage of the journey. "Air sickness," she says, "is undoubtedly due to fear of the unknown, and should be easily controllable as such. Having learned that the horrible flying hazards are mostly mental, there is no longer any excuse for discomfort."

.....

In glaring contrast to these examples of mentally controlled types are the many quasi-neurotic and sensation seeking passengers who climb on a plane with a mind full of vague, unclassified fears—confidently expecting the worst. Their mental attitude renders almost certain the appearance of that phantasmagoric specter—air sickness—for which they subconsciously yearn. They are seldom disappointed.

I am reminded of a typically timid lady who boarded a plane at Newark recently, volubly insistent that she was "going to fly to Washington if it killed her." It did not kill her, but after she had given way to a couple of blood-curdling war whoops and collapsed on the floor in abandonment to hysteria, the plane landed at the first emergency field and set the martyr safely on the ground.

Although I never saw her again, I do not doubt that she has lived the experience over again on every possible occasion, to the enhancement of her own sensationalistic prestige. No doubt her timidly admiring friends anticipate with delightfully thrilling shivers the same disagreeable reactions.

The overwhelming weight of evidence tends to indicate that, when one's fear of the unknown is dissipated by a few flights, air sickness vanishes at a pace exactly equal to the speed with which the shadowy, imaginary mysteries of flying are met and vanquished.

There are exceptions, of course, but it may be stated as a general rule that, on first flights, the susceptibility of individuals to physical disturbance is just about in proportion to their mental equilibrium. That is, one succumbs to it in inverse ratio to one's ability to conquer psychological fear of the unknown.

"But I Have Wings"

by HELEN DOUGHERTY

I HAVE a gallery of great women. "Great Women I Have Met!"

They were not travelers into the realms of science, nor adventurers in strange lands. They were simple souls, humble and undistinguished, except that they possessed some amazing quality which has made me remember them.

Not only do I remember them but I shall never lose the spark of radiance they left with me. They had a divine faith in eternal goodness, I think, which enabled them to live imperially above the stress of ordinary existence.

Sometimes it has been brief glimpses into quiet courageous souls, or a short trip with a gallant spirit. Once or twice only a glance of a face on a hurrying street. Each of these women gave me something which has made life richer, more alive to beauty.

When I think of them a line of a poem I once read crosses my mind, "But I have wings."

It seems as if that comprises the answer to my question, "Why are they different?" It may be the secret of their magic—wings to their soul. That and a grandeur of simplicity.

Once I was walking along a busy street in a foreign city. A woman passed me, a tall magnificently built woman with wide shoulders, a weather-tanned face, steady deep blue eyes, grey hair brushed straight back from a splendid forehead. She was barefoot but she walked the pavement like a queen treading on purple. I suppose she was only a peasant woman in town to sell her produce. She was Mother, Empress, Woman, incarnate.

I felt as if I were brushed by wings as she passed. I had only a swift glance at her fine calm face but I shall know her fifty years from now if ever we pass again.

One day I sat outside a whitewashed Irish cabin. Friendly chickens and fluffy ducklings scratched in the dooryard. A woman came towards me along the path—a path bordered with a hedge of blossoming golden gorse.

"God save all here!" She gave kindly

greeting. "I hear there's a stranger visiting. You're welcome."

She put her gift into my hands. It was an egg—a still warm snowy-shelled egg.

Beside me on a bench stood a pan of eggs, fresh-gathered. But what of that? The woman brought me the best she had. It was all she had to give and she gave it proudly. By the dignity of that gracious bestowal I was lifted to heights of humble appreciation.

"But I have wings—"

"UP CLOSE TO THE TREES"

There is the little char-woman who climbed to the top of a London tram and sat beside me.

I didn't know where I was going—I didn't care! It was a sunny May day and I was in London Town!

"I'd tyke a shilling ticket, miss," the woman suggested as I discussed destinations with the conductor. "Then you can go wherever you like and ride all day on any tram."

I took a shilling ticket and I rode for hours with my seat mate. She was thin and shabby and middle-aged. Her work-worn hands slipped in and out of unaccustomed black cotton gloves.

"I tykes a shilling ticket once a week on my day off," she explained. "It's a great change from charring, it is. Yes'm I'm a char-lady. I likes riding up here close to the trees, seeing things over the heads of people. You feel kind of lifted up and things down there in the gutter don't seem so important. Then there's planning on where you'll have your tea. I try different places. I stop and walk about and then I get on another tram and off I go—"

"But when it rains—?" I asked.

"Oh, then I rides inside while it showers and up on top for the clearing. There's places you can stop into like the picture galleries and the cathedrals—very restful they are. I'm at charring all week and riding like the best of them up here on a tram makes you forget your piece of soap and your scullery tasks. It's exciting, it is, all week to look forward to it—a shilling ticket, miss, and you can see the chestnut trees. I'm on m' knees all week, but I can see things in my scrub- (Continued on page 63)



Let Go! Relax!

Reeducate Your Nerves

by DR. CLAUDE W. CHAMBERLAIN*

"TIED up in knots!"

That's the way many persons speak of their nerves. They also complain that they suffer from "nervous fatigue."

Neither term is accurate. Laboratory experiments prove that nerve tissue does not become fatigued and that the "tied up in knots" feeling comes from muscular tension.

Tense muscles make for tense organs, and tense organs do not function normally. Stress and strain upset the digestion, prevent proper metabolism and elimination, and the physical body easily may become run-down and sub-normal.

The problem, then, becomes one of correct mental and physical habits, and *relaxation* is an important part of the reeducation necessary for building up the health in this strenuous period of reconstruction and readjustment.

Modern psychology tells us that the mind tends to affect the body, just as the body tends to influence the emotions and thinking. A run-down physical condition does not improve the morale, and depressed or melancholy thinking does not benefit the physical functioning.

Fear, worry and anxiety combined with nervous tension, or, more accurately, muscular tension, may send you to bed as quickly as organic disease. With correct physical habits established we find that the response toward right thinking is very marked and so we come to that highly important habit common to all healthy animals and to all human babies before they have been taught to be tense, namely,—relaxation.

Habits of the opposite nature are usually established early in life. One of the first lessons taught in school is likely to be that of stiffening the back, holding the folded hands tensely, while the head is held erect and alert. However, one may be alert and yet remain relaxed. This fact is rarely taught in school. The words: "discipline" and "attention"

seem to carry with them the suggestion of tension. At least, the tensing of the body unconsciously follows the sound of the words.

We tend, intraorganically and unconsciously, to express in our body the words and ideas which are about us. The words: *speed, hurry, haste, quick, hustle, stop, look, listen, take care, rush, beat it, crash, dash, smash, drive*, and countless other words of an unrelaxing nature are in constant daily use and we often express them in muscular reactions without suspecting it.

From childhood on up in this complex world of hurry and bustle, we unlearn the natural function of relaxation. Many people do not even relax when they are asleep. Many others do not, in the least, understand what is meant by the term. But if you suffer from what is often called nervous tension, then it is likely that you have forgotten the art of relaxation.

You will do well to get some new words in your everyday vocabulary: Words such as *loosen, easy, softly, quiet, calm, rest, repose, peace, poise, tranquillity, lull, slumber, comfortable, still, silent, hushed*, and others which tend to give you mental and emotional calm, and to loosen up your muscles.

There is no deep, dark secret about this matter of relaxation. There is nothing strange in the fact that a baby may fall countless times without injury, or that a drunken man may drop a distance that would kill a sober man. Professional athletes, pugilists, acrobats, gymnasts and physical culturists know that a severe fall may not be injurious if the muscles are kept relaxed.

But we have wrongly trained ourselves to stiffen the body when any danger or imagined danger threatens us. We suffer from worry and the body becomes tense and rigid. Our fists clench and we hunch our shoulders. At night, in bed, we may retain unconsciously this gesture of fear.

**Dr. Chamberlain is Assistant Superintendent of Social Hygiene, Illinois State Department of Public Health*

Victims of this so called nervous trouble little realize the relationship of proper breathing to relaxation. Most of them are chest-breathers or, as we sometimes call them, merely sniffers. They get very little air into the lungs. The little oxygen that they breathe simply fills the upper part of the lungs. It never reaches the lower part. If it did it would make them dizzy and they would quit trying to breathe properly.

Yet to relax the muscles related to the sympathetic nervous system it is necessary to move the diaphragm, that partition which separates the chest organs from the abdominal cavity. Superficial breathing will not do this. It becomes necessary to breathe deeply and regularly.

Certain health cults have made abdominal breathing a ritual, and point to marvelous changes in the physical and mental condition of the victims of various diseases and disorders.

When your physician advises you to breathe properly and makes no extra charge for this important advice, the tendency is to disregard his words of counsel. But if you join a cult or take a lot of expensive lessons from some Hindu teacher the high cost of this simple advice is more likely to impress its importance upon your mind.

While many of the advertised "Hindu" teachers in America are not genuine, the East Indian method of breathing, taught by the genuine Hindu scholar, has decided merit, even when disguised with the Oriental trappings of philosophy.

Thousands of years ago the sages of India understood emotion and its control through their understanding of the sympathetic nervous system. Popularly known as the solar plexus, the abdominal network of nerves is of vital importance as the mechanism over which the nervous energy performs its work. This mental or nervous vibration is described by the Hindus as the Elemental Force, or Vital Energy. The Buddhists ascribed it to their dead ancestors. To the Vedics it was the Celestial Flame. The Sufis thought of it as the other half of the Soul. The Shintoists taught that it was the Divine Breath. By whatever name, this vital energy, "Jiva-Prana-Aum," may be directed by the consciousness under proper conditions.

These conditions include a lying-down posi-

tion or at least a comfortable one in a chair with no tight clothing. Another condition is a healthy, optimistic state of mind. Then comes the deep, regular, rhythmic, abdominal breathing.

First, however, get the muscles of the body as relaxed as possible. Have quiet in the room, with perhaps, some organ music from the radio—the kind that soothes and tends to lull you to sleep. Then let loose of everything. Let your body, legs, arms and head drop like lifeless rags. You may not succeed at first but keep trying. Or rather quit trying to do anything until you start the breathing exercises that are intended to work the diaphragm and cause it to "massage" the abdominal organs. When you think you are relaxed, begin to breathe slowly and deeply so that the abdomen is forced to rise and fall with the breathing. Slowly and with rhythm. More deeply and more slowly.

The Hindus teach that the following formula is the secret of generating the great vital energy so necessary for achievement.

There are three states or steps:

1. Relaxation
2. Rhythmic breathing
3. Mental attitude of acceptance

Seek solitude. Take a comfortable position. Relax. Breathe slowly, deeply and

rhythmically.

Try this out. A few minutes each day will produce results that will surprise you.



William A. Engle Says:

The fewer your duties, the harder it is to perform them.

The man who sticks to his guns, will eventually hit the mark.

Every misery or happiness is a home brew of our own making.

In every walk of life, each must carve out his own route.

To interest others, you must yourself be interested.

You can never raise others by falling to their level.

Swallowing pride is a bitter pill for mental digestion.

PROTESTS NRA!

"THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE" ANSWERS

by One of the Editors

The Letter

Gentlemen:

I have been surprised at the gullibility of the American press in its universal acclaim of the NRA program. Now, seeing that symbol of the Blue Eagle adorning the front cover of my favorite magazine "Psychology," I cannot resist the temptation of writing regarding this so-called patriotic movement.

Certainly some of the press are dominated by politicians, and therefore are compelled to print whatever Washington dictates, but you are under no obligations, and, being non-partisan, should take no part in a purely party plan which has for its ultimate goal the feathering of the nests of a few.

I am not questioning President Roosevelt's motives—they may be the best in the world—but I think that he is the innocent victim of the dirty rich and the vile, scheming bankers who have milked the public dry.

Yours is a psychological magazine. Suppose, then, that you psycho-analyze the greedy, selfish, egotistic few who are trying to run this country, and then, endowed with enough courage to bespeak those convictions, expose the scoundrels back of this NRA for what they really are . . .

(Signature Withheld)

LAY on my desk—the letter—one whole day recently.

I wanted to answer it. I thought it very important, but somehow I couldn't find just the right words.

Anyway, it needed more than an answer. It called for analysis.

If it represented the views and sentiments of even a few, such sentiments needed scrutiny. If exposure were too harsh a word, at least the letter warranted interpretation from the viewpoint of a psychologist.

Then I thought of the "Voice of Experience"—

Of the psychologist, who as a radio "feature" speaks to millions of persons, answering their most difficult questions, conferring the wise and balanced advice which is broadcast from coast to coast. . . . I took the letter to him. . . .

WE'RE accustomed to hearing each other say, "This is a wonderful age we're living in! Such marvels of light and sound—"

We remind each other that man can turn the light of sun, the chill of winter, the warm, expanding heat of summer into his home, or place of business, or into his houses of amusement:

That he can soar above the housetops and over mountain peaks; can flash on canvas the doings of the people of all nations; that he can throw the echo of his voice from one part of the world to another—

As time goes on, we have to remind each other oftener about these modern wonders, else, becoming accustomed to what once would have seemed miracles, we incline to take them as a matter of course.

I notice that about myself. I almost had decided never to be surprised at *anything*, anymore.

But I *was* surprised, when arriving at the headquarters where the vast influx of mail sent to the "Voice of Experience" is taken care of, I practically stood in the middle of two and a half million letters!

Two and a half million letters on file.

Two and a half million stories of human lives, human problems, accounts of failures, appeals, prayers, hopes. A stupendous thought!

One whole floor of a big modern hotel is given to the receiving and answering of this flood of letters that comes in from all parts of this country and Canada. . . . We went past tables stacked with the incoming response of over two million listeners a day . . . Into rooms where contents and requests of the letters are read and classified.

The most amazing system, everywhere. Naturally, because of the large volume of mail, personal replies are impossible. However, the "Voice of Experience" has devised a way to take care of these thousands of inquiries, and pamphlets setting forth his thoughts on many human problems and physical and mental emergencies are daily sent out.

That's what the rows of readers—the whole place was like a beehive—were doing. Read-

Analysis of Letter by "The Voice of Experience"

FIND two very interesting things about this letter: First, many individuals who find themselves completely out of step with the social or political groups with whom they have become affiliated are wont to demand that everyone else in the group get in step with the individual rather than for the one individual to shift in order to catch step with the mass. That type of individual, in making a complaint, will invariably suggest a complete examination of all the other individuals, and, as a rule, is insulted beyond measure if any suggestion is made that the fault might lie with him. Everyone is out of step with him; he is never out of step with the phalanx.

The second thing that interests me about this man's letter is the complete story that he has told about himself in his description of those whom he would have Psychology chastise. And that story is told in the adjectives that he has selected.

EVERY one of us is addicted to the use of many adjectives even in our daily conversations, and yet how few of us realize what intimate details of our own innermost thoughts we convey to any psycho-analyst by the choice we make of our descriptive adjectives. Let me illustrate what I mean:

In the third paragraph of this man's letter he refers to the "dirty" rich, to the "vile scheming" bankers, and in the fourth paragraph he makes use of the adjectives "greedy, selfish" and "egotistical."

When this man refers to the "dirty" rich, he is not describing the rich; he is only giving

an accurate description of his attitude toward the rich. In describing the few who control the monetary marts of the country, he calls them "greedy, selfish, egotistical," and every-one of these adjectives, instead of describing the men of great wealth to whom he refers, accurately delineates his penury and his avarice for that which he has not been able to earn.

It is a trite saying and true that the more superlative adjectives one uses, the greater, as a rule, is the inferiority complex; the greater the number of vitriolic adjectives and adjective phrases a person uses, the greater the superiority complex of the user.

EVEN though everything that this man said were true (which of course is ridiculous), before this man's letter should cause any editor concern it would of necessity have to be couched in different language. I have received many letters relative to the NRA, and, for that matter, relative to every other progressive movement. Every one of those letters that I have received that is constructive in character has been devoid of the type of descriptive adjectives used in the letter you have just referred to me. In every case where multiple adjectives were used and a plentiful sprinkling of vitriol contained in the adjective phrases, the writer has proven to be either a fanatic or a crank.

My conclusion, then, is that this man belongs in the same category, and the best treatment of such an individual is to ignore him.

ing letters, numbering them, indicating the number of the printed pamphlet which included the information the writer needed or requested.

Those pamphlets! Pigeon-holed, labeled. I noted their titles and it seemed as if every question that could be asked was covered by them. . . . In another room, I saw readers perusing letters which were culled from the great mass. "Different" letters—the kind that dealt with strange or unusual angles, letters that only an expert psychologist, an interpreter of life and mind could answer.

From these are selected the absorbingly interesting life problems about which the "Voice of Experience" talks before the microphone.

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ONE unusual result of the broadcasts of the "Voice of Experience" is the wide charity work that has grown up in connection with them. Because the Season of Gifts is almost here, I asked about this, feeling that it

would be of interest to PSYCHOLOGY readers.

I found that because of appeals the "Voice of Experience" has made in certain of his broadcasts—sometimes unconsciously—20,752 persons had responded in the five months from November, 1932, to April, 1933, alone. Everything from bottled milk and carloads of oranges to wheel chairs, artificial teeth, hospital operations, adoptions and burials, had been arranged for.

One phase of humanitarian work that has been done through this man's broadcasts, deals with the agonizing human hopes and loves involved in the Missing Persons problems. It is an amazing fact, that out of eighty-five appeals made by the "Voice of Experience" to his radio audience, seventy-three were successful, the missing persons being located, and in most cases, actually returned to their friends.

But the "Voice of Experience" himself!

I saw him broadcast. Simply, strongly, without notes of any kind (one of the very few allowed to do this). (Continued on page 59)

Why You Are Misunderstood

-In Religion

by O. G. VAN CAMPEN

MOST of us cling to some form of religion because religion means, we believe, the preservation of life both here on earth, and in the world beyond.

It readily will be seen that the instinct for self preservation and the instinctive reaching toward some religious belief are definitely woven together. We might conclude that one is a part of the other.

When anything threatens our lives, no matter how remote the threat may be, we instinctively fight against it. It is quite automatic for us to defend our lives. It follows quite logically, therefore, that since the religious instinct is a part of the will to live, automatically we defend with all the energy in our power and with all the force of which we are capable, our own particular creed or faith.

IT IS this strong tendency to defend that makes it impossible for us to discuss calmly, impersonally, the relative merits of any one religion. Our religious beliefs are too deeply fixated, our emotions are not sufficiently under control to enable us to weigh with open minds, this very intimate subject. Discussions on religion, therefore, should be practically taboo, if we are to avoid serious misunderstandings.

All of us are prone to make other people feel that the particular creed or faith to which *we* belong is a little better than any other. At certain times we try to *force* others to admit that our particular denomination possesses merit superior to theirs. This regrettable tendency is the principal cause for intolerance, prejudice, and the frictions that lead quite often to serious misunderstanding.

Many persons are misunderstood on the subject of religion because too frequently they fail to practice what they preach. What they *are* contradicts so sharply what they *say*, that whenever they launch upon the discussion of religion, they are met with resentment or cynicism.

These individuals, while indulging in moments of religious devotion, forget what their general every day conduct and behavior have been. When

those who associate with them fail to respond to their religious moods, they become emotionally aroused and give way to resentment, sometimes unrestrained anger.

WE should make an effort to develop an accurate perspective of our personal relationship to the particular religious faith in which we believe.

We should realize that our religion is older than we are; that it has power and force, and a foundation which existed before, and goes beyond, our own particular life. We must recognize that it does not depend upon us but that we gain help from it. We must come to know that we are only a *part*—even if an important part—of a great creative, universal power that is as yet only partly understood.

Our religion, therefore, does not require that we *defend* it. It is not necessary that we assume the attitude of a belligerent. In fact, the teachings of all of the various religions require that we be charitable, generous, and tolerant. We need to pause but for a moment to realize that his particular creed is just as important to the other man, a part of him as is our own. We must be big enough and broad-minded enough to congratulate him on the fact that he has faith in *some* religion and that in it he finds comfort and inspiration.

"Judge not lest ye be judged."

This is a strong admonition which we must ever keep in mind. In the last analysis there can be nothing gained as the result of an attempt to determine which is the best religion. Each has its great appeal and its constructive value and in a broad sense all religions have the same great purpose. We should concentrate upon such phases of each religion as will afford a common ground for mutual agreement.

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It might be well at this point to say bluntly that those who are so ready to criticize another man's religion know the least about their own and practically nothing about the creed or faith which they are attempting to criticize. The more (Continued on page 57)



Life Is a Mirror

You See Yourself Reflected

by **ELBERTA WILSON**

ENVIRONMENT is merely a mirror in which we each one see ourselves reflected.

We are in our present environment, not because circumstances have compelled us to be, but because we, through our ignorant use of unfailing laws, have compelled circumstances—and lack will prevail as long as we have within our consciousness the germ which produced it.

We know that through our subconscious mind we are always connected with the consciousness of Cosmic Mind and our supply is only limited by our imperfect recognition of this oneness. We can only know that which is within our own field of consciousness. Anything else does not exist for us and to attract to us abundance, we must first create for ourselves a *supply consciousness*.

If we desire health, or wealth, or happiness, we must recognize them as realities, before they can become real to us. **RECOGNITION IS CREATION.** That which we recognize becomes ours. If we are burdened by conditions or things we do not want, or are suffering from lack of necessities, it is because we have misused our creative power and have recognized the things we do not want as the only realities. By the Law of Attraction, we draw to ourselves whatever we allow our thoughts to dwell upon.

THE mind that concentrates on wealth sees nothing else clearly, while one who has a poverty consciousness ignores the many evidences of abundance and sees little else but lack. Before anything can become a permanent thing with us, it must be attracted to us through a quality developed in us through thinking.

Man being a magnet, he is no greater at the present time than his present place in life. He has wonderful potentialities, but like the wealth hidden in the mountains, these possibilities are of little use to him until he has cleared away the dense matter that keeps them hidden from him.

Helping to build a consciousness of wealth and harmony is of much greater importance to the human race than the mere helping of individual cases.

There is no lack anywhere excepting in the

minds of men. Nothing in the universe recognizes the need of economy but man and he recognizes it only at a certain stage of his development. If you see lack anywhere, you can look back of it and see the devastating hand of man. Through ignorance, he interferes with the Cosmic Plan and through this interference he engenders fear in the minds of others and, as thought creates, unpleasant conditions naturally become manifest.

Recognize your oneness with Cosmic Mind and *demand what you need for your development*, and if you hold firmly to your ideal, it will surely assume tangible form. If your ideal has been imperfect, you will learn not to use your creative power so carelessly, or recklessly in the future. Experience will soon teach you how to use this wonderful power so that it will become a blessing instead of a curse.

Perhaps you are dominated by fear and think others have the power to rob you, but remember—no one can rob you but *yourself*. It all depends upon your own consciousness. If it is right, no one will have the power, or the desire, to take anything away from you, but if you have accumulated things in the wrong manner, your fears are well-grounded for you will attract to yourself those who are of your own kind and even more powerful, mentally, than you are.

Use is the only wealth and the dollar that grows thin through its contact with many hands, is the emblem of abundance. Possession is not true wealth and possession of material things alone never brings true satisfaction. It is the use you make of things which determines whether they will make you happy or unhappy.

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What you are, you radiate, and people unconsciously feel this radiation and know you as you *really* are. You may talk and act in a very convincing manner, and hold your hearers while you are doing it, but after the spell of your language is broken, they will sense your real self and this will persist and determine your true status.

Everything begins in the thought-world of someone. This is where all conditions and

things are created. If you learn to control your consciousness, you will not need to worry over your place in life—your dominant thinking will take care of that.

The *secret of success* lies in creating a consciousness of your oneness with your desire. Desire is the germ of achievement—the promise of fulfillment. Make your ideal definite, but do not limit it by material restrictions. When you enter the thought-world you are not alone, but unite yourself with the Cosmic Mind and through this unity, unlimited and unforeseen possibilities will open up to you—if you have not hedged yourself round about by restrictions. You can become an avenue through which Cosmic ideas manifest *unless you sever the connection yourself*.

YOUR objective mind is filled principally with impressions gleaned through the five senses and is not always to be relied upon. How often we have formed conclusions from something we have seen, or heard and found out afterwards that our conclusions were erroneous. We have done this so often that we have vowed, time and again, that we would cease “jumping to a conclusion,” but the conscious mind being quite unstable, we find ourselves guilty of the same mistakes, over and over. There is a remedy for this and it is through the subconscious mind.

The conscious part of our mind impresses ideas upon the subconscious part — it is through the conscious mind that the subconscious mind receives its impressions and, in turn, it re-impresses the conscious mind. The thoughts which reach the subconscious mind are those which have made a vivid impression upon the conscious mind, either through a startling thought, or the repetition of a thought when it is in a receptive condition.

When we realize this we are able to form

new habits easily by substituting that which we want for that which has become unpleasant, and we also know that we, alone, are responsible for what life has meant to us.

Many people are unconscious of this wonderful subconscious area of their mind and continually pour into it ideas that later come forth as inharmonious conditions. The conscious mind being all they are aware of, the greater part remains unexplored and undirected. Through the subconscious mind we reach the Cosmic Mind and are able to draw upon its vast accumulations of creative ideas.

Man can never reach his greatest development until he is able to free his mind from worry and apprehensions and this can only be done through freedom from lack and limitations. When man realizes and makes use of his ability to reach Cosmic Mind through his own subconscious mind, he will know that every need will be supplied as soon as it arises and he will cease to fear the time that never comes—the future. Prosperity is man's Divine heritage—his Divine right.

It is only when we are able to realize the fact that every word we speak, and every thought we think has a direct bearing upon our condition in life, and our circumstances, that we will allow only those thoughts a place in our consciousness *that attract the conditions we desire*.

If we wished to go North, we would center our thoughts upon that part of the country and start in that direction instead of thinking of the South and heading that way, yet people long for health and think they are utilizing every effort to become free from disease, while, in reality, they are creating that from which they desire to be freed—they are heading the disease-way instead of the health-way. Is it hard to keep one's (*Continued on page 55*)

Potential Good

by ARTHUR E. WINCHESTER

This image in the heart of me
Is what in others I shall see;
If beauty shines from out this soul,
There then is beauty in the whole
Of Nature, and her wondrous art,
For men, of Nature are a part.

Flowers blooming beside the way;
The snowflakes or the misty spray;
The clouds and blue of yonder sky;
Mountain vastness, towering high;
Many eyes see beauty of the way;
And sordid things some minds will sway.

And those who look for lovely things
Will find them, as the wild bird wings.
Those kindly ones, who look for good,
Find it in every neighborhood
And in our neighbor we may find
What's best in all of humankind.

A bruised and a stubborn heart
Responds with love to gentle art
And appreciation for the good,
If it is looked for as it should
Be; all is good, nothing uncouth,
Measured by sympathy and truth.

Fragments of Life

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

TRANQUILLITY

GREAT thoughts never come
To a hurried mind . . . The stars
Move on in silence. . .
Temples of infinity
Are built in hallowed quiet.
Jeannette Slocomb Edwards.

WORTHWHILE THINGS

I WAS curious about the man who sat near me on a park bench. He was ragged.

Every few minutes he wrote in a small book. His eyes held a steady gleam. An occasional smile, a faint, reminiscent smile, flashed across his face. It was this smile, unusual on a derelict's lips, that made me try to make talk between us.

"Well, the sun is trying to shine at last," I remarked.

His eyes followed mine. "Yes," he answered, "yes, it always does shine—eventually."

I saw that his small book had "Diary" across its faded cover.

The man caught my amazed stare. "Maybe that does look funny, but I put down things every day and it's strange how much you can find that's worth putting down, once you begin. I haven't been like this always—" he glanced down at his clothes and broken shoes, "and I won't be much longer, either—"

"But why remember? Isn't it better to forget the misery you've been through?" I asked.

"It hasn't been all misery. There's a whole lot I shall want to remember—always." His fingers seemed to caress the small battered book. "I've met some pretty fine folks—and I've seen a good many fine things. I don't want to forget them."

"When this bad time passes—and it is passing—I'll be able to open my book and remember that I lived richly even while I was hungry for food."

I walked away ashamed. To think, that with plenty I had found life less rare and precious than this man on a park bench.

This Ulysses on his wanderings, even under adverse circumstances had made each day yield some store of sweetness, substance.

Helen Dougherty.

FINISH SOMETHING!

"TRY and finish something, dear," my mother once said to me. "If it's only to darn a pair of hose and put them away. Or sew on a button that's been annoying you. The psychology of having at least *one* task completed, no matter how slight, has a comforting effect. Strange though it may seem it brings satisfaction."

Wise mother! The years that followed proved this to be true. A good habit had been formed. Completing small things led to accomplishing greater tasks, carrying them through to the finish. And I learned that completing one's job is one of the most important secrets of making a success of life.

Without this habit the most brilliant people in the world would not get very far. Even the stupid person may go far if he has but learned to *complete* his task.

Nella Mae Esty.

GO ON!

AT DAWN when you are rested,
And day is fresh and new,
Before your soul is tested,
The way looks clear to you.

But as the day advances,
And obstacles appear,
The aiming of your glances,
May be toward the rear.

That lag, with backward staring,
Is folly rank and cold,
When you could be awearing,
A path to pots of gold.

Luella F. Hinderer.

BORROWING COURAGE

WHEN I got laid off at an oil refinery, I decided I wouldn't be like others I knew who had been idle (Continued on page 53)

Psychology in Review

Gleanings From New Idea Fields

by **MARIAN MONTAGUE**

HITLER BANS "LAZY BONES"

"LAZY Bones" are in the air today—in more ways than one.

The song is being sung all over the world, except in Germany, where Hitler has banned it. He's afraid it might have a bad effect on his Nazis. And, goodness knows, he doesn't want them to become lazy! There's too much work to be done.

But Drs. J. W. Macy and E. V. Allen of the Mayo Foundation for Medical Research in Rochester, Minn., feel differently about it.

"Don't worry if you are afflicted with laziness!" say they. "Lazy bones" usually fare better in the life race than do hard-working go-getters."



For several years the two doctors have been studying 235 patients, more than eighty-five per cent of whom had no other trouble than chronic exhaustion. They always felt tired.

From their work with these patients the doctors came to the conclusion that the "lazy" individual is apt to live longer than the energetic, dynamic person, because he takes life easy. Minor ailments and chronic nervous exhaustion protect him from over-activity.

The hard worker, on the other hand, is rarely sick until afflicted with severe organic disease. But, because he has been living so fast and burning up his energy, he is less able to resist illness when it comes.

"Longer life expectancy for patients in the former group," the doctors conclude, "represents a compensation for their continual subnormal physical constitution."

GREAT FAILURES

"YOU'RE always writing about the great successes of life," a friend said to me recently.

"Why don't you ever give a thought to the outstanding failures? We've had them right along, from Nero to Napoleon. Their

lives are overflowing with examples for us all."

My friend's words set me thinking about this question of success and failure. It is true, I found. Our books and magazines are filled with secrets of success. There's not a word of failure. Perhaps that's the very reason why we have so many.

If people were warned in advance of the pitfalls along the road of life, they would feel their way more carefully. They would avoid those luring little bypaths that come to a quick, dead end. They would cling to the longer, harder climb. They would win success via the route of endurance.

What is the secret of failure? I am going to let Dr. Bernard Hollander, a prominent British psychologist, answer for me.

"A man fails," says Dr. Hollander, "if his ideas are larger than his purse; if he trusts unworthy people; if he puts pleasure before duty and has too many or too expensive amusements; if he does not do today what he can possibly put off until tomorrow; and if he risks all his eggs in one basket when he is not in a position to watch or control it.

"Some men fail because they are given to dawdling, indecision, worrying, fretting, or entertaining oversanguine expectations.

"A man is bound to fail if he has no sense of humor, lacks cordiality, does not know how to approach men, cannot take a rebuff good naturedly, does not carry confidence or conviction, and when he is too long winded in his conversation so that people tire before he gets to the point.

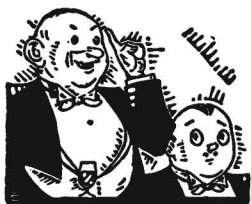
"Lastly, there's the influence of the wife. You may not know that behind every great man, there is a woman, pushing him ahead, helping him over the stumbling blocks, encouraging him when the way is hard.

"The man whose wife is an inspiration to him is bound to attain success. The man who is cursed with a nagging, clinging, domineering, dull-witted, slovenly wife has a millstone about his neck. He won't get ahead unless he cuts the rope that holds him."

If only women could realize the importance of keeping step with their husbands, of helping them as a brilliant secretary would, we would have more successful men, more happy marriages, and fewer "office wives."

MEN ARE VAIN, TOO

MEN usually blame the women for all the vanity in the world today.



But last year alone men spent \$250,000,000 on hair and scalp treatments trying to drive away or prevent baldness. Besides that, they paid out close to \$20,000,000 for hair

tonics.

And so far with little or no results.

I have this from Charles Nessler, probably the foremost authority on hair in this country.

"I'm still looking for the gold in the mountain," Mr. Nessler told me the other afternoon.

"The only thing I can guarantee a man today is that he will retain his present hair density if he follows my instructions. I can stop hair from falling out, but I haven't yet been able to regain a heavy growth once it is gone. Some day, though—"

MONEY AND PARENTS

DOES "Sonny Boy" want a nickel every time Daddy comes home? Does he have a weekly allowance? Has he learned to save?

The child and his spending money is a real problem to many perplexed parents. To help them, Mrs. Sidonie M. Gruenberg, well-known leader of the Child Study Association of America, and her husband, Dr. B. C. Gruenberg, offer a delightful and authoritative study with many anecdotal illustrations.

"Children will learn the art of using money," they assert, "through the method of trial and error."

"Let your little ones handle money on their own responsibility. Give them so much each week, but no more. If they spend it all on candy, and are thereafter penniless, the next week will find them more careful.

"They will have learned that there are other things they want as much as candy. Such experiences will tend to make them plan and budget.

"What can be done for a child who seems to have no money sense?" "Should a child's allowance be made contingent on good be-

havior or good school work?" "Should children be paid for doing home chores?" "How shall we answer the adolescent boy of today who declares that saving has proved futile?"—these are some of the topics discussed that should help bewildered young fathers and mothers.

IT'S TRUE!

"WHEN did God keep dogs from barking?" "Who set fire to 300 foxes' tails?" "What five automobile parts are named in one Bible chapter?" "Where was the first skyscraper started?"

No, these aren't riddles. They're just a few of the questions you should be able to answer offhand—that is, if you really knew your Bible.

You could find the answers there. But a quicker way would be to turn to a fascinating new book—"Is *That* in the Bible?" by Dr. Charles Francis Potter.

Dr. Potter is the founder of the First Humanist Society of New York. Since the age of five he has been an ardent student of the Bible. For many years he has been collecting and classifying the human interest material in that great book, and now he has produced the Bible in question and answer form.

"Clothing and Fashions," "Beasts, Birds and Insects," "Miracles and Wonders," "Relating to Sex," "Athletics, Sports and Prowess," "Of Interest to Physicians," and "Music" are some of the sections with which one may spend a delightful evening trying out questions on friends.

BABIES, JUST BABIES

"BABIES are in style today," says Helen Washburn. "More professional and college people, I believe, are having children than ever before in our time."



Mrs. Washburn is the proud, young mother of two tiny tots. She has derived so much pleasure and excitement from them that she has written a helpful little handbook to tell other young mothers and mothers-to-be about her own experiences. It is called "So You're Going to Have a Baby!"

"Our grandmothers," Mrs. Washburn declares, "had babies because it was their bounden duty to do so. The modern girl is choosing motherhood because she doesn't want to miss the (Continued on page 57)

When Kelly Sang

It Was Night—and Christmas Eve

by GRANT MILTON SASSAMAN

IF THE legalized saloon with its frosted mirrors and brass footrail, comes back into good standing, Patrick Kelly will not be here to enjoy it.

For Kelly is dead! And he died nobly, even though his last breath was laden with the reek of bad liquor, and his last earthly act was a convulsive twitch of the throat under a blanket of swirling snow.

"Singing Kelly" was the name he was known by in the pre-Volstead saloons, and "Singing Kelly" he remained when speak-easies came into vogue.

But it was Christmas Eve that proved to be Kelly's undoing. . . .

He slouched against the makeshift bar in a central-city speakeasy, lamenting the good old days when a song was a song, and a barroom not a dirty little den of furtiveness.

Kelly was not a heavy drinker. He was a tippler and tonight he'd been out of sorts. For an hour he had been pouring down his drinks with a savage gusto that threatened to exhaust the supply on hand.

The bartender picked up a greasy rag and went through the motions of wiping the unclean bartop. He looked at Kelly with a hint of reproof in his glance.

"They oughta call you '*Drinkin'* Kelly' insteada '*Singin'* Kelly,'" he said testily. "If you keep on at that pace they won't be nothin' here for the reporters when they come in. Next load ain't due till one."

"Well, I'm burying me troubles," grumbled Kelly. He gazed past the bartender's left ear to where his own drink-reddened face looked out at him from a messed-up mirror behind the bar.

"Buryin' 'em!" snorted the bartender, crinkling a bulbous nose. "You're drownin' 'em!"

He gave the rag one more vicious shove across the nicked bar, then looked up with an exclamation of greeting as two young men, brushing the snow from their hats and coats, came into the room.

"Well I'll be pickled in brine!" he vociferated. "Talk about the devil an' he pops right

outta the box. Move up, you guys, an' give the boys a bit o' elbow room."

"Where's the rest of the gang?" asked Kelly, making room beside him for the newcomers.

"Oh, they'll be along in half an hour or so, after the city edition's put to sleep," answered the reporter nearest Kelly. "Bennie and I were down the street at the hospital since ten, jawing with the internes."

He turned to the bartender. "Three beers," he ordered, and then again to Kelly:

"Just ran across a funny thing down at the hospital. There's a little old lady there, brought in from a small town several days ago for a minor operation. By all the rules of the game she should pull through easily, but they think she's going to make a die of it."

He picked up his glass of beer, blew the suds into the trough, and half emptied it before setting it down.

"THE old lady would be okay but she's fretting like the devil, they tell me. Been pestering every doctor and nurse in the place all day about Christmas carols. Says as long as she can remember she always heard carols sung on Christmas Eve.

"When she learned they don't sing them in this neck of civilization she became quite a case. Her temperature shot right up and she's dangerously sick now—in fact, she's likely never to hear her precious carols again."

"Humph," mused Kelly. "A little old lady?" Reflectively he reached for a schooner of beer the reporter had shoved in front of him. His groping hand knocked it over, spilling the contents upon the bar and upon his coat and vest.

For a second he looked at the spilled beer reproachfully, a brown haze gathering in his eyes. Then he lurched from the bar and started for the door.

"When Kelly spills 'is beer he's drunk, boys, an' it's time for him to be agettin' home," he said thickly, his hand fumbling for the door-knob. "G'night."

THEY heard his unsteady footsteps receding down the corridor leading to the street door. The reporter called, Bennie turned a puzzled face to his companion.

"Hell's bells!" he burst out. That last beer he drank must have had dynamite in it!"

Fat flakes of snow tapped lightly against the window panes of Room 396. To the tired nurse at the bedside they seemed like imperative fingers—fingers striving to reach in through the glass and smother her patient with their cold, moist touch of death. She was a young and impressionable nurse, and there was a suggestion of impending death in the room's quietness.

Upon the bed lay a shrunken little woman with thin grey hair and fever-shot eyes. Her wasted frame made but a slight ridge under the covers, and she lay so motionless that death seemed already to have triumphed. Only her burning eyes and the faint flush of her sunken cheeks gave assurance that life still remained.

The nurse looked up as the staff physician came into the room. Approaching the bed quietly, he leaned over the patient and regarded the still form for a long moment. He turned to the nurse.

"Seems to be no change for the better," he commented. "I'm afraid we'll lose her before the night's over."

He moved to the door, and stood there thoughtfully rubbing his chin. "This case is certainly a mystery to me," he observed, as if to himself. "She's an old woman, that's true, but even a woman of sixty should recover easily from a minor abscess."

He turned to the nurse with a frown. "I wish you had humored her about that carol business," he muttered, not unkindly. "She seems to be one of those lonely creatures who have few things to anticipate and so, look forward to them as intensely as if their very lives were involved."

"But—" he dismissed the subject with a wave of his hand and pushed half way through the door, "call me if she becomes delirious."

The nurse rose from her chair, walked around to the other side of the bed, and stood looking uncertainly down at the sick woman. With wide-open eyes the latter continued to stare unwaveringly at a spot in the ceiling, as if expecting the blank surface above

her, to materialize into sound or movement.

There was something indefinably disturbing about the tense rigidity of the sick woman's face—that unnatural attitude of poised expectancy. An unfamiliar sensation of fear and futility took possession of the nurse.

She wandered to the window and opened the upper part a few inches. The wind was rising now, she noticed, and the fat flakes of snow had become minute pellets of hard-driven ice. They began to batter against the panes with increasing force, propelled by a shrieking wind.

Suddenly, above the storm, came a voice lifted in song. The nurse, who had returned to the bedside, turned her eyes to the window with a look of incredulity upon her face. Even the little old lady turned her head, and into her red-rimmed, staring eyes came an expression of softness and comforting warmth.

The wind died down for a moment, and throaty and halting with a bit of an Irish brogue, the song drifted plainly into them. It gathered strength and became recognizable. It was "Silent Night" and

the words wafted:

*"... Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild. . ."*

Like a tide, strong, virile and triumphant, the melody poured forth. At times it receded, taking the shriek and moan of the wind with it, only to soar again in a paean of sad joyfulness. At last, soothingly, like the croon of a mother rocking a fretful baby to sleep, the song drifted to its close:

*"... Sleep in Heavenly peace,
Sleep in Heavenly peace."*

Gradually, as if it were riding the crest of a tide drifting out to sea, the melody trailed off, was stilled.

With a smile upon her face the little old lady upon the bed sighed happily, contentedly, then fell into sleep.

It was almost four in the morning when the gleaming head light of a hospital ambulance turned into the driveway with an emergency case. It focussed on a form partly fallen from a bench.

Several internes hurried forward with pocket torches. Orderlies followed with a stretcher. They found Kelly, quite dead, a thin mantle of snow (Continued on page 63)



Lost—An Inferiority Complex

by M. LORD

"If we do not have confidence in ourselves, we certainly cannot expect others to have. . . . The most common hindrance to success is timidity, lack of assurance. . . . Fighting an inferiority complex is a big job, but it pays big rewards—to those who persist."

ARE you timid or shrinking?

Do you speak disparagingly of yourself or your ability?

As a clever young nurse, Miss Temple, said one day: "There is help, but it must come from within."

This nurse had once been afflicted with an inferiority complex herself. It went wherever she went; and when she decided to go into training it followed her right into the hospital, making her miserable and nullifying her best efforts.

A doctor was giving a lecture one afternoon. When he finished, he started quizzing the girls. The first nurse answered the question incompletely. He frowned at the second girl's explanation, and merely shook his head. Had Miss Temple been third in the row, she could have answered the question, but, when the third girl sat down, the doctor held her answer up to ridicule—and Miss Temple lost her nerve and failure was hers.

The incident made her unhappy and deeply stirred her anger at herself. That night she lay awake in her bed wondering how she could overcome her weakness.

Fortunately she realized that the treatment was up to her. As she lay in her bed that night, she made plans for what she termed "my psychological regeneration."

She had recently been called into the office of the superintendent of nurses because a paper she had written on a certain disease had been brought in by the doctor who had lectured on that subject. Across the face of the paper, in red pencil, he had written: "Note-worthy for its excellence." The superintendent, of course, had been pleased, and had praised her.

This incident made a good starting point. As she lay on her bed, Miss Temple said to herself, "If I could write a paper like that, I must have a splendid brain." And she not only said this to herself that night, but made the thought the principal means of curing her

complex. Day after day she repeated those words, until they became a part of her. As she performed her multitudinous duties among the patients, she reminded herself, "I have a splendid brain."

When she had mastered that idea, she added this: "I am master of every situation that can possibly arise." She steeped herself in the thought that nothing could confuse or confound her. The response was beautiful. A poise and a peace took possession of her that added immeasurably to the pleasure she derived from her work.

"I have at my command all I need to insure success and happiness." "My mind has inexhaustible resources."

These, and other affirmations she rehearsed faithfully. She was engaged in the absorbing pastime of weaving a new mental fabric, and she glowed with pride and joy as new and enlarged powers unfolded within her. The trend of all her thoughts was that she could do whatever she *had to do*, and do it *well*. Thoughts are powerful things. As we mold our thoughts, so do we fashion our affairs. By thinking the right kind of thoughts, we can, if we but know it, release boundless energies and develop latent talent.

It sounds simple and easy but, it is difficult for shrinking little violets, like Miss Temple, for instance. But it is just the food for violets. They thrive beautifully on it.

She mastered her shyness. She counts slowly when she wishes to speak—one, two, three—and then instantly talks—and easily. When she goes to a party now, she enjoys herself. It took her many, many months to learn to forget herself, but it was well worth the effort.

A YOUNG accountant confessed bitterly that he was cursed with an inferiority complex. He was very capable, and made a good appearance. But, frequently, he blushed furiously, and it made him angry—at himself. "I hate myself"—that was his spoken and his silent thought.

The bookkeeper in his office was a woman who understood men and women. When the young accountant joined their staff, she noticed, of course, how easily he blushed. Not only that, but she sensed his misery.

A girl in the office (Continued on page 58)

"Psychology Has Helped Me"

by OUR READERS

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

"LIFE MORE VITAL"

AT THE age of twenty-seven I was through. I was a total wreck physically and mentally, with no desire other than to end it all. I could not adjust myself to life. I did not know where to turn for a means of alleviating my distress.

One day a relative took me to a psychologist's office. That visit has meant everything to me. I was diagnosed as the victim of various erroneous conditions of thinking and of living. I received instruction as to how to set about my own cure.

That was months ago. Daily since then I faithfully have followed the psychologist's prescription. I can see the startling results. Objectionable conditions are being corrected.

I have obtained a new grip on life. I feel the stream of vitality surging within me. It is good to be alive! I am happier than I have ever been in my whole life.

So I say that psychology has literally saved me. Through it, I live my life more vitally and more abundantly.

Jean Lewis,
1679 Beard St., Memphis, Tenn.

"A BUNDLE OF COMPLEXES"

WHEN I first encountered psychology I was a walking bundle of complexes. I did not know what was wrong with me. I only knew that life was a ghastly failure and that I was a ghastly part of that failure.

I did not consult a psychologist, for I had long ago lost all faith in doctors of every sort, but having my attention directed that way, I soon was reading all the books on psychology I could lay my hands on.

I studied the lessons, and began to apply them to my own daily life. And then I saw their value to me. Now I am collecting the dividends—in added poise, better conditions, deeper appreciation of all that life means to me.

The application of psychology has solved many problems. I rejoice now when I rise in

the morning to meet the duties of the new day.

Elmer McMurray,
Silverton, West Virginia.

REVERSING A HANDICAP

I SUPPOSE that it began at school—that extreme sensitiveness about being left-handed. The teacher tried to correct what she considered a defect. The attention I thus caused made me nervous. I hated that strange abnormality of mine.

When I grew up it was the same. I continued to worry when people remarked my use of the left hand. Gradually I developed a pronounced inferiority complex. And on top of it all I became extremely nervous.

Psychology came to me like a ray of light in the darkness. I saw that I was wrong in thinking of my left-handedness as a defect. I accepted it. I am a violinist, and I learned to reverse the strings. Soon I faced my concerts without that feeling of inferiority. I would show them!!! Later I reversed the strings on the Hawaiian guitar and also on the Spanish guitars. Today I play those without any feeling of fear.

Sometimes people remark that I am southpaw. Do I hang my head in shame? Do I feel that old inferiority complex? No, siree! Psychology has cured me.

Blanche Porter,
Fargo, Oklahoma.

A LONG BATTLE—VICTORY

PSYCHOLOGY . . . a magic word to me. It has changed my entire outlook on life.

All my life I had been hungering and searching for something. When I heard my first psychology lecture, I knew I had found what I had been longing for. I sat as in a trance.

I did not understand half of what the lecturer said, but in my heart there was joy. Here and there I caught a glimpse and my innermost soul would whisper, "This is what you have waited for all these years." The words sounded strangely unfamiliar, but I resolved that I would know in time what they meant.

I must explain that I came to this country from Germany when (Continued on page 54)

Facing Things—

Sometimes the Lion Turns

by M. C. HODGES

SIX months ago I was blessed with an unusual flash of clear seeing. Our little family was very close to the rocks.

We had been drifting for two dreadful years. My husband had been, since 1912, with a wholesale upholstery firm. He was getting \$3500 in 1930, when the firm went out of existence.

For six months he searched for a job and became daily more panicky as our savings dwindled. Then he found a job—shipping clerk at twenty dollars a week. Vastly better than no job at all, we knew by this time.

But what those six months had done to him! From a cheerful healthy individual he had become a physical wreck, so nervous we hardly could live with him. He had lost forty pounds. Procuring work, he wondered every night if he *could* go to it the next morning. Not that it was hard—but he had lost every bit of self confidence.

.

I was wretched myself. I had spent over a hundred dollars of our precious savings going to doctors. "Just nerves" they said, and gave me pills and tonics. I couldn't sleep. My head ached all the time, I was perpetually tired. I just couldn't do my housework. We got used to living any way—in dust and disorder.

My twelve year old daughter was entirely out of hand. She whined and complained, was back in her work at school, spent as much time away from home as she could. But it was she who startled me into that moment of vision.

One day she met my reproaches with, "You and Dad hate each other. I wish you'd hurry and get divorced so I could go on my own—I'm fed up on scrapping!"

So that was the situation! I knew I was going to lose my house, the little Jersey bungalow I'd taken so much pride in once. But to lose John and Irma too!

I sat down and tried to think it out. What was the matter? I'd picked up a new book in the doctor's waiting room weeks before. It dealt with psychology. I did not remember the author's name but a few words I'd read stuck in my mind—"Inner anxieties rather

than external burdens wear us out. Inner tensions are produced by unfortunate habits of thinking and working—face things!"

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I got a pencil and wrote, "Inner Anxieties."
1. John's worries—possibility of his breakdown. 2. Irma—can I ever get her back to a normal life? 3. Problem of food and shelter. 4. My health.

Laboriously, but as speedily as my chaotic thoughts would permit, I figured out and wrote down what, if anything, I could do about these anxieties. Then doggedly I set out to right them—a little each day. The result has been unbelievable. The very act of *facing* these difficulties seemed to help.

This is (abbreviated) what my work sheet looked like:

What can I do?

I can turn my attention from myself to my husband.

I can let him know I understand.

I can give him every day an indirect "well done."

I can be cheerful—in his presence, at least.

I will not scold or nag my daughter if she tears the house down.

I will see that she hears no more whining or quarreling.

I will budget her day and give her responsibilities with the air of conferring a favor.

We will give up this house. We will do it now. (We moved into a cheaper apartment, lifting the immediate clouds of anxiety.)

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I made a budget—yes, for twenty dollars a week. I joined a free cooking class at a local lighting company's place. I learned much; and I heard how the *other* woman was standing up to difficulties.

For instance, one woman with six children and no income. Then her fifteen year old boy found an office job. She had a chance of afternoon work in a restaurant. The nursery school would care for the two smallest girls but the other little girls—three of them were alone. No, 1933 was not the time to coddle *sick* nerves. "Send them (Continued on page 60)

Be a Leader—You Can

But You Must Break the Trail

by **THOMAS CARTER DODD**

THE courage to dare is one of the marks of the true leader.

In your community how many people dare to be themselves? Right among your own friends, how many dare to take a chance?

You cannot be a leader unless you are willing to take chances—to forge ahead without fear. The mob coming along behind has a beaten track. The leader up ahead must break the trail. Even for *yourself* you must break the trail if you would be a leader to yourself.

For leadership is something that you can apply to yourself—in order to reach to bigger things.

But do you dare? That is the question.

What the world needs and demands, what your community needs and demands, above all else—what you yourself need and should demand—is leadership. There is a tremendous need for leadership of the sort that inspires people to do great things. There is even more of a demand, there always will be a demand, for that personal leadership that drives individuals on to greater and still greater things.

I WAS at a meeting of a certain board of finance recently, where the city's desperate financial condition was discussed. Plans were talked over and ideas broached. But, do you think any one man stepped forward, seized the situation and forced it into the right channel? Do you think that any one man took hold of it single-handed?

No. They temporized. They put off. They lacked the forthright courage of a Napoleon who came to grips with his problems on the instant.

Again, I was talking with a man who was doing promotion work. He confessed to a secret desire to write and regretted that he had not made it his life work. But do you think he took hold of his life by the scruff of the neck and forced it into writing channels? No. He was not his own leader.

I was talking to a woman who was forever bemoaning something. Sometimes it was ill-health. Then it was something else. Do you think she gripped her life with a hand of iron, to drive it into channels of health and happiness? No. She went on bemoaning her troubles and all the rest of the things that made her unhappy. She could not lead herself.

THIS question of leadership is an important one. Lack of it is the reason for national and community troubles. The lack of it is the reason for so much individual unhappiness, the square peg in a round hole, the person who is at a standstill.

But cheer up, you may acquire leadership. Not in the sense that you might be another Napoleon. But if your idea is to be a good salesman, or a good secretary, or a doctor or a teacher, or any of a hundred other things, then you don't care about Napoleon.

What you care about is yourself. And we cannot all

be great leaders, in fact many of us do not want to be. But we can be leaders unto ourselves. And therein lies our greatest happiness and our greatest success.

Do you know what a great leader is? The most obvious thing about him is, that he believes utterly in himself. The objective evidence of that is his positiveness, his confidence, his optimism and his force. Nothing sways him, nothing hinders him. People stand aside for him.

You never saw a pessimistic leader. Some men are pessimists. Granted, they may be a force in the world, but they are never leaders.

Now, leadership may, to a certain extent, be acquired. And once acquired, you will be surprised to find how it makes for success.

The first thing, of course, is to train yourself to believe in yourself. It is like learning to swim. With each additional stroke your belief in yourself increases. So, your belief in your own power is a matter of practice.

Do it this way. Try being positive instead

A leader believes in himself—utterly. The objective evidence of that is in his positiveness, his confidence, his optimism and his force. Nothing sways him, nothing hinders him. People stand aside for him, respectful of his confidence—in HIMSELF.

of being apologetic. You will be surprised to find how people agree with you. State your opinions with conviction, all the time cultivating the attitude of believing in yourself.

Leadership, of the sort which the world needs now, is not so much telling others what to do. There are people who lead who never give a command. If you have the qualities of leadership in you, people will instinctively turn to you.

That is the subjective side, the side that is you. There is also the objective side. The habit of studying other people, of learning their likes and dislikes, their feelings, their reactions and their interests.

The question of leadership is a profound one for the community. But it is even more profound for yourself. For, it means the difference between a measure of success and utter failure. And the time to start being a success is when things look the blackest. It is then that most men fear to strike out. Right now there are opportunities for most men, like Br'er Rabbit, which are laying low.

It is important for the individual, for his whole future lies before him. The measure of his ability to acquire leadership, is the measure of the quantity of his success and its quality. And that goes whether he is twenty or forty. A man's future is always before him, no matter how old he is. Former Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes did not become really great until he was past eighty.

Get down to brass tacks on this leadership question. And remember that leadership is not all marching at the head of the regiment. The sergeants and corporals lead also.

Have you the courage? This is a poser for some people. Not the courage to give somebody a piece of your mind. That is simply a display of anger. But the courage to dare, to chuck your job if you see something better ahead, to sacrifice to get what you want, to give up your leisure in order to achieve a certain goal, to keep everlastingly plugging ahead no matter how foolish other people may

think you are. And to take adversity with a grin and forge success out of failure.

Have you the courage to work eighteen hours a day with unflagging enthusiasm? Of course that is hard. But these words are for those who want to achieve leadership. The real leader doesn't find his job hard, he glories in it. The extent of his enthusiasm is the measure of his courage.

Are you so sure of yourself that others are sure of you? Do you have the habit of saying "I think" or "I believe," or do you say "it is this or that"? Try both ways and see how differently others react. Being sure of yourself makes other people sure of you.

Do you not see how this question of leadership runs down into the smallest jobs? If you cannot lead anybody else, you can at least lead yourself. And, if you rightly develop leadership qualities your job will not stay small.

Your job. Have you a knowledge of it, or that other job you covet, that makes you calm in the face of a barrage of questions? You cannot be a real leader unless you know more about your job than the other fellow.

All these are important elements. But they are all swallowed up in the one word, enthusiasm. Are you all burned up over your job? All great leaders are fanatics. All successful men live and eat their work and love it. They cannot see anything else.

Are you enthused over some one thing? Look at the youngster who is crazy to play baseball. Pretty soon he becomes good at it. His enthusiasm knows no failure. It rides over all obstacles to success. He is crazy about the game.

Are you so filled up with some one thing that you never think of the possibility that you may be wrong? You know you can get just so much inside of yourself. If that inside is overflowing with enthusiasm there is no room for doubt or fear of failure.

Back of the leader's enthusiasm and the foundation for that (*Continued on page 60*)

"Be Strong, Be Strong"

Across the street there stands a stalwart oak,
While not another of its kind is near,
It towers in kingly grace, a mighty peer,
And wears for armor faith's invulnerable cloak.

Sometimes it seems as if it would invoke
A blessing, when the earth is bare and sere,
It bids all weary things to persevere—
Gives sheltering peace to hosts of feathered folk.

I think it once knew others of its kind
And lived in woodland silence, calm and deep;
And yet it grieves not, nor is it resigned,
But memories of the past it seems to keep.

And always as I gaze it breathes a song,
So brief, yet beautiful: "Be strong, be strong."

By MARGARET E. BRUNER

To Be Youthful at Forty—

Begin at Fifteen

by O. V.

WHEN I was fifteen mother gave a party to some old friends with whom she had gone to school. When I came home from school, I was to tiptoe upstairs, wash and dress, and come down "like a lady"—to be shown off.

I did as I was told. For I was curious to see the ladies with whom mother had gone to school.

Mother had told me about them before. She told me that Anne Diligat made the most wonderful fudge—that Alice Crandall had married a college professor and gone West to live. We had almost lived with Marie Dalton, so familiar a name had she become. And now they were all having a reunion. I wouldn't have missed it for anything!

I'll never forget it! For that afternoon was the turning point in my young life. I entered the dining room timidly. And there, seated around the table, were twelve women, all eating and talking at once. Twelve women ranging in age from forty to fifty-five years of age, who had once been slim and young and lovely. I was duly introduced and asked to sit down.

I looked at these ladies. With each bite of the short cake they were devouring I became more and more convinced that I was having an object lesson spread before my eyes. And then and there, I came to the conclusion that, no matter whatever happened, I would never be like those over-fed, overstuffed, fair-fat-and-forty ladies, who talked about nothing whatsoever, and who were so deadly dull, even to my adolescent understanding.

And so, at fifteen, I decided that I would try my best to be charming at forty. I thought about it a lot. I decided I would eat simple foods—the kind of food that gave me strength, and built firm strong flesh and good rich blood. And that I would exercise, and do my best to keep my body young and supple.

In my mind's eye I saw these ladies attempting to rid themselves of their encumbering bur-

den of fat. Then I saw the flesh hang in folds on them—like an accordion. And so, I made up my fifteen-year-old mind that if one never got fat she would never be embarrassed by those folds of loose skin.

So I exercised my body every day. My muscles were firm, my body supple. And still is. The routine is such a habit with me that I would as soon go without a bath as to forget the daily bending and twisting that makes me "feel so good."

I watched scales—those scales that mother said lied so terribly. For if mother gained weight, she said that the scales must be wrong—she couldn't have gained three pounds in a week. Why, she hardly ate a thing! Gave up candy, and cut dessert—that is, the second helping, anyhow.

When I was eighteen, I was willowy and strong. Yet rounded and smooth of contour. And fairly good looking—if I do say so. Not from the Hollywood standard, but with a high color that came and went in my cheeks—that made my skin glow with health—bright eyes that danced with happiness, and gleaming white teeth.

When I married—shortly after eighteen—I had no complexes about housework being exhausting. I was strong. And it was all a game—just good wholesome exercise.

Try it some time. Try washing clothes until your face is red with exertion. Your back moves up and down, as your arms are rhythmically rubbing, rubbing. And the good old-fashioned sweat—I like that word too—pours down your face. It's a pretty good workout. Then a cold shower—and you feel even better than the man who plays golf all day.

When I was twenty-five, I had to earn my own living and that of my child. Did I mind? Why should I? It was a game—an adventure.

I then came to the realization that perhaps this was one of the ways in which I could make myself really charming. For I was learning life, keeping up with a fast changing world. And being more (Continued on page 50)



In the Psychologist's Office—

Discussion of Actual Cases

by CONSULTING PSYCHOLOGISTS

I HAD known the young woman, whom I will call Mary, several years before she came to me as a patient. Before her marriage, she seemed full of the joy of living, and I had considered her a really beautiful soul.

I was shocked, then, at the change in her when, after telephoning for an appointment, she arrived at my office one morning. Here was an unhappy, almost a frantic woman, quite unrecognizable as the bright-faced Mary that I remembered.

Her distress was so great that she was almost inarticulate, but she finally managed to tell me her story. Briefly it was this:

Her husband had left her—for another woman and she was quite unable to see in what way she (Mary) had failed him as a wife. She had loved him, not passionately it is true, but in a nice, quiet wifely manner. There had been no quarrels—nothing to warn her of what was coming.

"I could stand his leaving me," Mary wailed. "I could reconcile myself to going on without him if there were no other woman. That's what tortures me. I can't eat or sleep. I am in agony."

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Allowing for a certain amount of jealousy, the real fact back of Mary's suffering was the unconscious conviction she held that the future would hold no surcease—that her agony would continue. She was intensely afraid of days, weeks and months to come. She was afraid of life itself!

It was some time before this distraught woman could really take in what I was saying, but finally she began to believe me when I told her that one can suffer almost the tortures of the damned—if he has the knowledge and conviction that the suffering will have an end. The trouble is, usually, that a patient will refuse to, or is perhaps unable to, raise his mental eyes above the great wall that his specific trouble represents to him. "It is a physiological and psychological impossibility to experience the same agonies of mind, undiminished, unabated"—this was the statement that I finally got over to her.

"If you will believe that—accept it as a fact,

your absolute recovery from this blow and the suffering is sure," I assured. She, fortunately, was eager to cooperate with my work for her and very recently she assured me that she now is so lifted out of her trouble that she only occasionally thinks of it—it has become like the memory of a disagreeable dream—and she is living a normal, busy life.

Jacob S. List.

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WHAT would you think of a woman who was afraid to love—afraid to marry the man who meant much to her? What could have happened to her that would make her afraid to go ahead and take the happiness which seemed within her reach? Here this girl was refusing marriage, the possibilities of a home and children, the hope and dream of every young girl.

Such an unnatural state of mind could have been accomplished only by the person to whom as a child she had looked for love, protection, security, and appreciation—her mother.

This young woman always had felt neglected by her mother whom she herself adored. Whenever she was affectionate or demonstrative she was repulsed by her mother. Now it is essential that a child feel the protecting love of its mother. It is easy to realize that a child, physically helpless, and completely dependent on the adults around him, gets his sense of security and well-being from his mother. Therefore, when this little girl's affection was not reciprocated, she associated the outpouring of her love with unhappiness and hurt feelings.

To protect herself from this unpleasantness, she would not give love naturally and easily. In other words, she built up a formula which read something like this: "Whenever you give love freely, you get hurt. Be careful. Withhold love and avoid suffering."

Of course she did not realize that her childhood experiences were influencing her. Instead, she blamed the man who, discouraged after her repeated refusals, gave up the attempt to win her.

In her case, it took (Continued on page 65)

Your Job and You—

Vocational Problems Discussed

by CORDELIA MAKARIUS

BEFORE I go into a discussion of a few vocational problems this month, I wish to say a few words to those of you who write me for personal advice on job possibilities.

I have received many letters from men and women who want me to help them but who give me nothing on which to base my suggestions. I must have a little information if I am to be of any particular help such as the amount of schooling you have had, what if any business experience you have had, what your preferences are in regards to a vocation and your hobbies, if any. And, of course, your approximate age.

When I get a letter like this:

"Dear Miss Makarius:

I have a vocational problem which I hope you will help me to solve.

It seems that I cannot decide on what to make my life's work. I have studied radio and chemistry and neither of these subjects has any attraction for me although radio did have at first.

I wonder if you can tell me how to find the thing to which I am best suited?"

I know that this writer is a boy or a man. Except for the fact that he has dabbled in chemistry and radio I know nothing else. He may have studied these subjects in high school or he may have taken a correspondence course. I know nothing of his preparation or of any other interests he may have.

So I must ask you to give me as much detail about yourself as you can in order that I might help you to my best ability.

And don't forget to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a personal answer.

And now to the discussion of some vocational problems.

I have a letter here from a young man whose ambition I certainly want to commend.

He states:

"Dear Miss Makarius:

I have just read your article in PSYCHOLOGY MAGAZINE.

I believe I am at the turning

point in my life. I am back to complete my last year of high school after an absence of four and one-half years, during which time I have been working. I intend to follow the dental course, which will require seven years—and much money.

I have about five hundred dollars in the bank, which I know is very small indeed. I earn some money at present playing in an orchestra several nights a week.

I feel that I must better myself and prepare for the future. I am not kidding myself about the task ahead of me. I have no definite plan; but I am beset with the conviction that I must finish my intention although I am now twenty-two years old.

Do you think I am foolhardy—and that the task ahead is too great?"

My answer to this young man will set him, I hope, on his way toward a profession.

Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. DeR., for your determination to make something out of yourself and to go on with your education.

Indeed you are not too old to take up the profession of dentistry, and with your capital and outside work you can do it. Don't let anyone turn you aside from your determination to get a professional education.

Henry Ford was a poor man at forty. William de Morgan made his greatest success as an author after seventy. So you are a mere infant in years and have all of the best years before you.

I cannot praise you too highly for your ambition.

After you start your dental college work apply for a scholarship to help you along. If you have selected your college, write to the Dean and tell him what you are doing, what you want to do and your financial problems. I am sure that he will help you to solve them, for every college welcomes a serious student who is willing to help himself. Practically every school has a scholarship loan fund to help out in just situations as this. More luck to you. You will succeed.

(Continued on page 62)



Medicine of Life

Part II

In the Psychological Realm—Friendship

by JOSEPH D. AMOROSE

"Friendships are the heart's library," Ella Wheeler Wilcox once said. "The serious friend is the book of philosophy; the merry friend, the book of humor; and there are the poet, the author, and the historian still to be represented."

IN A street corner just a few blocks from my home stands a large store. I have seen, during the last ten years, a dozen merchants move in at different times, and set up business there. But the place seemed to be "hoodooed." All of them failed.

Then, following in the wake of these failures, came an ambitious young druggist who decided to try his hand there. That was several years ago. Intimates warned him his venture would be a foolish one.

Admonishments fell on deaf ears. He believed in himself and he moved in. In six months he had fully justified his self-confidence, and had expanded his business to such an extent that I became both curious and interested. What was the magic secret of his triumph? I determined to find out.

"Your rise here has been a rather rapid one," I remarked. "How do you explain it?"

He looked at me a moment. "Friends," he said, "My capital in business is a host of friends; they represent my investment. I cultivate the disposition that will make them like me. I invest only in goods they want; not merely in a material sense but in a spiritual one also. And that's all there is to it; with that formula anyone can succeed."

"Have you any special formula for making friends?" I further queried.

"None—except a common sense one," he answered hesitatingly. "I lead the newcomer to talk along the channels that interest him most. I never absorb the conversation. I suppress the natural urge to tell him how many strikes I made at bowling last night and lead him to describe the wonderful game he played on the links the other day.

"I make a practice of asking him questions I feel certain he can answer; this always pleases and puts a man in a good frame of mind. I try to be the friend he wants me to

be. By so doing I foster good-will, which obviously is a great advantage in business. Every business man should have a keen perception of the practical value of friendship and its application."

I left, convinced that the neighborhood chemist was a connoisseur in the art of making friends. And I left equally convinced as to the reason of his competitor's failure across the street—the latter lacked this accomplishment. It had never occurred that a warm, kindly and sympathetic spirit, given out generously might bring in very substantial returns.

I am aware that this successful merchant's ideas of friendship must appear, at least, of a utilitarian if not of a mercenary nature. It does seem that they lack the lofty idealism usually attached to the subject. Yet those views come very near being an expression of the relation of friends and the part they play in a workaday world. They are in accord with the feelings of those who believe friends should be of reciprocal advantage to each other. But whether or not we approve of the underlying motives it would be difficult to deny that they are not the essence of common sense, and therefore valuable. The druggist possessed a good psychological sense; in fact he proved as much a psychologist as a business man.

"But aside from business," one may well ask, "why should one seek, cultivate and appreciate friendship?" Since we are in a psychological realm, we may look for the answer in the following statements which a noted psychologist made some time ago. He said, "There is a certain self element in friendship, a craving in the nature of man, which is revealed in the satisfaction we feel in observing the good qualities of our own personality in the personality of another person."

"Thus it may be said that our friends reflect our good qualities and allow the better part of our nature an opportunity to expand. Because of this mirroring of personal qualities or attributes, friendship becomes restful, satisfying. The result is better promotion of private and social intercourse as well as mutual interests. In short, friendship may be described as the best cushioning agent (*Continued on page 59*)

Why Did I Stutter?

My Experiences and Cure

by **CONRAD F. WEDBERG**

I WAS standing at the counter of the country store, facing the jovial old grocer, waiting for the dreaded moment!

"What will you have this morning, sonny?"

"A pound of b-b-b-but-b-but-b-b—"

"Do you want some butter, my boy?" he asked. He had become accustomed to taking the words out of my mouth and his guess was usually right.

Of course I could have written the word on a piece of paper and handed it to him with much less effort, but I was too sensitive and too proud to let anyone think that my stuttering had the best of me.

Is it because we stutterers have been too proud to reveal the heart-aches and misery which we endure that so little has been done in this country to prevent and correct this affliction?

Do you know that there are over one million of us here in these United States with speech defects, more than the combined total of all deaf, blind, and insane? It is estimated that there are 95,000 stutterers and stammerers in the state of Pennsylvania and more than 200,000 in the city of New York alone!

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"WHEN we consider that practically all cases of stammering and stuttering could be easily and inexpensively cured," says a well known authority, "the usual apathy assumes the aspect of real cruelty." The stutterer is perpetually the butt of jokes, songs and imitations. If the stuttering clown in the comic show of the season and the audience, from which his imitations evoke uproars of laughter and applause, would only pause to consider that somewhere among them there is probably one or more of these unfortunates, nervously deranged, recoiling with shame and remorse!

Many a sorrowful confession could be revealed by perfectly bright and normal persons who acquired the habit of stuttering in childhood, who would not face the humiliation of public criticism, and who left school at an early age to seek common labor, isolated by the requirements of society and the demands of self-expression. Stutterers are excluded from most professions, are not accepted by the regular service of the army or navy, are even barred by immigration laws as potential paupers. Still very little has been done in their behalf with the millions of dollars spent annually in our public institutions of education.

Why has this problem remained such a riddle for over two thousand years? Too much attention has been devoted to the symptom and not to the possible causes of stuttering. History has recorded all manners of diagnoses and treatment centered around the manifestation or effect produced in the organs of vocalization. The time-beating, sing-song, big-breath ideas, so much in vogue in our so-called "stammering institutions" at the present time, are no more effective than putting pebbles under one's tongue, as Demosthenes did three hundred years B. C.

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THE modern physician has learned that by removing an abscessed tooth or a pair of infected tonsils, the severe pains of rheumatism in remote parts of the body will disappear. The modern psychologist has, in the same way, discovered that by removing stuttering "in the mind" the spasmodic manifestations of the vocal organs will disappear. Stuttering has been found to be an emotional disorder.

Professor J. M. Fletcher has defined stuttering as a "morbidity of emotional reactions of a specific sort, resulting in an inter-

"When we consider that practically all cases of stammering and stuttering easily and inexpensively could be cured," says a well known authority, "the usual apathy assumes the aspect of real cruelty."

mittently appearing inability to talk in certain social situations." The cause of stuttering lies in the mind where the *thoughts* *stutter* before they reach the vocalization organs.

It was with this interpretation in mind that, seven months ago, I set out to remove the cause of my stuttering. This true story will immediately take on the semblance of a fairy tale when I state that in just six weeks I had graduated from the class of a million stutterers to the realm of unhindered and fluent speech.

There is no secret; nothing that will not stand the test of publicity and trial, and nothing to be kept hidden from those who want assistance. With all due allowance for my present reaction from a life of despair to one of supreme happiness, I am really glad that I lived and suffered the life of a stutterer for twenty-six years of my life. It has created for me this opportunity to sow the seed of encouragement in the hearts of parents who have stuttering children, and perhaps reveal in the story of my own experiences, some applicable adjustments that can be made by adult stutterers to make their lives more cheerful.

I WAS born perfectly normal, physically and mentally, of normal parents, some thirty-odd years ago. My childhood days were spent on a ranch with one sister and three brothers for playmates until I entered school. My parents were Swedish and had been in this country only a short time when I was born. My environment was somewhat different from that of the American child, due to the lack of adjustment on the part of my parents to existing conditions here. I was dressed quite differently from the American children, much to their amusement and to my embarrassment.

My parents were firm believers in the old school maxims, "spare the rod" and "children should be seen and not heard." My parents continued to talk their native tongue until I was about twelve years of age. In fact, they learned the American language mostly from their children. This condition, where one language is spoken in the home and another in the school-room, is a serious handicap and is frequently an aggravating cause of stuttering.

The proper word in one situation is the

wrong word in another situation when the same meaning is to be conveyed. For instance, at home I was taught to say *poijk*. At school I learned that this word was *boy*. At school I was a boy, at home a *poijk*. If I was thinking *poijk* when I recited in school I was immediately corrected. If I said *boy* at home I was questioned again.

While endeavoring to find the word which was apropos at the moment, I developed the habit of repeating and stumbling on the first letter, p-p-b-b-p-b—until my thoughts had found a clear image of the word desired. This repetition and hesitation occurred on a number of other words like you, du; we, vi; to, ti; shall, skäll, etc., always causing the stumbling on the first consonant. It is these consonants that are the hardest to master and which later become the bugaboos of all stutterers.

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I HAVE no record of stuttering in the first grade at school but my parents report that I became a good reader, in spite of my foreign accent, so if my stuttering had started, it was probably not very severe. When I entered the second grade my teacher was quite provoked to find that I was writing with my left hand.

She immediately proceeded to teach me to write with my right hand. I did stutter badly in the third grade and continuously thereafter.

Let me mention here to those who will immediately conclude that this is the same old "left-handed" story, that this change of left to right hand writing was not the underlying cause of my stuttering. It probably helped matters along, as did the confusion of two languages, but the stimulating cause was of emotional origin.

Had I not been changed in my preferential hand, it is possible that I would not have become a confirmed stutterer. However, thousands of children have withstood the left to right hand change and have not stuttered, and equally as many have always been right-handed and have become stutterers.

Considerable study and experimental work is being done at the present time along these lines, based upon the theory that the neurological organization must be strictly unilateral; that by (Continued on page 58)

Next month, Mr. Wedberg will continue this interesting true story of his experiences while a stammerer—and of his cure.

I Conquered Fear—

Then I Knew I Was Free

by **DIANA SHERWOOD**

ONE of the happiest experiences of my life was when I came to know that I had conquered fear, physical weakness and the edict that I must be an invalid.

The doctors had said that in all probability I *never* would be well again. They declared that I must avoid all responsibility and exertion—must shun everything which would tend to cause me the least excitement.

This meant my giving up all social relations, church work, club activities and the management of my home.

My husband installed a capable housekeeper in the home. My automobile was placed in a down town garage with instructions that it was to be sent out with a driver whenever I had to use it, but on doctor's orders I *never* could drive it again.

This was perhaps the greatest grief of all. I dearly loved to drive. To feel the wheel under my hand—this was a joy that I relinquished with every reluctance—but the doctors said that driving had brought on my trouble.

The life of retirement was beginning to be full of appalling possibilities.

"This will not be living—this life they are condemning me to," I fairly wailed. "It will be only existence—inane and useless."

I had so loved to manage my own home; had delighted in my social relationships; had loved to go and come freely—and now this!

My husband's greatest worry now became that of seeing that I was constantly attended—not left alone at any time. His business necessitated his being away from home a part of each month and he was never done cautioning the housekeeper to take continuous care of me.

She was faithful to his instructions and warnings and this feeling of being vigilantly watched and taken care of added to my unhappiness.

One sunny morning in spring, as I was lying on the couch, it occurred to me that it was almost two weeks since I had seen my car. I suddenly had an urge to take it out. I had been thinking as I lay there, wondering why, in the Big Plan of things, this

object of pleasure and convenience would be given me and almost immediately taken away from me. The whole thing seemed against reason. What right had one individual to prescribe a shut-in life course for another?

I got up from that couch and announced to the housekeeper that I was going for a ride. She was horrified but I telephoned the garage to take the car out in front, service it, and wait until I got there. I was very weak and dressing was a slow process. I had to lie down every few minutes to get enough strength to reach the door, where I again halted, summoning courage to go into the street. All this time my unhappy housekeeper was by turns scolding, entreating. "Do you want to kill yourself?" she demanded. She finally tried to stop me by force, so great was her anxiety. I reminded her that while my body undoubtedly was weak, there was nothing wrong with my mind. She finally gave way.

I reached the street. My heart was pounding furiously. My knees seemed unwilling to function. I steadied myself by holding to the fence and walked two blocks. All the time I kept saying to myself, "I will drive that car! I *can* do it, and I will."

When I reached the end of the fence and looked across to the garage, things were dim before my vision. Cold perspiration rose on my hands and face. But I kept my eyes on that garage and told myself it only required *one step at a time*, and surely I could make that. It seemed to me that I was reeling and staggering like a person who was drunk. When I had courage to look back at my footprints in the dust I got one shot of truth. I had been walking in a perfectly straight line, as in a narrow path, although there was no path there.

What strength I did get out of that realization! I even smiled at that little ray of hope. Some sort of building was in process at the garage, so that a pile of lumber was at one side. When I reached it I sat down. I must have lost consciousness for the minute, as next I knew (Continued on page 57)

"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.

Joy Supreme

Joy supreme
Is made, not
Found.
Why weep over
Loss.
After each ambition
Gone,
Inspire new happiness.
Catherine Campagnone,
266 Audubon Ave.,
New York City,
18 years old.

* * *

Beware!

As a sweet scented rose,
On a bright summer morn
Can spoil the whole day
With the sting of its thorn,
Just so, has the joy
Of a treasured bliss
Been ruthlessly soiled
By a judas' kiss.
Maud Brown,
P. O. Box 1027, Tacoma, Wash.

* * *

The Quest

I want to find the road
Where peace doth walk.
It is myself
That hindereth me
I know it to be so.
I am the guide
Of me
Yet—seemeth not to be
Am I my own destiny?
Jean Ashland,
545 85th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Ode to Marriage

Marriage is a pretty state!
I looked with longing at my fate,
Anchored to love; perhaps children—
home,
Plains and wild fields no more to roam.

New hopes awakened—then despair
Tell me, do you call it fair?
Shattered and torn, those great desires,
Burned low the ebbs of passion's fires!

Spent and broken we went our ways
Separated by pride and bound by rage;
Untied the rope, let loose the anchor,
Laughed with force yet filled with rancor!

And now it is done, finished and past,
Memories fringe those days that didn't
last;

It was a slip of paper that said "You are divorced."

But was it a slip of the tongue that brought such recourse?

Edith Williams,
350 West 57th St., New York City.

* * *

A Real Man

There are great things in this old world of ours that many of us admire—

All may have their object of admiration, but my utmost admiration goes to a MAN.

A MAN—whose first duty as a gentleman is towards his mother, his wife, his work.

A MAN—whose dauntless courage and fearlessness can lead an army through hell and to victory.

A MAN—whose optimism and humor can bring courage and confidence to a legion.

A MAN—whose character, personality and sportsmanship brings him true life long friends.

A MAN—who never whispers, "I'm beaten," but who takes it on the chin and ploughs ahead.

A MAN—inside and out; a glorious and godly combination of courage, character and strength.

And for such a man, I am certain we would do our utmost,

For he is the universal conception and admiration—a gentleman—a leader—a MAN.

J. Claude Roby,
Sachute, Quebec.

* * *

Enjoy Yourself

Don't gather black clouds—for today
By seeking from the future, new troubles to borrow;

Be not dismayed—nor in sorrow,
But seek in God's blessings

The joy for today—and tomorrow.

Nettie M. Goodrich,
Waterloo, Indiana.

To Be Youthful at Forty

(Continued from page 48)

alive—because of action and effort. I could fill my mind with things—store them up, against the days of boredom.

So the very necessity that would have caused many to weep for the hardship it entailed helped make me more contented and more self-reliant than I had ever been before. It increased my balance in the Bank of Life, against insistent demands of age.

And remember that age has a lot more to do with our inner self than the mere toll of years. Age is largely a question of mind and matter—if the matter is well taken care of. For the most important part of not growing old—or, I should say of never forgetting that *you are young*—is the state of mind in which you live.

If you begin at an early age to be a philosopher and to realize the significance of life—to understand that it is, after all, a glorious adventure—to be lived fearlessly—you don't have to worry over the things that most people cry about. For the cultivation of this spirit is absolutely certain to build a sense of humor—an asset that can never be overestimated as an aid, when the going gets a bit rough.

I've had ups and downs—plenty of them. So have you. We all do—that is, all of us who live and grow self-reliant. But I never saw a trouble that could plague us for very long after it was once heartily laughed at.

So, throw away your sophisticated airs—views and what nots—come back to earth—to the simple unaffected, childlike person, who always gets the best of it, in the end.

Laugh like a child, when you feel like it. Be so friendly that even a mad dog wouldn't bite you. For this is the person who keeps young all his life. Who never grows up. It's a great satisfaction to feel the young, pliable body obey your will, because it has been trained that way. It's splendid to have a bright cheerful spirit—a spirit that shines through happily—because it is *happy*.

It's a great satisfaction to have a well-stocked mind—to possess a brain that doesn't have to be tickled with a bridge game or a lot of cheap gossip, before it can begin to function in its feeble way.

Make up your mind at fifteen what kind of a person you want to be—and you'll arrive, twenty-five years later, with all your dreams intact, and with wholesome respect for life—the great adventure. You'll be all that you pictured—and maybe a lot more will be added as a reward for your sound-headedness. I did it. I began at fifteen. Now I am forty, and look at me!! Laugh with me!!



*Make yourself an
honest man, and then
you may be sure that
there is one rascal less
in the world*

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: K. J. writes:

I am extremely jealous, self conscious and unhappy. I have tried to apply psychology to these weaknesses of mine but can't say that I have helped myself materially. I dislike to talk about my mother, but I really believe that had she shown me a little more attention in childhood I would have been different. I cannot recall of her ever putting her arms about or kissing me.

Instead, she was constantly criticizing me and telling me that I could not do some certain thing and never would learn. Is there any hope for me? Can such a person change herself so that happiness is possible? I am now twenty-five years old and feel forty.

ANSWER:

I think if you will do a little analyzing you will find that your jealousy has a strong envy tinge to it. You see others enjoying the things that you long for and naturally it creates a lot of depressing emotions as long as you view it from the angle you have. You are just as much entitled to love and happiness as any one. But in place of grieving over your losses you should set about making corrections so that you will create the conditions necessary to these states you wish.

Everything operates according to LAW. You cannot expect love and happiness unless you do YOUR part and create a way for them to enter. You cannot successfully attract love and happiness without making a very definite and well-directed effort. It is too bad that you got such a poor start toward these things you desire, through your faulty early childhood training. But you can't go back to your childhood days and the only thing for you to do is to get out among people and

give yourself these simple experiences that you should have had years ago.

You are sensitive, too conscious of what others may think of you, and are not facing the facts and fears and JUST DOING THINGS in spite of these weaknesses.

It is your opinion of yourself that will count the most in your life, and not the opinion another may have of you. Praise and encourage yourself in place of indulging in regrets, and try to boost your own stock just as much as you can. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." You will be only as big and strong and happy as you believe yourself to be. It is YOUR OWN THINKING that causes you the depression and distress; and it must be YOUR thinking that lifts you above it.

About face now! Let's open the doors to these good things of life. They are for YOU.

QUESTION: G. D. writes:

A few weeks ago I sprained my ankle badly. I consulted a physician and he told me to soak it well in hot water and after twenty-four hours to begin to use it a little, continuing to do so more and more until it was well.

I seemed to get outdoors fairly quickly, but now, several weeks afterward, I have a peculiar feeling in the ankle and am wondering if the treatment he suggested, of using the foot, might have been wrong and injured me. Is there anything I can do?

ANSWER:

The treatment your physician suggested is a perfectly scientific one. Some years ago it was thought that rest was best, but the new treatment is far better. It is possible that some ligament was torn so that there are a

few adhesions left. If this is true there would be rather a peculiar feeling for sometime. Just forget all about it and continue the practice of USE.

QUESTION: H. S. F. writes:

I am a young man twenty-one years of age. Can you give me some of your valuable advice?

Lately I have been suffering from my bones. They crack at every movement I make, which produces a tired feeling. I have consulted six doctors, and none of them know what it is. I have been taking different kinds of medicine, which they have been trying out on me, but I feel worse than when I started to take treatment.

ANSWER:

If these symptoms were described by an older person I would at once think of arthritis. But as this "cracking" you write of seems to be general, and your age but twenty-one, I am inclined to believe it is due to nerve and muscle tension and that it would be well for you to eliminate meats, sweets, coffee and tea for a time, and eat no pastries.

Strive to assume a strong mental attitude toward yourself and life and eliminate self-fear to the best of your ability.

QUESTION: M. S. writes:

My question is: Can a young man twenty-two years of age expect to add to his height from that time on? I have always been healthy and I believe my weight is right for my height.

ANSWER:

You probably will not add much to your present height. You might in-

but skin deep. What counts the most in life is brains. People do not rise to high positions on their appearance, but because they have a mind which has been trained to the extent of it raising them above the common herd. Even socially we find that those who are sought after are not the perfect specimens of manhood or womanhood, but people who are able to give out something and who possess personality. The electrical wizard, Steinmetz, now dead, was a wonderful genius and did a great deal toward adding to our lives, but he was almost hideous in appearance. Napoleon was extremely short and had he been traveling on his shape would not have gone very far.

The thing for you to do is to strive to forget yourself as much as possible and create a thought of service and in each thing that you do strive to do the best you can. Be pleasant, thoughtful, kind and optimistic; build up personality; and people will forget all about your appearance. Naturally, through your being so conscious of yourself, you magnify everything and cause yourself much needless trouble. Get out among people and try to be happy.

Fragments of Life

(Continued from page 33)

for months. I'd get a job somewhere, and promptly. But how?

The newspapers, of course. There were columns in the want ads devoted to salesmen. All right, I'd be a salesman—a house-to-house salesman. I had no experience in that line, but what of it?

There was an ad for coffee salesmen. I went down to their office early the next morning.

"What makes you think you can sell coffee?" asked the manager.

I gave him a good line because I knew the coffee and liked it. A district was assigned.

It was well built up, but after trying about eighty houses, my courage oozed. Only one order!

I was ready to give up that night when I went to see my girl friend who lived in this district. She had an idea.

"I know everybody on both sides of my street, almost; I'll tell them about you," she said.

"Fine," I answered.

Well, on that street I made eight sales. This acted as a spur and I made six on the next street. When I told my friend about it the next night, she laughed sheepishly.

"Why, I forgot all about the matter!" she said.

There you are. Buoyed up by think-

MY HUSBAND RENEWED HIS Pep; I REGAINED MY Strength

Here is a letter that will do your heart good. It comes from Mrs. R. A. Bahnsen of Mentone, California, and reads as follows:-

"My husband came here from the East 6½ years ago for his health. His condition improved, but he has suffered from occasional constipation and had no pep. He started using Flaxolyn and it helped him so much that now he would not retire without first taking his Flaxolyn.

"I have never really been sick myself, but I was down to ninety-six pounds. I decided to try Flaxolyn to help my appetite so I could eat more and build up my weight. This whole little town is talking about how I have improved in every way. We are living advertisements for Flaxolyn and have induced many people here to take it."

Very sincerely, (Signed) Evelyn Bahnsen



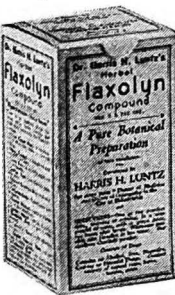
I AM A DOCTOR

This is what I recommend to run-down tired-out men and women

Not only the public, but many physicians and dieticians, are enthusiastic in their praise of Flaxolyn. Read this letter from Dr. Benedict Lust, of New York, who is President of the American Naturopathic Association:

"I have been using Flaxolyn in my treatment of patients at the famous Butler Sanitarium.

"I find that it corrects constipation and in this way helps to bring the body back to normal. Flaxolyn is a natural remedy and complies with the teachings of the great Father Kneipp and other authorities of natural healing."



LOOK YOUNGER

Thomas C. Martindale, famous radio health adviser of Philadelphia, says:

"Women call at my office, some of them almost with tears of joy in their eyes, and

recite the most remarkable stories of new happiness that has come into their homes since they have been taking Flaxolyn and feel so much better. I often say to myself, 'How much younger they seem.' Their improvement is reflected in their lighter spirits, as well.

"Men — men of all ages — have tried Flaxolyn on my advice, and come back to thank me for recommending it.

"I wish every health-seeker could sit at my desk as person after person tells me what Flaxolyn has done for him... how it ends constipation, aids digestion and induces sound sleep without the use of drastic drugs."

The Flaxolyn formula is printed right on the box — rhubarb roots from China, Spanish licorice, Belgian valerian, and other pure air- and sun-dried herbs, powdered and mixed according to Dr. Luntz's exclusive method.

Get Flaxolyn at any health food or drug store. See the improvement immediately — watch how your eyes sparkle, skin clears; you feel refreshed and get a better grip on life. 30 powders in box, cost only few pennies each.

If you cannot obtain Flaxolyn near where you live, use coupon below.

Dr. Luntz's Herbal Flaxolyn

1. Relieves constipation
2. Sharpens appetite
3. Improves sleep

FLAXOLYN, 77 Varick Street, New York City

Please send me box containing 30 envelopes of Flaxolyn. Enclosed find \$1 in full payment. (C.O.D. few cents extra). Also send me free your "Rules of Health."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

City.....

State.....

ing they knew of me, I had overcome sales resistance. It gave me fresh courage. It was a lesson. Never again will I lean on a crutch!

Warren T. DeWitt.

CARRY ON

I SAT on the screened porch and watched it many times in my two weeks stay in the north woods—that sentinel pine, growing on the high, rugged point.

For years it had stood there, its roots going deep down among the rocks. There was almost no soil for it to grow in and its struggle must have been hard.

Exposed as it was, the cold winter winds had made it strong—stronger than the trees back in the forest. A towering sentinel, a landmark for fishermen going up into the wilds.

I did a heap of thinking about life as I watched the old tree. It seemed to tell me that all our troubles are only growing pains after all. That rough, north winds only make us bigger and stronger if we withstand them and don't give up.

We who have withstood many winds and storms can better encourage some one weaker than we.

Many times, since that visit to the north, I have looked back to that tall pine tree and remembering its growth despite its hardships, have been able to square my shoulders and "carry on."

Lottie S. Belnap.



THE WILL TO WIN

THE men who knock out the home runs in the game of life are the fellows who never say die. Fanning out doesn't discourage them. They know that winning is a matter of continually trying. Every time they step up to the plate it is with the determination to put the ball over the fence. Their batting average is high because they have the will to win.

—The American Flint.

WHATEVER'S AT HAND

THERE is a wide difference between the life of a busy aviator and the humble weaver of baskets.

Samuel King Dulebohn, of Florida, has experienced the thrills which come to both. A native of Pennsylvania, Mr. Dulebohn served for three years overseas in the 28th Division. Three times his plane was shot down and several times he suffered severe wounds.

After leaving the army he became a photographer but his health broke and he was forced to look for something else to do. Florida appealed to him because of the opportunity it offered for outdoor living.

In the wealth of tough palmettos he found a new material which might be employed in basket making. Trimming

the long fronds with a hand knife was unsatisfactory, so Mr. Dulebohn evolved the idea of drawing the stands through holes made in a piece of steel which he mounted on a bench. So he has a tough, smooth fiber which his nimble fingers fashion into baskets of many sizes and shapes for which there is now wide demand.

Crippled from shot, in poor health, he makes the most of whatever comes to his hand and is making a good living for his family.

E. W. Sudlow.

WHICH ARE YOU?

THE optimist is the wise man.

He suffers only from evils that happen, and does not suffer from them until they really strike.

He recovers quickly, because no sooner is one set of fond hopes knocked down than his sanguine mind begins to construct another set—perhaps even brighter.

The pessimist, on the other hand, suffers most from things that never happen at all.

Dread oppresses him night and day. He lives in a nightmare and spreads gloom among all the human beings he encounters. Nothing seems right to him and he is justly avoided as a bore.

By his anticipation of calamities he often brings them upon himself, and sits among ruins, a solitary whom few can find the charity to pity.

Sydney Reid.

Psychology Has Helped Me

(Continued from page 39)

I was thirteen. Landing here with fifty cents, which was handed to the express man after he delivered me at the door of relatives, I was hired out as nurse girl for fifty cents a week.

Of course, schooling was out of the question, and I had to get my education as best I could. Later, I found work in the factories. Always I carried the longing in my heart for knowledge. It was a slow process.

Then I came into the study of psychology. Here was a gold mine. Those were glorious days. Life became richer and fuller.

Many students of psychology get the mistaken idea that all their troubles will vanish when they take up this study. If we sow hateful thoughts, harbor ill feelings toward mankind, sooner or later life comes along with a bill demanding payment. Any one can be good and happy when things go right but can you hold on even though heavy storms come?

In my heart I took up life's challenge and said, "Come along and try me." And the storms came and beat

so severely that I thought I could not live. I tried to hold on and used every bit of understanding I had. Then came a blow to me which nearly finished me. All night I battled. It seemed as though the entire world had come down upon me and wanted to crush me out of existence.

Then a glimmer of light came to me. In the morning I could see my way. There was a glory in my heart. Things began to happen for the best. And all thru the trying period that followed I could go on and prove beyond a doubt that it did not matter so much what came to me but what I made of it.

My friends saw and wondered. They were very kind and helped me much. Gradually the law of attraction began to work. I became acquainted with wonderful people who taught me so much. I read and studied and life became wonderful. I went through the depression period and to me it was a constant proving of the law of supply and demand. I had many experiences that proved to me,

if I did my very best, that there would always be the supply that I needed.

It may seem strange to some, but not to those that know. All through fourteen months that my husband was out of work, I never gave up helping others. No one would know how little there was in my purse. I remember one luncheon that one of my rich friends gave. I had just seven cents in my pocket book. There I sat amongst the very best in the beautiful Japanese room in a high class hotel, enjoying the best of everything. I had to smile to myself when I thought what they would say if they knew how poor I was.

Through all the years, I have found it true what Ella Wheeler Wilcox says: "Life is a mirror for king and slave. It's just what you are and do; so give to the world the best that you have, and the best will come back to you."

For a long time I groped, trying to understand about the subconscious mind. Slowly dawned on me this: It is like a store room. It depends on me

what I store up. Whether I have trash, or worthwhile things.

I found out that the more I gave out, the more I receive. "Cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall return unto you a hundred fold." Incidentally, the Bible is filled with psychology.

It really is as easy to do and think the right thing as the wrong. About money, for instance. It's a first impulse sometimes to say, "I've got to put out more money. If this keeps up, I'll land in the poor house."

But don't say that. Form the right thought habits along this line and it will become natural to make constructive statements (and believe me, you'll see the results!).

When I walk down the street, I take deep breaths, saying, "I am filled with life and health and strength." It is surprising how one's health and spirits rise under such a regime.

As the years go on, I find life richer and fuller. The hard problems I had to solve have become stepping stones. Experiences have come to me that are stranger than fiction, and one of my highest rewards is the confidence that has been placed in me by some wonderful people.

Through this study, life has become a great privilege and adventure.

Ann Raywinkle,
2838 S. Herman St.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Life Is a Mirror

(Continued from page 32)

thoughts away from pain while enduring it, but anyone can keep from discussing it—and in their free moments picture themselves healthy and happy. Nothing stays with us unless it is entertained.

What is true of health is also true of wealth—you must develop a wealth consciousness, if you are ever to know freedom from lack.

A sheep-herder's life is a lonely one, but one solved his problem by accumulating catalogues of various kinds and every evening he spent several hours poring over them and making out orders. His orders usually amounted to more than he would earn in years, but that did not matter to him as they were used to start his fire the next morning and the developing of a prosperous consciousness only cost him the price of the paper on which his orders were written.

It is needless to add that he not only assuaged his loneliness, but he soon outgrew his limitations and entered a field more in keeping with his enlarged consciousness.

When you see anyone with a pencil

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



Throw away Your Aerial!

Amazing New \$1 Device Does Away with It ENTIRELY! Special Tuning Feature Improves Selectivity, Tone

SIMPLY hook this Dynamic Aerial Eliminator on the back of your radio — and forget yards and yards of aerial trouble! Size only 3x5 inches. Eliminates ugly wires all over the room, on roof, or hanging out of window. Gives volume and distance equal to outdoor aerial with far BETTER SELECTIVITY.

No More Nuisance or Danger
Walco Aerial Eliminator is simple to connect — 2 minutes without tools. It ends all dangers of lightning, wind storms and short circuits. No more clicks and noise from wind and rain. NOW you can hook up radio in any room. No wires show.

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Send Walco Aerial Eliminator, with instructions. Will pay postman \$1, plus few cents' postage. If not delighted, will return in 5 days for \$1 refund.

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Address.....

☐ Check here if ENCLOSED \$1—thus saving postage charges. Same refund guarantee applies.

Dealers—Write for proposition

Do you wonder about your ups and downs in life? If so

GUIDE YOUR HUMAN ENDEAVORS

each day of 1934 in advance with Mack Stauffer's, ALPHA-MATHO VIBRATORY SCALE CALENDAR. This work, unlike any published does not resort to superstitious belief and practices nor rely upon the questionable influence of hypothetical and theoretical powers of an invisible nature; It is Educational, Constructive and Scientific, a real dependable service; Working examples are given where the Scale has been applied in advance to different phases of Social and business endeavors and this makes the use of the Scale simple as the electric light in your home. Thousands, year after year, use this Scale as a factor to determine in advance the probable result from Human accomplishment and call it "The World's Greatest Thought Discovery." Its use is of far reaching importance in the acts of mankind, in the home or office, between husbands and wives, parents and children, employers and employees; It reveals and directs Man's inner nature as it harmonizes in mathematical cycle with Cosmical forces. The 1934 edition is pocket size, fits Lady's purse. Spanish red flexible fabrikoid gold lettered cover; 27th edition. Copyrighted. Price \$2.00.

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Mack Stauffer Publication

918 West Terrell Ave. Fort Worth, Texas, U. S. A.

and paper engrossed in figuring, you can be assured that his air-castles are beginning to take a more definite form—he is developing a consciousness that will work to his advantage. We must mentally see ourselves enjoying the things we desire before we can attract them to us and if we form the habit of using a pencil and paper to objectify our plans, the impression is presented to our subconscious mind in a definite form and results are more quickly brought into a tangible form.

Mr. W..... was a book-keeper who had tired of the routine and confinement attendant upon his occupation and longed for a life on the wide, open ranges of the West. His duties required him to make several trips on horse-back at the end of every month and each one made him more dissatisfied with his in-door work.

He finally began planning on the purchase of a small bunch of cattle and he spent most of his leisure figuring on the cost and management of them. His thoughts were so concentrated upon his

desire that before long he began to attract to himself people who could give him expert advice and one day a man offered to sell him just what he wanted and on terms he could accept.

As he did not wish to give up his job at that time, he was able to make arrangements to have them cared for until he was in a position to do that himself and he was soon living a life he loved—all because he had unconsciously obeyed the Law of Attraction—a law that we are all using every day of our lives, but too often ignorantly, thus attracting to us so many things we do not want that we feel life is nothing but a haphazard condition over which we have no control instead of it being orderly and in accord with perfect, undeviating laws.

A little introspection will prove to you that your general condition is in keeping with the trend of your thoughts. You who are prosperous do not dwell much on lack while you who have little, see little in your mind's eye; it alone is reality to you.

Know Thyself

(Continued from page 22)

to be swayed, hither and thither, by every wind that blows, it is equally true that everyone, if he will examine himself, will recognize habits and conditions that divert and dissipate the vital forces of life.

The most important thing for us to do is to disencumber ourselves of all the excess baggage that impedes the fullest and noblest expression of our whole being—mind, body and spirit. We must use every available agency to sever our connections from all the limitations that keep us beyond the pale of the many blessings to which we are legitimately entitled.

What man or woman is there, for instance, who is so benighted that he or she cannot appreciate the blessings of mental and physical health; who cannot understand the superior blessings of a clear and well regulated mind; who does not comprehend the immense value of an industrious disposition, of wholesome habits, of a well-trained memory, and a strong will for the right and the good?

What man or woman is there who does not long for a masterful and radiant personality, a happy disposition, an optimistic outlook upon life, and a hold upon that something which even in the hour of severest trial and deepest darkness continues to shine in undiminished splendor?

The reasons why so many are outside of the charmed circle of these coveted privileges are many, but the main one is that they know so little of their own real selves, of their actual

powers and possibilities.

Most of us could be more than we are, and do more than we do, provided we believed it possible; provided we got rid of the things that hinder us from seeing ourselves as we can be.

The search for health, happiness and success is the world's greatest problem, and few there be who have actually solved the problem. Yet the whole secret consists in getting rid of our Minus Self and putting our Plus Self in its place.

Most people are in the bondage of pain, misery, poverty and defeat because they do not recognize their oneness with the omnipotent power which breathes through all time and space.

Not realizing this, or not caring to know, they accept the imitation for the genuine. Not aware of this, they bargain their glorious inheritance for a mess of pottage. Not realizing this, they mistake the shadow for the substance, and finally sink into a state of apathy and indifference which brings them farther and farther from the road which leads to real self-recognition and self-understanding.

So we see that the first thing to do is to know ourselves—to know who we are and what we can be.

If a man cultivate his deeper and nobler powers, his higher and greater self, there is nothing really worthwhile that the world can withhold from him, provided he faithfully keeps hold of the conviction that it must appear and will be his.

Why You Are Misunderstood

(Continued from page 30)

one knows about a sect or creed foreign to his own, the more he is disposed to respect it.

We should all strive more earnestly to carry the teachings derived from our specific religious belief into our practical every day work.

The influence of our religious convictions should be expressed in sound ethical practice and in a strong sense of personal responsibility. It should cause us to honor our contracts and to fulfill our obligations.

The religious life should furnish the encouragement, the inspiration, and even the stamina that will bring every community throughout the nation back to universal prosperity.

Psychology In Review

(Continued from page 35)

richest experience that a woman can know.

"Young people today want children as a form of self-expression—to complete and enrich their lives, thinned and impoverished by the loss of material things that used to mean so much to them.

"The depression has made them desperate for something tangible to cling to. So they are having children, even though it may mean more physical hardship."

Having children, Mrs. Washburn would like to convince every young couple, "is an extremely humanizing business.

"Little ones keep you in line, broaden your point of view, impose self-discipline upon you and force you to set a standard for yourself that you might not otherwise be concerned with."

And will the girl who frowns on babies please take note! "Motherhood tends to make you more mature, more poised, and less nervous. It may actually help you in your career."

I Conquered Fear

(Continued from page 49)

the boys from the garage were trying to help me to my feet.

"Come," one said, "let me help you into the car and take you home. You're surely not strong enough to drive for yourself."

But I refused. "I must drive that



MAGNETIC HEALING

Are You Interested in Healing the Sick?

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

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

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

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

National Scientist Indorses Magnetism

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

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

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

Personal Experiences

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

Cancer Removed

I am at this time treating a sore, of 12 years standing, on the face of a man 75 years old. He has tried all remedies ever offered, including X-ray for six months and 100 Ra-Dio Ray treatments. It was the size of a 25 cent piece and very deep, and was of late rapidly spreading,

the eye being seriously affected. Two weeks treatment with Magnetism and it is well, not leaving even a scar.

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

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

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

Great Clinic—Birth Mark Removed

Another pastor writes that he had opened a clinic and had treated 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.

Valuable In Acute Cases

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

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

Home Treatment

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

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

Valuable Book Written

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

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

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

Dr. H. F. B. writes: I received your book and decided to try your Magnetic Healing system on a woman suffering with neuralgia and an abscess in the head and ear. For over two weeks an M. D. had tried, and failed, to bring any relief. I was then invited 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.

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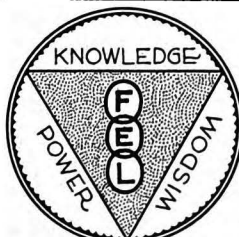
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Written to fill an immediate and pressing need this exhaustive compilation and description of over one thousand ways to turn spare time into money is now available to every one needing it. No matter what your state or condition, age or sex it will offer at least one and probably many suggestions which you may be able to turn quickly into money. It has been priced so as to be within the reach of all—\$1.00 postpaid in the United States and Canada—\$1.25 for foreign countries. Order today before the supply is exhausted.

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car," I declared. "It's very important that I should." I asked if oil, water and gasoline had been attended to. Then as I still insisted they helped me to the seat and I began to concentrate on the business of starting the mechanism.

The very minute I fitted my feet over those floor pedals, turned on the ignition and released the clutch, weakness slipped away and my other self began its song of triumph: "I've won! I've won! I'm free! I'm free!"

I turned into the open country. The wind stung my face and my heart was light. Strength, energy and vitality rushed in great tides through my very

being. I began to notice forms of nature that had had no place in my life for months—green fields, birds, sunshine. I was a part of everything. I had never been so happy!

Years have gone by since I had that experience. In all the time between, I have never had to suffer the old fear. Nor have I ever doubted my ability to think or do for myself.

I surmount difficulties by walking right up to them, just as I did that day when I walked right up to my auto, climbed aboard, and was swept into the realization that mind governs.

Lost—An Inferiority Complex

(Continued from page 38)

one day laughed at his confusion, so he confided in the older woman, the bookkeeper. "You make too much of this thing," she said. "If you keep this idea prominently in mind it will not only harm your promising career, but it will injure your very health and life."

She pointed out his unusual ability, and then quietly chided him for being blind to the many blessings which he enjoyed. "You have lost sight of everything worth-while just because your face happens to flush now and then."

For the first time in his life he saw himself as he really was, and he was everlasting grateful to the woman for changing his little world. This

young man has now discovered himself and his ability, and it has afforded him endless satisfaction.

If we do not have confidence in ourselves, we cannot expect others to have. Do not hide your light under a bushel, and let others reap rewards easily within your reach.

Never say, "I'm a failure; someone else will win the prize." Someone else will win if you take that attitude.

Fighting an inferiority complex is a big problem. It is not a job for the careless, or the easily discouraged, because it means that we must post a guard at the door of our thoughts and keep an eternal watch. However, it pays big rewards to those persistent souls whose goal is self-mastery.

Why Did I Stutter?

(Continued from page 48)

returning the control to strict left-handedness or by building up a strict right-handedness the stuttering will disappear. It is to be hoped that this method of cure will prove infallible in all cases of left to right-handedness.

Psychology will of course enter into the process by building up a confidence and conviction that the stuttering will disappear with the development of unilateral control. In my case I believe that the temporary effort of relearning to write, necessitating a readjustment of control, caused a confusion in my mind and brought to consciousness the conflicting emotions that disrupted my speech control.

fluent and under perfect control.

If a child has experienced emotional conflicts and is inclined to stutter, the left to right change would possibly aggravate the condition. At any rate, left-handedness is not abnormal and should certainly not be changed.

I have no definite recollections of stuttering in the fourth grade. I skipped the last half of it. My experiences in the fifth grade stand out above all other memories of the grade school, probably because it was here that I began to feel self-conscious about my impediment.

I well remember that my fifth grade teacher was impatient with me. She had a raspy, nervous voice and I finally refused to recite orally in her class. I remember sitting behind a large boy and slipping down in my seat so I would not be called upon to recite. I had a constant fear of being called upon. Occasionally I could take advantage of an excuse to leave the

AT THE present time I am strictly left-handed in everything that I do with the exception of writing. I may still be neurologically disorganized but my speech is perfectly normal and

room just before it was my turn to recite. I usually knew the correct answer but by the time it was my turn to recite I had worked up such a fear that I would not attempt it, and invariably answered "I don't know."

Once in awhile I would get up courage and volunteer, but on these occasions I would usually hear the snickers of my classmates, and would start stuttering or would sit down before I had finished. My teacher seldom failed to remark that it was a poor recitation. I developed a hatred towards school and shunned companionship. I was mimicked on the playground, was never asked to enter into the sports,

End of Part 1

Protests NRA

(Continued from page 29)

In the chair where many celebrities have sat watching him broadcast, I almost held my breath! Only our own wonderful age has devised means which make it quite casual that a man can stand before a little disk and talk to millions.

"Doesn't the fact that you know your thoughts, sentiments, opinions are going out all over the Union—reaching untold numbers of minds and hearts—doesn't this make you—almost afraid?" I asked.

"I am talking to, and conscious of only the person with whose problem I am dealing," he answered. "If I am

and was often teased by the larger boys to the amusement of others present.

I built up a feeling of inferiority and self-pity in all situations, whether my speech was concerned or not. I rebelled once when I was mimicked by a popular boy of my own size, but his friends turned it into a ten-to-one melee and I ran home, thoroughly whipped. At home I was invited to an old-fashioned woodshed party for getting into a fight and tearing my clothing. I shall never forget how I tossed in my bed that night, planning to run away from home the following day.

helping him or her—that's all that matters. But," he added musingly, "while I'm helping that one, I feel that many others with a similar problem will receive benefit."

I showed him the letter which I had brought, and which is reproduced at the beginning of this article. "It's not the usual kind of letter we receive," I remarked, "and I am sure PSYCHOLOGY readers will like to know what you think about it."

He read it thoughtfully, and the editors are glad to give our readers the answer and analysis of the "Voice of Experience," of the letter submitted.

Medicine of Life

(Continued from page 46)

we can employ in traversing the rough and rocky road of the life we must all pass over."

Cicero probably meant something like this when he remarked that "He who looks on a true friend, looks as it were, upon a kind of image of himself," or Black when he said, "Our friends see the best in us and by that very fact call forth the best in us."

One who fully understood and appreciated the value of friendship was Henry Ward Beecher, the great American clergyman. Everywhere he spoke vast audiences were intrigued by his powers of oratory. Once, in England, after he had finished delivering a remarkable sermon a listener came out of the audience and asked the great abolitionist, "To what do you owe the fact that you are so well versed in such a great variety of affairs?" His answer was short; "Friends." He delighted in them and profited by his cultivation of them. If he walked down the street and met a man digging

a ditch, he would stop and engage him in conversation; if he rode in a carriage he would sit on the front seat and exchange views with the driver. Wealth and position were not considered factors when he made acquaintances.

He realized what Ella Wheeler Wilcox once said: "Friendships are the heart's library. The serious friend is the book of philosophy; the merry friend, the book of humor; and there are the poet, the author, and the historian still to be represented."

"Friendship," says Francis Quarles, "is like music; two strings tuned alike, will both stir, though only one you strike."

A phenomenon as exact as a law in mathematics. And what more blessed sensation is there than that which comes from the harmonious vibrations that ensue from the loving atmosphere of kindly friends? One of the happiest families I know is one that lives on the next street. In that home

Do you AIM... or just hope to WRITE?

A GREAT deal depends on your reaction to that question. Naturally, desire to write does not necessarily mean ability to write. Yet it is surprising how rapidly a man or woman with keen interest in writing will overcome personal limitations and handicaps. The first efforts of many of our most successful authors are crude and amateurish. Here in the Newspaper Institute, many students who are now actually selling their work barely managed to pass the Writing Aptitude Test required for admission into the course (see coupon below).

A TYPICAL EXAMPLE

Darrell E. Jordan, P. O. Box 277, Friendship, N. Y., is one of many students who made rapid progress under N.I.A. training. He writes:



"Perhaps you will be interested to learn that I have just sold two more stories. One of these was to *The Blue Book*, and the other was sold to *True Detective Mysteries*. I feel quite encouraged, for I consider both these magazines a step in advance of the ones I have sold to formerly."

This and numerous other experiences with ambitious writers have convinced us that writing is in a class by itself. All the wanting in the world won't make a man of weak physique into a football player—or a tone-deaf woman into a great singer. But if you really want to write—and if you are willing to make a real, intelligent effort to learn to write, the odds are heavily in favor of your getting somewhere in the writing game.

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Newspaper Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. All your writing is individually corrected and criticized by veteran New York newspaper men—editors who have had years of experience "breaking in" new writers. They will point out those faults of style, structure or viewpoint that keep you from progressing. They will give you constructive suggestions for building up and developing your natural aptitudes.

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 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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there are no rich carpets on the floor, no rare paintings on the walls, no costly tapestries in the rooms. But there are contented spirits, unselfish minds, devoted beings.

A visit with that family affords rest, security and power—it soothes like a sedative. When you but enter their home you feel as though you were in the most desirable spot on earth, something akin to the rapture the weary traveler experiences when he comes to an oasis in the desert. It is a haven of refuge for the soul.

One of the most necessary things to man's life is companionship. Cicero urges us to prefer friendship to all

human possessions, for says he, "there is nothing so suited to our nature, so well adapted to prosperity and adversity."

Many cynics nowadays speak of friendship as obsolete sentiment. No doubt they can find much to justify their cynicism. But it still remains true that friendship is not only a beautiful and noble thing for a man, but that its realization is also the ideal state for the community.

"The benefit of friendship is the one thing upon which all humanity is agreed."

In the appreciation of friends lies the road to satisfying happiness.

Be a Leader—You Can

(Continued from page 42)

enthusiasm is a tremendous faith. Faith that what he is doing is right. That it is the biggest thing he could possibly do.

Did you know that when you have a consuming faith in something, nothing else exists? For you that something is the only thing. Look at the men who are succeeding, whether it be in baseball or in business. For them, nothing outside of their field matters, hardly exists.

Wrigley was beaten again and again when he tried to spread the habit of chewing gum. But his tremendous faith drove him on until he achieved great wealth.

Success in life is not so much a matter of hard work as it is a tremendous enthusiasm for what you are doing.

The great baseball players cannot get away from the game even when age overtakes them. For Henry Ford,

nothing else exists outside his motors. Luther Burbank lived in a world of plant life. Almost any outstanding figure has so associated himself with his interests as to be an integral part of it.

You say it is narrowing. Is it narrowing to be the greatest authority on plant life or the greatest authority on steel? If that is narrowing, then give me the narrowest rut I can find. For there I know I shall be happy.

These men are leaders because of their qualities. You too may have those leadership qualities.

What you *think*, you are. You can think yourself into courage, into faith, into confidence, into enthusiasm. Try it. "Every day in every way"—old stuff, but mighty true. For leadership, the sort that leads the world and the sort that leads yourself, is a mental quality.

Facing Things

(Continued from page 40)

to me—every afternoon" I said. I dug up my one talent—sewing! I begged old clothes. I organized a sewing class. I prepared to battle with Irma, but her enthusiasm astonished me.

The class grew to twelve. That was our apartment's limit. We had to refuse at least twelve more. Each girl made one dress and one piece of underwear for her own wear. And each girl made an article to give to the Children's Aid. A worker from the Settlement House visited us and made me a flattering offer to take an after-school class.

My health problem is no longer a vexing one. I don't know what happened to it. Apparently, a nervous ailment will die of neglect.

If you substitute action for artistic

thinking, and brooding, supposed horrors will tend to blow over like bubbles. What I needed was discipline, more than medicine, rest or even money.

John is his old self again. His weight and color have returned. He is not irritable. Though his job is menial, it is giving him a "look in" on an entirely new business. A new door is opening, with new hopes, ambitions and glories!

My new program has given him these things:

1. Nourishing food.

2. A chance to rest and relax at home—without hearing a single complaint, regret or groan. All neurotic talk of ailments or feelings absolutely eradicated.

3. No money worries. We elimi-

nated all the things we couldn't afford—our house, our car, our charge accounts.

4. Daily he has heard this—not always in the same words: "If every man had done as well as you—"

You can't change your thoughts or your habits over night. But you can get started in the right direction and travel, not losing sight of what you must do.

It was at our dinner table where our quarreling and nagging made its entry. So night after night I schemed to have a guest—a friend of Irma's or mine, to share our lamb stew and prune jelly—and keep us out of our old bad ways.

Our home has been saved, we have regained our health, our child's outlook on life has changed. Perhaps you, too, need to face things and exchange your thinking for action!

Give It a Thought

by JOSEPH A. SADONY

YOU who are over forty:

Why do you regret, complain, and envy youth?

Do you not compare your age with that of youth, and live over the past in seeing moving pictures?

Do you realize that those twenty years older than you, envy you?

And now but realize what you think your last, but which can still be in the future?

Just know that each age carries with it all the joy that one can absorb.

Just as each chick in the egg carries nutriment for twenty-one days.

Just try to believe facts, instead of sentimental dreams of memory only.

Do not despair because of your age,

Until you have analyzed your condition,

Examined the shelves of your destiny in that room you have never unlocked because of your habits and environments;

And like a faithful watchdog tied to a chain for years,

When removed, fails to enjoy freedom:

And like the convicts in prison for twenty years

Have built a large unseen wall around them, called an habitual home.

But with you it is different;

So come out of it, and live that life of happiness, normal, Christian-like.

They never grow old who love and let love.

It opens the door of understanding, tolerance and happiness.

"I wish I was going to Thornton's dance, but I will be out of town. Who is he going to invite? If all are as busy as me, he will only have a small party...."



He thinks he is speaking Correct English!
Can you find his FIVE mistakes?

IF YOU were introduced to an attractive, prosperous-looking man or woman who constantly made crude mistakes in grammar and pronunciation, what would you think? You could not help thinking that this person was sadly lacking in education; you would feel that he or she belonged on a lower social level.

And yet, unless you have made the correctness of your own speech a habit, you never can be sure that you are not unconsciously making errors which may cause others to lower their estimates of your education and refinement.

You may not make such glaring errors as *I ain't*, *you was*, and *between you and I*, but perhaps you commit other mistakes which offend the ears of those who know, and cause them to judge you unfairly.

Perhaps you sometimes use *who* for *whom*, or *would* for *should*. Are you always sure whether to spell words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's" or with "ei" or "ie"? Do you ever say, "I did it already" or "He don't mean what he says"?

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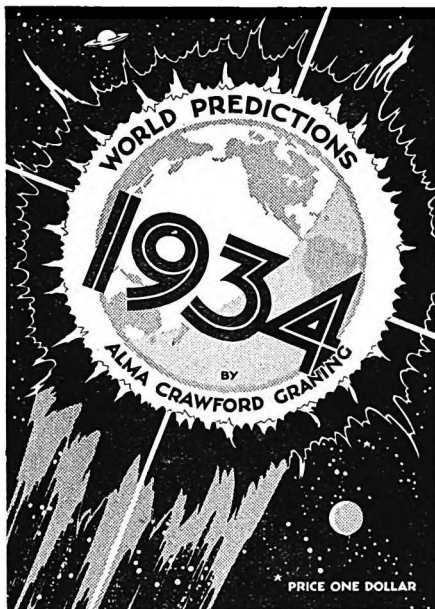
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Your Job and You

(Continued from page 45)

IF YOU are inflicted with some bodily imperfection—do not let it discourage you. Edison was stone deaf when he was making his greatest contributions to science. Steinmetz, one of the greatest scientists of modern times, was a hunchback. Sir Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, of England, is very badly crippled. Use whatever physical defects you may have as stepping stones. Do not regard them as handicaps.

I have a letter which is too long to quote but the writer tells me that she has taken a business course but feels that her defective hearing is a handicap. She has tried drudgery work in fruit fields but to a woman of her background, this is unsatisfactory. She likes to cook and wonders if she can start a little bakery.

I have this to say to her and to others who are similarly afflicted.

"There is no reason in the world why you cannot do your typing and book-keeping if you get an earphone. I am not so sure about the dictation but the other two branches of business do not require the same close application of hearing as does taking dictation.

Now as to your bake shop. Why don't you start it in a small way in your own home? Have a few cards printed and distribute them around your neighborhood, telling your neighbors what you have and offering tiny little cookies as samples for them to taste. Go to your nearest grocery or food store; ask them to take your things on consignment, paying for them as they sell them. Your Women's Exchange should be of help in placing orders as well as the Y. W. C. A.

It won't hurt to try at least.

Also—when you are talking to different housewives, offer to serve their teas or dinners complete for a certain set price, they furnishing the materials. I'm sure that you will find many interested in your wares and your din-

Time

By DR. SAMUEL ULLMAN

FATHER TIME has lately shown many moods—
The riotous colors of autumn are gone

The peaceful monotones of winter crown

With frost, the mountain range, valley and woods.

Time. A wonderful alchemist are thou—

The oldest year of the world dead and gone,

While the youngest comes without a frown,

Bearing tidings of cheer upon his brow.

The old and the new met and came on time

Alike heedless of centuries and cycles

Of Titanic struggles and frivolous trifles

Straining history's pages in every clime.

Is Time Life's continuity,
Or a symbol of Eternity?

ner or tea service. It's worth trying, for I know of women who have made a success of this type of work."

Nothing can keep a determined person from success. Physical handicaps, financial loss, betrayed faith, nothing can come between the man or woman and his or her success if the WILL TO DO is there.

How Charming Are You?

(Continued from page 21)

sonality than they do to a cold and critical one, however physically beautiful the outer form may be.

"I would advise the discarding immediately of any habit of fault-finding. If you tend to see in others the things you call faults, it means that you are looking at people from the wrong angle. People are not full of faults. They actually are full of virtues. The charming person can bring out those virtues, can make people pleased with themselves, can put them on excellent

terms with themselves, and can thus get out the very best that is in them.

"Just one example. Years ago I knew a woman who was truly charming. She was what is commonly called a 'schoolmarm.' She never lectured us on the virtue of truth or on the vice of deceit. But—here is the important point—she always spoke and acted towards us children as if we were all models of veracity; she took up the position that none of her children would ever dream of telling a

YOU—

and Your Hobgoblin

—FEAR

By GEORGE C. HUBBS

It is always a bugaboo never based on anything more substantial than imagination;

It is utterly powerless to do any of the harm it is forever threatening to do.

It is the sheer product of fancy.

Its age-old prestige gives it no more potency than an age-old cipher.

It comes up out of the fog of self-belittlement and has no more power than the fog.

It is the violent spectre of those who are half-dreaming.

It is the ghost-mirage of ancestral witchery still holding a spell over those who enjoy being buncoed.

It is wholly and hopelessly negative in its effect and can succeed only as confidence and initiative and energy are defeated.

But I Have Wings

(Continued from page 25)

water, like the hawthorn and where I'll have tea—"

The char-lady and I had our tea together. We went through Hampton Palace. We talked of kings and queens, last week's flower beds and next week's trip.

"It's like flying, isn't it?" The char-lady sighed happily as we climbed to the top of a fresh tram, our shilling tickets clutched tight in our fingers, and went gliding along from one end of London to the other. "It's a bit like having wings—"

She had wings, surely.

The mean annoying cares of everyday life did not corrode these women. They possessed something which lifted them and which transmuted drabness into glory. They were "great women." Great in simplicity. Rich in little things.

I take many an imaginary trip with the char-lady—the woman who could see the sky in her scrub-water. I climb up from the tired dusty street, up close to the trees.

I tykes a shilling ticket and off I go!

I have wings.

When Kelly Sang

(Continued from page 37)

covering him.

Police made the customary search of the dead man's effects. Kelly had been locked up scores of times for petty offenses. He had been one of their most steady "customers."

Mildly interested they were in a beer-bespattered letter, partly legible, which mentioned that someone was very ill in the Hedgerow Hospital.

"H'mm, that's *this* hospital," mused one of the cops. "Wonder—"

"Sure," broke in an orderly. "This guy was around here only yesterday. Wanted to see a patient, but they wouldn't let him upstairs. Had drink on him."

All the while they were discussing Kelly, he lay in frozen silence, his stiffened body had the grotesque posture assumed when death came. His right arm was half raised, as if reaching for a schooner of beer. His lips were parted slightly, still framed in song.

"Didn't he give his name?" asked the cop. "And who is the patient he wanted to see?"

"Nope. Didn't give his name. The one he wanted to see is the old lady up in 396. Her name's Kelly."



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Be radiant.

Be complete.

Be calm.

Be joyous.

Fear not. You are the captain of your soul and not just a sailor on an uncharted sea. Whatever is, is yours.

Tomorrow is a morning star of hope on the horizon of experience. Listen to the song of the thrush, the buzz of the bee; breathe the fragrance of the wild rose.

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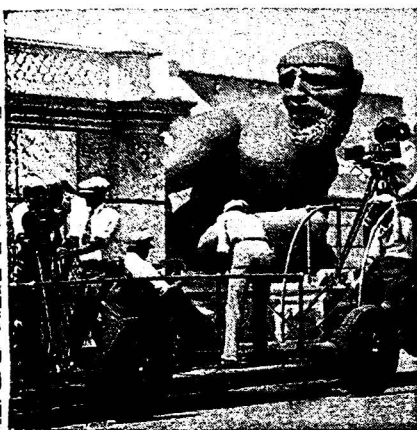
By EDGAR WHITE BURRILL

A drop of water has all the essential characteristics of the seven seas. So have you the attributes of your divine Creator. Any expert can tell the painter of a masterpiece because the picture has the same individualized thought.

We, as parts of the creation, have the imprint of the Maker on us. But a drop of water if isolated dries up. When in the mighty river or asleep in the deep, it is invincible. In conscious union with our unending supply, there is unconquerable strength.

If you know your Source, if you grasp the fact of the infinite and only supply, the universal substance from which all things are manifested for us here and now, to meet all our needs, to satisfy all our desires, then you can have anything you honestly want. But you must desire it with all your heart and soul. You have to pay for it and take it; but you must pay first.

If you will pay the price, you will get what you want. As you desire, so shall it be. But be sure first that what you will get is going to be worth what you will have to pay. You cannot fail to get it if you want it enough, for eventually, that upon which you set your heart comes to you. Usually, when you get it, you have ceased wanting it. So beware, lest you choose unwisely. But be steadfast in that which you know to be right and unselfishly good, and you will bring it forth. Seek, and



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ye shall find; ask, and it shall be given you. That is the law.

But in the evening of life, you will find that memories of happiness are best—sunsets by the sea, mountain-tops in the dawn, twilight by still rivers and moonlit lakes. Or the cathedral aisles of deep woods, a child's hand in yours at the close of day, your loved one by the fireside, a friend's appreciative word—these are success and blessedness. They constitute *real wealth*.

Learn to feel at home in your universe. *It belongs to you.* You can bank on it for any amount. It functions perfectly. Man alone chooses willfully. Atoms and stars know better. They pursue their established orbits, and get along very well. Your universe is yours to live in.

But your neighbors are voyaging on the same planet with you. You are all members of the same family.

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Charles W. Cornell,
Croydon, Pa.

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Evelyn Irene Ziesel,
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Lee Robertson,
Bonneville Hotel, Tacoma, Wash.

In the Psychologist's Office

(Continued from page 44)

some time, but eventually she realized that she could be freed from the emotional patterns taken on in childhood. Gradually she found that the effect of the unhappy relationship between herself and her mother need no longer color her ideas about love. She was free, and happier than she had ever been in her life.

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from association with his mother, was evidenced in the case of a young man. His fears were traced back to a summer in childhood at the seashore.

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Later, this developed into a fear of being in shut-in places and he, having earlier established in his subconscious, the formula: "Water is dangerous, so I must not go into it," extended these inhibitions and he became a weak and undecided young man. His understanding of the origin of this, however, helped him to throw off the inhibitions and he is well on the way to becoming the strong fine fellow he was meant to be.

Dr. D. N. Cone.

25 Years Fighting Crime

(Continued from page 17)

pacify. You sometimes run across a criminal who comes of a good family, who belongs to a home where he had what are called the best advantages. In nearly every such case I have found that the parents of that boy showed no sense of their responsibility. Something may be said in extenuation of poorer parents who must, of necessity, allow their children to run wild. But what alibi can be offered for fathers or mothers who take no care at all in the rearing of their own children?

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